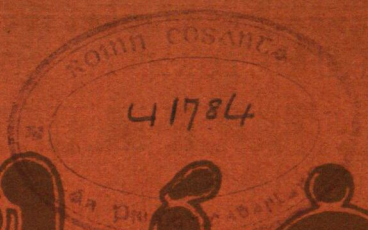




# AN T-OGLÁC



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## Contents.

Vol. IV.—No. 1.

January 16, 1926

## EASTER MONDAY, 1916.

### HOW THE IRISH TROOPS TOOK THE G.P.O.

First Instalment of the Inner  
History of the Anglo-Irish War.

BY THOSE WHO FOUGHT FOR IRELAND.

EXCLUSIVE TO THE ARMY JOURNAL.





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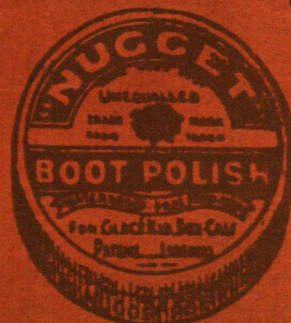


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# An t-Oglach

Vol. IV. No. 1

JANUARY 16, 1926.

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bliaðam nua sonasac d'an léigseoirí uilig!



Oglach  
na hÉireann  
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND



# An t-Óglách

JANUARY 16, 1926.

Managing Editor: Comdt. W. J. Brennan-Whitmore.

Literary Editor: Captain J. A. Power.

Editorial Offices: G.H.Q., Parkgate, Dublin.

Literary contributions are requested from all Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men. Contributions should be written on one side of the paper only; and whilst every reasonable care will be taken of MS., no responsibility is accepted. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the MS. is desired. Reports of the doings of Units are particularly requested from all Commands. These should reach the Editorial Office not later than the Saturday previous to the date of publication.

## CÓMHRÁD AS AN EAGARTOIR.

Bíod go bfuil sé beagán mall sa  
tú anois, ní féidir an seans do  
leisint earraínn gan a ráo le n-ár  
léishteóimí gurab í gurde "An  
t-Óglách" go mberó bliadain nua  
sonasac as sac uile dúine aca.

\* \* \*

Tá súil againn go leanfaró tuét  
cosanta na Teangán agus an Cúitúir  
Saédealaí ar an obair maic cún  
iú a cur cún cinn i ríe na bliadna  
sá, i dtreo is, nuair a béró deiread  
leis an mbliadain 1926, go mberó  
crot fíor-Saédealac ar an Arm,  
agus spairt fíor-Saédealac i nGac  
ball o' Ógláí na n-Éireann.

\* \* \*

This time next year we hope it will  
be possible to publish the "Editorial  
Chat" wholly in Irish with the  
confident assumption that all our  
soldier readers (at least) will be able  
to read it. The fact that we have  
to confine ourselves to two paragraphs  
in the National language at the  
moment, and that only a small per-  
centage of our readers will understand  
what they mean is not to the credit  
of the Army of Ireland.

\* \* \*

We are compelled to omit from this  
number some score or two of reports  
of Christmas celebrations in the Army.  
They reveal the fact that everything  
possible was done to ensure the  
realisation of the Defence Minister's  
wish that the Officers, N.C.O.'s and  
Men in barracks would have as good  
a time as their civilian countrymen.  
We acknowledge our deep indebtedness  
to the correspondents who were so  
good as to send in these reports, and

trust they will find sufficient explana-  
tion for the non-appearance of their  
contributions in the bald statement  
that this, the first issue of the Army  
Journal as a weekly, appears a con-  
siderable time after the festival.

\* \* \*

We wish to make the keynote of  
the new weekly series "up-to-date-  
ness," and, with this object in view,  
intend to rigidly eschew all stale  
reports. In the present issue we have  
had to display more charity in this  
respect than will be extended to any  
correspondent in future.

\* \* \*

Our corps of correspondents seem  
to have become somewhat disorganised  
during the past fortnight or so, but,  
now that the first weekly number is  
in their hands, it is up to them to  
rally round and let us have their  
contributions regularly and punctually.  
If topical matter arrives too late for  
one number it will stand a very poor  
chance of appearing in the next.

\* \* \*

The publication of the inner history  
of the Anglo-Irish conflict, which  
begins in this issue, will lend special  
value to all numbers of the new  
series in which it appears. A very  
large increase in circulation is expected  
by reason of this feature, not only  
in the Army, but amongst the general  
public, and, as it will be impossible  
to reprint any number, every copy  
will gain in value as time goes on.  
Readers should therefore treasure their  
copies carefully, and, when the serial  
publication has run its course, they  
will be in possession of a history  
unique in character and of immense  
interest to all Irishmen.

## A NOTABLE NEW IRISH NOVEL.

Travelling Men. By W. G. Dowsley (Tal-  
bot Press, Dublin, 5s. net.)

In the fourteenth chapter of "Laven-  
gro" there is a statement by Captain Bor-  
row regarding his famous son: "He kept  
very strange company when he was in Ire-  
land." Of a truth it must have seemed  
strange company to the English infantry  
captain who had risen from the ranks—  
tatterdamalion Irish boys, old Irish-speak-  
ing countrymen and countrywomen, not to  
mention a stalwart "rebel" flying for his  
life from the very soldiers the captain  
commanded—such folk must have appeared  
infinitely stranger to him than the gipsies  
with whom the lad had already been asso-  
ciating in England.

But, out of this little-known phase of  
Borrow's life, Mr. Dowsley has contrived  
one of the most stirring romances that  
have been published in Ireland, or about  
Ireland for a generation. It is a very vivid  
glimpse that he gives us of this country  
as it was immediately after the Napoleonic  
wars, and the flight of Phil. Carty, young  
Murty O'Mahony and the stripling Bor-  
row from Clonmel, over the Knockmeal-  
downs to Ardmore, and across through  
the Old Parish to Dungarvan, will bear  
comparison with that of Alan Breck and  
David Balfour in "Kidnapped." For those  
who know that district it will have a great  
added attraction, enhanced by the map  
which figures as frontispiece.

Judge Norbury, of notorious memory  
(whose forgotten grave lies in what is now  
a children's playground opposite Jervis St.  
Hospital, Dublin) figures briefly in the  
tale on two occasions, and the author has  
given us in a few deftly-drawn lines an  
arresting picture of the man in all his  
grossness. There are some other cleverly  
etched, thumbnail portraits and the at-  
mosphere of the period is well caught, but  
the main merit of the story is its pulsating  
drama, which carries the reader breath-  
lessly along to the poignant, unexpected  
climax in Clonmel courthouse. It is a  
book which should be read by every Irish  
soldier.

P.

## ARMY SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

Since the arrival of Father McLoughlin  
the School Sodality has made considerable  
progress. There was a special rally for  
the New Year. The Head Chaplain cele-  
brated the Mass for the General Commu-  
nion on New Year's Day—the First Fri-  
day of the month—and almost 100 mem-  
bers received Holy Communion.

The Head Chaplain having joined with  
the Officer Commanding in the expression  
of good wishes for the coming year, and  
referred to the further part of the Daily  
Routine Orders, wherein the C.O. indicat-  
ed his keen interest in the Sacred Heart  
Sodality, and his desire that every Catho-  
lic N.C.O. and man should become a mem-  
ber of that excellent society.

The "Adeste" was sung by the school  
choir under S.M. Cook. Congratulating  
them on their devotional rendering of the  
hymn, Father Ryan expressed a wish that  
they might soon prepare a choir to rende-  
some of the liturgical pieces and Masse  
which might rival the excellence of their  
instrumental performances.





# THE DARK OF THE DAWN.

EASTER MONDAY, 1916.

THE FIRST SHOTS IN THE INSURRECTION.

HOW THE SOLDIERS OF IRELAND TOOK POSSESSION OF THE G.P.O.

THE FIRST FIELD G.H.Q.

FAILURE OF THE FIRST BRITISH ATTACK.

TRUE STORY OF THE PILLAR EXPLOSION.

PERSISTENT MYTH DISPROVED.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

[NOTE.—This series of articles will contain authentic accounts of all the most exciting and dramatic incidents which occurred throughout the years of great endeavour, 1916-1922. Data has been collected from the most reliable living participants; and the scenes described are true in every particular.—Ed.]

## I.—THE OCCUPATION OF THE G.P.O.: 1916.

By COMDT. W. J. BRENNAN-WHITMORE.

EASTER WEEK, 1916! What a thrill the phrase gives to the hearts of Irish men and women the whole world over. It is no wonder that it does so, for it is beyond question one of the most dramatic epochs that occurred in Irish history.

It was my privilege to play a part in that stirring drama, and the recollection of it is still vivid in my memory. From the very inception of the Volunteer Movement, I had been very active in the County Wexford, and there was a general understanding that when the Rising would be about to take place, I would be called to the General Staff.

In this way then I came to be attending on the late Joseph Mary Plunkett, Chief of Staff, in a private nursing home in Dublin, on the morning of the Rising. It was here that I met for the first time the young man who was subsequently to

become the hero-figure of the fight for Irish freedom—the late General Michael Collins. He was then acting in the capacity of aide-de-camp to General Plunkett.

The impressions I gathered of Collins at that first meeting were those of an exceedingly virile young man of great agility and lightness of hand and foot; very silent, and with a slight tendency to moroseness in one so young and virile.

And our superior Officer! I have some hospital experience, and I knew enough to be sure that, Rising or no Rising, the Angel of Death stood very near to Joseph Mary Plunkett. How he kept going from that fateful morning throughout the tumult and struggle of the fight until the hour in which he was done to death must remain one of the miracles of the power of the mind over the body. A delicate, frail, almost ethereal human being. He seemed to draw sustenance and support from the very proximity of the over-flowing vitality and nervous force of Collins.

When we had finished the work of helping to dress our Chief, we got into a

waiting cab and drove to the Hotel Metropole. During the journey we were rather a silent trio. Our superior seemed disinclined to talk; and it would ill-become us to have been garrulous.

Dublin was gay that Easter Monday morning. The Fairyhouse Races were on, and great crowds of laughing, hurrying people were coming and going in all directions. I could not help philosophising, as we rumbled leisurely over the paving-stones, on the electrical change that was to come over the city and its people in the short space of a few hours; and so, each of us thinking our own thoughts, we arrived at our destination.

There were quite a number of British Officers in and around the Hotel. As we dismounted and told the cabman to wait, they eyed us with open and amused contempt. One small dark officer, whose name I was told but have forgotten, was chatting with the booking clerk, and endeavouring to maintain an appearance of idle and casual indifference. The fact, however, that he had quick eyes for the comings and goings of everybody at once marked him out as an Intelligence Officer. As General Plunkett paused at the booking office to enquire for letters, Collins and I, our hands in our pockets, grasping our heavy automatics, moved up a few



O'Connell Street, Dublin, Photographed on the Morning of Easter Monday, 1916.

[Etching by courtesy of "Irish Independent"]

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steps of the stairs. This gave us a slight advantage of position. Our intentions were that we would not be arrested without a fight; and had any attempt to do so been made, a rather pretty and dramatic scene would have been enacted there and then. Both of us were pretty expert shots.

Entering General Plunkett's rooms, I crossed to the front windows, from where I had a clear view of all the approaches. Being so weak from his illness General Plunkett passed me his marching order equipment to wear—I had come up to the city in civilians and had no kit or equipment with me. He also gave me a supply of maps, a military whistle, and an Ingersoll watch. I mention these small matters, because the watch was the only token that survived subsequent events, and is to-day a treasured heirloom. When we were ready, after a delay of half-an-hour or so, we re-entered the cab and drove the short distance to Liberty Hall.

At Liberty Hall all was bustle and suppressed excitement. A number of the Citizen Army were busy loading a couple of carriers' drays with munitions of war. A little crowd of the idle curious were looking on. As we passed up the stairs of the building we met a continuous stream of men bearing boxes of bombs, rifles, etc. It was an extraordinary sight. Most of the bombs were made out of condensed milk tins, jam jars, lengths of piping, and, in short, almost every kind of receptacle that was at all suitable. The weapons of war ranged from high velocity, short service Lee-Enfields, Mausers, German sniping rifles, Sniders, Martinis, to shot guns. Even the ancient and venerable pike was represented. Such was the nature and range of weapons that verily I would not have been surprised had I beheld the obsolete blunderbuss and the small shot cannon making their way down the creaking stairs. Yet, soldier that I was, the sight did not oppress me with a sense—as it might well have done—of the utter absurdity and impracticability of it all, because I was soldier enough to sense the spirit of determination to do their best that pervaded everyone, and that spirit, in the chances and brawls of war, is often more precious and vital than armament.

The real wonder to me, as we climbed to the upper storey, was where the quantity of "stuff" was coming from. Every room and hole and corner must have contained material.

Arriving at the top of the building we halted at the door of a small room. At a table in the centre, which was littered with documents, sat General Padraig Pearse, and General James Connolly.

To-day, at General Headquarters of the Irish Army, as I look upon numerous and spacious offices, and their busy staffs, a mental picture of that tiny room, with the two Generals, and its litter of documents comes before me, and I cannot help feeling somewhat amazed at the extent of the change, and the rate of progress made in so few years.

I saluted, and Pearse, looking up to a time as a ledge, and catching sight of me, We acknowledged immediately and came across to the correspondents. He did not speak, good as to send in the when an officer came

and made a report to Connolly. All the documents, many of which I could see were Proclamations, were gathered together and we proceeded downstairs.

I paused at the top of the doorsteps and had a good look round the scene whilst Connolly was issuing some preparatory orders. He was all the time the man of action. Less than one hundred members of the Citizen Army were drawn up. The carriers' drays were heavily laden with war material. The O'Rahilly was there in his motor car, which was also packed with "stuff." A sister of Padraig Pearse's made her appearance suddenly in a state of great distress of mind, and a brief and rather painful scene occurred. The crowd of idle curious had swelled considerably, and ragged urchins were darting in and out, calling out the shrill cries of their kind to one another, and occasionally indulging in saucy comments. But on the faces of the lookers-on I could detect no dawning comprehension of the real coup which was in contemplation. It seemed to be taken for granted that "a route march in force" was about to take place. And so it truly was, but not in the sense that even the most prophetic amongst us imagined. The Irish Nation was verily setting out on a route march of war, suffering, persecution, and victory, that was to last out eight long years. Throughout all that bustle and preparation Collins stuck close to his Chief, his eyes roving all over the scene, but speaking not a word. I recollect feeling at the time a slight resentment against one so silent and morose who was obviously so young and virile.

At last all was ready. Connolly placed himself at the head of the little Column, on the right hand side. Pearse took his stand beside him, and then Plunkett, whilst I formed the left of the section of leaders. Collins was on the left flank and about a pace to the rear of me.

Connolly's voice rang out "Quick March!" and we moved off, receiving as we did so a little salvoe of cheers from the crowd.

As we swung up Lower Abbey Street, and inclined across the broad O'Connell thoroughfare, it was well for us that not even a Corporal's Guard barred the way. The men were so cluttered with weapons and tools that they would, in such an eventuality, have been practically helpless.

The counter-order which had appeared in the Press, and the natural confusion which attends a difference of opinion, however slight, in moments of grave crisis, had created a definite impression that the Rising was "off"—for the moment at least. Consequently many of the Officers and members of the rank and file, both Citizen Army and Volunteers, had elected to go off to the races, or the Easter holidays rather than stay in town and take part in what they imagined was only a spectacular route march designed chiefly to modify the bad impression created by the counter-order. Thus there was a shortage of officers and men all round on that fateful morning. Hence you could see, in our little column, a man carrying a couple of guns, a shovel, and a pick-axe; another a pike and musket, a sledge-hammer and a crow-bar; and so on throughout the ranks. Every man being cluttered down not only with an excess of weapons but also of tools. In this fashion, then, we

had set out to try conclusions with the mighty British Empire.

As we tramped up the left side of O'Connell Street, many of the hurrying crowd stopped to gaze upon us, and not a few waved us friendly greetings. Swinging past the Hotel Metropole, I saw, being on the left-hand side, that the British Officers, many of whom were still there, were openly laughing at what, to their superior military eyes, was the most incongruous sight they ever had, or ever would behold in this world. Little they dreamt that they were looking upon Young Ireland, armed, and marching to freedom. Such, however, was the inscrutable will of God.

Arriving opposite the public entrance to the General Post Office, the commands, strident and passionate, rang out from General Connolly.

"Halt!"

"Left turn!"

"The G.P.O. Charge!"

The manoeuvre was not ordered and carried out as a professional soldier would have designed it; but it was every whit as effective. We responded with a rousing cheer, and dashed unhindered into the vast building.

It was a busy morning in the General Post Office. The public counters were thronged with people. Our sudden and unexpected in-rush caused consternation.

General Connolly gave a loud and peremptory order for all civilians to quit the building. For, perhaps, the space of a minute, no one seemed to have grasped the real meaning of what had taken place. No sooner did the people, both officials and public, grasp the startling fact that they were in the midst of another Irish Rising than a wild scamper was made for the door. Civil Servants jumped the counters and ran, some of them not even waiting to procure hat or overcoat.

A young British Officer was writing a telegram on the left of the entrance; and a little beyond him an elderly D.M.P. constable was on duty. General Plunkett and I turned simultaneously to place them under arrest. We decided that it was the safest, in the hurly-burly of the moment, to tie the hands of the Officer and place him in the telephone box, with a guard outside. In the case of a sudden attack he would be safe there until he could be moved to better quarters. Collins it was who did the job.

Meanwhile small parties had rushed through the building, taking possession, disarming the small guard which was upstairs, and directing the officials in the upper offices to quit. The carriers' drays and the O'Rahilly's motor had come through the side gate into the covered yard, and the horses and drivers dismissed. The Proclamation was posted on the outside walls and pillars.

In this way then was the General Headquarters, in the Field, of the Irish Volunteers firmly established in the very heart of Ireland's capital. For weal or woe we had definitely set our hands to the sword. Most of us anyhow had no illusions as to the nature, or the magnitude of the task before us. Chances of military success were, in every truth, outside the bounds of all reasonable calculation. But war is a fickle jade, and miracles sometimes did happen.

It did not take very long to have the



G.P.O. cleared of non-combatants. Then Connolly's stentorian voice rang out again: "Barricade those doors and break the windows, and fortify them!"

Instantly a pandemonium of breaking, crashing glass took place. Incredible as it may seem, it is a fact that up to that moment our act and its significance had to a very large extent indeed escaped the notice of the crowds of people in the street. With this rending, crashing noise in their ears they paused, agape. With the quickness of crowd-gathering in public places they began to pack up O'Connell Street right opposite. Suddenly, high above the din and clamour, the shrill, piercing cry of a Dublin woman's voice screamed out:

"Oh, glory be to God, Mary Ann, they are breaking all the fine windows!"

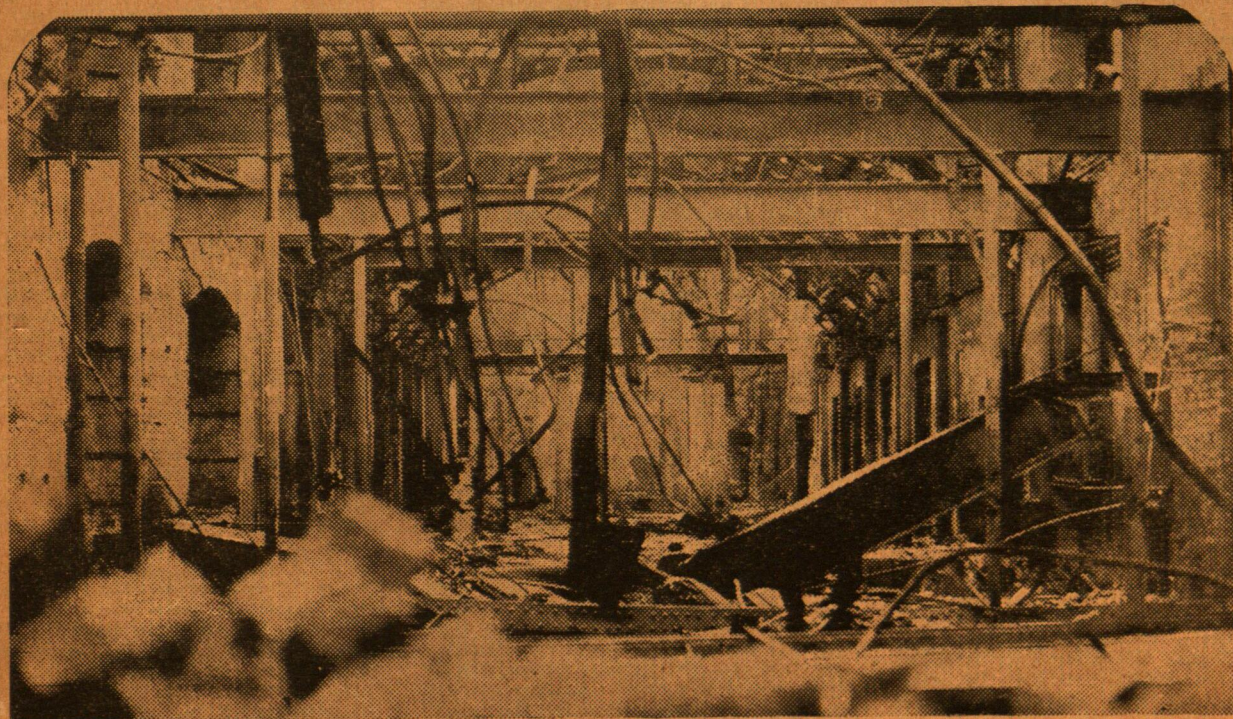
There was a general laugh all round, and Collins, who was standing beside me, paused in his work of smashing a win-

what extent the other Commands throughout the City had achieved their objective. No despatch rider had arrived, or was expected so soon, as, needless to say, none of the other Commanders would send in a report until their occupation was an accomplished fact or failure.

As for ourselves, the greatest danger lay in a prompt attack before we were ready for it. We expected this attack every moment; but fortunately for us it did not come until a couple of hours, very precious assets to us, had passed, and then the attack was made in a military form that could only be described, speaking from a military viewpoint, as sheer lunacy.

Whilst we were so engaged at the maps General Connolly had received reports from subordinates of great difficulties in getting the men to work properly at fortifying the place. An occasional shot was going off, and the effect, coupled with the wild rumours of the hour, was very dis-

spite months of training and lectures, appallingly ignorant of the most elementary principles of fortifying against attack, and of the penetrative powers of a modern bullet. To break the glass out of the window, throw a book or two up on the sill, get down behind it with their gun, and await the coming of the enemy, seemed to be the Alpha and Omega of their ideas of defence. Pulling down the lumber from one window, I ordered the three men—all that were in occupation of the big apartment—to wait on me whilst I fortified the window properly myself. When finished I ordered them to do the other window on a similar plan. In a room lighted by big windows on different sides it was rather difficult to make them understand the necessity of fortifying it in such a way that the defenders would be amply protected from cross-fire. I then passed into the other rooms, and selecting men where there was not anyone in par-



View of the Interior of the G.P.O., Dublin, after its Destruction in Easter Week, 1916.

[Etching by courtesy of "Irish Independent."]

dow with a telephone piece, to laugh outright at the incongruity of the speech. It was the first time I heard his hearty, infectious laugh.

While this preliminary work of barricading ourselves in was proceeding, General Plunkett went over to a big table in the main office, and spreading out his marked maps, began, for the first time, to give me an outline of what the situation was or should be.

The General Post Office had been occupied strictly on time, and assuming that the other points of attack had been carried with equal success, our position at that time should be, for the capital, exactly as indicated on the maps. At that moment we did not know, of course, to

concerting. It was not that the men were nervous, or unwilling for the work; they were, in fact, over-eager, inexperienced, and inclined to take too much for granted. Being so short of Officers, these difficulties, in view of the urgent necessity for rapid fortification, were serious. On the representation of General Connolly, the Commander-in-Chief, Padraig Pearse, detailed Collins and myself to take up the work of assisting in the fortification. The ground floor rooms of the building nearest the Hotel Metropole fell to my charge. A good many of the British Officers were still there, but they were no longer laughing.

I had about half enough men to do the work properly. They were also, de-

ticular in charge, I brought them round, and showing them the window I had done, ordered them to do likewise. Collins was experiencing the same difficulty. On one of my instructional journeys I met him in a passage.

"Well, how are you getting on?" I asked.

"Oh, pretty well," he answered, "but it's a hell of a job getting them to understand the necessity of fortifying the place thoroughly."

Despite the difficulties, we got through the work of barricading fairly successfully. The flags were flown at the two front corners of the roof, and snipers and bombers had taken up their posts on it. Practically all the principal windows were



manned. In a word, we were ready for the coming of the enemy—an event to which we all looked forward with the greatest keenness.

Having satisfied ourselves about the state of our outer-defences—if I might so term them—we gave our attention to the interior economy. On a big table behind a partition in the main office, a large array of daggers, bayonets, and many weird varieties of lethal weapons were laid out. Our rather large stock of home-made bombs were distributed to convenient centres of the huge building; and our reserve supplies of ammunition, and demolition tools were also rearranged in convenient dumps.

Meanwhile the crowd had packed up O'Connell Street, and the wildest of wild rumours were getting the freest circulation and trickling in to the little garrison. Most amusing incidents were taking place, many of them tinged with an element of tragedy.

Whilst I was directing the work at one window, a man dressed like an artisan, and wheeling a bicycle, forced his way up to the window, and asked me, in a hoarse whisper if we were guarding the G.P.O. against the Sinn Feiners! The British Officers had very hastily evacuated the Hotel Metropole, and the Staff had gathered in the windows facing us and had the appearance of people who were not quite sure whether they were having a bad nightmare, or witnessing a reality. However, their doubts were quickly dispelled by the arrival of a requisitioning party.

The dependants of the British soldiers arrived for their Separation Allowance, and finding that there was "nothing doing," told us in particularly vivid language what they thought of us. Some lady supporters of ours in the crowd resented this language, and several free fights ensued to the huge delight of everybody.

A number of priests also arrived on the scene and tried to get the crowd to disperse. They formed a line across the street, and began to push the crowd back upon O'Connell Bridge, only to find, when they had succeeded, that there was another crowd already packed up in front of the G.P.O. Nothing daunted, they turned to push this party away from the danger zone; but the crowd at the bridge began to follow them up, so in sheer despair of ever succeeding in curbing the curiosity of the people they gave up the attempt.

The tragic element was brought home to us when some mother, dishevelled and distraught, pushed her way through the throng right up to one of the windows, and implored one of the Volunteers to tell her if her son was inside. On getting an answer in the affirmative some pious objects and food would be passed in for him, with kind messages of cheer and hope from other members of the family.

Those mothers of Ireland, God bless them! In all my experience of that fateful day I never knew or heard of a mother asking that her boy should be sent home.

Quite suddenly the frequent cry of "The Military are coming!" was now accompanied by shrill screams from many women. The clatter of horses' hoofs were heard in the distance. The crowd stam-

ped in all directions, and in the twinkling of an eye almost, O'Connell St., was deserted.

Our position was about to be assaulted. Once more the oft-repeated instruction: "Don't fire until they come down the full length of the building," rang out, and was re-echoed from room to room.

Nothing, however, could curb the eagerness and enthusiasm of the men. When the first couple of sections of the mounted soldiers had come abreast of the Henry St. corner of the G.P.O. fire was promptly opened upon them by all the men in that section of the building.

Instantly the troops began to retreat, but not before two of their horses were shot and several saddles emptied. Their retreat was signalled by vociferous cheering from our little garrison and sections of the crowd, which had only fled a short distance up side streets.

At the time this foolish assault—for foolish it certainly was—was delivered upon us, I was in that section of the building which was nearest to the Metropole, and did not see it. We only saw one trooper whose horse had got out of hand, and galloped ahead of his comrades. When nearly opposite to us the horse stumbled as the result of a shot, tumbling the rider in one direction and his rifle in another. Picking himself up, the trooper abandoned both horse and rifle and ran back along the far side of the street as hard as he could leg it. The rifle was picked up by a newsboy, who promptly ran towards us with it. His progress was barred by a woman in a shawl, but he gave her short shrift, and threw the rifle through the windows to us.

This failure of the first attack upon our General Headquarters put great heart into us. Most of the rank and file looked upon it as a good omen. But we had not escaped entirely unscathed. One of our young men had been wounded by the premature explosion of one of our home-made bombs. He was not seriously hurt, though there was a great deal of blood upon his face and hands.

This accident gave rise to an untrue story, which has been steadily repeated through the ensuing years. It is high time it was nailed. The story circulated was that we had tried unsuccessfully to blow up Nelson's Pillar. To have attempted to do so would have been the height of folly, and nothing at that time, was further from our thoughts. However, it was decided, as a result of the accident, to make a selection of our bombs and test them, with particular reference to the fuses.

Amongst our original clutter of weapons was a hamper of policemen's batons. This was now opened, a number of men armed with them, and sent out to clear away the crowd that had again congregated. It was decided to throw the bombs towards the base of the Nelson Pillar, as offering the best and safest area of the tests. It was this explosion of the bombs around the base of the Pillar that gave rise to the fatuous stories which have since been circulating.

I left the G.P.O. at 10 o'clock that night to take up another post. But that, also, is another story.

[Next week: "THE DEFENCE OF THE G.P.O."]

## 12th BATTALION NOTES.

### MILITARY BALL.

The Annual Ball of the Officers of the 12th Battalion took place on the night of St. Stephen's Day. It was patronised by a representative gathering of both the civilian population and military officers. The catering for the occasion left nothing to be desired, whilst the decorations were praiseworthy. Music was supplied by Manahan's Band.

### DISCHARGES.

Many old hands have recently left the Battalion on discharge, and their departure is regretted.

The greater number of those discharged belonged at one time to the old 11th Battalion, which made a great name for itself in athletics.

Included in the departures are Cpl. John O'Connor, Pte. Jack Tierney, and Pte. Tommy Shanahan. In the old days Tierney was an active Volunteer. Early in the civil strife he received severe wounds in an ambush in Newport, Co. Tipperary, on which occasion Capt. Tom Walsh (at one time o/c North Tipperary Flying Column, I.R.A.) met his death. Shanahan was a full-time member of the Mid-Tipperary Flying Column, and Cpl. O'Connor was attached to a West Limerick Brigade of the I.R.A.

Corporal X. is rather surprised that his joke (which appeared in a recent issue of my notes) can be traced back to the Phoenixians, but admits that when he was a gosoon, in Clonakilty, he remembers falling out of the cradle with laughter on hearing the same joke.

By the way, during the Christmas he changed his nom-de-plume from Cpl. X. to Cpl. XXX.

Now that the season for a mental stock-taking (the New Year) is upon us, the time that we make good resolutions (whether we keep them or not), I have a few brief remarks to make in connection with the Army Journal. For the New Year it is to become a weekly. I would say if any soldier thinks he can contribute anything commendable in prose or poetry to the columns of our Journal, and who, hitherto, for one reason or another, refrained from doing so, let him start the New Year by helping this Journal which, literally, is embarking on a new mission.

"ROS CAIRBRE."

## AMERICAN HUMOUR.

We are not very unpopular in Liberia, that country owing us only \$26,000.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Disillusionment is what happens when Willie asks Dad to help him with the algebra.—*Publishers Syndicate (Chicago).*

Conservatism is a state of mind resulting from a good job.—*Richmond News-Leader.*





# THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY CAPTAIN JOHNSTON.

Commencing with this issue, it is intended to publish weekly a series of Educational articles on Arithmetic, Mensuration, Geography, History, Grammar, and kindred subjects, so as to enable Non-commissioned Officers and men who are desirous of improving their education to do so through the medium of this Journal in their leisure hours.

The substance of these articles will be based in the beginning on the syllabus of the Examination for the rank of Non-commissioned Officer as laid down in General Routine Order No. 77 of 1924, and the standard will gradually be raised as pupils progress.

Each subject will be dealt with from the beginning in as clear and concise a manner as possible, and student readers are advised to retain their copies of "AN T-OGLACH" so that they will eventually have the complete series of educational articles, which will form a course of elementary instruction in themselves.

A set of questions on the subject of the current article will be appended each week, and readers are invited to answer these questions in writing and forward them to the Educational Editor for correction. Readers are also invited to write to the Educational Editor for information on any educational subject in which they require assistance. Readers sending papers for correction must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Answers to enquiries will be published on this page each week.

Write on one side of the paper only.

This series of articles is intended to help Non-commissioned Officers and men who are desirous of acquiring a sound elementary education, and they will not deal with the more advanced subjects.

## ARITHMETIC. SECTION I.

### DEFINITIONS.

1. **Arithmetic** is the science of numbers and the method of obtaining results by their use.

2. The four first rules of Arithmetic are—**addition, subtraction, multiplication and division.**

3. A **number** is a unit or a collection of units, as: three bottles, four men, five. In these cases the numbers are three, four and five.

4. An **abstract** number is a number which is not applied to any object of quantity, such as two, six, nine.

5. A **concrete expression** is a combination of a number and a unit together, such as: two tables, five shillings, three feet.

6. A **unit** is one; a single thing; a standard quantity used in measurement; the extent or magnitude of any given quantity; such as: one, one man, one mile, one quart. In these cases the units are: one, man, mile and quart.

7. **Numbers** are expressed in three ways—

- (1) By figures.
- (2) By letters.
- (3) By words.

8. **Numeration** is the method of reading numbers expressed by figures or letters.

9. **Notation** is the method of expressing numbers by figures or letters.

### 10. NOTATION.

There are two methods of Notation in general use, namely, the **Arabic** Notation and the **Roman** Notation.

11. **Arabic** Notation is the method of expressing numbers by figures. There are ten figures in this system, namely, 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

The first figure 0 is called nought or cypher, or zero, and when standing by itself has no value.

The other nine figures are called **digits**, and each one has a value of its own.

An **integer** is any whole number.

As there are only ten figures used in expressing all numbers in Arabic Notation, it follows that each figure must have a different value, and this value is determined by the manner in which it is used. The value of a figure generally depends upon its position in relation to the others; and if a figure is standing alone, it represents what is known as a simple value. A figure may also have a local or relative value, and its value is determined by its position in a number; thus, 9 standing alone means nine ones, or nine units; but if it is placed on the left-hand side of a cypher, it means 9 tens, or ninety units, and if it is placed to the left of two cyphers, it means nine hundreds or nine hundred units. Similarly, a digit placed on the left of three cyphers denotes a number of thousands; on the left of four cyphers, tens of thousands; on the left of five cyphers, hundreds of thousands; and on the left of six cyphers, millions; the principle being that the value of a figure or digit increases ten-fold with each remove to the left.

The **cypher** or **nought** has no value in itself, but it is used for determining the place of other figures. For example, the number 605 requires only two digits to represent it, one to represent the six hundred and the other to denote the five; but if these two digits are placed together, as 65, the 6 being in the second place will represent tens. It is necessary, however, that the 6 should represent hundreds; therefore the nought or cypher is placed between the two digits, and the 6 then being in the third place represents hundreds. Six hundred and five will, therefore, be written 605. Similarly, if the number were six thousand and five, two noughts or cyphers would be inserted, and it would be written 6005. If the number were six hundred and twenty, the nought or cypher would be in the units place, that is, on the right to show that there are no units but only hundreds and tens; thus, 620.

Six thousand and twenty will be written 6,020, the noughts or cyphers shewing that there are no hundreds and no units, but only thousands and tens.

In writing numbers in the Arabic Notation, it is usual to divide them by means of commas into groups of three figures, counting from the right. These groups are called periods. Each period contains three orders; for example, the figures composing

the first period, that is, the three right-hand figures of a number, or the units period, is divided into three orders, namely, units, tens, and hundreds; again, the thousands period is divided into three orders, namely, thousands, ten thousands, and hundred thousands.

The following table shows the periods in use in Arabic Notation, and also their division into orders:—

Name of period	Billions	Thousands of Millions	Thousands of Thousands	Units.
hundred-billions	hundred-thousand-millions	hundred-millions	hundred-thousands	hundreds
ten-billions	ten-thousand-millions	ten-millions	ten-thousands	tens
billions	thousand-millions	thousands	units	

Number 987, 432, 198, 765, 432

### 12. ROMAN NOTATION.

Roman Notation is another method of expressing numbers. This method was much used in ancient times, but nowadays is only used in special cases, and chiefly for expressing high numbers. Dials of clocks and watches are frequently notated in Roman Characters.

In the Roman Notation seven capital letters are used, namely, I, V, X, L, C, D, and M. The values of these letters when standing alone are: I=1, V=5, X=10, L=50, C=100, D=500, M=1,000. All other numbers are expressed by various combinations of these letters.

To express numbers in this system, the combination of letters is governed by the following principles:—

- (a) Repeating a letter repeats its value; thus, XX=20, III=3, CCC=300. V, D and L will never be repeated in any combination, and only I, X, C and M are ever used more than once in any combination.
- (b) If a letter precedes one of greater value, their difference is denoted; thus, IV=4; if it follows, their sum is denoted—VI=6, XI=11, XL=40, and LX=60.
- (b) A line placed over a letter multiplies its value by one thousand— $\overline{L}$ =50,000,  $\overline{C}$ =100,000.
- (c) A study of the following table will illustrate the application of these principles:—

1,700,000 = MDCC	169 = CLXIX
2,000,000 = MM	156 = CLVI
1,000,000 = M	119 = CXIX
99,000 = XCIX	111 = CXI
700,000 = DCC	109 = CIX
97,000 = XCVII	99 = XCIX
40,510 = XLDX	90 = XC
19,000 = XIX	80 = LXXX
50,190 = LCXC	70 = LXX
9,060 = IXLX	69 = LXIX
940 = DCCCXL	60 = LX
900 = DCCC	40 = XL
811 = DCCXI	30 = XXX
740 = DCCXL	29 = XXIX
490 = CCCCXC	28 = XXVIII
450 = CCCC	25 = XXV
359 = CCCLIX	20 = XX
240 = CCXL	15 = XV
180 = CLXXX	14 = XIV
	13 = XIII
	7 = VII



**EXAMINATION AND LESSON PAPERS.**

The desirability of neat and careful work in the preparation of examination and lesson papers cannot be too strongly impressed on the student. A model form of Examination paper is shown on this page.

In preparing lesson papers, all answers must be written in black ink on single sheets of writing paper. One side of the paper only to be written on. The name and address of the student must appear on the top of every sheet as shown in the model form. Work written in lead pencil will not be accepted.

In working examples in Arithmetic, all the figures which are used to obtain the result must be shown. The bare answers even if correct, will not be accepted,

Always write after the result of a sum the name which signifies what it is; thus, Answer=150 Tons, or, Answer=25 Sq. Ft.

In answering questions which do not involve numerical work, you should give the answer in your own words as far as possible. Do not merely copy the text of the lesson paper; original answers are much preferred.

If you cannot completely work out an example, or you do not know the complete answer to a question, work the example or answer the question as far as you can—we will complete or correct it for you.

Do not be disheartened if your early work contains many corrections or criticisms; this is merely done to point the way to improvement. Read all corrections and criticisms carefully, and endeavour to profit by them in your future work.

**A MODEL EXAMINATION PAPER.****ANSWERS TO ARITHMETIC QUESTIONS.**

Subject—Arithmetic.

Name—Seumas O'Briain.

Unit—General Headquarters Company.

Section 1.

Rank :—Corporal.

Station :—McKee Barracks.

(1) Addition is the process of finding a single number which is just as large as two or more numbers put together. Such an operation can be applied only to numbers of the same kind. One cannot add £5 and 10 feet.

(2) The right hand place in a number is called the Units place.

(3) (a) One hundred and thirty-seven. (b) Three hundred and seventeen. (c) Seven hundred and thirty-one. (d) Thirty thousand and eighty-two. (e) Twelve thousand three hundred and forty-four. (f) Seven hundred thousand and thirty-two.

(4) (a) 162. (b) 648. (c) 2592. (d) 2048. (e) 906,524. (f) 88,898. (g) 6006.

(5)	3,620	(6)	31	(7)	98,765
	9,872		287		5,432
	567		3		321
	98		456		7,241
	1,916		3,824		60
	5,432		92,136		8
	7		789		9,891
			10,110		76,576
			6		800
					92
	21,512 Answer.		107,642 Answer.		199,186 Answer.

(8)	89,107	(9)	111,111	(10)	53,179
	54,319		53,432		19,999
	34,788 Answer.		57,679 Answer.		33,180 Answer.

**EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.**

[To be answered by students desirous of taking up this course. Answers to be sent to Educational Editor.]

- (1) In what three ways may numbers be represented?
- (2) What is the difference between a concrete expression and an abstract number?
- (3) What is the reading of a number called?
- (4) Express in both Arabic notation and Roman notation seven thousand five hundred and three.
- (5) For what purpose are cyphers used?
- (6) Write each of the following numbers in words:—(a) 980; (b) 605; (c) 28,284; (d) 9,006,042; (e) 850,317,002; (f) 700,004.
- (7) Represent in figures the following expressions:—(a) seven thousand six hundred; (b) eighty-one thousand four hundred and two; (c) five million four thousand and seven thousand and ten.

**TWENTY HISTORICAL QUESTIONS.**

The result of our Christmas Competition in which cash prizes were offered for answers to twenty questions on Irish historical subjects does not reflect credit on our readers. The answers received showed not only a regrettable ignorance of the more common historical facts, but a distinct reluctance to verify statements.

Some of our readers state that the competition as a whole was too difficult. It may have been a bit stiff, but we do not think it was beyond the resources of the majority of the N.C.O.'s and men. The fact remains, however, that in the best paper received only ten answers were attempted and five of them were wrong. In the circumstances it is obviously impossible to make any award and we can only hope that if and when another competition of the kind is launched the results will be vastly more creditable.

The correct answers to the twenty questions are as follows:—

1. The Battle of Clontarf was fought on April 23rd, 1014.
2. The power of the ancient Fianna was broken at the Battle of Gabhra, about A.D. 280.
3. St. Columcille copied the Psalter which is now in the Royal Irish Academy.
4. Daniel O'Connell was called the "Demosthenes of Blarney" by Thomas Carlyle.
5. "Mary of the 'Nation'" (Ellen Mary Downing).
6. 26th Sept., 1691, witnessed the end of the Siege of Limerick.
7. Lord Clare led the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy.
8. Leonard McNally was a Dublin attorney who helped to betray Emmet's plans to the Government.
9. John Mitchel's tomb is in the Unitarian Cemetery, Newry, "The Old Meetinghouse Green."
10. The French Fleet entered Bantry Bay in December, 1796.
11. Edmund Spenser.
12. The defeat at the Boyne was due to the undecided conduct of James II., and the fact that owing to his poor generalship the left wing of his army was unprotected.
13. The first issue of the "Nation" was published October 15, 1842.
14. "Do chum gloire Dé agus onora na hEireann" (For the glory of God and the honour of Erin) was the motto of the Four Masters.
15. Cuchullian and Ferdia were the combatants in "The Fight at the Ford."
16. John Savage wrote "Shane's Head," referring to the execution of Shane O'Neill.
17. John Mitchel, in the "Jail Journal," described the English as "Carthaginians."
18. Robert Emmet was executed outside the Church of St. Catherine, Thomas St., Dublin.
19. Lord Edward Fitzgerald's tomb is in St. Werburgh's Church, Dublin.
20. July 26th, 1914, was the date of the Howth gun-running.

All Columbus did was to discover America. Look what other people have done to it!—Winston-Salem Journal.



## GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

Those of our readers who were fortunate enough to hear Miss Jelly D'Aranyi's recitals on Monday last at the Royal Dublin Society, will be glad to learn (if they are not already aware of the fact) that the records which this distinguished violinist has made for the Vocalion Company will bring the player into every home which possesses a decent gramophone. Anyone who desires to get an idea of the purity and realism of the recording could not do better than purchase the recently issued 12-inch disc (4s. 6d.) of the Destouches-Dandelot "Passepiéd" with "Largo" and "Allegro giocoso" (Galuppi-Craxton) on the reverse. Another example of first-class violin recording is provided by the same firm's 12-inch record (4s. 6d.) of Mdlle. Adila Fachiri playing "Reverie" (Debussy-Bachmann) and "Capitan Fracassa" (Castelnuovo-Tedesco). The last-named composition is a delightful musical portrait of a swaggering blade.

All lovers of the 'cello should obtain the H.M.V. 12-inch record of Madame Guilhermina Suggia just issued (8s. 6d.). In the opinion of all the experts, Madame Suggia is heard at her best in this excellent recording. Proportionately good value is given by the Vocalion Company's 10-inch record of Howard Bliss in two simple 'cello pieces, "Madrigal No. 4" (Gillet) and "Berceuse, Op. 113, No. 4" (Golttermann) at three shillings.

Lionel Tertis, is acclaimed by many as the world's best viola player, and an excellent example of his work is afforded by the 10-inch (8s.) record in this month's Vocalion list—"Sunset" and "Les Reves." The piano accompaniment is by Miss Ethel Hobday, who acted as pianist for Miss D'Aranyi in Dublin the other day.

In my notes on Christmas records I omitted to mention a very fine ten-inch recording (4s.) by John Coates, of the French carol, "Voici Noël," with "The Knight of Bethlehem" on the reverse. It is a credit to the singer and to the Vocalion Company, and will bear playing at other times than Christmas.

Now that the Chicago 'grave-diggers have struck, won't the Chicago gunmen please call a truce for a few days?—*Charleston Mail*.

## NEW YEAR PANTOMIME AT McKEE BARRACKS.



Above is a photograph of some of the principals in the Pantomime, "Sinbad the Sailor," produced by No. 5 Group in the Recreation Hall at McKee Barracks, Dublin, for a period of one week, commencing Sunday, 10th inst.

Left to right, back row.—Pte. O'Beirne, P. J., as "Baron Dolphin"; Sergt. Price, J. J., as "Specks."

Front row.—"Olive," Miss Peg Kavanagh; "Cyril Seymour," Sergt. P. J. Carr; "Jill," Miss Marjorie Bracken; "Sinbad," Miss Mona Bracken; "Phyllis Dolphin," Miss Lena Bourke; "Slim," Coy.-Sergt. J. Brown; "Mrs. Sinbad," Miss Violet Gordon Mackintosh.

## G.H.Q. ANNUAL DANCE.

The fourth annual dance organised by the Officers of G.H.Q. was held on Friday, January 8th, in Clery's Ballroom, Dublin, and proved very successful. It was attended by 400 persons, including heads of the Government, Army chiefs, foreign consuls and members of the general public. Amongst those present were the Governor-General, the Minister for Defence, and the Chief of Staff.

It pays to be honest. It pays even more than it costs.—*Columbian Record*.

How fast the land develops. There are more millionaires in jail now than there were at large in 1890.—*Port Arthur News*.

Don't be deceived by the weather prediction, "Partly cloudy." The other part is probably snow, hail, cloudburst and blizzard.—*Detroit News*.

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# Clementina

## BY

### A.E.W. Mason

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### A CHANCE MEETING.

THE landlord, the lady, and Mr. Charles Wogan were all three, it seemed, in luck's way on that September morning of the year 1719. Wogan was not surprised; his luck for the moment was altogether in; so that even when his horse stumbled and went lame at a desolate part of the road from Florence to Bologna he had no doubt but that somehow fortune would serve him. His horse stepped gingerly on for a few yards, stopped, and looked round at his master. Wogan and his horse were on the best of terms. "Is it so bad as that?" said he, and dismounting he gently felt the strained leg. Then he took the bridle in his hand and walked forward, whistling as he walked.

Yet the place and the hour were most unlikely to give him succour. It was early morning, and he walked across an empty basin of the hills. The sun was

not visible, though the upper air was golden and the green peaks of the hills rosy. The basin itself was filled with a broad uncoloured light, and lay naked to it and extraordinarily still. There were as yet no shadows, the road rose and dipped across low ridges of turf a riband of dead and unilluminated white, and the grass at any distance from the road had the darkness of peat. He led his horse forward for perhaps a mile, and then turning a corner by a knot of trees came unexpectedly upon a wayside inn. In front of the inn stood a travelling carriage with its team of horses. The backs of the horses smoked and the candles of the lamps were still burning in the broad daylight. Mr. Wogan quickened his pace. He would beg a seat on the box as far as the next posting stage. Fortune had served him. As he drew near he heard from the interior of the inn a woman's voice, not unmusical so much as shrill with impatience, which perpetually commanded and protested. As he drew nearer he heard a man's voice obse-

quiously answering the protests, and as the sound of his footsteps rang in front of the inn both voices immediately stopped. The door was flung hastily open, and the landlord and the lady ran out on the road.

"Sir," said the lady in Italian, "I need a postillion."

To Wogan's thinking she needed much more than a postillion. She needed certainly a retinue of servants. He was not quite sure that she did not need a nurse, for she was a creature of an exquisite fragility with the pouting face of a child, and the childishness was exaggerated by a great muslin bow she wore at her throat. Her pale hair, where it showed beneath her hood, was fine as silk and as glossy; her eyes had the colour of an Italian sky at noon, and her cheeks the delicate tinge of a carnation. The many laces and ribbons knotted about her dress in a manner most mysterious to Wogan added to her gossamer appearance; and in a word she seemed to him something too flowerlike for the world's rough usage.

"I must have a postillion," she continued.

"Presently, madam," said the landlord, smiling with all a Tuscan peasant's desire to please. "In a minute. In less than a minute."

He looked complacently about him as though at any moment now a crop of postillions might be expected to flower by the roadside. The lady turned from him with a stamp of the foot, and saw that Wogan was curiously regarding the equipment of her carriage. A boy stood at the horses' heads, but his dress and sleepy face showed that he had not been half an hour out of bed, and there was no one else. Wogan was wondering how in the world she had travelled as far as this inn. The lady explained.

"The postillion who drove me from Florence was drunk—oh, but drunk! He rolled off his horse just here, opposite the door. See, I beat him." And she raised the beribboned handle of a toy-like cane. "But it was no use. I broke my cane over his back, but he would not get up. He crawled into the passage where he lies."



"Sir," said the lady in Italian, "I need a Postillion."



Wogan had some ado not to smile. Neither the cane nor the hand which wielded it would be likely to interfere even with a sober man's slumbers.

"And I must reach Bologna to-day," she cried, in an extreme agitation. "It is of the last importance."

"Fortune is kind to us both, madam," said Wogan with a bow. "My horse is lamed, as you see. I will be your charioteer, for I, too, am in a desperate hurry to reach Bologna."

Immediately the lady drew back.

"Oh!" she said, with a start, looking at Wogan.

Wogan looked at her.

"Ah!" said he thoughtfully.

They eyed each other for a moment, each silently speculating what the other was doing alone at this hour and in such a haste to reach Bologna.

"You are English?" she said, with a great deal of unconcern, and she asked in English. That she was English Wogan already knew from her accent. His Italian, however, was more than passable, and he was a wary man by nature as well as by some ten years' training in a service where wariness was the first need, though it was seldom acquired. He could have answered "No" quite truthfully, being Irish. He preferred to answer her in Italian, as though he had not understood.

"I beg your pardon. Yes, I will drive you to Bologna if the landlord will swear to look after my horse." And he was very precise in his directions.

The landlord swore very readily. His anxiety to be rid of his vociferous guest and to get back to bed was extreme. Wogan climbed into the postillion's saddle, describing the while such remedies as he desired to be applied to the sprained leg.

"The horse is a favourite?" asked the lady.

"Madam," said Wogan with a laugh, "I would not lose that horse for all the world, for the woman I shall marry will ride on it into my city of dreams."

The lady stared, as she well might. She hesitated with her foot upon the step.

"Is he sober?" she asked of the landlord.

"Madam," said the landlord unabashed, "in this district he is nicknamed the water-drinker."

"You know him then? He is Italian?"

"He is more. He is of Tuscany."

The landlord had never seen Wogan in his life before, but the lady seemed to wish some assurance on the point, so he gave it. He shut the carriage door, and Wogan cracked his whip.

The postillion's desires were of a piece with the lady's. They raced across the valley, and as they climbed the slope beyond, the sun came over the crests. One moment the dew upon the grass was

like raindrops, the next it shone like polished jewels. The postillion shouted a welcome to the sun, and the lady proceeded to breakfast in her carriage. Wogan had to snatch a meal as best he could while the horses were changed at the posting stage. The lady would not wait, and Wogan for his part was used to a light fare. He drove into Bologna that afternoon.

The lady put her head from the window and called out the name of the street. Her postillion, however, paid no heed; he seemed suddenly to have grown deaf; he whipped up his horses, shouted encouragements to them and warnings to the pedestrians on the roads. The carriage rocked round corners and bounced over the uneven stones. Wogan had clean forgotten the fragility of the traveller within. He saw men going

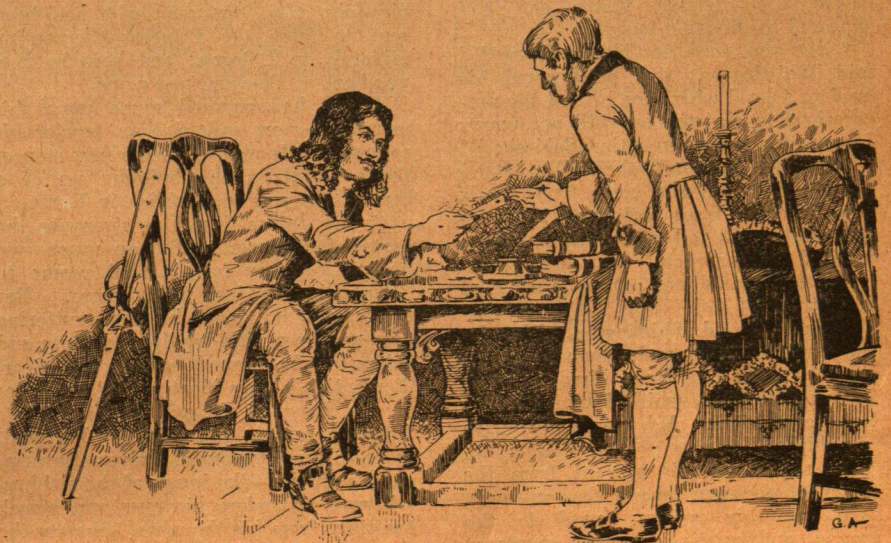
humoured man in the gay embroideries of a courtier was descending towards him.

"You?" cried the courtier, "already?" and then laughed. He was the only man who Wogan had seen laugh since he had driven into Bologna, and he drew a great breath of hope.

"Then nothing has happened, Whittington? There is no bad news?"

"There is news so bad, my friend, that you might have jogged here on a mule and still have lost no time. Your hurry is clean wasted," answered Whittington.

Wogan ran past him up the stairs, and so left the hall and the open doorway clear. Whittington looked now straight through the doorway and saw the carriage, and the lady on the point of stepping down on to the kerb. His face assumed a look of extreme surprise.



"Take this to Mr. Edgar, the King's Secretary, as soon as it grows dusk," said Wogan.

busily about, talking in groups and standing alone, and all with consternation upon their faces. The quiet streets were alive with them. Something had happened that day in Bologna—some catastrophe. Or news had come that day—bad news. Wogan did not stop to inquire. He drove at a gallop straight to a long white house which fronted the street. The green latticed shutters were closed against the sun, but there were servants about the doorway, and in their aspect, too, there was something of disorder. Wogan called to one of them, jumped down from his saddle, and ran through the open doorway into a great hall with frescoed walls all ruined by neglect. At the back of the hall a marble staircase, guarded by a pair of marble lions, ran up to a landing and divided. Wogan set foot on the staircase and heard an exclamation of surprise. He looked up. A burly, good-

Then he glanced up the staircase after Wogan and laughed, as though the conjunction of the lady and Mr. Wogan was a rare piece of amusement. Mr. Wogan did not hear the laugh, but the lady did. She raised her head, and at the same moment the courtier came across the hall to meet her. As soon as he had come close, "Harry," said she, and gave him her hand.

He bent over it and kissed it, and there was more than courtesy in the warmth of the kiss.

"But I'm glad you've come. I did not look for you for another week," he said in a low voice. He did not, however, offer to help her to alight.

"This is your lodging?" she asked.

"No," said he, "the King's;" and the woman shrank suddenly back amongst her cushions. In a moment, however, her face was again at the door.

"Then who was he—my postillion?"



"Your postillion?" asked Whittington, glancing at the servant who held the horses.

"Yes, the tall man who looked as if he should have been a scholar and had twisted himself all awry into a soldier. You must have passed him in the hall."

Whittington stared at her. Then he burst again into a laugh.

"Your postillion, was he? That's the oddest thing." And he lowered his voice. "Your postillion was Mr. Charles Wogan, who comes from Rome post haste with the Pope's procuration for the marriage. You have helped him on his way, it seems. Here's a good beginning, to be sure."

The lady uttered a little cry of anger, and her face hardened out of all its softness. She clenched her fists viciously, and her blue eyes grew cold and dangerous as steel. At this moment she hardly looked the delicate flower she had appeared to Wogan's fancy.

"But you need not blame yourself," said Whittington; and he lowered his head to a level with hers. "All the procurations in christendom will not marry James Stuart to Clementina Sobieska."

"She has not come, then?"

"No, nor will she come. There is news to-day. Lean back from the window and I will tell you. She has been arrested at Innsbruck."

The lady could not repress a crow of delight.

"Hush!" said Whittington. Then he withdrew his head and resumed, in his ordinary voice, "I have hired a house for your ladyship, which I trust will be found convenient. My servant will drive you thither."

He summoned his servant from the group of footmen about the entrance, gave him his orders, bowed to the ground, and twisting his cane sauntered idly down the street.

## CHAPTER II.

### BAD NEWS.

Wogan mounted the stairs, not daring to speculate upon the nature of the bad news. But his face was pale beneath its sunburn, and his hand trembled on the balustrade; for he knew—in his heart he knew. There could be only one piece of news which would make his haste or tardiness matters of no account.

Both branches of the stairs ran up to a common landing, and in the wall facing him, midway between the two stair-heads, was a great door of tulip wood. An usher stood by the door, and at Wogan's approach opened it. Wogan, however, signed to him to be silent. He wished to hear, not to speak, and so he slipped into the room unannounced. The door was closed silently behind him, and at once he was surprised by the remarkable silence—it seemed almost a cessation of life—in a room which was quite full. Wherever the broad bars of sun-

shine fell, as they slanted; dusty with motes, through the open lattices of the shutters, they striped a woman's dress or a man's velvet coat. Yet if any one shuffled a foot or allowed a petticoat to rustle, that person glanced on each side guiltily. A group of people were gathered in front of the doorway. Their backs were towards Wogan, and they were looking towards the centre of the room. Wogan raised himself on his toes and looked that way too. Having looked he sank down again, aware at once that he had travelled of late a long way in a little time, and that he was intolerably tired. For that one glance was enough to deprive him of his last possibility of doubt. He had seen the Chevalier de St. George, his King, sitting apart in a little open space, and over against him a short squarish man, dusty as Wogan himself, who stood and sullenly waited. It was Sir John Hay, the man who had been sent to fetch the Princess Clementina privately to Bologna; and here he now was back at Bologna, and alone.

Wogan had counted much upon this marriage—more indeed than any of his comrades. It was to be the first step of the pedestal in the building up of a throne. It was to establish in Europe a party for James Stuart as strong as the party of Hanover. But so much was known to every one in that room; to Wogan the marriage meant more. For even while he found himself muttering over and over with dry lips, as white and exhausted he leaned against the door, Clementina's qualifications—"Daughter of the King of Poland, cousin to the Emperor and to the King of Portugal, niece to the Electors of Treves, Bavaria, and Palatine"—the image of the girl herself rose up before his eyes and struck her titles from his thoughts. She was the chosen woman, chosen by him out of all Europe—and lost by John Hay!

He remembered very clearly at that moment his first meeting with her. Charged with his strange mission to select a fitting wife for his King, he had vainly travelled from court to court, and had come at last to the palace at Ohlau in Silesia. It was in the dusk of the evening, and he was ushered into the great stone hall, hung about and carpeted with barbaric skins, he had seen, standing by the blazing wood fire in the huge chimney, a girl in a riding-dress. She raised her head, and the firelight struck upwards on her face, adding a warmth to its bright colours and a dancing light to the depths of her dark eyes. Her hair was drawn backwards from her forehead, and the frank sweet face revealed to him from the broad forehead to the rounded chin told him that here was one who joined to a royal dignity the simple nature of a peasant girl who works in the fields and knows more of animals than of mankind. Wogan was back again in that stone hall when the voice of the Chevalier with its

strong French accent broke in upon his vision.

"Well, we will hear the story. Well, you left Ohlau with the Princess and her mother and a mile-long train of servants, in spite of my commands of secrecy."

There was more anger and less despondency than was often heard in his voice. Wogan raised himself again on tiptoes, and noticed that the Chevalier's face was flushed, and his eyes bright with wrath.

"Sir," pleaded Hay, "the Princess's mother would not abate a man."

"Well, you reached Ratisbon. And there?"

"There the English Minister came forward from the town to flout us with an address of welcome in which he used not our incognitos but our true names."

"From Ratisbon then no doubt you hurried? Since you were discovered you shed your retinue and hurried?"

"Sir, we hurried—to Augsburg," faltered Hay. He stopped, and then in a burst of desperation he said, "At Augsburg we stayed eight days."

"Eight days?"

There was a stir throughout the room; a murmur began and ceased. Wogan wiped his forehead and crushed his handkerchief into a hard ball in his palm. It seemed to him that here in this room he could see the Princess Clementina's face flushed with the humiliation of that loitering.

"And why eight days in Augsburg?"

"The Princess's mother would have her jewels reset. Augsburg is famous for its jewellers," stammered Hay.

The murmur rose again; it became almost a cry of stupefaction. The Chevalier sprang from his chair. "Her jewels reset!" he said. He repeated the words in bewilderment. "Her jewels reset!" Then he dropped again into his seat.

"I lose a wife, gentlemen, and very likely a kingdom too, so that a lady may have her jewels reset at Augsburg, where to be sure there are famous jewellers."

His glance wandering in a dazed way about the room settled again on Hay. He stamped his foot on the ground in a feverish irritation.

"And those eight days gave just the time for a courier from the Emperor at Vienna to pass you on the road and not press his horse. One should be glad of that. It would have been a pity had the courier killed his horse. Oh, I can fashion the rest of the story for myself. You trailed on to Innsbruck, where the Governor marched out with a troop and herded you in. They let you go, however. No doubt they bade you hurry back to me."

"Sir, I did hurry," said Hay, who was now in a pitiable confusion. "I travelled hither without rest."

The anger waned in the Chevalier's eyes as he heard the plea, and a great dejection crept over his face.

"Yes, you would do that," said he.



"That would be the time for you to hurry with a pigeon's swiftness so that your King might taste his bitter news not a minute later than need be. And what said she upon her arrest?"

"The Princess's mother?" asked Hay, barely aware of what he said.

"No. Her Highness, the Princess Clementina. What said she?"

"Sir, she covered her face with her hands for perhaps the space of a minute. Then she leaned forward to the Governor, who stood by her carriage, and cried, 'Shut four walls about me quick! I could sink into the earth for shame.'"

Wogan in those words heard her voice as clearly as he saw her face and the dry lips between which the voice passed. He had it in his heart to cry aloud, to send the words ringing through that hushed room. "She would have tramped here barefoot had she one guide with a spirit to match hers." For a moment he almost fancied that he had spoken them, and that he heard the echo of his voice vibrating down to silence. But he had not, and as he realized that he had not a new thought occurred to him. No one had remarked his entrance into the room. The group in front still stood with their backs towards him. Since his entrance no one had remarked his presence. At once he turned and opened the door so gently that there was not so much as a click of the latch. He opened it just wide enough for himself to slip through, and he closed it behind him with the same caution. On the landing there was only the usher. Wogan looked over the balustrade; there was no one in the hall below.

"You can keep a silent tongue," he said to the usher. "There's profit in it." And Wogan put his hand into his pocket. "You have not seen me, if any ask."

"Sir," said the man, "any bright object disturbs my vision."

"You can see a crown, though," said Wogan.

"Through a breeches pocket. But if I held it in my hand—"

"It would dazzle you."

"So much that I should be blind to the giver."

The crown was offered and taken.

Wogan went quietly down the stairs into the hall. There were a few lackeys at the door, but they would not concern themselves at all because Mr. Wogan had returned to Bologna. He looked carefully out into the street, chose a moment when it was empty, and hurried across it. He dived into the first dark alley that he came to, and following the wynds and byways of the town made his way quickly to his lodging. He had the key to his door in his pocket, and he now kept it ready in his hand. From the shelter of a corner he watched again till the road was clear; he even examined the windows of the neighbouring houses lest somewhere a pair of eyes might

happen to be alert. Then he made a run for his door, opened it without noise, and crept secretly as a thief up the stairs to his rooms, where he had the good fortune to find his servant. Wogan had no need to sign to him to be silent. The man was a veteran corporal of French Guards who, after many seasons of campaigning in Spain and the Low Countries, had now for five years served Mr. Wogan. He looked at his master, and without a word hurried off to make his master's bed.

Wogan sat down and went carefully over in his mind every minute of the time since he had entered Bologna. No one had noticed him when he rode in as the lady's postillion—no one. He was sure of that. The lady herself did not know him from Adam, and fancied him an Italian into the bargain—of that, too, he had no doubt. The handful of lackeys at the door of the King's house need not be taken into account. They might gossip among themselves, but Wogan's appearances and disappearances were so ordinary a matter, even that was

unlikely. The usher's silence he had already secured. There was only one acquaintance who had met and spoken to him, and that by the best of good fortune was Harry Whittington, the idler who took his banishment and his King's misfortunes with an equally light heart, and gave never a thought at all to anything weightier than a gamecock.

Wogan's spirits revived. He had not yet come to the end of his luck. He sat down and wrote a short letter, and sealed it up.

"Marnier," he called out in a low voice, and his servant came from the adjoining room, "take this to Mr. Edgar, the King's secretary, as soon as it grows dusk. Have a care that no one sees you deliver it. Give it into his own hands. Lock the parlour door when you go, and take the key. I am not yet back from Rome." With that Wogan remembered that he had not slept for forty-eight hours. Within two minutes he was between the sheets; within five he was asleep.

(To be continued).



— ALLS WELL THAT ENDS WELL —



# THE MAGIC OF THE ETHER.

## Wireless Made Easy—Opening of 2RN— The Microphone's Views.

By COMMANDANT J. SMYTH, Army Signal Corps.

On New Year's Night a new epoch was begun in Irish social life when the Irish Broadcasting Station (2RN) opened, at 7.45 p.m., its first formal programme. Taking every factor into consideration, the opening performance must be regarded as satisfactory. That there were complaints of indistinctness, etc., from various types of "listeners-in" from different parts of the country was only to be expected. In many of these cases the fault lay more with the receivers, and their lack of experience than with the sending station.

The programme could not have been improved upon. There was a big array of the best Irish talent, and it is a source of pride to us that the No. 1 Army Band, under Colonel Fritz Brase, had an honoured position on that programme.

We repeat that this formal opening of 2RN marks a new epoch in the social life of rural Ireland, and in this connection we could not do better than quote the Editorial of the *Irish Radio Journal*:

"It is, however, a purpose of high importance that we in the Free State must keep in mind, and must accomplish as soon as possible—that our vast rural life must be brightened in every legitimate, conceivable way. Broadcasting is a potent means to this end placed in our hands by science. Only those who have had a fair dose of rural life can form any conception of its loneliness and lack of variety and amusement. The writer of these notes was spending a holiday during a glorious August not far from the lovely Vale of Avoca. It was at the beginning of the Black and Tan period, when there was a 'certain liveliness' of an unpleasant kind in many rural districts. But there in Wicklow all was peace and sunshine. The farm operations looked very pleasant. The workers seemed to enjoy themselves at their tasks. The days were long and the warmth never ended. To lie down on the grass and just bask seemed the ideal of human existence. The writer ventured to remark to a farmer: 'Well, after all, farming is a splendid existence.' The reply came prompt: 'Come up here and see us next November or December, and stay for a month, and then tell us what you think of it.' The fact is that rural life is dreadfully dull and monotonous for the most part, and that is why there is such a trend to the city and town. That rural life in Ireland, on which, after all, so much depends for the prosperity and progress of the country, must be broadened and brightened, and the broadcast will brighten it up, we hope, sooner than later. The more successful and the more quickly successful is our Dublin station, the sooner will radio become a possession of the most remote nooks and crannies of the land."

All that is equally true of military social life in rural Ireland. Only those who have been stationed for a fairish spell in country barracks know what is the dreary monotony of existence once "Retreat" is sounded, the harness unbuckled, and the

soldier turns to thoughts less stern and rigid. But the opening of the Broadcasting Station in Dublin brings a new social factor into the life of every Barracks, Mess, Recreation Hall, and Institute. We understand that it is the intention of the Dublin Broadcasting Station to relay suitable programmes from foreign stations, as well as our regular native series. In this way the talent of the whole world will be brought to enrich our social life, to make gay our leisure hours, to broaden our outlook, and to increase of contentment.

In future the Wireless Notes in the Journal will be conducted by one of the Senior Officers of the Signal Corps. He will treat of the various types of radio appliances now on the market; the erection of suitable sets and different centres, and generally conduct an educational and instructive review on wireless broadcasting from week to week. Those who are about to invest in wireless sets are invited to write to the Editor of the Journal, marking the envelope "Wireless," and every endeavour will be made to render help and to solve technical difficulties.—Editor, "An t-Oglach."

What is wireless?

Present-day wireless is the electrical transmission through space without the aid of wires, of sound, i.e., music, speech, and noises.

Wireless of the near future will include the transmission of photographs both in the form of stationary and moving pictures simultaneously with the accompanying sounds of their surroundings.

Altogether the science of wireless is in its infancy, and each year brings along a multiplicity of subsidiary wireless improvements and new patents.

How is wireless telephony transmission effected? At the transmitting station alternating current of a very high frequency is generated, and alternative positive and negative charges are forced into the aerial system. These pressures exert, push, and pull effects on the ether in all directions, and the resultant waves in the ether follow one another at the frequency of the alternations at the transmitting station. So long as nothing is being transmitted these waves are of uniform value, and their combination in space is known as the carrier wave, which is in reality a number of waves—the number depending on the wavelength.

Without going into technical details, it may be stated that the waves, in cutting a receiving aerial, produce an electrical effect in it. This effect is uniform, and produces no sound in the receiving telephones. If, however, we were able to vary the amplitude or strength of the waves, it stands to reason that the variation of the resultant electrical effect in the receiving telephone would produce sound in proportion to the variation.

Summarising (again without going into technical details) the transmission:

(1) At the Transmitting Station.—The

voice waves striking the microphone, produce varying electrical effects in this instrument. These varying effects are transmitted over the telephone line from the studio to the transmitter, and superimpose themselves on the continuous waves, the result being that the positive and negative charges in the aerial are not of uniform value. They vary in unison with the voice waves. The resultant carrier wave varies accordingly in amplitude or pressure and so travels varied or modulated in space. The electrical effects in the receiving aerial vary accordingly, and so do the resultant noises in the telephone receiver.

One of the essentials of wireless telephony—the microphone—came into being with the advent of ordinary telephony over wires. The microphone of the present day is, however, much more sensitive and of different construction, the underlying principle is, however, identical with its forerunner.

It will no doubt be of interest to readers to know how this machine introduced itself to the Free State listeners during the experimental opening of 2 RN. The following is a verbatim report of the address taken down by a listener.\*

I don't often talk about myself, not because I am proud, but because I am reserved, very reserved; really clever people often are reserved, you know. But as I have only recently come to Dublin, and as I hope to make my home amongst you, I have decided to break my usual silence, and to tell you something about myself.

First let me say that I am a most amazing linguist; I speak every known tongue. Now, that is wonderful enough, but I can go further than that, for I speak every dialect of every language. The gift of tongues is, moreover, not my only gift, for I am the perfect musician. I sing solos, I am a whole choir. I play every instrument, and can indeed act as occasion demands—as a solo violinist, a small orchestra, or the whole brass band.

With these wonderful gifts, I am, as you might expect, very temperamental. I am, I suppose, touchy, for I am much upset if I am insulted. And the one thing which really does annoy me is to be called by a nickname—in fact to be addressed as "Mike." I cannot bear anyone who talks of me thus, but bad as "Mike" is, I hear from a cousin of mine in America that there he is often called "the pan." Could anything be more insulting?

I have made arrangements with the Station Director here that he shall post in the studio a notice to this effect: "Anyone calling the microphone the 'Mike' or the 'Pan' must immediately quit these premises," so I don't suppose I shall have any reason to complain after that warning.

And now I am going to talk about a subject not usually referred to in polite society, but you need not be alarmed; don't take the headphones from the children, don't switch off the loud speaker, for I shall not be at all vulgar, and, indeed, I want you to listen carefully.

Like many other gifted people, I am particular, nay, faddy, about my food, but, unlike some people, I have a very large appetite. I thrive on only one kind of food, but I must have that food in

\*The following soliloquy by the Microphone is taken from the "Irish Radio Review."



large quantities; the larger the better. My food is licences, and not any old sort of licences either. Dog licences I cannot bear, motor car licences are useless to me, but wireless licences I must have, if I am to continue to exist. You will, I know, wish to make me quite comfortable, now that I have come to Dublin, and I rely on you to see that I am really well fed. I have been here some little time now, and, to tell the truth, I am getting rather hungry, but now that I have mentioned the matter, it is up to you. Well, I see that several people are waiting for me to entertain you, so I will switch off. Don't call me Mike, and don't let me starve!

## nótaí ón gcéad cat.

### Cúrsaí Iománaídeacta agus Reata.

Tá tosnuí maíe déanta againn i gcóir na bliana nua 1926 maidir le ceiste caithim aimsire na bpeara agus imleacta cleasailé i gcoitianta sa cat. Tá súil againn go mbeir sé ar ár gcumas an oia-é-tosnú a leanúint. Tá min-innste an cruinnuiste deireannais a bí againn scríobta síos anseo againn. Seo é an cuntas go h-iomlán:—

Do tionólaí "Cruinnu Spóirt" an laó Caia i mbearaie na Rinne-móire ar an llaó lá de mí na nollas éun oipieac do toga ar coiste na Spóirt i gcóir na bliana 1926. Bí an Ceannasaí i látair agus tug sé oileagra uíinn ar oúis ar an gcóir-gléasa is gáó éun slaet a éur ar cúrsaí Spóirt sa céao cat. Tug sé cómairle o'ipieis agus o'ipieis neam-choimisiúnta brostú éun na h-oibre atá rómpa i gcóir na bliana seo éuagainn i slije is go mbeir an céao cat san gcéao áit i gcóir-nuioe, go háirite i gcúrsaí Spóirt agus cleas-lút. Dubairt sé, preisin, gur é an céao ruo ba éeart uíinn a déanam ná Coiste maíe do togaó; coiste a gniomócaio go cúramaé éun an úsaió ceart a baint as an leat-lá-saioire. Ní h-aon maiteas i beir ina coiste éainnte ac i beir bríogmar láioir bruióit. Dubairt an ceannasaí as leanúnt do—go scaipimio seipteanna a éeapaó éun airgto a págaile agus éun ciste láioir do éur ar bun, agus bailuécán airgto a beir

againn anois is airis. Caipimio éirise as an slije 'na nabamar as obair i rit na bliana, anois geall le beir caite.

Ruo an éabactaé iseaó obair na coiste agus is maíe an ruo i gcóir-nuioe tuigsint cruinn a beir as gac ball de'n coiste maidir le Spóirt. Is péioir leis an gcoiste ceisteanna a baineann le gac saas spóirt a tógaint suas má togtar na píris is péarr éun a stiúrta.

Toagaéin:—Do réir an toagaéin do ceapaó na h-oipieis coiste mar leanas i gcóir na bliana 1926:

Captaen Riobáto Ó Poilua, uaetarán. Sair-Comp. Éamonn Ó Fuaréain, leas-uaetarán.

Captaen Liam Ó Conaill ..	Rúnaióe.
An Lept. Pátoais De Paor,	Cisteóir.
Sáir. Ó Sripín ..	Bail na
Sáir. Ó h-Araíis ..	Coiste.
M-S. Ó Corleáin ..	

Tar éis toagaéin na coiste dubairt an ceannasaí go mbéao sé péin agus an cat go léir as brae ar a lán ó'n gcoiste agus go mbéao an coiste as brae ar congnam ó 'éuille uíine agus go mba éeart go scaibrópaire leó ar 'éuille bealac. Do minis an ceannasaí annsan Riataéin an áro-soláetruioe maidir le slije iom-pair agus úsaió na bpeitíul mileaca éun críceanna spóirtíula úoaruiste.

Cluie Camánaídeacta:—Ar an llaó lá de mí na nollas bí comórtas camánaídeacta i bpáirc na gcleas-lút i Rinn-íhoir eaoar Cumann Camánaídeacta an laó Caia agus Cumann Camánaídeacta Máis-Cuilinn (Cumann na gcleas-lút nsaetbealac). Cluie maíe a beao é ac amáin gur bpuiriste o'aitint náe raib puinn traeneala as ár bpuirinn nuair a éonacamar an tslije ina éuillebeoat ceitne gcúl. Ráinis go raib suirbeam maíe as ó uóinnail oá otaingeoacó sé in am ar an liaetóro 'éuille uair o'ár táinis sí ina éreó, ac "is maíe an camánaíe an t-é a bíonn ar an gclaióe." fear maíe bríogmar iseaó S. S. Ó Deágoa (ua bpáilise) agus tá an méio seo le ráo asam 'na éaoó ná beir aon iongnaó orm má uéineann sé ainn móir leis an gcamán sa cat agus sa briosaió. Rinne "pátoais móir" go maíe leis. Uein sé an t-aon éul amáin o'ár uéineao ar son an cáta. Tiocpaó an éuro eile de'n fuirinn éun éinn i nuaió a éeile le cleacta agus traeneal. Bí puireann máis-cuilinn cliste go leóir éun an cluie o' imir

agus éaisbeánaoat é "ó éosaé an báire go uéineao na scríbe," nuair a bí an scóir as seasaín mar so:—

Máis-cuilleann ..	3 cúl 2 púinte.
laó Cat ..	1 cúl 1 púinte.

Ar an llaó lá de mí na nollas bí Comórtas-Reata Treasna Tíre againn agus cé go raib 100 fear sa rit, níor ériocnuis ámtac, ac oáreas sa rás. Bí oá míle slije sa cúrsa. Cuir an ceannasaí tosnú ar an rás amuis sa páirc agus tug sé cómairle do gac uile fear a oíeall a uéanam ar son a éomplacta péin. Iao so a bí ar an gcéao triúr a ériocnuis an rás:—

C-S-É. Seán Ó Uóinnail ..	1
Sáir Seán Ó Uíinneaca ..	2
Cap. Liam Ó Conaill ..	3

Ba éeart go nuéanpaó na uíeaoúoiri seo tuas go maíe i gcomórtas Reata Treasna Tíre na roinne ac ar oúis caipimio trial eile a baint as na éomplacta tar éis na nollas, péacaint an bpuir puireann níos péarr ná i seo tuas imeas na bpeara. Tá sé ceapaite againn Comórtas Caia a beir againn cóm luac agus is péioir linn é uéanam. Ní raib sa méio atá luaióte asam ac trial tosuigeac.

Beiró pálte roimis an casair seact-maimúl de "An t-Ogláic" agus is maíe linn a élos go mbeir sé le págaile i nágaio na seactímaie as so amac.

KÚNÓVÁLÓS.

## FOR SALE—SINGER CAR.

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## GOSSIP OF THE BARRACKS.

### PORTOBELLO BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

I very much fear that "Me Larkie" got slightly mixed in his detail of sport and amusement in McKee Barracks. While commenting on the "Portobello Publicity Department" he refers to Broadcasting as one of the many organised Barrack amusements in McKee. I'll tell Mr. Walsh.

At last we have all recovered from the effects of the 23rd Smoker, and will now proceed on tour round the places of amusement in Barracks.

A visit to our newly-appointed Concert Hall on the night of the first appearance of the Portobello Minstrel Troupe proved very enjoyable. Whilst awaiting the rise of the curtain we could not fail to notice the extraordinary transformation effected in the old building within the course of a few days. Certainly the Colonel's Magic Wand had worked wonders. Everything is on a most up-to-date and elaborate scale, but we are not here to discuss decorations, the question of the moment is: "Will the Troupe do justice to the perfect setting placed at their disposal?"

We "discover" the Portobello "Dixies" in a very pretty plantation scene. Of course we don't know them one from the other, but as time progresses and individual "turns" begin to sort themselves out we recognise some of our old favourites. "Spud" and his "bones," "Bill" and "Tom" Grogan (banjo and mandoline), "Kay," "Hawkins," "Brittain," etc., all in the best of form, and when that bunch is in good form—"Say, bo! You hear some song!" Three and a half hours of absolute enjoyment, crowned by the appearance of little Miss Ging, whom somebody stole from a pantomime down town.

My order: Two more large concerts, please.

This is Wednesday night. We go across to the Gym. and see how goes the Dance Class. What a crowd! From our vantage point on the balcony we endeavour to take toll—roughly 170 couples on the floor at the moment; and look at the old Gym. still wearing her Christmas finery. From a nicely-arranged platform in the centre we get the latest in first-class music—saxophones, jazzaphones, microphones (no! not microphones—they're confined to McKee). Tea on the balcony? Certainly. Well our visitors are pleased; snatches of conversation at the tables around us prove that. The Committee is pleased too, no wonder. Look at the smile on "Spud's" face. And it takes some M.C. to control such a huge crowd.

What a masterpiece in organisation the whole thing has been. Up the 'Bello!

Why all the excitement in the 23rd Mess? Yes. There they're at it: "Joner" and "Bill" Holloway contesting the final of the Mess Billiard Handicap. Excitement runs high and the balls run wide (for

"Bill"). "Joner" can do nothing wrong—in-offs, cannons, machine guns (sorry) in rapid sequence soon put the game out of danger so far as he is concerned. "Bill" the biggest man in the Mess, and probably the biggest man in the Army, gets the biggest break. "Joner" gently lays aside his cue, and then—Barman! . . . . . how much is all that?

More handicaps soon we hope.

The Officers of Portobello "fielded" a very strong team to meet our sergeants in a Billiard Challenge Team Match which took place in the 22nd's Sergeants' Mess. In confining the N.C.O.'s side to Sergeants, the Officers deprived us of an opportunity to turn out our original No. 1 Barrack Team, an opportunity which we eagerly await as the season is already well advanced and no match appears to be forthcoming. However, the Sergeants who were picked as substitutes proved worthy of their selection and the victory, as team matches go, fell to the home side, who won three out of the five games, although the aggregate score showed a small balance of 46 points on the Officers side.

This extraordinary result was brought about by the splendid play of Captain McColgan, who, by consistent breaks, including a 44 and 25, cleared his 200 in half-an-hour and beat his opponent (B.Q.M.S. Munster) by 112. Munster's best effort was his first one, at 22. Kennedy, as is usual in his case, with composition balls, played badly, and the small margin (9 points) of his victory over Captain Trimble could easily have been on the other side. Captain Trimble score some brilliant cannons but never appeared to get the balls under control for a "run."

Coy.-Sergt. Daly (200) although not exceeding a 20 break, played an interesting all-round game, and easily disposed of Captain McCarron (147). Lieut. Keenan was well on in the one hundreds before Sergeant Holloway appeared to get "in touch." This proved another very close finish, only 16 separating the loser, Lieut. Keenan, from his opponent. In the other match the only time Lieut. Kelly appeared not to be scoring was the time during which the lights were being repaired. Sergt. Morrissey had a very bad hour of it indeed, although in the end he was only beaten by 12.

Talking of failing lights—the report that certain N.C.O.'s caused the aforementioned in order to render less open to critical gaze the imbibing of XX, is incorrect.

A return match played on 7/1/26 resulted as follows:—

Officers: Captain O'Byrne, 184; Lieut. Kelly, 120; Captain Trimble, 200; Capt. McCarron, 97; Captain McColgan, 93. Total, 694.

N.C.O.'s: Sergt. Sheedy, 200; Sergt. Morrissey, 200; Coy.-Sergt. Kennedy, 165; Coy.-Sergt. Daly, 150; B.Q.M.S. Munster, 150. Total, 865.

That appears to be that.

Portobello war-cry: "Lorry 'em up!"

### 13th INFANTRY BATTALION, GORMANSTON.

It is to be hoped that the choir which sang the "Adeste" so well at the last Mass on Christmas Day, will not be allowed to languish by the two Officers responsible for its formation, Captain J. J. Harpur and Captain Jos. Cassidy.

Also that eminently successful Christmas Whist Drive and Concert would bear repetition.

A certain Q.M.S. has turned grey trying to solve the problem: "Could two men possibly eat one Turkey on Christmas Day?" and "Could the Q.M.'s Staff eat one Company's rations in one day?"

Is "D" Company really organising a band. If so, a band of what?

"ME BARKIE."

### ARTILLERY CORPS, KILDARE.

The troops of the Artillery Corps wish all their fellow soldiers of other Units a Happy New Year.

Overheard in "The Jungle": "That bundle of hay is all straw."

Wouldn't a remark like that cause "Moans"?

The scarcity of "h-eggs" in the Corps is again very acute.

One of our trumpeters has become so fond of the "Alarm" that he carries it around on his belt.

The latest thing to be sought for through our lost and found column is a "Dover Patrol." He must be "gone a-roving."

The new billiard table in the Men's Recreation Hall is proving a great boon.

Heard in the Medical Orderly Room:

"I'm feeling awful bad, Ding-Dong."

"What's wrong with you?"

"Oh the sweat is simply pouring out of me."

"What happened to you?"

"Oh, I'm sure it's malaria. I must have got it in the Glen of Imaal." (Collapse of Ding-Dong).

Several people appear to be suffering from insomnia recently. Lights have been seen in bunks at very early hours in the morning. Has the 07.00 hours parade anything to do with it?

We Would Like to Know:—

Who was the sergeant, at a recent fire in Kildare, who tried to connect the hose to a petrol pump?

Who was the Sergeant-Major that heard the guns go out?

What is the definition of "Buddely Wood"?

If there wasn't "wind up" the night of the fire, and why?

How did the limber gunner get on as "best man" at the Christening on Sunday?

Would Sergeant-Major "Rafferty" like to be in that "Happy Land" of which he dreams and sings.

Why will Driver S— persist in riding "jockey style"?

What does "Joe Rigg" know about it?

How did "Rafferty's" assistant get his lanyard burned off?

Is it true his spurs melted with the heat?

"TRAIL EYE."



**COLLINS' BARRACKS, CORK.**

Very little has been heard from our social circles for the past season, but we are glad to be able to say that, though we do not rejoice in much publicity, still the social side of our barrack life is by no means neglected and that the efforts of the Indoor Sports' Committee to cater for the amusement and social needs of the Garrison have met with a large measure of success.

The great factor that has militated against the stability and development of our social life in this barracks and in this Brigade Area is due no doubt to the continual change of Companies to and from the outposts, and to the fact that Officers and N.C.O.'s have so frequently to leave for special courses of training at the Curragh. This, of course, applies to all barracks, but in a limited garrison like this, these changes tend to upset the whole social machinery and to nullify the best efforts of the Amusements' Committee. But the departure of the 18th Infantry Battalion for the Curragh early in December was our greatest loss, for during their eighteen months residence here they formed the backbone of the whole garrison and contributed generously to our Sodality, our athletics, and to all the different forms of our indoor sports. We are glad that their departure is only temporary and that we will have the pleasure of giving them a hearty welcome to the South again.

Thus, though we must bow down before the necessity of these military changes, still it must be remembered that while these changes take place, good results in the social sphere cannot be expected. However, despite these obstacles, a visit to our Garrison Recreation Rooms any evening will afford a concrete proof of what has been done for the comfort and the welfare of the men in this Barracks, and that the efforts of the Indoor Sports' Committee, have gone far beyond the theoretical stage towards brightening the lives of the troops.

Situated in the Clock Buildings, in the centre of the Barrack Square, our twin Recreation Halls surpass anything similar in the other barracks of the Saorstát, and are the envy of the troops of the other Brigades. Both halls measure over one hundred feet in length by thirty feet wide with plenty of windows and ample head room. They are both laid down with best linoleum, and are fitted with the most up-to-date lighting and heating system. Both are tastefully decorated with suitable portraits and pictures, maps, etc., and at a glance will show that no expense has been spared to equip them as really first-class Recreation Halls.

The front room is utilised as a Library and Reading Room, and has been fitted up with numerous baize-covered tables and chairs and all the other accessories that form the equipment of a first-class club-room. Three splendid bookcases have been procured and await the official issue of garrison books, papers and periodicals of all description are supplied.

A gramophone and piano show that the musical side has not been neglected, and a seven-valve radio set and a loud speaker installed at the expense of £70 show that we have kept well abreast of the times down South.

The other room has been furnished with four splendid billiard tables, and the fact that the tables are working full time and are in constant demand proves the popularity of the game amongst the men. Snooker and skittles are introduced as a variety, and with the different games of chess, draughts, ring boards, and cards, all classes of tastes are catered for. Thus, there is every attraction for the men to spend their evenings in the wholesome recreation of their own barracks, and we are glad that they appreciate the facilities available, and that, as a consequence, the centre of gravity of their social life is being shifted from the streets to their own Recreation Halls.

We regret that the Gymnasium cannot be utilised at present for our dramatic productions owing to the alterations being made in the stage for boxing purposes, but though we know that big bodies like the Engineer Corps move slowly, we have hopes they will move in our direction very soon.

**5th BRIGADE NOTES.**

Great credit is due to the Barrack (Kilkenny) Amusements Committee for their work during the festive season. They are: President, Lieut. J. Crosbie, 19th Batt.; Vice-President, Captain J. Downey, 19th Batt.; Treasurer, C.Q.M.S. Meagher, 19th Batt.; Secretary, B.Q.M.S. Nolan, Brigade Staff; Members, Sergt. G. C. Parselle, Brigade Staff; Sergt. G. X. Cunningham, Transport Corps; Sergt. Cole, 19th Batt.; C.Q.M.S. Cody, 19th Batt.

The recognition and praise this Committee won from Col. Gilheaney, O.C. Brigade, and other Officers, was well merited.

I overheard a complaint in the Gym during the progress of a boxing contest, that the Hall was too hot. Apparently the fact that there were lots of "fans" about was overlooked.

The Genial George is now the proud possessor of a second gramophone. . . . It's an ill raffle that blows nobody good.

The latest song number: "The Flowers that Bloom in the Mess."

Who was the newly G.R.O.'d Sergt. who insisted on having the little bit of red on his right sleeve included in the photo, and what does the Coy.-Sergt. think of the business, not to mention the poor photographer.

What did Bill Power say to Drohan anent the Curragh?

What did C.Q.M.S. Cody think of the Lady Magistrate?

Why is the C.Q.M.S. of "A" Coy. so keen on Carlow, is it because he also wants to get on the "beat"? And what does Dick Power think?

"ARGUS."

**EASTERN COMMAND H.Q., NOTES.**

Since last notes an expensive wireless set has been installed in the Men's Recreation Rooms in Collins' Barracks, Dublin.

The Barracks is now wireless mad, and as for turning out wireless experts we have put the Atlantic College in the shade.

Every-day question here: "Where are they getting all the wireless sets from?"

Since the craze started they're getting in more wire daily.

The "Aerial Cpl." is kept quite busy, and with a degree of success, as your man, Kelly, says, "His usefulness is terrific."

*Things we Would Like to Know:—*

If there was not a mistake about Charlie's kit recently and who was to blame? 'Tis hard to shave without a razor.

When will the League Billiards Championship be decided? Is Spencer worrying?

Who is "Bow-wow"?

Has Johnston disposed of "Big Ben," and who was the lucky one who came into possession of the right, title, interest, and goodwill in, and pertaining to that fine old timepiece.

If "Sergt." Sean L. is not looking fit after his vacation?

Who is the N.C.O. who has a portrait art gallery?

Who thanked the Paymaster for his pay, or was it a "wee slip"?

In one long file, they stand—

The H.Q. Coy., Eastern Command, Are they afraid to pass the narrow way?

Ah, no, my lad, not they.

And why? It is parade for pay.

League Championship Billiards have commenced in Collins' Barracks. On Friday night, the 8th inst., a fine contest took place between "B" Coy., 21st Batt., and Command H.Q. Coy. Four from each Coy. met, and the game resulted in a for Command by 22 points, as follows:—

"B" Coy., 21st Batt.: A/Cpl. Kavanagh, 150; Pte. Naughton, 150; Pte. McIney, 121; Pte. Morgan, 77. Total, 498.

Eastern Command H.Q. Coy.: Pte. Gilbride, 121; (Pte. O'Brien) sub. Pte. Peris, 99; Pte. Griffin, 150; Pte. Spencer, 150. Total, 520.

The boys were all delighted to see their Company Commander back from the Curragh.

Some of the boys who frequent the Soldiers' Club, in College St., were highly delighted to find themselves present for a fine wireless concert given by Rev. Father Casey, C.F., on the occasion of the opening of the Dublin Broadcasting Station, on New Year's Night. Needless to say, they are now pronounced wireless enthusiasts, and will be requesting the powers-that-be to provide a wireless set in the Recreation Room in Collins.

Overheard recently in the Mess: "Pass the recruit stand, please."

Where Hugh went the night he met the Fire Brigade.

If "Jack" likes his "additional" responsibilities?

If Johnston said his train got punctured on the way from Cork, and if his "watch" was really to blame,

If "Tim" said he doesn't want any more leave?

If Cpl. H.'s fountain pen is not a telescope in disguise?

If the good resolutions will keep till next year?

If Cpl. Daly likes his new position?

"MAC GIOLLA."



## SCHOOL OF MOTORING, McKEE BARRACKS.

We wonder, for instance, how "Shift the Pillar" felt when he nearly did it.

Who was the driver who stated the carburettor was in the combustion chamber?

We understand, on good authority, that one of our drivers is shortly going to be a manicurist for the School of Motoring: we are of the opinion that he will do a roaring trade.

Is it a fact that when a light-hearted Ford tried to lift the policeman off "point" at Doyle's Corner, Corporal "Bill" seriously contemplated preferring a charge against the driver for "carrying unauthorised passengers."

We have a driver who, when asked motor questions by his comrades, always retorts: "What do you know about a Lewis gun?"

Who was the sergeant who said that with certain Crossley drivers the emphasis was on the first syllable?

Which Crossley has the most "Power?"

What is the betting on "Corky" becoming a great orator.

How do the boys like the "Ingersoll" Reveille.

"RADIATOR."

## WHAT THE ARTILLERY ARE DOING.

### A RECORD TO BE PROUD OF.

To the Editor, "An t-Oglach."

Dear Chara,—It is very gratifying to know the opinion of the "Artillery Boys" in favour of something with such a well-known correspondent of your paper as "Me Larkie."

In response to his invitation, I will try to explain what we have done and hope to do, in the way of barrack amusements and comfort for the troops here in Kildare.

I would long ago have reported our progress in this line, but as it seemed so natural that, all that has been done, should be done, I refrained. The holding of Whist Drives, Irish Classes, Concerts, etc., in barracks is only right and proper. However, as Portobello has thrown the gauntlet, I needs must reply. Before doing so, I may be permitted to say that the greatest of credit is due to the Committee in Portobello for their magnificent work in regard to barrack amusements. While saying this, I cannot allow pass the remark that Portobello "Still stands alone." We all need each other's help, and it is only by useful criticism, and helpful suggestions, that we can hope to make barrack life "a home away from home."

**Field Sports.**—A glance through the back numbers of "An t-Oglach" will prove that "The Artillery Corps" have always been in the front line at sports. Our football and hurling teams are well known to the readers of "An t-Oglach," and throughout the Army. Our tug-o-war team has made its name. Every branch of sport has its supporters here, and its supporters are useful, as can be proved by our collection of cups and medals. Our recent Corps Sports were the first in this Army at which all classes of events both mounted and dismounted,

were catered for. We hope to make our Sports a "big event" next year.

**Whist Drives** have been going strong for some time past, and are proving a huge success.

**Dramatic Class.**—The reports which appeared in "An t-Oglach," of the entertainments provided by our Dramatic Class should be sufficient proof of the talent we have here. Irish items predominate at these productions, and I heartily agree with "Kay," that turns of an Irish nature should receive more prominence at Army entertainments. G.H.Q. have "nothing on us" in the way of scenery. All the scenery used by our class, including that for "The Lord Mayor" and "Naboclish" is the work of one of our Drivers.

**The Billiard Table**, which was recently installed in the Men's Recreation Room is providing the means of passing many a pleasant hour. When the new Recreation Hall is fully completed, with Library and Reading Room, we hope to have it as good as any at present going.

**Boxing.**—The fact that our boxers recently won the Novices' Cup at the Curragh Tournament, speaks for itself.

**Suppers** have been supplied to the troops in Kildare since last May, and have now become a "standing order."

**The Corps Band**, while not recognised by the School of Music, still helps to liven up many a dreary evening in barracks.

Last, but not least, I mention Irish Classes. Here in Kildare we have plenty of men—Officers and other ranks—only too anxious to study Irish and attend classes. Unfortunately, we have not got anyone proficient enough to teach the language. If "Bello," "Me Larkie," or anyone else can give any suggestion on this question it will be gratefully received. (Perhaps Mr. Editor himself could give some assistance on this matter).

I would suggest that all the Committees running indoor amusements, should, like the Sports Committees, be formed under one general committee. I think a step of this nature would help to improve matters where committees are already organised, and to extend activities still further.

Barrack comfort and indoor amusement is an all important matter, and should be treated as such.

In conclusion, I may say that any movement for the improvement of conditions in Barracks will receive the whole-hearted support of the Artillery Corps.—Is mise, do chara,

Artillery Corps,  
Kildare Barracks, Kildare.

"TRAIL EYE."

## TRANSFERRED.

The Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men of the 3rd Brigade, Collins Barracks, Cork, greatly regret the transfer of Lieut. Smyth to the 4th Brigade. Lieut. Smyth acted as Hon. Secretary to the Athletic Group of the 3rd Brigade Area last season, and in that trying capacity was an exceptionally able official. Himself a brilliant sportsman and keen athlete, he trained all the young blood of the Brigade, many of whom have become crack performers. All his old comrades wish him every success in his new sphere of activity.

## Our Information Bureau.

### Marriage Allowance

"Hopeful" (Curragh Camp).—The question of Marriage Allowance is at present under consideration by the Army Authorities.

### Examination.

"Look Out" (Tallaght Camp).—Notice of the examination will be published in Battalion Routine Orders.

### Free Kit.

"Old Soldier" (Collins Barracks, Cork).—Upon re-attestation the service of men will be treated as continuous. This means that men, upon re-attestation, will not receive any free issues of articles of clothing, and equipment except what they would be entitled to in the ordinary way.

### Grade Pay.

"Curious" (Ballyshannon).—Refer the matter to your Commanding Officer. The question of appointments to Class I. Private is a matter for the discretion of the Adjutant-General. The governing date for payment in such cases is invariably the date from which the appointment is ratified as appearing in Orders.

### Discharge.

"Wanted" (Kildare).—Apply to your Commanding Officer for leave on compassionate grounds.

### Proficiency Pay.

"Volunteer" (Islandbridge Barracks).—You should refer the matter to your Commanding Officer, who will take the matter up with the Officer i/c Record, with a view of securing the necessary verification to enable him to publish the appointment to Class II. Private in Battalion Orders. The publication through Orders automatically carries the pay of the appointment.

"Victim" (Portobello Barracks, Dublin).—Your appointment does not warrant the payment of additional pay under the terms of the existing regulations.

### Claim.

"Anxious" (Limerick).—Write to the Officer i/c of Arrears of Pay Department, Portobello Barracks, Dublin, giving your Army number, home address, and address from which claim was sent.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mrs. J. J. Byrne, No. 2 "C" Block, Arbour Hill, desires, through the medium of "An t-Oglach," to thank the Camp Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men of General Headquarters, and also the Staff of St. Brecin's Hospital, for their kind expressions of sympathy on the death of her husband, Pte. Byrne. Pte. Byrne, whose funeral took place to Waterford on Tuesday, 22nd December, was Camp Barber to General Headquarters.



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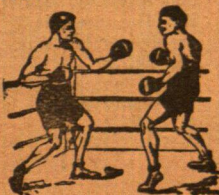
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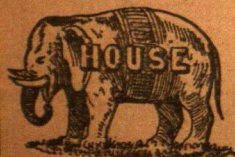
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## THE SERGEANT WHO UNDERSTANDS.

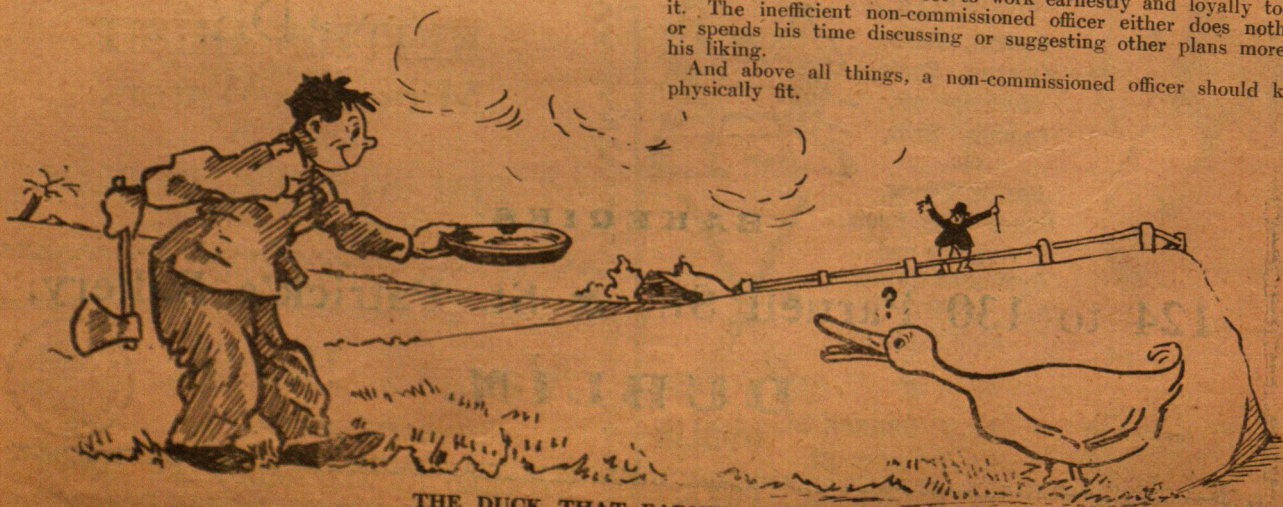
He won't put you on stunts that cannot be done,  
The Sergeant who understands.  
But where stunts must be done, sure he'll mix them with fun,  
The Sergeant who understands.  
Makes no buckshee claim  
On your brawn or brain,  
For he's had his fill—  
Been through the mill,  
In the Winter's rain and the Summer's sun—  
The Sergeant who understands.

He pulls you up with helping hands,  
The Sergeant who understands.  
If you start to go crooked—feel inclined to chuck it,  
The Sergeant who understands.  
Will help you keep straight,  
Chum in, be a mate,  
And make you play fair—  
But still, have a care,  
He may bring you to book—  
(Can't all things overlook),  
The Sergeant who understands.

He don't always sing, but his words never sting,  
The Sergeant who understands.  
He does the right thing, and the lead doesn't swing—  
The Sergeant who understands.  
But he's sure to "muck in,"  
When the rations are thin,  
Or when you're broke,  
Give a sub. and a smoke,  
At your faults he may barge,  
But seldom he'll charge—  
The Sergeant who understands.

He may seem a gink, as you sometimes think,  
The Sergeant who understands.  
That in angry mood he's out for your blood—  
The Sergeant who understands.  
But he hurts to be kind,  
As you'll see if not blind.  
On parades he will shout,  
Drill you sore in and out,  
But he always plays white,  
He's a man you can't slight—  
The Sergeant who understands.  
So drink with a zest,  
To "one of the best"—  
The Sergeant who understands.

"ME LARKIE."



THE DUCK THAT EARNED A REPRIEVE.

## THE IDEAL NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

Justice and promptness in a non-commissioned officer form the foundation stone of discipline.

Obedience to law and orders by a non-commissioned officer with both military and civil is the foundation of military discipline.

A non-commissioned officer should always have the proper respect for his uniform. He should be very careful at all times in his dress and behaviour.

A non-commissioned officer should be neat in his personal appearance at all times, clean and sober in his life.

The best grip an ideal non-commissioned officer can have on the American soldier is on his pride.

He should look the American soldier squarely in the eye when he talks to him, and treat him justly.

A non-commissioned officer should never do anything to lessen the respect of the soldier for himself. He should never swear at or abuse the men under him.

A non-commissioned officer will win more respect from men under him if he is able to handle them without using outside means for discipline, such as appeal to higher authority.

If a non-commissioned officer can handle and control his unit himself, that is a great thing, and he should always strive to keep that control. If he cannot call every man in his unit by name, he should get busy at once.

A non-commissioned officer should be extremely careful about his manner in dealing with soldiers. He should not go to the theory that military efficiency consists of a loud tone of voice and an impatient manner; nor should he attempt to gain cheap popularity by unsoldierlike acts. He should at all time require a strict performance of duty.

A non-commissioned officer having men under him should not nag at them, should not neglect them, and above all things he should not coddle them. He should be able to maintain discipline and yet have every man who is under him feel that he has had a square deal.

In his short talks to the men under him on subjects that they ought to know, he should have something to say, say it, then stop.

A non-commissioned officer having men under him for instruction should be able to handle the subject in the following manner: first, explanation; second, demonstration; and third, practice. Then he can see if his men carry on properly. He should read and study his training regulations so he will be able to explain the details of them to the men undergoing instruction.

It is not how much ability a non-commissioned officer has, but it is how well he uses what he does have that determines his value to the government as a non-commissioned officer.

A non-commissioned officer should be on duty, if not asleep, twenty-three hours and sixty minutes out of every twenty-four hours, whether in camp, post, or in the city. He should give one hundred per cent. of his attention to his duty.

A non-commissioned officer should be obedient and respectful to his superiors at all times. Then he can expect and demand the same from all of those under him.

If there is something to be done, the efficient and ideal non-commissioned officer will set to work earnestly and loyally to do it. The inefficient non-commissioned officer either does nothing or spends his time discussing or suggesting other plans more to his liking.

And above all things, a non-commissioned officer should keep physically fit.



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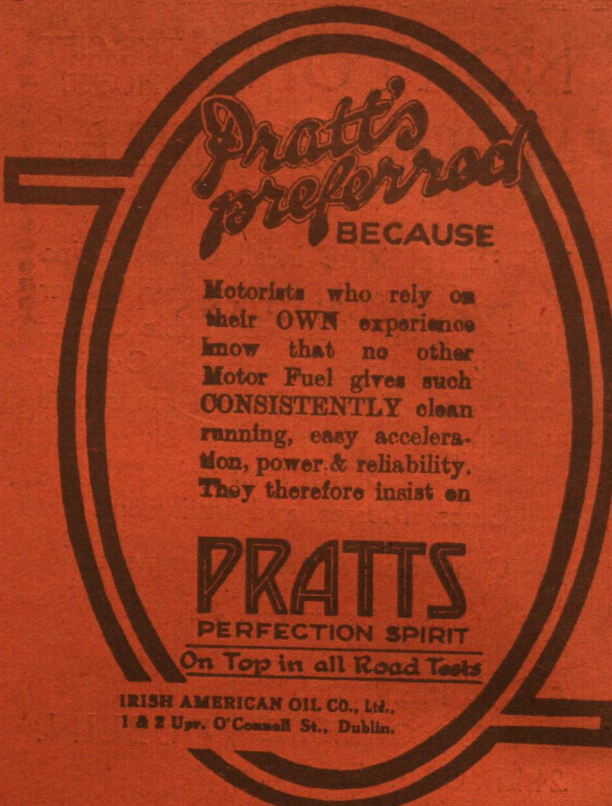
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