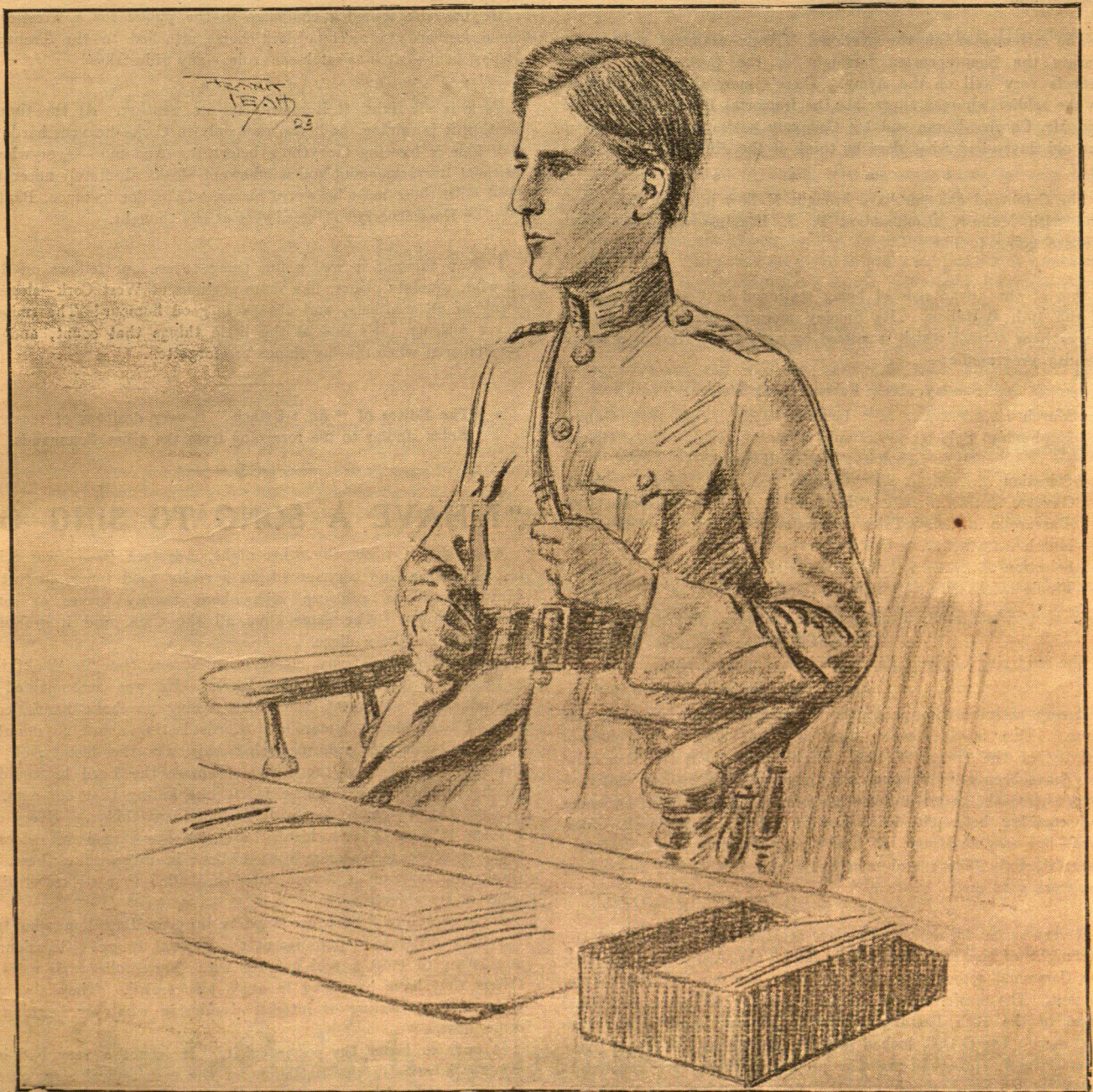


An t-Óglách

Vol. I. No. 2 (New Series). [Registered as a Newspaper.] MARCH 10, 1923.

Price TWOPENCE.



THE CHIEF OF STAFF.

A study by Frank Leah from a special sitting.

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Óglach
na hÉireann
IRENTHIRRE
LAND

CORK COMMAND NEWS.

On the night of the 15th ult. Officers stationed at Command H.Q., Micheál Barracks, enjoyed a musical treat. Artists from the O'Mara Opera Company were guests, and the Mess Anteroom was the scene of a delightful concert. Mr. Flintoff Moore, Mr. Tom Bevan (who, by the way, was "out" in 1916), and Mr. McCarthy were heard at their best. A cheery supper followed, presided over by Colonel Stephen Murphy. Thanks to the guests were tendered on behalf of the Officers present by Colonel O'Donnell. A spiritual rendering of the "Soldier's Song" by Mr. Bevan "rang down the curtain."

The attendance of the National Troops—Officers and men—during the Shakespearian fortnight at the Cork Opera House, reflects very well on the Army. There's more than the ordinary in the soldier who can appreciate the Immortal Bard. We wonder did Mr. Charles Doran and his Company notice as much khaki in the old days—and what does he think of the difference?

The Command changes have brought Mallow into our Command, and with Mallow, Commandant P. J. Higgins—whom we think we are going to like.

One of the advantages of being stationed in Cork is the Band of the 10th Battalion. Its Sunday morning performance in the Barracks is a treat which is missed by very few. Here is a recent Sunday programme:—

Sunday, 10th February, 11 o'clock.

March	"Lorraine"	Ganne.
Euphonium Solo	"Simple Aveu"	Thome.
(Soloist: Vol. Sullivan).		
Selection	"Carmen"	Bizet.
Gavotte	"Konigs"	Herman Rea.
Barcarolle	"Tales oof Hoffman"	Offenbach.
March	"United Service"	Ord Hume.
Selection	"Bohemian Girl"	"Balfie."
Finale	"Soldier's Song"	—

Conductor—S. J. Gargan, Bandmaster, 10th Infantry Battalion.

The rendering of the "Barcarolle" was magnificent.

Enemy activity throughout the Command is very much on the wane. This is due, more than anything else, to exceptional activity of the troops of late. Right throughout the Command they have been at it hammer and tongs. Mountains and valleys—everywhere; the green uniform has been plodding along, sweeping and combing before it—rain, hail or snow! Hard work. Yes, hard—but very necessary. It hasn't got the glamour of a "scrap" about it, but Officers and men know how essential it is—and so the work goes on!

A very successful dance took place at Micheál Barracks, Cork, on the night of the 24th ult. Members of the Army from all over the Command attended, and there were over one hundred couples present. The music was provided by a string orchestra, the Brass Band of the 10th Battalion, and the Pipers' Band of the 10th Battalion. The G.O.C. looked in for a few hours, and took a lively interest in the proceedings. The proceeds, which were devoted to the Wounded Fund, should give that very deserving object substantial assistance.

The next big dance on the programme is the Army Ball, at the

Imperial Hotel, on St. Patrick's Night. A committee of Officers are at present perfecting arrangements for what should be the most successful dance of the season.

Condolences from all his friends at Cork Command Headquarters go to Capt. A. A. Healy on the recent death of his sister.

Rumour has it that Capt. Keogh is arranging a boxing tournament for St. Patrick's Day, which will eclipse anything he has yet done in this line. That will take some doing—but he'll do it!

He has also issued a challenge to the public for a wrestler to come forward to meet a dark horse attached to the Transport Department—catch-as-catch-can rules—any sidestakes!

Cork is all right, if it wasn't for its weather. At the time of writing it is raining, as it can rain only in Cork—heavens hard. A half gale is blowing everything before it. And mud—everywhere! Micheál Barracks—cold and wind-swept—looks absolutely miserable. And still, there must be worse places. Take, for instance, Bantry, . . . or Rosscarberry! One shivers at the thought.

I often thought it was a fine thing to see our fellows on duty in wild, desolate places, like some portions of West Cork—slogging away in all weathers, and always in good humour! The smile is never missing. It's one of the little things that count, and are remembered when the big things are forgotten.

*.*The Editor of "An t-Oglach" is very desirous of receiving Notes similar to the foregoing from the other Commands.

"I HAVE A SONG TO SING—O."

At a Mess Concert the other night, Adjutant B— was called on for a song, and commenced, in a really good tenor, to torture himself and his audience with about twenty verses of somebody's history. The same tune all the time, and it gradually seemed to be like a dirge.

It reminded me of my introduction at one time in Waikiki to a Prince of the old Hawaiian stock. He was accompanied by an old stager about 90, who, after seeing us shake hands, commenced to drone a rigmarole of words lasting about 20 minutes. I was subsequently informed that this was the history of the Prince's descent from the Flood. Thank the Lord he couldn't go any further back, because I felt like killing that old man.

Now why on earth do we Irish like these things. Every day I seem to hear a new history of some brave man who doesn't really deserve to be passed to history in dirges like these. I think that most of us favour more the ballad that strikes straight away at its objective.

Have you any "buckshee" poets in your Battalion who turn out little ditties and parodies of the popular songs? Occasionally one seems to meet a real gem of wit. They tell of all sorts of things that have happened in one's own crowd. They also promote a lively feeling of interest wondering whatever is going to come next.

It pays to foster the poetic spirit. It is not a very bad idea to offer a prize in the Battalion for the best topical song on the Battalion. I wish some of you chaps would send along anything really good that you have come across. I would welcome any gems.

I'm certain the Editor
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THE ADJUTANTS' COURSE.

Objects of the Instruction—Plans for the Future—The University of the Army.

The beginning of a series of short courses, which are intended to give Officers an opportunity of obtaining a general idea of their work, was made on the 9th of February, when the Battalion Adjutants were assembled at the Curragh for a course of instruction.

The time allowed for the course (fourteen days) was short, but it was considered, at present, inadvisable to keep Officers a longer period from their Units.

Particular attention was given to the teaching of sound methods of administration, and to the working out of a uniform system.

OFFICERS' ZEAL.

It was indeed pleasing to see with what zeal and intelligence the Officers applied themselves to extracting the last possible item of information from their Instructors. It augurs well for the future of our Irish Officers.

The course was a strenuous one, yet it is pleasing to note that the only complaint made by the Officers was, that it was too short.

A library and ante-room have now been fixed up, and opportunities will thus be given to Officers to consult sound military works, and to note the books which they wish to obtain for their own library.

ANSWERING IN EXAMINATION.

The answering in the examination showed that the Officers had derived much benefit from the instruction, and that the knowledge acquired will be of much material assistance to them in their work. The marks given to each individual will be issued in due course.

It is the intention of G.H.Q. to pass every Officer and Non-Commissioned Officer through a short course, and issue a Certificate at the end of the course.

At present the Company Commanders are under instruction, and a large class of Non-Commissioned Officers.

UNIVERSITY OF THE ARMY.

It must be realised that these short courses are simply an outline, and cannot deal exhaustively with the work on any subject. When circumstances will allow, it is intended to put every Officer and Non-Commissioned Officer through a definite course of professional training, with an examination following. The Curragh will become, as the Commander-in-Chief aptly describes it, "The University of the Army." Through that University every Officer will pass, and will be thus given an opportunity of seriously studying his profession.

Many of the instructions given at the Curragh may seem at present impossible to carry out under the present circumstances. To that the writer must answer emphatically, "NO." Systems of administration for large Units can be applied to small Units, and modified to suit the circumstances. When conditions are difficult, then, indeed, the really good Officer is seen at his best,

and he will always be seen to insist on system and method. He will master circumstances, not allow them to master him.

The following are excerpts taken from some letters written by the Adjutants regarding the course:—

EXTRACTS

Taken from Officers' Letters Regarding the Course.

"The Syllabus is complete with everything that will fit the men for administrative and training purposes."

"All the lectures are very clear and instructive."

"The system adopted is that used in the training of the ordinary recruit, i.e., in foot drill, arms drill, field work, etc. Every movement is explained in detail, step by step, from the very bottom, so that the Adjutant may get a thorough grasp of every detail of his work in this direction, and that he will be able to explain and give instructions clearly and in detail when he takes his own men in hand." "Lectures are given in every subject which comes within the sphere of the Adjutant's duties, comprising Battalion Administration, Military Law, Office Routine, Sanitation, Correspondence, Interior Economy Administration, etc. Each subject is treated in a very lucid and business-like way by men fully qualified in their departments, and who are masters of their subjects." "Interior Economy: The Adjutants were shown over model Guardrooms, Kitchens, Men's Dining Rooms, Men's Sleeping Apartments, Latrines, everything that goes to the making of a first-class barracks or post. Every detail in connection with each of the above was fully explained, to give them an idea of what is actually required in this direction, so as to enable them to employ the knowledge thus gained usefully in their own Battalions. Everything considered, I would wish to mention that it is remarkable the interest and pains the Training Department (Curragh) is taking in getting the men up in their subjects in the short time at their disposal."

"Speaking for myself, it was worth a year to me."

EXCELLENTLY ARRANGED.

"I think the course has been excellently arranged, and the sequence of instruction very good."

"I only wish it was much longer. I hope we may be given a chance to return again in the near future."

"As regards the results of the course, although, of course, no apparent result will be seen for some time, the training, morale and organisation of the Army should materially benefit if only the Adjutants take full advantage of what they have learned and seen throughout the short time, and I am sure that this will be, as, if not, it will be a poor reflection on themselves as well as on the training staff of the Curragh, who have spared no pains in any particular to make the course a success."

"On all the subjects that are gone through, I do not think there could be a more successful course, considering the short space of time allotted."

"An t-Óglách" marches with the Army

NOTES ON DRILL.

Instructions for Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers.

Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers will endeavour to make themselves perfect in drill. They must not only have a sound theoretical knowledge, but must be able to instruct men with confidence. This confidence can only be obtained by actual work in instruction on the parade ground.

Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers must be able to explain clearly the detail of any drill movement, and must be able to train the men in carrying out movements by numbers. In drill, faults must never be overlooked. Errors will be pointed out and the movement repeated until correctly carried out. If, however, an individual is unable to understand or carry out an order, the whole squad must not be held up for him. He will be fallen out and a Non-Commissioned Officer placed in charge to teach him individually. In correcting or checking faults, the name of the individual concerned will not be called out. He will be referred to by his position as "No. 4 rear rank" or "Second man from left of the front rank." Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers when giving words of command must stand to attention. Non-Commissioned Officers will stand with sloped arms.

SLACKNESS MUST NOT BE TOLERATED.

Drill is the means of instilling discipline. Prompt obedience and smart movement must be insisted on. Slackness on parade defeats the object of drill. An Officer or Non-Commissioned Officer who permits slack drill should be at once removed from his command. Slackness on parade encourages the men to despise the Commander who allows it, and he accordingly loses their confidence.

Officers under the rank of Captain should be drilled twice weekly under the Adjutant. They must learn to know what it feels like in the ranks. From experience in the ranks, the difference between a good and bad instructor is appreciated.

INSTRUCTOR'S NECESSARY QUALITIES.

To effectively instruct in drill, the instructor should fulfil the following conditions:—

- (1) He must have a thorough knowledge of his subject.
- (2) He must train his eye to pick out faults at once.
- (3) He must have patience in correcting faults and must never abuse a man for a mistake.
- (4) He must be able to give a good word of command, must know how and when to give commands.
- (5) He must have acquired the power of command (i.e. of moving men as he wishes) and confidence in himself.
- (6) He must himself be smart and soldierly in bearing and appearance and an example to his men.

WORDS OF COMMAND.

To obtain good drill, Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers must be able to give words of command correctly. Words of command can be improved by communication drill. Officers should be formed up ten minutes daily under the Adjutant and practised in giving words of command. Non-Commissioned Officers will be formed up under the Battalion Sergeant-Major. On Saturdays an hour may be given to this practice. The correct giving of detail should be taught at the same time.

METHODS.

- (a) Squads may be formed in line and practise the words of command in turn, imitating their Instructor.
- (b) Squads may repeat the commands in chorus after the Instructor, who may beat the time.
- (c) Squads 100 yards apart, one rank drills the opposite rank in chorus, or individuals may drill their opposite numbers. This is especially suitable for Arm Drill.

INSTRUCTING SQUADS.

Squads will be practised in words of command. In practising the words of command, the sequence of movements should also be taught. For example—A Squad in file forming line on the left. "ON THE LEFT—FORM—LINE." A Squad in line advancing. "FORWARD BY THE RIGHT." A Squad in line changing direction. "CHANGE DIRECTION RIGHT; RIGHT—FORM."

Thus the sequence of words of command will also be learned.

Words of command are divided into two parts, the cautionary word or words and the executive word. The cautionary word should be clearly given and fairly slowly. The executive word must be short and sharp as a signal for action, thus, "ATTENTION" may be shortened to "SHUN." "DISMISS" cut into two syllables, "DIS-MISS." "FORWARD" given as one syllable.

A pause must be made between the cautionary word and the executive word. The pause should be equal to about two seconds. Words of command must always be given on the correct foot.

STEPS IN INSTRUCTION.

When a Squad is standing easy and receives the warning "SQUAD" heads must be lifted smartly and the Squad will stand properly at ease.

In teaching drill the following steps in instruction should be followed:—

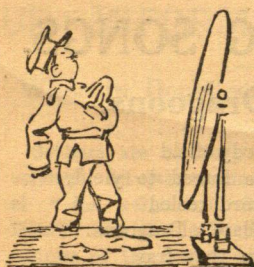
- (1) *Explanation* . . . of the movement to be carried out.
- (2) *Illustration or demonstration* . . . by the Instructor of how to do it.
- (3) *Practice or execution* . . . by the squad.
- (4) *Criticism* . . . by the Instructor, of faults.
- (5) *Repetition* . . . Movement repeated to give practice in rectifying faults.

POINTS TO BE STUDIED.

The following points in drill should be carefully studied, as by observing the methods described below smart drill can be obtained:—

- (a) In marching on markers, the Unit should move from the rear on to the marker, and a command such as "AT THE HALT ON THE LEFT, FORM LINE," &c., will be given.
- (b) "Distance" is the space in depth between units, i.e. from front unit to a unit in rear of it.
- (c) The command "As you were" will be given to bring men back to their original position if so desired.
- (d) The step will not be called out by the Non-Commissioned Officers unless they are instructed to do so by their Officer in charge of the parade.
- (e) The caution "The (the unit, section, company, &c.) will advance" will always be given when marching off a unit in line, or a battalion or company in close column formations.
- (f) In retiring the caution will always be given as "The Company will retire," "About turn," &c.
- (g) In battalion, company, platoon, and section drill commanders should be frequently changed over and given temporary command of the next larger unit, as a squad commander will take over a section, &c.
- (h) For instructional purposes either in musketry or in teaching detail of arm drill a Squad may be formed with the rear rank at right angles with the front rank. Thus "Rear Rank." "Into single file." "Right (or left) Turn." "Left wheel." "Quick march." "Halt." "Left Turn."
- (i) In a squad standing easy with rifles, on the cautionary word "SQUAD" heads will be lifted. In a squad being stood easy from the "Stand at ease" the right hand will remain at the outer band and will not be moved up to the piling swivel.
- (j) Dressing will be always carried out as laid down in "Dressing a Squad in Single Rank."





DEEDS OF DERRING-DO.

Experiences with a "Home Defence Force."



They called it the Home Defence Force, and it wore a uniform. That is to say, those members who could afford it, and thought it worth while, bought themselves the uniform.

There were a lot of us in the town of X—— at that time who wanted to know how to use a gun and pick up a bit of military formation and information.

So we joined up with the X—— Home Defence Force to do our bit in the great War, Daddy.

We drilled in the Potato Market. We also established a rifle range there, with the result that after some time all the "eyes" in the potatoes were bulls' eyes.

First we had dummy rifles, but later on we had real ones. The guns they issued to us were, I believe, Mausers of the pre-Boer War period.

THE "BOGEY" OF THE CORPS.

After some months we acquired a band—a real brass band with a full strength of half-a-dozen or so. It learned one tune, "Colonel Bogey." I have hated that tune ever since.

Sometimes we took the band out with us on route marches. After a while it was noticed that the "army" had developed a curious habit of losing the band when we got into rough country. The band said we did it on purpose, and were quite nasty about it.

At other times the band could not get off from work in time to start out with us. On these occasions a rendezvous was fixed. The members of the band would arrange to be at a certain point at a certain hour, and warn us not to keep them waiting.

And, with feelings of profound gratitude, we would set out on our route march, several hundred strong (and weak).

Hours later, when we were cautiously penetrating the heathery country at the back of the local hills, we would hear the band, a mile or so off, sending out the S.O.S. on the cornet.

When time passed, and we failed to come up with them (through some strange mischance) the other instruments, including the big drum, would join in the S.O.S. And when that didn't bring us, they would turn on "Colonel Bogey."

A GALLANT LITTLE "BAND."

We never could resist the appeal of "Colonel Bogey." We would picture that gallant little band, marooned at some crossroads, with only the birds of the air and the beasts of the field for company, putting all their soul into our regimental march, and we would make a determined effort to rescue them.

Sending out a strong advance party and throwing out flanking parties we would endeavour to track them by the sound.

And the sound would get up and move round in an erratic and bewildering fashion.

The explanation was that the perpetrators of "Colonel Bogey" had got tired of waiting, and had set out to look for us, still hammering at the Colonel.

Sometimes we would wander round for hours, the band and the army, looking for each other. Occasionally we discovered each other and went back to town together, enfeebled but dogged, leading the way with "Colonel Bogey."

When we became really proficient, and could tell which end of the

rifle the bullet came out of, we took up the duty of guarding sections of the local docks at night.

Tell you a tale of the war, sir; a tale to thrill you through? You're right to come to us, sir, for deeds of derring-do——.

DEEDS OF DERRING-DO AT THE DOCKS.

I beg your pardon! Where was I? Guarding X—— docks? Well, let me tell you that they were jolly well guarded. Nobody could have pinched one of those docks without one or other of our lads noticing it.

I was a casualty one night at the docks. One snowy night when, in my capacity as mess orderly, I was washing up the mugs (the "chaney" mugs, not the other ones), a distinctly well-oiled Norwegian sailorman knocked at the door of the guard-room. The beer of "Old England" had played the very dickens with his broken English—made the pieces smaller as it were—and all we could gather was that he had lost his way to his ship. He mentioned the name of the vessel several times, and it sounded like a different ship every time.

I was told off to lead the alcoholically-saturated descendant of the Vikings to his home from home, if I could find it. It was just the sort of luck I always encounter.

The snow was fully a foot deep, and still coming down as we



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rollicked forth. It had frozen hard after rain before the weather changed to snow, and the going was tough. Also, I had to hold up the beveraged Norseman all the way.

We fell about a good deal. After the sixth fall I lost count.

I was very glad to hand the pilgrim of the night over to the dock police at last and leave them to wrestle with his vocal and physical gymnastics.

"OUT IN THE COLD AND STORMY NIGHT."

I was hardly back in the guardroom before I had to turn out for sentry duty. They picked out the loneliest and most ignorant-looking part of the docks for my beat, and left me there with the notification that they would call for me in two hours.

It continued to snow—seemed as if it wanted to make up for all the "green" Christmasses we had been having lately.

I never knew two hours that seemed so like six. Of course, there are certain hours on a Sunday which bear a remarkable resemblance to a week, but—well, you see what I mean.

It seemed increasingly difficult to raise my left arm to look at my wrist watch. I began to think I was becoming frostbitten on that side.

"By-and-by," I mused mournfully, "this numbness will spread to the rest of my body, and when the Relief comes I will be found frozen to death at my post like that chap they dug up in Pompeii."

But I was still alive and able to walk when the Relief turned up.

When I got back to the warmth of the guardroom I investigated that paralysed left arm of mine.

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.

Frostbite?

No; merely a souvenir of my Samaritanesque journey with the inebriated Norwegian sailor. On one of the occasions when we fell I had cut my elbow badly, and in the cold night air the blood had caked, securely fastening shirt and singlet to the skin. It took quarts of hot water before I could get into pyjamas that morning.

I think they were rather pleased about the damage I had sustained. In fact, I believe I was mentioned in despatches—the officer in charge of the guard reporting the sanguinary incident at considerable length, for the edification of the Higher Command.

I think that was the only blood shed while that Home Defence Force existed. Of course, if the band could have had its way now and again—

K. R. LESSANGAY.

BATTLE OF CLONMILT.

Anniversary Celebrations in Middleton.

The second Anniversary of the Battle of Clonmilt, when many young Middleton men were killed on the 20th February, 1921, was celebrated in Middleton last month, when Requiem Mass was celebrated at 10 a.m. by Rev. Father F. Flannery. There was a large congregation.

Troops from A., B. and C. Companies of the 42nd Infantry Battalion marched from the Grange Military Barracks, headed by the Military Brass Band from Command Headquarters, Cork, under the following Officers of the Battalion:—Commandants Aherne, Whelan and O'Connell; Captains Reardon, Cashman, Hyde, and Healy; Lieutenants Ahern, Tully, Coffey, Flood, and Cott.

After Mass the troops and general public proceeded to the Republican Plot at Rosary Cemetery, where the dead soldiers are interred. Here the Rosary was recited in Irish by Father Flannery, and at its conclusion the "Last Post" was sounded, while the Military presented arms at the graveside.

MARCHING SONGS.

Clare's Dragoons.

When on Ramilles' bloody field
The baffled French were forced to yield,
The victor Saxon backward reeled

Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.
The flags we captured in that fray
Look lone in Ypres' choir they say,
We'll win them company to-day,
Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS:

Vive la for Ireland's wrong!
Vive la for Ireland's right!
Vive la in battle throng,
For a Spanish steed and sabre bright!

The brave old lord died near the fight,
But for each drop he lost that night,
A Saxon cavalier shall bite
The dust before Lord Clare's Dragoons.
For never when our spurs were set,
And never when our sabres met,
Could we the Saxon soldiers get
To stand the shock of Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS:

Vive la the new brigade!
Vive la the old one, too!
Vive la the Rose shall fade,
And the Shamrock shine for ever new!

Oh! comrades think how Ireland pines,
Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines,
Her dearest hope, the ordered lines
And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons.
Then fling your green flag to the sky,
Be Limerick your battle-cry,
And charge till blood flows fetlock high
Around the track of Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS:

Vive la the new brigade!
Vive la the old one, too!
Vive la the Rose shall fade,
And the Shamrock shine for ever new!

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this office at the following rates:

Unmounted	2/-
Mounted	2/6

POSTAGE EXTRA.

OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.

When in Doubt write to "an t-Oglach."

Soldiers are cordially invited to make use of this column. All queries should be addressed to the Editor of "An t-Oglach," G.H.Q., Portobello Barracks, Dublin, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, which will not be made public unless desired.

Readers should write on one side of the paper only. It is possible that some slight delay may occur in answering certain queries owing to the necessity for making inquiries, but all questions will be answered in the earliest possible issue.

TRANSFER TO AIR FORCE.

A Sergeant at the Curragh, who is very anxious to become a pilot in the Air Force and to take up flying permanently, applied for a transfer and received his "transfer papers" four weeks ago. These were signed by his C.O. and himself, but "since then nothing whatsoever has happened," and he wants to know what to do.

Very high qualities are demanded from a pilot in the Air Force, and nothing can be decided without a personal interview. Our correspondent should endeavour to call at the Baldonnell Aerodrome at eleven o'clock some morning, having previously notified the authorities there through the usual channels of his desire for a personal interview.

DEPENDANTS' ALLOWANCE.

"One of the Garrison at Templemore."—The statements contained in your letter have now been investigated and found to be incorrect. Your father is in receipt of £1 8s. 0d. per week Dependant's Allowance. Owing to an error outside the Department concerned this allowance was sent for some weeks to the wrong address, but this error was rectified on 25/11/'22, and the allowance has since been regularly paid to the proper address. Your brother George's claim was duly investigated and assessed at 14s. per week. This is where the payment is made at 28s. per fortnight. Your claim is still out with the Investigator, and no report has come through so far. In the case of Jack, no claim whatever has been received. Where payments are being made they have been cleared to date.

"Private" (St. Brechan's Hospital).—We have handed your letter to the Officer in Charge of the Dependents' Allowances, who will probably communicate with you in a few days.

A QUARTETTE OF QUESTIONS.

Renmore, Galway.—No replies can be sent by post. In answer to your queries:—(a) Soldier cooks in all units of the Army are entitled to receive proficiency pay in addition to the ordinary rate. (b) What exactly do you mean by this question? (c) A soldier's dependants are entitled to allowance from the time he attests. (d) See answer to "Old Timer."

CARPENTERS' PAY.

"Handy Andy."—Carpenters in all units are entitled to proficiency pay in accordance with Army Finance Circular No. 12.

SOLDIER CLERKS.

"A Clerk" (Tirconaill).—Yes, soldiers doing clerical work are entitled to proficiency pay, where such is merited. A special

clerk is entitled to 3s. per day: ordinary clerks, such as orderly room clerks, are entitled to 2s. per day extra for proved efficiency.

FROM RADIO WAVES TO OCEAN WAVES.

"Davy Jones" (Radio).—Apply to the O.C. of your Corps for transfer to the Naval Coastal Patrol. The placing of Radio Operators on the Coastal Patrol Service is a matter for the Officer Commanding Independent Signal Corps. No; a change from a life on the Radio to the Ocean Wave should not be difficult, provided you have the necessary qualifications for sea work.

MACHINE GUNNER.

"Mick" (Donegal).—There is no special rate of pay at the moment for machine-gunners, but the matter, it is understood, is under revision.

SUB-JUDICE.

Vol. O'B. (Medical, Curragh).—We cannot express an opinion on a matter sub judice. The accused should ask for an Officer to conduct his defence.

RECRUITS' CIVILIAN CLOTHES.

"Anxious" (Curragh Camp).—There is no order to the effect that a recruit, when attested and given uniform, is to hand over his civilian attire to the Army. Soldiers, however, are not permitted to retain civilian clothes or suit cases in Barrack. These should be returned to their homes.

"Transport."—We cannot reply by post to queries. We do think that, in the circumstances, you are entitled to some allowance for wear and tear of your civilian clothes worn on service prior to issuing of uniform. Apply through your O.C.

QUESTION OF DISCHARGE.

"Fred" and "Dublin Rover."—Application should be made to your O.C. There should not be much delay in acceding to your request.

A DROGHEDA GRIEVANCE.

"A Private Soldier" (Drogheda).—Your letter has been passed on to the proper quarter for attention.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

"Assistant Paymaster."—The idea of organising musical treats and amusements for the Troops is an excellent one. We would suggest forming a small committee for the purpose. There is no distinct Cavalry unit in the Army. Apply to your Battalion Q.M. for copies of "An t-Oglach." Write us if you have any difficulty in securing supplies.

PROMOTION AND BACK PAY.

"Back Pay" (Athlone Command).—You seem to have allowed this matter to drift very long. Has your rank been confirmed by the Adjutant-General or by a G.R.O.? If it has, you can take up the matter with the Chief Paymaster.

"Sergeant" (Curragh Camp).—You do not state by whom you were promoted. At the date such took place the Pay Officer of your area should have been notified. It is difficult to answer your queries without further information. Write us again.

TRANSFER TO MEDICAL CORPS.

Vol. P. J. W. (Co. Kilkenny).—You must apply, in the first instance, to your O.C. for transfer to the Army Medical Corps. The General Headquarters of the Medical Service is at St. Brechan's Hospital, Dublin.

(Continued on page 8.)



GAELIC GAMES.

The Army and the National Sports.

By "OSCAR."

Widely defined, a great Gaelic renaissance awaits the present generation. Few nations have made such marked progress in an "epoch" as we have, not to write of a "generation."

A friend of mine (a Clareman) had been an exile for 18 years. He never lost that love of religion or of the homeland taught him by his parents—victims of the Land War—in his home by the Fergus. Immediately opportunity offered he volunteered for service under the Free State. He came to Ireland at a monetary sacrifice. One day, shortly after his transfer, we heard a pipers' band in the distance. They were playing "Brian Boru's March."

Soon, as we watched, the green-uniformed men swung round under our eyes with perfect martial bearing.

"My God," said the returned exile with feeling, "I thank Thee that I lived to see this day!"

But these young men, clad in grey-green, have their duties to perform, and, much as we love them, we want them to develop in a truly Gaelic way. Believing that Gaelic athletics have a deep and instinctive appeal to the young Irish soldiery, I continue my plea of the first number. We have *good* games, and anything they may lack in perfection can be supplied by our Army.

Following a long up-hill struggle, I believe Gaelic Athletic games can stand "on their own" without coercive laws of any kind. We have passed the phase where it was necessary to compel a man to play in any particular code. Let us rather attend to the interior development of our own games, and, by reason of their intrinsic merit, make them the most popular games in the land.

Hurling, Gaelic Football, Handball—this trio I would suggest receive earliest attention, and I shall take Hurling first.

Hurling (called in Irish *Iománaidheacht* or *Báire*) has been our national pastime since Diarmuid, by reason of his "goaling" and beauty, stirred the Fianna to activity; and since Cuchullain played his brazen ball past his rivals in Craobh Ruadh.

The present broad ashen blade is the "camán," the ball is "an liathróid," the goal is "an Baire"—all associated in language with the Celtic civilisation which we have to resurrect.

The Gaelic Athletic Association has done splendid work in saving the native game from oblivion. Nowadays any attack on Gaelic games reads to me, as to you, the veriest nonsense. We have the games, and we shall hold them! Look at the interest in Kilkenny's meeting with Dublin in Hurling; and later Leinster's last meeting with Cork, Limerick or Tipperary. Compare the nation's association in an All-Ireland Hurling Final with the meeting of Ireland and Scotland in Rugby or other code. How many hillsides and glensides speak of Mooncoin, Moycarkey, Tub-bredora, Blackrock, Blackwater, Tulla, Killmoyley and Dungourney? Do they speak of Irish Rugby against Scotland? No!

I remember a big Tipperaryman at an International Association match. Somebody said "Go on Ireland."

"Go on, Ireland!" says the Tipperaryman, in derision; "ten Ulster men and a Jew—go on, Ireland!"

Irish soldiers must devote their attention to athletic training of some kind. I hope to see them represented at 1923 Athletic, Hurling and Football Championships. Immediate attention to "form" is important. Moderation is the great rule so far as tobacco and alcohol are concerned.

Consistent ball-playing in the open air is most important in the spring; sponge baths, rubs down and cold showers are the next essentials; and in the next number I shall write definitely of athletic training suited to the Irish temperament.

[The writer of these notes played All-Ireland Championship Finals in Hurling and Football, and won an All-Ireland Athletic Championship.—Ed. "An t-Oglach."]

DEATH OF COMMANDANT GALVIN.

Commandant Galvin, wounded by an accidental bomb explosion at Mallow on the 20th ult., died at the Mercy Hospital, Cork, on the 28th ult.

His record with the Army goes back to 1914. He was out in 1916. During the intense portion of the Anglo-Irish War he was O/C. of the Active Service Unit of the 4th North Cork Brigade.



[Photo, Lafayette.]

North Cork people remember the conflicts at Rathcoole, Cloonbanin, and Rathmore and the parts Denis Galvin played in them. He was in the thick of everything and never found wanting. He had no hesitation in following the late Chief on the Treaty question, and his influence brought hundreds of men from his district into the National Ranks.

It is hard that he should go with the end so near at hand.

OUR INFORMATION BUREAU

(continued from page 7).

FROM ARMY TO CIVIL FORCE.

"Old Timer."—The force you refer to is under the Civil Government, consequently you cannot be transferred from the Army. You must first complete the period of service for which you volunteered in the Army, and on your discharge you are at liberty to apply for admission to any of the Civil Forces.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

"Sergt.-Major" (Co. Louth).—We cannot undertake to reply to queries by post. We appreciate the difficulty in your case. You, however, appear to be doing well in the Regular Army, and with efficient service should soon reach the rank you desire. The O.T.C. is only open to soldiers serving in the Army, who proceed there for training when directed by their G.O.C.



FIANNA FÁIL.

The Origin of the Badge.

The above has now come to be recognised as the official stamp of the Irish Army. We are, in fact, becoming so familiarised with it on the cap badges of our soldiers, on our Army cars, etc., that its historic significance is apt to be overlooked, if not altogether forgotten, by us. A short account of the words which these letters represent will not be considered out of place in the Journal of the Irish Army.

When, some eight years ago now, our Gaelic scholars were casting about for a fitting and worthy name for the infant Volunteer organisation, the name of "Fianna Fáil" was suggested by the late Canon Peadar O'Leary. No greater authority could be quoted in support of any matter pertaining to the Irish Language than that of the "Leomhan na Gaoluinne," and, surely, it would be difficult to furnish a more appropriate title to designate the Fighting Forces of the Gael than the two words represented by the letters in above stamp.

FIANNA.

The word "Fianna" to the Irish mind is symbolic of the valour, manly prowess and chivalry of our race, while "Fáil" is bound up with the very earliest political and religious systems of the Ancient Gael.

The name Fianna was first applied to the great military organisation founded in the 3rd century by the celebrated Fionn Mac Cumhaill himself, and has been used more than seventeen hundred years as a synonym for the Gael Militant. At various periods also it has been used to designate the advocates and defenders of Ireland's rights and liberties.

The Fianna were revered and honoured almost as gods by the hero-worshipping Gael, and were looked upon by him as the embodiment of all that was brave, noble and generous. The poets and bards of the Gael have sung their praises in countless songs; the great bulk of our national literature is founded on the exploits of the heroes and chiefs of the Fianna, and their names are for ever enshrined in the topography of the country. Aspirants for its ranks were obliged to undergo searching tests as to their mental as well as their physical qualifications. Fionn, Ossian, Oscar, Diarmuid and many other celebrated leaders of the organisation were poets as well as warriors.

This old semi-military organisation was John O'Mahony's ideal for an Irish Army, and Pádraig Pearse dreamed of an Irish Army combining, like the Fianna of old, Gaelic culture, with all the Gaelic reverence for magnanimous courage, Justice and honour.

FÁIL.

The innumerable legends and traditions associated with the magic word "Fáil" transport us back to the remote, prehistoric period of the De Danaan occupation of the country. The celebrated Lia Fáil was brought hither by them when they first decided on the conquest of Erin. This "Stone of Destiny" was one of their most jealously guarded treasures. It was worshipped and revered, not only by the De Danaans, but by their Milesian successors to the sovereignty of Ireland, as a gift of the gods. For centuries the coronation ceremonies of the Gaelic monarchs were performed on this Lia Fáil, and the Gaels had implicit faith in all the extraordinary powers attributed to their magic Stone of Destiny. It was credited with the power of emitting sounds when the rightful heir to the throne was crowned, and thus assured that none but the legitimate successor could attain to the Kingship.

When the sons of Eórc, having established an Irish Colony in

Scotland, found themselves sufficiently strong to assert their right to the sovereignty of that country, Feargus, the first of the Kings thus selected, applied to his brother, who was then Ard Rí of Ireland, for a loan of the Lia Fáil so that the ceremony of the coronation might be performed with all the religious solemnity and with all the rites and pomps with which such ceremonies had been, for thousands of years, performed by his ancestors.

The Lia Fáil was thus transported to Scotland, and there it remained, in the monastery of Scone until the reign of Edward, of England. This monarch, in one of his incursions into the territory of his Northern neighbours, had the Lia Fáil seized and carried off to England. It was believed by many excellent authorities that the large stone in the coronation chair at Westminster was the original Lia Fáil.

From this Lia Fáil Ireland received one of its ancient names, Inis Fáil. This is the origin of the well-known "Innisfail," the anglicised form popularised by Moore.



BOXING AT THE CURRAGH.

A successful boxing tournament was held in the Garrison Gymnasium, Curragh Camp, on the 28th ult., by kind permission of Maj.-Gen. Peadar McMahon, G.O.C., Curragh Command. There was a big attendance of officers, N.C.O.'s, and men. Referees—Col.-Comdt. Morrin and Col.-Comdt. Hunt. Judges—Mr. McCormack and Mr. Kent.

NOVICES' COMPETITIONS.

Light-Weight—1st Round—Sgt. M'Carthy (A.S.C. Bks.) bt. Vol. Brown, 29th Bn. (Gough Bks.); Vol. Tobin (Kildare) bt. Vol. Murray 43rd Bn. (Keane Bks.); Vol. M'Evoy 43rd Bn., a bye. Semi-finals—Sgt. M'Carthy bt. Vol. M'Evoy. Final—Sgt. M'Carthy bt. Vol. Tobin.

Feathers—1st Round—Vol. M'Cafferty, 43rd Bn. bt. Vol. Doyle, Kildare; Vol. Bowley (Beresford Bks.) bt. Vol. Black, 43rd Bn.; Vol. Friel (Ponsonby Bks.) bt. Vol. Toye (Beresford Bkt.); Vol. Connell, 29th Bn. bt. Vol. Doyle (Beresford). Semi-finals—Vol. Bowley bt. Vol. M'Cafferty; Vol. Connell bt. Vol. Friel. Final—Vol. Connell bt. Vol. Bowley.

SPECIAL CONTESTS—10 ROUNDS.

Vol. May (Curragh Command) v. **Vol. Ennis** (Dublin Command)—This contest was short-lived, Vol. May showing superiority in the first round and knocking Ennis out early in the second round.

Sgt. Moloney (Curragh Command) v. **Cpl. Delaney** (Dublin Command)—This contest went the stipulated number of rounds, and Sgt. Moloney obtained the verdict over Delaney by a very small margin.

Sergt. Dwyer (Curragh Command) v. **Vol. Genefer**—Sergt. Dwyer forced the pace from the start, and succeeded in landing some very good lefts. He had his man beaten from the start, and Genefer's seconds threw in the towel at the end of the second round.

* * The Editor would be glad to receive brief reports of all Sporting and Athletic events in the Army.

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An t-Óglách

MARCH 10, 1923.

DO YOUR BEST.

It is quite a good thing to have "a good conceit of ourselves" so long as it does not interfere with our ambition for improvement.

It is good that we should be proud of our Army, but not good that we should, in our pride, spurn all criticism, reject all advice, sneer at all suggestions of "how to do things better."

Our ideal is discipline and efficiency and—An Irish Army—an Army that embodies all that is best, bravest, most intelligent and effective in the young manhood of Ireland.

A National Army is a wonderful machine, built up of many units, created for the service of the nation. In that machine each man is an essential part.

Every man in the Army fills his little nook in the scheme of things.

Each man has his duty to do and each man's duty is essential.

Let no man think his job unimportant—for it is the efficiency of the human units that creates the smooth working of the machine.

The soldier's duty may seem to him a small and humble one, but it is just as important that he should do that duty well as it is that a General should do his duty well.

Whatever part a soldier has to play, let him carry it out to the best of his power.

By doing the best in our power we can all be great in the part allotted to us, whether it be a lofty or a small part.

The best soldier is the one who does his duty loyally and efficiently to the best of his ability.

A soldier should not worry too much if his best efforts do not seem to meet with the appreciation they deserve; he can rely on this, that good work always tells in the long run.

Anyway, whatever happens, there is always a reward for the good soldier—the satisfaction of having done his job well.

We are not working for ourselves, for rewards or for personal loyalties—we are all working for the good of Ireland.

The best energies of the nation have to be thrown into Military Service at the present time—that the nation may have that peace, freedom and security which it needs.

So the best energies of Ireland are thrown into the National Army.

We are creating an Army that is truly Irish, racy of the soil; we are determined that that Army shall be a credit to Ireland.

Our Army must show the best Ireland can do in every department of its activities, and we know there is no lack of brains or energy in Ireland.

Every Soldier, every Officer is an essential part of the machinery; on all devolves a share of the responsibility.

Every Soldier, every Officer who does his best, who tries to be a worthy Soldier of Ireland, is helping to save the nation.

Every slacker or shirker is letting down the nation.

Whether in work or in play, the soldier should do his best. Whether fighting outlaws or playing football, whether patrolling or cleaning a floor, he should do the job thoroughly.

We cannot all play brilliant parts before the world in this drama of Ireland's history, but we can all "do our bit" in a manner worthy of our country.

The world is watching us all. Nothing we do, nothing we neglect to do, is unimportant.

Let us keep up the credit of our battalion and our Army that Ireland has possessed for centuries.

If we do our best—we can make our Army the finest Army in the world—an Army that typifies all that is best and strongest in the manhood of the nation.

SHRAPNEL.

To judge by their luxuriant locks, a number of young soldiers in different barracks are under the impression that they belong to the hair force.

Soldiers are used to "close shaves," but if it comes to "hair's breadth" escapes some of them will stand a mighty poor chance.

Which reminds us that they have taken Time by the forelock in Portobello and re-started the barrack clock. It is now striking after having been on strike for a considerable period.

"This is March," said the drill instructor, "and Spring is in the air. Demonstrate the fact. Spring to it! Quick MARCH!!"

The man who runs our Information Bureau is a Man of Letters. And, to judge by the condition of his desk, he is becoming more litter-ary every day.

We take off our hats to the soldier who, in complaining of the meat served out at a down country post, described it as obviously "God's killing."

A propos of our feature "Marching Songs," a correspondent says he hopes we will not publish any whose lines limp. We can assure him that we will "scan" the "feet" of each song very carefully.

Another correspondent asks "Why is a barrack square?" This question has us "cornered." Can any reader supply an answer?

"But," said the new recruit, looking up at the aerials outside the radio station, "why do they call it wireless? Sure I can see the wires."

That article about the Air Force in our last issue mentioned the marvels of meteorology. This science can forecast the weather a hundred miles away. The Ancient Society of Punters hope that it may yet be developed to the pitch of forecasting winners at the Curragh.

A man in the Radio section of the Corps of Signals wishes to exchange into the Marine Investigation Dept.

A life on the Radio wave,
A nest on the aerial steep,
Only makes this soldier crave
For a home on the rolling deep.

We would like to warn him in advance that the kind of waves he is hankering for are not as well-controlled as the others.

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Oglagh
na hEireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

THE RADIO SERVICE.

**How the Army utilises the Ether—Prompt Realisation of Value of Wireless
—Swift and Efficient Action—Story of a Big Achievement.**

[BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.]

It is difficult to describe that intermittent sound. Take equal parts of shriek, howl, yell and wail, mix them well together, multiply by the number you first thought of, and you will begin to get some idea of it. Or imagine all the banshees in Ireland assembled in one place for chorus practice. I think it began to get upon the nerves of the photographer laddie whom I was assisting in the Radio Repair Room. When his elbow accidentally depressed a telegraph key and caused some part of the contraption to squeak, he nearly wrecked the camera.

I suppose you could get used to that intermittent blast of demoniac sound. It must be possible, because the Radio Operators at Portobello endure it for six hours at a stretch. But it must take some getting used to.

* * * *

Later on, when we had secured our picture of the Repair Room (which you will find reproduced somewhere hereabouts), I made closer acquaintance with the multiple banshee in the next room. Two soldiers were sitting motionless before a frame bristling with electrical gadgets. Both wore telephone headpieces, and had official pads on the desk before them. And they were registering implicit obedience to the sign on the outside of the door, which said:

SILENCE!

Some little bulbs were glowing placidly in amongst the tangle of wires and switches and thingymejigs, and the whole scene was one of peace, if not comfort. There was, however, a curious atmosphere in the room—a crinkly, goose-fleshy sort of feeling. The air seemed to be vibrating. As I rested my hand on the back of a chair I experienced a faint, needle-like tingling in the fingers.

Suddenly one of the seated soldiers was galvanised into quick, purposeful activity. His hands flew here and there, the set of white bulbs went out, and a set of golden bulbs lit up. He threw over a small switch at his side, and—

The banshees were at it again!

* * * *

One of the uniformed genii of the place tried to explain what was happening in simple words of one syllable or thereabouts suited to my kindergarten mind. I gathered that when the soldier operator threw over that switch he let loose 300 watts, which promptly climbed up to the

aerials outside, multiplying prodigiously on the way, and a fraction of a second later leaped into what Shakespeare, or Brian Boromhe, or somebody, in a brainy moment once described as the “circumambient ether” (only I don’t know if they spelt it that way). Those jolly old watts did fairly make the welkin ring in their joy at being released from the dynamo-thing which has replaced the bottle in which the Arabian Nights’ fishermen found their ancestor. At such close quarters that shrieking, tearing wail was even more appalling than I had previously imagined it to be. It seemed as if it should possess a



“An t-Oglách”].

The Wireless Station at General Headquarters, Dublin, showing part of the Aerials.

[Exclusive Photo.]

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disintegrating influence, and I was rather surprised to find that I remained intact.

Meantime the man who had started the row was calmly tapping out a Morse code message on a telegraph "sounder" key. When he came to the end, he back-pedalled as it were amongst all the electrical gadgets, the ear-shattering noise ceased, the golden bulbs went out, the white bulbs blazed into life again, and a restful silence reigned once more.

* * * *

Whilst they were waiting for a reply, the presiding genie gave me a telephone headpiece to "listen in." I had often heard of listening in, but had never tried it previously. The moment the ear-pieces were in position, I became aware of an extraordinary multitude of noises—a kaleidoscope of minor chords would about describe it. It was something like the myriad voices of a great

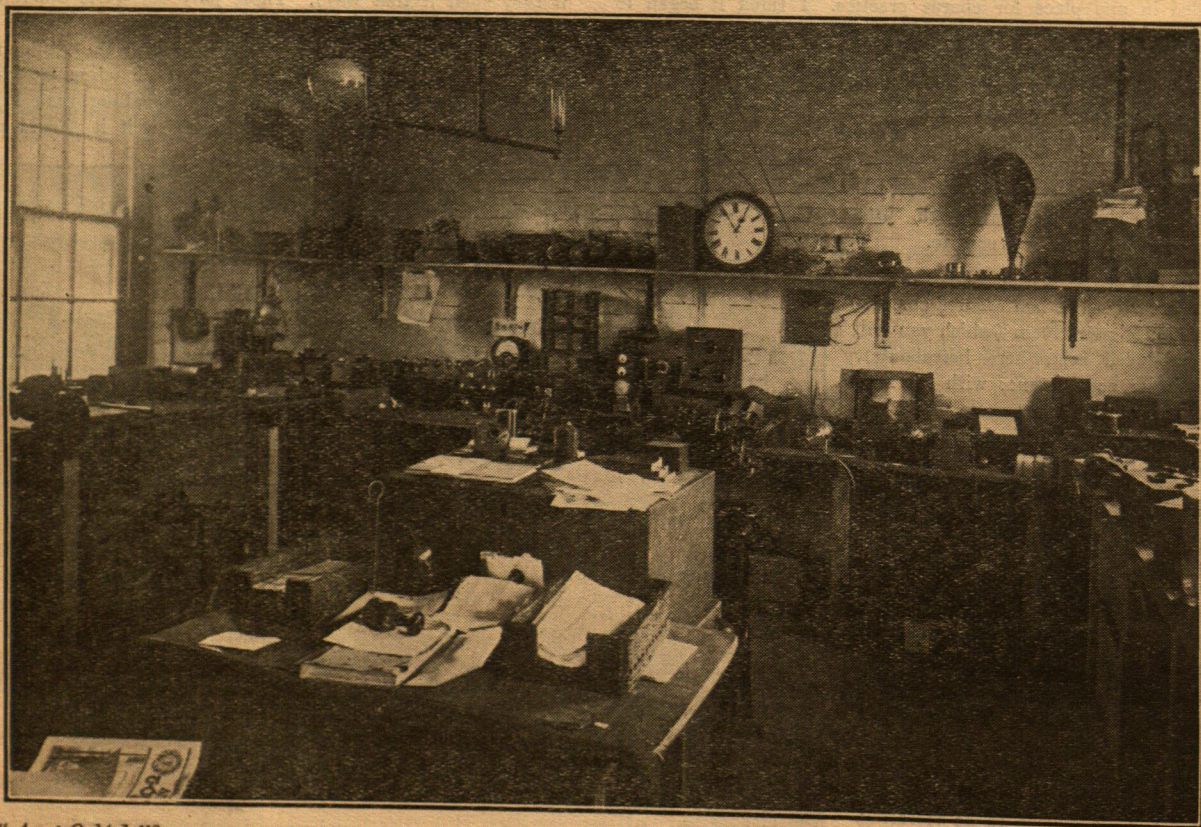
I was in the Repair Room using an extension outfit, and somewhere in London they had unleashed a couple of cross-talk "comedians." There was a little knob at my hand, by turning of which I could "tune" the affair to make the voices clearer or fainter.

"No, dearie," said one of the gentlemen in London (I found myself wondering if he wore a red nose and all the other stock-in-trade of the English comedian when he went a-broadcasting). "No, dearie, I do not bob my hair in the middle. And I do not bob my hair on the right side. . . ."

I turned the knob the wrong way, and lost him. But when, a full 45 seconds later, I turned it back again, he was still at it:—

" . . . and neither do I bob my hair on the left side, dearie. . . ."

A faint, bell-like sound obtruded now and again.



"An t-Oglách"]

Interior of a Radio Repair Shop at General Headquarters, Dublin.

[Exclusive Photo.]

city as they might float up to a person in the topmost room of a skyscraper, a dim, indefinable diapason.

"Irish Army Stations speaking," explained somebody at my elbow laconically.

Into the tangled skein of sound suddenly stabbed a dominant note, clear, flute-like. It was almost as if a person was trying to whistle in Morse.

"That is A—calling up Z—" I was told. The names given were those of two Irish towns. The clear note stopped, and a somewhat fainter whistling note sounded.

"Z—replying," said the explanatory voice of the operator at my elbow.

* * * *

But all those radio messages were in language invented by the late Mr. Morse. Later on I had a very different experience.

"What is that?" I asked.

The Radio Officer listened in.

"That is a ship calling up somewhere," he said.

I turned the knob and found the comedian still taking about his hair. There seemed to be a certain sameness in his patter. And just then our lads next door turned on the banshees and started to send out a message. I got the full force of it before I had time to remove the ear-pieces. It must have been very strong language.

"Thanks," said I to the officer, "I don't think I'll have any more until the concert items start."

I never did exactly yearn for music hall comedians, anyway.

* * * *

The prompt and efficient manner in which the Army has pressed the ether into its service, is another illustration of the initiative, resource and adaptability which characterise the THE ROYAL MILITARY ARCHIVES

The nucleus of the wireless section consisted of a small group of officers, all of whom possessed theoretical and practical experience of this development of telegraphy and telephony. The Director lost no time in securing six high power and four medium power C.W. installations, and no time was lost in the testing and erection of these sets. Under strong convoy they were despatched to important military commands.

Immediately these sets were in use, the importance of wireless made itself apparent, and from all parts of the country army leaders sent in applications for sets. Installations of various types were promptly secured, and in a very brief space of time masts and aërials were a familiar sight to the soldiers everywhere.

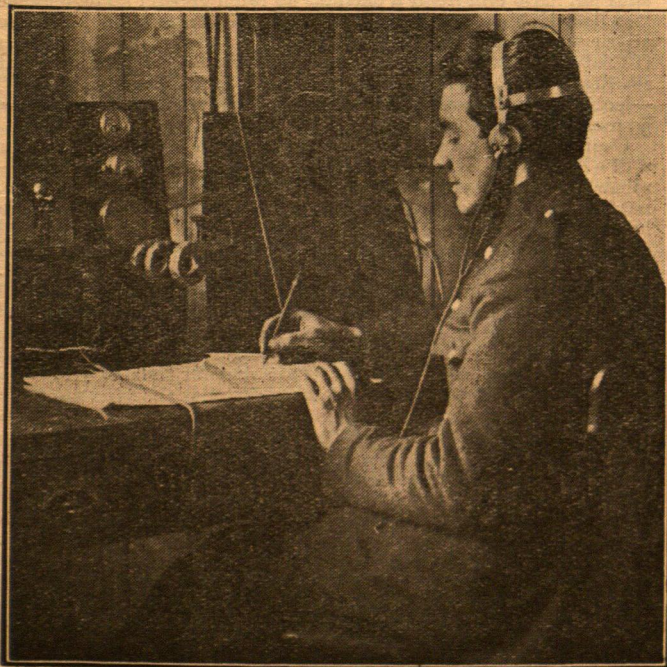
* * * *

As an example of the expeditious manner in which the work was carried out, it may be mentioned that in the small hours of a certain morning the O.C. Wireless received a Radio intimation that 19 complete installations, weighing over six tons, would be at a certain place at 5 a.m. Three lorries, a strong guard of wireless operators, and an armoured car were immediately secured and the apparatus was transferred to G.H.Q. By 10 a.m., the same morning one of these installations had been tested and was working to places over 70 miles away, and the same afternoon another of the sets was installed at a big military centre a good many miles from Dublin, where it is still doing useful work.

The credit for this efficient service is due, in the first place, to the Commander-in-Chief and other Officers of the Higher Command (who understand not only the advantages of wireless, but also its limitations); in the second place, to the Director (who possesses similar knowledge) and the judicious disposition of his Technical, Inspecting, and Command Officers, and last, but not least, to the energy and enthusiasm displayed by every N.C.O. and man.

* * * *

Practically all the sets now in use in the Army had to be modified and brought up-to-date, and specially adapted to the conditions in Ireland, in the Wireless Workshops under the supervision of the Technical Officer.



Operator on Duty at a Controlling Intercepting Station.



Left to Right.—Colonel Archer, O/C. Independent Corps of Signals; Captain Neligan, Chief Wireless Inspector; Commandant Smyth, Second in Command, and Captain Egan, Chief Technical Officer.

It should be remembered that Marconi, the inventor of Wireless, is Irish, on his mother's side, and that he selected Ireland for the erection of the very first high-power transatlantic Wireless Station. It is, however, not generally known that the induction coil which is, in some form or other, portion of practically every wireless installation, and the beginning of the Marconi Wireless System, was the invention of an Irishman, Father Callan, of Maynooth College.

One of the Radio Operators at Portobello, listening-in, heard distinctly an oration on Summer Training Camps being delivered by General Doran of the American Army to listeners-in in the United States.

So, unceasingly, in the brightness of day and the darkness of night, through fair weather and foul, the air is pulsing with military messages.

Perhaps, in some other planetary system which includes Cú Chullain, Oisín, Conn of the Hundred Battles, Fionn, the Red Branch Knights, and the others of the Fighting Race who strode down the centuries before us, are "listening in" to the activities of those who follow in their footsteps.

The length of the aerial waves, the language in which the messages are couched, the Morse code itself, are against the theory, but— Who knows?

Army Corps of Signals.

Operators in the Wireless Service receive the following rates of pay:—

Volunteer, 1st Class	...	6/- per day, all found.
Volunteer, 2nd Class	...	5/- per day, all found.
Sergeant	...	9/- per day, all found.

Promotion to the non-commissioned and commissioned ranks depends on efficiency, etc.

The usual separation allowances are given in addition to the above rates.

There are good openings for operators with the requisite qualifications.

THE IRISH ARMY.

"The Irish Army."

Do you, the soldiers, aye, and the people of the Irish Nation, ever pause to contemplate the glory conjured by those three words? Do you ever look back on the past seven hundred years with their innumerable heroic attempts to reach the goal of Irish Freedom? Attempts, futile perhaps, in that freedom was not achieved by the immediate struggle, but always successful in that they carried down from one generation to another the unalterable assurance of our belief in "A Nation once again" . . . of which the Irish Army of to-day is the most striking symbol!

* * * * *

Be Worthy of a Great Tradition.

It would be well that we, who to-day are soldiers of the Irish Army, should, by a careful examination of our lives, see to what extent we are justifying the glorious traditions bequeathed to us.

There is unfortunately a tendency amongst some of us, who participated in the events which led to the freedom achieved in our generation, to take to ourselves the glory of its achievement, and in our egotism to overlook the fact that we are only one link in the chain of events that would sooner or later bring Ireland to her ultimate freedom.

The direct results of this are that we are inclined to "mark time"—to overlook the duty that we in our turn must hand down to the next generation—if possible enriched, but certainly unsullied—the traditions bequeathed to us; for, splendid as our freedom is, compared to our bondage, much has yet to be done to consolidate it.

* * * * *

Mind the Little Things.

In the main the discipline of our Army is good, but in the little things which collectively make perfection, there is still room for improvement.

It must be granted that considering what has been accomplished in the time given to its formation, the Army has been wonderful. But, it must always be remembered that the conditions under which hostilities have been conducted during the past six months are conditions which are familiar to us since our experiences against the English.

* * * * *

The Nation Advancing.

But now we are "breaking through." The Nation is going ahead. The Army must go ahead!

The Nation is going ahead under modern conditions—the Army must go ahead under modern conditions.

Let no man try to satisfy his conscience by saying: "We will advance our country by the same methods that have brought her so far!" We cannot! Modern conditions require modern methods.

As far as it is possible for the average man to foresee, the future of Ireland will be developed on economic and industrial lines. But always the Army of Ireland must be standing by—steadfast and efficient—and by the personal courage, discipline and education of its members, be always ready to meet modern menaces with modern defences. So it will guard the honour and future of our country, if and when the more peaceful methods of economics and industrialism have failed.

ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

Readers must clearly understand that no attention will be paid to letters which do not bear the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. This applies to a letter received this week, and signed "A Dublin Guard."

SCÉAL ÓGLAIG.

Tuis a Óige.

Lá mór dom an chéad lá a chonac próisísiún Pharnail, bliain tréis bháis don fhear mhór san. Dfán cuimhne na mbannai ceoil agus na mbratacha móra maisiúla i bhfad agam. Thuigear gur bhfeag mór é gan a thuiscint canaaoiv gurb ea mar bfada gur tugadh aon eolas dom ar stair na hEireann a dhféadfinn a thógaint. Go deimhin ní raibh aon eolas agam in aon chor ar énni. Do ghlaicinn mar fhírinne ghlan gach énni do hinnsti dhom. Ní raibh sa domhan, dar liom, ach an méid a chinn óm dhóras féin de agus an roinnt bheag sráidena a bhí siúlta agam. Lasmuich de sin ní raibh ach . . . neamhni. Bhí fhios agam cadé an rud féar mar bhí páire sa chomhursanacht agus bhí roinnt féir ag fás ar bruach na canáile in aice linn, ach ní raibh fhios agam cadé an rud gort arúir ná faraige ach oiread leis an té do rugadh ina dhall.

"Cadé an rud é sin?" arsa mise, agus mé ag pointeáil chun peictiúra.

"Siné ár dTiarna," arsa mo mháhair liom.

"Cad tá sé a dhéanamh ansan?"

"Tá sé tarnálta ar an gerois."

"Cé an tharnáil ar an gerois e?"

"Na Giúdaig."

Agus cé gur cheapas go raibh an Slánahóir ansan dáiríriv níor bhrahas aon trua dho am' chroi. Do chromas ar a fhiarfaí dhíom féin an fada a bhí agus an fada bheadh sé ar crocha ansan.

Thugas cúpla bliain no trí—nílim cruinn in aon chor ina thaov—ar scoil mhillteach mhór imeasc na sluaite garsún is gearrachail, mar a mheasas, gan aon rud dfoghluim ach roinnt amhrán den tsaghas a múintear do leanbhai do ghnáh agus roinnt úrnaihe ach ní raibh ach tuisgint dorchá dhóiléir agam i gceachtar acu. Dairios daoine á rá go raibh an scoil tréis "dul fén mBord Náisiúnta."

"Is dócha gurb' in e an clár-dubh mór san in aice an dorais," arsa mise liom féin.

Dfágas an scoil sin sa dere tréis a fhoghlaím ann conus mo theanga do sháh amach mar oic ar an gceailín a bhíodh ad iarraidh rud égin fóna chur isteach am' cheann agus conus an buille 'shlait ar bhais dfulang gan gol. Cuireadh ar scoil na mBráhar gCríost ansan me agus bhí náire orm nuair a chonac go raibh garsún ab óige ná me "sa dara leabhar," leabhar mór an chlúdaig chruaidh, agus gan an aibítir agam féin fós. Ach bhí máistir óg cliste ann, an Bráhair Ó Cealla, 'na raibh cion againn go léir air, agus i gceann roinnt seachtainí bhí an aibítir agam agus me "sa leabhar leah-phinge"—leabhar ana-dheacair e sin. Bhíos ag foghlaim rud égin sa dere, go mall rín agus go duamhar.

Chuirinn ana-shuim i geomhnai sna lectiúirí a tugti dhúinn idir a 12 a chlog agus leahvair tréis a 12 gachao lá ar chúrsaí creidimh—ní nárbh iongna, mar do cheapas ná raghainn godi na flahais choíche, ná féadfinn é, go raibh ifríonn in áirihe dhom, agus déistinn go haireach le gachao fhocal. Bédír, bédír go ndéarfadh an máistir rud égin do thúrfadh dóchas dom, go nochtadh sé seift égin chun dul o ifríonn gan cahu firinneach a veh orm mar gheall ar mo pheacai. Cahu, an ea? Conus fhéadfinn cahu ná brón do mhohu mar gheall orra? Ní raibh aon bhrón orm agus ní fheadfinn me féin dfórsáil chun brón go bráh agus ní fhéadfinn go deo dul suas ar an altóir agus mo pheacai d'innsint in ésteacht na ndaoine go léir—bhead orm san do dhéanamh dar liom. Fiu amháin tréis veh tamall i dtaihi na sacramintí, agus go di am égin roim fhágaint na scoile dhom, bhíos damanta dar liom, damanta thar fóir, mar níor bhaineas an bri ceart as nihe áirihe agus do chuir san amu mé.

In ionad an lectiúra, dinnseadh an Bráhair Ó Cealla scéal dúinn gachao Luan. Dinnis se scéal dúinn aon uair amháin i dtaobh fir óig do cuireadh suas ar árdán i lár sráide chun e chrocha agus do choimeád na básairi ag feicamh tamall, á rá i geomhnai "na raibh se ullamh fós." Bhí sé ag brah ar cháirde a theacht chun e shaora óna namhaid, dar liom, ach tháinig na básairi corha den bhfeicamh agus do chrochadar e; do bhaineadar an ceann de ansan agus do thespéanadar dosna daoine e. Níor thógas ainm an fhir óig sin liom ach do chuimhnios ar an scéal i bhfad ina dhiaidh sin nuair a leus eachtra Riobáird Emit.

(Ní críoch).

GENERAL SEAN MAC MAHON.

A Brief Biographical Sketch.

General Sean Mac Mahon, Chief-of-Staff, was born in Dublin in 1894. Like many of the men who are leaders of the Government and the Army to-day, General Mac Mahon spent the early years of his life in strenuous, unremitting labour. On leaving school General Mac Mahon joined the Postal Service, and later engaged in clerical work with a city firm. From the inception of the Volunteers in 1913 the Chief-of-Staff was to be found an active worker in the ranks, serving with B Company, 3rd Battalion, Dublin City Brigade. In 1914 he became 1st Lieutenant under the O'Rahilly, with promotion to Captaincy in 1915.

The Easter Rising of 1916 found the Chief-of-Staff fighting with his men in the Ringsend area, and taking part in the stand made at Boland's Mill. An incident of those memorable days remains clear-cut in the minds of the men who were the Chief's comrades-in-arms. One of the determined band fighting here had been seriously wounded and the problem arose of having the wounded man taken to hospital. General Mac Mahon provided a ready solution by taking the man to St. Vincent's Hospital himself although in uniform and under the fire of the British troops.

After the surrender the Chief-of-Staff was deported and imprisoned in Wakefield, Frongoch, and Wormwood Scrubs. On the Amnesty of Christmas, 1916, he returned to Dublin and was shortly after appointed Vice-Commandant of the 3rd Battalion. In 1919 General Mac Mahon was attached to the General Headquarters Staff of the Army as Quartermaster-General, in which position he remained throughout the war. Immediately after his release from Frongoch, and until his appointment as Quartermaster-General, he worked on the managerial staff of "Nationality" and was held in the highest esteem by the founder and editor of that paper, the late President Griffith.

It was perhaps in his capacity as Quartermaster-General that General Mac Mahon's fine powers of organisation and capacity for hard, silent work were one of the Army's greatest assets during a crucial and trying period. Only those associated with the Q.M.G. during the days of the Anglo-Irish war realised what courage and perseverance were needed to carry on the work of importing and distributing arms and supplies through the country. Even under those difficult and dangerous conditions the Q.M.G., as the Chief was then known, found time to organise the Volunteers at the various Railway Termini in the city and throughout the country to perfect his system.

At the Dublin Docks a special detachment known as "Q" Company was also organised by the Chief. Many of the most active Volunteers of this Company who rendered invaluable service in those times are to be found to-day still giving that same loyal service to the Nation in the ranks of the Army.

Many stories of the experiences of the Q.M.G. and his Staff during the Anglo-Irish War are still remembered. On one occasion British military carried out an extensive raid of a business premises in Stephen's Green, every room in the building was searched with the exception of two, which escaped notice. One of these was the Q.M.G.'s War Office.

On the formation of the Regular Army in February of last year General Mac Mahon was entrusted with the responsibility of providing for the equipment, armament, and supplying of the new force. Under his aegis the new organisation, which provides to-day for the maintenance and armament of over 30,000 men, was called into being and slowly but steadily perfected.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Effects of a Journey from Dublin to Tralee.

PESSIMIST BECOMES OPTIMIST.

Under the nom de plume of "Old Soldier" a correspondent to a recent issue of the "Irish Times" describes a trip from Dublin to Tralee and back, undertaken a week or two ago.

"The journey down was uneventful. The numerous posts of National troops recalled the railways in South Africa during the war there, only I do not think the Irish soldiers have the dry conditions that are generally the order at the Cape. The cheery demeanour of the National Army under depressing conditions was good to see, as was also the splendid work of the engine drivers and staff of the G.S. & W.R."

"Why did I, a despairing pessimist, return from Tralee an optimist? Firstly, because, as an old soldier, I had to admit that the National Army in Kerry was composed of grand material, both officers and men. Secondly, because the wise Republican is beginning to see the error of his ways, which were largely due to the excellent propaganda of a certain Cork lady. In fact, one Irregular acquaintance of mine told me that the Free State was beaten to a 'frazzle.' Thirdly, and most important of all, I became an optimist because now, that light is beginning to creep into the West, I realise that the common-sense of the inhabitants will not uphold the present struggle against ordered government.

"In far distant Kerry—it seems a long way off these days—it is easy to see that the National Army holds the reins. Bridges may be blown up, houses burned; but these acts are only kickings against the pricks. There discipline is discipline, and often of as drastic a kind that was never dreamt of in the British Army. General Daly's proclamation in regard to the serving of drinks to the National Army in Tralee would have, indeed, been a surprising one in the days of British occupation.

"As a comparative outsider to the present insensate quarrel in our country, it seems to me that the light creeping in at the West will spread into broad daylight, in which all Irishmen, worthy of the name, will shake hands and set about the re-making of their terribly damaged country. It is no use prolonging a struggle merely for the satisfaction of accomplishing destruction—in that direction lies madness and absolute damnation. There are greater acts in life than blind adherence to a principle, especially when your country overwhelmingly cries out to you for peace."

In the September of 1922 General MacMahon was appointed Chief of the General Staff. Of the men who direct the Army he is perhaps the least known to the public. During the Anglo-Irish war he was equally unknown to the British. In this connection it is interesting to relate that, notwithstanding the nature of his work during that period, Dublin Castle was not only unaware of his activities, but, as has since transpired, were actually ignorant of the existence of the important office he filled.

Speaking at a re-union of Officers on the occasion of their visit to Gormanstown, in September, 1922, General Mulcahy smilingly boasted of the great progress of the Army by indicating the newly-appointed Chief of Staff as "the Army's first real Chief of Staff."

General Mac Mahon, who is under 30 years of age, married Miss Lucinda Fitzgerald and has one son and one daughter. Soldiering and the things relating to the profession of arms might be described as the Chief-of-Staff's hobby. In particular he has devoted himself to the study of Ordnance and has expert knowledge of practically every modern weapon of warfare. He is an excellent shot with a revolver.

ORGANISATION OF AN INFANTRY BATTALION.

Battalions in future will be organised as described in this article.

To secure the efficient working of all units within a Battalion, the following precautions must be taken. Men must not be transferred from one squad or section to another without serious reasons. The separate existence of each unit in the Battalion must be maintained. It must be realised that the squad is the battle unit and every effort must be made to develop the power of command of the squad leaders.

Commanders must not be changed from their unit unless the transfer is to be a permanent one. Each Commander will have an understudy who will be trained in and will carry out the Commander's duties during his absence.

ORGANIZATION OF INFANTRY BATTALION.

An Infantry Battalion will consist of:—

Headquarters.

Three Infantry Companies.

One Light Machine Gun Company.

(Eight Machine Guns).

It will be commanded by a Commandant, with a Captain as Second in Command.

Battalion Headquarters is divided into four sections:—

No. 1 Section consists of Orderly Room Sergeant and Clerks, Sergeant Bugler; First Aid Sergeant and Stretcher Bearers; Police Sergeant and Police; Mess Sergeant and Mess Waiters; Orderlies to Battalion Headquarters Officers. The Assistant Adjutant will command this Section.

No. 2 Section consists of Sergeant Cook and Cooks; Pioneer Sergeant and Pioneers. The Pay Officer will command this Section.

No. 3. Section consists of Shop Sergeant and Section Battalion Quartermaster-Sergeant, Storemen and Butchers. The Assistant Quartermaster will command this Section.

No. 4 Section consists of Transport and Personal. The Quartermaster will command this Section.

COMPANIES AND PLATOONS.

On Battalion parades, or inspections, the above Officers of Headquarters will inspect and parade with these Sections. The Battalion Quartermaster will act as Senior Officer and be responsible for Headquarters parades.

A Company consists of Company Headquarters, and two Platoons. It is commanded by a Captain, with a Lieutenant Second in Command.

The four Companies of a Battalion are designated by the letters A.B.C.D. The Machine Gun Company will be known as "D" Company.

A Platoon consists of two Sections. It is commanded by a Lieutenant, or Second Lieutenant. Platoons will be numbered from One to Eight in the Battalion.

A Section consists of two Squads. It is commanded by a Sergeant. Sections are numbered from one to sixteen in a Battalion.

A Squad is commanded by a Corporal and is the infantry fire unit. Squads are numbered from One to Eight within the Company.

* * * *

The foregoing is an extract from the official Manual on Drill which it is hoped shortly to issue.



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BATTALION ADMINISTRATION.

Discipline—Organisation and Responsibility.

(Excerpts from the official General Staff Notes which are published at threepence per copy.)

It is essential for the proper maintenance of regularity and good order that a system or chain of responsibility should extend from the highest to the lowest grades within a Battalion. With this object in view the Battalion is divided into Companies; the Companies into Platoons and Sections; the Sections into Squads. The Battalion Commander is responsible for the training, discipline, and welfare of all Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and men under his Command; for their clothing and equipment and feeding; also for their proper payment. He is responsible for the Barracks or building in which they are situated. The ultimate responsibility of the Battalion in all matters rests with him. The Company Commanders similarly are responsible for their Companies to their Commanding Officer.

It should be the aim of each Battalion Officer to develop a sense of responsibility in all his subordinates.

A good Battalion is a Squad led Battalion, i.e., one in which the Squad Commanders really lead their men.

To encourage this spirit of leadership, the Squad Commander should be made responsible for the cleanliness, smartness and discipline of his Squad. If a man is untidy his Squad Commander should be asked to give reasons for it.

All Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers will keep a roll of the men under their Command and should make themselves acquainted with the disposition, character, age, service, etc., of each of their men.

Each Officer and Non-Commissioned Officer should have an understudy and these should be frequently required to take charge of their Unit.

To encourage responsibility, Units, i.e., Squads, etc., should be so disposed in Barracks that the men of each Squad, Section, etc., be kept as much as possible together and so enable the Non-Commissioned Officers to perform the duty of supervision with more facility.

Non-Commissioned Officers of Sections will be responsible for the instruction in the arrangement of the barrack-room, the methods of laying down kit for inspection and the fitting of their equipment. The fitting of equipment should be checked at least once a week. The Non-Commissioned Officer will see that the men of his Section, before turning out for parade, have their equipment correctly put on, that they are clean and tidy, that they leave their quarters orderly and clean. They should bring all irregularities in the appearance and dress of their men under the notice of their next superior.

If a bad character brings discredit on a Squad or Section, the men of that Squad or Section should be warned to look after him. Additional duties may fall on a Squad owing to the misconduct of one of its members. For example, if a man is reported absent, the men of his Squad will form the patrol sent to look after him.

Unhesitating obedience is the first duty of a soldier. Orders must be obeyed without any hesitation of manner. A soldier will obey first and if aggrieved, complain afterwards.

Soldiers should acquire an upright manly appearance and should always remember the honourable character they have to support.

Soldiers will always salute Officers they know to be such whether in uniform or otherwise.

If an Officer enters a room the first man that sees him will call the others to attention.

No soldier will ever reply to an Officer or Non-Commissioned Officer when reprimanded unless he is asked a question.

A soldier standing at ease will spring to attention if spoken to by an Officer.

Soldiers leaving Barracks are to be properly dressed. Parties proceeding out of Barracks in sports kit will obtain leave from the Adjutant to do so.

It is the duty of every Non-Commissioned Officer and man to be in his barrack-room at Tattoo immediately after the first post unless he is on pass. In case of a Sergeant who wishes to be absent from this parade, permission will be obtained from the Officer commanding his Company.

Non-Commissioned Officers and men are prohibited from writing to the Press or publishing any matter without special authority. Soldiers are not to write to the Commanding Officer direct on any subject.

Soldiers will not attend political meetings.

Soldiers are at all times to observe a decent, civil and proper behaviour to everybody and to realise that a soldier-like bearing always commands the good-will of the public and reflects credit on their Battalion.

BOUQUETS.

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

Dear Sir,—I am interested in reading the Irish Army Magazine, "An t-Oglach." There is some very good and interesting reading in this week's issue on the Irish Air Service. I would like you, Mr. Editor, to publish a little news on the Artillery or Cavalry, especially on the Artillery.

"An t-Oglach" is a useful little Magazine. The portrait of the Commander-in-Chief is very good, and I hope to see in every issue portraits of other Irish Generals of the National Army. Hoping the Editor will oblige.—Yours truly,

T. S., Dublin.

Dublin, 25/2/'23.

[Special articles on the different branches of the Army are in preparation. Our complimentary correspondent's second suggestion also has been anticipated, as he will see by an announcement elsewhere in this issue.—Editor, "An t-Oglach."]

* * * *

A Sergeant writes:—"On securing and reading your issue of February 24th, '23, as a 'Plain Soldier' of Ireland I was greatly pleased (as I take a great interest in the welfare of the Army). I certainly believe your issue of date mentioned is a great addition both to the Spiritual and Temporal welfare of the Army. Your 'Information Bureau' is certainly a much wanted page for the 'Plain Soldier,' as he can thereby voice both his appreciation and grievances and I am certain that the latter will be attended to."

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions to "An t-Oglach" are invited—especially news items.

Contributors must write on one side of the paper only.

Every effort will be made to return unaccepted contributions where a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed.

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GAELIC.

DIA ùit, a pèadair.
 DIA's muirne ùit, a Sheosair.
 Ùpuil don sgeal nua asat?
 Del, níl don òmoé sgeal asam.
 Is maic an sgeal é sin.
 D'éirio é sin ro' póca?
 "Óglác" na seachtaine seo.
 An uimhir nua, an ead?
 Sead. Is breas, veas an uimhir é.
 Tá pictiúirí ann leis.
 Tá a lán pictiúirí ann.
 O féad! pictiúirí cinnt an airm.
 Cao é an ʒaoluinn atá ar a ainm?
 Risteárd O Maolchatha.
 Abair ariost é, más é do eoil é.

Ùpuair sib don litir ó Liam ós?
 Puair m' a'air ceann uair inóe.
 Cá puil sé anois?
 Tá sé tuair i nDún na nGall.
 Nár éuair dea'bháir leatsa san
 airm leis?
 Tá beirt aca 'san airm.

Oirisead, na hoirise, na fir.
 Leas captaen, captaen, ceann ca'ta.
 Conʒantóir an bairic.
 " " ca'ta.
 " " ranna.
 Bairic òmoéad na hinse.

PHONETIC PRONUNCIATION.

Deea ghutta, Faddir.
 Dee us mwirra ghutta, Hyoesuv.
 Will lane Shgeuill noe aguth?
 Well, neel lane druh shgeulla gum.
 Iss mwaha shgeuill lay shin.
 Dared day shin idd foaka?
 Oag lauk nush shockthinna shu.
 Ann nivir noe an nah?
 Shah. Iss braa, dass sun nivir ray.
 Thaw pick toor ree oun lesh.
 Thaw al lawn pick toor roun.
 O fee ock. Pick toor keena norrim.
 Kodh dain ghaelin athaw err annim?
 Rishtaurdh O Mwaill Koha.
 Obbira reesht tay, maw shade duh
 hull lay.

Voor shiv vane litir oh Leeum oag?
 Foor mahir kyoun woog in nay.
 Kaw will shane nish?
 Thaw shay hoog in noon nung owl.
 Naur koog drihaar lathsa sun orrum
 lesh?
 Thaw berta ku sun norrum.

Ifiguck, nuh hifigig, nu fir.
 Lass kop-tane, kop-tane, k-youn koha.
 Coon toara vorrick.
 " " Koha.
 " " Ronna.
 Borruck Druhoodh nu heensa.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

God save, Peter.
 God save you too, Joe.
 Any news?
 No bad news.
 That's good.
 What have you in your pocket?
 This week's "An t-Óglách."
 The new number, is it?
 Yes. It's a fine number.
 There are pictures in it, too.
 There are a good many pictures in it.
 Oh, look, a picture of the C.-in-C.
 What's the Irish of his name?
 Risteárd O Maolchatha.
 Repeat it, please.

Did ye get any letter from Bill?
 My father got one from him yesterday.
 Where is he now?
 He's up in Donegal.
 Didn't a brother of yours join the
 army too?
 There are two of them in the army.

An officer, the officers, the men.
 Lieutenant, Captain, Commandant.
 Barrack Adjutant.
 Batt. "
 Command "
 Island Bridge Barrack.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ARMY.

French Military Chief's Advice to Subordinate Officers.

In proportion as numbers increase, and with them time and distance, the road the subordinate must follow becomes longer and more difficult. The supreme command, in the narrow sense of the word, also loses something of its precision. It may still determine the result to be obtained, but no longer the ways and means to reach it. How can these numerous scattered troops be sure of arriving in time, unless each of them keeps the freedom of acting towards that end? In other words, we must have:—

A mental discipline, as a first condition, showing and prescribing to all subordinates the result aimed at by the commanding officer.

Intelligent and active discipline, or rather initiative, a second condition, in order to maintain the right and power of acting in the desired direction.

Here comes in the superior notion of a military spirit which makes an appeal, first, of course, to the will; after that, to the intelligence. Such a notion clearly involves an act of deliberate thought, of reflection; it excludes mental immobility, want of thought, intellectual silence—all of which are well enough for the rank and file, who have but to perform (although it would certainly be better for them to understand what they have to perform), but which would never do for the subordinate commander; the latter must bring to fruit, with all the means at his disposal, the scheme of the higher command: therefore, he must, above all, understand that thought, and afterwards make of his means the use best suited to circumstances—of which, however, he is the only judge.—MARSHAL FOCH.

FIRST AID DON'TS.

Don't let the patient see you are anxious, however serious the case.

Don't forget that cleanliness is absolutely necessary in first aid.

Don't waste time, but, whatever you have to do, do it thoroughly.

Don't give up hope.

Don't leave your patient until he is in safe keeping.

Don't breathe on a wound. Turn your head sideways.

Don't forget that onlookers are useless and may probably prove to be a nuisance.

Don't hesitate to treat for a fracture if in doubt about a sprain.

COPIES OF PREVIOUS ISSUE.

Readers who have failed to obtain copies of last week's issue of "An t-Óglách," or who wish to secure additional copies, can have same by writing to the Office of the paper at Portobello Barracks, Dublin, enclosing stamps to cover cost of copy and postage.

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