



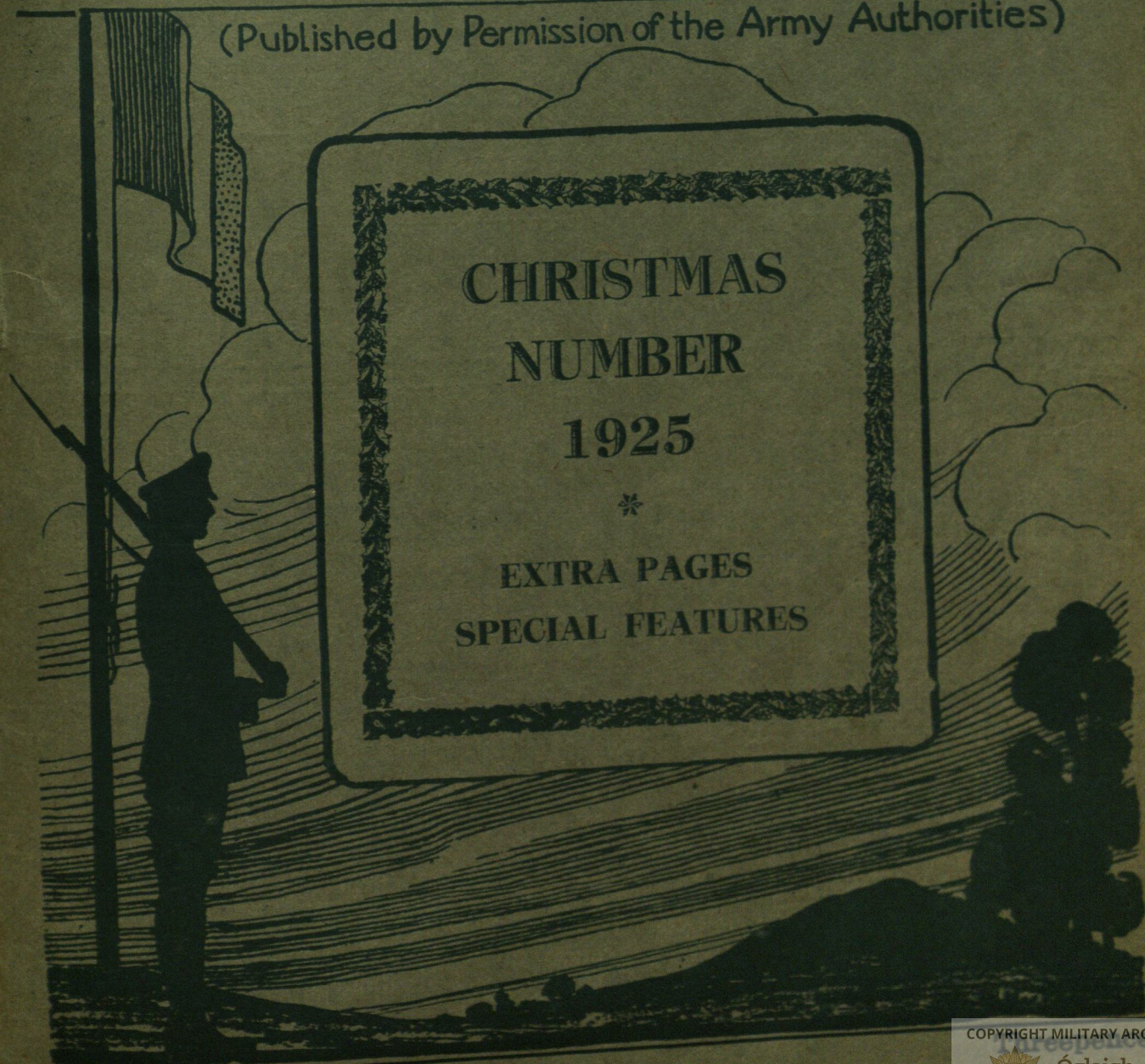
AN T-OGLÁC

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CHRISTMAS
NUMBER
1925



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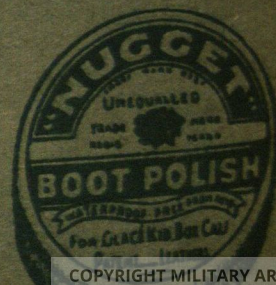


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Oglagh
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DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

An t-Ógláic

Vol. III. No. 26 (New Series).

DECEMBER 26, 1925.

Price THREEPENCE.



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Óglagh
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

An t-Oglach

DECEMBER 26, 1925.

**NODLAIC SHUAIRE AG ZAC SAISDIÚIN
D'ARM ÉIREANN.**

ONCE more it is our privilege to offer Christmas greetings to the officers and men of the Irish Army. The year that is closing has witnessed a marked and continuous improvement in the morale and efficiency of the country's defenders. There has been a tightening up in all directions; a keener spirit of discipline; a fine development of *esprit de corps*. At the present moment the Army in all its branches is an organization of which every right-minded Irishman should be justly proud.

* * * *

THIS is the last issue of the Army journal as a fortnightly periodical. Our next issue will be dated January 9th, 1926, and thence onward the paper will be published every week. As already announced, many new features are being introduced, including an educational section. The story of the Anglo-Irish conflict, which begins in our first weekly number should prove stimulating and instructive to all, but particularly to our younger readers. It will be of great historic value and readers should carefully preserve their copies of every issue. We are also publishing in serial form the story of one of the most dashing exploits in history, the rescue of the Princess Clementina by the Chevalier Charles Wogan. Although cast in the form of dramatic fiction, the narrative is historically accurate in all details and is a glowing page in the story of the "Wild Geese."

* * * *

WE would like to take this opportunity of thanking all the officers, N.C.O.'s and men who have rallied to our support during the past twelve months. There are many difficulties in the way of producing an Army journal of this type which do not exist in the case of lay periodicals. We are conscious that, owing to circumstances beyond our control, we have not achieved the high ideal which we set before us at the commencement of the present series, but we are confident that it can and will be attained. "An t-Oglach" marches with the Army, and will, we trust, prove to be

worthy of the Army in the years to come. But, it is to be thoroughly representative of the soldiers, and to develop as it should develop it is imperative that it should have the whole-hearted, zealous co-operation of the people whom it serves. We want to be kept in touch with the many and varied social activities of the troops as well as being *au fait* with purely military matters, and we hope that in the weekly series that is coming there will not be a single battalion or unit of the special services unrepresented in our columns. Nodlaic Shuaire ag gach léightheoir!



IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

WHEN we commence publication as weekly periodical in January next our contributors (whose co-operation is greatly valued) will have to speed up their des-

patches. Each issue will be dated for the Saturday of the current week, but owing to exigencies of printing and distribution we will have to go to press not later than the Wednesday. This does not mean that we can accept contributions up to Wednesday morning. A number of people seem to think that all we have to do is to put the proposed contents of an issue into a sort of journalistic sausage machine and press a button, whereupon the paper comes out at the other end, folded, cut and wire-stitched, and with all the "copy" carefully sub-edited by the intelligent mechanism. This is very far, indeed, from being the truth, however much the editorial staff may regret it.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM THE MINISTER FOR DEFENCE.

OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ARMY:

The Festival of Peace is again with us and I take the opportunity, in the name of the people, of whose liberty you are the defenders, to wish you that enjoyment and comfort in barracks which they enjoy in their homes.

In the New Year let it be your duty to perfect your discipline, and show to the Nation by your courage and manly bearing that you are laying the foundation of a glorious future for the Army and the Nation.

PEADAR O HAODHA,
Aire Cosanta.

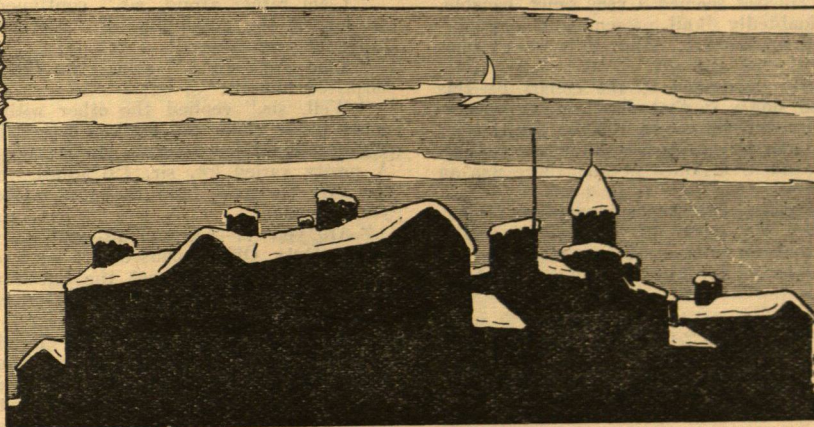
The actual mechanical process of production takes a considerable time, apart from the business of typesetting. It is imperative therefore that the printers should have the great bulk of the contents two or three days before press day, and it is for this reason that we are compelled to ask our correspondents to let us have all matter intended for the weekly **not later than the Saturday of the preceding week**. Only in very exceptional cases can space be made for contributions received later than that date.

Brief sporting reports will be received up to the morning of the Tuesday before publication, but only if it is obvious that it was impossible for them to have been sent in earlier.

Photographs for reproduction in the paper must reach this office not later than **ten days before the date of publication**.



Oglach
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

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By Captain J. A. POWER.*

Some time after midnight on Christmas Eve, the Duty Officer at G.H.Q. re-entered his office and proceeded to make himself comfortable in front of the roaring fire which a conscientious Orderly had been nursing against his return from the outer darkness.

On their second tour of the sentries, the Sergeant of the Guard had ventured to remark that it was "seasonable weather," and the Officer, his face stinging from the blizzard, had agreed, but qualified the adjective with "infernally." His great-coat and cap were thick with snow by the time the inspection was over and he had reached shelter again.

Never had a fire seemed so welcome. As he thawed himself out he heard the Orderly shaking the "seasonable" covering off his great-coat and cap in the corridor outside, and thanked his stars that, all being well, he need not stir out again until Reveille.

As the comfort of the fire made itself felt, he began to reflect that there were worse jobs than that of Duty Officer on Christmas Eve. A sentry's, for example, or a married man trying to fill seven pairs of stockings satisfactorily out of ten shillings.

He wondered what the surviving bachelors were doing up at McKee. How many of them were "seeing Christmas in" and with what degree of success? Was it better to be Duty Officer on Christmas Eve than on Christmas Night? That was a debatable question. He debated it. One point in favour of Christmas Night was that you didn't have to stay up for Mass on the following morning. On the other hand—

Sweet Stephen's Green! Was it possible that he had been saddled with a "musical" Orderly? That certainly sounded like the average Orderly's idea of singing. He jumped up and flung open the door.

"Orderly!"

There was no answer. He called again, and, again receiving no reply, stepped into the big office. In front of the fire stood four chairs which the Orderly had arranged, according to custom, as a makeshift couch, but of the soldier himself there was no sign.

Bitterly the Duty Officer reflected that a seasonable fairy story could consist solely of the sentence "Once upon a time there was an Orderly." He was about to go back to his office and ring up the Orderly Room, when he heard the sound of singing again. It seemed to come from overhead. Knowing that there were only the Orderly and himself in the whole of the great, gaunt building (with the exception of the switchboard operator, who couldn't leave the telephone room), he wondered what the devil had induced the soldier to wander around in the darkness singing carols. A possible solution occurred to him—the Orderly was a sleepwalker! But he had never heard of somnambulists bursting into song during their nocturnal ramblings. There it was again:—

"The sergeant came to the town of Trim,
His cap with ribbons flying,
And many a stripling followed him,
In spite of the lasses' crying."

"Crumbs!" exclaimed the Duty Officer, and dashed for the staircase leading up to Medical Services. He barked his shin on the stone steps, in the darkness, which caused him to feel even more bitter against the midnight vocalist.

On the top floor was nothing but Cimmerian gloom. He groped for a switch—funny how elusive those damⁿ switches are in G.H.Q. after "Lights-out"—and, in the reassuring radiance of electricity discovered that he was alone on the top floor.

As he switched off the light and groped his way carefully down the stairs, he heard another snatch of that lusty solo:—

"With a rapitty, tapitty, tow, row, row!
The very best thing to do, sir;
Was just to tramp to the nearest camp,
And follow the loud tattoo, sir!"

The Duty Officer stood in the enveloping blackness of the main corridor and strained his ears to locate the sound. It was curious that he could distinguish the words so plainly and yet be unable to say in exactly what part of the building the vocalist was warbling. He began to feel annoyed.

At one moment it seemed to him that the noise came from the stairs leading up to "The Pool," and this made it all the more peculiar, for he could not imagine an Orderly exploring that part of the old building at that time of night. The legend of the ghost that was billeted under the clock tower was too well known. As a matter of fact he himself always liked to make his tour of inspection up there pretty early in the night.

He went to the foot of the twisting wooden staircase and shouted: "Orderly!"

Silence.

A queer, creepy, chilling kind of silence.

Hurriedly the Duty Officer groped for a switch and illuminated his immediate vicinity. Then again shouted "Orderly!"

No reply.

Gingerly he forced himself to ascend the stairs, turning on every switch as he came to it, only to discover locked doors and no sign of life. He descended quickly to the main corridor.

From the ground floor another gust of rollicking song reached his ears:—

"I kissed me Molly's tears away,
When she and I first parted.
Me Corporal's stripes I'd won that day,
When off to the wars we started.
We dealt the enemy many a blow,
But the devil a bruise I got, sir,
Though comrade Dick, and—"

Without waiting for more, the Officer dashed down the wide central staircase, into the entrance hall. By this time he had become quite peeved, and the Singing Orderly was due for a rough passage.

The entrance hall and the corridors leading from it were as empty as the rest of the building, and the bewildered D.O. paused again in impotent fury. The man, he decided, must have been looking on the wine at its reddest, or blackest, or yellowest, to disregard the proprieties of G.H.Q. like this. Very well, he would have plenty of time for repentance in the "Digger" on Christmas Day.

* AUTHORITIES.—For the statement of non-payment of English troops in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the Dublin Incident, Grose's "History of the English Army," published in 1786. For the story of Lawson's ride, that gentleman's own narrative, published some years after the occurrence, when he had resigned the lieutenancy awarded to him, and gone back to his ironworks. For the Wogan references, Flood's "Life of the Chevalier Charles Wogan" (Talbot Press, 3s. 6d.).

But was it the Orderly? He had seemed a very quiet, capable, decent chap, and was undoubtedly "all present and correct" half-an-hour ago when fixing up the fire. And, if it wasn't him, where the devil was he?

The vocalist had apparently descended to the cellars by this time, and the Officer moved slowly in that direction, endeavouring as he did so to recognise the voice. In this he failed completely. It did not sound like any voice he knew at G.H.Q. It did not even sound like an Irish voice at all; there was an English *blas* about it.

At the foot of the steps leading into the subterranean regions he hesitated. What sort of a fool game was this anyway? The singer had reached a dramatic climax. Apparently Mistress Molly had not waited for her soldier boy to come home from the wars:—

"—I found she'd married a fiddler man,
And didn't even know me."

The Officer grinned in the darkness at the head of the stairs. Another illustration of the fickleness of the unfair sex! As he descended the steps, the final lines of the pathetic ballad reached him:—

So I simply up and said "Good-bye,"
And back to the wars I fled, sir,
"In spite of a broken heart," says I,
"I'll venture a broken head, sir."

With me rapitty, tapitty, tow, row, row,
Right about turn! I fled, sir.
"If I'm like for to die,
Why, dammit," says I,
"I'll die of a broken head, sir."

Half-way down the damp, stone-flagged passage, the Duty Officer saw a faint light.

It halted him peremptorily.

There was something odd about that light. It was a dim, greenish, phosphorescent illumination—not at all a pleasant sort of light. It revealed the groined roof of the passage-way and the adjacent walls for a little space in either direction, but it did not appear to emanate from any visible source.

The Officer felt an icy chill gripping his spine: an Arctic wind seemed to circle around him: in the distance the greenish light rippled like the surface of a stream touched by a strong breeze.

With a great effort he pulled himself together. Some of those doors leading to the yard must be open. He essayed another shout of "Orderly!" but his mouth was strangely dry, and his tongue was apparently not functioning. He reached a hand towards his holster. From the direction of the greenish light came a repetition of the concluding chorus:—

"If I'm like for to die,
Why, dammit, says I,
I'll die of a broken head, sir."

This seemed to give him a much-needed fillip, and the long-delayed shout issued from his lips:—

"Orderly!"

"Sir!" answered a voice.

And there, in the centre of the ghastly, flickering circle of light stood a soldier, erect and rigid, with hand at the salute.

A fantastic, unfamiliar figure of a soldier, in a crimson, swallow-tailed tunic, with blue facings and white cross-strings, white breeches tucked into black gaiters, powdered peruke, and a head-dress that towered in front like a bishop's mitre.

The Duty Officer gasped, and his fingers closed around the butt of the .45 Webley. But the voice checked him as he was drawing the weapon from the holster.

"No use wasting a bullet, sir," it said, "the best shot in the Army couldn't do me any damage. Might as well shoot at the clouds, sir; with all respect."

As it spoke, the figure seemed to have come closer to him, though he had not seen it make any movement. It saluted again and stood correctly to attention.

"No need to be alarmed, sir, if you don't mind me saying so," it continued. "Soldiers both: different periods, different conditions at the moment, but two of a trade, sir. Corporal Halkett, of the English Guards, at your service."

The Duty Officer, as if listening to another person, heard himself inform the Corporal of his name and rank, which was acknowledged with another salute. But now that the first shock of the strange encounter was over, he found himself becoming remarkably self-possessed—remarkably, considering that he had no doubt whatever of the stranger's character.

"I am rather afraid, sir," continued the Corporal, "that we overlooked the possibility of 'visiting rounds' by a representative of your Army."

"Who are 'we'?" asked the Officer, with a calmness that surprised himself.

"Well, sir," replied the other with a smile, "I suppose we could justly claim the modern title 'Legion of Ex-Servicemen.' We are all English soldiers who served in Ireland at some period. A pretty varied lot, sir, I'll admit. Some of us came over in the first transport, and that's a matter of nigh eight hundred years ago."

"Are you—er—are you all—"

The Duty Officer paused. It seemed to him that there was something indelicate about the question that was on the tip of his tongue to ask. But the Corporal came to the rescue with a reassuring grin.

"Dead, sir? Bless you, yes. In the old days they would have called us ghosts, but I believe they have new names for us now—spirit manifestations, and such like."

"Aye," said the Officer, "and most people don't hesitate to put a name to the spirit that makes people see things."

The Corporal laughed cheerfully.



"A fantastic, unfamiliar figure of a soldier."

"I take you, sir. I take you. Why, bless you, they did the same in my time. But we count ourselves out of the ordinary, sir. Nothing to scare anybody about us—just plain soldier chaps having a little re-union—as jolly a crowd as you'd meet in any place. Why I've just been up to the clock tower to coax that old Cromwellian trooper down, thinking as he might feel a bit lonesome-like at this season, but he's a grump if ever there was one. He's one of those chaps believes in frightening live folks—silly pate! Wouldn't come down and be sociable."

The Officer felt rather glad that the Cromwellian gentleman had elected to stay up in his cock-loft.

"Wonder what he'll do when he gets his orders," continued the Corporal. "I expect we'll have to drag him away."

"Marching orders!"

"Yes, sir. This is our last Christmas here. Now that the English have handed back the country to the Irish, the authorities seem to think it's more fitting that we should be in our own country—Chelsea, I think, our lot's going to."

"Who are the 'authorities,' and how will you go?"

The Corporal ignored the first question.

"Transport'll be arranged, sir, much the same as if we hadn't been transferred to our present state."

"The Flying Dutchman, perhaps."

The Corporal looked puzzled.

"The phantom ship," explained the other, "Vanderdecken, you know."

"Oh, Vanderdecken! I think I met an old sailor by that name once. But no Dutchmen for us, sir; plenty of English warships moored in Davy Jones's harbour at our disposal."

The Blizzard seemed to be reviving outside. A sudden gust shook doors and windows and moaned away again.

The Officer shivered slightly and the alert ghost made instant comment:

"Must be cold for you here, sir. Of course we're used to it."

("That's somewhat reassuring in one sense," thought the living man.) "What about joining our little party, sir, if I might be so bold?"

The other shrank somewhat obviously from the idea.

"Quite all right sir. We can make you comfortable. In certain cases we can (how do you say it?) solidify, so that you'd hardly know we wasn't alive."

"Materialise?"

"That's it, sir, that's the new lingo. Oh, we keeps abreast of things more or less—leastways some of us does."

"Yes, that was one of Squire's songs you were singing."

"Was it, sir? Well, I likes the squire's taste. I heard it on one of them new music-boxes in the Recreation Room. But come along, sir; the lads will be pleased. Here, take a grip of my hand for a minute, if you please."

The Duty Officer instinctively obeyed. To his surprise he found himself gripping another hand, which was not cold, but imparted a tingling sensation such as he had experienced when in his misguided youth he had spent pennies on a travelling electric machine.

At the instant of contact it seemed as if a veil which had hung between Corporal Halkett and himself had been lifted. He saw the Corporal now as a real person, with nothing ghostly about him.

Simultaneously he became conscious of a riot of sound—bursts of laughter, loud voices, a snatch of song, and the clink of metal.

The Shade released his hand and stood back, grinning delightedly.

"I think you'll find that's better, sir. Bit more real-like to you. Come along, sir."

He executed a smart "about turn"—the Duty Officer compared it with the "kick-step," and considered it much better—and the opening of a door in the most natural fashion, passed along the snow-covered area to the semi-subterranean apartment, now used as the M.T.C. Recreation Room, the door of which he also flung open.

A blaze of light and a roar of conviviality rushed out into the dark, dank passage.

"Company, 'Shun!" roared the Corporal in a proper barrack-square voice. "Officer of the Guard, Irish Army Headquarters!"

Dimly the Officer was aware of a confusion of figures rising from their seats around squat, heavy tables, and a sudden silence in the crowded room.

"Sir, we are indeed honoured," said a new voice, a rich, cultured voice, and he became conscious of a very fine gentleman bowing low before him, plumed hat in hand. He felt somewhat awkward; ceremonious bows of this quality not having figured in his course at the Curragh. As an alternative he saluted smartly, immediately the bowing gentleman had regained an erect position.

"Permit me," said this personage, "I am Captain Barnett, of the 7th Regiment of Foot, in the service of His Majesty King George the First."

Again the Duty Officer disclosed his name and rank, which information was then announced by Captain Barnett to the assembly, who acknowledge receipt of the information in various ways—apparently according to the usage of the period in which they had lived—but all with apparent cordiality.

At the invitation of the Captain, the Duty Officer seated himself at a table—rather surprised to find both seat and table quite solid and safe, and took stock of the company.

They were, in truth, as Corporal Halkett had promised, a variegated lot. All periods of English soldiering seemed to be represented, from the Peninsular War back to a gentleman in chain mail who was chatting with a man-at-arms in steel casque, breastplate and leathern jerkin.

They all seemed very real. The room was filled with a greyish-blue haze, which dimmed their figures somewhat, but it was just such a mist as he had often noticed in a room where a large number of people had been sitting smoking for hours—say the annual convention of the Army Athletic Association. And a lot of these chaps were smoking churchwardens and other old-style pipes.

After the introduction by Captain Barnett, the buzz of conversation broke out again. He caught astonishingly modern fragments of speech, mingled with quaint mediaeval expressions, and flavoured with strange oaths. "Ventre sant gris" from a bearded dandy who was talking about Henri de Navarre, and other foreign phrases, testified to experience in the Continental wars.

Deeply interested, and feeling strangely at his ease, the Duty Officer did not realise that the eighteenth century captain had been addressing him for some time until Barnett gave a portentous cough.

"Nay, nay," said the Captain, tolerantly, in response to his stammered apologies: "'Tis quite understandable. We must seem a motley crew in your sight. Oddsfish! I little dreamt in my time in the 7th that I would come to command such a Spanish dish, damnably mixed, and strongly spiced. But somebody had to take charge, and they elected me as being the most modern."

The Irishman suddenly realised that there seemed to be no representative present of any period later than the late eighteenth century, and commented on the fact.

His new acquaintance said that was true, and explained that the Ancient and Honourable Company of Soldier Ghosts had in some way become divided into sections, and that those of the nineteenth century met elsewhere.

"The Jacobites," he added, "hold their meetings in the Royal Hospital, which, as you know, was founded by the Merry Monarch. Ours is the most mixed section of the lot. We have a man-at-arms here who claims to have been on the last Crusade; two or three who said they crossed to England from Normandy with William, and one knave who says his father was one of the Danish colonists in Britain. Some of us try to keep abreast of the times, though you move somewhat too quickly, I fear, for our sluggish intellects, but there are others who do not advance a step and still argue about the respective merits of the arquebus and the cross-bow. But I would like to hear of your new Army in Ireland. Drink up man—'twill not hurt thee—and gratify the whim of an old soldier."

The Duty Officer discovered that a tankard, similar to his companion's, and remarkably like the modern pewter pint pot, had materialised on the table, at his elbow, and eyed it doubtfully. However, on Barnett pressing him, he took a sip, discovering the contents to taste like rather thin, sweet wine. He took a substantial pull at the tankard, and almost immediately began to feel that all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds—his companions did not seem to belong to a "next" world.

Beginning with the statement that the apartment they occupied was the Recreation Room of the G.H.Q. motor drivers, he went on to explain the M.T.C., travelling thence easily by G.S. wagon to the Remounts in McKee, and thus back, *via* the Mess, to the many departments housed in the great grey building which towered over them.

When he mentioned the Army Finance Office, it was plain that his companion's interest was keenly excited. The D.O., being a junior, married officer, waxed eloquent on the subject of pay and allowances.

"Ay, mi!" sighed the English captain, "you fare better than we did in my time. It was a devil of a job to extract our pay from the government. My father was in the Inniskilling Regiment of Dragoons in this very city of Dublin when I was a lad. For a long time they received no pay, but subsisted at their own expense. Old Ginkel was as full of promises as the sea is full of fish, and just as slippery, so in 1694 the troops were provoked to an outburst which, as a soldier, I should condemn, though if I had been one of them at the time, instead of a boy in petticoats, I believe I would have done the same. Almost in full strength, officers and men, the regiment lay in wait for the Lord Lieutenant—Capel, it was; I believe there is a street named after him nowadays—as he was going in state to St. Patrick's Church, 'Oh, they didn't mince words with His Excellency. Just told

him plainly that if they did not receive what was due to them in a couple of days they would use force to obtain it. I don't know exactly what they had in mind, but they made Capel shiver in his coach. He made a little speech—a fumbling, halting thing—promising them redress, and then, like the pig he was, threw out his purse to them. 'Here,' says he, 'is thirty guineas on account.' 'Be damned to you for a clod,' says my father, 'how dare you insult gentlemen!' And with that he picked it up and threw it back again—through the glass of the coach window. I always liked my father for that.

"Queen Mary, who was Regent at the time, the King being in Flanders, sent a thousand pounds to the officers and men out of her privy purse, and promised to have the remainder paid shortly; the Regiment's demands to be settled by a board of officers. All very fine, but devil another penny did they get until eight years later. In 1702 they were doled out two thou-

Court. Although no money was issued to us, our Colonel, Lord Tyrawley, was at pains to make some arrangements for our better existence. He established a kind of commissary, which attended the regiment and supplied the officers with necessities—even settling up for us with mine host of the inn, now and again. But Mr. Shakespeare's Jewish usurer could not hold a candle to those fellows. They bled us white—made us mortgage our pay and assignments until most of us saw nothing but beggary in the years ahead of us. Phew! It makes me hot even now to think of it."

He paused and took a long pull at the tankard in front of him.

"What was your pay in those days, if it is a fair question?" asked the Irish soldier.

"Devilish small even when we got it," replied the Englishman. "I was supposed to get ten shillings a day."



"All periods of English soldiering seemed to be represented."

sand pounds more—three thousand pounds to keep a regiment of nine troops for thirteen years—their last regular pay had been in 1689."

The Duty Officer, who had listened with the utmost sympathy, made murmurings indicative of pained surprise. Thus encouraged, Captain Barnett proceeded to shed further vivid light on the methods of the Army Finance Office in his day.

"When I was posted to my regiment, the last thing I expected was that I would have a like experience to that of my father. But it was even so. After the action off Messina—was it seventeen-eighteen or seventeen-nineteen?—the 7th and another regiment were put on board Admiral Byng's Fleet and landed at Devizes. We were quartered there and in neighbouring towns for some time, and had it fairly easy for a while. But there was four years' pay due to all of us, save two or three, who had what you call 'soft jobs.'"

"Cushy," murmured the enthralled listener.

"—soft jobs," continued the other, unheeding, "about the

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed the horrified Duty Officer, and then suddenly recollected. "But I suppose that would be fully equal to thirty shillings to-day."

"I couldn't say," said the other, "ours was a marching regiment of foot. In the Foot Guards they were better off. Their captains were paid twelve shillings and sixpence per day, which was more than they got in any body, save the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards—they paid their captains sixteen shillings and sixpence per day. But the Treasury were the devil for stoppages, and regiments in Ireland were deprived of allowances that were given to them whilst in England—stop me if I know why. We were sent to Ireland."

He frowned at the recollection, and proceeded to drown some bitter reflections with the aid of the wine.

"Before we left England things had reached such a pass that no officer dare stir outdoors alone for fear of being pounced on by the duns and straightway jailed. We had to go in full bodies, fully armed, to prevent arrest, and finally we left for

this country without settling a single score. When we got here the position became instantly impossible, and we filed a bill in Chancery against a man named Ford, who was our agent, and who had previously said that he had not received any money for us from the Treasury for a full six years. Then we discovered the real scoundrel—our own Colonel!”

He banged his fist on the table, and looked at the young Irishman in a manner which plainly said: “Can you beat that?”

“Phew!” said the Duty Officer, and registered amazement, as he felt he was expected to do.

“Yes,” continued Captain Barnett, “that infernal scoundrel, Tyravley, had for twenty years charged certain sums against each officer’s pay on their first appointment or promotion. He had the effrontery to tell us this was the custom of the Army, but we found it was not his only method of milking us. At any rate we whistled for our money. I believe old George the Second paid out some paltry sums to the sons of some of our old comrades, but by that time”—he smiled somewhat wanly—“I had ceased to take an interest in such matters.”

At this point a dispute seemed to reach a climax at one of the other tables. A squat, jovial-faced soldier in steel and leather had risen, and seemed to have suddenly lost all his joviality. He was hurling a weird and wonderful collection of oaths at his companions apparently as a preliminary to hurling his tankard after them.

“Order there!” roared Barnett, in an altogether different voice, and crashed his own tankard on the table to emphasise the command.

The others instantly froze into silence.

“John Bolt,” said the Captain, sternly, “something will have to be done with you if you are not more careful. I suppose it’s that plaguey tale of how you saved Belfast again.”

“Sir,” said the jovial-faced soldier, “asking pardon of your honour; that is just what it is. These misbegotten sons of swine, who call themselves soldiers—”

The other men at his table sprang up with angry shouts and menacing gestures.

“Attention!” roared Barnett, again pounding the table. “I’ll have the lot of you confined to barracks until we sail.”

“And you know what that means now,” he added, with sinister emphasis. “Remember there is a guest present.”

The men subsided, muttering, and scowling at John Bolt. John remained on his feet and made a makeshift salute to the guest.

“Your honour,” and a shamefaced grin stole through the frown on his jovial face, “I ask your pardon, but when a man has a grievance for nigh on four hundred years, and chaps that was not born until after he was dead start to poke him about it—well, it’s a bit hard to bear.”

“What is this story of how you saved Belfast?” asked the Duty Officer.

An almost universal groan echoed through the room. The sturdy John gazed on his companion contemptuously, then looked at Captain Barnett inquiringly.

THE MAN WHO SAVED BELFAST.

Told by the Ghost of Honest John Bolt, Man-at-Arms.

“All right, Bolt,” said the Captain, laughing. “It is the first time for many years that you have encountered anyone who has not heard that famous tale of yours, so we will even endure it again for the entertainment of the visitor. Fair play now, comrades.”

“It’s this way, my lord,” said the man-at-arms, “after I had took my final discharge from the army, by way of a thrust from a halberd—(“He was really killed in a tavern brawl, with a blow of a tankard,” whispered Barnett)—and come to my present state, I find that a man called Lawson—Robert Lawson—has published a sheet telling of how he saved the town of Belfast, which you may know, sir, is a small place to the north of here, about 15 miles before you come to Carrickfergus. I don’t deny that he miles before you come to Carrickfergus. I don’t deny that he had a hand in it, as you may say, but if it hadn’t been for honest John Bolt he could not have done it. For why? Because he was a civilian, and knew naught of the practice of arms, or how to handle soldiers. I was in Belfast when he come riding in, hell for leather, about five o’ the clock on a winter’s morning—’twas Monday, twenty-fifth day of October, in the year sixteen hundred and forty-one.”

“What were you doing there, John?” asked a voice. “I thought you were stationed in the castle of Carrickfergus.”

“I was on leave,” said John.

“Aye,” said the voice, “and there was a good brewery in Belfast.”

“And perhaps a good-looking girl,” added another.

“Of a truth they brewed good ale there,” admitted John, with reminiscent gusto, “and it wasn’t so far if you got a lift in some craft going up the river. Howbeit, there I was when this Lawson comes galloping in in the dark of the dawn, shouting that the Irishry were up and marching on the town. Seems he had been riding from his home in Derry, where he was a merchant of some sort, to this city of Dublin, on business, and had tarried at the house of his father-in-law, Robert Barr. Lawson and old Bob Barr, and Bob’s son, had share in an ironworks just outside Belfast, and fingers in other pies, too. Warm folk with a stake in the country, you see, and not anxious for to lose it. And why should they? I never had a stake in any country in my time, but a poor devil of a soldier never does. You might say —”

“Get on with the tale, John,” ordered Barnett.

Bolt, who was speaking on his feet, repeated his makeshift salute and continued:

“Well, Master Lawson took to saddle again after spending a night with his folks at the ironworks, and was riding easy, as I make out when, near Newry, he gets wind of the Irish rising. Sir Phaylim O’Neill was at the head of it, and one Conor Magennis was marching to Carrickfergus with intentions of taking the castle of Belfast on the way. ‘Phew!’ says Lawson, thinking of all his property near the town, and gallops back with the glad news by all the short cuts, and hidden ways he knows of.”

“But we had heard of it before he reached us, and all the heroes in the town were making preparations—for getting away. Two small streams flow as one down the High Street of Belfast into the river,† on the water was a bevy of gabbards and other craft, all being loaded by torchlight with goods and people. My Lord Chichester had been one of the first to go, but as he was an old man I suppose we should not blame him overmuch. Nobody thought of defending the town until Lawson came—I’ll give him credit for that. I would have done something, but I didn’t think the townsfolk had any guts, and, anyway, what was good enough for my lord, the Viscount Chichester, was good enough for a plain man-at-arms. Who was I to question the wisdom of my betters? So I was packing up a few things, too—”

“Whose?” asked a ribald voice, and there was general laughter.

“Order, comrades, order,” commanded Barnett. “Never heed them, John; they do but jest, and mean naught.”

Bolt looked somewhat doubtful, but after a pull at his tankard, brightened up again and resumed:

“Lawson flamed with rage when he saw what was toward, and went around rating all the folk that was hurrying to the boats, but they paid little heed to him—all put together had scarce so big a stake in the place as he and his people. Then, as the day came up, he sees me. ‘Ha!’ says he, ‘a soldier.’ You will help me rally these wretched cowards?” “Entreating your forgiveness, sir,” says I, “but I must report at Carrickfergus Castle this very day.” (There was a murmur of laughter, but Bolt overlooked it, having got at last to the climax of his story). It was no use, he would not have ‘Nay’ for an answer, so, seeing how bent he was upon it, I decided that it was my duty, as the only soldier present, to lend him all the assistance I could.”

At this the laughter could no longer be restrained, but burst forth in a mighty roar, and all Barnett’s appeals for order were of no avail.

“Laugh away, addlepates!” shouted Honest John Bolt, above the din. “But what would he have done without me? Who got a drum and marched up and down, beating the rally? Who found the seven muskets and took the eight halberds from Master Le Squire’s house as they were about to ship them? Aye, and who taught those clumsy townsfolk to use them? And when the settlers came pouring in from the countryside, who was it recruited them until we had a force of a hundred and sixty, horse and foot? Who persuaded them to march to Lisnagarvey,* and led the way?”

“Lawson,” shouted someone, and the laughter broke out afresh.

“Was it Lawson who made them garrison the Bishop’s house?” demanded the now thoroughly infuriated Bolt. “Would a mere merchant like Lawson have thought of that idea of lighting candles in every window, so that when the Irishry came along they thought there was a great force in the place and hesitated to attack us? Did Lawson know how to fortify the Bishop’s bawn? Bah!”

*Donal Cane, with a small Irish force, saw Lawson somewhere in the wild country (as it was then) between Belfast and Newry, but let him pass as of no account. Donal properly apologised for this remissness in a letter from Dunkirk years afterwards.

†These streams still flow down the High Street of Belfast—in the main sewer.

*Now called Lisburn.



He sat down, fuming.

Captain Barnett was smiling, but the Duty Officer felt sorry for the ruddy-faced little man-at-arms, and tried to throw a crumb of comfort in his way.

"It is the most interesting story I ever heard," he said, making himself heard as the tumult was dying down. "What was the end of it all, comrade Bolt?"

The others instantly became silent out of deference to the guest, and Honest John seemed somewhat appeased.

"There's not much left to tell, sir," said he. "We reached Lisnagarvey at four o' the clock on that Monday afternoon and found the garrison and everyone else had skedaddled. We held it until the Wednesday, when reinforcements came. I was court-martialled when I got back to Carrickfergus, and this fellow Lawson was made a Lieutenant, and stayed on until the fighting was over, when he went back to his shop and his ironworks and wrote a sheet telling how he alone had saved Belfast. Never a word about me in it from beginning to end."

The Duty Officer said he did not blame him for feeling sore, and poured further verbal balm on the little man's hurt feelings. When he had restored Honest John Bolt to something approaching his normal joviality, he turned again to the English captain.

"That's a remarkable yarn," he said.

"Yes," answered Barnett, "and it's quite true. I tell you we could put a different complexion on your history books if we were allowed to do so."

"Gad!" said the Irishman, "what a sensation a live newspaper could make out of an interview with a few of you. I have thousands of questions I would like to ask you. That rising of the O'Neill's, for instance; Fontenoy—"

"Corporal Halkett was at Fontenoy."

"Shades of Cuchullain and Sarsfield! And there must be others of you who rubbed shoulders with the Wild Geese."

"More likely to have exchanged shots with them," said Barnett, smiling.

THE GHOST WHO KNEW WOGAN'S BROTHER:

"I wonder if anyone here knew Wogan."

"Wogan? Wogan? Lambert, didn't you know a Wogan?"

A pleasant-faced man in the early 'thirties (to all appearance) looked up from a near-by table. He was attired in similar fashion to Barnett and, like him, wore his own hair down to his shoulders.

"Not the Chevalier," he said. "I knew his brother, Nick, though. A fine lad. Came across him after the Rising of May, Seventeen Hundred and Sixteen. He'd been caught and found guilty of high treason, but was pardoned for his very gallant chivalry in attempting to save the life of one of our officers—Preston it was, of Preston's Regiment of Foot. It happened at Preston, too, strangely enough. Preston had been mortally wounded by a bullet, and was just on the point of being cut to pieces, when young Nick Wogan risked his own life to carry him out of danger under a heavy cross-fire. He also took a great deal of care of him after he had brought him off, and Preston himself, before he died, handsomely acknowledged it. He made it his earnest, dying request that Mr. Wogan should be civilly used for his kind behaviour to him. I was talking to Preston about it since and he was very glad to learn that he had been able to repay his debt to the young Irishman."

"You never met Charles Wogan, then?" said the Duty Officer, disappointedly.

"No, but, faith, I heard enough about him. I was in London when he escaped from Newgate. He and seven other Jacobites mastered the Keeper and Turnkey in the dead of night, fought their way through an armed guard of nine grenadiers, and got clean away. Four or five days later they discovered Wogan in a house not far away. There was a reward of five hundred pounds for him, and a mob followed the soldiers into the house, anxious to secure the money. But the Chevalier took the roof and vanished like a warlock. About a month later—towards the end of June—he managed to reach France."

"After all," said Barnett, musingly, "'tis a fine life, soldiering—a full-bodied, hot-flavoured, rich life—a man's life!"

"A toast!" cried Lambert.

Barnett stood up and lifted his tankard.

"Comrades!" he cried, with a bow, which included the young Irishman, "I give you a toast. To all soldiers throughout the ages—from the hosts of the Pharaohs to the Legions of Caesar—and from the armies of Alexander to those of modern times—the trained fighting men of all periods and all nations—our comrades from the beginning to the end of time—soldiers!"

"Soldiers!" roared the gathering, rising enthusiastically.

As they resumed their seats, a bell sounded somewhere in the room. Corporal Halkett picked up a telephone.

"I think," said he, "this will probably be our Jacobite comrades at the Royal Hospital ringing up to wish us a merry Christmas."

* * * * *

But the telephone continued to ring.

It annoyed the Duty Officer. It annoyed him all the more because it appeared to be the telephone in his own office.

He sat up with a jerk.

The fire was very low, and he was cold. From the adjoining room he could hear the snores of the Orderly. He felt rather glad to be back in his own office, but how had he got there?

The accursed telephone continued to ring.

With a bewildered, somewhat nervous air, he took it up. Who, or what, would prove to be at the other end.

"Fifteen minutes to Reveille, sir," said the soldier telephonist at the switchboard.



No. 5 GROUP DRAWS UP NEW RULES.

A meeting of No. 5 Group of the Army Athletic Association, G.H.Q., was held at General Headquarters on the 23rd ult., Comdt. P. Ennis presiding. Also present:—Captain A. J. Kavanagh, B.S.M. Connolly, B.S.M. Quinn, Coy.-Sergt. J. Coffey, C.Q.M.S. Hodgins, Sergts. Glennon, McCracken, Pigott (Hon. Sec.), and Early; Cpls. O'Neill, D., Hayes, T., and Keating; Ptes. Bracken and P. Burns.

The President intimated that the Irish Class would start on the following Tuesday and be open thereafter on Tuesdays and Thursdays between the hours of 6 p.m. and 7 p.m.

Rules drawn up and submitted by Drafting Committee, next came up for consideration. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were adopted and passed unanimously.

With regard to Rule 4, Captain Kavanagh said it would be a good idea if the sub-committees appointed a representative each.

After discussion, and on the proposition of Coy.-Sergt. J. Coffey, seconded by Cpl. T. Hayes, Rule 4 was amended to read: "There shall be a Standing Committee nominated by the Commanding Officer, consisting of President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Secretary, and 11 other members nominated by the sub-committees."

Proposed by B.S.M. Connolly, seconded by Coy.-Sergt. Coffey, Rule 5 was altered to read: "Representation—this shall be as follows: G.H.Q., Football, 2; Hurling, 2; Boxing, 1; Handball, 1; Athletics, 1; Amusements, 1." Rules 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, were adopted without discussion.

Arising out of Rule 4 and the Secretary's right to vote, Coy.-Sergt. J. Coffey proposed, and Cpl. D. O'Neill seconded: "That every member of the Standing Committee have the right to vote." Passed unanimously.

Proposed by Cpl. D. O'Neill, and seconded by Cpl. T. Hayes: "That if a member absent himself from three meetings in succession, without valid reason, another member be elected in his place." Passed.

Rule 16. Proposed by S.M. Connolly and seconded by Cpl. T. Hayes: "That the Minutes be extracted and printed for the information of all ranks." Passed unanimously.

Proposed by Sergt. P. Glennon and seconded by S.M. Connolly: "That two representatives be appointed to represent the Group on the Command Council."

S.M. Connolly proposed, and Coy.-Sergt. J. Coffey seconded: "That the Group publish monthly its balance sheet, for the information of its members."

Arising out of the report of Pte. P. Burns, which referred to the necessity of a ring being erected, amongst other matters, authority for the purchase of certain boxing requisites were given by the Committee.

The following were selected to form sub-committees with a view of representation on Standing Committee:—Football, C.Q.M.S. Hodgins and Sergt. J. Early; Hurling, Cpl. T. Hayes and Cpl. D. O'Neill; Boxing, Pte. P. Burns; Handball, Sergt. W. J. Pigott; Athletics, Sergt. J. Price; Amusements, S.M. Quinn; McKee Bar-racks, Coy.-Sergt. J. Coffey; Beggars' Bush, S.M. Clark.

After some discussion the meeting decided that the new rules be not put into operation until after new Committee be elected.



PROBABLE STARTERS FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER STAKES (very complete).

"ME LARKIE'S" CHRISTMAS BULLETIN.

Ruthless Rhymes and Caustic Comments.

"The-Christmas-log-burns-brightly, and the-holly-berries-gleam" spasm is close at hand, and we are all looking forward to the "kinship-dear-and-joy-sincere" hookum, but the main topic of conversation, and in fact the whole Army slogan this week would appear to be "Are they going to pay that double week at Christmas? As your man, Liam Shakespeare brightly expressed it: "It is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

THE SOLDIER CLERK (9th Hookum).

I'm a kit-inspected soldier clerk, tra la,
In the Recreational Room in the Park, tra la,
I was somewhat discreet,
Thinking my kit complete,
And that giddy old spasm, a lark, tra la,

But I really felt somewhat dismayed, tra la,
When on that inspection parade, tra la,
Some gink butting in,
Left my kit mighty thin,
Kit rather slack, no "double whack," money I lack, tra la.

Mac: "My face is my fortune."

Gink: "Have you drawn a double week."

The cross-country pack is, or are, still going strong. Last Wednesday week's run was one to be remembered. There was a good field, and the rivers were wide. Some great exhibitions of high and low diving were witnessed. In the latter, representatives from the Store Accountancy gave an ideal exhibition. Barbed wire walking appeared to be the Central Registry's strong suit, and bull-fighting was general. The form shown by some of the Company boys augurs well for cross-country honours in the near future. Your men, Crimmins, Toohey, McDonnell, McCormick, McKenna, and several more, show good promise.

"A green Christmas maketh a full churchyard"—we presume that a navy blue one would make a barrack square!

Preparations for our pantomime are going strong. Rehearsals, etc., are now in full swing. To cope with the increased demands on our space, it has been found necessary to have further structural alterations effected. "Sinbad, the Mariner" should prove to be a great success.

Kit Inspection was carried out in McKee last Saturday:—

2 RN, Sat the 12/XII.—Broadcasting in McKee.

2 PM, Sat. the 12/XII.—Clothes-casting in McKee.

Mac: "Is it a fact that George Washington never told a lie."

Your Man: "Yes."

Mac: "There must have been no Kit Inspection in his army."
Coal merchants complain that the coal business is slack. The denizens in McKee concur. (It has also been noted on the "slate" at G.H.Q.—Sub-Editor).

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but an unwilling defaulter sometimes picks weeds!

Christmas greetings: "Old friends are rare."

Friday's greetings: "So are our Mess eggs."

(Note by Sub-Editor: What exactly do you mean by "rare"?)

Life is like a Winter's day,
Reveille, breakfast, and away.
Inspection, dull—9.00 hours,
Then hibernate in various bowers;
Dinner, Office, time for tea,
Lights-out, snores, and reveille!

The boxing supporters will shortly have another opportunity of seeing Paddy Burns' protégés in action. With the able assistance of your man, Kinsella, the team have been in strenuous training, and a repetition of their earlier success is anticipated. A stitch in time saves nine. Yes, if you can find a "housewife."

The Whist Drives still prove to be a most valuable asset as an indoor amusement. Our Drives have more than exceeded the expectations of the committee responsible. With the inclusion now of signals, and the kind assistance and co-operation of Miss Kerr, of the Cumann Sugraídh an Airm, things look really more than promising in this direction.

Half-an-inch on top, half-an-inch on top,
Cut it right close to the dome.
There's one consolation: the more they cut off,
The less of it we'll have to comb.

Bacon said that "reading maketh a full man," but your man from McKee says that Bacon makes a full man—provided you can get enough of it.

Economy in McKee: The gink who went to the dentist during the daytime to save gas!

Gink: "I never 'mince' words."

Sergt.: "Well, you make an awful 'hash' of things."

Jimmy Keyes is still doing the "I pass this way but once, and any little good I can do I'll do it now" spasm. Jimmy is always to the fore in doing any little that helps. He has now organised a Christmas tree for the children of N.C.O.'s and men attached to the barracks. More power to his elbow!

The arrival of Signals in McKee is welcomed by all. There should be a great fillip to sports and entertainments generally in barracks as a result. With stalwarts like B.S.M. "Woodie," Tom Keane, Jack Collins—to mention but a few—the Signals should prove a valuable asset to the No. 5 Group.

The Signallers are in McKee,
The 'Bello they've vacated,
We hope that now the Record chaps,
Will be repatriated.

Horses to follow—Remounts!

His friend (parading outside 9.30 Orderly Room): "What are ye up for, Mac?"

Mac: "Missed the train in."

His friend: "You'll catch it now!"

Overheard in the Mess:—

A.: "Why, those eggs must be a year old!"

B.: "Two bad!"

Acting N.C.O.: "The men won't do what I ask them to do."

S.M.: "Probably they prefer seeing you do it for them."

The "frozen parade" is still on. The boys consider it a trifle off.

Gink at Debating Class: "How long can a man live without brains?"

N.C.O. i/c: "What age are you?"

Mac: "I hear that there's a kit inspection on Saturday, sure that will spoil the half day."

Your Man: "Well, half a loaf is better than no loafing at all!"

The Square in McKee is now beginning to look real nippy. With all the old huts removed and the debris cleared, it makes an ideal parade ground—for those who like parading, and we hope it keeps fine for them.

Gather ye firewood while ye may,

For the huts are now a-going.

They kept men warm, so they say,

And they do it still—when glowing.

Congratulations are due this week to Mick Derrane. Another little threepence wouldn't do us any harm.

Telephonic greetings and best wishes to "Argus," 5th Bde.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

What "Woodie" thinks of McKee, and is it a fact that he intends digging himself in?

What the Signallers think of "F" Block.

What Sergt. Billy Madigan is going to get from Jimmy Keyes' Christmas tree

What Coy.-Sgt. Coffey thinks of the 9 o'clock spasm.

When the frozen parade is going to cease.

When Sergt. Norton (Mechanical Transport) is going to teach "Con." the Greek for "Kaelamera."

What Paddy Lawless thought of the water jump.

What John Spencer now thinks of Wigan.

What Dick De Loughrey thinks of Collins Barracks.

What Jimmy Sullivan (jun.), thinks of his return to McKee.

What "Martha" thought of the run.

Does Ted McCracken think 5s. cheap for a look at "An t-Oglach."

When the B.S.M. is going to give us more pushball.

What Maurice thinks of the boxing platform.

Who won the Fred Scanlon Billiard Handicap, and did the Remounts wipe his eye?

What does Prenderville think of Morgan Leech.

Is Tommy O'Leary's new slogan: "That's a promise."

Has Maurice Casey still got that week-end.

Did Bill Stroud get a license for his "dawg" yet?

A MARSHAL OF FRANCE.

Ney's Brilliant Career and Tragic End.

Marshal Ney, who commanded the rearguard of Napoleon's Grande Armée during the retreat from Moscow in 1812, was the son of a journeyman cooper in the little town of Saarlouis.

Entering the Army of France at an early age, he quickly rose to a high rank, and in 1794, was made Adjutant-General by the heads of the Revolutionary Government. Two years later he was promoted Brigadier-General, and in 1799 was a General of Division.

When Napoleon became Emperor he named Ney as Marshal, and when, in 1805, he stormed the entrenchments at Etchingen he was created Duke of Etchingen.

At the battle of Jena and Eylau Ney performed gallant deeds and his distinguished service at Friedland earned for him the Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour.

During the Peninsular war he quarrelled with Marshal Massena, and threw up his command.

In 1813 he was placed in command of the famous Third Army Corps, and covered himself with glory at Smolensk and Borodino.

Endowed with dauntless courage, inflexible will and strong physique Ney played a conspicuous part in the retreat from Russia. On more than one occasion he threw himself into the ranks of the retreating troops, and, seizing a musket fought shoulder to shoulder with the war-worn troops who stubbornly fought their way through the terrible Cossack force that, day by day harassed the remnants of Napoleon's great army. (See our illustration).

When Napoleon returned from his temporary eclipse at Elba, he sent for Ney, and the latter played a distinguished part in the celebrated campaign of the One Hundred Days. At Waterloo he fought on foot with the survivors of the Old Guard, and when the Allies entered Paris, he was tried and found guilty of high treason. The death sentence was carried out in Paris on December 7th, 1815.

Michel Ney was declared by Napoleon, a not undistinguished authority on military matters, to be a consummate tactician, a splendid soldier, and above all "the bravest of the brave."



MARSHAL NEY IN THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.



MOREAU AND DESOLLES BEFORE HOHENLINDEN.
 (From the Famous Painting by Meissonier).

HOW FRENCH HUSSARS CAPTURED A FLEET.

Of the many celebrated incidents that marked the progress of the French Revolutionary Army through Europe during the declining years of the eighteenth century, the capture of the Dutch Fleet by Pichegni's Hussars in January, 1795, was the most noteworthy exploit.

In the Autumn of 1794, General Charles Pichegni, who, it may be of interest to note, received his military education at Napoleon's old school at Barenne, was given charge of the Army of the Rhine and Moselle, in succession to Jourdan, who was entrusted with the task of crushing the Austrian forces on another sector of France's battle-line.

Pichegni's orders were to cross the frontier and invade the United Netherlands. With a series of brilliantly executed manoeuvres he captured, with little loss, Bergen-op-Zoon, Breda, Hertogenbosch, and several other strongly defended fortresses in the Brabant district.

Then came his supreme effort. Contrary to the usage of the period, he prepared his forces for a Winter campaign, instead of going into Winter quarters.

Three days after Christmas, 1794, he crossed the frozen Meuse, and stormed the island of Bommel, then, without delay, he pushed across the Waal River, and, driving before him the Dutch and English, who were sent to bar his progress, he entered Utrecht on the 19th day of January, 1795. Early the next day the city of Amsterdam capitulated, and ere nightfall the flag of the French Republic floated over its walls.

It is a particularly noteworthy fact that during the occupation of Amsterdam by Pichegni's army, which for the main part consisted of raw troops, *not a single act of looting or other misdemeanour was reported by the civic authorities*, and as Amsterdam in those days was held to be the richest city in northern Europe, this bears eloquent testimony to the high discipline of these soldiers of France.

No sooner had Pichegni established himself in the captured city than intelligence was conveyed to him that the Dutch Fleet was fast embedded in the frozen waters of the Helder, close by the Island of Texel, and instantly a scheme, characteristic of the man presented itself to his mind.

He ordered a regiment of Hussars to mount, and giving them the support of a single battery of artillery, he gave the word for this tiny force to push with all speed across the frozen country and capture the fleet.

The story of that ride has been well recounted by the military writers on the campaign, and all join in bestowing praise on those young troopers. Ill-fed, and wretchedly clad; they did not flinch from the task before them, but, sword in hand, pressed forward through that wilderness of frozen dykes and snow-clad fields until at last they reached their goal.

The struggle for the ships was brief, but decisive, and soon they had the joy of seeing the tri-colour of their country hoisted to the mast-heads of the captured vessels.

Owing to the intense cold, and the fact that attack from their natural element—the sea—was rendered impossible by the frost, the Dutch sailors had relaxed their watch, and when the summons to surrender came they were unable to render any effective resistance.

This exploit appears to have marked the summit of Pichegni's military career.

In the following year he was in Paris, and we catch a glimpse of him in Wolfe Tone's diary, under the date of May 6th, when that incomparable young patriot urged that Pichegni should be given command of the expedition to Ireland.

"I told Carnot," said Tone, "that Pichegni should be placed in charge of our enterprise, as we in Ireland rated him equal to a force of 20,000 men."

The Organiser of Victory—Carnot—however, would not consent to the appointment, and a year later the hero of the war in Holland was deported to Cayenne, the notorious prison settlement, for complicity in a Royalist plot.

In 1804 he was once more in Paris. This time, it was alleged, he was the chief mover in a plot against Napoleon. Arrest followed, and on April 15th his strangled corpse was found in a cell in one of the Paris prisons.



CAPTURE OF THE DUTCH FLEET BY HUSSARS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, JANUARY 1795.

THE FRENCH CONQUEST OF HOLLAND.

(From the Painting by Francis Fleming).



nótaí ón laó sCaí.

San seanmóin veireannaí a éas an t-áthair Mac Connora tóinn Dia Domhnaí seo caite, túbairt sé gur cuir sé áas mór ar a éiríde a beir imeas aon treama cóim saorála agus a bí an éas caí agus cóimairlí sé tos na fearaí a beir tóil's i gcomhairle do éangain naoin pádrais agus Colm-Cille agus túbairt sé freisin gur b' uasal an obair a bí á déanamh as sáistúirib an laó Caí agus gur b' i a tóil láirir go tábairtís sibialta cóim maí.

D'ait-veinead seallamha an baistí, annsan éas an saíairt veannaí an pápa agus cuiread veiread solamnta leis an sCúrsa le veannaí naoin saíriminte na h-áitóraí.

Níl mórán le ráó agam, mar ní éarlúiseann aon ní iongantac na laeéanta so, ac anois is airis bualeann liostálaí nua isteaí eúgann; scrútuítear é as liaí an caí, cuirtear éirí an áirim uime agus veintear sáistúirí de i scionn tamail le traeneáil mileata. Scríobaim na línte seo leanas cun a éur in iúl tóib, caí é an éuairim atá as an liostálaí seo ar an ttraeneáil mileata so:

Tá torann cóim mór sa veairic seo sléigéal, gur easal liom tráct le neart mo méine; ar veacraí na h-oirre sa "Caí so na n-Saeveal." Fuaim an "ácrainn" in ágaró an lae. Siltear na veor' nuair a cítear dom péin; "Oruigíte caí" as "fógaire" a réim, as steallat a bpeasa, mar ciot ó'n spéir, mise is cóim-éairíe dom cráiríe go h-ae.

'Sé aóbar mo bróinse a éairíe go léir; an "Muscaeveaí" measaíte mursantaíct géar, naé utaitníseann a cruinneas a suntaíct ná a léire le luíct ceapáite seallta cun treassairt an "Deurla" 'Sé "muinead" na "Céime" is "Riar na Teassaise" (ár mbuairírt ngear)

An "mó" mar measaírt b'fearr cun "léiginn," ná as tóil cun an "Raonta," san pios dá réir, ar mearaíct aighe naé n-aimseócaí na "pléir."

Bíonn "Sáirsint an lae" as sáibail timpal mar leóman, cun "pailišteoirí" dána a éabairt cun "Snó-Seómra"; "Mear máirs" annsin "stao" agus veántar "Deas-Cóitrom." Má veintir mé saoraí, níl tóic-obair veánta i "leabair an Consantóra."

A péara ósa na tíre, cuimnígtó go h-áirí, naé simplíde aon "Sársa" ná "Deata Saoráiríeac"; an "Traeneáil Mileata" "Sa éitearnac" cáiríeac, ac síor-glanaí is "Sléasaí" go nglaoútar amaí ar "páráirí"!

Ná raib veiread lem' oán go moltar an "Seóir"; 'Sí "Teansa na mbuad" atá dá labairt i "Rinn-móir." So mairir go veó a éansa tóil san sruam, cun sásam a éabairtíe dom' "éir cáilíul." Táim bróitíul go leór agus súil leis an lá, so mberí clann fóla 'na gceart is in-áó. Nuair a "Scaoilpear" na pocail gur maíct liom aráó, an éas caí cun "Tosaí" anois tá an sáó!

(Táim faoi cómasoin mór as an bpile bróíct saorálaí do Séumas Ó Domhnaill).

"HARK TO THE MISTLETOE!"

A TRAGEDY FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

IN FOUR ACTS,

By GERALD MACNAMARA

(Author of "Thompson in Tir-na-n-Og," "The Throwbacks," "The Mist That Does be on the Bog," &c., &c.)

[Specially written for "An t-Oglach" and dedicated to all—regardless of rank—who may be confined to barracks during this festive season. Illustrated by the Author.]

As well as writing this play (which is a mere mosquito bite to me) I have written full stage instructions.

I hope to make myself clear in these stage instructions, a difficult matter, as I am accustomed in my profession to take it for granted that everyone knows what "O.P.," "sky borders," "black outs," "long lines," "hard lines," &c., mean.

This is wrong, I know. I should not expect my military readers to understand theatrical terms any more than they should expect me to understand the technicalities of the barrack square, such as "Umph Amph," "Umper ump," and words to that effect.

In amateur, as well as professional, theatricals the first thing to do is to appoint a working staff.

The actors are afterwards selected and paid off as occasion arises.

Let me take it for granted that all the arguments and bickerings are at an end and that the newly-appointed staff has washed the blood from its faces, painted its black eyes, and settled down to serious work.

Here follows a list of the different offices connected with the stage in order of precedence:—

First comes the *General Manager*. This is an ornamental; a flamboyant job. This personage is expected to wear a mask which expresses "Gad, you're going to see a ripping show to-night." His only other duty is to hand out passes to his dearest friends (or enemies as the case may be). In a professional theatre he is always in evening dress and crush hat. In military theatricals he should dress "à la militaire," viz., mess jacket and cocked hat.

The *Producer* is all powerful on the stage until the curtain goes up on the first night of a production—with this his responsibility ceases. He may then sit in the stalls, or even in a box, but the *Producer* of "Hark to the Mistletoe" would be better advised to go home to his quarters, or better still—to the "digges" and have a strong guard placed around it.

The *Stage Manager* takes up the cudgels after the *Producer* has washed his hands of "the b—y business" (Shakespeare). He rings up the curtain and rings it down again, at his own sweet will (and risk). He presses buttons and "hey Presto" things happen which would astonish you or me, and which sometimes astonish himself.

I am assuming that this play is to be produced in a military camp.

The first thing is to get a hall to hold the audience—firmly.

An ordinary army hut makes an excellent theatre.

The floor space should be divided into two equal parts—one half for the performers and the other for the audience.

There should be as many people behind the scenes as in the auditorium. This ensures fair play in case of any unpleasantness arising from an ultra-critical audience.

It is advisable to have a cordon of military police around the theatre with orders to give "no quarter."

If this is not done the people who haven't the entrance money are sure to gape in through the open windows and pass remarks, and these remarks might shock the officers and bring blushes to the cheeks of the boy soldiers who may be present.

The floor of the stage should be raised three feet or the boys behind will raise Cain.

We now come to the play itself. Here is a synopsis of the scenery:—

Act I.—Interior of a kitchen near the Boundary (on the lee side of the "Craigie" hills).

Act II.—Wooma-woolah-bah—Central Africa (within a kick of the Equator).

Act III.—Back to the Boundary.

Act IV.—A Mansion in the Bronx—New York.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY:—

John Spratt—a small farmer—six feet two.

Maggie—his wife.

Ezekiel Spratt—John's son, but not Maggie's.

Jack Plaigne—Maggie's son, but not John's.

(The Spratts were both married twice).

Felix the Cat Burglar (a crook of six or seven continents).
Constable Jones, of the R.U.C. (only used in the play to give local colour).

Mumpiwugs—A native chief.

Cramps—A Cockney butler; and

Rose Maghree—the cause of all the trouble.

THE SCENERY, AND HOW TO MAKE IT:—

Act I.—A simple kitchen "set" made of five "flats." These "flats" can be made from five draught screens borrowed from the Stores and then lime-washed.

Three holes, or openings, should be carefully cut in these screens to represent two doors and one window—one door on the side "R," which means "right" in The Profession; one "L," and one window "C," which means "centre."

A waterproof cover from a G. S. waggon or a few ground sheets gummed together will, at a pinch, represent the roof of the kitchen.

The furniture, being simple, can be borrowed with the aid of diplomacy and a cordial handshake from G.H.Q., the B.Q.M.S., the P.M., the A.M., the P.T.O., the Wet Canteen, or, if it comes to the worst, the Married Quarters.

If you wish to pay for the hire of the furniture you can get it in any M.S. (marine store) for a nominal sum.

A counter, made of ordinary military trestles, should run L., R. & C., with bottles and glasses neatly arranged thereon.



(I forgot to mention that the hero's stepfather ran a shebeen as a side line.)

A peat fire burns brightly on the hearth "R." An old tar bucket, half filled with petrol, will burn as long as this Act lasts—and maybe longer.

A picture of King William III.—F. & G. (framed and glazed)—hangs on the wall "R" (slightly up stage).

The curtain should now (unless something has gone wrong) go up.

ACT I.

The old Homestead.

John Spratt is "discovered" at the fireside. It does not follow because John is discovered that he has committed a crime (although he really has). It is merely a theatrical expression for being "caught on."

John—Maggie! Maggie! are ye there, woman?

Maggie—Yes, John dear.

John—For the love of Mike would ye stop that boy's damnation noise.

Maggie—What harm is the chile doin'? It's heartsome to hear the lilt of the melodeon on a Christmas night.

John—Christmas night? What's in a Christmas more'n any other night?

(At this point John receives a seizure which deprives him of the use of his speech.)

Maggie—John, John, you are blaspheming.

John (frantically)—Mumble-mumble-mumble.

(My congratulations to whoever is cast for this part—no more words to learn.)

Maggie—Oh, John, John, John. (Weeps.)

(Enter Ebenezer.)

Ebenezer—What's the matter with Da, ma?

Maggie—Oh, Ebenezer, yer father is struck dumb. He was angry and excited with Jack for playin' his melodeon.

Eb.—An' no wonder. Jack does nothin' from morn till night but play that thing, an' here am I sweatin' from the screac o' day till bedtime—milkin' goats, an' cows, an' sheep, an' ducks, an' anything I can lay me hands on. It's a shame—a d—d shame, an' I'll staun' it no longer. If this house was mine by—

(Enter Jack with his melodeon.)

Jack—What's the matter, Mater?

Eb.—Look what you've done on Da.

Jack—I don't see anything—he's much as usual.

Eb.—Can't you see he's speechless.

Jack—Don't be hard on him, Eb. It's Christmas. Have a little come and go. Don't be a prig. The night is young; you might be full yourself yet.

Eb.—How dar' ye say that to me. If I had my way out of this house you'd go—you and your damned accordeon.

Jack—Pardon me, Eb., it is not an accordeon—it's a melodeon.

Eb.—It's all the same.

Jack—It's not all the same. The two instruments are constructed quite differently. To me there is all the difference that exists between a Baby Grand and a Dulcimer. The melodeon possesses a timbre—

Eb. (with vehemence)—Ach! timber me Aunt!

(Enter Aunt Jane by the half-door.)

Aunt Jane—Please don't bring me into this argument, Ebenezer.

(Aunt Jane really isn't in it at all—she's not in the "Cast," but might be brought in to emphasize the joke—what we call in the theatrical profession a comic "relief.")

Maggie—Ebenezer, yer father is tryin' to say somethin'.

(John writes something on a scrap of paper and hands it to Eb.)

Maggie—What does yer Da want, Ebenezer?

Eb.—He wants the loan of a shillin'.

Jack (big heartedly)—Here is one (hands a shilling to Eb.).

Eb.—There ye are, Da. I'm sure he got it from me Ma. (John writes another note, wraps the shilling in it, and hands it to Jack.)

Eb.— } What does he say in the note?

Maggie— } What is it, Jack?

Jack (up to now a home-bird)—By heavens! he has cut me off with a shilling—my own shilling, too. (Sobs.) Oh, the irony of it.

Maggie—It's not, Jack dear—it's pure silver.

Jack—I suppose I must go. It is my duty to obey my father—even if he be only a stepfather.

Aunt Jane—But, child, he's a step in the right direction.

(This comic relief may be left out if desired, as its absence will not interfere with the plot.)

Jack—Aunt Jane, would you kindly leave the room; I wish to kiss my mother good-bye. It is unseemly that such facetiousness should trammel the sweet moments of such a hallowed hour. (Exit Aunt Jane in high dudgeon.) Good-bye, Mother. For your sake I would willingly rob a bank—yes, on my bended knees. Mother, farewell. (Slow music, if it runs to it.)

(Enter Rose.)

Rose—Jack I have heard all.

Jack—Not the long speech?

Rose—Yes, darling (they embrace).

Maggie—Jack, my son, my only boy—don't leave me.

Rose—Jack, do not heed her. She is a mother; she would have you by her side the whole day long. Such is a mother's selfishness. Go, Jack—go into the world and carve your way. For my sake.



Jack—For your sake, Lucy. I beg your pardon—for your sake, Rosie, I—will—carve—my—way. Should I take this melodeon with me, or should I suppress my love for art so that I should be untrammelled in my race for wealth?

Eb.—

Maggie—

Rosie—

Aunt Jane (just

returned)—

Take your melodeon with you!

(John makes signs of hearty assent.)

Jack—Thank you, friends. Farewell! I wish you all a Merry Christmas. (Slow curtain.)

The scene is now changed—or it ought to be.

ACT II.

Woom-a-boola-bah.

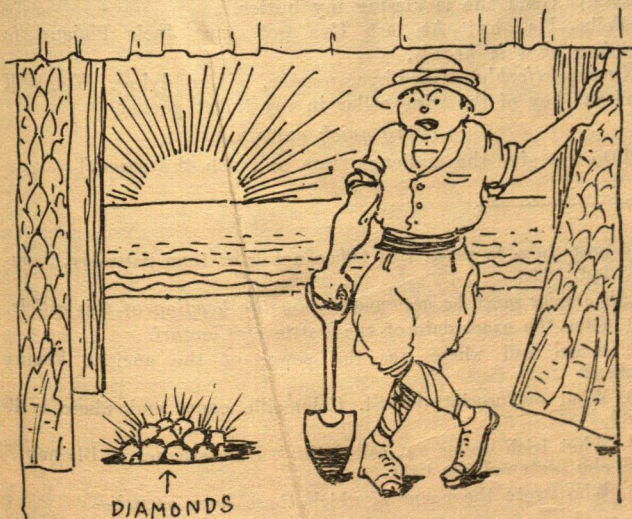
(I had originally intended to bring Felix the Cat-burglar in at the end of the first Act, but being told by a highbrow friend of mine that he would be an anti-climax I have reserved him for the final curtain.)

Jack appears pushing his way across the stage on a "dug-out"—(a native boat). He is completely surrounded by rattan, malacca and bamboo canes.

The side wings are the usual type of side wings. The background is produced by taking away the back wall of the hut and so exposing the real landscape. There is always some kind of scenery about a camp.

Jack—At last! at last! I have arrived at the scene of operations. (He consults his watch and a theodolite.) Ha, ha! as my old grandmother used to say, We are now within "a pig's jowl" of the Equator. Thank heavens I am now permitted to live my own life.

(Black and Tan faces appear over the long grass.)



Old Chief—White man, um die. Me kill um. Savvey?

Jack—Not quite. Where did you learn that alleged English?

Old Chief—Big white chief—him here.

Jack—What was his name?

O.C.—No savvey. Um here lang syne.

Jack—Scotch?

O.C.—No savvey.

Jack—Did he wear a Tartan and a crooked stick?

O.C.—No savvey.

Jack—Then it wasn't Harry Lauder?

O.C.—No savvey.

Jack—Ach, away and play. I'm starting to dig for diamonds (he threatens the Old Chief with a pickaxe. O.C. starts an Indian war whooping cough. Tribes jump up from the ground and begin to dance a war dance. Jack lifts up his melodeon and starts to play "Chick, Chick, Chicken.")

The tribes lay down their bows and arrows and start to jazz. Jack digs and finds diamonds by the bushel immediately. He fills his haversack with diamonds equivalent to a hundred billion francs at the present rate of exchange.

Jack then gives the tribes a ration of rum six hundred over proof which puts them all to sleep.

A noise is heard in the rigging of his dug out. He rushes to the spot and receives a wireless message. "Come home at once and you will hear something to your disadvantage. (Signed), Job's Comforter."

Jack—Ah! This is urgent—imperative. I must go. (He hurries to his boat, dropping diamonds as he runs.)

(Quick curtain.)

ACT III.

Back to the Boundary.

Bogland—same background as Act II.—will-o-th'-wisps, banshees, leprechauns and amadans seen floating through the air.

It is a weird, almost an eerie night. A sinister-looking figure is dimly seen holding up a side wing R.

A bag of golf clubs drops from the "flies," followed by a suit case, then a voice is heard (Jack's).

Jack—Look out below!

(Noise of an aeroplane is heard. This can be done by drawing a Sergeant-Major's walking-out stick across corrugated iron.)

Sinister-looking figure—Is that you, Jack Plaigne?

Jack—Sure. Have you any news about the folks at home? (He descends from a parachute.)

S.L.F.—Yes.

Jack—Good?

S.L.F.—No; rotten.

Jack—Are you Job's Comforter?

S.L.F.—That is my *Hors d'Oeuvre*.

Jack—You mean your *pièce de resistance*.

S.L.F.—No; my *nom de guerre*.

Jack—Your *nom de plume*.

S.L.F.—You've got it.

Jack—Tell me the news.

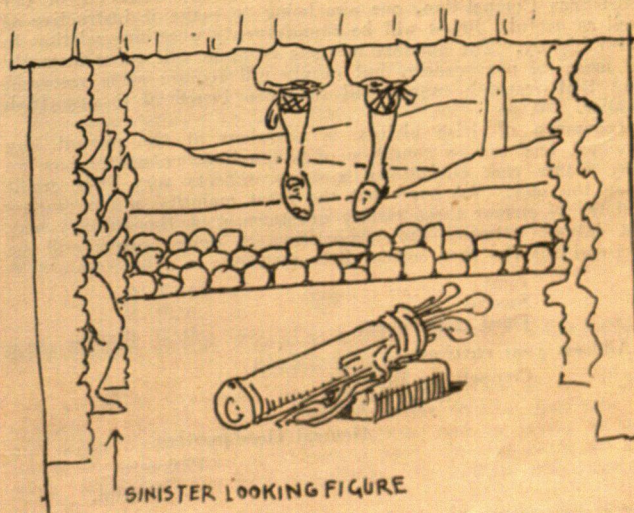
S.L.F.—Your mother is dead; your father is in the asylum; your brother sold out the farm and ran away—

Jack—With Rose?

S.L.F.—No; with the money. Rose was kidnapped.

Jack—Kidnapped! By heavens—

S.L.F.—No; by Felix the Cat. They were last seen in the Bronx—New York.



Jack—I'm off to New York. You deserve some recognition for this news. Hold this bag till I pull down my plane—thanks.

S.L.F.—Where do I come in? (Jack disappears into the flies dropping diamonds.) Thank you kindly, Mr. Plaigne.

(Quick curtain.)

ACT IV.

A Millionaire's Mansion in The Bronx, New York,
Christmas eve.

This scene is laid on a sumptuous marble staircase. The walls are richly decorated in Bayeux Tapestry. Huge framed and glazed masterpieces are super-imposed on these tapestries.

Bric-a-brac and priceless tête-a-tête lurk in ormolu cabinets. Alabaster balustrades luxuriously wander up the escalier. Chinese lacquered what-nots and Cloisonné vases jostle each other on the ronoked floor.

[In fact the whole scene is dazzling. Knowing as I do that it would be utterly impossible to give this scene full justice with the limited resources of a military camp, I have arranged the plot of the play to suit the circumstances, thus.

Just five seconds before the curtain rises on this Act I have caused an accident to occur. The electric power station in New York has ceased to function.

Something has fused. Some under official will get it in the neck over this, but that is not my concern. "Ars longa vita brevis."

Let us get the play finished.]

Jack—Cramps (*that is the name of his chief butler*)! Cramps! Where is the chief electrician?

Cramps—I'm sure I don't know, sir.

Jack—Have you got a match (*a tremendous crash*). D——n the thing. What did I knock down?

Cramps—Don't know, sir; sorry, sir. Sounded like the

Chinese lacquered screen, sir. (*Another crash.*) D——n sorry, sir.

Jack—What was that, Cramps?

Cramps—I'm afraid, sir, it was the Indian god with the diamond waistcoat.

Jack—The devil. Mind your feet, Cramps. D——n that holly. Have you not got a match, Cramps? Search your pockets.

Cramps—Oh, yes, sir; I've got one. Sorry, sir, it's a tooth-pick.

Jack—Was ever a millionaire treated thus?

A Voice—A millionaire—and so you really are a millionaire, Jack?

Jack—Heavens! Is that the voice of Rose?

Rose—Yes, darling Jack.

Jack—My own sweet Rose—Rose whom I have not seen for years.

Rose—Yes, dear Rose that you haven't saw yet.

Jack—Oh, rapture. Come and kiss me—my own—my angel. (*Kisses heard. This sound can be imitated by—but why imitate it anyway.*) Come darling. Why this delay? (*More kisses.*) Gad! she is kissing my butler.

Felix—Ha, ha! At last I've got you, Jack Plaigne (*a revolver shot is heard*).

Cramps (*feebly*)—Good-bye, master. I am dying. You will find the key of the wine cellar in my ticket pocket.

(*Very quick curtain.*)

[Do not give the audience time to reach the stage.]

CHRISTMAS COMPETITION.

Test Your Knowledge of Irish
History.

CASH PRIZES FOR READERS.

This year we are making a change in the character of our Christmas Competition, our aim being to make it instructive as well as useful. Below will be found twenty questions relating to Irish history. The answers to some of them will occur instantly to many of our readers, but others will require some research, and that research cannot fail to prove beneficial to any Irish soldier.

Ignorance of Irish history is prevalent at the present day amongst Irishmen—a condition of affairs that, no matter how we may blame past educational systems, reflects very little credit upon the race. We hope that the great majority of our readers will try to answer these twenty questions, even though they may not intend entering the competition. Money prizes will be awarded for the first correct lists received, as follows:—

First	£1 1 0
Second	0 10 6
Third and Fourth	0 5 0 each.

Address your envelopes:

Competition Editor,

"An t-Oglach,"

General Headquarters,

Parkgate,
Dublin.

and post them to reach this Office not later than Saturday, January 2nd, 1926.

All entries must be accompanied by the heading of this article.

1. Give the exact date of the Battle of Clontarf.
2. When and where was the power of the ancient Fianna broken?
3. What manuscript did St. Columcille copy, and where is it now?
4. What Irish leader was called the "Demosthenes of Blarney," and who bestowed the title.
5. Who wrote the poem in which these lines occur?—
"The very subtlest argument that injured man can show,
Is the pathos of the pike-head and the logic of a blow."
6. When did the Siege of Limerick terminate?
7. Who led the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy?
8. Who was Leonard MacNally?
9. Where is John Mitchel's tomb.
10. In what year did the French fleet enter Bantry Bay.
11. What Englishman proposed that the Irish people should "be prevented from tilling the soil, so that they would quickly consume themselves and devour one another"?
12. What led to the defeat at the Boyne?
13. Give the date of the first issue of *The Nation*.
14. What was the motto of the Four Masters?
15. Who were the combatants at the "Fight at the Ford"?
16. Who wrote "Shaun's Head," and to what incident does the poem refer?
17. Who described the English as "Carthaginians"?
18. Where was Robert Emmet executed?
19. Where is Lord Edward Fitzgerald's tomb?
20. Give the date of the Howth gun-running.

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GOSSIP OF THE BARRACKS

25th INFANTRY BATTALION, ATHLONE.

To all friends and comrades the 25th sends greetings and wishes for A Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

Christmas 1925 is close upon us, and we are preparing to celebrate the festival as merrily as possible.

A smoking concert will be held in the barracks after dinner on Christmas night, and a whist drive the following night. All ranks of the 25th are helping to make both nights a success. Judging by the fine talent displayed at our previous concerts, we have every reason to anticipate an enjoyable night.

Sport, we are told, is a most important factor in the life of every soldier. Looking back on the past and recent records of our Unit, we feel a pardonable pride in briefly reviewing our representatives' achievements in all branches of sport.

Running.—Lieut. Gerald N. Coughlan, Army Half and Mile Champion, 1924; Irish Half Mile Champion, 1925. Represented Ireland in the International Games at Croke Park, July, 1925. The first Army representative to win an Irish Athletic Championship Cup for the Army.

Boxing.—Corpl. Myles McDonagh—Irish Fly-weight Champion, 1924, represented Ireland at the Olympic Games in France the same year. Won the Bantam Weight at the recent Irish International Trials, and selected to represent Ireland at the International Meeting in Germany in January, 1926.

Pte. Peter Harte holds two recent decisions over the Army Fly-weight Champion, and competed in the recent Irish International Trials, being only narrowly defeated on points by the Irish Amateur Champion. This is Pte. Harte's first year boxing, and his splendid performances give every promise of a brilliant future.

Handball.—Pte. Brennan won the Army Soft Ball (Singles) Championship at the Curragh in October of this year.

Pte. Murphy partnered Brennan in the Army Soft Ball (Doubles) Championship, which they won at the same venue.

Cross-country Running.—The Battalion Cross-country Running Team travelled to Dublin on the 12th inst. and competed in the Dublin City Harriers' Invitation Race. Though unsuccessful in winning the honours from the large field of 89 runners, they nevertheless acquitted themselves very creditably.

If enthusiasm is an augury for the future, we may hope for great things from this young team under the excellent tuition of Lieut. G. N. Coughlan.

Hurling.—The Battalion Hurling Team has many fine successes to its credit. Though unsuccessful in securing the honours of the last Brigade Hurling League, they nevertheless made a splendid effort in the semi-final, and were unlucky in being defeated by the narrow margin of one point by the 6th Battalion. However, considering the circumstances under which they were defeated it must be said that it was not through lack of knowledge of the game. Nevertheless we were beaten, and we congratulate the 6th Battalion on their victory and fine sportsmanship.

FIXTURES.

The appended list of fixtures should be a sufficient reminder to keep "fit." So get down to it, boys, and train!

FOOTBALL AND HURLING.

10/1/26, 25th Batt. v. G.H.Q., at Athlone. Referee, Capt. Fitzpatrick, 4th Batt.

31/1/26, 25th Batt. v. 4th Batt., at Castlebar. Referee, Comdt. Mackey, Q.M. No. 2 Brigade.

10/2/26, 25th Batt. v. 1st Batt., at Galway. Referee, Comdt. Mackey, Q.M. No. 2 Brigade.

BOXING.

The Brigade Boxing Championships will be held on the 13th and 14th of January, 1926. The following have been elected members of the Brigade Boxing Sub-Committee:—Captain Niall Harrington, 25th Batt.; Lieut. Fredk. J. Slater, 25th Batt.; Lieut. Thomas Collins, Command Headquarters; Lieut. James Divers, A.M.C.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING.

The Battalion Championships will be held on the 6th Jan., 1926—each Company will turn out a full team of 12.

The Brigade Championships will be held on the 12th January, 1926.

There is sure to be a fight for places on the Battalion Team. "C" Company are the holders since last year of the Inter-Company Race, and intend retaining that honour.

Rumour has it there are "dusky horses" in at least one other Company, and if olive oil can win the Race there are some certainties for it judging by the quantities some chaps use.

Roll on 1926.

"AN T-SIONNAIN."



17th INFANTRY BATT., MULLINGAR.

Congratulations to our Sports' Officer for having secured such a splendid stock of sporting gear for the boys.

Last week a well-contested football match was witnessed between "B" and "C" Companies. The play was clean and lively. "B" won the game by a margin of 2 goals. "Tim" held his reputation as a referee, but why not buy him a new whistle?

What's wrong with the hurlers? Come along "C" Company! Be careful the Battalion Cup does not change hands next term.

"D" Company can whack you all, but they won't keep back from the fire.

Our Library opens next week. The selection of books is certainly an excellent one. I am sure the N.C.O.'s and men will give the committee every assistance, and keep the few simple rules in mind.

The Battalion Dramatic Class is working hard rehearsing "The Lord Mayor." I peeped in the other evening and—Wait and see the handbills!

By the way, who was the Private that accused the Engineer bloke of putting the pane of glass "inside out"?

An extra supply of pens has been requisitioned since the typist left.

The greatest moving picture ever witnessed is on show here for the last few weeks. The title of the picture is "The Barrack Accountant's Last Visit" or "The Eviction Days." It's a picture full of "go." Don't miss the next stirring episode. Be sure and attend.

You should have seen Mick's face when one of the Mess celebrities called for two "crystal sets," and planked down "one-and-a-tanner."

There is absolutely no truth in the rumour that one of our tailors got a stitch in his side when he heard "Down on Dooley's Farm" played on Jim's gramophone.

No. The Provost Sergeant did not receive a gramophone record from one of the defaulters entitled "When I Think of You."

Good old "A" Company! Send us along a few more "saints."

We are all pleased to see "Phil the Fluter" floating around again.

The turkeys in Westmeath and Cavan are on the run.

When returning to Barracks, via the Drill Hall, don't disturb the "aerials" please.

The Inter-Company Hurling and Football Cup matches are starting in January, when some very keen matches are expected at Mullingar.

"CARLOW."



BIG-ENDS AND SMALL-ENDS A.T.C., COLLINS BARRACKS.

A writer in Portobello Barracks, in last issue of the "An t-Oglach," requests a few suggestions for Winter pastimes. I will oblige. They are many and varied, such as trying to get out of barracks in civvies without a pass. In this game we are solely dependent on local conditions. In Collins only egoists play it.

"Lighto-spillo" is a nice game favoured by many, but it can only be played between men and an Orderly Sergeant. This game is played the last of the evening, a little prior to "Lights-out." Men having retired to their respective billets will close the doors, placing over the top a bucket of water, so arranged that on the opening of the door by the Orderly Sergeant (to ascertain why the lights are not out) he receives the full contents of the bucket. The secret of success in this game is that the Orderly Sergeant is not to be warned he is playing. He enters into the spirit of the game on entering the billet.

HINTS FOR YOUNG DRIVERS.

Never permit your engine to run without petrol.
Always wait until the P.A. opens the gate before you drive out of barracks.

To ensure against difficulty in starting your engine during frosty weather, leave your engine running all night.

Don't enter publichouses with an Army vehicle—leave it outside.

When in charge of a car never touch drink—use a funnel.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW—

What driver said he was the best-dressed man in the Transport, and was supported by his tailor, who said he was a "credit"?

Who was the Sergeant that told a concourse in the Detail Office that his father offered him £500 if he would not become a soldier? What happened to the Driver that asked him what did he do with the money?

What horse in the stables refused to pull a G.S. wagon after hearing an Officer saying he'd make an ideal horse to follow the Harriers?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Manners," B.B. Bks.—As an N.C.O. you should treat your superiors with dignity and your inferiors with courtesy.

"Gifty," Clones.—Certainly give your Section Sergeant a Christmas Box, if you so desire, but assure yourself nobody is looking.

"Etiquette," Portobello.—No! Dress-suits should not be worn while driving a ton truck that contains rations.

"Gormanston."—Unless the girl can provide a good home and keep you in cigs., decline to marry her.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

(See picture on page 14).

The battle of Hohenlinden, fought on December 3rd, 1800, between the Austrians under Archduke John, and the French under Jean Victor Moreau, was one of the most decisive conflicts of the Franco-Austrian campaign.

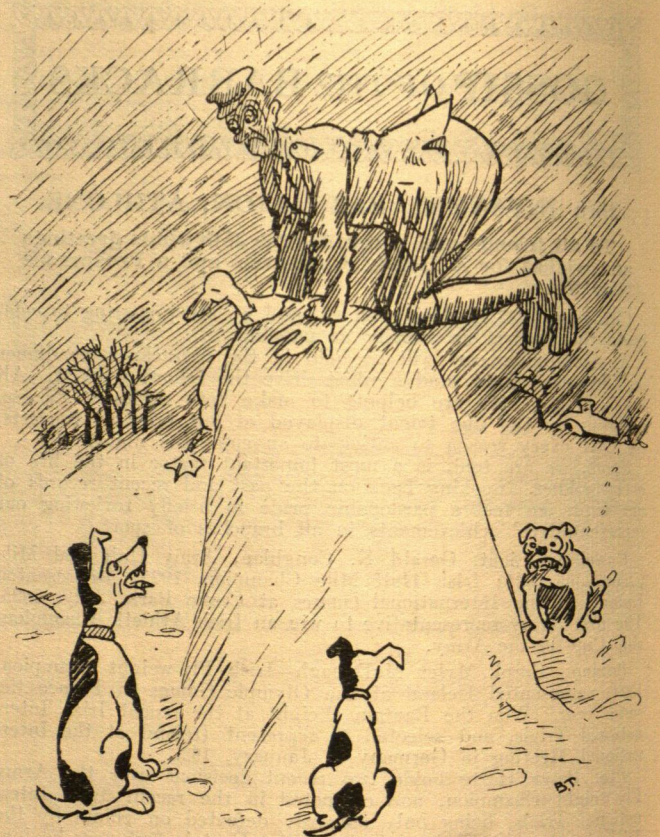
Moreau, who had seen service under Dumouricz, and in the Army of Italy, found himself opposed by a strongly entrenched force under the Archduke John of Austria. Hoping that his adversary would remain on the defensive, the Frenchman decided to deliver a series of attacks on the Austrian outposts with the object of tiring the enemy.

The Archduke, however, fired by Napoleon's brilliant tactics during recent campaigns, left his entrenched position, and made efforts to outflank the French. The success of such a move depended entirely upon the skill and rapidity with which it was carried out. It was executed with neither, and by some skilful manoeuvring Moreau succeeded in drawing the Austrians into a densely-wooded portion of the country, where their cavalry would be practically useless.

Then, when the vanguard of the Austrians came into collision with the main French force at Hohenlinden, the rear was attacked by troops under Richepance and Decaen. The Austrians, thus caught between two fires, retreated upon themselves, and soon the ordered ranks were broken. The soldiers ran hither and thither through the dense woods, climbing steep banks and falling into marshy ground. The main roads soon presented a spectacle of confused masses of dead and dying, abandoned guns, ammunition wagons, carts, and stray horses.

Before nightfall the Austrians were completely routed, with the loss of over 20,000 men, a large number of heavy guns, and an immense baggage train.

Hohenlinden was declared to be a greater and more complete victory than that gained by Napoleon himself at Marengo just six months earlier.



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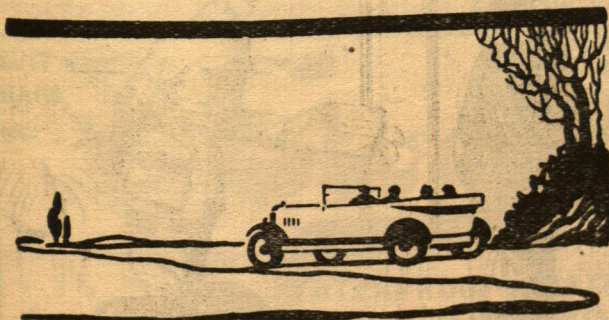
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CHRISTMAS GRAMOPHONE RECORDS.

A friend asked me the other day to give him a list of half-a-dozen or so "Christmas" records. A very much more difficult task than he imagined. Beyond the "Adeste Fideles" and a few carols, there is nothing with a special "Christmassy" appeal.

Of the "Adeste Fideles" there are many beautiful recordings at prices ranging from a half-a-crown to eight-shillings-and-sixpence. At the last-mentioned price the best I can suggest is, undoubtedly, John McCormack's singing with the Westminster Cathedral Choir (H.M.V. 12-inch). Next in order might come the remarkable Columbia record by the Associated Glee Clubs of America (850 voices, with the audience of 4,000 joining in at one part). It is a 12-inch, four-and-sixpenny disc, with the same choirs singing "John Peel" on the other side. In this case, as in practically all the records save that of McCormack, the Christmas Hymn is sung in English.

H.M.V. have just issued three 10-inch records by the St. Swin's Choir (conducted by Laurence Collingwood) of "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," "While Shepherds watched their flocks by night," "Good King Wenceslas," "Christians Awake," "Hail, Smiling Morn," and the "Adeste," in its English guise. In one or two instances the soloists seem troubled with nervousness, but the general effect is good, and I have not heard better records of these hymns at the price (three shillings each). There is also a Beltona record of the "Adeste Fidelis" at half-a-crown, which Mr. Moisse of the Gramophone Stores got specially recorded last year. H.M.V. also issue a 12-inch disc of Bach's "Blessing, Glory and Wisdom" by the chorus of the British National Opera Company, conducted by Albert Coates (6s. 6d.), which is a very fine, spirited rendering.

The H.M.V. Company has also issued a very fine 10-inch organ solo by Whitaker-Wilson (3s.), containing on one side "Christians Awake" and on the other "While Shepherds Watched," "The First Nowell" and the "Adeste Fideles." It is well worth getting. But the best pipe organ recording that I have yet come across is a 10-inch Zonophone disc of the "Adeste," with "Silent Night, Holy Night" on the reverse. I am not altogether enamoured of Mr. Mark Andrew's playing, but the organ tone is wonderful, particularly the Vox Humana—not absolutely flawless, perhaps, but the best yet produced—and only 2s. 6d.!

The "Winner" Record Company have produced a novel race game, to be played on the gramophone, which would afford good sport in barracks. It is available at two shillings.

"TONE ARM."

A CHRISTMAS APPEAL

ASSOCIATION OF EX-OFFICERS AND MEN.

28 North Great George's Street,
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December 7th, 1925.

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

Dear Mr. Editor,—Owing to the hardships among our many members, through trade depression, we appeal to all readers of "An t-Oglach" to help us to try and bridge the festive season by sending us a small subscription, and we also hope that readers will make our appeal known to their many friends.

Needless to add, hardship and suffering at the present time is very bad, and we ask all to help so that we may bring a little comfort to our old comrades who, through no fault of their own, are out of employment, some of them two years, and with as many as seven and eight little children depending on them for a crust of bread.

Please remember that every little helps, so we hope that every soldier will do his part in any small way to help his less fortunate comrades. Our Flag Days will be December 21, 22, 23. Thanking you in anticipation.

Is mise, do chara,

J. DAVIS, Secretary.

EXCITING FOOTBALL AT PORTOBELLO.

On last Wednesday evening G.H.Q. travelled to Portobello to meet the 23rd Batt. in a return challenge match. At the previous meeting of the teams the Portobello men were good winners, but the 23rd Batt. had a different proposition to contend with on this occasion.

In the first half there was plenty of good football both teams giving a rare exhibition of clean and fast play. Cannon, for G.H.Q., opened the scoring with a goal, and Steadman augmented with two minors. To this O'Neill replied for Portobello, and at half time G.H.Q. were well worth their lead on the score:

G.H.Q.	1 goal 2 pts.
23rd Batt.	1 pt.

The resumption saw a change come over the game. There was more than a suspicion of doubtful tactics right from the opening of this half. The 23rd did most of the pressing, and scored per Higgins, Keogh, and Ryan. McGinley following a neat pass from Steadman, scored a goal for G.H.Q. which was hotly disputed. From this to the end Cpl. Hayes, the referee, had a very difficult task to keep the players in subjection. There were offenders on both sides, and it is a pity that in a friendly game the powers of the referee are not more extensive. A real good game was spoiled in the concluding stages, with G.H.Q. winners, on the score:

G.H.Q.	2 goals 2 pts.
23rd Batt.	5 pts.



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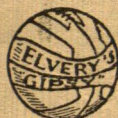
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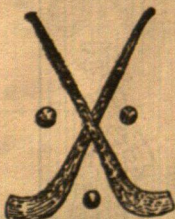
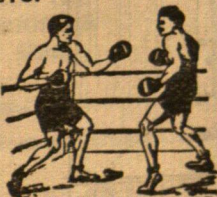
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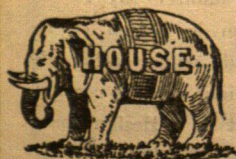
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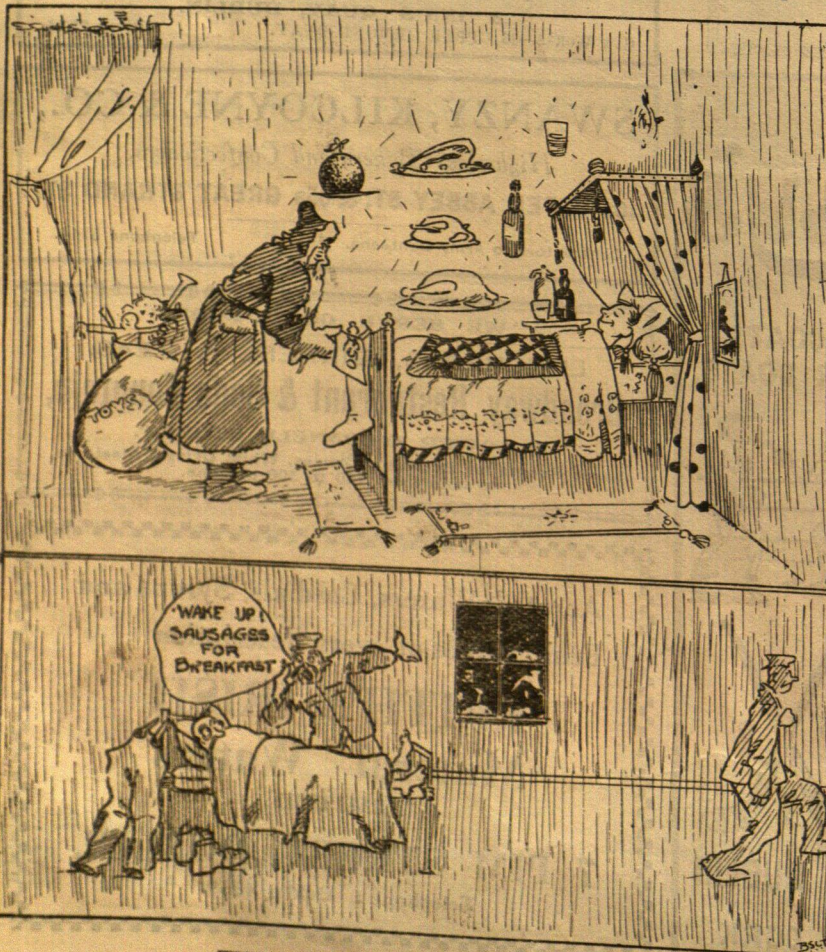
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His Wife—I wish you would try to walk properly, Sean; people will think you've been drinking.



THE DREAM AND THE REALITY



Picture sent to us by an alleged admirer of "Me Larkie," purporting to show that gentleman doing the "Diogenes act" with a candle—it is always candles in McKee. The alleged admirer says: "It represents him in search of inspiration and endeavouring to shed a little light in dark corners. What about it as a design for a statue?"

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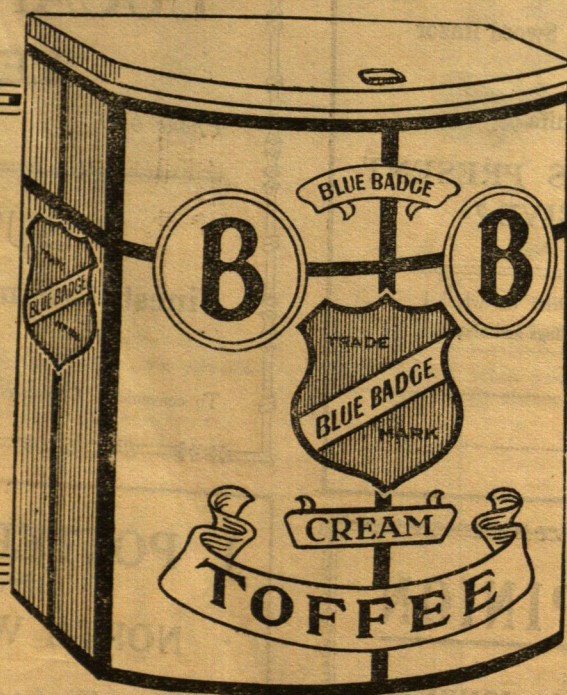
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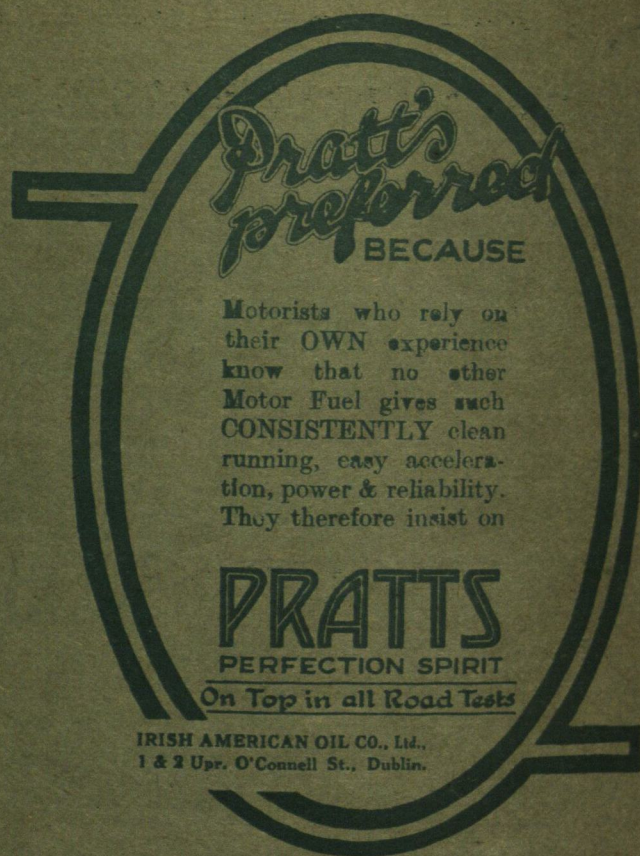
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