

humanity in every way that lay in his power and in that of the skilful nurse. The same holds good of the Red Cross men in the train from Tralee to Dublin. For the rest, I tell you a plain unvarnished tale and leave the judgment to you.

Two nights in Cahereiveen for repair of the ambulance. Then Tralee prison hospital. Four beds, luckily unoccupied, in air-space fitted for one and a half. One filthy sheet only, with the stains of the last occupant on it, filthy brown blankets, "lice in all his quarters," no utensils of any kind, a woman in nurse's costume and no training—actually a common searcher—stripping the women and girls brought in stark naked, "to oblige the Governor." I asked for a chamber, and indicated my extreme need after the journey. She seemed surprised, and went away. There was no bell or means of summoning help. After twelve hours endurance, I succeeded in dragging myself across the floor, with the intention of making use of the fireplace. A door gave, and I found that I was in a small cell containing a dirty bucket and a torn, bedraggled two-feet of carpet, over a broken floor—the "lavatory." Locked in, of course.

Next day, the woman, arriving in about 10.40, informed me I was being removed immediately. No time to wash or do my hair. By the time the ambulance reached the prison gates, the train had gone. After a long colloquy it was decided to try to catch it at the next station. The ambulance was old, the roads trenched, re-filled, and re-trenched, and we were scorching. Stretcher patient, ambulance attendant, flew in the air together, hitting each other time after time, wrenching the wounded leg, bruising back, thighs, shins, and shoulders. "Patient," did I say? I meant, prisoner—a parcel, goods, to be delivered somehow, anyhow. Nine miles of it without relief. And, of course, the train was gone.

"We'll have a quieter time of it going back," said the ambulance attendant. The words were barely out of his mouth, when—crash! bang! stop! and the rumble of falling stones. The attendant, doubled up, came shooting along the seat on the top of me, the prisoner, shuttlecock fashion, received the battledore coming down, and landed against the ambulance door. Oh, nothing at all—just in backing to turn we had knocked down half a wall, broken the ambulance doors and seat, and knocked the step crooked.

An indignant young Red Cross man on the spot wrenched open the door and got me out. "It's disgraceful! I'll report it! Here, I'll take you into a nice kitchen and give you a drink of water." With that he had me round the waist and I did my best to hop. But no—halfway there the ambulance attendant, who had been knocked nearly unconscious, pounced upon us. Did you ever see two cats after the same mouse? "Paws off—my mouse, not yours." Sure enough, I was *his* mouse, and he got me and lodged me in Tralee jail again with a sigh of relief—"for I thought our number was up that time," said he. The "nurse" did not come near me, neither that evening nor the next day. Everything that I needed I had to ask

the male attendant for, including the supplying of the chamber.

The "goods" were consigned to Kilmainham prison. There was a twenty-minutes' wait after they had got me into the ambulance at the station whilst discussion went on. At Kilmainham, over half an hour outside the gates. No doors to the ambulance, a cold wind, and the *gamins* of Dublin swarming in. On again to the North Dublin Union prison. No admittance. Another wait. Meanwhile, the medical officer in charge of the prisoner was putting leading questions: "Were you carrying dispatches when you were taken?" "Where is Humphry Murphy now?" "Where is Tommy Mack now?" The answers to those questions might mean death or torture—and this was Red Cross. At last a door opened. There was no stretcher, and, painfully hopping between two men, after a twelve-hours' journey, on the sixth day of hunger-strike, with wounds undressed for more than three days, the prisoner tottered in. The goods were delivered at last.

I had arrived in the midst of a fight. Two hundred and sixty women and girls in the prison. The prison doctor had just resigned as a protest against the inhuman treatment of some of the prisoners. In his stead was brought in a man of whom the girls had previous and painful experience. One girl in our ward, seeing him come in, jumped from her bed, fled to the lavatory, and there fainted. We decided to refuse his attendance. As a reprisal he called off the nurses, leaving us without care. We had two cases of nephritis, a gastric ulcer, a severe tonsillitis with recurrent hæmorrhage from the nose, three girls suffering from kicks in the abdomen and the side, given by the soldiers and C.I.D. men, besides myself wounded and on hunger-strike, with a heart which threatened to give out at an early stage, and some other cases. Patients kept coming in, I hopping round, with help, to attend them as best I could, with every patient who could and several who could not, working like Trojans for those who were worse than themselves.

Then our dear prison doctor and two prisoner nurses threw themselves into the breach, and despite work to be done in the main body of the prison, took turns by night to watch over us. Thank God for them and for their unselfish devotion. It was making bricks without straw. Dr. Fleury was refused aperients, one of the first needs in prison life; she was refused dressings, bandages, lotions, barley to make barley-water, ammonia, and mustard leaves for the heart case—anything, even a clinical thermometer. We had, of course, no conveniences, bed-pans, feeding-cups, toilet-paper, dressing bowls or trays. There was an insufficiency of mugs and plates—they had to be washed up repeatedly.

As to decency—well, the sentry outside commanded a full view of us and of all our actions through the large unblinded windows. No screens for the most private acts. And continual firing at night, especially after pay-day, when the soldiers got drunk. There was no one to do our fireplaces,

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