ROINN COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 919

Witness

Mrs. Ina Heron,
9, Percy Place,
Dublin.

Identity.

Daughter of James Connolly who was executed in 1916;
Secretary of Betsy Gray Sluagh of Fianna Eireann;
Member of Cumann na mBan.

Subject.

(a) Social conditions in Ireland in the early twentieth century;

(b) Historical background of her family.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No. S.2220

Form B.S.M. 2

ORIGINAL

STATEMENT OF MRS. INA HERON (CONNOLLY)

My father was born in Edinburgh in the year 1868. His father, John Connolly, had evidently emigrated from the neighbourhood of Scotstown, Ballybay, Co. Monaghan. His mother's name was Mary Maginn, I think from the same district. I got these particulars from Desmond Greaves of London who examined the register in the Church of St. John the Baptist, Merville St., Perth, and took a photostat copy of the entry of the marriage of my father and mother on 30th April 1890. I am giving the Bureau a copy of the entries (Appendix A.)

My father had a brother, John, older than himself. He was prominent in local politics in Edinburgh when father was a little boy and it was he who was expected to distinguish himself in that sphere. He entered the British army as a young man and died about June 1916 and was buried with British military honours.

My grandfather got a job as manure carrier in the Corporation of Edinburgh and it was there my father was born in 1868.

My grandfather's brother, Peter, who was a Fenian, had been obliged to flee to Scotland before that, having changed his name because there was a price on his head. He had procured work in the Corporation and it was probably through him that my grandfather obtained employment. Peter never married. I remember him coming in 1912 to Belfast where we were living at the time to take my father with him down to Monaghan to take over the family farm, the lease of which had run out. My father refused to go as he was engaged in a strike in Larne. He said what could he do with a farm with a houseful of girls. He had no money to pay the rent and rates of a farm. My mother was heartbroken that he would not show an interest in the farm. She was a country girl herself from Wicklow.

She had been working five or six years in Dublin with a family called Wilson in Fitzwilliam Square. Mr. Wilson was a stockbroker. I shall have occasion to refer to that family later on in my story.

A granduncle of my mother was hanged during the rising of 1798 because, although a Protestant, he had taken part in the fighting with Michael O'Dwyer.

My father's family must have come back to Ireland, to Monaghan, when my father was very young, I can't say whether to his father's people or to his mother's, nor can I say how long they stayed. The only thing I know is that they went to Scotland again because he began to work there, as a printer's devil, at about the age of 10.

After some years he must have come to Dublin to work, because it was there he met my mother and became engaged to her. He evidently lost his job because he had to return to Scotland. She followed him after some time and they were married in Perth, as I have already stated.

I was the fourth child. Mona, Nora and Aideen were older. I was the first born in Ireland - in November 1896 - a few months after they came to Ireland. My father used to call me his Irish Molly. I used to be called Molly in my youth.

The tales my mother told me as I stood by her many times when she bathed her little ones ("and none was smaller than you" she said). I can see myself standing at her side by an open fire washing a baby. The joy and love she had for all infants and the satisfaction she expressed as she held them close to her heart! kissing them and loving them that they should not be starved of mother love was her determination. "Bread I may not be able to give you one day through the force of circumstances that arise out of the capitalist system under which we live, mother's love no one can deprive me of giving to you" and this

she gave most generously. "When I left Ireland to be married in Scotland to your father I thought I was the luckiest girl of my acquaintance. I was in some ways, perhaps; not in every sense of the word. We were very happy on very little. To be together and the understanding we had for each other made up for a lot of our shortcomings. Our trials we often tried to look upon as gifts. That was all right as long as they only concerned ourselves, but when the family made its appearance the picture took on another aspect".

Father was asked to stand as a candidate for the Corporation in Glasgow in the interests of Labour, as a Socialist. This he did willingly and it resulted in his unemployment. He found after his defeat at the poll (securing a total of 300 votes) that it was very hard to find work. He then considered emigrating to Chile and discussed it with mother, who more or less consented until he arrived at the period of talking about guns. He would have to take one with him. This somewhat upset the smooth planning that was hitherto taking place. The very suggestion stabbed mother's heart, who was a quiet peace-loving citizen and did not approve of firearms. She then appealed to their old and trusted friend, Kier Hardy, to persuade him to caneel all arrangements for his departure and return to Dublin where a number of old friends were anxious for his return to his adopted and much loved city. As he often said himself: "The children's voices playing on the streets of Dublin are music to my ears". "To the Dublin I love". This toast he made some years after his return from America at a Trades Union Congress in 1912.

Father returned from Scotland in 1896 to take up propaganda work, his comrades standing in together to help make up a wage whereby he and his wife could live. This was satisfactory enough as long as his friends were themselves employed, but there soon came a time when one or more could not see their way

to subscribe and we were left short. Had it not been for a few kindly neighbours who would step in at the crucial moment we might often have been hungry. There were several ways the working people helped their fellow-men. This one I wish to mention struck me forcibly as I was with my mother on this occasion. The rent was overdue some weeks and pressure was being put on to such an extent that mother faithfully promised to have it in a couple of days. How would she get it? What would she do to raise a few shillings? Her neighbour saved the situation in suggesting to mother to go along to a house in the S.C.Road and see a certain gentleman and buy a suit length of gentleman's material and pay a deposit of 2/6d which the neighbour gave her. "Bring it back to me and I will turn that into a pound or thirty shillings for you by bringing it to a pawnshop where I am known and I will surrender it and you can pay for it by the week". We went off and were received by a very nice man who lifted me up and put me on the table, pinching my red cheeks and threatening to cut my curls off for his own little girl. Mother encountered no difficulty in getting the suit length of material and we returned home and the kindly neighbour fulfilled her promise in s ecuring the very much wanted money by lodging it in the pawnshop.

Things were moving in the political life of Dublin at this period. There was great national agitation against a royal celebration. Father was evidently taking an active part in this movement. Mother said I was only a few months old when one day while she was bathing me there came a knock on the door, the handle turned and in walked a lovely tall lady "the most beautiful woman I ever saw; your father had often told me of her beauty but I never realised that anyone could look so lovely and here I had her in my own home. I was somewhat embarrassed, having just dried you and covered you all over with powder. I tried to cover you up with the towel". The visitor came forward and said: "Let me hold the dear little

infant. I've never held one so small. Isn't she tiny?". Mother remarked: "Ah no, she will mark your clothes with the powder I've just dusted over her". At this the visitor said: "I'm not afraid of powder. Not even British gunpowder would keep me from doing what I think right". With that she took the baby in her hands and completely covered the baby's whole body with her two hands. This beautiful lady was Maud Gonne, who had come to tell mother of father's arrest for throwing the coffin draped in black material into the Liffey saying: "There goes the British Empire sinking deeper and deeper into the mire". She told mother not to let this incident (my father's arrest) worry her too much, that it would be all over in a couple of days. "If there is anything I can do for you or give you, just let me know and I will be too pleased to be of help to you at any time". "The only thing I would ask of you is a photograph" said mother."This she brought herself and had authgraphed. I put it on the mantelpiece and it has travelled with me wherever I went and took the prominent place at our fireside in every home I made".

<u>My father - His first son</u>.

My earliest recollection of my father is his trying to keep the family quiet on the landing as my mother was being delivered of her first son. She had already produced five daughters and longed for the joy of being able to say to father: "At last we have one child that will carry your name down through the ages", as if that mattered to father. He was as pleased to have daughters as any farmer would be to have sons. The sex of a child meant very little to him. His concern was: "Is he bodily fit? Are his limbs perfect? Will he be able to take his stand with the rest of the working class, strong and healthy is all that I ask for my family and the average amount of intelligence to be able to work their way through life and to leave this world a little better than they found it;

not one step backward, but always pushing on, ever forward. To enjoy some of the fruits of this God-given earth and make life somewhat easier for those who come after is all that he has to inherit".

He was making us paper hats from discarded newspapers, folding them three-quarter-wise into a poke and tearing some paper up in strips to look like a feather. This was pushed through the top and we carried sticks on our shoulders. He marched us up and down saying in a soft quiet voice: "For we are the Boers". A neighbour coming up the stairs said: "Come into my rooms, Mr. Connolly, with the children. The doctor expects to be delayed for some time as there are some complications and he fears that this will not be a natural delivery". We all five of us marched into this kind woman's apartments and spent the night as far as I remember, or fell asleep and were taken home in a sleeping condition when the all-clear sounded.

This woman - I remember her chipping my father about the Boers, and he saying "She is for the English". I was too young to understand what it was about then, but several years after, on our return from America, my father and I called on her and she was dreadfully disturbed, as her only son had enlisted in the English army. "Well", said my father, "didn't you ask for it, pumping the child's head with the glories of the British Empire. What more can you expect?". "But he is so young" implored the mother. "What can I do? Won't you help me? I thought of you, the first person I must go to; you never encouraged anyone to join up in the Boer war; surely the same applies now? "Not exactly", replied my father: "there is no war on now and by the time he serves his three years he will be out of their reach by the next war. At least, I hope so, and if I can be of any service to you, I will do my damnedest to keep him at home then. You just remember these words and

keep me to this promise for the next war and see how I'll help you then". No, she could not see that long ahead. "I will buy him out; the money will be well-spent. I can't bear to think of him in the British army". At this, father went over to her and put his hand on her shoulder saying: "Many a good man was in the British army; there is nothing wrong in being well-trained and it is in the British army the soldier gets a good training. It's getting out of the army in time of peace and putting your knowledge to the advantage of your country is what I call a good soldier". "You try, and no doubt you will succeed in buying him out, but the average youth that is inclined to run away from home and join the British army will do so again if he is brought home against his wishes. The training and mixing with other youths, older than himself, will develop him and let him see the other side of the picture. Take my advice and leave him where he is at present". With these remarks the woman declared she would leave it in God's hands and not interfere. We left her and made our way home for dinner. This was the beginning of my tuition in the pros and cons of the British army. I had heard a great deal in the States of the Germans flying from conscription, but this was a different course entirely. My father explained how when this boy was young his mother encouraged him to do what a few years later she was willing to take drastic action to have him undo. The important effect on a child's background - bringing up a child to do a thing you would like him to do and then to show your displeasure is not fair to the child's mind. He is left not knowing what is right or what is honestly expected of him. You must bring up a child to what you think is the right thing to do. "Well, why leave him in the army if you think it is wrong?" I said. "But I did not say being in the army was wrong. It was his mother who tried to insinuate that. My remarks were to let him make the best of it and learn all he can and put his training to the best advantage he can when he comes out. A well-trained soldier will always find his allotted place in the community".

One Christmas Eve as my mother waited the return of her husband with his contribution for the supplies of the family and their little gift tokens for the festive season, wondering what she would do - the cupboard was bare and no coal for the fire; her hopes were starting to dwindle. The later the hour of the day the more she was sure that she waited in vain. Any prospect of collecting a few shillings from his comrades who had volunteered a contribution towards a wage for him if he undertook political work? They had forgotten their responsibilities, one member thinking the other would turn up and settle him with enough money to see him over the holidays. He was completely overlooked and he was more or less ashamed to come home and face his wife and family under the circumstance: The lack of money did not hurt him as much as the neglect of his comrades that he put so much trust in. He was always dependent on his wife whom he knew would never see the children hungry. How she managed it was always a puzzle to him and there was no use trying to probe into the matter as this was her right, she would say, and would not allow hereslf to be questioned, and no strategy that he would use would make her reveal her sources of supply. On this occasion the neighbour next door called in to see how things were progressing. All seemed very quiet and she was always used to plenty of noise and children jumping about; why all this silence? She thought she would investigate. Knocking at the door, she called: "May I come in? I wanted one of the girls to run a message for me", this being only an excuse. "Where are the girls?" "I sent them out to look at the shops. They will be warmer walking the streets than sitting here. The coalman has not called yet and I'm waiting for him to come so I can light the fire. I expect he is delayed with all this Christmas greetings from his customers". "Indeed he is, and so is your good man. There is no need to wait any longer; here is ten shillings, go out and get all your needs and have a good merry

Christmas. I won't need the money for a couple of weeks; by then you will have plenty and I can have the return. With the 'diddly' clubs and one thing or another I won't be short for a couple of weeks. Now, no nonsense, go at once and get the makings of a good dinner and a few toys for the children". Protesting, mother said she could not leave now, the children were out and she would not like father to return to an empty room, feeling in her heart that he was about to return any moment with one arm as long as another. Still, she did not like the neighbour to know she had no confidence in his appearing loaded down with all the good things of this earth. Although she refused, she felt it was the only way she could get supplies in for the following day. Reluctantly she accepted and went out to do her Christmas shopping at the last hour. Circumstances favoured her admirably; as the family was missing, no one would know who the kind fairy godmother had been. Having secured the necessaries for the mixing of a pudding, some ham left on a bone and a few rashers and eggs for breakfast, a barm brack, some sweets for the kiddies and a few Christmas stockings that were then procurable for one or two pennies, and a box of drafts for all to play with, she made her way homeward more pleased with herself than the Queen of England.

She was still monarch of all she surveyed, and got busy lighting the fire, putting up some paper decorations and, putting on her good freshly-laundered tablecloth, she set the table for the next meal. A geranium in full blossom of red was placed in the centre of the table. This was easily done, it being a fish day as the eve of a feast was always kept a fast day for more reasons than one.

It was not the small offering of this kind neighbour, but the approach, not going forward until the psychological moment, that brought forth all the goodness of heart in this Dublin working-class neighbour. She had heard, more than likely, the

children going out and given enough time to pass by in case there was a likelihood of father turning up with good tidings. But nothing happened. It was now time she would encroach on mother's state of desperation and help to lift her out of such sadness and grief of heart which she knew mother was undergoing, without one complaint of word or action of the trials fate so frequently bestowed upon her household.

The setting of the table with its few odds and ends had given mother great pleasure to prepare and she would stand back and proudly admire her handiwork. There was nothing as nice as a fully laid table and the glittery flames of a fire burning in the grate. She was confident that all her family would appreciate her never-ending attempt to replace with her love the worldly things that it had been their lot to forfeit. Who would be the first to enter? She was playing a game of hide and seek with herself and would remark to herself the childish remarks as the family entered; but things were not to work out as she predicted. Father would be last home; he would not attempt to leave the hall until late if he thought there was any likelihood of one comrade looking in to see him on this austere occasion, but by this time he had given up the ghost and realised that there would be no reason for his staying out any longer. Meanwhile, he thought mother would be expecting him to come along with some case and the sooner he would go home the sooner he could clear this disillusion. While walking home up Thomas St. the place was crowded with buyers and sellers of all descriptions, from paper hats to walking sticks, but they did not attract his attention. His mind was on his poor family. What had he to offer this blessed Christmas Eve? Nothing; going home with empty hands to the children. It had never crossed his mind to look up one of his comrades; such a thought would never come his way. When an old man caught a hold of his arm and said: "Buy a johnny-on-the-stick, sir. Please do not refuse me, my wife is dying and I must sell the lot before I can go home to her; sixpence each

is all I ask", father put his hands into his pockets, saying: "You can have all I've got if that will bring you nearer to your wife. It won't make any difference to my financial state". With that he tossed theseller his last remaining shilling, and thereby saved himself the terrible feeling of degradation of empty hands.

On opening the door - mother stood up at the fire as if she had been sitting there awaiting him. She was so pleased to see him by himself. In the absence of the children she could run over to him and embrace him in her arms as if she was expecting a diamond necklace, little thinking that he had anything to give her, whereupon he produced his last two purchases, saying: "We have one each; something to make us laugh; this is what I did with my last few pennies. When we are tired of johnny-dancing-on-the-stick we can hand them down to the children". How she laughed at him and said: "But if my Santa Claus had not come I could have put those few pennies you had to more profitable buying for my family". "Now, where did all these things come from?" he asked, turning around in the room and stretching his hands towards the table. "Ask me no questions and I'll tell no lies" was her reply. Not knowing what his reactions would be at getting assistance from a neighbour, she was not prepared for another outburst from him on charity, as she had on a former occasion. Well, he would not let her off that easily; it was yet to come. She bid him sit at the fire and await the making of the tea until the rest of the family gathered and, in fact, they were at that moment making their way up the stairs, hence no delay.

There was a very happy family sitting round a table and a very hungry one as well, but things kept moving, cutting bread and breaking the tops off eggs, brought forth any amount of laughter; this family had surely been infected with the high spirits of the season without the assistance of any stimulant other than very weak tea.

The meal being over and all gathered at the fireside, mother had taught the older members some Christmas carols and and this would be the most appropriate time to hear them. At the conclusion of these songs they had all to go to bed for Santa Claus wished to pay them a visit and he would not call while children were sitting at the fire. Go to bed early and get up early. Everybody had to have their stir at the pudding and it had to be put on to boil early in the morning; so good night and God bless.

The world would be richer by far if there were more like my mother here today. She had a heart of kindness and sympathy a and understanding. Her generosity was outstanding; she always had pity for those who needed her understanding and help. Her companionship to my father and family and all our friends who needed her counsel she would willingly give, and mothered all those bereft of their parents - men, women and children. She loved them all.

The children playing in the streets in groups were always of interest to her. She would stop and inquire what game they were playing and make some suggestion to them of things she did when growing up. It is very important the way children play and the things they say and do. Be sure they are on the right track, for they are the future men and women of the country and need every attention and care possible so that they may grow up good citizens and capable of their responsibilities. She was very kind and generous with her own clothes. Even a costume my father made a present to her later when we were in Belfast, as she would not spend any money on herself, she got cut down in a couple of weeks' time when she thought my father would have forgotten all about it, for another sister and myself who needed it more going to work every day, than hanging upstairs on a door. As she seldom went out, she never expected he would miss it. I can vividly recall his outburst and remonstration.

This was the first time I saw my father really angry with my mother. "You think of everybody else but yourself. Why should you work from early morning till late at night and have nothing to wear? You are just as important to me as are my children. You must have as much return and reward for your toil, or should I say slavery. You give everything you have away and never stop working. When will you enjoy the good things of life if you don't go out, and you can't go out if you have not clothes". "You don't understand", she replied, "as long as my family is happy and fed, I'm dressed with a change of dress and a clean overall". Many a person has since mentioned to me the fact of always seeing her in a clean fresh dress and overall. Little did they know it was her pride in having her children dressed that kept her indoors. Later on she told me "your father does not understand that it would be of little use me dressing up and my children with no clothes to go to work in". If mother did not go out much to enjoy herself, I think she lost very little, as we brought everybody we met up to our house and she was always ready to receive them and share with them anything we had, and at times that was very little. They sat down and took whatever was going and mother would say: "Eat up, the more you eat the bigger the dividend" as we were members of the Co-operative Society. But we knew better than to eat up, because there would be nothing in the larder to refill the plates.

<u>Preparations for trip to America</u>.

I don't remember my father going to U.S.A. in 1903, but I do remember looking for the postman to bring us a letter from our daddy, as we were often promised a big penny if we were good children. Mother, on receiving the letter, would always dress in her outdoor clothes and send one of my sisters with her hat and coat to take it outside to the hall, for if the baby saw her hat on he would know she was going out and he would set up a fit of screaming that would bring the neighbours in to

see what happened to the child. Another game my mother had if she wanted to go to the post office to change her money was to spell the words to my sisters the instructions she wanted carried out. It was not very long until the brave boy's mind started to develop and he knew every word that was spelt. When very young he was named the walking dictionary at school. Spelling never gave him any trouble.

My eldest sister, Mona, was very much attached to my father and his work and writings. He had taken her to a number of his meetings and she had heard him speak at public meetings. Very young she started to read some of his pamphlets and was very lonely when he went to the States. The loss of her father, coupled with the absence of the outings to meetings and missing the meeting of old familiar friends, told very much on her. My mother often related how she would stay indoors when she returned from school and write father very long letters when she was just about twelve years old. About this period she took scarlatina when we were all looking forward to his (father's return to Dublin, and I believe he contracted it on his arrival, for I have a faint recollection of his being sick in hospital, or perhaps it was only she that was in hospital. My mother was very busy knitting long navy blue stockings for her to wear on her way home after her convalescence when we were once more to be a united family, but not for very long.

My father's trip to the States in the first instance was on a lecture tour, but he may have also had the intention of looking around to see if there was any prospect of work for him in that country. I can see the picture of him going away the second time and the talk of his family following him out to America in a couple of months. My eldest sister was very anxious to go with him and dreaded the thought of being left behind. Father told her she must help mother to bring all the children out to see him in the States. He would secure a job first and,

as soon as possible, look round and find a house, and then he would s end enough money or our tickets to bring us all out in the big ship to foreign parts. She was not very pleased with this idea of his going out across the Atlantic once more without her, and the poor child pleaded to be taken with her father on this trip, imploring him not to go without her. He appealed to her to do him a favour by accepting a position that was vacant in his family - a mháthirín (little mother). He knew she could fill the part and it was so necessary for my mother to get help to bring the family such a long journey. "If you would fill this post I can depart on my long and lonely trip knowing that we are all working to help one another, and the more we pull together in unison the sooner we will a chieve our objective. I am depending on you, my daughter, to do some of my work in helping your mother with the family that I in the ordinary way would do if I were on this side of the ocean". He made her feel big, grown up, older than her years, attaching so much importance to herself that she finally consented to remain home and travel out with the family.

Things must have looked rosy for him on his return to the U.S.A. Friends met him every place and encouraged him to fetch out the family as soon as possible. The pioneers in the Labour and Socialist movement knew that if he had his family living with him the cause would be sure of his labour and not have his mind divided on his family in the old land and he struggling in the States, wondering whether he should bring his family out to face the hardships of the different climates. The family, being very young and the expense of bringing them out - the money for which had to be borrowed - might better be spent in another direction. At all events his comrades evidently won and out we were all to go. The news reached mother that everything was settled. He had obtained a good job and a house and the tickets were to arrive at a certain date. There was no doubt now but we were all to meet again in a very short time. There was no one

as pleased as my eldest sister, the mháthirín. The happiness she received at these great tidings was beyond description. All we could hear was America, America, what she would do, all she had to tell father, and the poor little darling never stopped working so that father would get a good report on her fulfilment of her duties. She just lived to see her father in the big city of New York.

There was plenty of bustle and hurry. The few household articles were easily disposed of. The money that they were sold for helped to supply us with clothes for travelling. We had many good friends who came to see if they could in any way lighten the burden of my mother in doing odds and ends. We had awakened up our last morning in Dublin with everyone in splendid form. Nothing was left in our home now but the few boxes of books that we were taking with us and our personal belongings.

One of father's very dear friends came to spend the last day with my mother and to help prepare us for sailing that night. As there seemed so many of us crowded in the one room falling over one another, each and all of us were afraid to put a nose outside the door in case we would be left behind. The thought of going out to play for an hour or so would not do. This thing - a trip across the Atlantic - was something new to us. We had not heard of this joyride before and none of us would make ourselves scarce and give a little more room for breathing space, until things got to such a pitch that this kindly friend offered to send my eldest sister and me to her house which was on the other side of the city and see if we would tidy up her place for an hour or two. My eldest sister did not like the idea of deserting mother on her last day in Dublin and said so, but as she was ever obedient, she got me ready and we went forth on this errand of duty much against our wishes. We had to travel in the tram and she talked about it being our last trip across the city. "This time tomorrow we will be on the high seas on

our way out to father. Will he think I've grown big? I wonder will he know me?" These were all her dreams. She had herself worn out thinking about him, longing to s ee him. To be near him for evermore was her last wish on earth. We found the street of my Aunt Alice's house - as we called her. She had no children and was always interested in our family. My sister was disgusted to find there was no housework to do. Everything was in apple-pie order. She was very vexed. She felt she had been misled into believing that she was sent to be of some assistance instead of being put out of the way. This deception she very much r esented as she had been always treated as an adult, and when reasoned with she always accepted the better judgment of her elders and would abide by their decision. She cried for a while and then thought better of it and, looking on the bright side of things, started to anticipate the joys that lay before her that night. "There is nothing to be done. How will we fill in our time for a couple of hours?" The poor child was all worked up with excitement of going aboard a boat tonight and she could not sit still. It was really cruel to have sent her on this fool's errand, she that was so sensitive Little did her elders dream of the torments and trials she was passing through. She was no ordinary child and therefore needed the time and understanding not necessary for the average girl of her years. She went from one room to another. It was only a small house - a parlour and kitchen and two bedrooms and small garden back and front. When she discovered that the washing had not been done, "this" she thought, "is the work for me to do". The fire was in the kitchen range and, as any other little mháthirín would do, she got going on the washing and, putting me up beside her to help by the way - more likely to be better able to keep her eyes on me and keep me out of harm's way - she let me dabble in the tub of water. Things were going very nicely; all was happy and w ell. She was one of

those lovely people who, whatever she did, she had to do well. The washing of clothes had its recompense. She had to boil what she thought called for that thoroughness before she would put them on the line. The largest saucepan procurable was filled with white articles and hot water on the floor. She then removed the ring cover on the top of the range and stooped down to lift up her saucepan which she held with her apron. This apron unfortunately became caught in under the saucepan and when she went to lift up the saucepan to release the apron she realised it had become ignited. I screamed when I saw her all in flames as the flimsiness of her attire was more responsible for the quickness of the conflagration than the fire would have been in the ordinary way. She bid me keep away from her and ran into the back garden where there was a water tap and bending down to reach the fall of water thereby putting the upper portion of her body in more danger and there exposed her breast and neck to the naked flames.

The cries and screams of me drew the attention of a man in a nearby garden. He could see the flames. He jumped the garden walls and came to our assistance, putting out the fire the best he could and then taking my poor unfortunate sister to hospital.

Such confusion that followed can hardly be described, but it was kept evergreen in my memory from listening to my mother's reminiscences. I was too upset to be able to give my name or address or even talk, as, on this day of all days, the one subject that I heard most was America, and that did not make sense to all these kindly people who were anxious to get in touch with the patient's parents. Nothing could be done. I wouldn't talk sense. If I could eat something or drink tea or milk I might settle down and they could get some information from me - but no.

Meanwhile my mother was feeling uncomfortable at our not returning. Time was slipping by and no sign of us turning up. Then mother came to the conclusion that Aunt Alice's husband probably returned home earlier than usual with the intention of coming to the boat and s eeing us off and that any moment he would appear with both of us in his care. Well, this did not happen, and in an hour's time Aunt Alice decided she would go and fetch us. There was no need to worry, everything was in order. There was nothing to do; the cabman would call and bring us to the boat and a neighbour was supplying the family with tea. She left in the best of spirits, quite satisfied she had accomplished a good day's work for her friend. She felt very pleased that things turned out so well. She was happy that we looked so good and more than anxious that we should be a credit to her dear friend in America. Curiously enough, she simultaneously arrived at her door as her husband did to be encountered by a few neighbours who had me in their keeping, and when they got an account of the accident, learned of the child in the hospital, their first thoughts flew to mother. What a catastrophe! She, sitting with her brood waiting to go aboard ship that night! How would they tell her? Who would break the news? Taking me in their arms, they both made their way towards returning to mother immediately - to bring her to the hospital there to see her firstborn child lying unconscious, all wrapped up in bandages, with her dreams she never lived to see come true, in a sleep she would never come out of. She had passed out of all her suffering and left mother with more cares and heartbreaks than she would have ever wished, had she but known.

At a very early age I was called upon to give evidence at my sister's inquest. The police came and informed my mother that it was necessary for me to be present. Mother said I was too young and would be too frightened to talk. The police

assured mother that they would take me to the side of the Hall and have a chat with me and try and find out what had happened. "Be sure and be there by 10 o'clock in the morning". By this time we had all been scattered among friends, a couple here and there, and my mother kept me. We were to go out together in the morning to see that gentleman again and some more men like him. The next day I well remember being on a tram with mother and the conductor pulling up and showing us the tram to take. The poor woman was so upset she lost her way and I could not say where we were going. She had to return with me to our old home to get her bearings and senses together. There, in view of the old home, everything rushed back to her again. She had recovered her memory in a flash, The old familiar homestead that was so dear to her, with all its pains and pangs of joy and hunger and sorrow, restored to her one of life's greatest blessings - and what money cannot buy and life without it would be meaningless - her memory. She took me in her arms and hugged and kissed me as I've never been loved before, saying: "they are waiting for you my darlin'", and I did not know where to go or what to do. "It's too late now. They will never expect us now, nor will they hear your story". With that a big policeman intervened. He had been sent to collect us and had been informed by neighbours that we had left our old residence. When we were making our approach to the house he intercepted us just as mother was about to turn and try to make our way towards the coroner's court. He was a kind man and felt very sorry for mother and all her trouble, and assured us it was only a formality and there would be no delay. Everybody was very attentive to mother and did all they could to ease the situation. The performance only lasted a few minutes. When they saw the size and age of me they said I was too young to give evidence and only talked to me of what my sister was doing at the fire.

On arrival outside the Court we were met by mother's dear friend, Mrs. Wilson, her first employer, whom mother had lived with taking care of this family of three boys for years before she left here to go to Scotland to be married. She had read the sad account of the fatal accident and had come to the Court expecting to find mother and insisted on putting us into a cab and collecting the rest of the family. She lived in Fitzwilliam Square. There we all stayed for over a week and were treated as if we were the family of the big house; a lovely big garden, conservatory, and it seemed as if we had landed in America without crossing the ocean. Mother was able to leave us here and only took the eldest daughter with her to the funeral. The rest of the family were too young to understand the significance of the burial of my dear sister and we played and passed the time in our new surroundings, thus relieving mother of the heavy burden of youngsters' demands.

The thought of this kind sympathetic benevolent woman recalls to my mind a story mother told me which I think is of great interest to those who are anxious to learn all they can of my father's outlook and reactions. As I have said before, it was shortly before I was born that my parents returned to Dublin and mother undoubtedly called on this fine type of Irish woman to acquaint her of the family's return to Dublin. They were both very fond of one another and had a good many interests in common, They were both Protestants. Mother was treated and looked upon more as a daughter, and they exchanged confidences with one another. My mother's marriage in this woman's eyes was not so successful. She would have liked to hear of my father being in a regular job. The thought of my mother and three young babies, for in fact that was all they were, and to learn that I was about to make my appearance, greatly distressed her. But mother would not be depressed. "We will get on all right now that I'm back in Dublin and have no fear".

"God never sends a mouth but he sends something to put in it," was mother's outlook. She was passionately fond of children, her own or anybody else's; it was all the same to her. She said there was never a child born that was not beautiful and lovely. "If you only take the time you will find that out. It may be hidden, but it's there. In some it is harder to find than in others, and when discovered it may be all the richer for not being so apparent!"

With these views, our home was always open to any person or to as many children as we cared to bring in. Indeed I can see pictures of my father sitting at the table writing and a crowd of children playing round on the floor, not alone his own family but others as well, and we were never told not to make noise or to stop talking or singing as father was writing. We could go up to him and show him our dolls and carts or balls and he would stop to listen to what we had to say and then continue as if we were not there.

After I was born mother took me to see the family of boys she had reared, for they were delighted to hear I was a girl and sent word they wanted to see me. It was towards the end of November, one of those bright sunny days we often have before winter sets in properly with her cold wet windy days. Mother tripped along quite merrily with me in her arms. She was one of those proud mothers who was glad to be able to carry her baby, for if you put your baby in a pram at that early stage the neighbours would say you were not strong and unfit to carry your new baby or that you were in a declining state of health or the baby was sickly and the less moving it got the better. With all these current remarks and no pram available she felt all the happier to be able to show off her first baby born in Ireland and all its grandeur that had already been worn on her previous three babies. This was a state occasion as this woman, who was greatly thought of by my mother, had never seen one of

mother's babies before. I, therefore, was put on exhibition and to my mother's delight and satisfaction was well received. I being on my best behaviour was well rewarded with a new golden sovereign put in each of my little hands to help out the demands on our household that my appearance may have entailed

Things were very bad at present, no work turning up and no prospect. Things had reached the stage that father had ceased relating to the shops that he had heard of things getting better, so mother was undoubtedly pleased to be able to rush home and let father see what I had gained by my outing. Was he pleased? Well, mother thought he certainly would be. He would have a few weeks to go easy and not worry, and when you are not looking for a job that is the time work will turn up. Poor dear mother was turning over all these thoughts in her head expecting a great welcome at home similar to the one she just received in the big house. But no. Things don't work out like that. Where you want that kind of happiness and joy you just don't get it. Instead, on her return home, she found father with the rest of the family at home where he had returned sooner than he expected. He had been expecting news of some likely work that did not materialise, and feeling so depressed there was no place for him except among his children who would not understand the mental torture he was undergoing and with whom he could play and try and forget his troubles. When mother marched in with me, feeling like a Santa Claus, and seeing the family circle at this early hour of the day, she lost no time in jumping to a conclusion. The results of his interview were there to be seen at once. He had not succeeded. "That won't matter" she thought. "I will make light of it and make him forget it. There is still another day. We are still young. It can't always keep raining. The sun must shine for us sometime if we will but have the patience to wait". With these thoughts in her mind she put me in his arms, saying: "Look what the child has for her daddy", but he did not know

what she was referring to and in case the older children might tumble to her meaning and mention it to anyone else, she had to turn and show him as she turned to unwrap herself from her outdoor clothes. This just completely unbalanced him and he had to let himself go. "Well, this is the last straw! To use my child for charity is more than I can bear. Everything will be done for me, yes, but the one thing - give me employment. I don't believe we should live on the kindness of others. We have a right to live; a right to be fed if we can't work. I am capable of fulfilling several vacancies, but the Dublin city employers see fit to keep me and my family starving, trying to exist on the smallest amount of food and live in the smallest room we can procure at the lowest rent; even then it is too dear to pay when you have no money coming in. So this is dear Dublin surrounded by the wealth of a nation. Look! see those dark green hills, those wide expansive plains of Meath. They are rich enough to feed the whole of Ireland with its small population. There was a time when this country was capable of feeding a population of eight millions and helping to keep alive with food the workers on the other side of the channel".

We sailed from Dublin a little over a week from the date of the original sailing. This was in 1905. A cablegram had been sent to father informing him of our dreadful tragedy and the cause of our delay in arriving. The ship was to us a playground - the times we had running around, people making a fuss of us kids, buying balls, bowls, skipping ropes and all sorts of amusement, the lovely food, fruit, sweets and all things nice. This was to last for days - how lovely - until the ship started to roll and we could no longer keep our feet down or anything else. There was nothing to do but lie in our bunks and hold on to the sides that we may not fall out. My mother was in great demand. We were all down sick at the same time. Everyboard on board was affected in the same way. We

We had steered straight into stormy weather. The like had not been met for years, so we were told when we recovered our bearings and appeared in the dining hall to find everybody absent but us few children who seemed to recover more rapidly than adults. Our appetites were making themselves felt. We were now once again enjoying the satisfaction of ordering what we wished at the table. How long will this last we wondered?

After getting the first spasm of sea sickness over us it did not repeat itself. We were left in the thrills and excitement of everything on board that was supplied by the Ship's Company to amuse adults and juveniles, and we did not leave one thing untouched. What we broke is long forgotten and mother was glad to learn we were nearing the end of our voyage. She had started to pick herself up from her mourning and loss when one of the passenger's children became violently sick in the night and mother was called on to assist her. She was unable to hold her baby and the stewardesses were too busy. There was terrible commotion. We could hear the running about and wondered what it could all be about. What could mother do? Why did they take her out of her bunk? It just had to be another of those sad moments in one's life. When her own trouble had not time to be removed from her memory she had to step in and comfort another mother while this baby was breathing its last breath of air in mother's arms. It had taken a convulsion and its mother was too sick to realise what was taking place with her own baby. The following morning we all heard that the little baby we all had played with and loved to wheel round the deck was now buried at sea. This was the second time inside a few days we heard of this word buried. It had become implanted in our minds that you could be buried without being sick. Some people said no, it wasn't possible, but we had seen two cases of it and w saw all the sick people on ship get better, so why should my sister and this baby die. That was a problem that occupied our thoughts for the rest of the day. But young people soon forget. Their minds are directed in another avenue and until something

similar crops up again does it occur to them that they did not solve these mysteries.

There were now two families left aside in Ellis Island not claimed, the one who lost her baby and ours. My father had left his home on his way to meet us and had not received the cablegram and knew nothing of the loss of his eldest child. We therefore had to take another setback, for here we were waiting in a cage and he could not see us, nor would the officials take time to explain until they had cleared all those in order that came their way. Then mother had to go through that awful ordeal of explaining to the officials that we were his family and were one short. Just imagine the meeting, to hear of the loss of your firstborn under such circumstances amongst strangers in a foreign land. This was a sad meeting when an official had to bring father over to hear the sad story and identify his wife and family.

There was great excitement getting off the boat and kissing and goodbyes of all the passengers, the presents they gave us. Of course everything was a present that the passengers did not want to overburden themselves with and were given to us and we arrived with double the amount of goods that we started out with. However, mother did not mind as long as we were happy and content, and now that she had her husband with her he would be of great comfort to her and lighten her burden.

Our travels were not over yet. We had another boat to go on before we reached our destination. He guided us through the traffic and brought us into stores where he wished to spend some money on us. "They have everything they wanted, do not spoil them now" said mother. "You would not refuse me the pleasure of treating my own children the first day in a new country. Whatever happens the first day you put your foot on American soil will happen ever after, and won't it be nice to think that there

was one day in my life I could ask each and all what they would like most and buy it for them. The less time they have to think the easier it is on my coffers. By tomorrow I could not r each their heights, so what do you say to that?" "As you are usually right, so be it". We went on another boat up the Hudson River to Troy to our first American home. How lovely it was - a big garden with plenty of vegetables and fruit and room to play in the garden. A relative of father we called Aunt Mary and her husband were there to greet us, they having no children of their own and plenty to pick and choose from amongst this big family. Uncle picked me up in his arms and kissed and squeezed me making me roar with laughter, and suggested he would take me home and make me his own little girl after he had tamed me down some. "Look at her running round wild in her riding boots". With that he took off my boots and went and got a pair of pinchers from his trap, in which he had driven over to meet us with a nice small Shetland pony. It did not take him long to remove the iron horse shoe protectors from my heels, and putting on my boots I enquired what did he want them for. I considered I had bestowed a favour on him letting him take them off my boots. He asked me what did I think he would do with them I replied: "You would put them on your own ass". Well, what roars of laughter that brought forth. I had not been used to a pony so small and thought it was a donkey and in need of a pair of shoes, little knowing that he wanted to save me being the laughing stock of the city as well as being a greenhorn. This is the name given to all emigrants.

He and I became great friends and often he took me for long drives in this trap, and when the winter came and the place was covered with snow he would unfailingly turn up and had changed his trap for a sledge and we would glide along smoothly over the surface of the hard snow. I would never refuse him when he called, even though I would much prefer to sit in the warm room

with the rest of the family, but I would not let him know I would rather stay at home. He would call in at a saloon and bring me with him. There he would have his drink and warm my hands at the fire that stood out in the middle of the room and all would sit encircled round it and talk and tell stories and pretend he was my father and was warming me before he would return home. I somehow think children were not admitted to saloons.

America.

The insurance business that father was employed in met with a big slump as this was a big industrial area of shirt makers and those not employed in the factories could do work at home. Everybody worked for the industrial output. We children were employed carrying baskets of collars from factories to the homes of the workers. On our way to school we would deliver a large basket of finished articles to the factories and call for their refills on our way home in the evening. In this way the whole populace was striving to increase the output. This work we enjoyed as everybody was doing it. It became part of our school life; we knew no other. All was well. We were very happy and things were looking bright. Mother and father were entering into the spirit of their new environment and even going out at night sledge riding with the other neighbours. This was a big change for mother. What would the people who knew her in Dublin think if they saw her out in such attire as was necessary for those winter nights. The people here all took part in winter sports. It helped to keep them warm and it was their form of social evenings. We had a wonderful Christmas here. It was just one long dream. Things happened here that we had never dreamed of. Just imagine a big Christmas tree of our own in our parlour lit up with candles and presents for every member of the family and all who came to see it, which also meant that we got presents from trees that we went to see. We never thought

that life could be so pleasant and happy. Now we had all forgotten the sad poor days of the past. Here there was plenty and lashings go leor. But how long was it to last? Could it really come to an end, this laughing, singing, joyrides and food for all?

It was announced that father had to go away and seek other employment. There was a big strike on in the factories and the first to suffer non-payments owing to the scarcity of money was the insurance companies. We felt the first blow, and being newcomers to the city our credit would not be very high. It was better to make a move at the beginning before we got too deeply in arrears. With that outlook father moved on, leaving us to finish the winter months where we were. The spring might bring relief to this district and we would not be moved unless it was impossible for father to keep two homes going. Times turned out very hard on all those in this textile manufacturing area. Shopkeepers had to close down; in fact, everything except those in the food line, and there was no credit to be given. We would have to make our way to the bakeries where we got the bread at reduced cost. The weather, too, did not show us any favours but sent out long cold winds accompanied by snow and sleet and showed no signs of diminishing its storms, wrecking homes by tossing off the roofs and blocking railways, holding up the post and leaving us without any letter of the whereabouts of our father. Perhaps he, too, was blocked in drifting snow on the railway or lying sick in hospital from frostbite. It was a dreadful experience for us this prolonged winter season. People all thought it would have vanished three weeks ago. But no, it showed no signs of taking its departure. It had snowed more last night and frozen as well. We were run out of bread. How can we manage to get some loaves? That was the question. Mother opened the front door. Nobody could descend the steps. They were one piece of glass. It was impossible to consider

sending out anyone in those conditions. "And yet we can't all starve while I have some money". I volunteered to go out the back way and after some persuasion mother consented to let me go. She would prepare me for the cruel elements I would have to encounter - an old pair of stockings over my boots (the wellingtons we got at Christmas could not be worn as the snow would get into them), the sleeves of my coat tied round wrists over big woollen gloves, my head all covered and wrapped up in a shawl tied round my neck, so that you could not hear a word that was said and it would not be necessary as no one would talk to you. It would take you all your time to keep your feet under you, upholding yourself with the fences and gates as you went along. The blizzard was that fierce you could not see, and unless you knew your way by instinct and could go with your eyes closed you were certain to be numbered amongst the missing.

Mother opened the back door and told me on no account to venture up the front stairs and to be sure to return to the back entrance. Now, the back entrance had two doors; the first one swung outward and the second door swung in. At the outside door was a small platform partly surrounded by a wooden rail and led down the stairs to the ground. In all it would be about 12 feet high to the door and there would be no enclosure of the rail to the platform and stairs. Making my way through the storm I arrived safely at the bakery and was very satisfied at my success and looked forward to a nice hot cup of coffee and fresh bread and jam for my efforts. I had done so well on my outward journey and it being downhill made it more difficult. I did not encounter any ill-will on my way back. Mother said she would keep a watch at the window for me and could see me a long way off. She did not realise that the fall of snow was so heavy that I would be invisible. However, all went well. I struggled and fell and got up and sat down and did everything I could as long as I thought I was moving in the right direction

until at last I reached home. None was ever more pleased than I to see the back door and to feel safely encircled in my arms the two loaves of bread . I had great difficulty in mounting the back stairs as the snow falling so quickly covered them and I was stepping in the wrong place and falling forward. I reached the top at last and when I steadied my two feet on the platform and tried to pull open the outside door it would not come with me. My hand was probably too cold and most likely frostbitten. I pulled and pulled and at last it came forward with a sudden jerk and pushed me or threw me under the stair rail with one jerk. I fell over into more than six feet deep of freshly fallen snow which meant I fell deeper with my weight, and the two loaves of bread just slided along the surface in opposite directions. Try as I would I made no headway in my attempt to stand up. The snow came down on me and I was literally snowed under. Darkness was beginning to fall as it usually does earlier than on other days when not showing. Mother was becoming uneasy about my safety, not knowing that I was very near at hand but could not make myself heard. She was sure I must have taken the wrong turn. They were all taking their turns at the front room window and were quite certain I had not appeared. Mother decided she would wait no longer and must go out herself and look for me. Going out to the back door, on opening the second door she was horrified to see the imprints of my being on the platform. Where could I have got to? What had become of me? There was no sign of me about, as as she looked around there lying some distance from the house was a parcel covered with snow. She had not noticed this on sending me out. She would try and reach it and turned into the house to secure a long rod with a hook. After some difficulty she secured it and to her amazement found the bread. But where was I? She had not very far to look as I lay thrown towards the platform and covered with inches of snow. It was some time before they could reach me. Mother called on my elder sister and with one another to hold on to they finally rescued me and recovered me

by putting me on top of the range to thaw. Had mother waited much longer that night it would have been so dark that it is more than likely I would not have been recovered till the following day and then it would have been too late for me to take a cup of hot coffee.

This was a wonderful place to live in. We had many outings of gathering nuts. We went out as on a picnic to woods at the beginning of autumn that is called the fall, where we were taught of the different kinds of trees with edible nuts. Some of these were sold to the stores. Then we kept plenty for home consumption and we had enough nuts to last us the year. Some we roasted and at with salt sprinkled over them. Others were put into toffee and eak cakes. This district was famous for home productions of all kinds. I remember the tomato crop my mother had. They were the biggest size tomatoes that had been produced in the memory of the people living beside us. In every house the families were all employed in one way or another with the tomato crop, gathering in baskets of bushels where they were preserved, skinned and bottled or made into pulp and ketchup, or the green ones were cooked into chutney and bottled. Then we had apricots, quince, apples and pears for jam making. You had a supply of these lovely fruits and savouries the whole winter through and there was never a shortage of these luxuries. They were all stored in the cellars.

Troy we left with sad heart for this was our first American home where we had known joy, happiness and plenty of food, or at least we did not recognise the scarcity if there was any. We moved on from here to Newark, New Jersey, to join our father once more. Our arrival at the house preceded our furniture, and it was well it was the spring of the year and we were facing good weather and did not suffer from any colds by sleeping on the floor. This the whole family had to do until one day as I was going for some groceries to the stores a young boy from the next house caught up on me and asked me my name and what school I was going to. When I mentioned my name he jumped with delight and said

that was his mother's name and "I'm sure youre Irish; will you come and see my mother and I will take you to my school in the morning". This looked like a great treat and I consented to go with him when I returned from the errand. I then asked mother if I might go out to play, and did not inform her of my new acquaintance and the invitation he so kindly offered - to bring me to see his mother who was expecting me to make a call on her. The houses we were occupying in this part of the States were detached wooden ones with verandas and with three storeys, each floor with two self-contained flats, large underground cellars to store coal, wood, preserves, prams and go-cars and very useful for children to play in when the weather was wet. It was a country district and a newly built up area was in progress. The boy's mother was delighted to see me and took me in her arms and loved me as if I had just arrived over from Dublin to her family, asking me a lot of questions which I readily answered as I felt here was a long lost relative. A table had been prepared for me and I was ashamed to sit down and partake of such luxuries knowing how the rest of the family was circumstanced, not a chair to sit on. I tried to make an excuse that I could not wait to have tea as my mother was waiting for the furniture to arrive any minute and would expect me to help open the packings and cases. With that the new neighbour jumped up asking: "Do you mean to say that you are in the apartments and no furniture?" "Yes" I said. Whereupon she made her way down the stairs and over to our house and insisted on bringing mother and family up to her apartment and left me to wait with her son at my door until my father would come and to bring him along to their apartments. This we did and what a reunion of old friends gathered that night to give the greenhorns a welcome, and a good welcome it was, as mother and father were made stay there in these good people's bed which they willingly gave up to the newcomers, and the rest

of the family were parked out amongst other neighbours until the furniture van arrived. Just imagine the goodness of these people (and they were Irish speakers) to give up their beds and sleep on the floor for strangers just because we came from the Emerald Isle. I often wondered did they live to learn that this poor greenhorn, as they called him in a joke, was to give his life that their dear land might live, in a very short number of years after their kind act.

We liked this place very much. It had a lot of conveniences a big public park, a swimming pool, a large school nearby, shop, church and libraries. Father was now employed at Singer sewing machine manufacturers. It was a trolley ride to his work and he came home every evening. We loved to cross the lots (which is the name of the building sites) and meet him coming home. There was always great competition to see who would reach him first and get the first kiss and to tell our stories of what happened at school or play. My older sister and I had to go to an annexe school some distance away as there were no vacancies in the one nearby. This meant a long walk over the lots twice a day and the boy next door took charge of us on our journey to and fro for some time, until he was forbidden to do so by teachers who did not encourage boys and girls together and we had then become used to the district. Mother had two young children not of school age that she had to look after. We were not long living there when we were expecting company - this is the term used for visitors - and it is on such a rare occasion that this happens in the States that there is a great amount of preparation.

Our distinguished visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Digges of Abbey Theatre fame, whom I met again in Dublin a few years ago and was so pleased at their recalling the visit to see my father and their reminiscences of his interest in Irish art so many years ago, not knowing I was in the audience at the time.

They were pleased to hear I remembered them after an interval of more years than I wish to remember.

Shortly after their visit we were presented with another member to our circle. I was awakened by my mother who said she had a number of jobs for me to do that day. She was expecting a baby and it was coming home sooner than it was expected as the day before my father forgot his lunch and on seeing it on the table after he'd left she ran out after him and crossing the lots in a hurry tripped and fell. Nevertheless she reached him before he boarded the trolley and had the consolation of knowing he would not be without food. My eldest sister would stay off work for the day and look after the rest of the family. I was to go to the doctor's house and leave word for him to call on my mother before he went on his rounds. Then I was to collect the necessary equipment for the occasion. All this being done I was to join my sister in the park. She had brought out a lunch basket for us to have a picnic and keep us out till late in the evening so all would be well and the house put into the ordinary run before we would return. I was put under strict orders not to go into the swimming pool. Now I had a very busy day and carried out all my instructions very satisfactorily. I was very tired and warm and feeling so uncomfortable, and knowing that there was only one thing to refresh me in this terrible heat and with my clothes sticking to my poor body, I thought to myself under these very special circumstances I'm sure mother won't mind me going into the water for just a few minutes, only long enough to wash myself. Well that's just where I did over-estimate her generosity. On arriving home we were met with the good tidings that we had a new baby. We were all pleased and the cry went round that one and all wanted to hold it. Mother was in very good form and not as I expected, sick and lying in a dark room. She looked herself and made as much fuss of the baby as if it was her first until her eyes fell in my direction and the first

enquiry she made was: "Did you do everything I asked of you?" Innocently I replied: "Yes, didn't I get all the messages?. thinking I would put her off the inevitable question of the swimming pool. But no, the joy of the newborn babe did not make her forget or waver in her determination in having her wishes fulfilled. I apologised, begged forgiveness and said I would never disobey her again. This was not accepted and I would have to take my punishment. This was really the last straw. But what was it to be? Would the punishment fit the crime? I stood there aloof from the rest of the family, father looking on would not interfere with mother's affairs. Although I very much desired to appeal to him as a go-between, I would not take the chance of being refused, and I was wishing mother to pronounce her sentence and whatever the consequence I would take my dose of the medicine meted out to me and the sooner the better. By this time the baby was being handed round to each member of the family to nurse. I was thinking to myself it was about time I got holding it, considering I had made more preparations for its arrival than any other member of the family, and if it had not been for its premature descent upon us I would not be placed in this awkward position. I made my way over to the infant to get my share of the nursing and when just about taking it in my arms, mother quietly remarked I was not to touch the baby today for being disobedient. When I heard that was the way I was to suffer for the swim, I just ran out of the bedroom and burst into tears. This was the last thing I would have thought of, being deprived of the holding of a new baby. No other punishment could have hurt me so much. I could bear anything but this insult I could never get over. The deprivation that was inflicted on me! I could not take my tea and knew there was no need to go to the table as a big lump just stuck in my throat and I could not eat or drink, so what was the use of joining the other members of the family at the tea table. There was no excuse; I could not absent myself. I had to come and do the best I

could to stop crying. The time we sat at that meal seemed hours compared to any other day, perhaps because I was not hungry and not eating. The time seemed to lag and minutes felt like hours. If they would only finish up with their tea and we started to clear the things away to their places and I had a chance of moving about I believe I would feel better. At last there were signs of things moving. I welcomed the chance of getting up and s tirring around the place. It was good to feel you could move your limbs again. I feeling so depressed I thought I had lost all the power in my body, but one does not get knocked out all at once. Time is a great healer I was very soon to learn and to know that I would meet many another blow in this dear old world of ours before I lived many more years. I longed to go to bed and forget about all my misfortunes, to wake up into a new day and pretend it was all a bad dream. But no, there was no end to all the jobs that had to be carried out that night. It felt as if there was a couple of days moulded into one. The younger members of the family had gone off to their night's repose and I was kept busy in the kitchen with only the presence of my father who was sitting at the table writing. It struck me strange that he did not tell me to go off to bed and leave the odd jobs over till next day. This I longed to do. But no, he did not seem to take any notice of my being up at such a late hour of the night. Everything being settled and put into order in the kitchen I went over to kiss my father goodnight. When he took me up in his arms and kissed me he explained why I was being punished. It was not my going into the water and the danger of my being drowned - that in itself was a very serious thing - but that my mother could not rely on my doing what I was told was the worst thing possible I could happen to do to her, and taking such a mean advantage of her incapacity!
"I think if you go into your mother now and say goodnight and tell her how sorry you are to distress her under the circumstances and you hope never to let this incident recur, I am sure

you both will feel much better. Remember that your mother is suffering at your punishment as if it were her own. She does not like to see her children sad, but knows they must be taught to be honest and reliable when they are children for there is so much important things to do in this world to be able to do the right thing at a given moment and that your friends and associates will know what way you will turn under trying circumstances is more valuable than all the gold in the British Exchequer. I by this time preferred to go straight to my bed, but I was quietly led in to see my mother and to say good-night. Words failed me. I could not talk, and father, knowing that it was not boldness on my part, apologised for me and said that he understood it was after 12 o'clock and I had taken my punishment and now the day is over. He did not see why I could not be the first member of the family to do the nursing today, whereat mother lifted out the infant and laid her in my arms. I was so thrilled to hold it to myself and so excited as it was the last thing I expected, that I thought my heart would jump out of my body it was going at such a rate. I'm sure my parents could see it vibrating through my clothes. I willingly gave it back to mother and made my way to bed, tired and exhausted after a very hot, trying and unforgettable day, one I will never experience again in a lifetime.

Summer was drawing to a close, and after suffering the trials of a very hot season, we were now facing the beginning of a severe cold winter which had set in with a heavy gale and high winds and brought down the snow sooner than was expected. Jack Frost had made his appearance and we were not prepared for this quick change of climate. Scantily dressed for the elements we found the cold affecting us. All were suffering from under-nourishment, resulting in chilblains on our hands and feet, and it was of no advantage to keep us from school, for there at least we were warm and when we came home from school I can remember

mother playing games with us to keep us moving and warm as the little fuel she had for the fire she had to keep until tea time when my father and eldest sister returned from work. One day we were so cold mother said to us after giving us each a slice of bread: "I think we will play three men in a boat, the bed will be the boat", and by this camouflage she got us all into the one bed and thereby each of us helped to keep one another warm for a few hours while she told us the story and then she could persuade us to stay in bed until the fire was lit and the room warm and cosy and everything ready for the breadwinner's arrival.

Patriotism is very much developed in the States. The first thing we learn to do is to respect the Star Spangled Banner. This flag is put in the most important place in the school premises where all the children salute it every morning as they march into the classroom. The first song taught and sung in unison is "My Country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty". It is on every child's lips no matter what their nationality.

To keep alive our own nationality, my father would take us down town to see the St. Patrick's Day parade and to see the huge numbers of Irish nationalists out marching, carrying banners representing different interests of the homeland and we sporting our bunch of shamrock on our coats together with the green ribbon on our hair. The snow lay on the ground and the cold wind nearly cut your nose and ears off, but this was nothing to the satisfaction we got in seeing such a marvellous turnout of Irish men and women. They were surely something to be proud of. The parade would take a couple of hours to pass by. The counting of the floats and banners got beyond your memory. In school the next day I was asked for my excuse for being absent. I handed up the note my father had given me. This was an understood thing to bring from your parents on such an occasion. The teacher, being Irish, was not going to lose this opportunity of demonstrating her feelings and asked me to explain to the class

all I saw and what it was all about. This I had not bargained for and felt very embarrassed at the start, but with her assistance I got through the ordeal quite satisfactorily. The things I did not notice and had forgotten she mentioned with great satisfaction as being one of ourselves and proud of it.

Due to the depression father was obliged to leave home and seek work elsewhere. He went organising for the I.W.W. (Industrial Workers of the World) which had its headquarters in New York. He got an apartment for us in the Bronx and we moved and once again we were united. Many of our neighbours were Scotch craftsmen - ships carpenters &c. - but there were plenty of other nationalities and we got friendly with them all.

My father's work brought him all over the States and he was away for long periods.

While in New York he founded and edited an Irish Socialist paper called the 'Harp' for which he wrote most of the articles himself.

He sent Nora and me to the Gaelic League to attend the Irish classes. We learned Irish dancing and the Irish language and I have already described the demonstrations that took place on St. Patrick's Day.

We spent about three years in the Bronx and I have written in detail for the purpose of a book of memoirs that I hope to publish a description of some of my own and my family's experiences in New York. I have especially recounted certain episodes that illustrate the hardships, privations and struggles that the immigrants from Ireland and, indeed, from all other European countries had to endure in that city. It would take up too much space to describe them here.

On one occasion when he arrived back after eleven months he brought us all nice presents. Mine was a globe of the world as he knew I enjoyed geography. This is still in my possession.

Mother's present was a cross of mother-of-pearl and when she unwrapped her parcel the cross was broken and we all exclaimed "Ah, it's broken". Father replied: "Perhaps mother would prefer her cross broken". He then announced he was going to Ireland for a short spell to work for the Socialist Republican Party. This meant nothing to the children any more than if he were going to Canada, but I think it was of much more significance to mother. She had practically settled down in the States and was looking forward to a few years to come when some of her children would be able to leave school and find suitable employment, thereby helping her to lighten the burden of supporting the rest of the family. My eldest sister was serving her time to the millinery trade, where she got no money, or practically none, for a couple of years.

We heard no talk about the whys and wherefores of his return to Dublin.

He was entertained to a dinner in New York by a number of his comrades. The whole family was brought to this farewell party in a large hotel up in the city. This was my first appearance at a public function of this kind. The outstanding person that I remember at that party was Tommy O'Brien, a brother of William O'Brien, the Irish Labour leader. He was a prominent journalist in New York. He came to see us afterwards in Dublin when he was on his way to Paris, where he was representing some important American news syndicate.

There were speeches delivered by a number of men whom I have since met on this side of the Atlantic. Many people were sighing and longing to be able to accompany father on his travels homeward. The longings and cravings of these people to return to their native land impressed me so much that I could not understand why anyone should stay where they don't like. It was soon made clear to me by my mother that it was the same vicious circle that predominates over all things.

We had lovely German brass bands that went around the streets playing, and when they went down the areas of the flats to play, the children would all collect and start dancing. Here away from the street traffic we learned all the dances and when the coppers ceased falling to the musicians we would follow the band. This was a great source of delight. The people were pleased to see the children's graceful sweep to their native tunes and this enticed them to a more liberal support. The bands' earnings were of short duration - no playing in the streets in the cold winter, and the summer would be too hot and the weight of their instruments unbearable in the hot sultry day of New York. Their playing period was only for a short time in the spring and a similar period in the fall. They either went to indoor work for the rest of the year or changed their occupation.

Return to Ireland.

It was a great day to rejoice when we heard, in the autumn of 1910, the news from mother that we were to pack up once more and cross the Atlantic of 3,000 miles of water and join our father in Dublin. What news! We were all delighted; yet mother did not feel so happy about it as we children. She would have all the work to do and all the trouble of looking after us. We promised to do all we could to lighten her burden. She seemed sad. Perhaps the thought of the voyage recalled to her mind the tragic loss of her eldest child, and who knows but she may have had a presentiment that her losses had not all been met, but greater ones were to follow, as it so happened in a short number of years. However, as an ever loving wife and an obedient spouse she prepared us for the long journey. Not much preparations had she to make in the way of dressing us for the occasion. Father had written that the clothes were much cheaper in Dublin. "Do not buy anything until you arrive here". This was not sound advice, declared one of our neighbours, a Scotswoman, "I'll tell you what to do. Go down

to a store (naming it) and get whatever you want for every member of the family and I'll back you for the amount. Pay for a couple of weeks and then sail off and you can s end me the weekly instalments and I'll clear it up for you. You will then be able to return home looking prosperous and no one will know all the hardships you have endured". I thought this a great suggestion as I had not a coat, only a red riding-hood cloak that I had persuaded mother to get for me as I needed it to wear in a play which had been produced by the Irish Catholic Church to raise funds to build a school. The cloak was made of flannelette and had no warmth; still it served two purposes. New clothes! "Ah no, this would never do after my husband telling me not to buy any as things were cheaper on the other side". The good neighbour would not tolerate that story. She said: "You know very well when you get over there you will have more to think of than new clothes". But mother replied: "I might not be able to send you the money regularly". "Well, what about it?" replied the Scotswoman. "I would look after that end o of it for you". No, mother could not face the disapproval of my father on a point like this. She would much prefer to return with us as we were than be met by father with disapproval registered in his countenance, as father would not have been able to hide his resentment of his wishes. I therefore landed in Derry as a little Red Riding Hood.

Packing of books and personal belongings was started, having sold the furniture, it not being a very difficult job. In the Bronx all rooms are fitted up with wardrobes, presses and china cabinets. The bare essentials were the only articles to get rid of and they were quickly disposed of. The amount of money these ~~people~~ brought in was very quickly put into circulation by rent that was due and a few outstanding accounts. The d ay arrived when we were to sail from New York. We had been given a great number of presents as keepsakes - buttons, badges, ribbons, etc. These were all duly collected and we made our last

farewell from many dear friends. Some had come a long distance to see us off and many were crying as well as mother. Why she was doing so I could not make out. Wasn't she coming with us and going to see father and her brothers, so why the tears? I later heard her say that she was leaving the land where she had spent the best five or six years of her life.

On board the ship.

This was a lovely experience we all enjoyed for a few days until the waves took their toll of seasickness. We were confined to our bunks, but only for a few days. Then we were up jumping and running about as if nothing had happened. It is often said it does you more good than you would expect; the absence of food, the rest in bed and the clearing you give your system is better than Dr. Guiney's pills. There was plenty of fun and music and dancing. Many songs were sung that we knew. The most of the passengers were Scotch and the ship was bound for Glasgow. We were to be put off to a tender and taken into Derry, weather permitting. We heard from the Captain of the ship that if we were up early in the morning we would see the dawn on the hills of Ireland. Having learned this poem to recite for my father when we would land, and having practised on the voyage to the kind and sympathetic passengers, we were all anxious to see if the realisation was in keeping with the lines of the poet. We craved permission to be allowed up at dawn. The full complement of the ship got up. No one wanted to miss this sight. It was one of the most beautiful scenes of a lifetime and not to be missed at any cost. It well compensated you for the loss of sleep and the cold of the early hours of the morning.

It would not have troubled us if we had landed in Glasgow as we heard so much about Glasgow from our neighbours in the Bronx that we were were sure we would like it and felt more pleased than any of the other passengers at the prospect of seeing Scotland. However, it did not come off and we were landed safely at the City of the Walls. There we were greeted

by my father, who had travelled from Dublin to meet us. We put up in an hotel for the night and next day after breakfast father took us out and showed us the famous walls and told us of their origin. We could not get over all the hills we had to c climb. This was a big contrast from New York. Then there were a number of donkeys employed pulling carts. This we thought the funniest sight we had seen - that so little an animal could be made work. "Only if you treat it properly and be kind and good to it. If not, it won't move but will just stay put until it gets its own way. The donkey gives a practical example to the workers if they could only learn from their dumb brother" remarked my father. The houses looked so small and the streets so narrow it was hard to imagine that grown-up people could live in them, and when on the train journey south the picture of the thatched cottages knocked us completely dumbfounded that people could walk in and out of these buildings and that large families were born and reared in them. "Indeed" said father "perhaps all those big policemen you saw in New York come from them". This was very hard to believe. After leaving the skyscrapers of the States these cottages actually looked smaller to us than they really were. This line of conversation brought us on to the home topic that we were to face. All begged information with the exception of mother, who was taking all in and saying nothing. Father began: "Ours is a nice little house with plenty of room. There is a dining room, sitting room, as many bedrooms as you require, a library, a playroom and a kitchen." Here we thought he was never going to stop and mother nodded knowing all this was for her benefit. Father said: The great advantage of our house is that there are no draughts from the doors as you go from one room to another. You don't need to stir, just stay where you are and say 'I'm in the library now' and you're there". We could not make out what this big idea was. The picture of one big room did not strike us but he kept on telling us of all its advantages.

We arrived at Amiens St. station. Here we had great fun going from one slot machine to another while father was collecting our luggage. The rain was falling heavily as we approached the tram and people got up from their seats and made way for the returned Yanks. We thought this a very nice gesture. At Nelson Pillar we were told to take a good look at that statue as it would remain put many years after we had all passed away and would be no more. "It is a landmark. If in doubt of your direction ask for the Pillar and start off from here. Then you will be making some use of a terrible eyesore". The next tram we boarded was for Ringsend; the stop before the bridge left us down at South Lotts Road. Happily we skipped along and father would not tell us the number until we reached a house with the windows covered or curtained with a flag of the Stars and Stripes. This must have been deliberately chosen for the occasion. We were all afraid to move or ask any questions.

The room was all decorated by a number of Labour women supporters who were there in attendance on us, preparing a good meal and giving us a right céad míle fáilte. These women had done everything possible to make our return a happy one, and indeed it was. They, with other members of the Socialist Party, had organised an evening's enjoyment at the Antient Concert Rooms, where in a couple of days we were to meet the party members and their friends. This has proved to be a historical gathering. Many years later I met a number of prominent citizens who took an active part in the fight for Irish freedom who had also attended this function. Thus the Antient Concert Rooms came very much into prominence politically. Local elections were to take place and this was to be the headquarters. Every member capable of electioneering turned up and volunteered.

There was great activity in political life in Dublin and the Women's Franchise Movement was in its heyday. They paraded the streets of Dublin every time they got a chance, carrying banners of "Vote for women" and distributing leaflets. There

were a large number of university graduates dressed in their gowns giving the parade a distinguished appearance. My sister and I walked with these noble women distributing leaflets. This was all very new to me. I had not come in touch with this organisation in the States. Had this influence spread that far? I cannot say, for our political life was all wrapped up in the Labour and Trade Union movement of America. It was much more difficult for children of our age to grasp the significance of the Women's Franchise programme than to follow the agitation of the workers' fight for a bread and butter policy. We turned up regularly to the parades of 'Votes for Women' and did our best for the cause of Women's Franchise, satisfying ourselves that it was the right thing to do as our father had brought us along to these women, saying we would do anything they would ask of us.

Then followed a Corporation election which meant a fulltime job for the present. We attended the Antient Concert Rooms all day, writing and addressing envelopes, packing and parcelling literature, attending meetings and the latest inroad to political life was the canvassing. This I had never come across and all I had to to was to accompany my sister. She did the talking and I carried the literature. This was the most awful experience I had. I just could not breathe in these small dwellings, up dark staircases, the dirty damp smells that hit you in the face as you entered the hall. Such a contrast to the large clean apartment houses I had just come from. It seemed impossible that people could live in such a small space. Every time I opened my mouth to remark on the size or the dirt of the place my eldest sister would say: "Ss sh, don't let the people hear you talking like that. They might resent your remarks and not take them in the way you mean. You will do more harm to your candidate than good. Please keep still". But I could not keep still nor could I understand that by talking the truth I could do anyone harm.

"The people might be ashamed and not pleased to hear a youngster like you remarking on their conditions".

"But if everybody and all the youngsters were brought here to see for themselves what these poor people have to put up with don't you think some change would have to be made to get these poor people removed into better houses? Then they would be glad we were talking about them and realise it was not personal".

"Quite right" said my sister, "but these people will probably vote for their landlord who is keeping them living in such circumstances. We must approach them timidly and get them to listen to our side of the story and ask them to use their influence on their husbands to vote for the Labour candidate".

"How can these workers vote for men that collect their rents and won't mend their stairs and patch up their windows and doors? Do they not care if the children fall down these broken stairs and perhaps break their legs? Surely their mothers care and the interest of their family should come first before the landlords. I cannot believe these working men will vote for their landlords who keep them boxed up in smaller spaces than horses in a stable".

"Yes, you have got something there. You are getting on to what we call working class education and it takes some time to get that accepted by each and every worker. He must be made see why the horse and the cow need sufficient room to make it comfortable in the stables and byres. If they are cramped and have no fresh air daily or good food, they will not give the required results. It therefore follows similarly on human beings, but it's nobody's business. We intend to make it ours and help one another to improve his way of living. The more we improve our fellow workers the more we improve our own. That is why we want to govern our own country".

"Will Home Rule do away with all these slums?" I asked.

She replied: "It could, but it is not likely to do so unless we have a strong organised working class movement to elect the workers' candidates to bring pressure to bear in the elected

assembly. This is what we are working towards now, to be ready. Our's is a double task. We have to fight against the alien government and we have to fight the workers who are standing up against the interest of their own working class people who are over-anxious to elect a national government and are inclined to over-stress this importance and are indifferent to the class struggle from which they are emerging with the belief that an Irish parliament will make Irish employers more lenient and sympathetic towards their employees. Whether the nationality of an employer affects the treatment of his employees towards a better understanding is questionable and will have to stand a test?"

The elections over, lost and won, some glad, some sad, we would have to start looking round for employment. I had just passed my fourteenth birthday and was not asked or made attend school. My eldest sister was also on the lookout for work but nothing was coming our way. She at least had some experience and could offer some services; but me, well nothing with the exception of running messages and minding children. I would have to start at scratch. That I was willing to do if I could get the starting line, and where was I to find it? I thought the best thing to do was to try the big stores and say I just left school in America and had no business reference here, but I understood I must have papers before I could obtain an interview with any of the prospective managers. I therefore went to the local parish priest, Rev. Fr. Flanagan, and told him of my plight. He kindly wrote me a reference to the effect that I was in his parish and came from a very respectable family and could be found trustworthy he had no doubt. He seemed very interested in my welfare and asked after all the members of the family. I left him feeling very pleased with myself, thinking the first shop with a vacancy in it I would be allowed to fill it. What a surprise was in store for me! I never dreamt of the influence that was necessary to get into one of the drapery stores in Dublin. I went into one after the other. Starting

from home at eight o'clock in the morning, I walked the whole way as I had no money and I went from one shop to another asking had they any vacancy for a young girl. I was always very nicely received and they all took time to put a number of questions to me. Often I think how they must have enjoyed my accent with the Yankee twang and my poor shabby American clothes, which did not interest me as I did not think clothes mattered when looking for a job. I have long since discovered how importantly they do matter. I had not eyes for their clothes. The only thing that counted was my mother needed some help to feed the family and I was willing to learn any trade or business that would put me on the threshold of brighter days to come. I would walk into Switzer's and ask for the manager as if I was someone of importance ready to put a big order in his hands. I was sent up to his office and left waiting outside until he had time to spare to interview me. I believe it was such a novelty for a youngter like me making so bold an approach that secured these impromptu interviews. The questions they would put to me were endless and my father and mother would enjoy them, and the answers I would make would put them into kinks of laughter. I did not realise I was doing the rounds of the biggest shops in Dublin. To me they seemed just like the local ones of the Bronx.

Having failed to secure an engagement in any of the Dublin stores I decided to change my technique and have a look at the advertisements in the Evening Mail.

Meanwhile my eldest sister had not been any more fortunate than me and had to leave Dublin and make her way to friends in Belfast who were more fortunately placed and knew the approach of job hunting, She was not long about deciding what she would do and where she would go. The position for employment in that big industrial city was just the reverse to what we found in Dublin. In Belfast you had a number of vacancies to pick from. It rested with yourself what work you liked. The stores there

were always looking for girls and young ladies. Factories and warerooms were all announcing vacancies. Her problems were at last over. She could go from one job to another until she found her bearings. But poor me! I was still walking the streets of dear dirty Dublin. Father was travelling through the country for the Socialist Republican Party. Things were very quiet at home. I set out to answer some of the ads. in the vacancy column. The first I approached was at Sandymount Green, a bakery shop. I was then brought into the kitchen to see the family of six children. I would have to scrub the shop before it opened. I would have plenty of hot water as the husband would be starting to bake at 6 a.m. and would have the range lit by the time I arrived at 7 a.m. This meant walking from South Lotts Road, no short distance at that early hour. This I considered preferable to walking the streets of Dublin in search of work that I had no hope of getting and the heartbreak of returning home every day with the same story and footsore and weary and not a bite of food to eat all day long. Domestic service to me was a boon.

Here I would have heat & shelter from the wind and rain and I would be fed. No matter how bad, it was better than walking the street hungry. I agreed to accept these terms for the large sum of 2/6d per week. I would arrive at seven every morning, scrub the shop and then the kitchen, prepare the breakfast and have the table set and ready for the family to partake of their porridge and tea, bread and butter while I would bathe the baby and have it fed and put into its cot by the time the family would have finished their breakfast. I then could take my breakfast and clear away the delph and wash up. Then the other children would have to be washed and combed and fresh pinafores put on. Those were the days of a white pinafore a day. It meant less dresses to wash but invar ably two pinafores as there would always be a mishap of some kind that called for a change of pinnies. Now the preparation

for dinner would start; the washing of potatoes and vegetables, stoking of the fire, carting in coal and sorting out the meat, putting it into a large saucepan, placing it on the fire to be left there for a couple of hours to cook. These people fed well and enjoyed their food and spent a long time over it. They all sat down together and I was put into the shop to serve while the mother dined and fed her family. While dinner was cooking I had to go to the bedrooms and make the beds and pick up all their night attire that was left strewn around the floor. If the mother and father had left theirs folded up on their beds the children probably threw them about. I had to sweep the floors and downstairs, tidy and wash the bathroom and lavatory. This would bring me down to the kitchen when I would have the baby's washing to do and hang it out to dry, or better still, get it aired as it most always dried in the bakery near the hot plates. Again baby's feeding time and a little play and an eye on the shop while family had their lunch.

After them it would be my turn to eat and clear up pots and pans and delph and leave the table set for tea. I would then have to take the whole family for a walk down the seafront. With the blowing of the wind and the ten tiny feet trotting after me and the baby in the pram, I had much more work to do out walking than I had in the house. And the amusing part was that the mother thought she was giving you a couple of hours off work to take the children out of her way. It was some responsibility getting them across the roads. The trams were running very frequently in this district and this was a terminus which meant there were always trams on the street. The roads were never clear of traffic. Arriving home with the family, undressing them of their outdoor clothes and washing their hands for their tea, baby would have to get some attention and be played with and amused to delay its feeding time that it might be changed and prepared for the night and put off to sleep before the family sat down for their evening meal. This would bring us into seven o'clock and by the time I had my meal

and cleared the table and then put the other children to bed and cleared the rooms after their play and left things in order for the next morning, it would be 10 o'clock and I would be gently told I could go home now and they never once offered me a penny to take the tram nor did they ask me would I be able to get home.

I cried nearly all the way home. I never thought I would have all that work to do and every day was the same. I could not give in to my mother that it was so hard. I thought if I could only stay for a couple of months and get a reference I then could pick an easier job. I stuck this place for three weeks and hated it worse every day, so much so that I would not talk about it at home in case I would break down and cry and then mother would not let me return. I had to try and keep a smile, with the result I went straight up to bed when I got home to be able to get up in time in the morning. This was my excuse for not joining the family at night.

One morning on my way to Sandymount Green the local shopkeeper caught up on me. She was going to early Mass at Ringsend Church and she asked me how I was getting on at my job. I told her what I had to do and she asked me would I not work for her at the same terms. I would not have that long walk to and from Sandymount Green as her shop was only half a dozen houses from ours. I said I would ask my mother and perhaps she would let me give in a week's notice to my present employer. I thought all day long would it ever be time to go home. I was so anxious to consult mother about my change of a job. Would she agree or would she insist on me staying a couple of months? That would kill me - to stay a day longer than was necessary with the bakery family. Wasn't it my great fortune to meet this other shopkeeper that was looking for a girl! Things were surely going to take a change when I was being asked to work for people instead of asking people to take me to work for them. This was the longest day I ha spent in Sandymount and I so anxious to get home. No half days

here for domestics, but a crowd of visitors arrived which meant I was delayed an hour longer and completely exhausted by the time I arrived home. I could not talk, but was just able to climb upstairs and throw myself on the bed. When I heard my mother approach my bedside and say: "what is wrong with my little girl; have you nothing to tell me, my dear?" I could not speak, nor did I want her to know I was crying. Again she appealed to me saying: "I thought you would have something to say to me tonight. How come you are so quiet?" Still I could not speak and a big lump just stuck in my throat. At last she bent over me and, putting her hand on my shoulder, I lost all my self control and burst out crying, the like I had never done before as I was unknown to have ever shed tears. When such occasions arose I was always able to dance away my grief and pretend it did not hurt me. Now my poor legs could not hold me up and the gentle touch of this loving mother's hand on my body had completely broken all my resistance. I did not need to tell her of all my hardship that I was enduring, the trials I was facing and the pain in my back like a knife stab ~~and~~ which could not be removed. Still unable to utter a word , her comforting ways were helping me to subdue my emotions. Mother spoke of father having gone to Belfast where he would see my eldest sister. He could comfort her if she found her work not so pleasant. "My work is pleasant" I tried to say, but words would not come. I just shook and trembled all over and could not get control of myself. Mother then said she would have to be excused and leave me for a few minutes. Whether she felt her tears coming I could not say, but she went off and left me to try and have the cry out to myself. On my mother's return she brought with her a tray with a cup of tea for each of us and a nice cake. The shopkeeper who had asked me to go to her and work called on my mother that day and asked for me and brought this nice cake to mother who had intended to have a great surprise ready for me that night and tell me all the talk this shopkeeper had to say about me.

Here was mother's plans all gone astray as well as mine. Mother had been waiting all day to listen to my story and see how I would put it across. Imagine her disappointment when I returned dumb and off to bed. "To think of my little girl putting up with all that work for 2/6d per week. Why, my dear child, I would rather pick rags in the street than have you abused like that. No, you will not work a week's notice , as you are a very sick child. I will keep you in bed for a couple of days and the rest will do you good before you start on your new job, and I will go to the bakery and explain why you are not returning as you are not able, and I will leave it to their generosity to pay you or not. I will willingly forfeit your wages rather than you should suffer any further hardship". This ended my trips to Sandymount Green.

My next post was of similar work in many ways, but the responsibilities were not so great, there being but one baby. The father was a vanman in Boland's bakery, but was apparently giving his wife a great deal of mental anxiety over the amount of liquor he was consuming. The baby was very cross. Except when he was asleep I had to keep walking the floor with him, which meant I was behind in my daily routine, and I had a very large washing. This baby's pinnies were only washed once a week, and it often had two or three changes a day, and the sheets and table-cloths were very large and I found great difficulty in wringing them, but I would not complain as I was very happy here if only we could manage the baby and put it out of pain. I would not believe it possible for a baby to cry continually unless there was something wrong. Mother said: "Perhaps you are over-feeding the baby or the food does not suit". I could not believe that a baby would look so well and fat and sleep long periods in the day if the food was wrong.

"Bring it in to me" said my mother. "Perhaps the clothes are too tight, and I will see what I can do with the child. Be sure and ask the mother before you bring it here".

The next day the baby was somewhat better. We were glad and felt it had taken a turn for the good. I was kept very busy as we were expecting a relation from the country. He was a schoolteacher and was taking up a new post in Brunswick St. school. He was to live in the shop until he could look round and find suitable digs.

"I cannot let him stay here as I have no spare bedroom. He will have to stay in the sittingroom. I'll put a bed there for the time being. You don't mind making up another bed, do you?" my employer asked, and then she told me of all the talk the neighbours had about us when we first arrived from the States. Every morning our bedroom windows would be opened wide and all the bedclothes and pillows put out for airing. This is an American habit. You have to be very careful of your beds and bedding in the States. You put all the clothes in the window while you run around the bedstead with a cloth wrung out of turps to keep the bed bugs at bay. If you do this in the hot days you will never be troubled with these undesirable insects. If you are careless they make an alarming invasion into your flat and you will get no sleep while they remain. The continuous hot water supply which calls for so much hot pipes running up and down the walls in these apartment houses are literally hotbeds for breeding these insects. You also have to be very careful and leave no eatables around uncovered or you would have to throw it away. It would become completely infested in a very short time. These little midgets seem to come out of nowhere all at once. You would have to see it to believe the quickness of their appearance. We had not known it was unnecessary to take these precautions in Ireland until one day my father returned home unexpectedly. He was going down the country and, on seeing the windows all dressed up with the bedding, he told us how strange a picture they looked here to him, and how it was the usual sight in America and taken for granted as a measure of precaution. Prevention was better than cure by a long way. We no longer continued this practice.

The shopkeeper's idea was that we were showing off our clean bedclothes. That would be the last thing that would strike us.

The schoolteacher found the sittingroom so comfortable that he preferred to say than to go elsewhere. The baby continued crying. I at last decided on bringing it to see my mother and, when I mentioned this to the unhappy parent, she suggested leaving it in my home for a couple of days. It did not take mother long to diagnose the baby's trouble.

"Tell its mother the baby needs to be circumcised and at once, or she and the poor little baby are in for a lot of trouble."

This meant nothing to me. I had only heard that word in christian doctrine. When I delivered my mother's message, I was asked to have my mother call up the next day to the shop. The poor woman was in a lot of trouble and wondered could my mother help her out. Mother and I took the baby to the hospital and there at once the doctor performed the necessary operation and told us to call back in the evening at 6 or 7 o'clock to take the baby home. When mother and I returned to the shop without the baby it gave the mother a bit of a shock. She had no idea that anything serious could be wrong with such a healthy-looking child and thought at most it needed a bottle of medicine. She was grateful to know it was over the operation and had been detained in hospital for a long sleep and to keep it under observation in case of post partum haemorrhage. Otherwise there was nothing to worry about.

Things did not get any easier in this job for me. The baby was a new child, happy and pleased with itself. It was a joy to see how it was enjoying life now, and it brought home to you what dreadful pain it had been enduring for months. This trouble of the baby's was an excuse for the father to drown his sorrow in alcohol. He would not come home from work until late hours of the night. His wife was going through a terrible strain of mental torture. She had the shop to look after and

and could not leave it to a stranger. It would take some time to get in on the running of a general store and she had to close it for a couple of hours to go to the bakery and make inquiries about her husband's financial returns and to see if she could be of any assistance to him to get him laid off his work for a couple of weeks. That might bring him to his senses. That the firm could not do as they were shorthanded at the time and he could not be replaced. The manager's only advice was for her to come down and meet him on his way out from the yard before he settled down for the night drinking. This she could not do as his hours were irregular. She would not be able to keep the shop closed indefinitely. She would lose her customers. She returned to the shop without seeing her husband that day. She believed he saw her and kept out of the way. The next day she asked me to take the baby in the pram and go to the bakery and await his arrival and tell him that I would wait for him to walk home with the baby. This he did and was very pleased to have his son home with him, and so was the mother when she saw us all arriving at the expected time. The father stayed home that night and we were one happy family. But it was not to last. This heaven on earth was much desired but of a short duration, for, after a week of meeting the pleased father, he fell into his own undesirable ways after the long stretch of Saturday's collecting of the week. With the Sunday's rest the wife kept him in bed all day and fed him well, hoping that on Monday morning he would wake up to his folly and start life anew. If I would take the baby down to meet him all might be well. We arrived and waited for an hour before he came on the scene. He greeted us and assured us he would not keep us waiting too long. His fellow-workers took charge of the horse and van while he reported to the office.

He was out to us by half an hour, but he was not to stay or walk long with us. He made his adieu at the first publichouse we met and he said, like a good little girl, I was to take the

baby home safely and put a shilling into my hand as he said goodbye. There was nothing left for me to do but return to the shop and make my report. The poor woman was worried, shocked and upset. To think he would send his baby home and not accompany it was hard to believe. The next day she sent me with the baby without the pram and told me to put the baby in his arms and he would surely come home. This was a terrible ordeal for me. I had to carry the baby, which was a very heavy burden, for a long distance of over half an hour to three quarters. We had to wait nearly one hour before the father appeared and then he was not in a condition to carry his child or any other child for that matter. I therefore had to pretend we were just passing and inquired if he was still on the baker's premises or had he left for home. He came home part of the way with us then. When we reached his usual house of call he bid us wait for him and he would not be long until he would join us and go home for tea. When he left I was a bit puzzled whether I should wait a bit or go straight home. By this time my back was nearly broken with the strain of the weight of the baby. I could not put it down to stand on the ground which was all wet and dirty and I had never been accustomed to carry babies for a long distance. I now felt I must give the father a chance of coming out of the publichouse and find us waiting for him, otherwise he might say he looked out and saw we had gone home without him and he would have no reason to hurry home.

I was unable to wait very long. I would have to take my care home to safety and if I stood around any longer I would not be able to walk, so I just staggered homeward the best I could manage. I thought I would never see the end of this journey. I had encountered something I had never dreamt in my wildest dreams. I would not have taken the baby under these conditions had I known there was any chance of my carrying the baby both to the bakery and back and waiting around all that time. I would have known I would not be able to do so. However, when we arrived the mother was very alarmed and could not

understand the delay in my returning and thought I should have come home directly he would not take the baby. Little did she know I would not offer him the baby to carry. This I kept to myself as I knew she would know soon enough the condition of her husband. She was shocked and somewhat humiliated to think he did not want the baby.

Hours passed and there was no sign of the return of the very much-looked-for husband who made no appearance, and very pleased was I that I spent very little time waiting for him. The baby was fed and put to bed and seemed very happy and pleased with his day's outing. He was the only member in the household that was that way disposed. The teacher had been sent out to try and locate the vanman's whereabouts, but failed, and returned disgruntled and dissatisfied with his errand. It struck me he was sorry he had not looked round and found alternative accommodation at the beginning of his school term instead of settling down on his friends who were in no way anxious for his company. Now he was paying the price of taking things easy and putting up with the first things offered and not realising their drawbacks.

Time passed on hour after hour. There was no sign of my being sent home. Work was finished and the shop closed. I anxiously waited the words "you may go now" but they failed to be spoken. At last I could not bear the strain any longer. I was tired and weary having put in nearly fifteen hours work. I went to the shopkeeper and said: "My mother will be expecting me home and will be worried and think something has happened to me. I better go home now if you don't mind". She replied "Wait another half an hour. Something might happen. I cannot go out and leave the baby alone. Or better still, run home and ask your mother to let you stay the night as my husband is not home. I will have to go and see where he is".

I was glad to get out of that house even for a half hour. To be able to go home and talk to my mother and tell her all

I did that day was some consolation. The poor shopkeeper did not like talking to me about all this trouble, I being only a few months past my fourteenth birthday, but I would much prefer her to talk to me than to endure that silence that was hanging over us all day, and much worse it seemed since the baby went to bed as I had no one to communicate with. All this day the thoughts came running through my head that I would have been better staying in Sandymount where there was a large family and much harder work. At least they were all happy and pleasant and no worry about drink upsetting the whole household.

Mother was very sorry to hear of all the trouble we were experiencing and let me stay the night if it would be of any comfort to the poor woman and returned with me to the shop. On approaching the corner of the street there seemed a lot of commotion. There was a cab outside the door. I was afraid to go near it. I had a dreadful fear of a drunken man falling over me and knocking me down. I felt like running miles away and did not want to go back at any cost. Mother tried her best to calm me, saying "When a man is so drunk that he had to be brought home in a cab and helped into his house by two men it is a sign he is helpless and can do you no harm". Still I wanted to go home. I was not used to such signts. I had seen nothing like this happen in America and I was frightened to be in the house of such a man. Mother said: "Forget all about the man. You are not expected to go near him. It is the baby you are asked to mind as the mother expects to be occupied by her husband and needs you to look after the baby". Still I did not wish to return. "Please take me home" I appealed to my mother. "I won't stay in that house this night for anybody".

Mother, on realising how dreadfully in earnest I was, began to fear forcing me to do something that I definitely could not tolerate and perhaps producing in me something that I could not control, decided on a compromise. "Go into the house and tell the shopkeeper that your mother is outside and that I prefer you to come home and bring the baby with you and that we will

both take care of the baby and she can take care of her husband". Well I was pleased at this suggestion. What great ideas mother always had! How did I not think of that long ago? This was the solution to my problem. I went into the house and there was terrible commotion, The poor man was nearly dead; in fact, everybody thought so. Doctor and priest were sent for, and with all the noise of getting the poor man into his house and up the stairs the baby had been awakened and everybody was glad to see me arriving at such a critical hour and with such a wonderful proposition,

I packed baby clothes and all the necessary paraphernalia into the pram and started out with the child in the dark cold wet early hours of the morning. With the help of my mother we landed home safely and all went to bed and slept soundly. The next move was to wake up the baby and take it along to see its mother. It was too early in the morning to take the baby up and bring it out in the cold. My mother said "Run along and leave the baby asleep as long as it will. I will bath and dress it when it wakes up and you can come back for it later on about 10 o'clock". This was a great idea which meant I would have a run home to see mother and tell her what happened during the night.

When I arrived the shop was closed. I had to knock at the door and the teacher opened it and announced that they were all waiting for the ambulance to come and fetch the sick man to hospital. It was questionable if he would recover. He had double pneumonia and his chances were very slight. I got on with my work the best I could under the circumstances, prepared the breakfast and went into the shop and scrubbed it as usual and then opened the doors and went on with my daily rounds of delivering the newspapers. The most important one that took my fancy was "John Bull" and on the outside page of its cover it had printed×

I stole a few minutes to go in to see my mother and the baby and let mother know what was happening. Mother was so sorry

× Oh! the world is a bundle of hay,
mankind are the asses who pull,
Each pull is a different way,
Yet the greatest of all is John Bull.

she s aid she would keep the baby that day and leave me free to get on with the work. "Now, my child, are you not glad you went in and offered to take the baby instead of being a coward and running away from trouble? Always face up to what is your fate to meet. There is always a right way of handling things. No matter how bad things look, there is always a way out if you but take the time and think of the other person as well as yourself. You will always feel better when you go back on what you think and say you would not face. Things are never as bad as you imagine them to be".

I went back to the shop feeling very sorry for the poor sick man and his wife and pleased that I had done my bit and brought the baby away from all the disturbance of its own home, and found that in my absence the ambulance had come and taken the sick man to hospital. Things settled down and were running smoothly for us. At least we could plan our day's work. I had to do more attending on the shop while the shopkeeper went daily to see her husband. This gave me an opportunity of mixing with the customers and learning the value of English money. I was still being educated though I had left school. I was learning the hard way. I was thus delayed in my ordinary housework and could not keep up to all that was expected of me. The washing was the one thing that nearly finished me. I could not manage the washing of the sheets, they were too long and too heavy; but here again mother stood in to help me and I brought the sheets home to her and she kindly washed and ironed them for me. This was half my battle and greatly relieved my burden.

Some weeks of anxiety passed and the man recovered. We were all pleased and happy and were looking forward to his homecoming. The teacher had made changes and was about to be married at the end of the present term. He had secured a house and was preparing to leave us before the

return of the baby's father from the hospital. Whether his marriage was genuine or an excuse for leaving was nobody's business, or whether he did not want a further repetition of past events and was taking a step while the going was good is more than I can tell, but at all events we parted and it was not long before we were joined by the father of the house who was glad to be home once again with us though feeling very weak and tired. It was some months of idleness before he could commence work again and by the time he got on his feet and started off on his rounds, and by this time we had developed a great feeling of understanding between the two families and things were going nicely.

We thought we were settled at last when my father announced he had to go to Belfast where a dockers' strike had broken out. Mother said it was obvious that we would not be left in such peace and happiness. Father would reply: "We cannot be selfish and forget that other men and women want a little comfort and happiness too. It's for the improvement of their lives that I devote my time. But I won't be long away this time. You know how much I love you, my family, and Dublin. It would take a greater inducement to keep me in the North, or anywhere else, away from my wife and family". But his stay in Belfast lasted longer than he expected. Out of his conduct of this struggle he was finally appointed secretary of the I.T. & G.W.U. in Belfast, which meant that he would have to remain there. As he could not afford to keep two homes going on his wages as a union official, he had to bring his family to the north. His success with the men of the north had very important results for the Independence Movement, but I wish here to deal more particularly with how this Movement affected his family.

There was a better chance, he thought - three of his family had reached school-leaving age - for them to find employment in the busy industrial capital, There was nothing for us to do but pack up once more and make tracks for the north. We were glad to be all together again. Much as we regretted leaving

Dublin, the years in Belfast were to prove very happy and educative for us.

Happily we journeyed north to join father and my eldest sister. This time mother had the full responsibility of packing up and preparing for another move; once again she was told: 'this is the last time we will break up our home'. True enough, it was to be for my father. On the long journey - for such it seemed to us - we were picturing the new home my father had written and told us of. We expected it to be furnished and everything looking pretty on our arrival, but such was not the case. We were met at the station by father and my sister and Mr. Tom Johnson. Here we were to learn that our furniture had not arrived and would not be expected for 3 or 4 days and that we would have to be housed by kind friends of my father in the labour movement. My younger sister and I were to go with Mr. Johnson and join his family for a couple of days. We duly said goodbye and parted very sadly from our parents, more than likely being disappointed at not even seeing the new house we had talked so much about on the train.

When we were about to board the tramcar at Victoria St. I remembered my bicycle. It was on the train with us and I had to go and claim it. It would never do to lose this precious machine that had been given to me by my uncle Johnny, my mother's brother. Now this was more than an ordinary birthday present to me. We had just returned from the U.S.A. where we had no near relations and in fact nobody else that we were in touch with had. The uncle and aunt that I mentioned before were really very distant relations. When one spoke of relations in America we were told that they were in the old country and we would have a long distance to go to find one. In fact, we never did expect to see one in our lives; still, it happened, and what is more, I never saw a bicycle until we landed in Derry from the steamer and we thought it a wonderful thing to ride on two wheels. My uncle took great delight in procuring for me this bike and teaching me to ride, taking me out with him on

on Saturdays and Sundays. He, having no children of his own, could afford to make a fuss of his newly-returned niece.

The bicycle was securely hoisted up on the front of the tram and we glided along merrily until we reached the home of our kind friend where we were met with a real céad míle fáilte as if we were her own two daughters returning home after a long absence abroad. Everything was in perfect shape to make us feel at home, a lovely fire burning in the grate to warm us after the long hours of sitting in the train. The table set out with all the nice things that would appeal to children. She was a great cook and we enjoyed our stay there very much except for a big disappointment we got when we learned that their only son, who was to be our chaperone, would not be able to join us; he had developed the mumps and had to be isolated in case of infection.

We soon received word that the furniture had arrived at Belfast and we could come home. We were very sorry to leave our nice comfortable home of our newly-made friends and I was looking forward to making my mother's house spick and span, the way I saw Mrs. Johnson keep hers, but I don't believe I ever reached that height of house pride that I beheld during my short stay with that kind and loving woman, who danced and sang with us and looked after us with great interest, I'm sure much to the displeasure of her only child who was not allowed to join us. She would not take any risk of us being infected.

We were instructed how to reach home and put on the tram by our friend. We felt very grown up and independent travelling on our own. The journey seemed to our minds much greater than it was, it being only from one end of Belfast to the other extreme end. We travelled on the top of the tram so that we might have a good look round at all the strange places we were passing.

Our destination was the city cemetery; there could be no mistaking that locality. Here we found the rest of the family, all up to their eyes unpacking boxes of household utensils and

books; the house was large. We had many rooms to occupy and very easy it was to decide on how we would furnish them. We were very pleased with our surroundings, big green fields lay at the back door - the bog meadows they were called. In front of the house was the city cemetery.

One morning mother told me that as soon as I was finished with the scrubbing of the floor I was to go upstairs to my father, he wanted me. Now I was in a fix; what had I been up to that he had heard about; what had I done that I had forgotten? It must be something very serious when he would not wait till he came down to breakfast. My heart sank down to my boots. This was an awful day; everything is going wrong; looks as if I had got out the wrong side of the bed. I was afraid to inquire of mother what it was all about. If it had been something dreadful I would not go up but would rather run away than displease either of my parents whom I would willingly give all I had or could get to please. I put on a brave face and slowly and quietly ascended the stairs. I saw by the bathroom door that father was shaving. I can still see him in my memory as clear as daylight standing in front of the mirror shaving, dressed in his pants and vest. He stopped shaving and turned round to me when he heard me enter the bathroom. He looked at me and had nothing to say, so I said: "Mama said you wanted me, father, is that right?" "Quite", he quickly replied, "I want you to go on an errand for me; do you think you could manage that if I give you the directions?" "I hope so", I answered. Just think of the relief I got to learn that I was not being reprimanded, but given a favour to go on a message in a strange place where we knew hardly anyone. "I'm sure to be able to find my way round this big city without getting lost".

"Well", said my father, giving me the number of the house and the name of the occupier and the name of the road, "go there and say I sent you. Ask if the good woman could see her way to obtain from her grocer the list of things your mother will give you until the end of the week as I have no money at present

owing to the furniture removing." I slipped down to mother, got the list of essentials to feed the family for the rest of the week. I was delighted to be entrusted with this job. This will make my parents feel that they can trust me and let me go into the city to look for work. I felt very pleased to think I would be bringing home the food for our breakfast. I walked down the road and within very little time discovered the house I was seeking. I knocked a couple of times before I was heard. The woman was in the back garden and did not hear me and it was not customary to knock; people in these parts expect you to turn the handle and walk right in. In Belfast the houses have two doors and it is only when the outside door is closed that people knock. Having been told all about this the next time I come I'll surely know what to do. I told my message from my father. The poor woman was very sorry she could not oblige as she got all her groceries from the Co-Op. and that meant pay as you buy and she had no spare cash and could not come to our assistance. I thanked her and returned not so light of heart as I thought I would be. Walking up the road I felt very hurt, not for myself, but for my poor mother and father. They must feel terrible to think they were here in a strange city with no food and no money and the poor children hungry. What could they do? Well, it was mighty sad for me to have to tell them the result of my visit. I walked up home much slower than was necessary to try and think of a way out. I arrived and went straight into the kitchen and told mother first. She showed no signs of disappointment and said: "You best go upstairs and tell your father". This I did. He was just about pulling his tie straight, looking in the mirror. I was standing with my back to the window looking at him. When I finished my tale he looked over my shoulder into the cemetery and said: "Look at those birds flying about bringing food to their young; they have no economic problems. They go where the food is and take it to their families and do not have to bother about furniture. I think they are better off than we. But thinking does not always feed

hungry children, sure it doesn't? What will we do now? Did you tell your mother? " I said yes. "And what did she say to your account of your early visit?" "Mother told me to tell you". He looked down on me and, taking me in his arms and hugging me, said: "Molly, where do we go from here?" Molly was his pet name for me as I was the first child born in Ireland. When he put me down on the floor I said: "I bet I can get those groceries for you". He let one loud laugh out of him and called to mother to come here and hear all the nonsense her daughter was saying. Though he tried to laugh it off he looked very seriously at me and said: "What would you suggest at this critical moment?" By this time my mother had joined us in the room and I said: "Let me have a walk out on the streets and I'll see what can be done". This was granted, on one condition that I would not sing for my supper for that, like himself, I could never do, both of us having been born without that wonderful gift of a singing voice. I left my parents both guessing what I was up to. I was afraid to announce my intentions in case I could not carry it off. It would be too much to lift up their hearts and me not to succeed. Better that they should not know what was going on in my little head for the present, at all events.

I went to the corner shop, a spirit grocers. I knew the family as I minded their babies to let them go out together on two occasions. I went into the shop and said: "Mr. Murray, father has no money until the end of the week; he had to pay for bringing the furniture from Dublin, and if you supply him with this list of groceries he will see that you get paid on Saturday". I gave him the list and, having read them down, he declared we could double that amount and there was no hurry in paying. If we wanted anything we were sure to have it and pay off as much as we could at a time; he did not expect us to clear the bill at the end of the week. "Tell your father that if he does not know me that is no reason why I should not know him". I was so pleased to see the order getting put up; the thought of bringing all these things home by myself and no one to help. My eldest sister was

working and probably went to work that morning without any breakfast. When I reached home I was unable to knock at the door or turn the handle and had to try and make some noise with my feet to draw attention. I landed the whole supply on the kitchen table and delivered my story of the grocer to father. There is no describing the expression on my parents' faces. This was really more than they ever expected. My father, on his way to work, called and thanked the grocer personally and explained how I had done that errand on my own behalf and it had not been sanctioned by either of my parents, though they very much appreciated it.

The next week I learned that there was a laundry down the Donegal Road where there were vacancies for young girls and if I called and offered my services I might be taken on their staff. I brushed up my hair, washed myself after polishing my shoes, and made my way down the road, not mentioning a word to my mother of what I had heard. Arriving at the laundry, I did not know which door to go in by - was it the back door into the works or the front door into the receiving office? No one was going in or out and I could not get any information. I made a bold step into the receiving office and asked if there was any vacancy for young girls. The person who interviewed me asked my age and if I ever worked in a laundry before; where did I attend school and, when they heard New York, they remarked: "What brought you to this God-forsaken country?" I was told to wait and the foreman would see me. I waited trembling, wondering what he would ask. At last he approached me and told me to bring my birth certificate in the morning, starting to work at 8 a.m. till 6 p.m., one hour for lunch and half-day on Saturday 4 p.m. for the big sum of 5/- and was I glad? I ran home all through the bog meadows to break the good news to mother.

The laundry had its bright side. The power went off at dinner hour and as soon as we boiled the water for our tea and did justice to our meal, we would go into the smoothing room where we could sing and dance and the room was nice and warm.

They were a very nice friendly crowd of workers. Most of them were Unionist and, as I was not long over from America, I did not quite understand the political situation of the north. They were all very pleased that the King and Queen were coming to Dublin and a large number of employees were going down to do honour to their majesties and swelling the crowd; they were very indignant at the Dublin people, or a number of Dublin people protesting at their majestys' visit. I had only started work in the laundry some couple of weeks before the annual holiday and I was asked would I like to join the other young girls on a cycle run to the field. I willingly agreed and when the day arrived I turned up with my famous fixed wheel bicycle to meet the girls and we all set out to the field here. We arrived before the procession and I realised that I was not at home in this gathering. There was too much sign of drink to please me. I then suggested to some of my co-workers that we would have had better fun if we had gone to Bangor with the other girls. They decided it was not too late to start; we took our bikes and off we started for another 15 miles.

The wonderful thing about youth is that time and distance do not count as long as you have some kind of contraption with wheels that looks as if you are covering space. Stagnation or indecision cannot be tolerated. Off we went as happy as Larry. We pushed up hills and walked most of the way and as we cycled down hills we sang and joined the moving throng all in a joyous and happy holiday mood. By the time I had nearly approached Bangor my tyres were punctured. Now I was in a sorry plight. I could never get a puncture fixed on the 12th; if it was on the 13th, though it was an unlucky number, I would fare better. What was I to do? There was no use going further. A young man suggested my leaving the bike in his house and go and have some fun and he would try and fix it by the time I was going home. I was too tired to think of going a bit further and decided I would sit and wait till I got my bike and then I would make

my way home. I had seen enough of Bangor and the 12th. I was footsore and weary and glad of the opportunity to lie down in the fields nearby. The other girls decided to go on without me and, taking their Orange lilies from their bikes, entrusted them to my care to keep me from being lonesome like. They were a source of attraction and gave the young men an opening to talk, asking for the lily-o. But these I kept to myself and tenderly cared for them all the way home to present them to my mother who, I knew, loved all flowers and would be glad to see I brought her back some small token and had not forgotten her altogether while on my day's outing. Here in the field I decided to rest until I would have my bike repaired; making myself comfortable in a quiet spot, I fell off to sleep and woke up very fresh and energetic ready to face the 15 miles that lay ahead of me, which seemed a pleasure to have in store for me.

Walking through the green fields on this bright sunny day made me so happy to think here I was in Ireland, with fields every place and the blue sea lying out there in front of me. What a contrast to New York! How kind and thoughtful everybody was to one another, all trying to lend a hand to help one another along the road to enjoy their day's outing. As the people would pass you cycling along, they would shout: "Are you in need of help?" Or could they supply you with any of the materials you require? This struck me forcibly when I was to learn a short time afterwards of the bitter political feeling that could be experienced amongst these kind and generous workers. It was a very long and dreary road home; everyone was passing me. I felt that I was going to be deserted and this I did not want to happen as I would only know my way if I got to the centre of the city. Castle Junction was my landmark; from there I would be all right and with a little care could manage my way home safely; but the long thick trail of human beings was thinning out. What would I do if I can't keep up the pace? I just had to persevere

and sit on my bike and pedal away, punctures or not. If I get off and walk I will be too far back to see what roads to turn, so I had to keep going and with the rattles of my machine and the bumping off the cobblestones and my flat tyres. I did not know what way to look but just kept going until I saw the big shops in the far distance. Then I knew we must be approaching the city and as soon as I reached the junction I would get off the bike and walk the rest of my journey if I'm able for it. I knew too well I could no longer sit on a saddle or amything else for that matter. As long as I could stand on my feet and walk that long two miles to the city cemetery, the one bright spot, my home, I would be content with my holiday and not want another for at least twelve months. It was now too late at night or too early in the morning to encounter anything strange or startling.

On my walk up the Falls Road everything in the neighbourhood was quiet after the roll of the drums and the long processions; people were glad of their night's repose.

At last I reached Glenaline, the name of our house, and all had not gone to bed in my home. Mother was looking out of the parlour window searching the road for anything in the shape of her child returning, or if she could see any signs of a machine with wheels coming up the road. When at last she thought she saw something moving in the near vicinity she quietly opened the door and came down the road to meet me, and delighted to see me still alive. "Where had I gone? what kept me out to this late hour?" Everybody in the house was gone to bed but her. She had to wait up to learn of my adventures and in case I would need care or food. "I'm sure you are hungry. I won't be long in getting you something warm and filling". I then handed her the two lilies and said how I looked after them for her. "Where were you that you should bring home the likes of these?" I said: "I went to the field; it's the 12th of July. Don't you know everybody goes there first? It's like going to Mass on a Sunday. Then you are

free to pass the time in any way you care. We three smart packers set off for Bangor. I, not knowing the distance, I thought, if the other two can do it, why not me?" My mother flopped down in the nearest chair and said: "Don't on any condition tell people you were at the field with two Orange lilies. Your father would be shocked to hear that." But I told her there was nothing there that would shock anyone; eating, drinking, playing the bands and beating the big drum. "I got a whack at it myself and there is nothing in it; no music, only the more noise you make the more pleased the people seemed. We did not stay long; there was no fun there. We then started on our bikes for Bangor. I would not have gone such a distance if I had known it was so far and the bike was not in the best of form. But I'm happy to be home and I'll go to bed as quickly as possible". Mother said: "Stay in bed all day tomorrow; the rest will do you good and please forget all about the visit to the field. If you want to talk about your holiday just remember the trip to Bangor". No more was said; just a ~~litt~~ little thinking was started by these few remarks.

My eldest sister, Nora, and I found work in warerooms. This was a very strange experience to us, but we felt our earnings were helping to support the family and keep the three younger members at school. We were very proud to be able to take on this responsibility.

<u>The Republican Movement in Belfast</u>.

When we arrived in Belfast "Home Rule" was in the air but the Republican Movement was beginning to show itself as a lusty infant. Shortly after we arrived I got to hear about Fianna Eireann who used to meet and drill in St. Mary's Hall. I went down there one evening by myself and joined as a member. The entrance fee was nominal, a couple of pence a week. Joseph Robinson - a brother of Seamus - both of them were afterwards very prominent in the independence movement - was one of the people in charge of the Fianna. Sean Kenny, now a solicitor in Belfast, was the drill master. Cathal O'Shannon used to

lecture and give lessons in the Irish language and produce plays such as "The Lad from Largymore". I played the leading role in it and was made fun of on account of my Yankee twang. We filled the hall on each occasion. Alf Cotton also was prominent and Cathal O'Byrne visited us and sang for us at ceilidhthe.

It was at St. Mary's Hall that the Gaelic League also met and gave the Irish classes. My father used to take us to ceilidhthe there. We learned drilling, Irish dancing, Irish history, Irish language and first aid. At the weekend we used to march and parade up to Sean's Park at Whiterock Road. All the labour supporters, as well as nationalists, used to march there on Sundays. Tom Johnson used to bring his wife and his son, Fred, there.

Some time later we ceased drilling in St. Mary's Hall and went to what was called the Huts in the Falls Road.

I was appointed secretary to the Betsy Gray Sluagh of the Fianna which was named after a heroine in the north in the struggle of '98. Our headquarters were old wooden army huts that had been built long years before to house soldiers who kept the peace, as they called it, when there was much rioting in Belfast. To the huts came many prominent people to enlighten us on aspects of the fight for Irish freedom. My father, though in full sympathy, had not joined the National Movement. It was through the Fianna that he met those noble young souls, Liam Mellows, Sean Heuston and Con Colbert, who later sacrificed their young lives for Ireland. Liam Mellows, in particular, became firmly attached to my father and family. Here, too, I met Eamon Martin who, in troubled times, out of x sincere admiration for my father, became a firm friend of the family. My father would come, when his work permitted, to our plays and lectures and even to our ceilidhthe.

While I was in Dublin once with the Fianna, my father wrote me to go to see Miss Helena Molony, who was then an actress in the Abbey Theatre, to invite her to come to Belfast

to help him organise the mill girls. As a leading feminist she was anxious to do so, but was afraid it would cut her off too much from the theatre, and once she had left she might find it very difficult to get started again. However, it was not very long afterwards that she finally took up the cause of labour and devoted her whole time to the building of the Irish Women Workers' Union. In fact, this became her life work.

This is an example of my father's ability to recognise at once a person's worth. The history of the Union is a proof that his opinion of her as a good organiser was justified. In his task of organising the mill girls, he had the assistance of Mrs. Tom Johnson and Mrs. Grimley. With their help, most of the girls, despite their toughness as a class, were coaxed into the Union.

Religious Bigotry.

There was a football match in Celtic football grounds a couple of months later. During a final match the supporters of the winning side waved a green flag with a harp inserted in the corner. This was the signal - I don't mean intentional. It gave the opposition the excuse for losing their sense of reason and a very serious riot ensued. The police mounted on horseback took command of the moving throng and rushed the Catholics up the bog meadows towards the Falls Road and the Unionist element down the Donegal Road towards Sandy Row. This was our first experience of mob rioting; shots were fired, people beaten and trod upon as they lay on the roadside. This we could see from our back windows. The cries and screams of people as they reached the trams! People were pulled off and left cut and some with bones broken lying in the street. Military were called out. This led to more excitement and confusion; everything was broken up that was moveable in the district; shops looted, and only after hours of unlawful destruction was peace restored. Things had taken on a different complexion for us. Here we found ourselves up against a situation unheard

of in our short lives and, believe me, a somewhat frightening atmosphere!

We would from hence onward have to mind our steps and not go down the Donegal Road to work, be careful who we walked home with, those who kicked with the right foot only. The thought of this trouble spreading into the works was greatly to be feared and everything must be done to discourage any attempt or give the workers any occasion to start up any bad feeling amongst themselves. This was very well handled in our wareroom. As we arrived into work the proprietor met us at the door and said he had a few words to say before he would let us start work: "The power is not on and please wait till you hear what I have to say before you remove your outdoor clothes".

There was a great silence and intense feeling as if there was a bomb ready to explode. One looked right, then left, but could not utter a word, wondering what was going to be the outcome of all this. Everyone kept silence; it seemed hours waiting. "Would he ever start? How long must we endure this agony? Still there was no attempt to start his explanation. What was his game? Are we all going to be caught in a trap? The Catholics were in a very small minority. If the opposition started on us we would be slaughtered. No chance of a way out and no defence of any kind could we put up. By this time we had all worked ourselves up to a state of frenzy, when his typist came into the room and made some announcement to him. It looked as if he had given instructions how long to leave the gates open. By now all were in or those that intended coming were present. The boss moved to straighten himself up after the typist had finished talking to him. He looked up and down the room; not a sound was heard. The fall of a pin would probably have unbalanced us all. He looked as if he could see through us and knew what we were all feeling. At last, quietly and smoothly, he uttered these words: "I have two propositions to make to my employees. The warerooms remain open, or the doors and gates remain closed. The answers I have to know immediately.

"Which shall it be? It is for you to decide." Long pause. "I will not suffer the indignity of closing after there is trouble within. The disturbance over the weekend would put anyone to shame. I will not be a party to such insufferable intolerance. If you feel you cannot control your feelings during your working hours, it would be far better for you all to go home until such time as you can. The doors are open; you are free to withdraw collectively or individually. There will be no reprimanding. All shall be treated alike; fear not your step, but realise what you do; you must be in earnest and stand by your decision".

We were afraid to move an eyelid, just waiting to see what way the crowd would go. If they push towards the door perhaps it would be safer for us at least. We might be able to reach home in safety and to be within our own walls seemed the best place at present. Silence reigned. No speaker uttered a word to announce a decision. At last spoke the boss: "Your silence registers your consent to work. On with the power". What a relief there was! A nice soft feeling as one moved the weight of their body from one foot to the other to try and relax. When again the voice came across the room to the silent people: "I wish to make a few remarks before you move from where you stand. You, I think, have chosen very wisely, for, believe me, if my warerooms were to close for the duration of a religious disturbance I would not be here to open up again, no matter how long or how short the disturbance lasted. I had already made arrangements to sell out and was intending to take my business to South Africa. This business in this city is slowly dying. I put the onus on you, as I did not wish to turn out 250 people more on the unemployed of this city. As you have decided, and rightly decided, to stay and work, therefore, I will do likewise and try and pull this ship of ours through these disturbed waters. Time will come when we will be proud to say that we stood together through thick and thin".

We all dispersed in different directions longing to get to our own machines and glad to hear the hum of the shafts as they

twisted round and round carrying their big leather belts that forced our machines into action. The noise of the buzz of machines under power is terrific in the ordinary every day, yet you can usually talk and make yourself heard by the operator next you if you feel that way inclined, but believe me, there was no one anxious to voice an opinion. All were content to work hard and say nothing until lunch hour when they would be out of doors and then they could express themselves freely to the person of their choice. This firm carried on till the end of the war, having supplied Red Cross aprons and palliasses to the army for the duration; then it closed, and the boss went off to South Africa.

This was our first experience of religious bigotry and I hope I have shown how it was rightly handled by one employer, and, , if treated likewise by many others, there would be a different story to be told in the north.

However, I must continue on with my own story, and will have reason to delay on this subject further on. We got over this episode nicely, not one of our family receiving any of the missiles that came our way. But it had a very bad effect on my poor mother. She just could not understand the mentality of people living years as goodly neighbours alongside one another, obliging one another when their needs demanded should allow these outsiders to work them up to such a state of war about football matches or processions. Though she was not a Roman Catholic, she never found any difficulty in living with them no matter what part of the world she went to live in. I remember her saying: "If anybody in the States told me this story that I have seen with my own eyes I would not believe it possible and would not credit it. I would think they were only trying to disgrace this part of the Irish race for some reason or other". But, alas!' it was too true. Mother had to live through worse than this, as I will relate in due course.

The Great Strike.

In 1913 the Great Strike came to Dublin. In Belfast we were all working for its success, going out after our day's work collecting from door to door. On Friday nights we would go to the Island, where thousands of shipyard workers were employed and we got very good response. Father was called to Dublin. We all dreaded the thought of losing him again even for a short period. The Dublin Strike continued. Many of you will remember what a stirring time we had then. A meeting Jim Larkin was to hold in O'Connell St. was proclaimed by the British Government. There was great excitement. Father arrived in Dublin and held a meeting on Friday night. There were baton charges with a savagery that brought forth denunciation even from those who had no sympathy with the strike. Many had their heads broken; in fact, some who were beaten never recovered. My father was arrested and when he wrote to my mother from Mountjoy Prison he said: "It was not entirely unexpected, and it is not as bad as it might have been - at least there is not much chance of getting my head broken here, as many poor fellows are getting outside", but, no matter how bad things were, father always put on a bold front to us, so that we would not be unduly alarmed.

We got no further word from Dublin for a week until a letter came from Mountjoy that father was on hunger strike. He was the first man in Ireland or the British Isles who adopted this method of fighting for his rights and free speech. "What was good enough for the suffragettes to use", he said, "is good enough for us". He was never ashamed or afraid to admit from what source he took his methods or his plans. This was terrible news for the family. We were so far away and knew so little. My mother decided she must go to Dublin and take me with her, to be by my father's side. We did not recognise all the difficulties that we would be up against when we got there.

Nora, as the eldest of the family, must stay at home to keep the home fires burning, look after the young children and keep them at school. We had to await until the next day to collect our weekly wages to buy our five shilling return boat tickets to Dublin; it was the cheapest way to travel, being a quarter of the railway fare. At this time money was very scarce. Few people realise how very scarce it was, so used are they to the very different conditions of today. The hour came for mother and I to make our way to Dublin by the long sea journey. It was a rough September night and the boat pitched fearfully. What a difference, I thought of this trip, compared with the times I had gone with the Fianna boys and girls to Dublin for the Ard Fheis! There was no singing and dancing this time, but the song my father had written would come repeatedly to our minds as we walked the decks. "With the engines 'neath us throbbing and the wind upon our stern; Little reck we of the distance, That divides us now from Erin".

So we walked the deck all night wondering whether father would still be alive when we reached Dublin. Mother was so upset that she could not sit still, nor drink a cup of tea. I was afraid she would collapse from exhaustion and worry. One of the sailors came over to us and said to me: "You will wear your mother out keeping her up on deck all night, bring her down to the heat and shelter". He thought I was keeping her on deck because I was afraid of being seasick, but I explained to him the reason of our journey. He clapped mother on the back gently and said: "Cheer up, little mother, you ought to be proud of having a husband like that, willing to sacrifice his life for his fellow workers. Do you know that everyone in the country is speaking about him? They never knew there was a man like that in the Labour Movement. People said these Labour leaders were only in the game because it pays them. They get our sixpence a week and then they live on the fat of the land. They never suffer any of the hardships that the workers have to put up with. Now I see for myself you are no better off than we are", and so

he went on talking kindly to us. Little did he know we could not make this trip only we had collected our hard week's wages of sewing aprons at 2¾d a dozen. Just imagine making four dozen aprons for elevenpence. This should give a little light to the younger generation of how much improved their conditions are, due to all the hard work the people in the past put into the Trade Union Movement and the establishing of our own Government.

The sailor went down the stairs and was not long away when he came back with two cups of tea. "Now, mother dear, I know you will like a cup of good cheer. I made it myself and you won't refuse me". Believe it or not, she had not the heart to disappoint him. She thanked him for his kindness and took the tea. Had he not done it that way, mother would not have touched a cup of tea until she landed. It was really the saving of her life. She often spoke of him later. "To think of him", she would say, "going down and making the tea himself and bringing it up to me to try and take my mind off my trouble". At last we reached Dublin.

We landed in heavy rain and were met by one of the Fianna boys, Eamon Martin, who brought us in a ferry to Ringsend and then to his house in Shelbourne Road for our breakfast. His sister, Mrs. Lottie O'Farrell, gave us a real "Céad Míle Fáilte" and did all she could to make us feel at home. She offered to put us up the best she could as long as our stay in Dublin lasted. We talked matters over with Eamon and decided on a programme of each going to different people to get things moving in all directions. Eamon said that, while we were sure of the labour people, he wanted to see the national groups taking action to demand my father's release.

"What the British Government will do to the workers of Dublin today, they will do to the Nationalists tomorrow". "That is what I want the Dublin people to realise", he said. The British Government certainly showed a ruthless ferocity to the whole country, a very short time afterwards. The Nationalists said it was a labour fight and would not be mixed up in it. But

people came from all branches of political thought and literary clubs; in fact, the best men of our times came out and backed my father in his attempt to fight for the rights of the Dublin workers and for free speech. The strike had its good side, as out of evil comes good. It brought together all sorts of people on the platform. G.B.Shaw, G.W. Russell (A.E.), Rev. R.M.Gwynn, Countess Markievicz, Francis Sheehy Skeffington, Tom Kettle, Captain White and others.

At Liberty Hall it was decided that I should go to Dublin Castle with Mr. P.T. Daly and Mr. William Partridge. There we were told that it all rested with the Governor, and if mother and I went there to the prison it was more than likely that the Governor would grant us permission to see father, and we might be able to induce him to release the prisoner. Nothing more could be done at Dublin Castle. We made quick tracks back to Liberty Hall and got in touch with mother, and with William O'Brien and Eamon Martin made our way to Mountjoy Prison. We were received in the Governor's private room. He gave us a lecture on the risks father was taking injuring his health. "The workers", he said, "would not think a bit more of him for putting himself through such an ordeal. It would all blow over in a few months and he would soon be forgotten. Now, my good woman, I will grant you permission for you and your daughter to see him, with a warder in the room, on one condition, that you do your best to insist on his giving up this hunger strike and then I'll let him go home with you". Mother replied in her mild manner: "I would not interfere in what he thinks is right, but as I do not want to lose him, and everybody says you will let him die before you give in, I will do my best". The Governor replied: "Now, Mrs. Connolly, do not mind what you hear outside. You know we are only human beings inside here and we won't put him to any torture that we can avoid. We would much prefer to set him free and I would like nothing better than to see him leave this place today with you and your daughter, but it is not in my power. I must carry out my orders and they

come from outside. However, I will let you go up to see him now and I will trust for good results". He then called for a warder to come and fetch us. When the Governor left the room mother said: "I thought he would never stop talking and let us see James. The Governor does not know what your father is made of if he thinks I could talk him into giving up a hunger strike or anything else, unless he is convinced himself that it is the right thing to do. He has something more important to do outside than lying in bed fasting and he must be convinced that going on hunger strike is the only way to get himself free". The warder came with a huge chain of large keys. I asked him why they needed such big keys to keep my father in jail if he was so sick that he was kept in bed. He replied that they were there for other prisoners, not only respectable men like Mr. Connolly, from which we gathered that he was in sympathy with labour. Father told us afterwards that this warder was always making excuses to get up to the ward with any bits of news he thought would interest him. When the door of the ward was opened, we saw the big room and father all by himself lying very sick looking with a feverish red face and glassy eyes. He looked so ill that we did not know whether to run to the bed or walk on our tip toes in case of upsetting him. Then I remember finding myself in his arms and realising he wasn't dead. He intended to let everybody know they could not kill his spirit.

There in front of him was the food that had been brought to him for each meal since he began his strike. It had not been taken away, but he would not allow me to remove it for fear he might be accused of having broken his fast. He was all inquiries about the strike and about Jim Larkin, but we were unable to give him much information, as all our minds were occupied in getting down to the city to see him and arrange to have him released. He agreed to bail himself, but not to ask anyone else to take on the responsibility. We were to prepare a place to which to take him, in the event of his release. He would not go to the hospital or a nursing home. When we

mentioned Mrs. Farrell he said he would not like to put all that extra work on her, as we were staying there. He then mentioned the Countess Markievicz. She was only too delighted to have him. In fact, she nearly turned her home into an auxiliary hospital to accommodate him.

Our time was drawing to a close. The warder said time was up and we would have to leave. We all felt very much better. We knew it would not be long till we would meet again.

Downstairs we were met by Eamon Martin and William O'Brien who decided mother should go with them to the Viceregal Lodge in Phoenix Park to see the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Lord Lieutenant Aberdeen could give no assurance, but he appeared to be sympathetic, and the deputation left with the feeling that he was going to get moving with London. We waited all evening and finally his limousine drove up to Shelbourne Road - Mrs. O'Farrell's house - to take mother and Eamon to Mountjoy. The Governor had received the release order and they drove up to Surrey House to be met by Madam at the door.

In the meantime, I went to make contact with the Countess Markievicz about arranging for my father to stay in her house. She said she felt honoured indeed to have the opportunity of nursing so great a figure. Madam started in her characteristically vigorous fashion to see that father would have every convenience of a fully equipped hospital. Madam lived at that time in a big house called Surrey House, Leinster Road, Rathmines That night, there was nothing but excitement. Madam kept making 'phone calls for everything she thought father would need or would give him comfort, or might assist him in any way possible.

I think that Madam got a big disappointment. When he arrived at her house that night he would not let her treat him as a patient. He went to bed quietly enough, but after a few hours' sleep he rose in the morning to shave himself. This was a surprise to poor Madam, who had arranged for a barber to come and shave him after breakfast.

It was a very busy household that morning. Reporters from all the papers were lining up for interview. The 'phone was ringing from friends and wellwishers.

Monday, he was himself again and feeling very little the worse of his experience of the hunger strike. Monday night I was to return to Belfast as mother was staying in Dublin with father to return by train at a later date, when he would feel recovered enough for the long railway journey. I was seen off to the boat by a number of Fianna boys. I felt lonely and sad to have to make the trip by myself. This was a new experience for me; still I had the comfort of knowing that we had gained my father's release and had been successful in our undertaking. I was glad too that mother had not to face that sea journey.

We were expecting father to arrive in Belfast on Thursday. What a wonderful reception he got! The dockers all turned out to a man and all the mill girls in their shawls. The Fianna boys and girls were there in strangth. The railway gates were closed, nobody was allowed inside. I managed to squeeze my way through as someone was getting his ticket punched. The train came in. There was a roar of greeting and a shout of song. Someone started singing: "For he's a jolly good fellow". The whole place rang with the chorus. The band played and through the struggling throng we managed to get father to the entrance of the station and he was put on a sidecar with myself beside him and mother on the other side. The crowd swelling bigger than ever cheered and sang and called for "Speech! Speech!" We drove through the city towards the famous steps of the Custom House. The crowd, grown to a great size, would not move, but kept on demanding a speech, not realising what the poor man was going through. He seemed fatigued after the journey. It was only a few days since his release and the crowd was so overjoyed at his victory that they had forgotten the circumstances in which he achieved it. As they continued calling for a speech he turned to me and said: "I think the best thing for you to do, Ina, is to stand up on the seat and thank them for the glorious welcome they have given

me. It's far more than I ever expected or deserved. Tell them I am too weak tonight to thank them, but I will do so in a day or two. Advise them to go home quietly and not give the authorities any excuse to show their bad manners here tonight." I was a very proud girl delivering that short speech by my father's side to a very responsive and enthusiastic audience.

As they dispersed, we drove home quietly, at least we thought it would be quietly; but, to our surprise, on the Falls Road we were met by bonfires outside our own home which was at the top of the Falls Road. In the space outside the City Cemetery the biggest bonfire of all was flaming.

Little did the happy people who built the fire know that they were starting a fire which has not yet been quenched and will, we hope, eventually burn away the British connection.

In Belfast there was an attempt to use the Fianna H.Q. for a recruiting camp.after the outbreak of the war. On one occasion one of the instructors who had been in the British army thought he would put out a few feelers and he was very nicely and quietly answered by the boys he approached, who gave no definite assurance that they would enlist, but said they would consider the matter and leave it over for a few days. Meanwhile, a ceili mór was arranged in a hall down town. The price of admission was increased to prevent a large number of undesirables turning up. A number of the senior members of the Fianna were informed of the very serious situation which had arisen amidst our boys and that drastic action would have to be taken. A courtmartial could not be held as the person responsible might seek aid outside and have us all caught in a net. It was then decided that at a given hour we would all take part in a sixteen hand reel and when the music was about to stop we would all encircle this instructor and give him a time limit to leave the city and on no circumstance to enter the Fianna premises. This was done in due course. It was some time before he would consent. He wanted a courtmartial an and to be allowed to appeal to his superiors who, by the way, were unaware of these proceedings. When he tried to get tough and

bully he was surprised at how well his instructions had been received and acted upon by his pupils, and he never thought that he would be the first they would try them out on. He eventually disappeared and we heard no more suggestions that we were a likely camp for the recruiting sergeant.

Madam came to Belfast and inspected the Fianna and joined us in our route marches and our camps. On Sunday nights we held ceilis of special Irish dancing, Irish songs and recitations. On some Sunday nights we would hold lectures if we were expecting a visitor or two from the south who would speak on some national problems.

Once a year we held an Árd Fheis in Dublin; this meant a week in Dublin for the elected delegates, and it was usually arranged to fit in with the 12th July as all works closed in Belfast that week. The Árd Fheis was usually held in the Mansion House, Dublin, on a Sunday at 12 o'clock. There we would sit until we finished the agenda, in the evening being entertained by the Dublin Sluagh at a ceili mór. On the following morning we would all march up to the Dublin Mountains and go under canvas for the remainder of the week with the Countess. She was very good to us and we all enjoyed all the comforts of her cottage at the Three Rock Mountain. The Dublin Fianna members would come out and join us in the evening after their day's work. We would have a meal prepared for them on their arrival, and all would join in on a communal basis. Then we would climb the mountains and go for long walks, weather permitting, or sit round the camp fire telling of our anti-recruiting activities or tales of long ago. None could beat the late Liam Mellows at this game of story-telling. He excelled all others in the camp. He, too, with Con Colbert and Sean Heuston were called upon to make the supreme sacrifice for their beloved country. It is sad to think that they were deprived of their lives at such an early age when you remember them jumping about full of life and swimming in the quarry hole where one year they risked nearly being drowned trying to rescue two boys who got into

difficulties and were lost in the quarry hole. Had the Fianna boys got the word a bit earlier, there is little doubt but the Fianna would have saved them.

We were always making demands on Liam Mellows to sing "See who comes over the red blossom heather, the bold Fenian men &c." He would always have a few minutes to spare for a joke and would like to put them into practice if he got the opportunity. He was a real playboy when it suited him. He was very fond of Madam, as were all the boys; but, somehow, I think she had a special liking for him. The way she would watch his face as she would put some question to him and listen to his humorous reply with a smile. He was very witty and quick on the uptake. We all who knew him deeply felt his death coming at such a period in our tragic history. He was greatly mourned.

The Countess, on hearing I was out of work due to a septic hand, invited me down to Dublin. At the station I was met by one of the Fianna boys and Sir Roger Casement. Imagine the excitement and joy I felt at meeting such a wonderful man. How splendid he looked, kind, and gently he bowed and shook my hand, saying: "Is this the little northern warrior that is going to set Ulster ablaze? What is it you want?" "An Irish Republic" I promptly replied. He looked at me seriously and in his quiet voice said: "I don't think that would satisfy your father". At once I realised I had omitted the word "Workers". Little did I think he was going to play such an important role in the history of this country.

We went to a café and had tea and then I saw him off to his train for Malahide. I then learned much of the things he had done for the people of Putumayo. I'm awfully thankful I had a sore hand and had this opportunity of meeting such an important man. This was just the beginning of a very eventful period of my life, of meeting practically all the leaders of the day that were to figure so prominently in the fight for Irish freedom.

The following day Madam told me of an exhibition of tableaux they were holding in Dublin for some charity. She was going as Joan of Arc and would I go to St. Enda's that day with some of the Fianna boys and get a cart of hay and straw to be used in the display. We went along to St. Enda's College, Rathfarnham. There the pupils were out in the field playing some games. I was introduced to the teacher, Desmond Ryan, who is one of the most valuable historians of our day. We told him of our errand and he brought us to the school. There we met Padraic Pearse, the schoolmaster, who showed us all over the school and grounds telling us its history about Robert Emmet and Sarah Curran. Little did we think that St. Enda's would have a further association with patriotism. In a few short years Padraic and his brother were called upon to give their lives in the cause of freedom.

We then loaded up our cart and returned to Surrey House and accompanied Madam to the show.

It is needless to say how well she filled the part of Joan, the French heroine. She not only represented her in every detail, but she looked so much the part. We were very soon to learn how she nearly lived and died the part. I often thought of her years afterwards when I pictured her in that steel armour, not a bend or move in her, to realise she went forth with her small contingent of Citizen Army men and women to face the British army.

<u>Cumann na mBan</u>.

By this time the women of Ireland made a stand to back the men and formed an auxiliary Cumann na mBan. I must not forget to mention that the women of Ulster had already got into action and were assisting their menfolk to hold Ulster for the Empire. The Countess Markievicz had asked me to come up to Dublin for the weekend and took me to the inauguration meeting of Cumann na mBan. There I told them of the activities of the Ulster Women's Corps. I believe we met in the Volunteer Rooms in Pearse St. (Brunswick St. as it was then called) on the side of the Queen's Theatre.

Howth Gun-running.

In the summer of 1914 my sister and I were camping with the Countess Markievicz at her cottage on the Three Rock with a number of boys of the Fianna, They all disappeared early on Sunday morning saying they had been invited out and no girls were welcome. We could pass the day as best we could and they would all be out in the evening to see us. This was most unusual; even Madam had not been asked. We put in our time nicely with the Countess, listening to all her stories; in fact we were so pleased to have her to ourselves for one day as she was usually surrounded by a group of people making demands on her in some shape or form. Little did we realise the important happenings that were taking place, to hear that guns were being run in at Howth and us sitting looking pretty on the mountains only a few miles away nearly broke our hearts.

How could we face back to Belfast and to my father and say we knew nothing and did less. It really looked as if we were not trusted. We, who had been called upon at all times and under any circumstances, turned up when we were wanted. This nearly broke my heart. I could not move. I was overcome with joy and disappointment at the one time. My sister took me by the arm and led me away from the boys, telling me not to show my feeling so plainly - "a good soldier takes his beating with his chin up; perhaps there will be some work set aside for you to do and they wanted to leave somebody at the house to carry on in case they were all arrested". I must say that was poor comfort, but she did her best to heal an awful wound that had been inflicted on me. Had I been a boy I would not have been overlooked. "Hush, hush" she said, "there is yet a tomorrow". "What does that mean?" I asked. "No one knows; wait till it comes" and come it did.

We were going all day from dawn till midnight, going here, there and everywhere with orders regarding the safety of the guns. We were to stay over to attend the funeral of the victim of the shooting and when I heard I was to take guns to Belfast

and told of the consequence if we were stopped, it more than made up for the disappointment that I received earlier. The dear Countess said: "You are the first women to run guns up to the north. Show Eddy Carson what you can do. Deliver them safely is all I ask and I have every confidence in you. A Fianna member will drive you up in his car. He knows nothing of what you are bringing and will deny anything you say. You must be prepared to take full responsibility and if you're caught you know nothing, heard nothing, only got the chance of a lift home from your holidays by this stranger you met at a dance who was going on his holidays. Is that clear?

"I'll do my best to get them to their destination". How I counted the miles and the hours. Motoring was new to me. This was my first long journey and we had not gone very far when we encountered engine trouble, but the driver knew a good deal about his car and with some coaxing he got it going. Then there was the trouble of the right direction. We had to stop several times as we found ourselves on the wrong road and had to turn back and retrace our path. Bob Harding was the name of this fine gentleman. He had a stationery shop near Christchurch, and as we passed it he saluted and said "for the love of Ulster I take this risk for good or bad". "But how could it be for bad" I inquired. Smilingly he said: "Any one who leaves Dublin parts from all the good of the earth". He knew I was still puzzled and he said: "Don't you know everyone in the country is looking forward to the day that they set foot in Dublin's fair city?" I did not feel sentimental like that. I was glad and proud to go forth with my instruments of torture to show the people I knew in the north that they could be content and satisfied that the people of the south would guard Ulster's interest even to the extent of bringing in arms and fighting for her. Somehow I don't think I was right.

However, we arrived safely and it was dark and bringing the guns to our home was simple. Father was there to greet us and clap us on the back. "Bravo and well done. I could not have done it any better myself". That was a very good trait in father. He was never slow at giving one praise if they deserved it, and I believe it goes a long way with youth to know they are appreciated by their elders.

In a couple of days we knew how to handle a gun. We had a very large bedroom that took in the sittingroom and the hall; one could lie their length on the floor and have plenty of room to play with even though the gun was very long and clumsy. By Christmas we had a shooting competition; for the winner we gave a turkey. It was won by Miss Roisin Walsh, our late city librarian, who made a present of it to our family as she had no need to take one home to the country. This we looked upon as a very generous act on her part. We were all very fond of her, she was so kind and gentle and never tired of trying to enlighten us on a number of things that were always turning up unexpectedly due to war conditions. She had just returned from Germany and was able to give us first hand information about the state of things as she saw them. She had a number of German songs and one day she stopped us - a group of Fianna - marching along the Falls Road singing The Watch on the Rhine. She was very amused at our German and put us right, saying: "It is just as easy to say the words in the correct German if you take your time and learn. You don't know when you will need it; some day perhaps the Germans ~~will~~ may come here and then they will feel at home when they hear you sing".

O'Donovan Rossa's Funeral.

We were all very busy selling railway tickets to Dublin at 3s.6d. return. Well we collected the money in sixpences; it was very hard in those days to get a few shillings together and we were anxious to have a big turn-out from all over the country The Volunteers were to march fully equipped. This would be a wonderful sight for us of the north, just such a thing we could

not imagine and it was up to us to induce as many people as possible to go. We also had to guarantee a certain number to the railway to get the price fixed. This we did and we actually took part in the procession. This we never thought we would have the privilege of doing.

We sang all the way down on the train and everybody was happy at the thought of joining our southern comrades and to be able to demonstrate to the Northern Unionists our unity.

Father was living in Dublin at this time. Jim Larkin had gone to America and Madam asked father to let me stay over for a couple of days. I said I could not as my return ticket must be used that day. "Not at all", said Madam, "give it to me. I shall have it extended". "Whatever you say" said father. "Her mother, I'm sure, will give her a few days grace, and if all that I hear from home is true, I'm sure she needs it".

I called to Liberty Hall the next day and there met my father who was going out. He said I could join him. As we walked along Eden Quay we met Dan O'Brien, a sanitary inspector, who was a great friend of my father. I often met them together. He was a brother to William O'Brien, formerly secretary to the I.T. & G.W.U.. Dan was in a hurry. He was rushing down to the docks to see someone dead - I thought I heard them say something to that effect. We went on our way and the next stop was at the corner of Abbey St. and O'Connell St. In the bank there we were met by another man who more or less whispered about another corpse at the North Wall. This seemed strange to me. I could not ask questions; it would appear I was eavesdropping. What was all this talk about the dead arriving at the North Wall? Who were they, I wondered, and where did they come from? Father seemed very interested and there appeared a lot of rushing about. A number of men nodded to father and he walked on as if he did not wish to be stopped. When we returned to Liberty Hall a number of men had gathered to talk to father.

I went to keep an appointment with the Countess and she brought me back to Liberty Hall. She also wanted to talk with father. I then learned that a consignment of guns had arrived. There was much preparation to secure a good hiding place. All this day we were going from one place to another contacting people trustworthy enough to lend a hand for the concealment of the guns. The boys were to mobilise and march out in a different direction to draw the attention of the police so that a few could get the corpse away quietly and without suspicion.

Anti-Recruiting and Volunteer Drilling.

Anti-recruiting meetings were being held all over Ireland. We in Belfast were very active, bill-posting and selling nationalist newspapers - The Irish Worker &c. The Volunteers were drilling and taking part in outdoor manoeuvres.

I was detailed to meet an English soldier in uniform at the junction as if I just struck up to him. We went walking and then boarded a tram. I was afraid of my life I might been seen by one of the Fianna members as I was a very prominent figure with them. It was one of our acts of faith never to be seen speaking to or in company with a soldier and here I had been ordered to do so. No one would believe that. We were to go to the tram terminus and after walking two miles mere met by another friend who brought us across country . This soldier was to take charge of instructing the Volunteers. Cusack was his name. I was to mind his tunic as I lay in the ditch and if he was discovered we were to pretend we were a courting couple and he just went over to the lads for a bit of sport.

This we did on a number of occasions and we were sent to different districts to carry out orders. This soldier was one of the army officers in our national army.

A number of arrests were taking place in Belfast. The speakers at the anti-recruiting meetings were lodged in the Crumlin jail. I went to see Denis McCullough, Ernest Blythe and the famous Herbert Pim who had all got three months jail. Ernest Blythe's sister came to our home and we all went up

together to give the prisoners a céad míle fáilte when they were released and back again to my home we returned as soon as they were freed to hear all the things that took place in jail and to learn that they had been in company with Arthur True, a noted anti-Catholic. He had been arrested for his denunciation of the Government for defending Catholic Belgium.

Deportation orders were being issued. A number of prominent men were ordered to leave Ireland, including Liam Mellows and Captain Monteith. Mellows went to reside with relatives in England. This was accepted by the powers that be as long as he reported regularly. This was suitable to all concerned as the Volunteers had arranged plans to make him available when it was necessary for him to be in Ireland.

The time had arrived when his presence was required. His brother Barney came to Belfast. He needed a change of clothes. Would I bring him to a suitable district and do the needful? I was to do the talking with as broad a northern accent as possibl and not let his southern accent be detected. He changed into his new suit and parcelled up his old one. They would do him when he started work. We went off to a cafe and had tea and passed away our time until we just had enough time to rush to the boat as it started out as if we were living in the neighbourhood.

In Scotland
//Everything went all right and in a couple of days - about a week we were awakened up early by the knocking on the front door. There was my eldest sister Nora accompanied by Liam, dressed as a priest.

We were all delighted that Liam was safe back in Ireland. We joined them at breakfast and there we learned what was the next step. I was sent to Clonard - that is the monastery - to ask for an old priest's hat a size different than the one Liam had travelled in. I'd give the new one for an old timer. I told the priest on duty that my friend could not enjoy the feel of a new hat and we would all be much obliged as he was old, sick and cranky. "We thought we were doing him a good turn buying him a new rigout", I said, but we were only putting our feet into it

and he said he would not go down the country in a new stuck up shape like that". "Oh!", said the priest, "I'll see what I can do for the old man; you know they get very contrary in their old age". I thought I would never get outside the door to get a good laugh and when I told Liam he didn't half enjoy it.

We got in touch with Dr. McNabb and Liam was driven by motor to Dublin. We walked with Liam to Andersonstown; there he was picked up and I never saw Liam again. I can't remember when this took place, but I think it was before Holy Week.

Everybody was very active in Belfast at this period. We had the Unionists working hard in their own interest; the Red Cross busying themselves in the cause of humanity; the A.O.H. trying to keep up the interest in the Home Rule Bill; Cumann na mBan, Volunteers and Fianna and groups of Labour supporters all working full speed for the coming revolution, if not drilling, collecting money, preparing first-aid outfits, completing their military outfit. I was kept busy snatching my dinner hours to help buy up all the equipment in the boy scout outfitters. Anything that was likely to be serviceable in the fight we were to buy.

St. Patrick's Day in Dublin brought out a big parade. We waited patiently to hear how things were going in the capital. There never was better news arriving that everything was going as good if not better than was expected.

War news was bad; things were not going too well with the British. We had heard that Sir Roger Casement and Captain Monteith - then prisoners of war - were working hard in Germany t convince the Irish Tommy to join the Irish Brigade. This we considered a terrific step to take in foreign lands, thus showing their hands to England, and not knowing how they would fare. There were all sorts of reports spread in Belfast at the time, but we put our trust in Casement and hoped for the best and wondered would he ever see our shores again alive. Still he did.

There was one large gathering of politicians, members of The Young Irish Republican Party on 27.12.1915 in Belfast. This organisation was founded, I think, in 1914. Desmond Fitzgerald , Ernest Blythe, Bulmer Hobson and Padraic O'Riain, who happened to be in Belfast, attended and made speeches. At the close of the meeting we were standing round in groups and the speakers were being asked to different homes to spend the evening, when I heard one of their names being mentioned and he replied: "I'm going up to Glenalina Terrace and I haven't been asked". I nearly died with fright, for I knew mother would not be expecting us to bring in such an important person without some notice and there would be very little to eat. I could do nothing but offer him the hospitality of our home and leave my sister to look after him, and when he was finished talking and the crowd dispersed to follow on after me. I rushed and took the tram home, and the only thing we could give him was 1 lb. tomatoes, freshly made soda bread with fruit and wheaten bread. Mother got going as quick as lightning and the bread was just out of the oven by the time they arrived. I had the fire lighted in the parlour and a clean linen tablecloth laid on table, everything shining. He said it was worth coming from Dublin to taste mother's bread, and now he abused me for giving him the slip and leaving him to walk home with my sister. "To try and catch up on you, that would be impossible". He never knew it was himself that was responsible for my running away. His suggestion to come home with us was the last thing we expected.

<u>1916.</u>

One Sunday morning we were awakened by an early caller. On opening the door we were met by three Fianna members from Scotland with a tin trunk on an outside car. One of them was Seamus Reader. "Hurry up and open the door and let us in and see what we have brought for you". When the door opened they rushed in with this big tin trunk and asked "What kept you so long in opening the door?" The fact was that we were not expecting anyone and we had two doors to open and did not hear

their remarks about being in a hurry. They wanted to get off the open street as quickly as possible in case they were being followed. They had just arrived from the Glasgow boat and had never been to Belfast before and we had not met one another before. They were only carrying out their instructions and we were to see them off on the Dublin train that day, and if there was no train running that day, the first the next day, and how we were to get the trunks out of our house in the middle of a Sunday when all the Falls Road folk would be out walking was going to be a job. We gave the lads their breakfast and settled them to sleep while we went off to Mass and met all our friends as usual to pretend nothing unexpected had happened. They walked up the Falls Road with us and left us to the door. I made one rush out the back door and down through the bog meadows and along Donegall St. to the Great Northern Station, Victoria St., and made inquiries. The train was running at 2 o'clock.

There was no sign of cabs or sidecars at this time of day. What will we do? I did not know, and could not go home without a conveyance to accommodate the trunk. Time was wearing on and I was hoping they were having something to eat while they were awaiting my return. I was making my way home up through the Unionist quarters so I could not meet anyone I knew who would put awkward questions to me. I was in an awful state. It looked as if I would reach home before I got a car. When passing a row of houses the door opened and a girl who worked beside us in the warerooms stepped out and said: "It's surprising seeing you down here this time of day. What's your trouble?" "Well now" I said, "you are right. My father wants a trunk of books sent down to him in Dublin and we know someone going that will take it, but I can't get a cab at the station because it's Sunday". "That's right, there never is any business on a Sunday so they never bother to go there", and with that, like a flash of lightning, she remembered a friend nearby who would be too glad to make a fare and she said: "I'll go and ask him, if he is at home. I've

no doubt but he will". Yes, and once again we were lucky. I drove home with him. He took the boys and trunk of gelignite, thinking it was books. Were we glad to see them safely deposited in the train? My sister and I walked home up through the bog meadows and complimented ourselves on how well we were able to make use of our Orange brothers. We said: "This day he has done his bit for Ireland helping to dispatch fuel for the fire of Irish freedom".

The following day we went to work with a feeling of having accomplshed a good day's work without anyone being the wiser. Our unexpected visitors were safely landed and no attention had been drawn on their coming and going our way as far as we knew.

Mother was looking after her usual household duties as the younger members of the family had gone to school, when there came a knock at the door. She answered it immediately, thinking it might be word from the boys of arriving at their destination. It was surely word of the boys, but not what mother expected. On opening the door there were two big plain-clothes G.M. detectives. This was a surprise and she could not hide it. What will I say? was her first thought. She must say something to explain her confusion. "Is she badly hurt"? she said at once, pretending it might be one of the youngsters going to school had met with an accident. "Not at all, ma'am" they replied. "We only called to make inquiries. "Are you Mrs. Connolly?" one said, and mother, replying, asked them to step into the parlour, which they did, and this gave her time to compose herself and gave the detectives the chance to look round for themselves and were assured there was nothing more unusual in our household than they would find in any other working class house on a Monday morning. "Have you visitors?" "No, sir" she replied very politely. "Are you sure?" said the other. "What do you mean? I am sure there is nobody staying here that I am aware of, not could they be here without my knowing. You can see for yourself. And what is it all about?" They would not divulge, but only apologised for calling so early and giving her such a fright. Mother told

them they were welcome as long as they were not carriers of bad news and bid them good-day. She was glad when the door closed.

She could now breathe freely and she longed for one of us to come in to put us on our guard, or if only one of the youngsters was at home she could put her on the road to meet us and tell us what to expect if we were stopped and interrogated to tell the same story. She longed to talk to someone and get advice, but not having any of the neighbours in our confidence, she just would have to stay put until we arrived home. Now it was well she did not leave the house to seek advice, for had she done so, it would have complicated things more. She continued her chores and thinking as she went along what would be the outcome of all this enquiry, when another knock came on the door. This did not surprise her. Nevertheless she did not expect to see these boys back again so quickly, and was better prepared for their intrusion. On opening the door they said: "Sorry to trouble so soon again. We have a warrant to search your house and orders is orders".

"Your're welcome" mother again replied. "Didn't I tell you to do so earlier this morning and it would have saved you this visit".

"But we would not do that, Mrs. Connolly. We must keep to the law".

"And what is it you are looking for" mother said after they had gone through the house and satisfied themselves there was nobody staying and nothing to trace of visitors having been.

"Well, it's like this. We expected you to have two young men staying here, and you say you did not see anyone staying here. It looks as if you're right. Now they could not be here without your knowing it. Would you say that's correct?".

"Well, as far as I know, there were no men slept here on Saturday night, for I saw all my family to bed and they were up early in the morning for early Mass and I went down to

Crawfordsburn for the day with a friend and returned late at night and went to bed as we have to start early to work on Monday, so I can assure you there was no visitor staying any night here".

"But, Mrs. Connolly, we have information to the effect that two young men came off the Glasgow boat and drove straight here".

"Well, that might be so," mother innocently replied, "without my knowing. You see I have a couple of girls that the local boys are always after, and when they get my back turned they bring them in and have a ceili in the parlour, dancing and singing to their hearts' content. I never mind. I believe they're safer in the house than running wild on the streets. I thought that some of the neighbours had lodged a complaint and I would not like them to be offensive in any way. Their father would not hear tell of them losing the run of themselves like that".

The more apologetic she became, the more the detectives tried to calm her down; the more she made a fool of them.

"If you had only told me that on your first visit I could have told you that whatever my girls did they would never keep their boy friends here all night without consulting me, and, of course, I would never put up with that".

They finally withdrew, satisfied that there was no trace or sign of a visitor or two from Scotland in the vicinity. The cottage in Crawfordsburn saved the situation that time. Bravo, Crawfordsburn!

Before the Rising.

Time was passing quickly. We were told that if there was not a rising around St. Patrick's Day, then it was all falling through again. Once again we had missed the tide. The ebb and flow was being drummed into our ears - if not now, never in our time would we get such a opportunity. Often my sister and I walked home the weary miles after our day's work discussing our chances. "What would we in Belfast do? Just be slaughtered I suggested. "Not at all", Nora would reproach me for daring to say such a thing. "It's unholy; why, we would contact the nearest fighting area and take our stand by our fellow county men." Perhaps time has proved that I was nearer right, as Ulster has been slaughtered more than once since we had the revolution.

We had not very long to wait; mother got her signal that she was to join my father for a week in Dublin at Easter.

We went on working in the warehouse every day, trying to make every shilling we could for our Easter holiday; this usually extended from Thursday of Holy Week to the following Wednesday. Easter Monday and Tuesday were Bank Holidays. We were mobilised and under orders all that week, reporting to Volunteer H.Q., taking dispatches to places where men could not get through. I remember being sent up to Denis McCullough's mother's shop to do a couple of turns for her. She was a very lovable old lady and everybody that knew her and came in contact with her will say the same. We always called into her shop as we passed to get the latest news as she sold the newspapers, and all the rumours reached her in one way or another. She was never afraid to speak out her mind and I once heard her say: "He who has no enemies has no friends and is no good for Ireland". She certainly loved her land dearly.

When I called I expected I would get a job in the kitchen or perhaps in the shop, but no; indeed, something altogether different awaited me. I was to take that parcel of sewing down to the warehouse. "It's creased and ready to sew, and by the way,

will you call and leave this paper in the Hall". This Hall I would understand to be the Volunteer H.Q., Divis St. "Give it to Sean O'Sullivan. It will do when you are going home from work, or maybe you should leave it in now on your way to work".

All this was said to me at the open door. I never got inside the shop.

"As you're such a wild hare you might lose it". Meanwhile she was findling my head and clasping my hand at the same time. When I arrived at the Hall, I was surprised to see a number of the lads there. They grabbed my parcel and were not interested in the paper. That was only a decoy for a policeman that had the shop covered and what I carried was the alleged German gold that was reported to be responsible for the rising.

Some who had been active in the movement and did not turn out at mobilisation used this argument for their inactivity, saying they would not be used at any country's convenience, sacrificing the loss of Irish blood. This greatly annoyed me when I was aware of the young and old Irish in the States giving their savings that Ireland might be free, for well I knew the money I carried, though it was golden sovereigns, had never come from anyone but our own and was used solely for the Volunteers' equipment and transport.

These days were busy ones, trying to keep up the pretence of work in the warehouse and the political activities and then doing our share in the home getting the family ready to take their departure to Dublin. We saw mother and family off at the station on Holy Thursday 1916 and then continued our preparations to be ready with four other members of Cumann na mBan, who were joining the northern contingent at Coalisland. We travelled with the Volunteers by train and were very disappointed when we reached our destination and saw there was no one expecting us.

James Connolly's last words.

"I will say a prayer for all brave men who do their duty according to their lights." These were the last words spoken by my father, James Connolly, Commandant General of the Irish Republican Army, courtmartialled by the British military forces in Dublin, sentenced to death on May 12th 1916.

It was his answer to the last question put to him as he was being carried propped up in a chair to face his execution, having been found guilty of taking up arms against the British Government - a Government that had been unjustly inflicted on the people of this country without their consent for generations.

He was the only one of the seven signatories of the Proclamation who was wounded. He received a wound in his chest and a more serious one in his leg, but he stayed at his post encouraging all those around him in the noble work they were doing, and little did any of his comrades realise the sufferings he was enduring both physically and mentally. He struggled on when he received the first shot and he put those who knew and had treated him under strictest secrecy; not one word of his condition was to be spoken to anyone.

A soldier who was in action in the Metropole Hotel told me about my father coming down and inspecting the building and making suggestions for its fortification. This soldier noticed his movements were not just as smart as they had been previously, but he never thought he was wounded, and when, some time later, he was told that the Commandant General had been hit twice, he realised how the poor man was going his rounds camouflaging his injuries and pretending to be all right.

His anxiety for those under him was the chief cause of the number of casualties for that period of the campaign being so small. When he was put on a stretcher and carried through the building of the General Post Office there was great surprise and sorrow. A large number volunteered as his bodyguard and to save him from further danger. My father told a young Fianna boy who was walking by his side to make haste while crossing ~~Moore~~ Henry St. "If you don't run, they may get you, my boy". The youth replied: "Better for them to get me and save you, General". With that courageous remark coming from so young a boy when bullets were falling all around, father said: "Ireland need have no fear for her freedom when she has youths like you, my boy".

The last words of my father to me I shall never forget. They were in a different line altogether and to recall them I must go over some past history. Although the decision to rise at Easter Week was a closely guarded secret even from the main body of Volunteers, we had an inkling of it because it had been decided that my mother would break up our home in Belfast and go to Dublin. It had been arranged for mother and the family to stay in the Countess Markievicz cottage. It was necessary for mother to bring as much of her belongings as possible for there was nothing in the cottage except the bare household furniture. Sadly, mother looked around the home that she cherished; here she was leaving all the conveniences of modern life and the work of the last five years which it took to build up, to go to an empty cottage on the hills of Dublin, miles away from anyone she knew. But she would carry out the wishes of her husband. She left Belfast very downhearted with the feeling that onee again her hopes of a happy home had been dashed to the ground. Two days later my sister and I joined the local contingent of volunteers and took our stand with them in Coalisland, Co. Tyrone.

Victoria Station in Belfast was visited by us several times on this and the next day buying our excursion tickets for the Easter Weekend - it being a long weekend, as Tuesday is included in the Belfast Easter holiday. We bought the tickets in batches of a dozen and half a dozen so the authorities might not notice that all the travellers were nationalists and males.

We arrived in Coalisland, Easter Saturday, with the first contingent from the north and started to fix up the Volunteer Hall for the convenience of the latecomers. The second batch would leave Belfast at 3 p.m. and then the last lot in the evening, about 7 p.m.

Somewhat disappointed at the absence of the local people expecting our arrival, we were busy as best we could. A young man arrived with a dispatch for Nora telling her of the order

cancelling the manoeuvres all over the country. This was a terrible blow. What did it mean? What could we do? The order stated that all the men would be ordered back to Belfast. By this time the second contingent had arrived and the third was on their way.

Nora, I and four other Belfast girls decided that we would go to Dublin and offer our services there. We had to pack up once more and make our way to the station for the last train to connect us with a Dublin-going train at Portadown. On our way we encountered the third contingent from Belfast. We stopped and told them the dreadful news and suggested that they join us, but this they would not do; their orders were to take the men to Coalisland and this they would do, even though they were accompanied all the way by detectives.

We went on our way and after waiting wearily at Portadown we were glad when the train started puffing out. To be in motion was more in keeping with our mentality. We had not been in bed for two nights and now the strain we were undergoing was beyond anything one could imagine. What were we going to hear? What had happened? Where were we going to at this early hour of the morning?

We arrived at Amiens St. Station, Dublin, about 5 a.m. We made our way to Liberty Hall to contact father. We were inclined to run. My sister called me back, s aying: "You don't know who is watching you; they will get suspicious at you making a bolt for the Hall so early in the morning. Just walk casually along as if you had nothing else to do and appear as if you are expected".

As we approached Liberty Hall our hearts were lifted by the sight of the green flag waving from the rooftop. The building was heavily guarded. It was some time before we got a response to our knocking. Many questions were put to us before the door opened. Not until we told them that we were James Connolly's

daughters, Nora and Ina, and that we had travelled all night to see him did they believe us. They said they would go and ~~inform~~ confirm our statement. The truth was that the guard did not want to disturb my father who had just gone to bed. There had been a military council meeting in Liberty Hall which lasted long into the early hours. I learned this from my father when I went up to his room later. When the guard returned he opened the door and admitted all of us, but would only let my sister and me up to Room No. 7 to see father, where he lay on a bed in a half-sitting position, his head resting on his hand, wondering what was the nature of our news. We rushed forward to hug and kiss him; we knelt on the floor beside his bed and told him everything that had happened since we left home. He listened attentively, making no remark until our story ended. Then, lifting himself up into a sitting position, he said: "This is what you think happened". "Oh, no" said my sister, "there are other members of Cumann na mBan here with us, please hear what they have to say". Our tales agreeing, father said: "This is a very serious situation and I want you to realise the importance of your message and the urgency of letting the other members of the military council know. I will send you each out to relate your story to the other members. Just repeat what you have told me".

I was sent to the Metropole Hotel to see Joseph Plunkett. The porter did not want to take my message to him that I must see him immediately. The man had just gone to bed and must not be disturbed till 9 o'clock. My instructions were that I must see him at once as I was leaving Dublin at 9 o'clock and he would be very disappointed at missing me. Thereupon the porter gave in and said he would see what he could do. "Take a seat in the lounge and I'll go to his room", he said. He returned with the news that Joseph Plunkett was coming down immediately.

Now, what sort of man was I going to meet? How could I talk to this stranger as I did to my father? All at once there appeared a tall thin man in a dressing gown coming slowly down the stairs. He had his neck wrapped in bandages or a white scarf. Later I learned that he had just undergone an operation.

As he came near me I stood up and he put his arm on my shoulder, saying: "We will take a seat over in this corner where we can be by ourselves? I told him who I was. He said it was not necessary to tell him as I was the picture of my father; black hair, red cheeks and the northern accent for the finishing touch. He made me feel at ease and talked to me just as my father did, asking questions now and again and assuring me that he had plenty of time to listen to all my chatter. Bringing me to the door and in close proximity to the porter he said: "I will go and dress and join you at breakfast". He wanted to convey to the porter that his haste out of the hotel at that early hour was to be with me for a meal before I left Dublin.

I returned to Liberty Hall and there met my father for the first time in uniform. How splendid he looked! How pleased I was to see him in the uniform of Ireland's green! Wouldn't mother be proud of him if she could get one glance of him? I told my father of my meeting with Joseph Plunkett. I believe I was the first one to return and I helped to make breakfast which I very much enjoyed as we had nothing to eat since we left Tyrone. After breakfast we set out for Mass. On the way I ran into the Countess Markievicz in Marlboro' St. She exclaimed: "Ina, Ina, what brings you here?" I told her I came for the weekend and would join her as soon as I got Mass. Mass over, we hurr ied back to Liberty Hall and there met all the signatories to the Irish Republican Proclamation as they assembled there to discuss the latest developments.

Happy and pleasant they all seemed to us. They did not show the weight of the troubles and trials they were carrying on their shoulders. We prepared a lunch and all sat down together. This was our last meal with father.

"The Citizen Army is going on a route march after dinner and I have a nice little job for you" he said to me. "A bicycle will be supplied and a member of the army will accompany you. Read these instructions and carry them out like a good scout".

We were the advance guard to cycle round the streets and report back if we saw any numbers of police or G-men en route. We had nothing to report. This route march was taken by the authorities as the Citizen Army weekly turnout. Little did the police know we were rehearsing the march on St. Stephen's Green and Dublin Castle.

On our return to Liberty Hall, father addressed the men before dismissal, telling them they were now under orders and none could leave the building without special leave. "If there is any amongst you", he said, "who do not wish to stay, let it be made known at once and you can take your departure".

There was the usual concert in Liberty Hall that night. Nora sang a ballad: "I know where I'm going and I know who's going with me". This had a d ifferent message for us than for the large audience that packed the hall.

That night we went to Madam's home, Surrey House, to sleep. We were to report to Liberty Hall at six in the morning for instructions. What would our orders be? Where would we be sent?

Easter Monday.

We all stepped out briskly to Liberty Hall fresh as a daisy. Here we were met by a full house. There was a great air of business, everybody serious though happy in their work.

Padraic Pearse wished to see us and had something of importance to say to us. We had not long to await his arrival. He carried a roll of papers in his hand. We all encircled him with anxious excitement. At last he spoke: "You have the privilege of being the first women to read this Proclamation. Read it, study it and try to remember what is written and then you will be able to tell the men of the north that you saw and read that which will be read at the G.P.O. today at 12 o'clock, and will be posted all over the city". "Let me bring one to the north" I exclaimed. "No, it would be too dangerous" he added "I willgive you a dispatch to tell the men of the north and I will read it to you all. You will then know its contents and if you think there is any chance of being arrested, do not let it

be caught on you; eat it, swallow it; chew it; but it must not be found on you, under any circumstances." He went on: "The message is simply to let the men of the north know that by the time they get this note we will have struck the first blow in Dublin. In the event of you destroying this dispatch it will make little difference, you can just let the men know that I tried to convey the message to them".

As Pearse left the room, the other officers entered to say goodbye and wish us the best of luck. Tom Clarke seriously and quietly shook hands and Thomas McDonagh tried to joke us into a lighter mood. I can still see his laughing eyes as he remarked: "Any man would be glad to go north with any of you bright girls".

My father, who had been missing through this interview, appeared to make his farewell. Clutching him tightly, I begged him to let me stay with him. He clasped my head with his two hands at arms length and said: "It is not what you want or what I want, but what is wanted of us that counts. You would not desert your countrymen of the north who need you more than we do here. There are plenty of women here to do your work. You would not be missed here, but if there is any fighting taking place up north, then that is your place". These were the last words my father said to me.

I travelled to Coalisland and found that the Volunteers had returned to Belfast. From there I went to Sixmilecross to Hugh Rodgers as I was told he could put me in touch with Dr. Pat McCartan to whom my despatch was to be delivered. Rodgers had a posting and motor hiring business and he put a horse and cart driven by James Campbell at my disposal. We drove first to Dr. McCartan's father's house at Eskerbuoy, Sixmilecross. The doctor was not there; then to Carrickmore, three miles away, then seven more miles to Greencastle, then to Gartin, a distance of 14 miles, 6 miles more to Mountfield and back to Sixmilecross where I arrived at 1 a.m. on Tuesday morning 24th without having contacted Dr. McCartan.

I had travelled 40 miles by horse and car and went to bed worn out, having given the dispatch to the local Volunteer officer. Then Dr. McCartan called and I told him about the dispatch. It was an instruction from Pearse to mobilise all men in the county, seize all police barracks and hold up all trains with military supplies going south.

In the morning a meeting of the Sixmilecross Volunteer Company was called and it was arranged to send me by motor car to Omagh with Pearse's message which I delivered to the officers in charge there - Peter Haughey, James Donnelly and Dan McCauley. I came back to Sixmilecross and it was decided to send me to Clogher to report the position to Fr. O'Daly. He sent for Mr. Walsh, the schoolteacher, to take me to his house. On Thursday Teasie Walsh and myself went with the message to the Volunteers who were mobilised several miles away in the Clogher Mountains and at Ballymacan.

During Wednesday, Thursday and Friday I was engaged with some of the Walsh family in moving ammunition and carrying medical and other supplies to the Volunteers. At Ballymacan we found the Volunteers drilling and preparing their equipment under Eimar O'Duffy, Padraig O'Riain and Davy Boyd who had come from Dublin to fight with the northern Volunteers in the Rising.

Hugh Rodgers, in his letter in support of my application for a pension, said they came north with the countermanding order from MacNeill. I discussed this with Bulmer Hobson and he agrees with my view. They were friends of MacNeill and Hobson and did not like to go against MacNeill's decision in Dublin. The three of them would not have gone with the countermanding order to one place. They found the Tyrone men ready to fight and placed their military training at their disposal.

On Friday (I think) Teasie Walsh and myself were sent with dispatches to Dr. Pat McCartan's house in Carrickmore. On the way we met my sister Nora carrying her suitcase. She informed us that most of the men had been arrested and all three of us returned to Walsh's. We then went to bring the news to the Volunteers on the mountains and they advised us to go back to Dublin and inform Pearse and my father of the situation in Tyrone.

We set out at 6 o'clock next morning (Saturday). The train

brought us only to Dundalk and we started to walk from there. We slept in a field that night and reached Dublin on Sunday night. It was only then we learned of the surrender. We were unable to cross the military cordon on the N.C.Road and we stayed at Ryan's in Clonliffe Road that night.

On Monday morning we went to William O'Brien's house, 45 Belvedere Place, where we heard of the arrest of my brother Roderick and William O'Brien, who were then in Richmond Barracks. We gave some revolvers and ammunition to Miss O'Brien, who arranged with John O'Mahony of Fleming's Hotel to have them brought to a safe place. We also arranged that my mother and sisters, who were staying at Madam Markievicz's cottage in the mountains, should move into Mr. O'Brien's house so as to be available should it be possible to visit my father who was then a prisoner in Dublin Castle Hospital.

After Easter Week I kept in touch continuously with the Volunteers and Cumann na mBan movements, and while I lived in London from 1918 to 1920 I acted frequently under instructions of Volunteer officers there.

I was also active in the Irish Self-Determination League in England and spoke at a meeting in Manchester with Madame Markievicz and Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington. I also took part in the by-election in Stockport in March 1920, at which William O'Brien, then on hunger-strike in Wormwood Scrubbs Prison, was a candidate. Shortly after that I brought messages from Michael Collins to William O'Brien while the latter was a prisoner in a nursing home to which he was transferred from the prison.

Signed: Ina Heron

Date: 25-1-54

(Ina Heron)

25.1.54

Witness: S. Ni Chiosáin

(S. Ni Chiosain)

ADDENDUM

On arriving in Clonliffe Road the Monday after Easter Week we called on friends whose kindness we will never forget. They took us into their home at a great risk to the other members of their family, as the soldiers had drawn a cordon across the street a couple of houses down from where we were staying.

Hot baths were got ready for us and beds prepared before they would let us talk about our experiences after they heard we had walked from Dundalk; we were glad to be able to relax and know that we would have a roof over our head and a comfortable bed to lie on.

We were very disappointed to learn that the fight was all over and our men all arrested, some in jail here and more sent over to England, The news of the unconditional surrender and that my father had been wounded twice and was in Dublin Castle. I offered to go to the Castle at once but was persuaded to contact my mother on the mountains first and take instructions from her. We then had to find a place in Dublin for mother and family. Cissie O'Brien whom I called on to come to my assistance offered to put the family up in her house as her mother was away in Dalkey nursing her son who was very ill, and her brother William O'Brien had been arrested with my brother coming from the G.P.O.

I brought back the news to my sister Nora and we both stepped out on our long journey to the Three Rock Mountain. This walk was the worst of all our troubles. How would we meet our poor mother? What would we offer to console her in this awful period of pain and suffering? What had she heard? We were glad she was so far away that she would not be able to see the daily papers.

As this thought struck us, what appeared on a placard of a newspaper at the corner shop but a Daily Mirror with the picture of the last rebel leader being carried out of the G.P.O. with the announcement of the last I.R.A. leaders executed this

morning. This turned out to be incorrect, but we did not know, and we had to walk on with the thought that mother was worse off than we and we must keep going until we reached her and saw how she was taking things. The ideas that came into our heads! Were we on a fool's errand? perhaps she would have left Madam Markievicz's cottage before we arrived. Should we separate and one go in another direction? Were we losing time? Was no one left in Dublin to advise us? Must we just trudge on? At least we were together and we could see no advantage in separating.

It took us hours to walk the distance of six miles, as we had not recovered sufficiently from the tramp from Dundalk. How we longed to encounter someone we knew who could tell us something of the happenings around this part of Dublin!. We were afraid to talk to anyone as our accents would at once disclose our identity as people from the north. We saw a number of batches of prisoners being marched along the streets but could not recognise anybody we knew amongst them. It was just as well, or we might have further complications.

There was no sign of life as we approached the cottage. All was still and quiet, but when we put our heads around the corner and looked in the doorway, mother jumped up and ran towards us saying: "I thought I would never see either of you again" and then she collapsed. It was some time before we got her round. She was trying to tell us of the news in the paper. Some of the neighbours had brought it in from town. We told her not to believe it. We would all see father in a day or so.

The next thing to do was to get to Dublin and C. O'Brien was going to put us up. The journey in was difficult as my sister sprained her ankle. I went to Dublin Castle and that night military officers came for mother and Nora to go to father to learn of his courtmartial and death sentence.

I was to go north and collect his writings and mother was to take them to the U.S.A. to Devoy for their publication.

I went north on the first train and went to our old residence and was warmly greeted by our neighbours and the owner of the house who said she would keep the house for us as long as she knew we would return to Belfast.

As I was collecting the material next day mother wired me to return to Dublin to try to avoid me hearing the news alone; she failed. All was over when I reached the capital. The situation was tense. Poor mother, to be left in Dublin without a home! Ours had been more or less broken up in Belfast. We could not go back there to try and earn a living to help the rest of the family. Mother dreaded the thought of living in such a mixed political atmosphere as that of Belfast. Thinking things over after weighing up the pros and cons, it was decided that my sister Nora and I would try to get to the States and then send for mother and family.

This appeared much easier than it turned out to be as our passports would not be granted. Nora made her way to Glasgow and stowed away in a boat for U.S.A. and mother and I went north to dispose of the household goods and give up the house. Everybody was so kind to mother; it made her all the more sad to think that she had once thought : "Here at last I found peace and happiness with my husband and family around me". But of what a short duration and what a tragic ending!

About this time a number of prisoners had been released and a group had got together to make some financial arrangements for a National Aid - aeriochta, concerts, plays and everything that could collect money for the cause was sponsored with great enthusiasm. Money was sent from U.S.A. and the National Aid Association was born, composed of influential people of all walks of life, who would look after the interests of the dependants and the welfare of their children.

There was still no hope of us getting to the States. My brother, a younger sister and I were sent to boarding schools while awaiting the decision of H.M. Government for passports. These were not granted, and, finally, my mother set up a home in Dublin and my sister Nora returned to join her there.

Signed: Ina Heron
(Ina Heron)

Date: 25-1-54
25.1.54

Witness: S. Ni Chiosain
(S. Ni Chiosain)

A P P E N D I X A

Certificate of Marriage

Church of St. John the Baptist at Merville St., Perth, in the Diocese of Durkeed.

Anno 1890 die 30 April Ego

James Connolly — Lily Reynolds

John & Marie Connolly — John & Margaret Reynolds

Pres. Test. Jessie Mill.
Elizabeth Boyce.

Witness my hand this day

30th of April 1890

Extract of an Entry in a Register of Births

No.	Name and Surname	Where and When born	Sex	Parents	Signed	
605	James Connolly	1868 June Fifth 2h. 30 p.m. No. 107 Cowgate Edinburgh.	M.	John Connolly Manure Carter. Mary Connolly 1856 Oct. 20 Edinburgh.	John Connolly	1868 at Edinburgh Signed Ass. S. Sutherland, Register Initild. D.B.

Extracted from the Register Book of Births for the district of Saint Giles in the City of Edinburgh at this office

12 day of Feb. 1951.