

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRÉ MILÉATA 1913-21
NO. W.S. 258

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COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S.258.....

Witness

Mrs. MacDowell (Maeve Cavanagh)
53 Larkfield Grove,
Kimmage, Dublin.
Identity

Member of Irish Citizen Army
1913-1921.

Subject

- (a) National activities 1913-1921;
- (b) Took despatches from Connolly to Waterford
Holy Week and Easter Week 1916.

Conditions, if any, stipulated by Witness

Nil

File No. ...S.191.....

Form B.S.M. 2.

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STATEMENT BY MRS. MAEVE CAVANAGH MacDOWELL

53 Larkfield Grove, Kimmage, Dublin.

I am a Dublin woman, born in South Frederick Street in 1878, married in 1921. My husband was Cecil Grange MacDowell (Cathal MacDubhghaill). He was an engineer in the Corporation. He was an artist who specialised in architectural work. His pictures of Clonfert Cathedral (at present in the Museum) and of Cormac's Chapel in Cashel are the standard works on those buildings. When he was in gaol in Richmond and Frongoch, he heard the other prisoners reading out my poems and he asked for an introduction to me when he came out.

He was a Protestant but he was baptised on the occasion of the fight under de Valera at Boland's Mills. While they were being bombarded from Beggar's Bush Father O'Reilly from Westland Row went to hear the Confessions of the boys who were fighting, and one of them sent the priest up to Cathal, who told him he wanted to go to Confession. The priest, finding out he was not a Catholic, said he would try to get one of his own clergymen for him. Cathal said he would rather not have one as he might give them away. He laid down his Howth rifle beside him and the priest baptised him. A young Volunteer whose name was Kavanagh was godfather.

Cathal had been organist and choirmaster at St. John's Church, Sandymount, and was a friend of Mr. Le Fanu. He used to compose propaganda verse for the Nationalist movement e.g., "We'll crown de Valera King of Ireland", "The Pig Push" and "The Rocky Road to Berlin", and "Pop goes the Peeler". He also played at the big concerts. He was the first to arrange "The Soldiers Song" to music.

My brother, Ernest Cavanagh, was the cartoonist for Connolly's paper, the "Workers' Republic", all voluntary work, as mine and my husband's were. Connolly paid a high tribute to him. He advised him not to sign the last sketch he did for the paper, as it was getting dangerous and he might be arrested. Ernest did not want to agree to this, but Connolly insisted.

When Redmond held his big recruiting meeting in 1914 in the Mansion House, Larkin got Ernest a ticket and he drew cartoons of all the speakers, Dillon, Redmond, etc., and they were in the paper the next week. Connolly who was in Belfast at the time, wrote to Larkin and said the cartoon was dandy.

On Easter Tuesday morning Ernest went down town and went up the steps of Liberty Hall thinking some of the Citizen Army might be there. On his way down he had called to Mrs. Doyle of Charlemont Street and said he would try to get in somewhere. He made for Liberty Hall, and as he went up the steps he was killed - riddled with bullets fired by soldiers in the Custom House. He had told my sister that morning at breakfast that he could not sleep all night. He had not been a member of the Volunteers or Citizen Army.

I was a member of the Gaelic League very young. I used to collect at Church gates, and walked in processions. When I was at business in Sligo I was in correspondence with Griffith about my brother's cartoons and he wrote to me very kindly about them. I and Professor Tracey were the only people who bought his paper in Sligo. Arthur Griffith told me to get in touch with the Professor. Later on I sent a few poems to him and he published them in his paper. It was W.P. Ryan who published my first poems in "The Peasant", of which he was editor. At this time I was in Derry. I was

in the Gaelic League there too. I thought that Branch snobbish as some of the members did not take kindly to the idea of factory girls coming in as members, so we founded another Branch, at the second meeting of which I read a paper. A reporter of the "Derry People" asked me for permission to publish it in his paper. He gave it a great splash although I thought it immature. As it was an attack on parliamentarianism it struck a new note up there and touched a chord of sympathy.

I was one year in a business house in Derry, and at the same time writing poetry regularly for "The Peasant". Then I came back to Dublin. I was in various Branches of the Gaelic League. I attended meetings of Arthur Griffith - very few women would attend them except the Inghiní, of which I was not a member although I knew all of them. To me they seemed a formidable body of women, although I take off my hat to them. They were great stuff and did wonderful work.

The next thing I remember was the coming of Larkin, and then I went to Liberty Hall, and with H. Molony, Marie Perolz and Madame Markievicz began to be there constantly. Madame and Dr. Lynn wanted to meet each other and I made an arrangement to bring the doctor out to Madame's cottage at Sandyford. Liam Mellows and The O'Rahilly used to go there, and of course I saw all the Fianna boys. I went there constantly.

I was in Cumann na mBan, being Secretary for a time. I think it was at Harcourt Street the Branch met. I got tired of that, as they were only collecting money and such like activities. I went to Liberty Hall for good and took part in all the activities of the Citizen Army. We had route marches through the city and suburbs. Connolly, I think, and Commandant Mallin certainly would be with us.

Larkin was concerned about temperance and hated the idea of the men spending their time and money in public-houses, so he started to organise concerts. He asked me would I help and we started the concerts at the time the public-houses would open. Larkin told the men to bring their wives and babies and that the babies could cry all they wanted. I used to play the piano and sometimes I got a lecturer for them and helped in any way I could.

I began to write steadily for the "Workers' Republic!" My brother Ernest got on very well with Larkin. When I was speaking once to Connolly about Larkin, he said, "Jim is able to attract a crowd", but I always thought that Connolly himself could attract a better type of man.

When I heard Larkin was going to America I asked him why would he go now when the Revolution was coming off - we all knew it was coming - at first we thought it was to be Good Friday in commemoration of Brian Boru's victory. He said the real work was to be done in America. I felt that things at Liberty Hall had become strained and that it was a relief that he went. Connolly was the man for the Revolution.

He had also a keen and caustic sense of humour. We used to get up dances and concerts for the rifle fund. I remember one particular dance for which I had rounded up all my draper acquaintances from Lees and elsewhere, and they came in their silks and satins looking very swell. With difficulty I induced Connolly to attend. He came and sat timidly in a corner looking around with astonishment at them all. At last he turned to me and said, "In the Name of God where did you get them?". I think that was the night before the O'Donovan Rossa funeral. I was feeling very ill, as I had just lost a dearly beloved brother and my nerves were in

a bad way. I had to play the piano all night, and when I went home I was so sick that I was afraid I would not be able to walk in the procession the next day. I went, however, and we - the Citizen Army - were on guard at the grave.

I used to talk a good deal to Connolly, and one day in the Co-Op. I said something to him about "Righteous men will make us a nation once again". He said, "Get anyone, any one who will fight".

Another day Connolly was talking about Eoin MacNeill, whom I knew he was dubious of as a revolutionary. Speaking of his paper, the "Irish Volunteer", he said it was like a great wet blanket spread over Ireland every week.

He talked to me about Joseph Mary Plunkett a short time before Easter, 1916. He was very delighted and enthusiastic about him. He had no doubts about his zeal for the revolution.

Two men Connolly was not keen on. One evening Nellie Gifford and I and Connolly were talking about Hobson and Fitzgibbon. Nellie was praising them but I said something derogatory about them, that they would never do anything decisive. Connolly laughed rather harshly, saying "There now are two very different points of view". But I knew he agreed with me.

Another day he said to me at a time that England was getting heavy blows from the Germans, "Is it possible that she is going to be finished".

On another occasion when he was talking about the coming Rising, he said, "We'll all be shot". I said banteringly, "And what is to become of me?" He answered quite seriously, "You'll remain to lay the laurels on our brows". I think that it was very close to the Rising. I had given

him a revolutionary poem. He was walking up and down and he suddenly stopped in front of me. "I wonder what we'll call you", he said. When the paper - "Workers' Republic - came out that week the placards were all over Dublin, "Great Revolutionary Poem by Maeve Cavanagh, the Poetess of the Revolution". I felt very proud that day, because I had always admired the women poets of '48 and longed to be like them.

I think I was the first that a pension was promised to. "I wonder what we'll do with you, we'll give you a pension", said he in one of his lighter moments.

One day he and I watched a regular river of Irishmen in uniform walking down the Quays to the boat to embark for the war. I said, "Isn't it terrible to see them all going off to be killed". He said, "Would you rather they stopped here to fight - against us?".

On Palm Sunday he invited a few of us to a little tea party, a very meagre affair because he did not wish to spend the funds. We toasted the revolution in tea.

The men were anxious for him to have a uniform. He rather reluctantly got one and appeared in it one Sunday not very long before the Rising. We started to admire him, and, growing shy, he shooed us all away.

One day Ernest came home to his dinner shortly before Easter. He told us that the police had gone to raid the Co-Op. shop and take copies of the papers. Connolly said to the raiders, "You drop that or I'll drop you". He had a revolver in his hand. Ernest also saw Madame Markievicz flourishing a revolver on the same day.

Although Connolly is considered to have been a Communist he was primarily an Irish Republican, although he was

naturally always preoccupied with the idea of alleviating the lot of Irish workmen. He often said the social revolution would never come until we had England off our back.

During Holy Week, probably Wednesday, Connolly told me that he wanted me to go to Waterford and seek out the leader of the Volunteers. Yes, I think Sean Matthews was his name. On Thursday I travelled by an early train, I think the 6.45. I met Marie Perolz at the station. She said there were "G" men around. Mrs. O'Doherty was there too, travelling by the same train. We all went into the same carriage although we did not pretend to know each other on the station. When we reached Waterford Marie Perolz and I made contact with Sean Matthews. He came out of the shop with us and talked with us in a lonely place. He was very nervous. Connolly had told me that the message was that we were coming out on Easter Sunday. Sean Matthews said to me when he had read the note, "Tell Connolly that we have few rifles but we'll do what we can". I came home that night and went to Liberty Hall. I gave Connolly back what change I had and he said "Good".

I do not remember much about Friday or Saturday. Liberty Hall was bristling with armed men on duty night and day.

On the Good Friday, I think, Mallin told me that they were making a machine in Liberty Hall and wanted all the money they could get to finish it. I offered him the few pounds I had. He refused at first, but he came back afterwards and took it.

Mallin used to come a lot to our house. He was always collecting rifles and he told me he got a lot from the soldiers in Inchicore barracks and he often came in exhausted

after these expeditions, and my sister used to make him a meal. He got me a little .22 revolver and ammunition for it.

I must have been in Liberty Hall Saturday evening because I was mobilised for Sunday. Mallin said Nellie Gifford and I were to be in Harcourt Street to give notice of troops approaching.

Tom Clarke used sometimes to give me papers to mind for him. He was always keen to give women a proper place in every organisation.

On Easter Sunday morning I locked up my things at home and gave the keys to my sister, not knowing when I would be back. I went early to Liberty Hall. I found all the Citizen Army girls assembled round Connolly in subdued excitement. He had already told them of the hitch in the arrangements for the Rising. The girls kept saying, "Ah, they'll never do anything". He was trying to soothe them saying, "It will be all right". That night he said to me with a grim and determined air, "We fight at noon and they can do as they like".

I remember going with Marie Perolz on some message. I think it may have been to Mrs. McGarry's in Fitzwilliam Street. Somebody in the house took my hat as a memento. I think I took Marie Perolz home to dinner because I remember seeing Ernest.

We went back to Liberty Hall and remained there. I brought with me a brother who was home from England - Willie whom I had already told that something was about to take place. The fingers of his hands had been all destroyed by an accident, but he said he could do something and asked to be brought to Connolly, who spoke to him very kindly. He

stayed there with us and that night got a message for Dr. McCartan which he took to him on the following morning. He found him after waiting a long time for him, and when Willie came home he said he thought he was the last person Dr. McCartan wanted to see. I imagine his message from Connolly was the same as mine. He came back on Monday night and tried to get into Liberty Hall to report to Connolly but there was nobody there.

We had our usual orchestra on Sunday night. I was playing the piano and Mallin the flute. Things were going on quite peacefully. I was standing on the landing late that night. I remember T. McDonagh was leaning against the railing. He did not see me. A short time before that he and I had a heated argument about Fitzgibbons and Hobson. He was defending them. I went over to him and said I was sorry we had that row. He put out his hand and shook mine warmly. "That's all right", he said, "sure I was out all day with MacNeill trying to put him off". McDonagh seemed very tired. He added that he had run home to see his children and say goodbye to them. He said the boy did not wake up but the little girl did and put her arms round his neck. Incidentally, after the Rising I met Mrs. McDonagh and she told me the first she knew of her husband's execution was when she was walking down the road on the 3rd May, she bought a paper and saw the news of the execution.

Some time about midnight on Sunday, Connolly came to me as I was going home. He walked to the steps with me and stood talking. He said, "Look over there", pointing at the policeman standing under the arch with a motor bicycle. I think that was the time he said about fighting at noon. I asked him, "What time will I come down in the morning?". "Come down at 8 o'clock", said he. "As early as that?" said

I. He turned and looked at me and said, "Do you think that too early for a revolution?" We both laughed. Earlier in the day Connolly had been discussing with me the failure of the landing of the German arms and he said the Germans were there to the minute. Before I left the Hall Sean Connolly was on guard. He said to me, "I am going to a regular death trap, but the risk has to be taken".

I was at home preparing for bed when I heard a knock at the door, and when I opened it a man gave me two messages in sealed envelopes, one for my brother for Dr. McCartan and one for me to bring to Waterford. Much later Marie Perolz told me the man was Charlie Power. She was waiting for him in the street, but did not come to the door.

I had brought the news of Monteith's landing to Ernest who was a great friend of his. Ernest said the British would surely bring a gunboat to the Liffey mouth and blow up Dublin in the event of a Rising.

Willie and I got up early on Monday and took our messages I went to Power's Hotel in Waterford and somebody sent for Sean Matthews. The people of the hotel were sympathetic. When he came he was very upset. The whole position seemed to have changed from the time I had seen him before. He talked about the Citizen Army pulling this thing off, mentioned this foreigner, Madame Markievicz. He told me that Captain J.J. O'Connell had been there and demobilised them. I asked, "Where is he now? I would like to see him". "He has gone on to Kilkenny to demobilise the men there" said he. Matthews said he had to go and talk to the other men. I asked to be let go with him but he refused. I waited then and I was getting ready to go to the station when he came back. I wanted to get back by the twelve o'clock train so as to be in the Rising. His whole attitude had changed.

He said, "They are out in Dublin", and he seemed troubled. We went back to the hotel, where we found a man named Nick Murphy from Wexford. I wrote a message about the Rising on a slip of paper for him to take with him back to Wexford. I heard afterwards from Bob Brennan that it was delivered to him. My train was steaming out when we reached the station. On Tuesday there was no train. Mr. Passau tried to get a motor for me. When he got it he could not get petrol.

On Wednesday they told me there was a train to Kilkenny and they asked would I go there with a message to O'Connell. I said I would and they gave me a written message which I concealed on my person. I understood it was to the effect that the Kilkenny and Waterford Volunteers should take combined action for a Rising. When I went to the station I saw soldiers being put on the train by an officer, evidently with a view to getting them to Dublin. I went to the officer and asked him was this the train to Kilkenny. He very politely said yes and brought me to a carriage with the soldiers and bowed me in. He came back after and asked the soldiers had they guns. They replied that they had only bayonets. When the officer went away one of the soldiers turned to me and said, "These bloody Sinn Feiners won't let us in to Dublin". I looked sympathetic.

At Kilkenny I got out of the station safely without any interrogation. In a newspaper shop I enquired for Mr. De Loughrey's address and got it. When I located De Loughrey he brought me up to a room. I said I had a message for Captain O'Connell. He was very truculent and angry and began to give out about Sean McDermott coming down to Kilkenny and getting entertained and then pulling this off in Dublin. I felt that he was completely antagonistic to the Rising. I repeated that I wanted to see Captain O'Connell. "Well, he's here", he said and sent him in to the room.

I gave him the message. "They should have waited till there was conscription", O'Connell said, "Look at that, it is all over already", showing me an English paper. I said, "Sure an old woman could take Kilkenny to-day. If you are afraid to give the message, let me see the men and I'll give them the message and take the responsibility". He replied, "You shall certainly not see any man under my command". To my consternation he broke down and cried, and said, "I deserve that, I'll be called a traitor". I was very sorry for him as I saw he was under a terrible strain, but not of indecision. I said, "Oh, Captain O'Connell, it is not as bad as that, surely you can do something yet". He said, "No, it is all over", showing me the paper again. De Loughrey had come back into the room. O'Connell said that he had better give me some money. I said I would not take any money when I had not fulfilled my mission. I said I had money in a bank in Dublin. De Loughrey said he would give me a couple of pounds if I wrote out an order to my bank. I did so, and afterwards I learned from the bank that they did not pay the money as I had not a current account. They asked me to call in about it. De Loughrey wrote me a curt note to forward the money. I found the position humiliating.

Afterwards at a meeting at Goold's Cross someone who was in gaol with O'Connell told me that he - O'Connell - wondered why they kept sending these hysterical women after him. I was amazed because if anyone was hysterical it certainly was not I. I had formed the conviction that day that he was not a revolutionary. He told me to tell them in Waterford that nothing could be done, the thing was practically over. I said I would not take a verbal message. He wrote it down without demur.

I went back to Waterford. At various intermediate

stations men were getting in to go back to the front, and the women seeing them off were screaming and wailing. I had the English paper in my hand and one of the soldiers asked to see it. He said to me, "Isn't it terrible! Have you friends in it?", meaning the fighting in Dublin. I said "Yes". He said, "If it was conscription we would be all in it with them" I said, "What good would you be in that uniform?" Sean Matthews was waiting for me in Power's Hotel. I gave him the despatch and when he read it he was disgusted. He was about to tear it when I stopped him and told him to keep it.

I went out to the station to see about a train to Dublin. While I was out the police visited the hotel and examined the list of visitors. Evidently my name meant nothing to them. Passau said I should leave the hotel and he got me a room somewhere. He took my revolver and gave it to someone, I think Roddy was the name (I afterwards got it back in Dublin).

I got the first train that came the whole way to Dublin, which I think was on Saturday. On the train there was a fine tall soldier in khaki in the corridor. He started to tear the coat off his back. His comrades tried to pacify him and push him into a carriage. He resented being in the British Army, but I have forgotten what he said.

When we got to Dublin after a very tedious and slow journey, the "G" men were scrutinising people getting off the train. Someone in the train had hinted that if we had incriminating papers we should get rid of them. I tore up any I had and threw them out the window. I was not held up at the station. When I arrived home - I do not remember how - my nephew opened the door and very bluntly said to me, "Ernest is killed".

I went back to business. My house was raided. I had £40 in gold in the house, it was not mine, it was Dr.

Lynn's. The officer took it, although my sister protested. They came to where I worked and paraded me before the soldiers, saying I was a Sinn Feiner. I said I wasn't, I was a Republican. He said, "For two pins I'd put you against the wall and shoot you". I said, "I don't care whether you do or not". He said, "Go back to your room, you are under arrest". I marched back and a Tommy after me. He left me and after a while I opened the door and seeing nobody about I ran through the shop and whispered to somebody to get my bicycle. I went out and rode to Portmarnock to a friend's house where I spent a few days. I went back home then and to work again. It was then I heard about the £40.

A couple of "G" men came for me after a short time and brought me to the Fire Brigade Station in Ballsbridge - the military headquarters. They brought me into a room in which sat three officers and there was a vacant chair for me, on which I promptly sat down. Stacked on a table beside them were a number of copies of my book "Sheaves of Revolt". They then proceeded to courtmartial me. They asked me why I had run away from Lees. I said I had gone to some friends and had written to some members of Parliament in case anything should happen to me. They asked me about Madame Markievicz. I would not give them any information. I asked why the officer had taken my £40. They said with indignation "Impossible". They whispered together and finally the O.C. said, "Put this lady in the guardroom". There were Tommies in the guardroom and one of them, when they got their rations, wanted to share his with me. After a while coffee and sandwiches were sent to me from the officers' mess. Then I was sent for by the O.C., Captain - afterwards Major - Moore. He said, "We are allowing you to go". I said, "What about my money?". "That will be sent after you". The two detectives were there. "Will you call these off

please", said I. "They are not going with you", said he. The next day two soldiers came in to Lees and handed me the money. I counted it and it was £5 short. I immediately wrote to Captain Moore and he replied that that was all he got. I never got the £5.

I continued to be active in the movement. I dedicated my next book, "A Voice of Insurgency", to Connolly. It sold rapidly. My book "Passion Flowers", which contained National poems, had to be printed at night for fear of raids by the military. That was in 1918.

I went to London in August towards the end of Casement's trial. I was told by Miss French-Mullen after a few committee meetings at my home, to contact Miss Gore-Booth. She told me when I saw her that she had already interviewed Asquith, who told her that nobody in Ireland was taking any interest in Casement. I immediately wired to Dublin and told them to send on all sorts of appeals, which they promptly did. When Nevinson or someone went again to Asquith he was told that he was inundated with requests. Nevinson, Miss Gore-Booth, Miss Roper and myself went to the House of Commons. I had a long talk with Ramsay McDonald, who spoke to me in a very low voice, expressing his astonishment that Connolly had acted as he did. Ramsay said that Redmond was the only one who could save Casement. Nearly all of them said that. We all saw Redmond. Nevinson approached him while we waited on one side for the result of the interview which did not last a minute. Nevinson came limping back looking very dejected, for he was a personal friend of Casement and left no stone unturned to save him. In reply to our query about Redmond, Nevinson told us that Redmond said in regard to Casement, "Don't mention that name to me". We went to Carson then. Nevinson again spoke to him, and got the reply that he could do nothing, the only one who could was Redmond. The

execution took place and we went to have a Mass said for Casement in Westminster Cathedral. The priest said Masses had been already said that day for him. When we came out on the street again, the newsboys were shouting "Spy hanged".

I went down to see Dr. Lynn in Bath. She was supposed not to leave the place, but we both went to Aylesbury Prison to see Helena Molony. They did not want to let us in, but we asked them to ring up the Home Office and they gave permission. We said we were relatives of hers. I came back to Dublin.

When the prisoners came home before Christmas we all went to meet them.

At Easter, in commemoration of the Rising, we read the Proclamation of the Republic in different places. Miss ffrench-Mullen and I hired a car for the purpose. On St. Patrick's night, 1917, my play about 1916 was produced by the Liberty Hall Players.

I remember speaking at meetings in Rathfarnham, Ranelagh, Goold's Cross and Athenry. That might have been 1918. On the journey to Goold's Cross a porter whispered to me and whoever was with me that Austin Stack was in the train under arrest. We went along the train until we found him in a carriage with a military guard of two. We went in and sat down beside him and chatted with him unhindered by the guard. At Thurles station there was a seething mob of Volunteers. I called one of them and told him Austin Stack was in the train. He told the others and he came back and asked me to tell Austin to go to the window.

I went back to Austin and asked him to come to the window. He intimated that he wanted nothing done. The soldiers banged the door shut and would not admit us again. I told the Volunteers the position.

After the Rising it was a sad and frequent sight to see the military waggons outside Republicans' doors and the raids in progress.

I went down to the Clare election to give any help I could, and Madame Markievicz and I did some first-aid. Scalp wounds seemed the order of the day and although we advised the wounded to rest a bit, they only laughed and went off to the fray again. Later in the day I and some men friends passing through a street were attacked by the women, some of whom flourished their husbands' bayonets, they were soldiers' wives. One of our party, a young Galway man who is now a priest in Australia (Father N. Ryan) had a revolver and fired in the air, but it would have taken more than that to scare these Amazons. They simply got wilder and took up huge stones (of which there were plenty) and hurled them at our feet. The men asked me to run for it (I was the only woman there with them) but I could not let Dublin down and I remained till the Volunteers came at the double down the street and rescued us, but the police got on to us on account of the revolver shot and we had to clear out of the town at once.

I also went to the Cavan election. Helena Molony and I and two of the Citizen Army men cycled all the way from Dublin. When we reached Virginia the MacDonalDs there showed us great hospitality and kindness, and the people generally were very enthusiastic. I met a man in Virginia who told me that he had a daughter born that morning and he had called her after me! He knew my name writing in Connolly's paper. I remember Bob Brennan was there that day too.

I also was down for the Kilkenny election and was slightly amused when the first person I saw marshalling the

the procession and generally "bossing the show" was De Loughrey, whose viewpoint was so different the last time we had met.

When the railway men refused to carry the "Tans" I sent to a nephew who was an artist in London and asked him to do a postcard which would do for propaganda, and also to sell it for the men's funds, as of course they were not working. He sent me back quite a good card and I got a block made and got some thousands printed, got them sold and sent the money to the men's committee rooms. They were very grateful and asked me for the block and got more cards done and sold by themselves. I still have their letter of thanks.

On the night Inspector Mills was killed at Liberty Hall - or the night after - I was asked to take charge of a wanted man, and bring him to another house. We did all we could to alter his appearance and I brought him safely to the house. He was never got. Of course murder was never intended at all. It was a blow struck in the heat of the fight.

The night before Tom Ashe died, some others and myself carried over chairs to the Post Office in O'Connell Street and spoke to a big crowd against the forcible feeding.

SIGNED Harve Lowman & Uae Dowell

DATE 1. June 1949.

WITNESS Pat Cusack

