

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRE MILEATA 1913-21
No. W.S. 287

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COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 887

Witness

Aine Ni Riain,
25 Upper Gardiner Street,
Dublin.

Identity.

Member of Cumann na mBan, Tullamore,
1915 - ;

Quartermaster, Cumann na mBan, post-Treaty.

Subject.

- (a) Cumann na mBan activities, 1909-1923;
- (b) O'Connell St., Dublin, Easter Week 1916.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

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I was in a job in Tullamore when Mimi Plunkett came down from Dublin to form a branch of Cumann na mBan. The people who got her down were some local men, among them Mr. Eamonn O'Carroll, who worked in the same shop - Scally's - as myself. That was in the end of 1915. I don't know what became of Mr. O'Carroll eventually, but I do know that after the trouble in March, 1916, in Tullamore, during which a policeman was wounded, he was dismissed by Mr. Scally. That would not have happened after the Rising, I imagine.

I was not at Mimi Plunkett's meeting but, shortly after, Mr. O'Carroll got me to join the Branch. Although Tullamore was not very Nationalist, there was a group of people who were active in keeping alive the feeling of nationality. There was a branch of Cumann na Gael there and I had been in it from the time I went to Tullamore, which was in 1909. They had rooms in William Street. It was there céilidhes were held and the Volunteers drilled there. Some nights, when nothing special was going on, Séamus Brennan used to read out passages from Mitchel's Gaol Journal and from William Bulfin's "Rambles in Erin" for us. It was in those rooms that the shooting of the policeman took place in March, 1916. The police surrounded the hall which contained a number of Volunteers. A fight took place and Sergeant Aherne was wounded. The Sergeant was popular in the town and probably had no evil intentions, but was called by the County Inspector to

surround the place. The windows of the hall were all smashed but Peadar Bracken and Séamus Brennan escaped. The next time I saw these two was in the G.P.O. in Easter Week. They had gone into Larkfield and remained there till the Rising. I have a vivid recollection of Peadar Bracken on the Thursday or Friday kneeling down to go to Confession to Father Bowden. Peadar, who had been fighting in Kelly's gun shop at the corner of the quays, was black all over with grime. He gave me his watch to take home to his mother in case anything happened him. She lived outside Tullamore in a place called Clonminch.

I should mention another occasion that stands out in my memory. The first summer I was in Tullamore I attended a Feis in June which was held in the Courthouse grounds. William Bulfin opened it with a speech in Irish and English, and at the concert that night Mrs. Brian O'Higgins recited and Olive Barry sang.

Irish classes were started often, but they faded out for want of teachers. Some of the Egan family, the brewers, were sympathetic to the Irish cause. It was in their house that Mimi Plunkett stayed when she came to found Cumann na mBan. Not one of those better off families, however, attended either the Cumann na mBan Branch or the Irish classes. One of the Egan men who died before my time had been very national. There was a great gap between the different social strata in Tullamore and the wealthy families were very snobbish, though some of them were very generous in the treatment of their employees.

After the episode of March, 1916, the rooms in William Street were closed. Nine or ten of the Volunteers had been arrested and kept in jail where

they still were when the Rising started.

There was great activity among a large element of the population of Tullamore in aid of the war, ladies knitting socks for the soldiers at the front, organising flag days, etc. There was a large "separation" element, the women who had their sons and brothers in the British Army, and when they drew the weekly money they created a disturbance.

I used to come to Dublin on Bank holidays to my sister and I was there for the Donovan Rossa funeral and watched it pass with my sister at the corner of Frederick Street. I think it was the first time I saw the Cumann na mBan uniform. A couple of weeks later I came up again with Séamus Brennan and O'Carroll. They had two motorbikes and brought me along to balance one of them. On the way up Eamonn Carroll was stung by a wasp and we stopped in Maynooth at Buckley's (I think it was Donal's), where the sting was dressed by his daughter. He brought Eamonn up to the attic to show him the Howth gun he had acquired for himself.

Séamus Brennan had gone on and knew nothing about the wasp incident. They told me the object of the visit to Dublin was to collect guns. I went with Séamus to No.2, Dawson Street, where he interviewed the O'Rahilly. That was the first time I saw him and I did not meet him again till Easter Week. We came back to St. Joseph's Street where my sister stayed, and where a party was organised for us. The two men were away during the night - I don't know where - but they collected a number of guns which they placed under me on the carrier of one of the motorbikes. We did not go to bed at all that night and started out at dawn to get back to our job.

On Easter Saturday I came up to Dublin by train to stay with my sister in St. Joseph Street. I had the intention of going home to Longford on Sunday, but there was so much excitement in Dublin that nobody took any interest in my plans, so I gave up the idea. On Sunday I went out for a walk with my sister. On Sunday night we went down to the Keating Branch of the Gaelic League. There were not many people there and I did ^{not} know any of them except Effie Taaffe. I was not aware that P.H. Pearse was there. There was a lot of talk about the counter-manding order of McNeill and there seemed to have been a lot of running in all directions all day. I think the Cumann na mBan had decided to go out the mountains on the Monday, but I heard no talk of a Rising for that day or, if I did, I did not understand it.

On Monday morning the Cumann na mBan mobilised in Palmerston Place near the Broadstone. I went up with my sister. I don't know if they had any instructions at that time about the day's activities. If they had, I was not told. I left them there and I came away with the intention of visiting a friend in Gray^{J. P. R.} Street, near Meath Street. I was waiting for a ^{train} bus at Parnell Street to take me to the quays when some shots were fired. That was the shooting at the Lancers. There was terrible confusion and running about and I gave up the idea of visiting my friend. I returned to St. Joseph's Street. All the people there were standing at doors. Some were giving out about the Volunteers, and some saying nothing. I stayed at Mrs. Cleary's in St. Joseph's Street for the rest of the evening.

Her husband was a Volunteer and he had mobilised on Sunday, but he went to the Fairyhouse Races on Monday and did not get the mobilisation order for that day. His train from the races only brought them to Liffey Junction and they had to make their way home as best they could. That evening my sister and a friend, Emily Elliott, came in and got ready to go out that night to Reis' Chambers, which was an outpost of the G.P.O. H.Q. They told me the password "Wireless". The following morning I got up very early and, after Mass, Mrs. Cleary and myself were standing at the door and there was a girl living opposite - Margaret Derham - who was in Cumann na mBan. She was very anxious to see her young brother who had been mobilised with his section of the Volunteers. Mrs. Cleary said to me, "This is a chance for you now. You can go with her." We went down to Reis' Chambers, gave the password and got in. We found that her brother was not there but at the Four Courts or some other post. She went away and I did not see her again. This was about 7 a.m. My sister, the Elliotts and a crowd of Cumann na mBan and of Volunteers were there filling up the small space. During the day a message came from the Four Courts asking for some Cumann na mBan girls. My sister and her friends went there, as most of the Volunteers from the North side that they knew were there.

Later that day most of the people in Reis' Chambers went into the Hibernian Bank and we with them. We got busy then filling baths of water and sterilising it for First-Aid instruments, etc. They were afraid the water would be cut off. There was one huge bath of sterilised water and I was nearly killed by Mary Lawless for dipping a jug into it and destroying the whole lot. I was in terror of her ever afterwards.

At this stage I met a very marvellous lady, Mrs. English, with whom I got pally (I have to thank her for my certificates for service in Easter Week).

Before nightfall two fellows came across from Reis' Chambers and asked for two girls to go back there to prepare meals, etc., as they had no girl at all. Mrs. English immediately volunteered and I said I would go with her. When we had said that the fellow said "Remember now, it is a death trap." My heart fell to my boots but I did not pretend anything. We went and tidied up the place. I remember some of the people. They were Captain Paddy McGrath, now dead, who was at one time Works Manager of the Irish Press; Captain Weafer and Seán McGarry. The wireless was in operation upstairs - John O'Connor (Blimey of the London Irish) was at it all the night with Fergus Kelly. I got to know Blimey well later.

There was a good lot of shooting that night and we were all taking cover. Mrs. English was giving out the Rosary and we were answering it.

During the night Seán McGarry's sister-in-law came in. I think ^{Darwin's sister} Preston was the name.

My memory tells me that some of the British occupied McBirney's roof during the night, because the boys were always looking over there. At daybreak things got quiet and Mrs. English cooked a breakfast for the men. She gave them chops and we drank tea.

During the morning I don't know how it came about that we girls were leaving and going back to the Hibernian Bank. What was going on there was that they were boring into the next building, a

chemist's shop which is now Hamilton Longs. The place was choked with dust. All that time there was dreadful shooting from the Helga. We could not hear each other talking. I think that was the reason for our evacuation.

I don't know how it came about but I found myself and another girl carrying a zinc bath full of food from Reis' Chambers across to the G.P.O. with our heads bent down to the ground. We did this at least twice and were admitted through the side door in Princes Street. Then a crowd of us met at the building next the Hibernian Bank. There was a priest there - I think a Father Gleeson from Gardiner Street. He said if any of us wished to go home to the North side we could get through with him. Some of them went, including Mrs. English, to report home and to see how things were going on there. But they never got back because a cordon had been closed around the area. I afterwards found out that Mrs. English linked up with the Ashbourne crowd.

I went over finally to stay in the G.P.O. with the other girls of the crowd. We were employed upstairs in the restaurant where there was a huge range. I remember Desmond Fitzgerald who was in charge of the cooking arrangements. I remember the British Tommy - a Dublin man - who was cooking all the time and joking with the girls. He was in great humour and he had a rosary beads round his neck. I don't know where all the religious objects that all the people in the G.P.O. were wearing came from. Jim Ryan and Phyllis were there. Miss Gavan Duffy was in charge of all the girls. I remember Brian O'Higgins too. There were British prisoners there - some of them officers - to whom we brought meals.

Things went on like that all day and night. I don't think we lay down at all that night.

We had only arrived in the G.P.O. when we got the news that Thomas Weafer was killed in the Hibernian Bank. I should have told you that before. I heard afterwards that Leslie Price was with him when he was dying.

On Thursday it was much the same only that the bombarding was much heavier and I thought the place would come down around us every minute. That was the day the Imperial Hotel and other buildings near it came down. That night some of us at least lay down on mattresses in the basement. I was wakened up by the moans of a wounded man. He was also Paddy McGrath, the son of the man I had met in Reis'. Both of them had come out together on Monday morning. The father had been chatting with us on ^{Monday AMR} Wednesday night at Reis' and he had told us about a new born son of his who had just been christened Liam a short time before, and the eldest son Paddy had said to his father on the way down to the G.P.O. "I wonder what Liam would think of this." (Liam, too, was employed in the Irish Press). Paddy's moans of pain woke me, as I have said, and I saw Jim Ryan and an R.A.M.C. doctor bandaging his head. Some Cumann na mBan girls were helping with the bandages, etc. Later, during the Tan war, my brother Paddy got very friendly with Paddy McGrath in one of the Curragh camps. He really never recovered from his wounds. I was a patient in Beaumont Convalescent Home three times and he was living there each time. He used to get blackouts very often. We chatted about our experiences in 1916.

On Friday morning Patrick Pearse sent for all of us girls and he made a very nice speech to us. He compared us to the women of Limerick. I often regret I did not take down the speech in shorthand. He said he wished that everyone of us who was not qualified in First Aid should leave, as the fighting would get very severe and it would probably come to using bayonets to fight their way out.

Leslie Price took charge of those of us who were to leave. She carried a Red Cross flag. There were quite a number who remained - Tilly Simpson, Margaret McElroy and others. I think Tilly was with Liam Clarke when he was wounded. We came out through the wall of a building into Henry Street. Seán McDermott and Patrick Pearse were standing inside the wall of the building and shook hands with each one of us as we passed out. I think the building was the new Coliseum Cinema. Leslie brought us down Henry Street to Jervis Street Hospital on the suggestion of Father O'Flanagan, who had been down there already. It was full to overflowing. We were not admitted ^{as the house was full} but ^{and R} a nun spoke to Leslie and we marched on to Capel Street after Leslie and the flag. We turned right from Capel Street into Parnell Street. When we arrived at the junction with O'Connell Street-Cavendish Row- the military stopped Leslie and interrogated her but let us pass on. We had to go along Parnell Street and Summerhill where we got plenty of abuse and were called all sorts of names by the ladies who were standing in the doorways.

When we arrived at North Circular Road another officer stopped Leslie and a group of soldiers took up their position at each side of us and marched us up the N.C. Road to Phibsboro. We turned left and

were led into the platform of Broadstone Station. We were there quite a long time and were allowed to get drinks of water. There was a trainload of military in the station but they did not seem to be going anywhere. After a while, Leslie told us we were to be interrogated. We were questioned separately. When I went in to the First Class Waiting Room a very fine-looking Lt. Colonel was seated at a table with writing materials, and a Sergeant standing by him. Leslie had instructed us to say we would like to go to 27, Eccles Street (this was the Eccles St. Convent), ^{at the time} as ~~she~~ did not wish us to give our private addresses. The Lt. Colonel - his name is on the little pass that was given me which I will look up for you - asked me my name; how I got into the G.P.O; what I was doing there. I said I was helping to cook. He asked me also how many men were there. I said I could not tell him as I only saw those who came into the dining room for meals. He asked me where I lived, but I said I wished to go to 27, Eccles Street. He told the Sergeant to write a pass for that address. The Sergeant, who was writing down everything I said, did this. The officer signed and dated it. Everyone of the girls - about 50 perhaps - went through this performance and we waited for each other.

Two girls came with me to Eccles Street. They were from ^{Melton} Dundrum. One of them was Nellie Lambert: the other, whose name I don't remember, was her aunt. ^{(Mrs} ~~Thorne~~) We went to Eccles Street and presented the pass to a nun through a grating in the door of the Convent. We said we were sent by the military. She said she could not put us up and did not open the door.

We were quite near 15, St. Joseph's Street, where ^I ~~we~~ ^{was} staying and we went there. Mrs. Cleary took us in and made us comfortable. The two others left that evening for home and I stayed on. On Saturday I went around looking for information and heard a lot of contradictory rumours.

On Sunday morning my sister came back from the Church Street area. In the afternoon we both, accompanied by Frank ^{McGuinness and R.} Magennis of Longford, a brother of Joe ^{McGuinness and R.} Magennis, went around looking for tidings of his niece, Bridget Lyons, who had come up with him and taken part in the Rising. We did not find her because she had been arrested with other girls of the Four Courts garrison and brought to Kilmainham.

Food was very short in our area and Kennedy's bakery were giving out bread and my sister and myself went to the back entrance at Hill Street where there were crowds of people on the same errand. We were talking to the man in charge of the horses and they told us the animals had been terrified by the shooting. We got the bread and took it home to Mrs. Cleary.

I began to inquire about getting back to my job in the country. I got a train - I think on the Tuesday - as far as Portarlinton. The people there were looking for information about the happenings in Dublin - I don't think they had got any newspapers. I was rather cautious and told them very little. After several hours I got a train connection to Tullamore. The place where I lived was near the station and the people were friendly to the cause.

At this time the leaders of the Volunteers in Tullamore were in prison on account of the incident in

March, except the two who had taken part in the Rising with the Kimmage boys. Otherwise there certainly would have been some attempt made to at least delay the soldiers who came up from Athlone Barracks to Dublin.

I went back next morning to my job, not knowing what sort of reception I would get, but Mr. Scally gave me a great one. He was glad to see me back safe.

During the week I met a Dominican Brother, Brother Reginald from Dominick Street. I had known him when I was attending Maguire's College and living in St. Kevin's Hostel, Parnell Square. His sister was a lay sister in a convent in Tullamore. He had been caught out by the Rising in O'Connell Street and he was very much against it. He had asked me to call to his sister in Tullamore and tell her he was safe. I wrote to her to this effect with the result that another nun, Sister Bonaventure, sent for me and I had to tell her everything about the Rising. She wanted to know every possible thing about it, what every one of the leaders was like. She was full of enthusiasm about them all. She was from Kerry. She only died last month.

The trial of the Tullamore fellows, who were on remand in connection with the incident in March, came off in June. They were all set free, including Séamus Brennan and Peadar Bracken. That was the first waking up in Tullamore. Crowds went to meet them at the train and there was a céilí and reception for them in the hall which had been barred up for months.

In June I finished with Tullamore and took up a job in Dublin in the Co-operative Stores, which had just opened up in Merrion Row. My sister, who was already employed there as typist, got me in ^{as} a bookkeeper.

Cumann na mBan was reorganised and I joined the Árd-Craobh and followed the ordinary routine of the Branch. Our chief activity at this time was collecting money and distributing it among the Prisoners' Dependants. We held a meeting every week at 34, Westmoreland Street (above Eden Bros.) where our Committee Rooms (Prisoners' Dependants) were. Amongst the Committee were: Chairman, Mrs. Wyse-Power; Mme. O'Rahilly, Mrs. Tom Clarke, Mrs. O'Shea-Leary, ^{Miss} etc. We had to give a report each week and if there was anyone extra badly off they would give them a special grant. For instance, my notebook, which I still have, mentions the case of the family of Owen Carton, 7 Temple Street, which I visited. I found them in poor circumstances and the wife was a very nice woman. I made a case for them at the Committee meeting and they gave an immediate grant of £5 for them. When I went up to Mrs. Carton with the money I found that the husband had returned from prison and the neighbours had arrived to welcome him back. I suppose you have heard from others all about the other activities of Cumann na mBan, the preparation of field dressings and rations in the Conscription period; working for the General Election in 1918; nursing during the bad flu. Annie M.P. Smithson gave us lectures in home nursing. She was a member of our branch. Our area was half the area of the 1st Battalion. The streets included from the west side of Gardiner Street into Dorset Street; from Dorset St. up northwards to Crossguns Bridge; from that down to Capel Street and the North

Quays. All the streets included within those boundaries, for instance, Liffey St., Henry St., Middle and Upper and Lower Abbey Streets, Talbot St., Liberty Hall area, Eden Quay, etc., were within our area. The other half of the 1st Battalion area was served by the Columbcill Branch which had its rooms in Blackhall Place, where the 1st Battalion, or at least some of the Companies, met also.

One occasion that stands out in my memory is the lying-in-state of Tom Ashe's body in the vestibule of the Mater Hospital. The day of the funeral we were mobilised in Exchequer Street at 11 a.m. and it was dusk when we passed into Glasnevin after the burial. We saw absolutely nothing although we stood about and marched all day that Sunday.

I don't know how we managed to keep our jobs in those times. Even when I changed my job and got employment at Clery's, I often came back late from my dinner after doing some Cumann na mBan task, and nothing was said to me. I got a pass for Count Plunkett's Convention in the Mansion House in April, 1917.

I got a ticket from someone - I think it was Máire Deegan - for the First Meeting of the Dáil in January, 1919. I was only able to remain during the dinner interval.

When things were getting very hot, Molly Gleeson, who had a job in a restaurant in Parkgate St. and thus got to know many of the Black and Tans, used to ask me to take messages to Phil Shanahan, ^{in Foley Street} ~~the~~ ^{at R.} Kirwan's and to Mr. Ryan's in Parnell Street. These were mostly for the 3rd Tipperary Brigade in which she

was interested. I never knew what these messages were. She used to get some of them from a Mr. Mulligan who was a checker in the G.S. & W. Railway. He worked on the line to Limerick Junction.

The Intelligence Branch of the I.R.A. had got two women, an aunt and a niece, into employment in the Castle in the year 1920. Sarah McDonagh was the aunt's name. She was the parlourmaid and the niece a learner in the household of Colonel Whiskard(?). I used to visit the aunt - the first time was with Molly Gleeson on the evening of a match between Kildare and another team. Molly told the sentry that I was up for the match and that I wanted to see my friends who were also from Kildare. Sarah's job was to report anything of interest that she heard or overheard while she was working with Colonel Whiskard. I cannot say what means she used to send information out, or whether her information was of any importance. It might have been through a couple of friendly Black and Tans. Molly Gleeson was on good terms with two Black and Tans - Jimmy Arnott and - Rogers. When the evacuation of the troops took place each of these revisited Dublin. Arnott, who had been in touch, through Mollie, with Charlie Dalton, thought that she would influence Charlie to get him a job in the new Free State, possibly as a driver, not realising the estrangement that had taken place between the sections of the Volunteers. Mollie, who now owned the Stad Restaurant in Frederick Street, had taken the Republican side and refused to have anything to do with the matter as she was too much involved with her own side, especially the Tipperary Volunteers. Arnott was down and out and another girl, Kate Tracy, and myself put him up for a night and gave him his fare back to England the

following morning. My sister, Mrs. Seán O'Comail^l, with whom I was living at the time, happened to be away with her husband and to this day knows nothing about that incident. I could not have done it, if they had been at home. He kept up a correspondence with Kate Tracy and told her that his father had settled him up in a poultry farm. He was an educated fellow and was very nice. He got up early the following morning and went off to the boat before we were up. He sent Kate several snapshots of himself and his hens and returned the two pounds we had given him. Rogers was quite a different type, a real harum-scarum. He joined up the Palestine Police and he came to see Mollie on his first leave. We went in to the restaurant kitchen one day and found him chatting with her.

At the Treaty time we had a reception for the released prisoners in the Ierne Hall which was lent us by the Christian Brothers^A. ^{Post P. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.} I should mention that I was present at the Cumann na mBan Annual Convention in November, 1921, in which the negotiations then going on in London were discussed. There was another general meeting - an extraordinary general meeting - held in February, 1922. It was called the "Ni thoil" meeting because the voting for or against the Treaty took place. Feeling ran very high and the meeting was practically entirely against the Treaty, only a few of the members, Mrs. Mulcahy, Mrs. and Miss Wyse-Power and a few country delegates voting for it. There was awful bitterness; I remember them when they were going out passing bitter remarks.

We carried on our weekly meetings as usual in accordance with instructions received at the Convention.

There was not much happening until the Civil War. That brought in an altogether new set of people. I got no mobilisation the morning it started. I went to the nearest place, which was Barry's Hotel, on the Wednesday. On Thursday night Máire Deegan turned up at Barry's after walking and riding on milk carts, etc., all the way from Wexford where she was engaged in Cumann na mBan work. She had done exactly the same thing in Easter Week when she walked or cycled up with Miss Keogh from Mount St. Benedict, Gorey.

Shortly after Máire Deegan came that Thursday night they were sending men down to the Hammam as Barry's had become overcrowded, especially with women. One crowd went down Hill St. and another North Great George's Street. Some of the Banks in O'Connell St., e.g. the National, were already occupied by the Free State soldiers. Máire Deegan, Effie Taaffe, Máire Gibney (I think) and myself went with the George's St. people and when we reached Parnell St. there were shots fired and one of the stretcher bearers with the Hill St. party was shot dead. We were very fortunate: we crossed into Marlboro' St., went close to the walls and turned right into Thomas Lane and to the back of the Hammam Hotel. We were let in after considerable difficulty. I think we had not the password. We heard afterwards that we were in terrible danger but we did not know it, fortunately.

The people we met inside were Garry Houlihan, Maurice Walsh (now Fr. Thomas Walsh, O.P.), Seán McEntee, Dr. Paddy Browne, Barney Mellows - he had no boots on. We had had no sleep since Tuesday night. Seán McEntee had the keys of the cellar where the stimulants were held and he gave them to Máire Deegan,

with strict instructions that they were only to be used in case of extreme necessity.

I remained there also on Friday giving whatever help I could, chiefly cooking and serving out food.

Later on, on Friday, all Barry's garrison, including Oscar Traynor, Frank Henderson, etc., came to the Hammam.

Across the street in the Y.M.C.A. premises there was a Republican outpost and they wanted some women over there. I was sent over with Kit Bulfin - she changed her mind on the way and turned back to the Hammam - I don't know why. I was sorry I left the Hammam too, but I continued on my way and started to do the same work there as I did before. I think the person in charge there was Tom Long. He got a wound in the leg there on Monday when the place was attacked by the Free Staters. I think he was a medical student at that time. He was with Larry Flanagan who is now a dentist at 23, Lower Baggot Street with his brother. Tom was brought to the Mater Hospital by the St. John's Ambulance and his leg had to be amputated. He married Peg Aylward from Kilkenny and became an Accountant. He is now in Abbey Street. Peg died.

We went to Mass in Dominick Street on Sunday.

Father Albert, who had left the Four Courts, was with us at the Y.M.C.A. He was photographed with us by Tom Long and Larry Flanagan.

After the surrender we were marched over to Bolton St. Schools by the Free State soldiers. Nurse Egan, who was from Cork St. Hospital, went out from the Y.M.C.A. with a white sheet as the flag of surrender. I was glad I was not asked to do it. A number of the

girls of Cork St. Hospital were fighting elsewhere with the Republicans. I know one of them who lost her job over it and she went to America.

"We were allowed to go home but the men must have been taken prisoner. Some of them slipped their revolvers to the girls. One fellow - Pat Halpin - gave me £10 to take care of for him. He lived in Cork St.,

80 G.R.

I went home that night to ^{80 G.R.} Ignatius Road, taking another girl with me and went back to work two days afterwards. The management at Clery's never queried where I was. The business was at that time in Lr. Abbey Street and the building had not been touched. They had reopened on Monday but not all the employees had turned up. To my knowledge two of the assistants and two porters had taken part in the fight. One of these porters, called Thomkins, was the boy who had been killed in Hill St. after we had evacuated Barry's Hotel. We made a collection among the staff for his mother who lived on George's Quay.

The next thing I remember is the death of Cathal Brugha, which took place on the first Friday of July. On Saturday night Cumann na mBan tried to stay on in the hospital as a guard of honour but I got word not to go as it was not allowed. On Sunday morning we did go on as a guard of honour. I did two hours in the Mortuary Chapel as well as I remember and I was in uniform. The coffin was open and he was in uniform though he had not been when I saw him at the Hamman previously.

On Sunday evening his remains were taken to Berkeley Road Church and I walked in the funeral with other Cumann na mBan members. I have an idea that

the Republicans wanted the remains taken to the Pro-Cathedral but did not get permission .

Everything was mixed up after that. Operations were more or less in the country. There is where Máire Deegan is a loss. She went everywhere with the fighting men. She came back to Dublin often. She was taken prisoner some time before December because she was in Mountjoy when Liam Mellows and the three others were shot.

Eventually most of the active girls of Cumann na mBan were arrested and put into Kilmainham and the North Dublin Union. I was not arrested, not being known by very many.

Judy Gaughran (afterwards Mrs. Ned Reilly), who was working in Kelletts and was Captain of the Fairview Branch of Cumann na mBan, was acting as Adjutant to the 2nd Battalion of the I.R.A. She was arrested after the shooting of the three boys Houlihan, Hughes and Rogers, who were taken while posting up propaganda posters for Judy. At the request of Charlie Price I took her place as Adjutant to the 2nd Battalion, having got permission to do so from Lillie McClean (now Mrs. O'Reilly), who was my Captain at the Árd-Craobh. The Adjutant's work was chiefly delivering orders from the O/C to each of the four Companies. Tom Burke was the O/C. Usually the orders came to me via Mollie Gleeson's Restaurant, An Stad. I used Judy's assumed name. I forget now what it was but I know it led to confusion afterwards when I was applying for a military pension.

During this time I was quartermaster of Cumann na mBan. All the other leaders and most of the rank and file of the organisation were in prison. We held

hardly any meetings. All available time I spent going from An Stad to Máire O'Neill's shop in 95, Upper Dorset Street. This was opened in 1919 by Máire Deegan and Máire O'Neill and it was a place where messages came from all parts of the country - north, south, east and west, for transmission to the Dáil and I.R.A. Joe O'Reilly called there every day for "a pound of Cleeve's butter" and he was given the messages. Máire Deegan, after a couple of years, withdrew and took her money out of it, but it still remained the depot for despatches and continued to be used by the Republicans as a depot after the split. Máire O'Neill was popular with all sides and the Free Staters continued to call there too and some of their notorious spies were often there. Máire O'Neill afterwards married Myles Cassidy who was in the Republican movement in London. That is how she got to know him. He used to call there with messages from London.

There is little more to relate. Activities went on in a spasmodic way until the "Cease Fire." I have an original copy of the "Cease Fire" Order which was among my late sister's papers. She was Teresa Ryan and worked during the Civil War in BoB Brennan's Department D/P. She typed the manuscript of Dan Breen's book "My Fight for Irish Freedom" for Mrs. Kitty O'Doherty. It was in Mrs. O'Doherty's house she did the work.

She was a great friend of Ruth Childers. She used to type for Erskine Childers' mother-in-law

at Bushy Park Road. It is unfortunate that she died. She could have given a lot of information about that time. She got pleurisy which developed into T.B. and she died in 1924.

Signature Aine ni Riain
 (Aine Ni Riain)
 Date 18th September, 1953.

Witness S. Ni Chiosain
 (S. Ni Chiosain)

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