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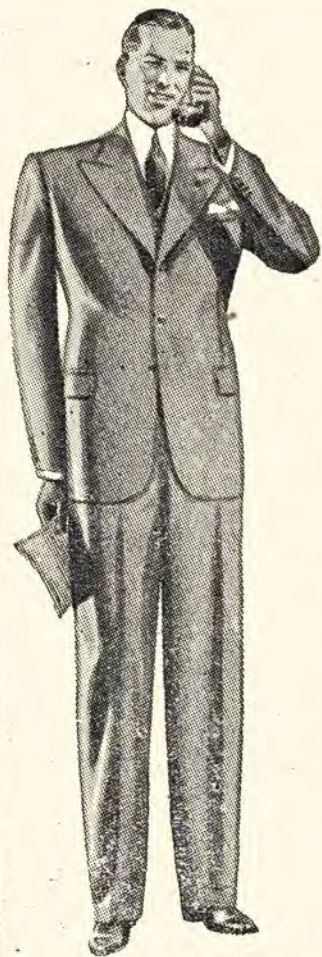


THIS BOOK is written in tribute to the East Waterford men who gave their lives in defence of the Irish Republic in the years 1916-1923. It is being published to mark the unveiling of the National Memorial at Ballinattin, Tramore, by the East Waterford branch of the National Graves Association. The Memorial will remind the passerby of the men who dared their all that Irish Nationality might survive. This book will give to the reader a brief story of their lives and of their times.

The National Association which has been responsible for the erection of the Memorial has taken over the custody of the graves of the Republican dead in the old East Waterford Brigade area. It is but a solemn duty here to hail, too, the memory of our brothers in West Waterford who fell in the National struggle. With the men whose story is told in these pages they shared the dangers, the joys and the sorrows of the great years lit up by the torch held aloft in 1916. To-day they sleep in Kilrossanty at the feet of the grey Comeraghs and in scattered graves in the western part of the Decies country, their great task ended.

In this tribute to the fallen in the East, we hail again the sacred memory of their comrades in the West. Brothers on the noble road which they trod together in life, Waterford clasps them to her heart as brothers in death.

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Μο έλαιν πέιν το θίολ α μάτταρ.

Μιρε έιρε:

Uaignise mé ná an Cailleac' Déanna.

1921

Το έυγαρ μο έάλ

Δρ αν αιρλιγγ το έυμαρ,

'S αν αν πόο ρο ποθάμ

Μ'αγαθό το έυγαρ.

Το έυγαρ μο ζηνύρ

Δρ αν πόο ρο ποθάμ,

Δρ αν ηγνίον το-έίμ

'S αν αν μβάρ το-ζεοθαο.



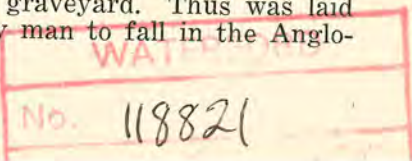
Michael McGrath

MICHAEL McGRATH was born in Poleberry, Waterford in 1896. He was educated at Mount Sion Schools. On leaving school he went to work at the carpentry business and followed this vocation until the time of his death. In appearance he was a striking looking man. Tall, of fine physique and handsome features, Mikie was a figure which would attract attention in any group. He was fond of athletics and for years hurled with the Ballytruckle hurling team, in whose colours he played throughout the country. As an amateur boxer he was very useful and took part in several exhibition bouts in the old boxing shanty at Gracedieu. In temperament he was a lighthearted, jovial fellow, the dominating feature in him, however, being a sincerity of purpose which marked all his actions. Under the guise of good natured joking and banter, the man hid a kindness and a thoughtfulness which was the real basis of his character. It was typical of him that during Christmas week, 1920, while he was immersed in activities in preparation for the military action scheduled to come off early in the New Year, that he found time after his daily work to go to St. Patrick's Hospital and build the Christmas Crib for the Sisters there. And typical it was of him, too, that it was only after his death some days later that his friends learned of this incident.

He was attached to "D" Co., 4th Battalion, East Waterford Brigade, in the I.R.A., and as a soldier he showed an earnestness that was part of him. Joining the Sinn Fein movement after the 1916 Rising, he became one of the spearheads of that movement in the Ballytruckle area through the years 1917-1920. In the strenuous Parliamentary Elections in Waterford City in 1918 he was an indefatigable worker, canvassing, billposting, police work in the I.R.A., all those duties he took daily in his stride. Upon the military side of the Republican movement assuming a tense atmosphere in 1920, he switched all his attention in that direction. Raids for arms, demolition of vacated police barracks and army drill by night were now substituted for Sinn Fein activities.

On January 7th, 1921, he was one of the picked men selected to go into action against British troops at Tramore. A feint attack on Tramore police barracks to draw out the British troops from Waterford and an ambush laid for the latter at the Metal Bridge, Tramore, was the scope of the event which was to mark his first military adventure. He was one of a party of shotgun men whose position was behind the ditch on the Ballinattin Road overlooking the main Tramore Road. In the course of the fight which ensued the men in position on this road had, in the final stages, to take on the full impact of the British forces, and for a while were virtually surrounded. It was at this stage that Mikie McGrath fell, while the party were fighting their way through the ring around them. He was killed inside the ditch below the present memorial and on the side on which the memorial stands.

He was buried in Carbally, his funeral being accompanied by an armoured car and two lorry loads of English troops. The officer in charge of the troops on the occasion issued an order preventing more than forty people from following the remains to their last resting place. This order was deeply resented and as the troops, in full war kit, set about putting it into execution, the surging protests of the large crowd assembled there threatened to lead to a very ugly situation which was only averted by the tactful handling of the I.R.A. marshals who were present. A good proportion of the crowd eventually attended the final obsequies by travelling by devious routes to the place of interment. On reaching Carbally Churchyard two machine guns were placed in position overlooking the open grave by the British officer in charge, while armed troops stood at the ready around the graveyard. Thus was laid to rest the first Waterford City man to fall in the Anglo-Irish War.





Thomas O'Brien

THOMAS O'BRIEN was born at Ballycraddock, Dunhill, in 1897. He was educated at Dunhill School and followed the vocation of farmer on his father's lands. He was tall in height and strong and muscular in build, in disposition he was unassuming, quiet and inclined to be reserved. To his friends and intimates, however, he was an open book, and it was characteristic of him to be frequently seen in the company of young lads of nine or ten years of age who made their own of him. He is remembered in his native district by his kindness and his willingness to help others, in fact Tom O'Brien's horse and car was always in requisition when his neighbours required goods at the local creamery, and he attended to those duties with a grace which was all his own.

He became associated with the Republican movement in Dunhill Sinn Fein circles, and shortly afterwards joined the Irish Volunteers; he also became a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood. He had a very thorough grasp of what the Irish struggle stood for and soon became one of the mainstays in the I.R.A. Company to which he was

attached. Dunhill can well lay claim to a long line of tradition in resurgent nationality, and it can be truly said that he typified this tradition to the full. He was a member of the Dunhill football team and hurled with the Ballyduff Club, and could always be relied on to be worth his place on both teams. He was one of the attacking party on the night on which Kill Barracks was attacked in 1920, and had a further brush with British troops in the same year during the operation of the burning down of Anestown police barracks. On this occasion the vacated barrack building was being demolished at night when a patrol of British troops arrived and opened up fire on the I.R.A. sentries. There was a rapid exchange of shots as the men within the building quickly completed their job. Under cover of their comrades' rifle fire outside they dashed out, leaving the building a burning pile.

On January 6th, 1921, Tom O'Brien attended a dance at the Sinn Fein Hall in Killowen, Dunhill. The following evening he travelled across country with his comrades en route for Tramore, where a combined unit, drawn from the No. 1 Brigade (East Waterford) and the No. 2 Brigade (West Waterford), were to go into action. In the ambush which was laid at Pickardstown that night he was in position with the rifle party on the Ballinattin Road, and was the top man at the end of the line. This party was covering up the shot gun group who were in position immediately below them. On the British troops seeking to encircle the I.R.A. here, very close fighting took place, and it was at this point that Tom O'Brien received his death wound. He fell on the roadway close to where the present Memorial stands.

Owing to the necessity of disguising I.R.A. troop movements from the eyes of the enemy, arrangements were made that his identity be not revealed at the inquest held in Waterford Military Barracks on the following day. The findings on this occasion described him as "unknown," and the entry in the Registry Book of graves at Ballygunner further set him down as "anonymous." He was buried in the Republican Plot at Ballygunner. Tom O'Brien's name had perforce to be hid for a time from the eyes of the British enemy, but it will live and be cherished for long in his native county.



John O'Rourke

JOHN O'ROURKE was born in Waterford in 1898. He was educated at Manor Street School and was a plumber by trade. Cathal Brugha once stated that the men who won the Black and Tan War were the unknown soldiers of Ireland. Into this category the writer would place Johnny Rourke. Stout and of low stature, he was of a quiet disposition but was blessed with a sense of humour which would break through in the most adverse circumstances. He joined the Sinn Fein movement after 1916 and became at once a steady worker in its various activities. He was never on any of the committees which guided that movement, he had no ambition but to serve. For four years in the uphill fight of Sinn Fein in Waterford he was ever lending a willing hand. Canvassing, distributing literature, billposting, police work, quietly and earnestly he turned to whichever duty came his way. Being willing, he got more than his share of work to do, and Johnny did it. As the change over from Sinn Fein duties to the sterner ones of the military side came, he simply faced over to them in his own quiet

way. In this latter place he became what was known as a "contact man." Dispatch carrying, shifting arms and ammunition, running on the hundred and one errands of an underground army carrying on in the presence of the enemy, thus can Johnny Rourke's life be summed up in the years 1920 and 1921.

On May 27th, 1921, he proceeded with his Company, he was attached to "D" Co. in the 4th Battalion, East Waterford Brigade, to take part in general enemy harrassing operations in the Butlerstown-Kilmeaden area. The roads were being blocked by trenches, felled trees and the blowing up of bridges to hinder the movements of British troops. He was on duty as an outpost near the Holy Cross, Butlerstown. Some time about daybreak he was surprised and shot by two British officers who arrived in mufti and whom he had mistaken for two of his own men. As he lay on the ground wounded, they fired two further bullets into his body. His comrades, on coming to his assistance, found him lying still conscious and with a Rosary Beads in his hands. They removed him on a door to Butlerstown Castle, where the owner placed him in his own bed. Through the day a bodyguard of his comrades stood outside on vigilant guard as the area around was being searched by British troops. The last rites of the Church were given him by a priest who came out from Waterford, as well as medical attention by a Waterford doctor. While being shifted on an improvised stretcher that evening, he died on the way at Ballymote, Dunhill. The body was removed to Dunhill Sacristy, a coffin was secretly procured in Waterford, and that night a funeral cortege, composed of a party of his comrades, brought his remains to Riosk Churchyard. A grave had been prepared by an advance party and in the stillness of midnight his comrades reverently laid what was mortal of Johnny Rourke into its resting place. The reason for the secret burial being to prevent his identity being known to the British troops for reasons of military caution.

Following the truce of July, 1921, the remains were taken up and re-interred, with his former comrades, in the Republican Plot at Ballygunner. The funeral on this occasion taking the form of a great tribute from the people of Waterford.



Maurice McGrath

(“THE BOGMAN”)

MAURICE McGRATH, or, as he was affectionately known far and wide, “The Bogman,” was born at Rath, Carrickbeg, Co. Waterford, in 1885. He went to school at Crehanna National School and afterwards spent a short time in Carrick-on-Suir at the grocery business, from whence he came home to manage the farm at Rath for his mother. He was short and stocky in appearance, with good looking, determined features. He will be remembered by the myriads who knew him as the good humoured, rollicking character who won friends for himself throughout Munster. And he will be again remembered as the fearless soldier, who frequently inspired men in action by dint of his reckless bravery.

He joined the local Sinn Fein Club on its inception and on a company of the Irish Volunteers being founded in the district he was one of its first members. He was attached to “D” Co., 8th Battalion, 3rd Tipperary Brigade. It should be pointed out here that this Tipperary Brigade area extended into County Waterford, taking in the districts of Mothel, Rathgormack and Clonea. He became Captain of the Mothel Company and, as a leader amongst his comrades, he soon stood apart.

The Bogman was unique in that he was more than

a halfscore of years older than the average Republican soldier at the time but withal could be the greatest playboy amongst them, and his athletic build gave him a speed of movement on service which tried out the most fleet-footed amongst his comrades. He had an inherent devotion to his country's cause and all that it stood for, and it was his wont each year to go to the Holy Well at Mothel a week before the Annual Pattern in honour of Saints Cuan and Brogan and cut with a billhook the weeds and briars of a year's growth about the well. From the rank of Company Captain he moved up to become Vice-Commandant of the 8th Battalion, the promotion giving him the scope which his soldierly qualities demanded. On learning, in 1920, that a consignment of steel shutters, for use by the R.I.C. as a protection against Barrack attacks, was being brought by train southwards, he held up the train near Fiddown. He dumped most of the shutters in the River Suir, the remainder he took away to construct a dug-out near Rath.

He took part, with Dinny Lacey's Column, in the Clogheen ambush in 1921, during which engagement District Inspector Potter of the R.I.C. was captured. The latter was held as hostage in the Bogman's area by order of Irish Republican Army G.H.Q., a tense situation following as the whole countryside was being combed out by British troops in search of him. Glenbower Barracks was attacked in the same year, the Bogman and his unit putting in some stiff fighting on the occasion. On a Detective Officer named O'Leary taking over the duty of locating the movements of Republican troops in the Carrick area, his mission was cut short by the Bogman, who shot him dead on the New Bridge at Carrick-on-Suir. A much wanted man in the latter stages of the struggle, he moved around his area with as blythe a humour as if he was seated at his own fireside in Rath.

Following the passing of the Treaty, he stood firmly by his old allegiance and was one of a party of men sent up from his area to reinforce the I.R.A. garrison at the Four Courts, Dublin. This party were recalled home for service south a few days before the fighting broke out in Dublin in 1922. In July, 1922, while chatting with some comrades in a house in Carrick-on-Suir, a revolver carried by one of the latter accidentally went off, the bullet pierced the Bogman's heart, and the great soldier from Rath, to the consternation of his assembled comrades, died in their presence. He was buried in Portlaw Churchyard, where he sleeps with the generations of his forefathers.



John Doyle

(“ BONNY ”)

J OHN DOYLE was born in Waterford in 1900, and went to school to the De La Salle Brothers at Stephen Street, Waterford. He was a fitter and in appearance was small, lightly built but exceptionally well developed. He was a bright, cheery lad and was a passionate follower of hurling. As a boy he used travel the countryside searching out for growing ash from which he could hew out a good supple hurley. In this connection “Bonny,” as he was called, had often claims staked in three or four places at the same time for materials for his caman. He hurled with Ballytruckle Club and as he was regarded as a decided asset was often taken on loan by the De La Salle student teachers’ team when they played away from home. A poignant recollection of Bonny on the hurling field was the day on which he lined up with Ballytruckle to play Kilmacthomas in the junior county final at Waterford Sportsfield in 1920. During a great game, in which fast, clever stickwork was put in by both sides, Bonny played that day on John Walsh, the pair serving up several magnificent bouts during the hour. Both of them were to be called upon to play in a far greater game a couple of years

later when the gauntlet of war was to be thrown down to them. And right well did the pair of Gaels take up that gauntlet and, typifying the noble spirit emblematic of Cuchulan, they gave their young lives freely to their country's cause.

Bonny Doyle was attached to "B" Co., 4th Battalion, No. 1 Waterford Brigade. Sincerity of purpose was the governing trait in him, and as on the hurling field, so it was with him in the Sinn Fein Club and in the I.R.A. he gave of his utmost with all the generosity of youth. Bright and cheery, with his comrades he became a warm favourite, for the lad had a way with him that was particularly his own. In attending to the duties allotted to him there was always noticed about him a sense of grit and pluck which ever impressed his fellows. He was sent to Lady Lane Police Barracks to do duty following the withdrawal of the British forces, and later was attached to the Military Barracks in Barrack Street. During this period he was one of a small party sent to West Waterford to do a course of revolver firing and grenade throwing. On the Treaty issue looming up, he was very clear in his interpretation of the position. To him a Republic had been set up in Dublin in Easter of 1916, the people in the general election of 1918 had ratified that sovereign Republic. He had joined in time as a soldier in the Republican Army, and the work of that army was to uphold that government which had been built on the blood of his comrades and on the votes of the people. Such was the clear, simple view of the position by young Doyle when the Anglo-Irish Treaty was passed, and he lived up to that view until he closed his eyes in death.

He was with the garrison of the I.R.A. stationed at the G.P.O. during the siege of Waterford, when a large contingent of the newly set up Free State Army marched on the city in July, 1922. During the progress of the siege, Free State troops began to advance towards this building, Bonny Doyle, with a pair of field glasses to his eyes, proceeded to locate a particular position from one of the windows. As he did so a bullet from a sniper's rifle rang out and he fell back wounded in the hand and mouth. He was hurried away to a city hospital where he lingered on for a few days, breathing his last on August 5th, 1922. On his death bed he showed the same calm determined outlook which he had carried through life. His body was carried by his comrades to St. John's Church, Waterford, and he is buried in the Republican Plot at Ballygunner.

John Dobbyn

JOHNNY DOBBYN was born in 1898 at Butlerstown, Co. Waterford, and was educated at the National School there. He was low sized and stout in appearance and worked as an agricultural labourer at Sporthouse. As a lad he joined the local Sinn Fein Club at Butlerstown which was formed about 1918 and later he became a member of the I.R.A. when he joined "A" Co., 5th Battalion, Waterford No. 1 Brigade.

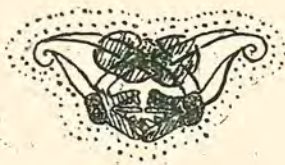
Of Johnny Dobbyn's life, it can be well written, he lived, he served, he died. He left no spectacular trail behind him, but he did leave, in the memory of those who knew him, the recollection of a man who loved his country and served her with his full intent. Of a quiet and unassuming disposition, he plied at his vocation daily at Sporthouse with a thoroughness which was characteristic of him. Of an independent turn of mind, he led his own life in his own way. After a day's labour he was wont at times to sit by the gramophone in his employer's kitchen in whose house he lived. He had not much to say, but what he said he meant. He was particularly reticent about his movements in the I.R.A. to others, and would shrug his shoulders at the wiseacres who warned him of his folly in being attached to that movement. Frequently he would stand at his evening meal so great was his haste to proceed to drill or to some particular activity with his company.

He was attached to the signalling corps and became expert at the handling of the flags. A resolute type, he understood well the meaning of nationality and he was respected for his views even by those who differed from him. Johnny Dobbyn was typical in his unselfish national outlook of the best types that adorned the Republican movement. Tone, in a memorable declaration, once referred to the necessity of looking to "that numerous but respectable class, the men of no property." From out of the midst of this class came the subject of this article and thousands like him, during the years that Ireland needed men, and history will yet testify that they were the foundation stones of the national edifice. Unselfish, seeking nothing but the glory of their race, they were of a stock that could be

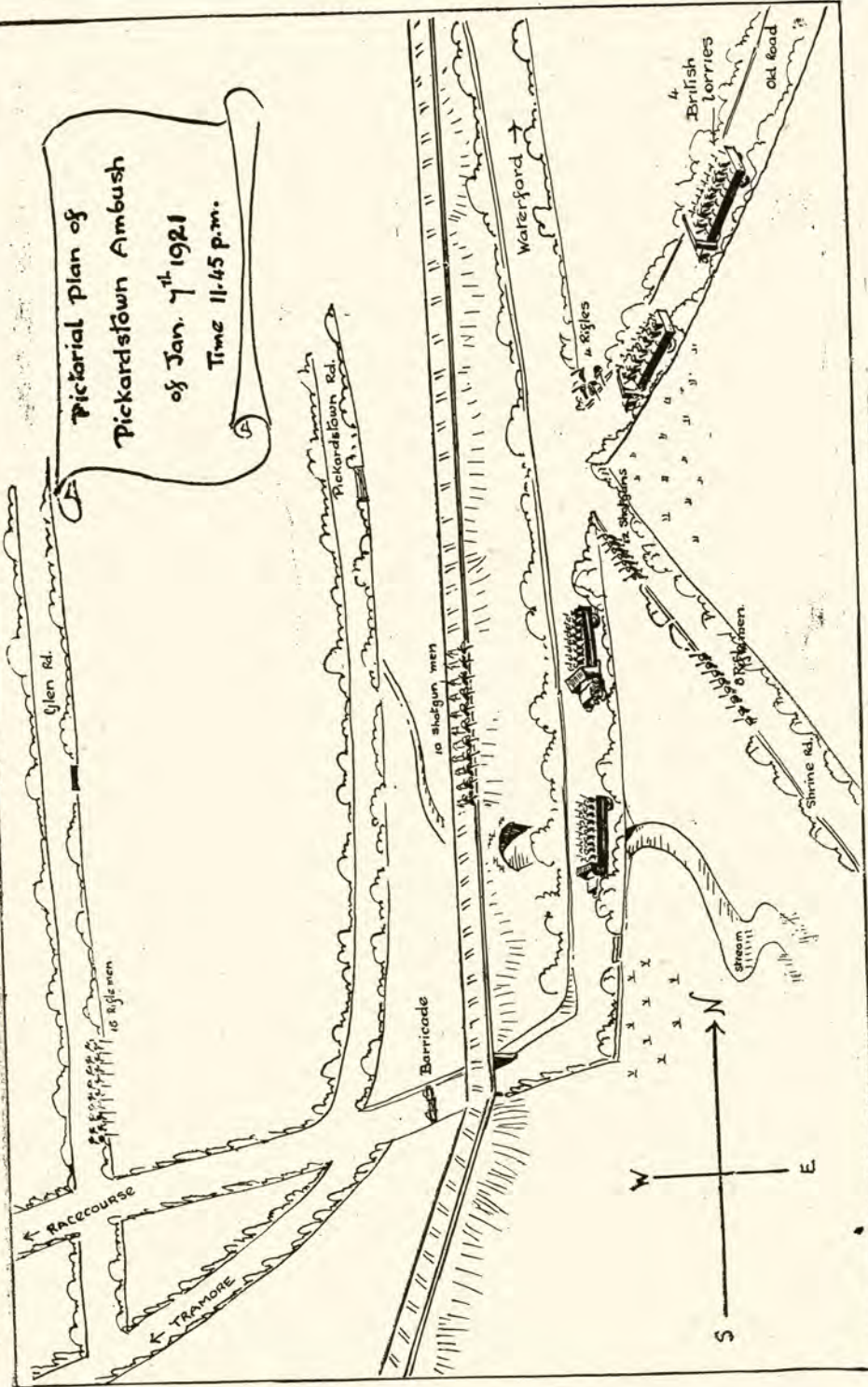
neither bribed nor bought, sacrifice was as second nature to them, and nationality was viewed by them not as something materialistic but as a force that was purely spiritual.

It will be noted that no photograph appears at the head of this article for the reason that despite a wide search none could be procured. This is perhaps typical of the subject of this sketch. Johnny Dobbyn was one of the maintenance party who took over the Police Barracks at Tramore on the evacuation of the R.I.C. in 1922. He remained a firm adherent of the Republic following the passing of the Treaty, and did police duty at Tramore until the close of the siege of Waterford when the Barrack garrison withdrew. With a group of his comrades he then faced towards the Comeraghs where columns were being organised to continue guerilla warfare.

On August 14th, 1922, he was billeted with a section of his party, when, due to the accidental discharge of a comrade's rifle, he was shot dead. He is buried in the Republican Plot at Kilrossanty where he sleeps by the side of his fallen comrades.



**Pictorial Plan of
Pickardstown Ambush
of Jan. 7th 1921
Time 11.45 p.m.**



The East Waterford Memorial

IT began like this—Bloodstains close to the ditch on the Ballinattin Road following the Pickardstown Ambush told to those who passed by a tale without words. Devoted wayfarers reverently placed little wooden crosses close to the spot. Others came and laid flowers there as a tribute and a memory. The tiny seed thus sown was daily nurtured by loving hands. It grew when a group from Tramore conceived the idea of building a shrine there. A few months of earnest work and a little picturesque building graced the place in prayerful memory of the fallen. All honour to the men who conceived and brought that project to fruition.

The roadside shrine with the story was unveiled by Cathal Brugha, County Waterford's deputy in the first Dail and Minister of Defence in the Irish Republican Government; this happened in 1922. Through the years time imprinted its finger on the structure and the National Graves Association who had it in custody sought to put it in repair. This was found impractical and so the shrine was dismantled and on its site was erected, by the East Waterford Branch of that Association, the present Memorial which was unveiled in this year of Our Lord 1946. The new Memorial is dedicated to the memory of the twelve East Waterford men who fell in the national struggle in the years 1916-1923. A fitting ending that all should be honoured and remembered together at a place of sacred memory.

The map on the page opposite shows the positions of the forces engaged in the ambush out of which was born the shrine. Due to the fighting breaking out prior to the advance British lorry striking the barricade the action ranged from the Waterford side of the railway bridge up to the Ballinattin Road. Mikie McGrath who fell that night was amongst the shot-gun party in position at the lower end of what is now called the Shrine Road. Tom O'Brien who fell was with the rifle party further up on this road and was at the top of the line. May the God who defends the right have mercy on their souls and on the souls of each of their comrades who are now venerated with them.

"The generations shall remember them."—Pearse.



East Waterford National Memorial, Pickardstown, Tramore.



Jack Edwards

JACK EDWARDS was born in Belfast in 1900 and was educated in that city. He was eighteen years of age when he came with his family to reside in Waterford. As a young lad he had early experience of combating stern opposition when he was beaten up returning from school one day by a youthful Orange mob. In appearance he stood nearly six feet in height, he was very well built and was the possessor of very fine features. He was a gay, lighthearted fellow and was a warm favourite amongst his friends. On coming to Waterford, he immediately linked up with the National movement, the Gaelic League, the Irish Volunteers, the Sinn Fein Organisation, to each of them he became attached. He worked in Waterford as a fireman on the Great Southern Railways and it can be truly said that all his spare time was devoted to the various activities embraced in the National Movement. He was a regular student at the Gaelic League Irish classes and was a great devotee of Irish dancing, in fact no Waterford Ceilidhe at the time was complete without the presence of Jack. Bright and breezy, he earned for himself a wide circle of friends, and will be remembered to them by his kindness as well as by his gaiety.

He was in the 4th Battalion, No. 1 Waterford Brigade, and was attached to "D" Co. As a soldier, Jack Edwards was ever ready to line up for duty. He had a very clear perception of what the Republican Movement stood for and, with this realisation before him, he gave to it of his best. On word coming through from I.R.A. General Headquarters in 1920 that two important British military personnel were due in Waterford and would be in possession of certain important papers on their arrival, he was one of the party selected for the job of relieving them of the papers concerned—and also of their guns. On coming too much under enemy observation in 1921, he had perforce to leave his employment and go on full time duty with the active service unit in East Waterford. He was attached to this unit until the cease fire of the truce of July, 1921, enabled him to return to Waterford again.

On the passing of the Treaty in December, 1921, Jack stood by his old allegiance to the proclaimed Republic and was one of the garrison to take over from the British troops on the evacuation of the Waterford Barracks by the latter in 1922. On the fighting breaking out in Dublin between Republican troops and soldiers of the newly set up Free State Government, he drove a number of troop trains carrying I.R.A. units south, where a fresh stand was being made. On the fighting reaching Waterford he was one of the Republican garrison who took part in the defence of Waterford City on its being besieged by Free State troops in July, 1922. He was taken prisoner following the siege and was removed to Kilkenny Prison. On August 19th, 1922, he was chatting with some fellow-prisoners in the exercise yard when he was told that a friend outside on the road skirting the prison walls wanted to speak to him. Hastily taking leave of his comrades, he rushed up the stairs leading to a narrow barred window 60 feet from the ground, which overlooked the roadway below. On coming to the window to speak to his friend, a sentry at the main gate challenged him. Jack, taking no notice, continued speaking to his friend down on the road. The sentry fired with his rifle, and Jack Edwards fell back dead with a bullet in his forehead.

His body was removed to the Cathedral in Waterford, a great concourse of people accompanying the remains into the city. He was buried in the Republican Plot in Ballygunner, where Waterford once again paid Jack Edwards the great tribute that was due him.



Thomas Kennedy

THOMAS KENNEDY was born at Clondonnell, Rathgormack, Co. Waterford, in 1902. He went to school to Rathgormack School and in appearance he was tall, lightly built and fair-haired. His father's farm, where young Tommy was reared, is little more than a stone's throw from the Comeragh Mountains, and it is likely that the presence of I.R.A. columns in these hills was the dominating influence which drew the lad into the Republican movement at an early age. He was little more than eighteen years old when he joined the Republican Army, previous to that he had been an enthusiastic camp follower of the men in the hills. He was attached to "F" Co., 8th Battalion, 3rd Tipperary Brigade, and was known to his friends and intimates as "Bubbles." Tommy quickly mastered the art of soldiering, and, being a lad of light-hearted and devil-may-care disposition, he soon became a warm favourite amongst his followers. He took part, with Dinny Lacey's column, in the Clogheen ambush in 1921, and, young as he was at the time, he displayed a coolness under fire which would have justified a veteran.

He was selected for the post of dispatch carrier between Lacey's column and Brigade Headquarters in 1921 and right well did he fulfill this task. On the capture of District Inspector Potter by I.R.A. troops in the Clogheen ambush, the young dispatch carrier was called upon to handle a very thorny problem. D.I. Potter was being held as a hostage in the Bogman's area. Republican G.H.Q. notified the British that the hostage would be released on Thomas Trainor, an I.R.A. prisoner under sentence of death in Dublin, being reprieved. For days Tommy Kennedy ran the gauntlet hourly carrying dispatches through lines of British troops which were combing the district in search of the hostage. It may be added here that the British authorities, persisting in their sentence of death on Thomas Trainor, executed him in March, 1921. The I.R.A. replied to this execution of prisoners by executing District Inspector Potter at Moonmenane, Co. Waterford, immediately afterwards.

Tommy Kennedy was again in action on the attack on Glenbower Police Barracks in the same year and remained with Dinny Lacey's column until the cease fire of 1921. He was one of the maintenance party in Carrick-on-Suir Barracks following their evacuation by the British in 1922. He acted as transport driver during the truce period to the Battalion Staff and on the signing of the unfortunate Treaty, he followed the road he had previously walked, he remained Republican. On fighting breaking out between Free State troops and Republicans in the south, he became attached to Paddy MacDonagh's column in 1922. In passing it may be added that the latter was to fall with Dinny Lacey in the Glen of Aherlow in the following year. On July 22nd, 1922, the column to which Tommy Kennedy was attached proceeded with three other columns to attack a position held by Free State troops at Golden, Co. Tipperary. The Free State forces numbered over 600 strong, the attacking columns had less than half that number of men. A sharp action followed, and in its closing stages Tommy Kennedy, while crossing a ditch, was shot dead by a sniper. So ended a young life whose most pregnant years had been devoted to service of country. He was buried in his native Rathgormack, close by to the school where a few years earlier he had sat as pupil, and Tommy's short but glorious life proved that he had learned his lesson full well.



Andrew Power

ANDREW POWER was born in 1898 on the family farm on the Great Island, Waterford, later removing with his parents to live at Ballygunner Castle, Co. Waterford. Andy Power was a tall loosely built man of a cheery and genial disposition and is perhaps best remembered by his kindly good nature.

As a young lad he was swept into the net into the British Army during World War No. 1, when the wily Irish politicians at the time openly recruited in the war "for the liberation of small nations." Young Power like many an impulsive lad at the time only realized his error when the bluff of the politicians was called by the Easter Week Rising and the national resurgence which followed it. Home in his native Ballygunner in 1919 following a period spent as prisoner of war in Germany, Andy was at first shy of meeting his former friends who were now drilling with the Irish Republican Army. The estrangement did not last long however, for coming as he did from good national stock he saw with the clarity bought by experience where his duty lay, and manfully coming forward he joined the I.R.A. in 1920 and soon became one of the key men of his company. He is typical of many like him who were led astray by men posing as national leaders during the World war of 1914-

1918. These men who controlled the political movement of Ireland at the time had in the course of years as members of Parliament in Westminster, London, come under the numbing influence of the Sassenach. At a time when Britain had even denied the right of their country to a Home Rule Government, they openly urged the young men of the race to enlist in the British Army, and told them further that they were serving Ireland in doing so. And young Power is typical too of the many amongst those who came back with their lives, and consecrated those lives to the service of rebel insurgent Ireland.

He had had a sound training in the Irish Guards Regiment, and this training he now devoted to A Company in the 6th Battalion, to which he was assigned. Sincere of purpose, once he took up a cause he saw it through, and Andy now gave all that was in him as instructor on the parade ground. His appointment as First Lieutenant was the grateful reply of his comrades and from now on, until he stepped as prisoner into Waterford Gaol in 1922, he rendered of his best to the service of the young Republic. On the coming of the Truce in 1921 following a period of earnest efficient soldiering he was appointed Battalion Police Officer, and to this new post he gave an attention worthy of it. The Treaty split on the question of the maintenance of the Republic saw him take the side closest to his heart. On the fighting breaking out in County Waterford in 1922 he was in charge of a party of Republican troops holding the river bank at Faithlegg during the Waterford siege. On the run after the Free State troops taking over Waterford City, he was made prisoner when the house in which he was staying was surrounded. He made a bold bid to get through the cordon on that occasion but was captured.

He was removed to Kilkenny Prison for internment and early in 1923 was taken ill there. At the time the Angel of Charity, alas! did not float over that building. Prisoners had been shot down in cold blood there, and under these circumstances captives taken ill did not get exactly the kind and tender treatment which one associates with the twin virtues of love and mercy. He died on January 28th, 1923, his remains being brought home and laid to rest in Ballygunner. Andy Power was respected by friend and foe in his native district, by his fellow prisoners in Kilkenny he was beloved. By his father and mother who have since gone to join him and of whom he was an only child he was proudly admired and grievously missed.



Michael Moloney

MICHAEL MOLONEY was born in Waterford in 1905, and went to school to Mount Sion, Waterford. He was tall for his age and was of a quiet disposition. As a schoolboy he made first contact with the story of his country's wrongs when he joined the local sluagh of Fianna na h-Eireann.

It is necessary here, for the benefit of the rising generation, to outline the scope of this organisation and its mission. It was founded by the late Countess Markeviev during a period when British imperialism was coming to be looked upon as respectable here. The Baden-Powell boy scout movement in Ireland was one of the off-shoots of that new form of respectability and its aims were to make its youthful members dutiful children of the Empire. The natural resource of the Gael, which, thank God, has never left him, replied with the formation of Fianna na h-Eireann. And in that organisation the young lads were trained in the knowledge of their language and their history, and they were trained, too, in the national gospel taught by the men of '98, of '47 and of '67. Into the meeting place of this organisation young Moloney walked one night during his school period, and there he learned the tale of the struggle of the past, and learned, too, to prepare for the struggle of the future.

He got his first instructions here in military drill, in scouting, and reconnoitring, also in Red Cross work. The Black and Tan War was in progress at the time, and young Michael and his comrades worked as an adjunct to the Irish Republican Army. They did scout duty in the country when companies of the Army were at drill, they carried dispatches to outlying Battalion Areas, they shifted arms and ammunition from place to place and worked generally as an auxiliary behind the military side of the movement.

In this atmosphere young Moloney lived until his sixteenth year, when he joined the I.R.A. in 1921. Tall and well built, he passed for more than his age, and on the Republican Army taking over full police duty he worked with the police staff at Shortcourse Barracks. He was attached to "B" Co., 4th Battalion, No. 1 Waterford Brigade, and on the Treaty split his early training in the Fianna was a sure guide to him as regards his duty to his country. He was amongst the Republican garrison during the siege of Waterford and though less than seventeen years old at the time, he displayed a coolness and a thoroughness which was part of him. In the withdrawal of the Republican forces after the siege, he fell back towards East Waterford and spent six months on active service in the county.

In February, 1923, he returned with some other members of the active service unit to Waterford and was one of a party of men sent on an official Post Office raid in the city. The general raid was fixed for February 9th and Michael Moloney, with two others, was allotted to the Poleberry sub-Post Office, other groups of I.R.A. men being sent simultaneously to the other Post Offices in the city. The intelligence department of the Free State Army had been busy, and several of the men concerned were arrested on their way to the scene of operations. At Poleberry Post Office a contingent of armed Free State troops were in possession there when the three I.R.A. men entered the office. There was a scuffle within, the three men rushed out and fanned out in different positions on the road. A party of Free State troops carrying rifles rushed out after them, there was a burst of firing and Michael Moloney rolled over dead on the roadway. A short distance from him a comrade, Tom Walsh, lay, shot dead, again by rifle fire.

Michael Moloney was buried in the Republican Plot at Ballygunner, he was just turned 17 years at the time. His boyhood he had consecrated to Ireland—and Ireland had accepted his offering in the flower of his youth.



Thomas Walsh

THOMAS WALSH was born in Waterford in 1900 and went to school to St. Patrick's Christian Brothers' School, Waterford. He worked at the shoemaking business and as a young lad learned to play the Irish pipes with much skill. He was tall in appearance, quiet and inclined to be serious minded. As a young lad of thirteen he joined the Fianna in Waterford and the following year was elected on the Council of that organisation in the city. A year later he helped to found the Fianna War Pipers' Band and from that on devoted much of his spare time to the training of the young pipers.

The Dublin Rising of 1916 gave a fresh impetus to young Walsh and his comrades in the Fianna Boy Scouts, as they had now come to be called. The national gospel these young lads had been learning in their little backstreet room was now being taken up and preached throughout the length and breadth of the country. For the smoke of battle in Dublin had scarcely cleared when there was a quickening of spirit in the nation and men looked at each other in the knowledge that Ireland of the centuries of struggle had become young again. Tom Walsh and his companions in those joyous days of the National Renaissance worked nightly in their little room, enrolling new members, training new companies, uniforming fresh

recruits in an atmosphere that had in it the breath of the newly born spring.

In the two stormy Parliamentary Elections held in 1918 young Walsh and his little comrades worked as a forceful team in the department allotted to them. After school hours daily they hurried to the Sinn Fein Headquarters. There they sat in a corner on a bench—awaiting orders. Their leader then gave them literature to distribute, posters to paste on walls, letters of correspondence for city and county. In a twinkling the group would disappear, each hurrying to his post of duty. At night time in these Elections young Walsh led his war-pipe band down to the election rooms, the slough clad in resplendent green uniforms marching in perfect military formation behind, a standard-bearer, carrying a large Tricolour, stepping out in advance. The ages of these young lads at the time would range from eight or nine up to seventeen years old. The band and marching slough would then line up to lead a Sinn Fein procession to a public meeting place where the age old but ever young story of Ireland was publicly preached. Children though they were in years, young Walsh and his scouts were manning the posts of men at this period, and on the day when Ireland's banner is yet flung to the breeze, the names and the memory of the boys of Fianna na h-Eireann will surely be remembered.

In 1920 Tom Walsh was transferred to the I.R.A., becoming attached to "B" Co., 4th Battalion, No. 1 Waterford Brigade. He took part in all routine activities with his company from that time until the truce of 1921. On the split on the Treaty issue he held firmly by his old national creed and saw service during the siege of Waterford in 1922. Falling back into County Waterford afterwards, he was on the run for five months, during which period guerilla tactics were being employed by the I.R.A. against the newly set up Army.

On February 9th, 1922, he was ordered to participate in the Post Office raid in Waterford, and was shot dead by Free State troops near the Poleberry Post Office in the course of that operation. His comrade and intimate friend, Michael Moloney, being killed a few yards away from him. Nicky O'Neill, his other comrade, kept up on the occasion a running fire on the soldiers and escaped with a slight wound and bullet-ridden clothing. He died a few years ago in Waterford. Tom Walsh sleeps side by side with young Moloney in the Republican Plot at Ballygunner.



John Walsh

JOHN WALSH was born at Kilmacthomas, Co. Waterford, in 1900, and went to school at Newtown National School. He was a blacksmith and worked at his trade in a forge at Durrow. He was of medium height, well built and was a polished hurler, in the latter sphere he gave very effective service to the Kilmacthomas Club to which he was attached. Of a quiet and reserved disposition, he carried beneath it an inflexible determination to any cause which he espoused.

He was attached to "D" Co., 2nd Battalion, No. 2 Waterford Brigade, and his interest in the movement was such that all his spare time after work was devoted to it. He took part with the local I.R.A. Unit in several arms raids as well as post office mails raids. In this latter connection it should be explained that postal mails were raided repeatedly by the I.R.A. in those days in order to trace espionage reports as well as to keep an eye on official British army correspondence. He took part in the attack on Stradbally Barracks in 1920 and was in the train hold-up at Durrow in 1921 when jurors travelling to Waterford for the Assizes were removed. Later on that day a British troop special hastened up from Waterford and were ambushed by the I.R.A. at Durrow Station. Tension in the area now becoming acute, John left his work and went on whole time duty with the West Waterford active service unit. On the night on which Pat

Keating's body was being interred in Kilrossanty in the same year, he was arrested with a party returning from the funeral by British troops. He was later sentenced to five years' penal servitude for "unlawful assembly," his imprisonment terminating following the signing of the Treaty in December, 1921.

Back in his native district once more he witnessed the agony of the split in the army consequent on the Treaty. He had no doubts as to which side rightly claimed his allegiance, the Republican Proclamation of 1916 was his simple national credo, and, shouldering his gun once more when the newly set up Free State army appeared in the district, he went into action against them in defence of the Republic which they sought to overthrow. He was now back in the Comeragh hills once more, but this time on the run from some of his former comrades. He was snatching a hasty meal one day near Grouse Lodge, Kilmacthomas, when the house was surrounded by Free State troops, and once again he was a prisoner.

He was transferred to Kilkenny Prison, meeting there many of his former comrades who were captured in the fighting raging at the time. The Free State authorities in the prison sought to seek out the identity of the prisoners held there. The latter were ordered by their leader not to disclose their names for reasons of military precaution. This led to the prisoners being paraded before a party of armed Free State troops for interrogation. John Walsh was asked his name, he refused to give it. He was covered by three guns and again asked his name, looking calmly down the barrels of the guns, he firmly refused to acquaint them of his identity. The armed soldiers drew closer to him, death or his name was the choice they gave him. Like a rock he stood facing them uttering a vehement "No!" They seized him and brought him away out of sight of the place of the parade. A couple of minutes later, his comrades heard a shot, they looked at each other in askance, a foreboding of gloom striking them. A little later it trickled through into the prisoners' quarters that he was in hospital—and that he had been shot. A couple of days later they learned that he had passed away.

The dead body of John Walsh, with a gaping bullet wound in it, was brought home to Kilmacthomas. No more would the hurling field there resound to the quick thud of his feet as he raced after the ball. No more would he stray for a friendly chat into the neighbours' houses. He has left behind him, however, in his native village the memory of a man of whom it can be proud to call its own. He is buried in the Republican Plot at Kilrossanty.

Patrick O'Reilly and Michael Fitzgerald

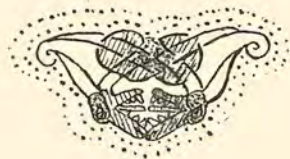
EXECUTED AT WATERFORD, JANUARY 25th, 1923

PATRICK O'REILLY and MICHAEL FITZGERALD were attached to the Cork No. 1 Brigade, I.R.A. They were both from Youghal and had been operating in their Brigade Area up to their capture at Clashmore, Co. Waterford, by Free State troops towards the end of 1922. Patrick O'Reilly was 24 years old and was a painter by trade, he was something of an artist, too, as the paintings done by him in his cell at Ballybricken Gaol showed. Michael Fitzgerald was also 24 years old and had started life as a sailor. On their capture they were imprisoned for some time in Dungarvan, being later removed to Ballybricken Gaol. The war between the Republican forces and the Free State Army at this period had assumed a very tense atmosphere. The latter, with unlimited supplies of arms and munitions, were gradually overcoming the remnants of the sparsely equipped Republican forces. Patrick O'Reilly and Michael Fitzgerald were charged before a Free State military courtmartial in Waterford with carrying arms and waging war against the newly set up Government's forces. They were both found guilty and sentenced to death. Paddy Cuddihy of Tramore, and attached to No. 6 Battalion, Waterford No. 1 Brigade, was also sentenced to death at the time but was later reprieved. Paddy died of ill health a few years ago in his home at Tramore.

Patrick O'Reilly and Michael Fitzgerald were marched from Ballybricken Gaol on the morning of January 25th, 1923, to the place of execution at the Military Barracks, Barrack Street (opposite Mount Sion Schools), Waterford. As they marched in the midst of a heavy bodyguard across Mayor's Walk that morning, they sang lustily together "We Are the Boys of the First Cork Brigade." On reaching the Barracks both men, who had received the rites of Holy Church that morning, were calm and composed. One of them taking from his pocket a packet of cigarettes proceeded to hand them around to the firing party.

The two men made one last request, that they be not blindfolded, which request was granted. They died standing erect, side by side. A great cause is worthy of brave men and the two Republican soldiers from Youghal, who faced death in Waterford Barracks, added in their passing fresh lustre to the noble cause which they espoused.

Both men were buried in the Barrack grounds, but in October of that year, a few months after the cease fire order terminating the war, their bodies were taken up for re-interment at Youghal. On the occasion of this funeral a huge concourse accompanied it outside the confines of the city. A large body of people who had travelled down from County Cork proceeded with the funeral cortege to Youghal, where Patrick O'Reilly and Michael Fitzgerald were finally laid to rest in the bosom of the county which bore them.





Cathal Brugha

ANY story dealing with the events which occurred within the confines of County Waterford between the years 1916 and 1923 would be incomplete without mention of Cathal Brugha. In the days of the language revival in the early part of this century he appeared in the Gaelic League as a doughty champion of the tongue of the Gael. In the glorious challenge thrown down in Dublin in Easter, 1916, to the might of a proud empire, Brugha was in the front line in that epic struggle. Sorely wounded, he prayed for life that he might strike again, and God heard his prayer.

When in 1918 the people of Ireland, in assembled election, ratified the Republic, Brugha was the chosen of County Waterford. The Government of the Republic assigned him to the post of Minister of Defence, it

was a choice that had in it the wisdom of the ancients. Gael, soldier, scholar, but, above all, the possessor of a mind that had divined to the core the spiritual force of Irish nationality, and had brought to bear on that knowledge the iron will power of an inflexible character; such was Brugha.

As the storm of '20 and '21 broke over Ireland his was the pulsating hand that guided the forces that were to break it. Unassuming, humble, he remained in the background, unknown to the masses of the people whose destiny he was shaping. Thoughtful, kindly to his friends, beloved within the sacred precincts of his home as a husband and a father; his was a heart that loved deeply the people for whom he was waging grim war. His name was but whispered in early '21, as police, soldiers, and their minions sought out hourly for the medium sized man with the calm face, who was known to be the strong silent power behind the men who were giving battle on the hills of the countryside and in the streets of the towns.

The effort in the Treaty of December, 1921, to dismember the Republic threw Brugha in his full stature before the Irish people. Like a rock he stood, seeking to impede the wild stampede which was being urged by the country which this race has fought against for seven hundred years. Waterford owed much to him in that hour for the calm strong influence with which he steadied her. War came, on the life or death issue of the maintenance of the proclaimed Republic. He had tried hard to avert it but when it did come and a nation's honour was at stake, like a lion he sprang into the fray, for next to his belief in his God was his belief in the right of his country to untrammelled freedom.

In a Dublin street he fell, with a gun tightly gripped in his hand. Brave, indomitable Brugha!

Ah! Cathal of the heart of gold, they have taken from us your body, but your lofty spirit will remain with us for ever!



POBLAChT NA hEIREANN.
THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT
OF THE
IRISH REPUBLIC
TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND

IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom.

Having organised and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organisation, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organisations, the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army, having patiently perfected her discipline, having resolutely waited for the right moment to reveal itself, she now seizes that moment, and, supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first on her own strength, she strikes in full confidence of victory.

We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland, and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people. In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty: six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. Standing on that fundamental right and again asserting it in arms in the face of the world, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades-in-arms to the cause of its freedom, of its welfare, and of its exaltation among the nations.

The Irish Republic is entitled to, and hereby claims, the allegiance of every Irishman and Irishwoman. The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past.

Until our arms have brought the opportune moment for the establishment of a permanent National Government, representative of the whole people of Ireland and elected by the suffrages of all her men and women, the Provisional Government, hereby constituted, will administer the civil and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people.

We place the cause of the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God, Whose blessing we invoke, upon our arms, and we pray that no one who serves that cause will dishonour it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine. In this supreme hour the Irish nation must, by its valour and discipline and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called.

Signed on Behalf of the Provisional Government,
THOMAS J. CLARKE.

SEAN Mac DIARMADA, THOMAS MacDONAGH,
P. H. PEARSE, EAMONN CEANNT,
JAMES CONNOLLY, JOSEPH PLUNKETT.

Copy of the original 1916 Proclamation.

The Title Deed of a Nation

ON the opposite page is a copy of the Proclamation of the Irish Republic, proclaimed in Easter Week, 1916. It sets down in black and white the unquelled voice of separatist Ireland which has rang out through the centuries from 1169 down to our own day. Behind this document loom the towering figures of every man and woman of our race who with uplifted hands struck at the English foe down through the ages. The great MacMurrough, the princely O'Neills and O'Donnells, gallant Rory O'More, dauntless Sarsfield, noble Tone, brave and romantic Emmet, gifted Davis, splendid Mitchel, resolute Stephens, through that document they each gaze at us with a look far stronger than words. The bards who sang for the people when England had quenched our armies in blood, the men and the women and the children who died by the roadside of hunger in a land of plenty, they, too, gaze at us through the lines of this document. The priest struck down at the penal Mass rock, the people who were scourged for assisting with him, their eyes pierce us again through the words on this paper.

Blessed was Ireland on the day that her seven gallant sons signed that paper with their names and with their blood. And blessed was our generation which produced men, some of whom are spoken of in this book, who affixed their names to it written with the red wine of their heart's blood. Noble document, the title bond between the great dead generations and our race, may our people, by the grace of God, be loyal to you and to the message which you impart to them. May the child of tender years be taught to lisp the words which you speak that your tidings may thunder down to the ears of posterity. May Ireland of our day, gathering its strength from the voices of the deathless dead, which speak through you, arise, in all the splendour of her beauty, to attain the liberty which God has ordained for her!

THE NATIONAL GRAVES ASSOCIATION

EAST WATERFORD

THE East Waterford Branch of the National Graves Association was founded during the autumn of 1943. Since its foundation the Association has worked on the care of the National Graves in its area. The memorial erected at Mothel Holy Well in honour of Saints Cuan and Brogan has also been taken under the care of the Association, much needed repairs to this memorial having been carried out in 1944.

The revival of Mothel Pattern, a Christian Gaelic function of thirteen hundred years standing, has also been restored to something of its former glory through the efforts of the Association. The Pattern Festivals of 1944 and 1945 run under its auspices being reminiscent of the Mothel Pattern of a score of years ago.

The National Memorial at Pickardstown has been erected by the Association, and has marked the termination of some two years work on its part. The Executive responsible for its erection were: Risteárd O Cuileanáin, Cnoc a Doire (Uachtarán); Seosamh Toibin, Portláirge (Cisdeoir); Nioclás de Fuiteóil, Trágh-Mhòr (Runaidhe); Seumas O Foghludha, Cill Mhiadhán; Micheal O Cobhthaigh, Portláirge; Tomás de Paor, Portláirge; Pàdruig O Broin, Cill Fhearghusa.

The Sub-Committee of Waterford men resident in Dublin who raised a fund there towards the cost of the project were:—Tomás O Cearrbhail, Piaras de Purséil, Maitiú de Buitléir, Seán O Geallcobhair, Fronsias Mac Eudhmonn, Risteárd O Domhailing.

The following Waterford City Sub-Committee, in conjunction with the Executive, were responsible for the organization of the unveiling ceremony:—Liam O Geallcobhar, Tomás O Geallcobhar, Sean O'Neill, Eamon de Brún, Seán Breathnach, Seán de Roiste, Seán O h-Ealuighthe, Marc Mac Sheumais, Seán O Bolguidhir, Stiophán Mac Naois, Eamon Mac Cnáimhin, Tadhg O Coileán, Micheal O Donnchadha, Seamus de Fuitnigh.

The National Memorial was designed by Proinsias O h-Aoileáin, O.S., Waterford, who was also responsible for the cover design on this book as also for the map of the Pickardstown Ambush.

The following were the secretaries of Sub-Committees in their particular districts:—Micheal Creagh (Kilmeaden), Frank Roche (Portlaw), Seamus de Paor (Dunhill), Riobard Siothcháin (Carrickbeg), Liam McGrath (Mothel), Nioclás de Paor (Ballinkina), James Hanrahan (Passage), Seán McGrath (Dunmore), Micheal de Paor (Kill).

HAIL!

IN the foregoing pages the writer has striven to salute the memory of the gallant little band of East Waterford Republican soldiers who marched for their great ideal in the footprints of Tone and Pearse across life's threshold into Eternity.

In the name of the National Association which sponsors this book he salutes, too, the memory of the people of the Counties of Waterford, Tipperary and Kilkenny who harboured them during the strenuous years. The men and the women who broke bread with them. The boys and the girls who kept vigil while they slept. The hands that tended and nursed them in their days of weariness and illness.

Unsung and unknown save to the few, are those names to-day, but they are writ forever in the heart of the Nation.

The entire proceeds from the sales of this book go to the Fund of the National Graves Association, East Waterford.

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—Last letter of Michael Mallin, executed Easter, 1916.

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