

## CHAPTER THREE



*That we declare ourselves unreservedly in favour of the independence of Ireland and demand that our government recognise the Irish Republic.*

– resolution passed at Fenway Park, 29 June 1919



All Saturday afternoon long, people had been gathering in and around Boston's South Station. They'd travelled from every corner of the city, and as the crowd thickened in the Great Room, it became apparent the station once regarded as the largest in the world would not be sufficient to hold the number of people arriving in droves. Some wore straw hats and clothes usually only taken out of the wardrobe on Sunday mornings for mass. A lot of them were still carrying the sweat and grime of a day's work; afraid to go home and change lest they miss the show in the interim.

By the time the clock on the granite façade above the front entrance ticked past six, there were an estimated crowd of 25,000 milling around, inside and out; an excited mob desperately waiting for the arrival of this man they'd been hearing of since 1916, and reading avidly about for the past few days. Eventually, some could stand it no more. A couple of hundred of the

most anxious managed to break through the security cordon of police and made their way down the side of the train tracks. It was dangerous – stupid even. But they wanted to get the first glimpse of the Knickerbocker Express carrying de Valera from New York. They wanted to see the myth made flesh.

The 1:00pm out of Grand Central was running approximately thirty minutes behind schedule, through no fault of the driver. The delay was the result of carrying an in-demand passenger up through the towns and cities of New England. At New London, Connecticut, a routine stop turned into an impromptu pep rally when 1,000, or so, members of the FOIF swarmed de Valera's carriage and demanded a speech. How could he refuse a group who had met his train with a flurry of Irish and American flags? Following a short introduction *as Gaeilge*, he segued into English for a brief oration punctuated by shouts from the crowd along the platform.

'I've been to Old London and I'm glad to be in New London. I knew that Ireland had many friends in this country but I never knew until I got here how widespread the feeling among the American people was that Ireland is entitled to her liberty. You are a liberty-loving people....'

At this juncture, a voice declared 'We'll free Ireland' and everybody present roared their approval. After a pause to allow the cheering to die down, de Valera pressed on.

'We understood in Ireland that the people of America entered the war to make democracy safe for the world and to free small nations which were struggling to be free. We knew that at least one of America's associates in that war was not sincere in her protestations about freedom for small nations, and that is the

reason why we refused to believe her word. England didn't have to go to war to free one small nation. She could have set Ireland free without entering a foreign war if she wanted to.'

'To Hell with England,' went the cry from the throng surrounding him, and the cheering was amplified once more. Finally, de Valera, carrying an enormous bouquet of yellow and white roses, presented to him by the city Mayor Frank Morgan, shook as many outstretched hands as he could, before clambering back on board the train to continue his journey north – his every step dogged by more backslapping and applause.

He retreated from the tumult to the relative safety of the car occupied by his entourage. Apart from the ubiquitous Harry Boland, there was Sean Nunan, Miss Martin, an American woman retained as official stenographer during this portion of the trip, Joseph F. O'Connell, a former Democratic Congressman for Boston who'd been sent to New York as envoy of the Fenway Park organising committee, and Reverend Thomas J. Wheelwright, de Valera's half-brother.

Any hope of spending the journey working on his speech was undermined by the alacrity with which word of his presence spread through the train once it left New York. There had been a steady stream of visitors wanting to shake his hand and make his acquaintance. A visit to the dining car gave him further evidence of his growing fame, his fellow diners staring at the new celebrity in their midst.

If the New London cameo had put the Express behind schedule, the crowd waiting at Providence, an hour or so up the tracks, was three times as large. However, the Rhode Island authorities had been a little more safety conscious and better-prepared.

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They had restricted those trying to see de Valera to a fenced-off area and only official members of the Providence welcoming committee were allowed inside the barrier to gain access to the train. They were soon joined inside the velvet rope by a large contingent of Boston politicians and dignitaries, who'd travelled down to accompany their distinguished visitor back up north to South Station, in Boston.

Some of the political representatives probably made the journey out of pragmatic motives. What better way to impress constituents than for them to see their local councillor exiting the train on the shoulder of the man of the hour? Many though had purer motivations. When Dr James T. Gallagher, a veteran of Irish causes through the decades, was introduced to de Valera, tears ran down his cheeks as he proclaimed: 'Thank God I've lived to see a President of Ireland. God Bless you.'

There was no shortage of blessings or of those qualified to give them. A large gaggle of priests had boarded at Providence. Among them was Fr Liam O'Connell, of Philadelphia, who'd made the expedition from his home town to personally extend the best wishes of the clergy from that city.

With the security arrangements precluding him from properly alighting to answer the repeated calls for a speech from those stranded on the outside looking in, de Valera moved to the back of the train from where he spoke briefly to a small group of Rhode Islanders who'd gathered there. When it came time for the train to continue on its way, he waved theatrically to those precluded from getting close enough to hear him and the chaos was such many of the Providence officials found themselves unable to disembark. They were carried off to Boston, where by

now South Station was bulging at the seams.

Twenty minutes before seven, the man of the moment finally reached his destination but it was well past the hour by the time most of the crowd even caught a glimpse of him. Upon reaching the door of the carriage, de Valera was met by a phalanx of photographers with still and moving cameras, recording umpteen handshakes with various Boston luminaries. He stood on the top step posing for pictures for a full fifteen minutes, satisfying the media's demands. In some photographs, he wore the rigor mortis grin of somebody newly conscious of the importance of public image. In others, the warmth of his smile reeks of a man happy with his move from the shadows and the clandestine to the glare of the flash bulbs and spotlights.

After the barrage of cameras, de Valera began the long march towards his car. A band led the way but even their lusty rendition of 'Amhrán na bhFiann' (the Irish national anthem) was almost drowned out by the rousing ovation sound-tracking his every step.

The formalities of the occasion weren't to everybody's liking and merely applauding wouldn't do for those intent on shaking his hand or slapping his back. Many in the crowd repeatedly rushed the police line to try to get a close-up look at their hero. These surges were contained and the constabulary finally delivered the tall, still smiling figure to the automobile waiting outside. The size of the multitude surrounding the vehicle can be gleaned from the fact the following morning's *Boston Globe* photograph of the event carried a helpful arrow pointing to the exact spot in the heaving mass where the car was located.

'It was with the greatest difficulty that the distinguished

visitor was gotten through the crowd,' wrote M.E. Hennessy in the *Boston Globe*. 'The police did their best to restore some kind of order in the carriage concourse but men and women lost their heads and crowded about his motor car. Finally the start was made and the motor procession crept through the immense throng which filled Summer Street and Dewey Square until there was barely room enough for the autos to proceed...The women marched with the men in the streets, following his auto and cheering him at every step, waving Irish and American flags, and shouting in English and Irish: "Welcome! A thousand welcomes to Boston! God bless and preserve Ireland's saviour and leader".'

Evincing a teacher's typical eye for a learning opportunity, de Valera asked the Americans sharing the car ride with him if they had recognised the air being played by the band back at the station. When they confessed ignorance, he related the story of the provenance of 'Amhrán na bhFiann' and how it had come to be regarded by the people as the national anthem of the nation that wasn't of course yet a nation in the eyes of the world.

At the entrance to the Copley-Plaza Hotel, there was more mayhem. An estimated 6,000 had eschewed the South Station arrival in order to stake out the best spots at the venue that would play host to a banquet in his honour that evening. This crowd was soon joined by thousands more who'd accompanied the motorcade, and by the time de Valera reached the sanctuary of his room, he was feeling the ill-effects of all this adulation. He told Joseph F. O'Connell his right hand was actually hurting from the intensity of all the handshakes. O'Connell duly noted his complaint and the welcoming committee soon made an

announcement requesting people: ‘not to express in their hand-clasp with President de Valera all their enthusiasm for the cause.’

De Valera needed to be in peak condition for his first major public speech of the campaign the following afternoon at Fenway Park. Built by Charles E. Logue, a Derry-born contractor, it was ordinarily home to the Boston Red Sox, who during the 1919 season drew an average of around 6,000 fans to games. Even the day nine months earlier when the team, including one Babe Ruth, clinched the World Series with a 2-1 victory over the Chicago Cubs, just over 15,000 were present to celebrate what would be its last such triumph for nearly nine decades.

For the appearance of de Valera at a public rally organised at less than a week’s notice however, it was still expected that maybe 25,000 people might show up come Sunday afternoon, this being the self-styled most Irish town in America, after all. By lunchtime on what turned out to a perfect summer’s day, it became clear from the enormous throngs milling along Lansdowne, Van Ness and Jersey Streets that as many as twice that number were going to attend.

In the seven years since it opened for business, Fenway had never hosted anything quite like this. A full hour before the scheduled start of 3.00pm, police began to block off entrances for fear too many people were pushing their way into the venue. Thousands were already too late for the show and confined to eavesdropping the action from outside; disappointed that they missed a colourful and unique spectacle.

Many of those standing on the green sward in the outfield carried signs voicing their support for Ireland or displeasure with England. ‘England is disqualified and unfit to rule Ireland’ read

the banner from the Boston Gaelic School Society. 'We demand England withdraw 140,000 soldiers from Ireland' went another. Everywhere, tricolours and stars and stripes fluttered cheek by jowl. It seemed no group saw fit to parade into the venue without prominently waving both flags, fully symbolising their twin allegiances.

All over the stadium, Irish Volunteer Bands from every corner of New England were in full voice. For a time, each played to their own tune, causing quite a cacophony until somebody in authority finally managed to coalesce their efforts. Together, they then launched into a symphony of greatest Irish hits that only served to inflame the passions of the waiting attendance further.

At various junctures, dozens of men in uniform – from organisations like Charlestown's John Boyle O'Reilly Guards and Lowell's Wolfe Tone, Sheridan and Meagher Guards – stood anxiously, awaiting the arrival of the keynote speaker. Several of these Irish societies were unable to fulfill their great ambition of forming a guard of honour through which the star might walk to the stage that had been erected over home plate. Their best efforts were thwarted by the unruliness of a crowd electrified by the sudden sight of three mounted policemen beginning to clear the narrowest pathway to allow de Valera and the welcoming committee to navigate through the multitude.

As they negotiated the narrow canyon of people, the crowd surged forward from both sides to try to catch a glimpse of their hero. Women fainted in the crush, several appeals were made to try to calm the masses, yet still they pressed forward. Even when de Valera finally reached the stage, reporters stationed at tables

directly in front of him found themselves immediately under siege as men clambered over them in a quest to get ever closer to the action.

Once some sort of order was restored, de Valera took his seat on a platform boasting a soldier on each side. One bore aloft a tattered stars and stripes carried by the 101<sup>st</sup> Division when it fought the Germans at Argonne, in France, the previous year, the other held fast to a tricolour. If the presence of the flags denoting the nation of his birth and the nation which he now claimed to lead made the location especially fitting, the self-styled President of Ireland was actually mixing in rather nefarious company. In a city where politics has always been something of a bloodsport, the line-up of esteemed Bostonian dignitaries alongside him on the stand represented a veritable rogues' gallery.

District Attorney Joseph C. Pelletier was already under investigation and would eventually be disbarred by the Massachusetts Supreme Court for criminal conspiracy. Former Mayor James Curley was the son of Galwegian immigrants whose nickname 'The Rascal King' only hinted at the corruption and scandal that attended every stage of his illustrious political career. Curley's successor was on the podium too, one Andrew Peters. An undistinguished holder of the office, Mayor Peters would earn a dubious footnote when he was later exposed as a paedophile. As he sat in Fenway that day, he was already sexually involved with a twelve-year-old girl.

They weren't the only ones with colourful reputations surrounding de Valera either. Dan Coakley, a prominent member of the Boston Bar Association, had earned a fortune of money

and the soubriquet of 'The Knave of Boston' through his devotion to the art of bribery. His particular *modus operandi* was luring extremely wealthy men into compromising positions with prostitutes and then getting photographs of the scene. Coakley was the first official to speak. He rose and introduced Thomas H. Mahoney as the presiding officer of the meeting.

In the middle of this motley crew then sat de Valera, smiling in most photographs, obviously and inevitably impressed by the enormous show they were staging in his honour. How much did he know of the personal foibles of the characters in his midst? Well, the quality of de Valera and Boland's intelligence about so much else in Irish-America suggests they must have realised they weren't exactly hanging with choirboys. Given the dimensions of this theatrical event he may not, under the circumstances, have been able to afford to care about the morality of the men behind it. This lavish promotion garnered international headlines and the perfect high-profile start to his trip. That the individuals responsible weren't the most wholesome bunch didn't figure in the contemporary newspaper reports.

'To say that it was thrilling is putting it mildly – it was electric,' wrote A.J. Philpott in the *Boston Globe*. 'The heart and the head of the people of Irish blood were in it. In Eamonn (sic) de Valera was personified the fulfillment of their hopes, and the very mystery which attaches to this man, who was comparatively unheard of until recently, somehow fulfilled the dreams of the race – that some great figure would arise at the crucial moment and lead Ireland to freedom. In the thoughtful, militant, clean-cut face and gaunt personality of de Valera, there is somehow also personified that new spirit which has come to Irishmen

everywhere in which the demand has superseded the appeal for justice in Ireland.’

The almost-religious flavour of Philpott’s appraisal was in keeping with the mood of the occasion. There was no shortage of clerical input.

‘Fellow Americans – Before proceeding to say prayer I would wish to convey to the President of the Irish Republic the kindest wishes, the highest consideration and the blessing of his Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Boston, the great Irish leader and prelate,’ said Fr Philip O’Donnell reciting the opening prayer as representative of Cardinal O’Connell, who had a prior engagement in Chicago that weekend.

‘We thank thee O God, father of our people, that we have lived to witness this day and are able to be here in the great historic city of Boston to have heard the President of the great Irish republic. Our fathers longed and prayed and suffered for this day. All of us from childhood days have knelt and prayed to thee O god that some day the land of our race and the cradle of the race might be free and independent among the nations of the world; and today we thank thee O God that we are so near to the consummation of those wishes and those prayers...

...There is no other nation whose people have gone out in the world and spread the religion of Christ as have the people of the Irish race. Even in the days of her greatest suffering, the sons and daughters of Ireland went out to educate the world and teach them the knowledge of their Heavenly Father. We ask Thee in the name of all that is pure and holy to favour this people, who from the beginning have believed in the doctrine that the love of country is one with the love of God, and who have set an

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example of piety and virtue to all other races of the earth. Amen.'

This abridged version of O'Donnell's supplication captures the essence of a prayer that set the tone for so much of the speechifying that followed. In a brief offering, Mahoney made the first of many references to Boston's outsized role in American history, and also took a couple of crowd-pleasing swipes at the proposed League of Nations and England's putative place therein. Mayor Peters (watched by his doting wife Martha, and interrupted briefly by the thunderous sound of tables collapsing beneath the weight of spectators) continued to bang the drum about Boston's contribution to the fight for freedom and, at one point in his soliloquy, turned to de Valera to assure him he was welcome in the city.

The similarities between Ireland's struggles and America's own quest for independence nearly a century and a half before were echoed again and again. Former Democratic Congressman Eugene F. Kinkead (a native of Cork and a major in the American military intelligence division during World War I) placed the Irish cause in the context of the Paris Peace Conference, and pointed out how Irish independence was in keeping with President Woodrow Wilson's beloved doctrine of self-determination. Harry Boland went to one of Wilson's predecessors in his own particularly feisty contribution to the fare.

'We come to you to ask you to see to it that we are not the only white race condemned to slavery,' said Boland, introduced to rapturous applause as a member of the Irish parliament, director of elections and somebody who had fought alongside Padraig Pearse in 1916. 'We have come here to rouse the Irish people in America and to bring them to reclaim the debt which America

owes Ireland. It is a grand thing to be a successful rebel. [George] Washington in his day was a rebel. Washington in his day was an anarchist... Washington was all that was evil in England, just as our president is the worst evil in the English empire today. Yet, Washington won, was a successful rebel and today is proclaimed the father of his country.'

Boland tugged at the heart strings and most probably could be accused of flirting with racism by dropping the white slavery line, but it was Senator David I. Walsh who stole the show from de Valera. The son of Irish emigrants, Walsh was the first Irish Catholic to reach the Senate from Massachusetts, had previously been the first Irish Catholic to govern the state, and during a quarter of a century in Washington was fervently pro-Irish. One historian described him as possessing a 'Boston Irish Catholic's hatred of perfidious Albion'. This was certainly a day when he lived up that billing.

'As I looked for the first time in the face of that great leader, my mind went back to another great man,' said Walsh, recalling a meeting with de Valera during his pre-coming out visit to Washington. 'There was something about that form. There was something about that face. There was something about that intellect. There was something about his cause that made me think of him as I thought of that great American who 57 years ago came into American life and by his strength and leadership broke the shackles of slavery of 3,000,000 black men. So the Lincoln of Ireland will take the shackles of tyranny from the limbs of the sons of Ireland. Thin and lean in stature, angular in form and features, bright and clear in intellect, born in lowly, humble circumstances, you can be the next Lincoln...'

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For this sort of rhetoric and a whole lot more about how Ireland's cause should be America's too, Walsh earned enormous applause and piqued the interest of the British secret service. According to one biography, the British began keeping a file on him from that point on. After he was exposed as a regular visitor to a gay brothel in Brooklyn in 1942 – an outing that played some part in him losing his Senate seat four years later – one conspiracy placed British spies at the centre of the scandal. That was a story for another day. For this one, Walsh had whipped the crowd into a frenzy, his delivery and content pitched so perfectly that the only problem was de Valera subsequently failed to match his performance and was actually outshone by the warm-up act.

Before he could even try to match Walsh's epic performance, de Valera had to wait some more. John H.H. MacNamee, a former mayor of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Treasurer of the Irish Victory Fund announced – just to make the event even more like mass – a collection was to take place. The Haverhill Friends of Irish Freedom handed over a cheque for \$10,000. The Fitchburg Friends' branch managed a quarter of that sum. For smaller denominations to go towards the Fund, established earlier that year for 'educational' purposes, a hundred women were then dispatched through the crowd to gather contributions.

Prior to beginning his prepared remarks, de Valera admitted the quality of the previous orators made him briefly consider not speaking at all. Of course, that was not an option to the tall, slender figure now barely visible to those spectators bobbing up and down in the sea of straw hats that stretched to every corner of the

stadium. The impressive view from the dais led him to apologise in advance that his voice would not carry to the outer reaches of the venue. After a cursory nod to the magnificence of the crowd, he began his own attempt to make headlines.

‘I do not fear for a moment that the people of America will make a shuttlecock of our cause, to pass it from party to party. I know they will not do this. I believe that Americans can differ as to the policies about America but they are united in the cause of liberty. And I came here to this grand free land knowing that if the Irish question were by any means to be made a question of parties, it would be only in this sense that the parties vie with each other as in who could help Ireland best? Now I shall not attempt to plead Ireland’s cause with you. It was sweet to my own ears, sweeter than I could tell you, to listen to Ireland’s cause being pleaded by Americans, and I hope that on all the platforms on which I shall stand it will be the people of America pleading Ireland’s cause, and I shall be there only to represent Ireland.’

At one point, he made an issue of telling the audience he was reading directly from the page for fear of being misquoted. Again and again throughout his time in America, he would constantly remind audiences that Britain was capable of twisting his words. The main thrust of his argument though centred on the signing of the Versailles Treaty. Since it promised to protect each member against external aggressors, Article X of that agreement was perceived by de Valera as guaranteeing England’s right to rule Ireland. He didn’t much care for a League of Nations without Ireland involved either.

‘Peace was nominally signed between the two great countries yesterday – I think this was what I heard shouted out in New

York by a newsboy before I left – peace that will cost us 20 wars instead of the one it nominally ended. The British minister said a few days ago that there were 23 wars going on at the present time, and this is the peace treaty that the world has been asked to look forward to as the treaty that would establish everlasting peace. It is a mere mockery, and it will remain this unless America takes up the responsibility for the world to which her traditions entitle her, that at this moment is freely offered to her by the common consent of mankind. The present opportunity is never likely to occur again. The idea of a community of nations recognising a common law and a common right, ending wars among nations as municipal law has ended private war among individuals, is today a possibility, if America does what the people of the world pray and expect America will do.

‘To lose this moment would be a disaster that it would be impossible to repair. If America disappoints, then the right-minded, the good and the just in the world will be thrown back into a cynical and sullen despair. Democracy dies or else goes mad. A new ‘holy alliance’ cannot save democracy. A just League of Nations founded on the only basis on which it can be just – the equality of right among nations, small no less than great – can. America can see to it that such a League is set up and set up now. She is strong enough and it is her right, in consequence of the explicit terms on which she entered the war.’

His thoughts on the Paris Treaty and his description of America as ‘the hope of the world’ led the coverage in the following morning’s *Boston Globe* and *The New York Times*. It was the perfect ending to a tumultuous week that began with wild rumours of de Valera’s whereabouts, and ended with him feted by the

people of Boston in perhaps the most overt display of Irish-American unity in history.

The morning after Fenway, de Valera's dance card remained full. After several delays prompted by well-wishers arriving at the hotel trying to meet him, he departed the Copley-Plaza in a convoy of seven cars. His vehicle was at the front, the American flag billowing on one flank, the Irish tricolour on the other, the by-now familiar symbols of the relationship he wanted to foster between the countries. His first stop was across the Charles River, a formal welcome reception in his honour at Cambridge city hall where the inevitable mob of supporters surrounded the cortege upon arrival.

Between that engagement and fulfilling an invitation to speak at the Massachusetts State Legislature, he took in several sites around the Boston hinterland that boasted links to the American Revolution. A natural tourist's impulse? Hardly. Given how much Boland and himself had sought to establish the parallels between America's historic struggle for independence and Ireland's present in their speeches the previous day, this was smart politics. What better way to bolster the links than to be seen paying homage at some of these hallowed grounds?

Beyond clever tactics, it was also good copy for the journalists accompanying him. Every stop served only to reiterate how de Valera and the movement he represented were merely tracing the footsteps of so many American icons.

He laid a wreath by the Washington Elm, the tree in Cambridge Common beneath which George Washington had taken formal control of the Troops of the United Provinces of North America on 3 July 1775. Another wreath was left at the

Minutemen Monument, on the green in the town of Lexington, commemorating the Massachusetts militia who famously pledged to be ready to fight the British at a moment's notice. Yet another flower arrangement was taken out when the party reached Bunker Hill, the spot where in defeat the Americans had inflicted huge casualties on the British and established, for once and for all, their own fighting credentials.

It was at Bunker Hill, surrounded by children, some of whom were holding the hem of his coat, that de Valera planted a wreath decorated with Irish and American flags at the base of the monument. In a delicate piece of theatre, he then produced a blank card from his pocket, etched the date in the top corner and wrote the sentence 'The liberties of my country are safe' beneath. He signed his name and carefully attached the card to the flowers. The fact he had inked the very words Washington uttered upon hearing the militia had fought the British made it into the following morning's papers. Contrived or not, that little dramatic cameo was further amplified by one of his pithier quotes.

Towards the end of a short address giving tribute to the Irish who had died for the cause of American freedom, he returned to the recurring theme of the trip. 'Ireland has had her Bunker Hill, she now awaits her Yorktown.'

Invoking the location of the decisive Franco-American victory over the British in the Revolutionary War was in keeping with his mood. At the state legislature – where he encountered boisterous scenes on the floor of the house as senators and congressmen enthusiastically waved tricolours and led cheers for the new republic – de Valera cited Robert Emmet, the 1848 and 1867 insurrections, and the events of Easter Week by way of

illustrating Ireland's repeated attempts at replicating America's triumph. He also reminded his audience the union between Britain and Ireland was not a voluntary one.

'There is no question of Ireland's secession. If a young lady were carried into the harem of a Turkish chief and she tried to get a release, would you call it a trial for divorce?' That was one of his snappier lines. The rest of the speech contained the usual diet of heavyweight geo-political analysis.

'When you speak of the Ulster question, that means a small fraction of Ulster, not half of Ulster, a matter of four counties in Ireland where the opponents of a republic are in a majority. The ideal democracy contends that majorities must rule. I hold that minorities have their rights, and that when a minority is nervous or anxious about the rights being interfered with, it has the right to look for guarantees from the majority. But it has no right to impose or try to impose a permanent veto on the will of the majority. It is pretended that this question is a religious question. I deny it. There is no question of religious differences dividing us in Ireland.

'It happens that the majority of that minority are Protestants; it happens that the majority of the majority are Catholics. But there is surely nobody going to say that they are back in the old days of religious prejudice. That would have died all over the world were it not England's special interest to keep it alive. England has quite continually, by all the artifices she could command, tried to keep it alive in Ireland. But I am happy to tell you she has not succeeded. We are getting more and more to regard ourselves as brothers, with a common country to love and a common country to serve. The proclamation of the Irish

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republic guarantees equality of rights without consideration of party, class or religion to every citizen of the Irish nation...'

Watching all this from the overcrowded public gallery was John H. Bartlett, Governor of New Hampshire. He had accompanied de Valera throughout the day and once all engagements were fulfilled, the official convoy headed north to spend the night in Bartlett's home state. Among those travelling in the party were Inspectors Smith and Concannon of the Boston police department. From the moment he stepped off the train at South Street, they had been by his side as the official security detail. More than once, he pointed out this made a huge change from having police hunting him down like a criminal in other countries. If the presence of two armed guards appeared like the accoutrement of a head of state, de Valera also somehow succeeded on his trip through New England in leaving the impression he was a man of the people.

'There is a simplicity to him that is very marked,' wrote James T. Sullivan in a gushing column in the following Saturday's *Boston Globe*. 'He was right at home with the women and children at Washington Elm... While hearty welcomes please him, he is not seeking adulation. That is the secret of his success. He is at home with the peasantry and they are at home in his presence. He has their confidence; they have his. He is fighting their cause and is not concerned with what enemies say about him. He considers himself a means to an end.'