



AN T-OGLÁC

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Contents.

Vol. IV.—No. 3.

January 30, 1926

EASTER WEEK, 1916.

The Occupation of the
North Earl Street Area.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE.



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An t-Ógláic

Vol. IV. No. 3

JANUARY 30, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE.



COOKHOUSE SCENE—Testing the Food Values of Vegetable Marrows.

An t-Oglach

JANUARY 30, 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 Commandants. These should reach the Editorial Office not later than the Saturday previous to the date of publication.

CÓMHRÁD AS AN EAGARTOIR.

STILL GROWING!

STILL our circulation grows! Confidentially it may be mentioned that we are yet some distance from the "Million Sales" figure, but, judging by the foreign periodicals which have achieved that circulation, such an excessive quantity cannot be achieved without a severe sacrifice of quality. We are content to know that there is a steadily increasing demand for the new series of the Army Journal, both inside and outside the Army. Almost every battalion took extra supplies of the first weekly issue, and, so far, we have heard of only one that failed to sell the entire batch—it had four copies left out of twice its usual quantity!

* * *

This week our wholesale news-agents asked for fifty additional copies of the first weekly number, which had been ordered by members of the general public. We could not supply them: in addition to the files, we have only one spare copy left in our own offices. If the demands for Volume Four, Number 1, continue to pour in at the present rate, it is possible that we might swell the exchequer considerably by the simple expedient of putting that number up for auction. To point the moral and adorn the tale—order your copies in advance. They cannot be reprinted.

* * *

MORE NEW FEATURES.

It is very gratifying to find that, apart from the general interest excited by our history of the Anglo-

Irish conflict, all our new features are proving immensely popular. "Clementina" has made a decided hit, and the "next instalment" is eagerly awaited in the various battalions and corps. The value of our Educational Department is keenly appreciated, to judge by the numbers of letters which are beginning to arrive daily for the Educational Editor, Captain Johnston. And our Wireless enthusiasts, who seem to be increasing with remarkable rapidity, are beginning to bombard Commandant Smyth with requests for solutions of the difficulties they have encountered.

* * *

This is very gratifying, and has encouraged us to plan further improvements in the paper. Already we are looking out for a worthy successor to Major Mason's story, though "Clementina" has yet a great many weeks to run. We are also contemplating the introduction of other new departments which should prove of interest to all as well as being of value to the soldier who wishes to advance himself in his career. In short, we are going to do everything that in us lies to make the Army Journal in every respect worthy of the men for whom we have the honour to cater.

* * *

OFFICER'S CLUB FOR DUBLIN.

We publish in this issue a letter from an Officer in one of the Dublin Barracks earnestly advocating the establishment of a Club for Officers in the Irish Capital. It is by no

means a new idea. The writer first heard it bruited about shortly after we came to the present General Headquarters, but, at that time, circumstances were different and the project did not receive much support. We have travelled far since the early summer of 1924, however, and the scheme, which was scarcely feasible then, now seems to us to be eminently practicable. After all, if it has been found advisable to inaugurate a club for N.C.O.'s and men in Dublin, is it not equally necessary that there should be a club in the city for the Officers?

* * *

Apart from its other advantages, such a Club would provide a common meeting ground for Officers, not only from the different Dublin Barracks, but also from the country, and we think that such an opportunity of fraternising is eminently desirable. As things are at present, the Officers in one city barracks are as detached from their comrades in the other barracks as if they were at the Antipodes. They may catch an occasional glimpse of each other somewhere in the city, or rub shoulders now and again on official business, but that is all—and something more is urgently wanted. This sense of detachment is not to the benefit of the Army as a whole; it is desirable that it should be eliminated; the most practical way of eliminating it is by the establishment of such a Club as our correspondent advocates. The Club would be no charge on the State; it would be entirely self-supporting. Provided the idea receives sufficient support, all that is wanting is official sanction.

* * *

BOUND VOLUMES.

Hitherto a volume of "An t-Oglach" covered a year, but, beginning with this year's weekly issue, each volume will cover six months only, although it will contain as many numbers as any of the previous volumes. For the benefit of those who may wish to bind their copies, and thus give permanence to the many important features now appearing, we are preparing binding covers, which will be sold to readers at a nominal price. Further particulars will be announced later.



EASTER WEEK, 1916.

THE OCCUPATION OF THE NORTH EARL ST. AREA.

By Commandant W. J. BRENNAN-WHITMORE.

(Being the Third instalment of the History of the Anglo-Irish War.)

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

Shortly after the repulse of the attack upon the G.P.O.—which was described in the first article of this series—General Plunkett, owing to his state of ill-health, had to go upstairs and rest. I took his place at the table in the main public office, receiving the reports as they came in from other positions, marking up the maps, and keeping the Generals informed of the dispositions throughout the city.

I was relieved in this work from time to time by the late Michael Collins, and occasionally General Pearse relieved us both.

Having just been relieved in this way about 9 p.m., and feeling both tired and dusty, I went down towards the basement with the intention of having a bath, knowing that I would have to work throughout the night.

I had not reached the baths when an Orderly overtook me with word that General Pearse wanted me at once. When I reported to him he instructed me to take my orders from General Connolly. The latter officer had some ten armed men drawn up in single rank, opposite the front public entrance. The men, in addition to their arms, had also a collection of tools such as crowbars, hatchets, and saws.

It appears that just as I had been relieved, what was considered to be a reliable report had been received to the effect that the enemy had occupied in force the Amien St. terminus of the G.N. Railway system. It was considered that as soon as he had completed the disposition of his troops he would deliver a fierce assault upon the G.P.O.

Between our Field General Headquarters, and Amien St. Station there was no intervening post of ours. If the enemy was in assaulting strength, and determined to act with promptitude and vigour, it would mean that we would be seriously endangered. The loss of our Field General Headquarters, at so early a stage in the fight would have a very demoralising effect upon the other Commands throughout the city.

General Connolly, however, with characteristic vigour, had decided instantly upon receipt of the message to establish a post in between. It was just a slender chance. If the enemy was really active, and imbued with initiative, the post would never become a fact, but if he delayed—fortunately he did—or else this part of the story would never have materialised.

I had the very great honour of having being selected to command this post.

Occupation Orders.

My orders were brief; and were given in the crisp, almost dogmatic language which seemed habitual in Connolly during emergencies:—

“You will take this party of men and occupy Tyler’s and fortify it. Build a barricade across North Earl St. Occupy and fortify the block of buildings stretching between the Pillar Café and the Imperial Hotel. It’s of the utmost importance that you get a strong barricade across North Earl St. at once. You will defend the position to the last.”

The task set us so calmly was certainly what our American cousins would call “a tall order.” But then the entire Rising could be placed in the same category. Just as the Rising was regarded as a matter of course by most of those engaging in it; so did we, too, engaged in this new responsibility. We were simply prepared to do our best; and our superiors seemed to be sure that that was so, and to rest content. Still, I feel convinced that none of my little force realised—certainly I did not—the full extent of the purely physical task that we had been set until we were actively engaged in it.

Whilst General Connolly was giving me my orders I scanned the faces of the men. With one exception they were all perfect strangers to me; and I am sure that I was equally unknown to them; and I recollect experiencing a fear at the moment that they might not have very much confidence in so complete a stranger.

The exception was Gerald Crofts, whom I knew from hearing him sing at various concerts. The other nine were, I believe, all members of the Citizen Army. Certainly no commander was ever served by more gallant or loyal soldiers.

As we crossed O’Connell St., towards our new post, there was still a goodly number of inquisitive people knocking about, and the crowd was leavened, or enlivened—which you will—by a large number who had rapidly developed decided acquisitive tendencies.

Despite the lights, which were still on, and the crowd of people, the great thoroughfare had a weird appearance. It struck me as resembling a city of “living dead,” which one sometimes encounters in dreams or nightmares. It struck me also that normally one never realised what a large contribution to the “life” of the city the never-ending streams of tram cars make. The dead chargers, just above the

Pillar, added the necessary sinister touches.

The Looters.

There was absolutely no difficulty in gaining access to Messrs. Tyler’s premises. The acquisitive element had already broken into it and looted the contents pretty completely. Looting operations were even then steadily proceeding in various other quarters. The looting, in fact, seemed to be almost as wanton and mischievous as acquisitive. Goods were littered around the street with prodigal profusion, like corks and broken glasses at a Bachannalian feast. Many a lifelong character for honesty and respectability was lost in that brief debauch; and a sore trial to us were those self-same looters.

Our first job was that of erecting a substantial barrier across the street to halt any advance that might have been made against us. So posting two of the little force in windows that covered the main approach to our position, the rest were put at getting out into the street every type of article that could be utilised in the building of a barricade.

Our progress across the street, and strange activity, was a new excuse—promising as it did a fresh sensation—for a crowd to collect. Some of the people, coveting various articles being used in the barricade, promptly began to carry them off! The barricade was disappearing almost as rapidly as it was constructed! This necessitated my remaining in the street, with a drawn automatic, guarding our precious obstruction from the cupidity of the thieves!

Early in our operations we were fortunate in discovering a large coil of very flexible wire. This was used to securely bind together the heterogeneous collection of articles that went to make our obstacle. That was a happy thought, and saved me later on from a severe reprimand from General Connolly.

The Barricade.

The work of building a substantial barricade, under such conditions, across a wide thoroughfare is not by any means as simple a matter as it may seem. It cost us hours of very laborious toil. A toil that was not lessened, or sweetened by the crowd. They did not deliberately hinder us; indeed they were almost wholly on our side; and many of them did their utmost to help us. Their curiosity, however, was overwhelming, their questions

endless, and the entire effect of their efforts was cumbersome and irritating in the extreme.

Not the least of our troubles throughout the early hours of that laborious night was the fact that we were continually importuned by all sorts and conditions of men wanting to be taken into the garrison to fight along with us. Indeed, had I but known the applicants I could have increased my little garrison from ten to two hundred within an hour.

Conversations, at first, like the following, were continually taking place:

"For God's sake, sir, let me join up with you?"

"Are you a member of the Volunteers or Citizen Army?"

"No, sir."

"Can you use a rifle?"

"No, sir, but sure I could learn; and I could help in many other ways."

"If you are such a good Irishman as to want to come in and risk your life when the fight is on, why didn't you join the Volunteers or Citizen Army in time to be a real help?"

"To tell you the truth, sir, I never thought it could ever come to this," and turning, he would look up, with tear-dimmed eyes, at our flags flying over the G.P.O.

The spirit of these men in that moment of sudden grave crisis was symbolic of the spirit of the people of Ireland throughout the succeeding years of struggle. It was the spirit that enabled us to "carry on" until a proud and mighty foe paused to ask for a truce.

It was a rather heartbreaking task to turn them away, but under the circumstances no other course was possible. They were entirely unknown to us; and their motives might not have been as pure-souled as they appeared. Then, too, the little garrison was raw enough, without swamping them out with a number of others who knew infinitely less of the task to which we had set our hands. Finally we had no arms for them.

At last, towards the wee sma' hours, the barricade was erected to our satisfaction. The little force was then divided. One party was set to secure the doors and windows towards Amien St., so that the enemy could not easily secure a lodgment in either of the two blocks of buildings facing the G.P.O. The other party was set to the work of boring through the walls dividing one premises from another in the block of buildings stretching from the Pillar Café to the Imperial Hotel. This block was to form my main position and my Area Headquarters.

The Old Fenian.

This work of boring was commenced on the first floor and was intended to be carried right round the entire block. It was a Herculean task for a few men, but well worth the labour involved. When completed we would have entire command of the block, and could rush forces to any given point as occasion arose.

Shortly after we had begun this work of making "an inside thoroughfare" through the great block of buildings, the owner of a publichouse within the Area sent for me and began a long exposition of how useless was the type of work we were engaging on. He contended, very respectfully, but with considerable emphasis, that

the roofs were the proper place to operate against the enemy from. At first I thought that he was concerned only with the preservation of his property; but his intense earnestness was apparent, and finally, at his urgent request, I accompanied him to the roof.

Our new-found friend entered upon a very detailed and coherent plan for the distribution of riflemen amongst the house-tops; explaining minutely the advantages of certain key positions, the command they gave the main approach, and the protection they afforded the defenders. Certainly he appeared to know what he was talking about.

Quite suddenly he grabbed my hand, shook it fervently for quite a spell, gave me the keys of his premises, invited me to take all and everything I require; and then, his voice trembling with emotion, exclaimed:

"God keep and guard you all, and make your fight successful. We thought out all these roofs and their uses in the old Fenian days, and I never thought I'd live to see them carried out. God bless you all."

Thus we stood, the old Fenian and the new, clasping hands upon the house-tops, in the centre of Ireland's capital, during the wee sma' hours of the morning, whilst a few untrained, ill-armed men laboured unceasingly, hungry, tired, and sweat-begrimed, to put the place in a state of siege against an over-whelming foe; and the gamin of the city running riot in a debauch of looting and drinking.

Military science, however, had progressed considerably since the days of the Fenians, and the house-tops were no longer of the same value. Under modern machine-gun fire they could not be utilised by any considerable number of men. Chosen snipers could take up posts and use them to great advantage, but that was about all. By making "an inside thoroughfare," men could, in any numbers, be moved around the block in perfect safety. I was saved explaining all this by our friend explaining that he and his assistants were going off to a house in the suburbs. It would have been cruel, I am sure, to have demonstrated the present-day impracticability of his pet plan of defence.

Hard and Varied Work.

WHEN the new day dawned it found us, despite the persistent work of the men, with scarcely one-tenth of our preparatory work accomplished. We could, however, console ourselves with the fact that the enemy had not only made no attempt to attack, but seemed to be disinclined to come to close quarters at all. If any one thing was more precious than another to us on that Tuesday morning it was time. Time to complete our fortification of the Area; time to secure re-inforcements (which had been faithfully promised to us); time to organise our commissariat; time to establish our lines of communication; and time to replenish our scant stock of munitions of war. Had the enemy attacked with vigour on Tuesday we would have probably lasted an hour of stiff fighting; and he would have secured not only a lodgment, but complete control of the Area, and dominated the G.P.O. without a bombardment, and without any very material destruction.

Tuesday, therefore, instead of being a

day of struggle and carnage, was a day of quiet, fortifying, organising, looting, and funny incidents.

When the day advanced extra work had to be taken on by the faithful little group. One had to be found who knew something of cooking. Snipers had to be posted on the roofs—two was all that could be spared. The windows of the various buildings we bored into had to be put into a state of defence.

The inexperience of the men was a considerable hindrance in pushing on the work of fortification. For instance, the Pillar Café was lighted by one large window, looking towards O'Connell Street, and having a metal balcony. I directed two of the men to fortify the window. When I returned some time later I found that they had removed the glass perfectly; then they had got two up-ended tables and put them out from the sill to the top of the metal balcony: having filled the "wells" of the tables with cloths, napkins, etc., they stretched themselves out along their "nests" with their rifles at the ready. From their knees to their heads was jutting beyond the front of the building; and enemy snipers would have picked them off with the same ease and safety that a sportsman picks off clay-pigeons.

The work had to be all undone: the metal balcony sledged down to prevent ricochetting bullets; and the window properly loop-holed. Thus, with the best will in the world, very precious time was wasted and the labour, already heavy, made almost superhuman.

Connolly's Criticism.

General Pearse, about 10 o'clock, crossed the street to see how our work was progressing. His inspection consisted largely of chatting for about ten minutes on the general situation in the city. He smiled his congratulations as he informed me also that "Wexford was up." In no sense could his visit be described as an inspection. He was followed in an hour or less by General Connolly. Returning my salute he walked straight up to the barricade, looked it up and down, turned round to me with a scowl and asked did I consider it a barricade. When I replied in the affirmative he retorted that it would probably stop a rush of school-girls. I was considerably nettled, and asked him exactly what it was he wanted, or expected. Looking along the obstacle again, he said he wanted it half as high again; and certainly twice as broad. "Why," he exclaimed, "a good push would topple it down like a house of cards."

Knowing that every article was secured by the flexible wire; and that the barricade was much stronger and secure than it looked, I invited him to try. Nothing loth, he seized a chair and gave it a vigorous tug, but without result. I then drew his attention to the use that had been made of the coils of wire. His commendation was just as prompt and full as his condemnation. He next inspected the inside fortifications; and promising to let me have re-inforcements as soon as possible, he returned to the G.P.O.

Since 1916 a great deal has been said and written concerning the orgy of looting that took place during the early days of Easter Week, and by implication and innuendo it has been sought to convey the impression that the Volunteers and men



bers of the Citizen Army were mainly responsible for the riots of pillage. No baser calumny was ever uttered against a self-sacrificing body of men. Few people have realised what a very real danger to us the looters really were.

Incendiary Fires.

On Tuesday, either by accident or design, the looters hit upon the plan of setting fire to the premises they had denuded of goods. The Fire Brigade were called several times to O'Connell St. to deal with fires started in this way. This danger grew really serious to us when a boot shop in O'Connell St., and situated in the very centre of our position, was set on fire. Had not the Fire Brigade responded very promptly and got the fire under control we would have been completely burned out. All our labour would have been wasted, and much very precious time would have been lost.

The garrison was so small, and had such an amount of hard work in front of it that no one could be spared to police the area. Confronted with this situation I sent across to General Connolly, whom I saw walking up and down in front of the G.P.O., for permission to deal drastically with the looters; but the reply was to the effect that unless we were actually attacked by civilians we were not to interfere with them. That made the situation seem rather hopeless, and calls continued to be sent to the Fire Brigade. Eventually the Fire Brigade, in response to a call to a fire higher up in O'Connell St., informed us that they were prevented by the British military from answering calls in O'Connell St.

Whoever sent the message from the fire station added that the military had said that there would be a great many fires in O'Connell St. before they had finished with it.

Tuesday was noteworthy for its tragicomic memories more than for anything else.

The crowd at one time seized the large stock of fireworks in Messrs. Lawrence's premises and, piling them up in the centre of O'Connell St., and covering them with shavings, etc., set the entire heap alight in several places. Sky-rockets, Roman candles, star showers, and in fact every sample of the pyrotechnic art began to shoot off at once. It was the most extravagant and magnificent fireworks display that was ever witnessed.

Tragi-Comedy.

Another time a street gamin of twelve years of age, or thereabouts, suddenly appeared dressed for golf. The suit was several sizes too large for him; but his outfit was complete to the minutest detail: cap, plus fours, stockings, brogue shoes, bag and sticks. Scraping together a little mound of dirt he placed a golf ball upon it with infinite care. The selection of a club seemed to be a weighty affair, demanding profound thought. Having at last made his selection he set himself up in the most approved style and gave several measuring and preliminary swings to his club. Then, driving off, he watched the flight of his ball with hand-shaded eyes; and when finally it came to rest he struck another attitude and exclaimed in peevish tones:

"Bunkered, bai jove!"

Fairly early in the morning the owner

of a merchant-tailoring establishment in North Earl St. called and begged to be allowed into his premises—"Just for a look round to see that everything was all right." When he was admitted he gathered up a number of oddments—spools, scissors, measuring tapes, etc., and locked them up carefully in a drawer. The large hole in the wall leading into the next premises, seemed to have a powerful fascination for him, as he asked a number of questions about it. His great anxiety, however, was "that we should disturb things as little as possible"!

About 9 o'clock a Volunteer in our garrison came to me and explained with great conscientiousness that he had the keys of the stores where he worked, in his pocket. His great worry was that when the boss arrived he should find the premises open and ready for business! He asked to be let off for an hour for that purpose, and promised most faithfully to be back within that time!

Near noonday I happened to be down on the pavement remonstrating with a young lady who declared, with angry tosses of her head, that she "had always gone home down Earl St.," and insisted in doing so now, even to the extent of trying to climb across the barricade. While I was trying to persuade her to go home *via* Abbey St., or some other open thoroughfare, an aged man came slowly along leaning heavily on a stout walking-stick. He seemed rather feeble, and judging by his clothes and appearance belonged to the artisan class. He had on his head a tall silk hat, and around his neck a large and costly ladies black fur boa! He seemed inordinately proud of his rig out.

"Look at this old devil," exclaimed my companion, "with one foot in the grave, who should be saying his prayers!"

As the old man drew near my companion began to roundly abuse him. Looking at her for a moment with an amused smile, he whipped off the fur boa and presented it to the lady. Snatching it out of his hand she flung it on the pavement, and then angrily kicked it into the street, crying out: "I would not be found dead beside it."

The old man murmured "Well, well," and stalked off, still wearing his tall silk hat. The young lady was certainly very angry and would listen to no reasoning. She scrambled over the barricade somehow and thus was able to go home "along her usual route."

Such was life around my area on the second day of the Rising.

During the preliminary work a member of the Wexford Brigade of Volunteers—Paul Galligan—made his appearance. He had been trying to get into the G.P.O., but without success, and was then engaged on a hunt for someone who knew him. He was particularly desirous of getting an accurate account of the Rising, and clearing down to Wexford with it. I gave him a note to the G.P.O., and there I believe he was given an outline of the official programme—which he wrote down in pencil in a passbook, which was afterwards used in evidence against him. Having secured his information, Paul lost no time in getting to Enniscorthy, and a very welcome arrival he must have proved.

Three members of the Cumann na mBan arrived with medical supplies, and worked like slaves during the entire week.

Thus Tuesday passed in getting the place into a thorough state of organisation and defence. Late in the evening we received very welcome reinforcements, and a supply of bombs and tools.

The day passed into night without a single shot having been fired at us.

(To be Continued).

AN OFFICERS' CLUB.

Why Not Establish One in Dublin?

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

A Chara,—During the past two years much has been done, and rightly so, to improve the living conditions of our soldiers, and great credit is due to those responsible for the opening of the Soldiers' Club, in College Street, Dublin.

It is not, however, of the comfort of the private soldier or the non-coms. that I write on this occasion, but that of the Officers, junior and senior. I am sure that most of the Officers at present stationed in Dublin are from the country, and once they leave barracks are practically "strangers in a far land." I have often, in my walks through the city, met fellow Officers strolling aimlessly about for want of some decent place to go and have a quiet evening, as one does not always feel inclined to visit a theatre or cinema.

I am sure that if an Officers' Club was established in the city it would fill a long-needed want. It may seem to some that this is a preposterous proposition, but close examination will reveal the fact it is not outside the bounds of possibility. Nearly every army of the world has its own clubs, and in some cases units have their own particular clubs.

The benefits to be derived from such a club in our midst are, to my mind, innumerable. In the first place it would bring the Officers closer together in the social line and would give them better opportunities of getting to know each other. It would also be a great benefit to Officers staying on visits to Dublin, as they could be provided with first-class accommodation at moderate rates.

As to the inauguration of the club: If, when suitable premises have been secured, one-third of the serving Officers became members and paid an entrance fee of, say, £5, this would give the Club a starting capital of £2,000, and I believe that the Club would be a thorough success in every way.

Perhaps some of my fellow Officers would tell us what they think of the matter.—Is mise, "SUBALTERN."

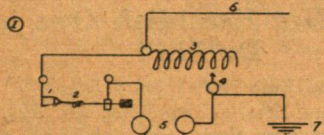
ARMY OFFICER BROADCASTS IRISH LESSONS.

Lt. Sean O'Connor, G.H.Q., Dublin, began a series of broadcast lessons in Irish from 2 RN, on the night of Monday, 25th inst. The lessons, which are of fifteen minutes duration, will be continued at 7.30 p.m. every Monday until further notice, and all Army students who are listening-in should not fail to hear them. At present Lt. O'Connor is using as a text-book "Gaedhilg sa mBaile," which should be obtained by all who desire to avail of these lessons.

Wireless Notes.

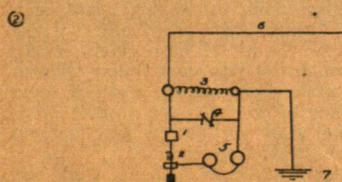
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DIAGRAMS OF CRYSTAL SETS



1 Crystal 2 Cat's whisker contact
3 Coil 4 Slider 5 Headphones
6 Aerial 7 Earth

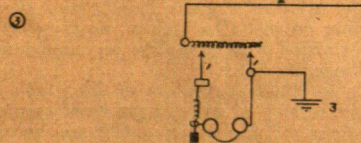
I.—Crystal set, the tuning of which is effected by moving the slider to the point on the inductance coil which gives the loudest signals.



1 Crystal 2 Cat's whisker contact
3 Coil 4 Variable condenser 5 Headphones
6 Aerial 7 Earth

II.—Crystal set, the tuning of which is effected by means of a variable condenser joined across a fixed inductance coil. The condenser adjustment is varied until the loudest signals are received. The set is then tuned.

Modification of No. 1 (Double Slider)



1 Slider 2 Aerial 3 Earth

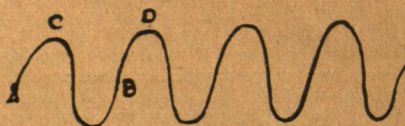
III.—Combination of Nos. 1 and 2; adjust both sliders and condenser until loudest signals are received. The set is then tuned.

To increase wavelength:—Add inductance, or add condenser capacity, or add both inductance and capacity.

Wavelength.—The aether pressures sent out from an aerial travel in space at the same speed as light, i.e., 187,000 miles or 300,000,000 metres per second, and the distance of the crest or centre of each wave to the centre of the preceding or succeeding one in space is known as the wavelength.

For the sake of illustration the waves

are usually represented as in the following diagram.



Three complete waves are represented in the above sketch. From A to B is one complete wave.

The above conventional method of representing wireless waves is not to be taken as approximating in the smallest degree to the actual shape of aether waves. It is, however, a true indication of frequency, i.e., the number of waves during a particular period of time.

We will now attempt an analysis of what takes place in a crystal set during the reception of telephony from, say, 2 RN.

The wavelength of this station is 390 metres, which means that, as the aether pressures sent out from the aerial at 2 RN follow one another in space, the distance between any wave and its neighbour is 390 metres. The frequency of these waves is 769,231 per second. The latter figure is arrived at as follows:—

Dealing with a period of one complete second, the wave which was radiated at the commencement of the second has travelled 300,000,000 metres by the end of the second, and the space between it and the transmitting aerial is filled up by the succeeding waves. The number of these waves is the frequency.

Now as each wave is 390 metres in length, how many of them can we place side by side in a distance of 300,000,000 metres? Obviously, 300,000,000 divided by 390, which is 769,231, to nearest round number.

These waves, in striking the receiving aerial, induce or create in it alternating current of this high frequency, and the current varies in amplitude with the telephony waves which are superimposed upon it, i.e., upon the carrier wave.

This frequency is beyond audibility, and produces no sound in a telephone receiver. Sounds audible to the human ear are of the order of thousands. Very few ears are sensitive enough to hear frequencies of over 25,000 per second.

How then are we to listen to the telephony. This is where the crystal becomes useful.



ANSWERS TO QUERY.

Question.

Templemore.—I would be extremely grateful if you could inform me as to what device could be adopted to overcome induction caused by an electrical generator

in barracks. We have recently purchased a four-valve set, with which we have obtained excellent results while the engine is not in motion, but immediately the engine is started a tremendous amount of induction is set up. Fairly satisfactory results are obtained from Daventry and London, but owing to the induction it is practically impossible to tune in to Dublin. We are using aerial coils 300 and 150 for London and Daventry, and coils 75 and 35 for Dublin. I may also mention that the wiring for the electrical lights is on "cleats," there being no casing of any sort whatsoever.

Answer.

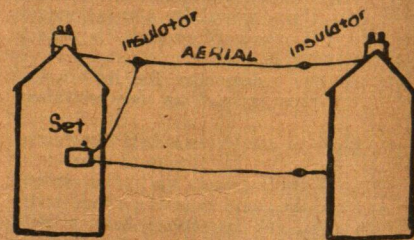
The trouble may be due to:—

(1) Induction from the generating machine itself.

(2) Leakage to earth at some place from the wiring system, and thence to the set through the earth connection.

No doubt the trouble is due to No. 2, and is usually got rid of by means of a counterpoise instead of an earth connection. The counterpoise consists of another aerial wire (preferably insulated) and running parallel to and underneath the aerial proper a short distance above the ground. This distance is not very critical, and the counterpoise need not necessarily be quite symmetrical with regard to aerial direction. Insulate all apparatus from the ground as much as possible. Keep both high and low tension batteries on the table with the set in preference to having them on the floor.

The accompanying sketch illustrates the arrangement.



The above arrangement will slightly reduce signal strength.

The remedy for trouble No. 1 is more complicated, and must be applied at the source, i.e., at the generator itself.

A condenser in series with an iron core choke, is connected as a short circuit across the output terminals of the dynamo. The values of the choke and condenser would be a matter for experiment.

In some cases a condenser without choke coils suffices.

The writer is aware of such a case where induction has been eliminated. The value of the condenser in this case is .02 mf. The condenser should be mica or oil insulated, and capable of bearing a strain of at least 1,000 volts. A fuse should also be joined in series with the condenser for protection.

[NOTE.—In the diagram in last week's issue the curved line below the aerial is not part of the aerial. It is only intended to indicate the position of insulators on the aerial.—Ed.]



SHRAPNEL.

Two young men who had spent a very convivial evening together met the next day, and one asked the other: "Get home all right?"

"Yes," said his friend; "but when I was going up the front steps someone trod on my hand."

"Have a drink, Smith?" asked his host.

"Think I will," answered Smith, helping himself. "You know, I make a point of drinking only on two occasions."

"Oh! What occasions are those?"

"When it rains and when it doesn't."

A musician was trying to telephone to a firm of music publishers. Thinking he had been given his number, he said: "I want Beethoven—Op. 243."

"Number engaged," said the girl at the exchange.

He asked a friend to come and dine with him off boiled beef and potatoes.

"That I will," said the other; "and it's rather odd it should be exactly the same dinner I had at home for myself, barring the beef."

"This is machine-oil in this bottle, ain't it, mother?"

"Of course not, Jimmie—it's glue."

"Oh! I 'spect that's why you can't sew on your machine."

A destroyer had been through a stiff engagement. After the fight the stokehold hatches were lifted, and up popped the heads of two grimy stokers. One of the officers, thinking he would like to hear a stokehold opinion of the action, listened to their remarks. All he heard was: "Well, all I can say, Bill, is that he ought to have married the girl."

Mrs. Newly-Rich was recounting to an acquaintance the thrilling events of the evening before, when the house had been burgled.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "we were eating our soup—"

"Then, of course," interrupted the candid friend, "none of you heard anything."

Private: "My head's like a lump of lead, my chest feels as though it's held in a vice, my inside is as though torn by pincers, I've got pins and needles in my legs, and my neck's as stiff as a poker."

M.O.: "H'm! Metallic poisoning."

Caller: "So this is the old settle you told me you had picked up at such a bargain price. My dear, it's a perfect treasure! It looks as if there might be some real old legend connected with it."

Hostess: "Well, there was, but at the price I offered the dealer said he would have to keep the legend and connect it with an antique bedstead he had."

The latest story about America and its freak laws is as follows:—

It is said that a short time ago they "went the limit" with a law that provided that at a railway crossing, when two trains were approaching at the same time, both trains must stop and neither must proceed until the other had gone over the crossing!

An t-Áb an HANS.

Bí seacht mbliadhna caite ag Hans mar buachaill aimsire le n-a máigistear, agus i ndeire na tréimse sin, tánaigh sé cúige, agus ar sé: "A máigistear, tá mo sheirbís caite agam; ba mhaith liom dul abairle agus mo mháistir 'f'eicsint; tabair dom mo chúro tuarastail."

Agus ar an máigistear leis: "Is maith agus is oílis an buachaill a bí ionas, agus is maith líonmhar an cúiteamh a tabarfaid tú de bhall ro sháraithe."

Annsan eus sé píosa airgid dó, a bí comh mór le n-a ceann péin.

Do éig Hans a lámhara amach as a póca, cuir sé an píosa airgid isteach ann, chaith sé ar a gualainn é, agus 'f'alruigh sé leis péin pé óéin a bairle. Nuair a bí sé ag cur de go leasdaíde, agus é ag straoilleadh coise leis i n-oiúar an chinn eile, tánaigh an fear 'na raóir ar muin toga-éapall a bí ar soidar go mear gasta. "Á," arsa Hans, ós áro, "nác veas an ruo a beith ar muin éapall! Siúro annsan é, 'na shuíde sa óiallaid pé mar ró mbeath sé 'na cátaoir péin sa mbaile; n: bainneann na clocha barra-tuisle as, veineann sé a bhróga do spáráil, agus pós cuireann sé an bótar de nshan pios dó péin, nác mór."

'Dairis an marcad an méir seo, agus ar seisean, "A Hans, cao cúige tuit-se beith do' cois má seath?" "Á," ar seisean, "tá an t-uallach so le h-ioncár agam; airseath atá ann, gan amhras, áct tá sé comh trom san is nác péiríoir liom mo ceann do choimeádo suas, agus luigseann sé ar mo gualainn go mór." "Cao mar gheall ar átrúgá do céile?" ar an marcad; "tabarfaid mise mo éapall tuit, agus tabarfaid tusa an t-airseath doim-sa." "Óeaprao, agus páilte," arsa Hans, "áct aoirim an méir seo leath-beith sé dian go leór ort é do éarraingse leath." Do éurilng an marcad de'n éapall, glac sé an t-airseath, éabruigh sé le Hans cun dul suas ar an gcapall, cuir sé an srian isteach 'na láimh, agus ar sé: "uair ar bit a bíonn uair gluaiseáct go h-animear, níl agat le óeapam áct do púisíní do smeathá do láiríoir um a céile, agus 'gip' do gairm."

Bí bróto an domáin an Hans agus é 'na shuíde ar muin an éapall, agus siúro leis ag marcadáct go meiréac súgac. Paol éeann tamailín, do rit 'na aighe go mbuó mait leis an bótar do cur de níos tapairde. Do óein sé a púisíní do smeathá um a céile, agus "gip" do gairm. As go bráct leis an gcapall ar cos anáirde; agus sul a raib pios ag Hans cao do bí ag éiríge dó, do caiteas an óiallaid é isteach sa óis ar éaib an bótar, agus bí an capall ar tí imteacra leis muna

mbeath an t-aóaire a raib bó aige 'gá tiomáint, do éagmáil leis sa tsliuge. Cuir sé stató leis an gcapall.

Ba ghearr gur aithbeóid Hans, agus 'éirigh sé 'na seasamh aibís. Bí a éanncar mór air, agus ar seisean leis an aóaire, "ní h-aon dóicín beith ag marcúigeáct ar a leitéir seo de beatháideac ná veineann áct tuisliúgá agus uirne do éilgean de pé mar dá mbeath sé ar tí a muineál do bhrisead. Pé'r uóman é, seo anois mé tíos de murab' ionann agus riám; is fearr abrao liom do bó! Féarann an uirne an bótar do shuáil go socair 'na óiair, agus an bainne a's an t-im 's an éaise do beith aige uairi 'na éeannra san. Cairde mar luac a tabarfaid ar a leitéir de buin!" "Seath," ar an t-aóaire, "má's amhlaid atá an oireath san measa agat uirí, óeaprao mo bó do málairt-iúgá ar do éapall." "Bíod," arsa Hans go soilbir. Do léim an t-aóaire ar muin an éapall, agus as go bráct leis.

Do tiomáin Hans an bó leis go réir, agus ba shona leis an marcad. "Muna bpuil agam," ar seisean, "áct gíota aráin (agus gíotha é sin gan aon amhras), féarfaid mé mo chúro ime agus éaise u'ite leis, tráct beith fonn orm cúige; agus tráct beith tairt orm, féarfaid mé mo bó do éurúad agus an bainne u'ól; nác léor u'aoimne san?"

Nuair a shóis sé an tíg ósda, stató sé ann, u'it sé a raib u'arán aige, agus do éus sé an pingsinn óeireannac u'á raib aige ar gíoine beórac; annsan do tiomáin sé an bó pé óéin sráide a mátar; agus 'éirigh an lá níos brotállaiuge um meathón-lae, nó gur tánaigh sé go u'í an fraoic páirsing, a gcaiteas sé breis agus uair an éliug ag u'ol éairis, agus bí an teas ag cur comh mór san air gur éeangail a éeangsa 'na éarbat. "Gíotha leigseas air seo," ar seisean leis péin, "is anois a óeaprao mo bó do éurúad, agus an tairt do baint uíom."

(Tuit le teact).

seósam ó páitrisce.

O.C. 6th BATTALION DIES SUDDENLY.

The sudden death of Comdt. L. Smith, O.C., 6th Batt., Finner Camp, which occurred on 21st inst. while he was home on leave at Gowna, has occasioned widespread regret. He was only 28. He was visiting Arva with a friend when he took suddenly ill and expired. A verdict of heart failure was returned at the Inquest. The deceased officer saw much active service in Cavan and other Northern counties during the Anglo-Irish conflict and was severely wounded on one occasion. An enthusiastic Gael, he played left forward in the Longford County team. Longford G.A.A., at a special meeting, voted sympathy with the relatives. Full military honours were rendered at the funeral at Gowna. Athlone military pipers' band and a large detachment of the deceased's own battalion attended. Members of the old North Longford flying column were also present.



GOSSIP OF THE BARRACKS.

4th BATTALION, CASTLEBAR.

As predicted in my previous notes, the Battalion Cross-Country team was successful in winning the Brigade (No. 2 Brigade) Championship from a large field of runners. The course was over 4½ miles, strewn with all sorts of obstacles, such as stone walls, water jumps, and barbed wire entanglements, and was a good test of the runners' stamina. All finished in good time. Result:—

Individual—Lieut. Coughlan (25th Battn.), 1; Pte. Doyle (do.), 2; Sgt. Trueman (4th Battn.), 3.

Team Winners—4th Battn. Placing—3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 9th and 10th. Total points, 37. Runners-up—25th Battn. Placing—1st, 2nd, 7th, 8th, 13th and 14th. Total points, 45.

The winners had an admirable coach in Sgt. Trueman, who held his team intact until he was forced to send forward Pte. James to break up the tactics of the favourites (25th Battn.). This manoeuvre had its effect, as shown by the team placing. This team is now in training for the Command Championship.

The following members of the Battalion Boxing team travelled to Athlone on 12th January, 1926, to take part in the No. 2 Brigade Boxing Championships:—Ptes. Mostyn and Harrington (Middles); Ptes. Foley and McEnery (Welter); Ptes. Grainger and Byrne (Lights); Ptes. McNamara and Donovan (Feathers); Ptes. Gleeson and Quinn (Bantam); Pte. Byrne (Flyweight). Seven of these entered the finals with the following results:—

Middle—Pte. Mostyn (4th) k.o. Pte. Harrington (4th) in 4th round.

Welter—Pte. Barry (A.C.C.) awarded a walk over, Pte. McEnery (4th) being unable to enter ring owing to sprained wrist.

Light—Pte. Devlin (25th) k.o. Pte. Grainger (4th) towards end of first round. In the opinion of the 4th Battn. supporters Devlin should have been disqualified, as earlier in the round he had twice struck Grainger while the latter was down owing to a slip.

Feather—After six hot rounds Pte. O'Shea (25th) was awarded the verdict on points against Pte. McNamara (4th). A great fight.

Bantam—Cpl. McDonagh (25th), Bantam-weight Champion of the Army and Irish representative in the forthcoming visit to Germany, was awarded a walk-over against Pte. Gleeson (4th), who was unable to appear owing to an injury to his hand.

Flyweight—The seconds of Pte. Byrne (4th) threw in the towel in the second round after he had made a plucky stand against Pte. Hart (25th), the present flyweight champion of Ireland.

Six out of the seven Battalion representatives who entered the finals are mere novices and never stood in the ring before.

The Battalion Boxing Sub-Committee are at work endeavouring to promote a Tournament in Ballina about the middle of February. They are confident of receiving the whole-hearted support of the officers, N.C.O.'s and men.

FOOTBALL AND HURLEY.—(No. 2 Brigade League Championship). Both teams travelled by car to Galway on Sunday, 17th January, 1926, to meet the 1st Battn. (Irish-speaking Battn.) in the first round of the above League. On arrival in Galway both teams were heartily welcomed by the officers, N.C.O.'s and men, who had tea, etc., ready for us prior to the start of the games. Their hospitality was doubly welcome, as we had travelled 58 miles in what was almost a blizzard.

The Football match resulted as follows:—4th Battn, 8 points; 1st Battn., 1 point.

In the Hurling match it was obvious from the start that the 4th (who are the present Command Champions) would have it pretty much their own way, but the 1st manfully "buckled down to it." They were, however, unequal to the task, the 4th running out winners by 15 points to 6 after a very clean and manly game. Captain Higgins, who had charge of the whistle in both matches, refereed most impartially.

Each Coy. has now held its annual meeting and I am informed that no stone has been left unturned to further sports, both indoor and outdoor, for the present year. It has been whispered in my ear that the present holders of the Cup for the best all-round athletic Coy. for 1925 (H.Q. Coy.) will have to strive hard to retain same this year.

MAYO OBSERVER.

5th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

I am very glad to note the substantial increase in the number of copies of "An t-Oglach" ordered by the Companies. In two Companies at least the demand has been increased by 100 per cent. It has been noticed that there is a general demand for information in some Companies on the following, and I submit these matters herewith for the attention of our esteemed and valuable oracle, Sgt. O—n:—

A recent regrettable *lapis linguae* consisted of ordering all "Communists" to fall in for early Church Parade.

What about safety pins to keep "A" Company's bed-cots tidy?

Is it a fact that "A" Company's harriers would have won on Wednesday had they been able to compete.

Rumour has it that owing to the cheering of the spectators "H.Q." Coy. lost the Hurling match to "C" Coy.

With the return of their Coy. Sergt. and Sergts. from School of Instruction "B" Coy. seem to have awakened to great activity both in drill and sport. They expect to make a good show in the Battalion Hurling and Football competitions.

They can, at least, hold their own as far as the "Manly Art" is concerned, and if "A" Coy. are confident of all the championships they little know whom they have to reckon with in Sgt. Smith's and Pte. Lyon's teams. "B" Coy. are patiently awaiting the Inter-Coy. competitions.

"D" Coy. are evidently too busy "on Detachment," or can it be that the "Silent Watcher" is really silent.

I would ask the Secretary of the Sports Committee to send along the notes so that same may be published. This is of some little importance to the N.C.O.'s and men, and through the medium of this journal is the best way of informing them how sport in the Battalion is progressing.

"JAY."



6th BATTALION, FINNER CAMP.

"A" Company of the 6th Infantry Battalion has been posted to Longford Barracks on the 22nd inst. and it is anticipated that the headquarters of the 6th will again be established there. Many of the personnel would be delighted with this change, and it is hoped that the rumours circulating to this effect will materialise. We are quite happy in Finner, and have made good friends with the 2nd, who are a jolly lot of fellows, and good sportsmen, but the lure of Longford is very strong to many of us.

A very lively meeting of the Sergeants' Mess was held recently, at which the 6th Battalion was well represented, and as a member remarked afterwards, "made themselves felt" when a debate took place as to the quality and quantity of the "extras" supplied in the Mess. It was agreed by all that the Mess needed improvement, and it is hoped the Committee will take the necessary steps in this direction. In doing so they are assured of the hearty co-operation of the N.C.O.'s of the 6th. The meeting terminated after prolonged discussions, but we are glad to state that the casualties were nil. Even the Defence Forces (T.P.) Acts, 1923-25, were introduced during the proceedings, though no particular section of the Act was mentioned, and the President ruled the introducer "Out of Bounds"—I mean out of order.

The N.C.O.'s and men of the 6th Battalion received the thanks of the Brigade Chaplain (Rev. F. O'Harte) for their donation of £10 10s. 0d. to the local Branch of the St. Vincent de Paul

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Oglach
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

Society. The response to his appeal from the 2nd and 6th Battalions, Father O'Harte assured us, was most encouraging and very satisfactory. We are delighted that we have pleased the Padre, who has the welfare of the troops in Finner so much at heart, and to whom we in turn humbly extend our thanks for his untiring efforts on our behalf.

The educational classes in civil and military subjects which are being conducted in the Battalion by a voluntary and most efficient staff are proving a complete success. The classes are attended by a large number of the men. Our thanks for the inauguration of these classes is due to the Commanding Officer and his able assistant, Capt. Dillon, Battalion Adjutant, who are untiring in their efforts to improve the education of the men in their unit. We understand that it is their intention to have the classes established on a more elaborate scale in the near future. The classes are a particular boon to those soldiers going forward for examination for non-commissioned rank.

Lieut. McGrath was again on the alert for Galway on Sunday week when that County defeated Cavan in the Inter-Provincial Tournament organised by the Central Council G.A.A.

Corporal Higgins kept goal for Co. Donegal against Tyrone last Sunday, and it was by no means the Corporal's fault that Tyrone won.

As we are now fast approaching the long days the Sports Committee will want to get busy with outdoor games. We believe that an Inter-Coy. competition in Football (Gaelic) and Hurling is about to be inaugurated on the League system, and we are sure that it will be a very welcome innovation.

We regret "A" Coy.'s absence from the League, but that cannot be helped. The other four Companies must be up and doing. We would like to suggest that "A" Coy. should have a seven-a-side inter-section or squad competition.



8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

There is at least one New Year resolution which we are not likely to violate—the continued extension of the Battalion's hearty support to "An t-Oglach." We intend to contribute weekly, if possible, giving all sporting events and general news which may be of interest to other units.

We were all very interested in the article by Comdt. W. J. Brennan-Whitmore on the events of Easter Monday, 1916. I may mention that this thrilling narrative alone caused such a rush for the paper that all copies were speedily disposed of. We are all looking forward to your next issue, and I am confident that the demand for copies will exceed last week's.

We have entered a Basket-Ball team in the Command League. We met the 15th Battn. in our first match and we were very unlucky in being defeated by the narrow margin of one point, although we had matters our own way for practically the whole game. How-

ever, we hope to see the Battalion top dog when the League final is played.

With regard to sport this season we trust that with a bit of luck we will do better than we did last year. No doubt those who witnessed the talent which we produced on the sports field in such a short space of time will agree that ill-luck played its part in every event in which we contested.

All ranks of the Battalion send their heartiest congratulations to Capt. J. F. Grincell, 5th Battn. (late O.C. "C" Coy. of our Battalion) on the occasion of his marriage, and wish him and Mrs. Grincell a long and happy life.

"B" Coy. under the command of Capt. Sean Sexton have gone on Detachment to Kildare.

No doubt by the time of publication of our notes the Battalion will have lost some of its old N.C.O.'s and men, particularly that old war horse, Ned, Watty, the Bugler, and the veteran Fitzmaurice. We wish them the best of luck in their new sphere of life.

GRAVEL-CRUSHER.



15th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

We all appreciate the strenuous efforts by the editorial staff which have made the contents of "An t-Oglach" so instructive and interesting. This was first indicated on Friday, 15th inst., when the supply of "An t-Oglachs" arrived all copies were bought up while you could say "tuppence."

The story of the taking of the G.P.O. was read with great interest, and already a lot of N.C.O.'s and men have enlisted as students in the educational corps—sorry, course.

The Command Cross-Country trials came off on last Wednesday week. Eleven units competed and 140 competitors started. We are glad to record that our team won the trial with Pte. O'Keeffe, Premier Company, first, and the remainder of the team in the first 20. It is a great matter that the old competitive sporting spirit still exists.

On the 12th instant a Battalion Sports Committee was appointed for the coming year. A Sports Committee also has been appointed in each Company, the idea being to develop the spirit of friendly rivalry among the Companies, each Company financing itself and catering for all sports under the auspices of the Battalion Committee. Each Company has full powers to manage for itself, which should go far to develop the initiative of all ranks.

Can any of our boys forecast which Company will be the best all-round Company at the Battalion Annual Sports? The Commanding Officer is presenting a gold medal for any N.C.O. or man in the Battalion who can forecast the best all-round Athletic Company, giving accurately the number of points that this Company will gain. Forecasts will be received at the Orderly Room up to May 31. It will be remembered that the Premier Company won the Commanding Officer's Cup for 1925.

Now that the Brigade Institute is working to everyone's satisfaction under the efficient administration of the 8th Brigade Staff we are glad to say it is one of the most comfortable institutes in the Army. We much appreciate the recent Billiard Tournament held there, and Cpl. Nother is to be congratulated on winning the Brigade Commander's prize.

Seeing that the President of the Indoor Recreation Committee (Captain Sean O'Meara) is back from the A.S.I. we hope he will speedily get his Committee going and take the advantage of the fine accommodation in the Institute to start Dramatic and Irish classes. We have plenty of talent to start the former class in the Battalion, and seeing that we have a fluent Irish speaker in Lieut. Sean Collins Powell I am sure all the officers, N.C.O.'s and men would support and appreciate an Irish Class. As the Institute is catering for the comforts of the Corporals and men of this Battalion, and also of our neighbours in the 5th Battn. I am sure they, too,

REMEMBER DATES.

PLEASE GIVE DATES of all happenings: What is "last Friday" when you are writing may be "last Friday fortnight" when the date of the issue containing your notes is taken into account.

would be glad to give their whole-hearted support to these classes.

We welcome "B" Coy. back from their long tour of Guard Dufy at Newbridge, and hope they are enjoying their special course of training for the whole Company. They seem to be looking fit on it anyhow.

That challenge "D" Company put up to play the pick of the Battalion, including Brigade "HQ" Coy. at football has not yet been accepted. I suppose they have already selected Pte. Winters for the side line.

The Corporals are "well away" now since they got a Mess to themselves. I believe one would not know it from Clery's.

Our boxing team of four that proceeded to Athlone and participated in the Boxing Tournaments on the 12th instant had a clean victory, each winning his fight. Pte. Hurley has earned for himself the reputation of having an "awful left," and Pte. Daly "A" Coy., could not get any man to give him a fight in Athlone. We would like to know of any bantam who would oblige.

Pte. Buckley, "HQ" Coy., who is going on free discharge from the Army shortly will be a great loss to our Battalion Boxing team, and also all novices. We wish him every success in America, where he is taking up boxing as a profession.

(Continued on page 15).



Clementina

BY

A.E.W. Mason

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CHAPTER IV.—continued.

"I was able, most happily," continued Lady Featherstone, "to send my brother homewards in a ship a fortnight back, and so to stay with my friend here on my way to Vienna, for we English are all bitten with the madness of travel. Mr. Warner will bear me out?"

"To be sure I will" said Wogan stoutly. "For here am I in the depths of winter journeying to the carnival in Italy."

The Countess smiled, all disbelief and amusement, and Lady Featherstone turned quickly towards him.

"For my frankness I claim a like frankness in return," said she with a pretty imperiousness.

Wogan was a little startled. He suddenly remembered that he had pretended to know no English on the road to Bologna, nor had he given any reason for his haste. But it was upon neither of these matters that she desired to question him.

"You spoke in parables," said she, "which are detestable things. You said you would not lose your black horse for the world because the lady you were to marry would ride upon it into your city of dreams. There's a saying that has a provoking prettiness. I claim a frank answer."

Wogan was silent, and his face took on the look of a dreamer.

"Come," said one. It was the Princess Charlotte, the second daughter of the Prince Sobieski, who spoke. "We shall not let you off," said she.

Wogan knew that she would not. She was a girl who was never checked by any inconvenience her speech might cause. Her tongue was a watchman's rattle, and she never spoke but she laughed to point the speech.

"Be frank," said the Countess; "it is a matter of the heart, and so proper food for women."

"True," answered Wogan lightly; "it is a matter of the heart, and in such matters can one be frank, even to oneself?"

Wogan was immediately puzzled by the curious look Lady Featherstone gave him. The words were a mere excuse, yet she seemed to take them very seriously. Her eyes sounded him.

"Yes" she said slowly; "are you frank, even to yourself?" And she spoke as though a knowledge of the

answer would make a task easier to her. "Was Whittington right?" she meant. "Was it love of Clementina which inspired him to this perilous business of her rescue? Did he deceive himself so far as to think that it was love of James Stuart?" If that were true, she reasoned, Clementina's escape might not be the worst thing in the world. For there would be the flight from Innsbruck into Italy, days of continuous alarms, when Wogan and Clementina would be face to face. What might not happen in those days? Her eyes rested thoughtfully on Wogan, but he could not understand.

His speculations, however, were interrupted by the entrance of Princess Casimira, Sobieski's eldest daughter. Wogan welcomed her coming for the first time in all his life, for she was a kill-joy, a person of an extraordinary decorum. According to Wogan, she was "that black care upon the horseman's back which the poets write about." Her first question, if she was spoken to, was whether the speaker was from top to toe fitly attired; her second whether the words spoken were well-bred. At this moment, however, her mere presence put an end to the demands for an explanation of Wogan's saying about his horse and in a grateful mood to her he slipped from the room.

This evening was but one of many during that Christmastide. Wogan must wear an easy countenance, though his heart grew heavy as lead. The Countess of Berg was the favourite of Prince Constantine, Sobieski's heir, and Wogan was not slow to discover that her smiling face and quiet eyes hid the most masterful woman of that court. He made himself her assiduous servant, whether in hunting amid the snow or in the entertainments at the palace; but a quizzical, deliberate word would now and again show him that she was still his enemy. With the Princess Casimira he was a profound critic of observances; he invented a new cravat, and he was most careful that there should never be a wrinkle in his stockings; with the Princess Charlotte he laughed till his head sang. He played all manner of parts; the palace might have been the stage of a pantomime and himself the harlequin. But for all his efforts it did not seem that he advanced his cause, and if he made

headway one evening with the Prince the next morning he had lost it; and so Christmas came and passed.

But two days after Christmas a courier brought a letter to the castle. He came in the evening, and the letter was carried to Wogan while he was at table. He noticed at once that it was in his King's hand, and he slipped it quickly into his pocket. It may have been something precipitate in his manner, or it may have been merely that all were on the alert to mark his actions, but at once curiosity was aroused. No plain words were said, but here and there heads nodded together and whispered; and while some eyed Wogan suspiciously, a few women whose hearts were tuned to a sympathy with the Princess in her imprisonment, or touched with the notion of a romantic attachment, smiled upon him their encouragement. The Countess of Berg for once was unobservant, however.

Wogan made his escape from the company as soon as he could, and going up to his apartments read the letter. The moon was at its full, and what with the clear frosty air, and the snow stretched over the world like a white counterpane, he was able to read the letter by the window, without the light of a candle. It was written in the Chevalier's own cipher and hand; it asked anxiously for news and gave some. Wogan had had occasion before, to learn that cipher by heart. He stood by the window and spelled the meaning. Then he turned to go down; but at the door his foot slipped upon the polished boards, and he stumbled on to his knee. He picked himself up, and thinking no more of the matter, rejoined the company in the music-room, where the Countess of Berg was playing upon a harp.

"The King," said Wogan, drawing the Prince apart, "leaves Bologna for Rome."

"So the letter came from him?" asked the Prince with an eagerness which could not but seem hopeful to his companion.

"And in his own hand" replied Wogan.

The Prince shuffled and hesitated as though he was curious to hear particulars. Wogan thought it wise to provoke his curiosity by disregarding it. It seemed that there was wisdom in his

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reticence, for a little later the Prince took him aside while the Countess of Berg was still playing upon her harp, and said,—

"Single-handed you could do nothing. You would need friends."

Wogan took a slip of paper from his pocket and gave it to the Prince.

"On that slip," said he, "I wrote down the names of all the friends whom I could trust, and by the side of the names the places where I could lay my hands upon them. One after the other I erased the names until only three remained."

The Prince nodded and read out the names.

"Gaydon, Misset, O'Toole. They are good men?"

"The flower of Ireland. Those three names have been my comfort these last three weeks."

"And all the three at Schlestadt. How comes that about?"

"Your Highness, they are all three officers in Dillon's Irish regiment and so have that further advantage."

"Advantage?"

"Your Highness," said Wogan, "Schlestadt is near to Strasbourg, which again is not far from Innsbruck, and being in French territory would be the most convenient place to set off from."

There was a sound of a door shutting; the Prince started, looked at Wogan, and laughed. He had been upon the verge of yielding; but for that door Wogan felt sure he would have yielded. Now, however, he merely walked away to the Countess of Berg, and sitting beside her asked her to play a particular tune. But he still held the slip of paper in his hand, and paid but a scanty heed to the music, now and then looking doubtfully towards Wogan, now and then scanning that long list of names. His lips, too, moved as though he was framing the three selected names,—

Gaydon,
Misset,
O'Toole,

and "Schlestadt" as a bracket uniting them. Then he suddenly rose up and crossed the room to Wogan.

"My daughter wrote that a woman must attend her. It is a necessary provision."

"Your Highness, Misset has a wife and the wife matches him."

"They are warned to be ready?"

"At your Highness's first word that slip of paper travels to Schlestadt. It is unsigned, it imperils no one, it betrays nothing. But it will tell its story none the less surely to those three men, for Gaydon knows my hand."

The Prince smiled in approval.

"You have prudence, Mr. Warner, as well as audacity," said he. He gave the paper back, listened for a little to the Countess, who was bending over her harp strings, and then remarked, "The Prince's letter was in his own hand."

"But in cipher."

"Ah!"

The Prince was silent for a while. He balanced himself first on one foot, then on the other.

"Ciphers," said he, "are curious things, compelling to the imagination and a provocation to the intellect."

Mr. Wogan kept a grave face, and he replied with unconcern, though his heart beat quick, for if the Prince had so much desire to see the Chevalier's letter, he must be well upon his way to consenting to Wogan's plan.

"If your Highness will do me the honour to look at this cipher? It has baffled the most expert."

His Highness condescended to be pleased with Wogan's suggestion. Wogan crossed the room towards the door but before he reached it the Countess of Berg suddenly took her fingers from her harp-strings with a gesture of annoyance.

"Mr. Warner," she said, "will you do me the favour to screw this wire tighter?" And once or twice she struck it with her fingers.

"May I claim that privilege?" said the Prince.

"Your Highness does me too much honour," said the Countess; but the Prince was already at her side. At once she pointed out to him the par-

ticular string. Wogan went from the room and up the great staircase. He was lodged in a wing of the palace. From the head of the staircase he proceeded down a long passage. Towards the end of this passage another short passage branched off at a right angle on the left-hand side. At the corner of the two passages stood a table with a lamp and some candlesticks. This time Wogan took a candle, and lighting it at the lamp turned into the short passage. It was dark but for the light of Wogan's candle, and at the end of it, facing him, were two doors side by side. Both doors were closed, and of these the one on the left gave on to his room.

Wogan had walked perhaps half-way from the corner to his door before he stopped. He stopped suddenly and held his breath. Then he shaded his candle with the palm of his hand and looked forward. Immediately he turned, and walking on tiptoe came silently back into the big passage. Even this was not well lighted; it stretched away upon his right and left, full of shadows. But it was silent. The only sounds which

THE REALIST SCHOOL.



ARTIST—My object was to portray the horrors of War. How do you like it?
ONE OF US—I have never seen anything more horrible!

reached Wogan as he stood there and listened were the sounds of people moving and speaking at a great distance. He blew out his candle, cautiously replaced it on the table, and crept down again towards his room. There was no window in this small passage; there was no light there at all except a gleam of silver in front of him and close to the ground. That gleam of silver was the moonlight shining between the bottom of one of the doors and the boards of the passage. And that door was not the door of Wogan's room, but the room beside it. Where his door stood there might have been no door at all.

Yet the moon which shone through the windows of one room must needs also shine into the other, unless, indeed, the curtains were drawn. But earlier in the evening Wogan had read a letter by the moonlight at his window; the curtains were not drawn. There was, therefore, a rug, an obstruction of some sort against the bottom of the door. But earlier in the evening Wogan's foot had slipped upon the polished boards; there had been no mat or skin at all. It had been pushed there since. Wogan could not doubt for what reason. It was to conceal the light of a lamp or candle within the room. Some one, in a word was prying in Wogan's room, and Wogan began to consider who. It was not the Countess, who was engaged upon her harp, but the Countess had tried to detain him. Wogan was startled as he understood the reason of her harp becoming so suddenly untuned. She had spoken to him with so natural a spontaneity, she had accepted the Prince's aid with so complete an absence of embarrassment; but none the less Wogan was sure that she knew. Moreover, a door had shut—yes, while he was speaking to the Prince a door had shut.

So far Wogan's speculations had travelled when the moonlight streamed out beneath his door too. It made now a silver line across the passage broken at the middle by the wall between the rooms. The mat had been removed, the candle put out, the prying was at an end; in another moment the door would surely open. Now Wogan, however anxious to discover who it was that spied, was yet more anxious that the spy should not discover that the spying was detected. He himself knew, and so was armed; he did not wish to arm his enemies with a like knowledge. There was no corner in the passage to conceal him, there was no other door behind which he could slip. When the spy came out Wogan would inevitably be discovered. He made up his mind on the instant. He crept back quickly and silently out of the mouth of the passage; then he made a noise with his feet, turned again into the passage, and walked loudly towards his door. Even so he was only just in time. Had he waited a moment longer he would have been detected. For even as he turned the corner, besides the horizontal line at the bottom of the door there was already a vertical line of silver on the passage wall; the door had been already

opened. But as his footsteps sounded on the boards that vertical line disappeared.

He walked slowly, giving his spy time to replace the letter, time to hide. He purposely carried no candle; he reached his door and opened it. The room to all seeming was empty. Wogan crossed to a table, looking neither to the right nor the left—above all, not looking towards the bed-hangings. He found the letter upon the table just as he had left it. It could convey no knowledge of his mission he was sure. It had not even the appearance of a letter in cipher; it might have been a mere expression of Christmas good wishes from one friend to another. But to make his certainty more sure, and at the same time to show that he had no suspicion that any one was hiding in the room, he carried the letter over to the window; and at once he was aware of the spy's hiding-place. It was not the bed-hangings, but close at his side the heavy window-curtain bulged. The spy was at his very elbow; he had but to lift his arm—and of a sudden the letter slipped from his hand to the floor. He did not drop it on purpose—he was fairly surprised; for looking down to read the letter he had seen protruding from the curtain a jewelled shoe-buckle, and the foot which the buckle adorned seemed too small and slender for a man's.

Wogan had an opportunity to make certain. He knelt down and picked up the letter; the foot was a woman's. As he rose up again the curtain ever so slightly stirred. Wogan pretended to have remarked nothing; he stood easily by the window with his eyes upon his letter and his mind busy with guessing what woman his spy might be. And he remained on purpose for some while in this attitude, designing it as a punishment. So long as he stood by the window that unknown woman cheek by jowl with him must hold her breath, must never stir, must silently endure an agony of fear at each movement that he made.

At last he moved, and as he turned away he saw something so unexpected that it startled him. Indeed, for the moment it did more than startle him—it chilled him. He understood that slight stirring of the curtain. The woman now held a dagger in her hand, and the point of the blade stuck out and shone in the moonlight like a flame.

Wogan became angry. It was all very well for the woman to come spying into his room, but to take a dagger to him, to think a dagger in a woman's hand could cope with him—that was too preposterous. Wogan felt very much inclined to sweep that curtain aside and tell his visitor how he had escaped from Newgate and played hide-and-seek amongst the chimney-pots. And although he restrained himself from that indiscretion, he allowed his anger to get the better of his prudence. Under the impulse of his anger he acted. It was a whimsical thing that he did, and though he suffered for it he could never afterwards bring himself to regret it.

He deliberately knelt down and kissed the instep of the foot which protruded from the curtain. He felt the muscles of the foot tighten, but the foot was not withdrawn. The curtain shivered and shook, but no cry came from behind it, and again the curtain hung motionless. Wogan went out of the room and carried the letter to the Prince. The Countess of Berg was still playing upon her harp, and she gave no sign that she remarked his entrance. She did not so much as shoot one glance of curiosity towards him. The Prince carried the letter off to his cabinet, while Wogan sat down beside the Countess and looked about the room.

"I have not seen Lady Featherstone this evening," said he.

"Have you not?" asked the Countess easily.

"Not as much as her foot," replied Wogan.

The conviction came upon him suddenly. Her hurried journey to Bologna and her presence at Ohlau were explained to him now by her absence from the room. His own arrival at Bologna had not remained so secret as he had imagined. The fragile and gossamer lady, too flower-like for the world's rough usage, was the woman who had spied in his room and who had possessed the courage to stand silent and motionless behind the curtain after her presence there had been discovered. Wogan had a picture before his eyes of the dagger she held. It was plain that she would stop at nothing to hinder this marriage; to prevent the success of his design; and somehow the contrast between her appearance and her actions had something uncanny about it. Wogan was inclined to shiver as he sat chatting with the Countess. He was not reassured when Lady Featherstone boldly entered the room. She meant to face him out. He remarked, however, with a trifle of satisfaction, that for the first time she wore rouge upon her cheeks.

CHAPTER V.

SHOWS THAT A DISHONEST LANDLORD SHOULD AVOID WHITE PAINT.

WOGAN, however, was not immediately benefited by his discovery. He knew that if a single whisper of it reached the Prince's ear there would be at once an end to his small chances. The old man would take alarm; he might punish the offender, but he would none the less surely refuse his consent to Wogan's project. Wogan must keep his lips quite closed and let his antagonists do boldly what they would.

And that they were active he found a way to discover. The Countess from this time plied him with kindness. He must play cards with her and Prince Constantine in the evening; he must take his coffee in her private apartments in the morning. So upon one of these occasions he spoke of his departure from Ohlau.

"I shall go by way of Prague." And he stopped in confusion and corrected himself quickly. "At least I am not

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Óglagh
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

sure. There are other ways into Italy."

The Countess showed no more concern than she had shown over her harp string. She talked indifferently of other matters as though she had barely heard his remark; but she fell into the trap. Wogan was aware that the Governor of Prague was her kinsman, and that afternoon he left the castle alone, and taking the road to Vienna turned as soon as he was out of sight and hurried round the town until he came out upon the road to Prague. He hid himself behind a hedge a mile from Ohlau, and had not waited half an hour before a man came riding by in hot haste. The man wore the Countess's livery of green and scarlet. Wogan decided not to travel by way of Prague, and returned to the castle content with his afternoon's work. He had indeed more reason to be content with it than he knew, for he happened to have remarked the servant's face as well as his livery, and so at a later time was able to recognize it again. He had no longer any doubt that a servant in the same livery was well upon his way to Vienna. The roads were bad, it was true, and the journey long; but Wogan had not the Prince's consent, and could not tell when he would obtain it. The servant might return with the Emperor's order for his arrest before he had obtained it. Wogan was powerless. He sent his list of names to Gaydon in Schlestadt, but that was the only precaution he could take. The days passed; Wogan spent them in unavailing persuasions; and New Year's Day came and found him still at Ohlau and in a great agitation and distress.

Upon that morning, however, while he was dressing, there came a rap upon his door; and when he opened it he saw the Prince's treasurer, a foppish gentleman, very dainty in his words.

"Mr. Warner," said the treasurer, "his Highness has hinted to me his desires; he has moulded them into the shape of a prayer or a request."

"In a word, he has bidden you," said Wogan.

"Fie, sir! There's a barbarous and improper word, an ill-sounding word—upon my honour, a word without dignity or merit and banishable from polite speech. His Highness did most prettily entreat me, with a fine gentleness of condescension befitting a Sunday or a New Year's Day, to bring and present and communicate from hand to hand a gift, a most incomparable proper gift, the mirror and image of his most incomparable proper friendship."

Wogan bowed, and requested the treasurer to enter and be seated the while he recovered his breath.

"Nay, Mr. Warner, I must be concise, Puritanical, and unadorned in my language as any rawhead or bloody-bones. The cruel, irrevocable moments pass. I could consume an hour, sir, before I touched, as I may say, the hem of the reason of my coming."

"Sir, I do not doubt it," said Wogan.

"But I will not hinder you from forthwith immediately and at once incorporating with your most particular

and inestimable treasures this jewel, this turquoise of heaven's own charming blue, encased and decorated with gold."

The treasurer drew the turquoise from his pocket. It was the size of an egg. He placed it in Wogan's hand, who gently returned it.

"Gemini!" cried the treasurer. "But it is more than a turquoise, Mr. Warner. Jewellers have dived in it. It has become subservient to man's necessities. It is a snuff-box."

"I cannot take it."

"King John of Poland, he whom the vulgar call Glorious John, did rescue and enlarge it from its slavery to the Grand Vizier of Turkey at the great battle of Vienna. There is no other in the world—"

Wogan cut the treasurer short.

"You will take it again to his Highness. You will express to him my gratitude for his kindness, and you will say furthermore these words: 'Mr. Warner cannot carry back into Italy a present for himself and a refusal for his Prince.'"

Wogan spoke with so much dignity that the treasurer had no words to answer him. He stood utterly bewildered; he stared at the jewel.

"Here is a quandary!" he exclaimed. "I do declare every circumstance of me trembles." And shaking his head he went away. But in a little he came again.

"His Highness distinguishes you, Mr. Warner, with imperishable honours. His Highness solicits your company to a solitary dinner. You shall dine with him alone. His presence and unfettered conversation shall season your soup and be the condiments of your meat."

Wogan's heart jumped. There could be only one reason for so unusual an invitation on such a day; and he was not mistaken, for as soon as the Prince was served in a little room he dismissed the lackeys and presented again the turquoise snuff-box with his own hands.

"See, Mr. Wogan, your persuasions and your conduct have gained me over," said he. "Your refusal of this bagatelle assures me of your honour. I trust myself entirely to your discretion; I confide my beloved daughter to your care. Take from my hands the gift you refused this morning, and be assured that no prince ever gave to any man such full powers as I will give to you to-night."

Wogan's gratitude well-nigh overcame him. The thing that he had worked for and almost despaired of had come to pass. For a while he could not speak; he flung himself upon his knees and kissed the Prince's hand. That very night he received the letter giving him full powers, and the next morning he drove off in a carriage of his Highness drawn by six Polish horses towards the town of Strahlen on the road to Prague. At Strahlen he stayed a day, feigning a malady, and sent the carriage back. The following day, however, he took horse, and riding along byroads and lanes avoided Prague and hurried towards Schlestadt.

He rode watchfully, avoiding towns,

and with an eye alert for every passer-by. That he was ahead of any courier from the Emperor at Vienna he did not doubt; but, on the other hand, the Countess of Berg and Lady Featherstone had the advantage of him by some four days. They would not lack money to hinder him, there would be no scruple as to the means. Wogan remembered the moment in his bedroom when he had seen the dagger bright in the moon's rays. If he could not be arrested there were other ways to stop him. Accidents may happen to any man.

However, he rode unhindered with the Prince's commission safe against his breast. He felt the paper a hundred times a day to make sure that it was not stolen, nor lost, nor reduced to powder by a miracle. Day by day his fears diminished, since day by day he drew a day's journey nearer to Schlestadt. The paper became a talisman in his thoughts, a thing endowed with magic properties to make him invisible like the cloak or cap of the fairy tales. Those few lines in writing had seemed an unattainable prize not a week back, yet he had them; and so now they promised him that other unattainable thing, the enlargement of the Princess. It was in his nature, too, to grow buoyant in proportion to the difficulties of his task. He rode forward, therefore, with a good heart, and one sombre evening of rain came to a village some miles beyond Augsburg.

The village was a straggling half-mile of low cottages, lost, as it were, on the level of a wide plain. Across the plain, bare but for a few lines of poplars and stunted willow trees, Wogan had ridden all the afternoon, and so little did the thatched cottages break the monotony of the plain's appearance that though he had had the village within his vision all that while he came upon it unawares. The dusk was gathering, and already through the tiny windows the meagre lights gleamed upon the road and gave to the falling raindrops the look of steel beads. Four days would now bring Wogan to Schlestadt. The road was bad and full of holes. He determined to go no farther that night if he could find a lodging in the village, and coming upon a man who stood in his path he stopped his horse.

"Is there an inn where a traveller may sleep?" he asked.

"Assuredly," replied the man, "and find forage for his horse. The last house; but I will myself show your honour the way."

"There is no need, my friend, that you should take a colic," said Wogan.

"I shall earn enough drink to correct the colic," said the man. He had a sack over his head and shoulders to protect him from the rain, and stepped out in front of Wogan's horse. They came to the end of the street and passed on into the open darkness. About twenty yards farther a house stood by itself at the roadside, but there were only lights in one or two of the upper windows, and it held out no promise of hospitality. In front of it, however, the man stopped; he opened the door

and halloed into the passage. Wogan stopped too, and above his head something creaked and groaned like a gibbet in the wind. He looked up and saw a sign-board glimmering in the dusk with a new coat of white paint. He had undoubtedly come to the inn, and he dismounted.

The landlord advanced at that moment to the door.

"My man," said he, "will take your horse to the stable." And the fellow who had guided Wogan led the horse off.

"Oh, is he your man?" said Wogan. "Ah!" And he followed the landlord into the house.

It was not only the sign-board which had been newly painted, for in the narrow passage the landlord stopped Wogan.

"Have a care, sir," said he; "the walls are wet. It will be best if you stand still while I go forward and bring a light."

He went forward in the dark and opened a door at the end of the passage. A glow of ruddy light came through the doorway, and Wogan caught a glimpse of a brick-floored kitchen and a great open chimney and one or two men on a bench before the fire. Then the door was again closed. The closing of the door seemed to Wogan a churlish act.

"The hospitality," said he to himself, "which plants a man in the road so that a traveller on a rainy night may not miss his bed should at least leave the kitchen door open. Why should I stay here in the dark?"

Wogan went forward, and from the careful way in which he walked—a way so careful and stealthy indeed that his footsteps made no sound—it might have been inferred that he believed the floor to be newly painted, too. He had at all events no such scruples about the kitchen door, for he seized the handle and flung it open quickly. He was met at once by a cold draught of wind. A door opposite and giving on to a yard at the back had been opened at precisely the same moment; and as Wogan stepped quickly in at his door a man stepped quickly out by the door opposite, and was lost in the darkness.

"What! Are you going?" the landlord cried after him as he turned from the fire at which he was lighting a candle.

"Wilhelm has a wife and needs must," at once said a woman who was reaching down some plates from a dresser.

The landlord turned towards the passage and saw Wogan in the doorway.

"You found your way, sir," said he, looking at Wogan anxiously.

"Nor are your walls any poorer of paint on that account," said Wogan as he took his wet cloak and flung it over a chair.

The landlord blew out his candle and busied himself about laying the table. A great iron pot swung over the fire by a chain, and the lid danced on the top and allowed a savoury odour to escape. Wogan sat himself down before the fire and his clothes began to steam.

"You laugh at my paint, sir," said

the landlord. He was a fat, good-humoured-looking man, communicative in his manner as a Boniface should be, and his wife was his very complement. "You laugh at my paint, but it is after all a very important thing. What is a great lady without her rouge-pot when you come to think of it? It is the same with an inn. It must wear paint if it is to attract attention and make a profit."

"There is philosophy in the comparison," said Wogan.

"Sir, an innkeeper cannot fail of philosophy if he has his eyes and a spark of intelligence. The man who took refuge in a tub because the follies of his fellows so angered him was the greatest fool of them all. He should have kept an inn on the road to Athens, for then the follies would have put money into his pocket and made him laugh instead of growl."

His wife came over to the fireplace and lifted the lid of the pot.

"The supper is ready," said she.

"And perhaps, sir, while you are eating it you can think of a name for my inn."

"Why, it has a sign-board already," said Wogan, "and a name, too, I suppose."

"It has a sign-board, but without a device," said the landlord; and while Wogan drew a chair to the table he explained his predicament.

"There is another inn five miles along the road, and travellers prefer to make their halt there. They will not stop here. My father, sir, set it all down to paint. It was his dream, sir, to paint the house from floor to ceiling; his last words bade me pinch and save until I could paint. Well, here is the house painted, and I am anxious for a new device and name which shall obliterate the memory of the other. 'The Black Eagle' is its old name. Ask any traveller familiar with the road between Augsburg and Schlestadt, and he will counsel you to avoid 'The Black Eagle.' You are travelling to Schlestadt, perhaps."

Wogan had started ever so slightly.

"To Strasbourg," he said, and thereafter ate his supper in silence, taking count with himself. "My friend," so his thoughts ran, "the sooner you reach Schlestadt the better. Here are you bleating like a sheep at a mere chance mention of your destination. You have lived too close with this fine scheme of yours. You need your friends."

Wogan began to be conscious of an unfamiliar sense of loneliness. It grew upon him that evening while he sat at table; it accompanied him up the stairs to bed. Other men of his age were now seated comfortably by their own hearths while he was hurrying about Europe, a vagabond adventurer, risking his life for— And at once the reason why he was risking his life rose up to convict him a grumbler.

The landlord led him into a room in the front of the house which held a great canopied bed and little other furniture. There was not even a curtain to the window. Wogan raised his candle and surveyed the dingy walls,

"You have not spent much of your new paint on your guest-room, my friend."

"Sir, you have not marked the door," said his host reproachfully.

"True," said Wogan with a yawn, "the door is admirably white."

"The frame of the door does not suffer in a comparison." The landlord raised and lowered his candle that Wogan might see.

"I do not wish to be unjust to the frame of the door," said Wogan, and he drew off his boots. The landlord bade his guest good-night and descended the stairs.

Wogan, being a campaigner, was methodical even though lost in reflection. He was reflecting now why in the world he should lately have become sensible of loneliness; but at the same time he put the Prince's letter beneath his pillow and a sheathed hunting-knife beside the letter. He had always been lonely, and the fact had never troubled him; he placed a chair on the left of the bed and his candle on the chair. Besides, he was not really lonely, having a host of friends whom he had merely to seek out. He took the charges from his pistol lest they should be damp, and renewed them and placed the pistols by the candle. He had even begun to pity himself for his loneliness and pity of that sort, he recognized, was a discreditable quality; the matter was altogether very disquieting. He propped his sword against the chair and undressed. Wogan cast back in his memories for the first sensations of loneliness. They were recent—since he had left Ohlau, indeed. He opened the window; the rain splashed in on the sill, pattered in the street puddles below, and fell across the country with a continuous roar as though the level plain was a stretched drum. No; he had only felt lonely since he had come near to Schlestadt—since, in a word, he had deemed himself to have outstripped pursuit. He got into his bed and blew out the candle.

For a moment the room was black as pitch, then on his left side the darkness thinned at one point and a barred square of grey became visible; the square of grey was the window. Wogan understood that his loneliness came upon him with the respite from his difficulties, and concluded that after all it was as well that he had not a comfortable fireside whereby to sun himself. He turned over on his right side and saw the white door and its white frame. The rain made a dreary sound outside the window, but in three days he would be at Schlestadt. Besides he fell asleep.

(To be continued).

Character must consist in the ability to control all our powers and gifts so as to use them to the best advantage.



Ireland is yours for the making—make it.—Arthur Griffith.



GOSSIP OF THE BARRACKS (continued from p. 9).

17th BATTALION, MULLINGAR

A general Sports meeting was held on 19th inst., when arrangements were made for 1926.

An Inter-Company League was arranged for hurling and football. The winning teams will hold Officers' Cup for one year and a set of medals will be presented to their members.

The draws for the first round of the League resulted as follows:—

FOOTBALL—1st round—"B" v. "D" Coy., "HQ" v. "A" Coy., "C" Coy. a bye.

HURLING—1st round—"B" v. "HQ" Coy., "C" v. "D" Coy., "A" Coy. a bye.

The first match of the League was played in the Football competition between "B" and "D" Coys. "B" ran out easy winners with a score of 5 goals and 3 points to nil. Conway, Coppinger, Kinsella and Hegarty shone for the winners, whilst Kavanagh and Ryan were the best of the losing side. The Yank made a gallant effort between the posts for "D" Coy., but I guess he received a few shocks.

All the boys agree that basket ball, which has been started by Lt. Russell since his return from the Curragh, is a great game. The tournament arranged between squads should prove exciting.

When are our boxers going to start training in the gymnasium? Get them going, Dan, before you leave us.

The Library is now "going strong," and judging by the small number of our boys seen in town the Librarian must be having a busy time. We would like to see officers, N.C.O.'s and men give any of their books which they can spare to the library.

Congratulations to the N.C.O.'s on their energetic committee who are running successful whist drives. Now, what about the men? The C.O. gave you great encouragement at sports meeting the other day. Get going!

"CARLOW."



19th and 20th BATTALIONS, KILKENNY.

"An t-Oglach's" new series is "real good" and the history of the Anglo-Irish war vividly interesting.

General regret is felt at the departure for Dundalk of Commdt. T. Ryan, O.C. 19th Battn. During his three years' stay in Kilkenny he endeared himself to all ranks, and while his absence will be keenly felt in the 19th Battn., we on the Brigade Staff will feel the loss just as acutely.

The concert in the Gym. on Friday, 15th inst., was up to the usual mark, and the presence of the well-known Ossory Band was very much appreciated. Our local illusionist provoked a constant stream of laughter, and the people in the front seats are still wondering where the chicken came from.

Jimmy Meagher (a twin brother of Jimmy O'Dea's) looked as well as he felt in his check suit and bow. Of course there were hosts of other stars, but "Argus" only controls a column, so I'll have to go at that.

Contrary to the expectations of some folk the recent visit to the Kilkenny Asylum did not react to the detriment of the Pierrot Troupe. They gave a very good show there, and each number was accorded enthusiastic applause. After the concert the troupe were invited to a little party given by Dr. Cassen and his staff. After tea songs were again sung, the troupe received thanks all round, and wishes were expressed for a return visit in the near future.

The Sergeants' "Smoker" was a roaring success. The energetic committee deserve praise and thanks for the excellent arrangements.

The question of the moment is—Will "B" Coy. "play the game" over again?

For the benefit of "Me Larkie" (not to be confused with "Me Barkie") we wish to state that our telephone is undergoing repair, and as "Draughty" says it's sure to be ready for Easter; we will have to postpone our thanks to him for his Christmas greetings till then.

The weekly practice dances are still "going strong." In fact everything that the B.A.C. undertakes at the moment turns immediately to gold, which in itself is a good omen for the success of the proposed "Mint."

A slight sensation was caused last Thursday morning, when "Argus" observed the Transport giving an exhibition of "Slow" and "Double" march at 7 a.m. We are assured this state of affairs will not continue.

We have it on good authority that raffles have run their race—and a good race it was.

"ARGUS."



BERESFORD BARRACKS, CURRAGH.

I hear that the Sergeants' Mess is the best Mess in the Army and that some of its members are learning the "Balance Step" in the A.S.I.

I hear that the Orderly Room Sergeant is a great Billiards player and makes occasional "breaks" of seven in the morning.

The "Pipers' Band" is transferred to Gough Barracks and all the "boys" wish them luck.

The Officer i/c Bakery is nearly all right again.

The Assistant Adjutant, Curragh Training Camp, intends to go to bed early in future and the Camp Legal Officer is agreeable.

Captain Deyell will be soon leaving us, and I am sure he will bring happy recollections of that "Shush" late night in the Officers' Mess.

The Legal Officer intends to compete in this year's Cross-Country Championship; he has had his first run some nights ago, and says he is going well. The Assistant Adjutant failed at the "First Jump," consequently he said to himself "Keep to the road."

The "Fire Brigade" engine is undergoing repairs, so it is hoped that no "fires" will occur for the next few weeks. Some of the boys are glad and say, "Well, there will be no 'false alarms' now. They might be disappointed. The Brigade staff are always "Ready" and the "Whistler" can even drive a "Horse and Cart."

I hear that the G.O.C. is going on leave. We all wish him the best of luck and earnestly hope that he will return in the best of health.

"WELL INFORMED."

DON'TS for Correspondents.

- DON'T write if you can get it typewritten.
- DON'T crowd the lines together.
- DON'T write on both sides of the paper.
- DON'T use a worn-out typewriter ribbon.
- DON'T indulge in personal jokes.
- DON'T write in pencil.
- DON'T forget to mention dates.
- DON'T send in your contribution later than the Saturday of the week before it is to appear.

No. 2 COMMAND CO., A.T.C.,
ATHLONE

The gramophone presented to the men by Lieut. Heuston is much appreciated by the firesiders who have abandoned their old pursuits. So keen are they on having the various records played that a murmur of protest is raised whenever the gramophone finds its way into the N.C.O.'s bunk.

The football team is still going strong. In fact the picked team of all Special Services in Barracks which played against the 25th Infantry Battalion had five of No. 2 Command Coy. to keep the Battalion team on the move. We would like to hear of a more serious acceptance of our challenge to No. 1 Command Coy.

Officer i/c Workshops (stocktaking in Stores)—"We will now take the tools, Sergeant."

Sergeant Storeman (sadly)—"Too late, sir, I am afraid."

Recent regulations re amusements compel heavy driver P. J. D. to "change down," which was accomplished with much grinding of teeth, etc. Even pen drivers are not exempt.



G.H.Q. CALLING.

Broadcasting still goes on in McKee.

The Sergeant to the billets came

With bayonet, belt and frill-O,

"My Ginks," quoth he,

"Let crystals be,

"And I'll broadcast your drill-O."

McKee Barracks, especially "G" Block have now got Joe Bracken's Pantomime off by heart. When they are not "Specko-ing" they are doing the retrospective vocal spasm—"When we were seventeen." I sincerely wish some of them were still 17, then there might not be such a rush on shaving kit and buckshee mirrors in the morning.

En passant, heartiest congratulations are overdue to Joe Bracken and his already famous company on his Panto.—"Sinbad the Sailor." With the general managership in the very capable hands of Sgt.-Mjr. Maurice Quinn and such a galaxy of talent as Lt. Doyle, Messrs. John Brown, Paddy Carr, Jackie Price, "Pay-Jay" O'Beirne, and Dick Conroy.

No, there is no truth in the rumour that Jock, Tony Foster, Micks, Fitzer and Tom are, as an aftermath of the Panto., starting a Toe dancing competition with their new issue of clogs.

So we pulled a quick one on our old friends the 'Bello boys at the recent Billiard match. No wonder! We had our Coffey; we had a "Hart," and we had our Coates on!.

O/C. (Orderly Room) to Gink—"This is your sixth appearance before me, what have you to say?"

Gink—"Well, sir, I only hope that our renewed acquaintance shall ripen into real friendship."

Our Cross-Country pack are still going strong and have been strengthened by the inclusion of Lieuts. McNally and Mulrooney. We hope to embark on very successful runs this season and good results are expected.

Our Boxing team—who have already achieved more than a good measure of success—under the able guidance of the ever-popular Paddy Burns hope to gain fresh laurels during the coming months. With such stalwarts as Burns, Leadon, Paddy Donnellan, Lynch, O'Meara, Perry, to mention but a few, we should "deliver the goods" in every sense of the words.

No wonder there was a "flood" in the Tolka when "Lofty" fell in during the cross-country run.

Oh, yes; we have a Dixie Troupe in McKee, and have them some time, too, but we have no plantation scene for them—worse luck! Their activities are confined to the cookhouse, the mess, and on last Saturday some of them were lent for the jolly old Saturday afternoon pastime (that king of indoor pastimes) Bed-board scrubbing. However, our Dixies take some licking, especially after mutton-stew day!

"Me Larkie" thanks the Gormanston scribe for his recent compliment. "Me Larkie" would suggest, however, that

the nom-de-plume "Me Barkie" scarcely does justice to Gormanston. Would not "Me Sparkie," or, say, "Me Harpie" be more suitable?

Remount Man (buying some civvies)—
"I want a hat, please."

Salesman—"Straw or felt?"

Remount—"Straw one, please; it would always be a bite for my nag."

This week's Slogan—"SPECKO."

"ME LARKIE."

**WESTERN COMMAND H.Q. CO.**

There is no truth in the rumour that various alterations are about to take place in Barracks. The "Square" has not turned "Round," nor the "Cook-House" turned somersault, neither has the weathercock on the old Clock Tower "flown."

When did Army Regulation Boots become "White Lights"?

Twine has been found much inferior to an "Army Belt" for the wearing of equipment.

Our Oracle's latest pronouncement:
"It's quare how the hair grows on some, and more on none at all!"

Have there been "words" about the loss of a dictionary?

Heard in the Barrack-room—"Gwan! you are only a combination of dis-arranged ideas."

Who said he "shaved with a looking glass" every morning, and who was asked: "Wouldn't a razor be better?"

Where did the idea of crossing the Artillery Square at 2 and 3 a.m. originate, and is the shirt and cap the nocturnal style now? No wonder "Ghosts" are reported to be knocking about.

When is the new Library to open? When such words as "I am not dull of apprehension, my optimistic young man" are used, as recently happened, we will be completely lost if it does not open speedily.

How are the new arrivals taking to their surroundings?

ME SHERRY.

**21st BATTALION
(Collins Barracks, Dublin).**

The Collins Barracks Billiard League for corporals and men is now nearing an end. "A" Company await the winner of match between Command Headquarters team and Headquarters team of 21st Battalion. Are the latter favourites for the honour?

A team representing Sergeants of Collins Barracks met a representative team from St. Brin's in a Challenge Billiard match at Collins on the 21st inst. and succeeded in winning. Through the kindness of the committee attached to Collins Sergeants' Mess the visitors were entertained to tea, and after same a musical programme was gone through which brought an enjoyable night to a close.

While on the subject of Billiards—the Corporals and men attached to the team with Headquarters at Recreation Room are asking when a return match with Sergeants is likely to come off? They think after their recent victory over the Sergeants that they should have something to say in taking on teams outside Barracks. Let a match be arranged to decide matters.

The usual weekly "Whist" took place on Tuesday night. The committee concerned should appoint an overseer, who will pay regular visits around the tables while the game is in progress.

A witness in a recent case stated:
"I carbonate every word of the last witness."

The Head and Originator of the "Scouts" Movement has tendered his resignation. More's the pity. Who will now take up the reins should the resignation be accepted?

The boys are all pleased with the new copies of the Army Journal, and for their information same is now a weekly issue, copies of which can be had in any of the Command, Brigade, Battalion Headquarters. The cost is still the same, and much useful information is to be found in it.

The 21st Battalion Football team have an invitation to Navan for the near future and meet the boys from Baldonnel again in a practice game on home soil on 27th inst.

Cpl. Mangan has been added to the long list of the Matrimonial Section, and has the best wishes of all.

The boys are asking when the next concert is coming off?

"Wireless" continues to be of much interest indoor to many each night.

**PORTOBELLO BARRACKS,
DUBLIN.**

Popularity rather than advertisement was the cause of overcrowding at our weekly Dance Class the other night. After all, 250 couples is rather a crowd when you take into consideration the space occupied by temporary cloak rooms and Band platform.

However, from a social and financial point of view the weekly class is now an assured success, and the fact that admission is only by invitation cards should ease the pressure somewhat. There appears to be some difficulty in selecting a dance band. Two or three are competing for the contract, and we hope for the best.

Our Nos. 1 and 2 Barrack Billiard teams are the only army entrants for the Irish Inter-Club Billiard Championship. In the second round No. 1 will meet Catholic Club No. 1. As, in such matches, two of each opposing team play away we are interested in the fact that two of the Catholic Club men will cross cues with Munster and Morrissey on the 22nd table. Morrissey is now practically on speaking terms with the balls and only stops in a break when

he becomes tired. Captain Trimble and Jack Kennedy will be our "travellers" that night, and I may be in a position next week to give the date of the fixture.

A football match between the 18th and 23rd teams had its venue in the Curragh on last Sunday. Weather conditions left a lot to be desired, and the match, which was not up to the usual standard of inter-battalion matches, resulted in an easy victory for the 23rd.



13th BATTALION, GORMANSTON.

On the occasion of the recent transfer of officers from the Battalion a very successful dinner was given in the officers' mess, those present including Maj.-Gen. P. O'Daly; Mr. Diarmuid O'Sullivan (Translation Dept., Leinster House); Comdt. Diarmuid O'Sullivan, O/C. 13th Battalion; Captain Joe Lawless, O/C., M.T.D.; Captain J. Hayes, Adjutant, M.T.D., and all officers of Battalion stationed at Headquarters. After the toasts "Eire" and "Our Guests" had been proposed and responded to, Maj.-Gen. O'Daly in the course of his reply to the toast "Our Visitors" remarked that he was glad to see so many of the "Dublin Guard" around the able and hoped that the old ideals were still fresh in their memories. He also hoped that the stress of military duties was not interfering with the progress which he understood was being made by the officers of the Army towards the learning of the Irish Language.

Mr. O'Sullivan, having first spoken in Irish, said he was very glad to see our "Padre" amongst the group. He agreed with the remarks of Maj.-Gen. O'Daly and hoped that the officers of the 13th Battalion would follow the lead of their senior officers and endeavour to foster the language among all ranks of the Battalion. The proceedings concluded with vocal items from the following:—Maj.-Gen. O'Daly, Captains Lawless, Gunn, Harpur, Cassidy, and Lieut. Murphy.

The transfers were very much regretted by all ranks in the Battalion. Capt. Gunn received a walking-stick from the N.C.O.'s of his Coy. on his departure.

The new "An t-Oglach" was sold out, and if double the number had been supplied the result would have been the same. Our order has now been doubled, and shortly we hope to be able to treble it.

The practice dances in the Sergeants' Mess are going "great guns."

The first All-Night Dance by the members of the Sergeants' Mess will be run in the Mayoralty Rooms, Drogheda, on the 3rd prox., and it will not be the Committee's fault if the night does not prove very enjoyable. The prices of admission are:—Ladies, 7/6; Gents, 10/- Double, 15/6 (one whole and complete Savings Certificate).

ME BARKIE.

HISTORICAL VIGNETTES.

No. 1. ORIGIN OF "GRATTAN'S VOLUNTEERS."

When the American War of Independence broke out at Lexington and Concord in April, 1775, the English Government of the day withdrew practically all of her large garrison in Ireland for participation in the War. In addition to flinging all her available Army into the fray, the British, in accordance with the traditional policy of "Mistress of the Seven Seas," began a series of raids upon American commerce. This led to the Americans getting together a number of privateer vessels as the nucleus of a navy, and carrying out counter-raids upon British commerce.

To an Irishman, Captain John Barry, a native of Tacumshane, Co. Wexford, fell the honour of being the Officer responsible for the first capture of a British war vessel, accomplished by an American cruiser, which exploit earned for him the proud title of the "Father of the American Navy."

At this time great distress and discontent prevailed in Ireland; and the French seemed disposed to take advantage of the weakness of the English garrison and to make a descent upon the coast of Ireland. At the prospect of this invasion the people of Belfast took alarm, and they applied to the Government of the day for protection. In his reply the Secretary to the Viceroy stated:

"The greatest part of the troops being encamped near Clonmel and Kinsale, His Excellency can at present send no further military aid to Belfast than a troop or two of horse, or part of a Company of invalids; and His Excellency desires you will acquaint me by express whether a troop or two of horse can be properly accommodated in Belfast, so long as it may be proper to continue them in that town, in addition to the two troops now there."

Such was the sorry state of defence to which the English garrison was reduced.

The American privateers were so successful in their raids against the British that in a statement made in the English House of Lords on February 6th, 1778, it was admitted that the total number of ships lost by capture or destroyed by the privateers since the commencement of the war was 133, to the total value of £1,800,633 sterling.

It was not, however, until the famous John Paul Jones, Senior Lieutenant of the American Navy, made his sensational capture of the British warship, the "Iron Duke," in Carrickfergus Lough, that the fears of the Belfast community came to a head. They at once took alarm and began to do for themselves what the English Government was unable to do for them. From this action of the citizens of Belfast the entire North took fire. Armed associations for the protection of the country from foreign aggression and external dangers, sprang up all over the North. Every man capable of bearing arms was hurriedly enrolled and encouraged to equip himself at his own expense.

From the North the idea rapidly spread to all parts of the island; and with their increase the associations were formed into regular military corps.

The new native army was built on really

democratic lines. The rank and file selected their own commanders, and in January, 1779, Lord Charlemont assumed command, on the persuasion of Grattan, of the Armagh Volunteers.

"Self-formed, self-governed," wrote Sir Jonah Barrington, "the Volunteers accepted no commissions from the Crown, and acknowledge no connection with the Government. The private men appointed their own officers, and occasionally cashiered them for misconduct or incapacity; they accepted no pay. The more wealthy soldier cheerfully shared his funds with his poorer comrade, and the officers contributed their portions to the general stock purse."

The new native Volunteer Army was not only proud and independent in its inception; but it was brilliant and imposing in its array.

"The uniforms of the Volunteers," says Mitchell in his *History of Ireland*, "were very various, and of all the colours of the rainbow. The uniform of the Lawyers' Corps was scarlet and blue, their motto, '*Pro aris et focis*'; the Attorneys' Regiment of Volunteers was scarlet and Pomona green; a corps called the Irish Brigade, and composed principally of Catholics (after the increasing liberality of the day had permitted them to become Volunteers), wore scarlet and white; other regiment of Irish Brigades wore scarlet, faced with green, and their motto was: '*Vox populi suprema lex est*'; the Goldsmiths' Corps commanded by the Duke of Leinster, wore blue, faced with scarlet, and a professional profusion of gold lace."

Such was the progress of the movement that by September 1779, it was computed that no fewer than 3,925 men were enrolled in the National Army in the Counties of Down and Antrim.

The British Government was thoroughly alarmed at the growth of the movement; but they had no adequate force to meet it, and the determination of the new organisation was becoming so thoroughly imbued with patriotic fervour that they would brook no interference. In fact the Viceroy, on the advice of the Privy Council of Ireland, was practically forced to distribute to the Volunteers the arms intended for the militia. The amount of arms so distributed was computed to amount to 16,000 stand of arms—a distribution which had the effect of immediately augmenting the numerical strength of the organisation.

Such was the origin and progress of what is popularly called "Grattan's Volunteers." These Irish Volunteers were, in their inception, essentially a Protestant organisation. At first no Catholics were admitted to their ranks. But as their patriotic fervour grew, as they inevitably progressed from the idea of repelling a foreign invasion to the idea of "being the proudest badge of freedom and its only security," Catholics were gradually admitted. However, throughout their brief, but glorious career, they were predominantly Protestant in power and influence.

As a result of the patriotic fervour of the Irish volunteers, a Bill (23 Geo. III., c. 28) was brought into the English Parlia-

ment; the principal clause of that Bill was really an Act of Renunciation. It read:

"Be it enacted that the right claimed by the people of Ireland, to be bound only by laws enacted by His Majesty and the Parliament of that kingdom, in all cases whatever; and to have all actions and suits of law, or in equity, which may be instituted in that kingdom, decided in His Majesty's Courts therein *finally and without appeal* from thence, shall be, and is hereby declared to be established and ascertained *for ever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable.*"

Thus the movement originated by the fears of the Protestants of Ireland led to the emancipation of the Irish Parliament in College Green (now the Bank of Ireland).

GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

Thank the stars I am not a highbrow, for the speciality of the highbrows seems to be perpetual fault-finding, and I like to be able to give honest praise where it is due without conducting a microscopic examination for minor faults.

For instance, the highbrows are grumbling about the new recording so far as it affects the piano. They grumbled with equal vehemence about the old recording, but they now seem to have forgotten all they said in the days before the new system was introduced.

Personally, I think that for an adequate interpretation of Chopin it would be difficult to better the new 12-inch (8s. 6d.) H.M.V. record by Pachmann of the "Nocturne in D Flat Major, Op. 27, No. 2," with, on the reverse, the "Valse in C Sharp Minor, Op. 64, No. 2" and "Etude in F Minor, Op. 25, No. 3." But I would strongly urge you to use a fibre needle for this record; it is the only way to obviate or at least minimise the dreadfully tinny sound of the Pachmann pianos. Played thus, the Nocturne is a dream of sheer beauty.

Amongst recent records of a more "popular" description I would recommend Miss Betty Chester in two typical Co-optimist songs—"Prairie Love" and "The Land You've Never Heard of" (H.M.V., 10-inch, 3s.) Her voice comes

so clearly and naturally to the ear that the listener can almost see her on the stage. Best of the American importations of late is the H.M.V. 10-inch (3s.) record by Jack Smith of "Feelin' Kind o' Blue" and "I'm Knee-deep in Daisies."

I think I alluded before to the improved quality of the Beltona recording. Some of their latest issues (particularly some of the De Luxe) challenge the superiority of the higher-priced records. Harry Brindle's singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "A Guid New Year" (10-inch, 3s.) is a robust, rollicking version, in many ways better than any we had previously heard. I also like the Beltona record of Herbert Thorpe's fine tenor in "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby" and "Who is Sylvia?" (3s.). The same singer and Harry Brindle are good in the Beltona recording of "Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen" and "A-hunting we will go" (3s.).

For good, rousing, chorus-provoking songs, commend me to the "Sea Chanties" sung by John Thorne and a male trio (Aco, 10-inch, 2s. 6d.). Despite its low price, this is one of the best records issued during the past couple of months. Thorne's fine baritone is also heard to advantage in another Aco record—"By the Waters of Babylon" and "In Summer-time on Bredon."

Lovers of Mozart who can possibly afford it, should get the three Parlophone 12-inch discs (4s. 6d. each) of the "Fourth Violin Concerto in D," played by Riele Queling, with orchestral accompaniment. In some ways it surpasses the Kreisler records, and is a worthy successor of the delightful Parlophone recording of the "Symphony in G Minor," by the State Opera House Orchestra, under Dr. Weissmann. Riele Queling gets into the heart of the composer and gives us the lights and shadows, the sparkling and darkling of the music with unusual ability. The orchestral accompaniment is just right; never obtrusive, but always adequate.

"TONE ARM."

KEEP YOUR COPIES OF

"An t-Óglach."

SUCCESSFUL CONCERT AT PORTOBELLO.

That progress is being maintained by the Portobello Dixies Troupe was evidenced by the crowded audiences at their performance on Sunday and Monday nights last. The Concert Hall is one of the most comfortable and up-to-date of the minor halls in the city, and all the arrangements in connection with these performances reflect the energy, care, and thoroughness of the organisers. To Father R. Casey, C.F., and Sergts. Murphy and Kiely most of the credit is due, the Troupe have secured the valuable services of Mr. W. J. Comerford as conductor.

At Monday night's performance there was a varied programme containing many items well worth witnessing. Following the opening chorus the undermentioned proved themselves capable vocalists: Ptes. Bermingham, Humphries, McDonnell, Hawkins, Powse, and Sergts. Murphy, Kiely, and Grogan.

Other contributors to the programme were Mr. Burke-Moran, Mr. T. Grogan, Miss P. Dunne—a talented young elocutionist—and Sergt. Connell. The principal item of the night was the production of a one-act play—"The Coiner." This produced rounds of mirth, and the actors were loudly applauded at the finish.

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THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY CAPTAIN J. JOHNSTON.

In this issue, Arithmetic, Section I. is continued, and it is the intention to publish an article on Arithmetic each week until further notice. Students should not, however, hurry their course in Arithmetic. They should carefully retain their copies of AN T-OGlach and study each subject until they have thoroughly mastered it. If anything in the course is not clear, or if in doubt on any point, write for further information.

The first lesson in Geography appears in this issue, and it is intended for the present to give lessons in Geography and History each alternate week. Students should study the lessons in both subjects as they appear, for to properly understand History, a sound knowledge of Geography is essential. An endeavour will be made to publish the Geography and History Lessons as adjuncts of one another; that is to say, the Geography Lesson of one week will as far as possible deal with the place or places whose History is related the previous or subsequent weeks.

The necessity for enclosing a stamped addressed envelope with worked papers is again impressed on Students. An envelope endorsed "Saorstát Éireann" without a stamp will not do (and these envelopes should not be used in any circumstances for private correspondence.—Ed.).

ARITHMETIC.

SECTION I.—(Continued).

MULTIPLICATION.

17. To multiply a number is to add the number to itself a certain number of times by a shortened process.

Multiplication is the process of multiplying one number by another, or of finding the amount produced by taking any given number any given number of times. The number to be multiplied or added to itself is called the **multiplicand**. The number which indicates how many times the **multiplicand** is to be taken, or the number by which it is to be multiplied, is called the **multiplier**. The result obtained by multiplying the **multiplicand** by the **multiplier** is called the **product**, and is your answer in all multiplication sums. Students should carefully memorise these three terms, the **multiplicand**, the **multiplier**, the **product**, and their meanings.

The sign of multiplication is \times . It is read "multiplied by" or "times." Thus 5×6 is read 5 multiplied by 6, or 5 times 6. The order in which the numbers to be multiplied are placed makes no difference in the result of the sum. Thus 5×6 is the same as 6×5 .

A useful multiplication table is given on this page showing the **product** of any two numbers, neither of which exceeds 12.

The following is the method of using this table:—

Find the **multiplicand** in column M.
Find the **multiplier** in column A.

For example:—Find the product of 9×8 . In this case the **multiplicand** is 8 and the multiplier is 9. Hence, by the above rule the **multiplicand** will be found under H in column M, while the multiplier will be found on the right of U in column A. The **product** will be found where columns H and U meet and is 72 as will be seen from the table. The product of any other two numbers, neither of which exceeds 12, may be found in a similar way. The use of this table should be practised until the student is thoroughly familiar with it.

Students should also learn the multiplication tables at the end of "The Right Road Arithmetic," Standard II. until they know them by heart.

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L
M	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
N	2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24
O	3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	30	33	36
P	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	32	36	40	44	48
Q	5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60
R	6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	60	66	72
S	7	14	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	70	77	84
T	8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96
U	9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	90	99	108
V	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120
W	11	22	33	44	55	66	77	88	99	110	121	132
X	12	24	36	48	60	72	84	96	108	120	132	144

Students should practise the multiplication of the following numbers mentally until it can be done easily without reference to the table:—

3×9	11×4	8×6	10×2
7×8	10×8	2×3	12×10
6×5	10×5	11×4	11×6
3×7	9×2	10×12	11×2
4×8	11×11	9×4	11×3
5×12	12×10	12×3	3×2
6×11	8×8	2×4	4×12
7×10	9×7	3×4	10×3
8×9	12×6	2×7	4×7
9×5	3×9	4×11	10×8

MULTIPLICATION BY A NUMBER LESS THAN 13.

When any number is to be multiplied by a number less than 13, the process will be as shown below:—

Example: Multiply 638 by 7.

Solution: Multiplicand 638
Multiplier 7

Product 4466 Ans.

Explanation: As a matter of convenience, the multiplier is written under the right hand figure of the multiplicand. We now multiply the right hand figure of the multiplicand, which is 8, by the multiplier, which is 7. The result, or product, is 56, or 5 tens and 6 units. Write the

6 units in the units place of the product under the line and reserve the 5 tens to add to the product of the ten. We now multiply the second figure from the right in the multiplicand, which is 3, by the multiplier 7. The product is 21, and to this we add the 5 tens which we reserved from the units place making the product 26 or 2 hundreds plus 6 tens. Now write the 6 in the tens place and reserve the 2 hundreds for addition to the product of the hundreds place. Next multiply the third figure from the right in the multiplicand, which is 6, by the multiplier 7. The product is 42, and to this we add the 2 hundreds which we reserved from the tens place, thus making 44 hundreds which are written in the thousands and hundreds places respectively. Hence the product of $638 \times 7 = 4466$.

It will be seen that the product of this sum is the same as the sum of seven 638's, thus:—

638
638
638
638
638
638
638

Sum 4466 Ans.

MULTIPLICATION BY A NUMBER GREATER THAN 12.

When a number is to be multiplied by a number greater than 12, the process will be carried out as shown below:—

Example: Multiply 234 by 456

Solution: Multiplicand 234
Multiplier 456

1404
1170
936

Product 106,704 Ans.

Explanation: As a matter of convenience the multiplier is generally written under the multiplicand, placing units under units, tens under tens, etc. As the multiplication by 456 cannot be performed mentally in one operation it must be performed with each of its figures separately and then the **partial products** so obtained added together. The parts of the multiplier by which 234 is to be multiplied are, 6 units, 5 tens and 4 hundreds. Now, 6 times 234 is 1,404, the first **partial product**, which is written under the line with the right hand figure in the units place. 5 times 234 is 1,170 which is written under the first **partial product** with the right hand figure directly under the figure used as multiplier, which is 5. 4 times 234 is 936 which is written under the second **partial product** with the right hand figure directly under the figure used as multiplier, which is 4. The sum of these three **partial products** is 106,704 which is the entire product.

The Rules for multiplication are:—

- Write the multiplier under the multiplicand, so that units are under units, tens under tens, etc.
- Begin at the right hand and multiply each figure of the multiplicand by each successive figure of the multiplier, placing the right hand figure of each

partial product directly under the figure used as a multiplier.

- (c) The sum of the partial products will be the required product.

To prove multiplication, review the work carefully, multiply the multiplier by the multiplicand, if the results agree, the work is correct.

When there is a nought or cypher in the multiplier, multiply by it the same as with the other figures. The product of any number and nought has no value, or is nothing, but the multiplication by nought or cypher is necessary for the proper placing of the partial products. The following examples show the process applied :—

(a)	(b)
2116	46213
302	2001
<hr/>	
4232	46213
0000	00000
6348	00000
	92426
639,032 Ans.	92,472,213 Ans.

The above method, however, is usually shortened in practice, by writing down the first cypher of the partial product in its correct place, then multiply by the next figure of the multiplier, and write the partial product alongside the cypher. Thus the above examples are always worked in practice in the following manner :

(a)	(b)
2116	46213
302	2001
<hr/>	
4232	46213
63480	9242600
639,032 Ans.	92,472,213 Ans.

If the multiplier ends with one or more noughts or cyphers, the cypher or cyphers in the multiplier will not be used, and multiplication will begin with the first digit. In the product obtained as many cyphers corresponding to the number in the multiplier, are placed on the right of the first figure. The following example will show the operation of the process :—

multiplicand	27053
multiplier	23400
<hr/>	
Partial products	{ 108212
	{ 81159
	{ 54106
Product	633,040,200 Ans.

Examination Questions.

- (1) The multiplicand is 4,896 and the multiplier 789. Find the product.
- (2) What are partial products and where are they used ?
- (3) Find the product of $17,819 \times 1,004$.
- (4) Find the product of $87,543 \times 1,000$.
- (5) Find the product of $1,875 \times 33$.
- (6) How may multiplication be proved ?
- (7) What is the sign of multiplication, and what does it mean ?

(To be continued).

GEOGRAPHY.

SECTION I.

Before beginning to teach Geography, it will perhaps be of interest to the student to ascertain how a knowledge of Geography was acquired by man. When we look at our present-day maps, which are available in a more or less accurate state for nearly every part of the world, one is inclined to think that a knowledge of the Geographical outline of the world is a comparatively simple thing, and perhaps we go so far as to think that such knowledge was common for many ages. The facts, however, are very different.

Geography—is a description of the earth on which we live, its size, shape, physical features and products—but it required the passage of many thousand years before man acquired anything approaching an accurate knowledge of the subject.

The early history of Geography is closely bound up with the construction of **Maps**. Nowadays we use **Maps** to summarise our Geographical knowledge, to illustrate notable journeys, and to make records of the ownership of property in land.

The earliest record we have of **Maps** existing is as far back as 3,800 B.C. or 5,726 years ago in Babylonia, the capital of one of the great ancient Empires of the East, of which you will be told in the History Lessons. Here they were of a very primitive kind, and were used for the purpose of taxing land owners. About 1,300 B.C. or 3,200 years ago **Maps** of routes were used in Egypt, while the earliest attempt to make a **Map** of the then known world was undertaken by a Greek Scholar about 600 B.C. or 2,500 years ago. About 300 B.C. or 2,250 years ago, a Greek Philosopher named **Aristotle** argued that the earth was a sphere, although it was generally believed at that time to be flat, and Scientific Geography dates from this discovery, although the roundness of the earth was not experimentally verified until the world was sailed round nearly 2,000 years later. Other Greek Scholars added something to the knowledge of that time, and their work culminated in the effort of one **Ptolemy** in 150 A.D. or 1,776 years ago, when he produced the first **Gazetteer**, which recorded the position and names of some 8,000 places. The smallness of this effort will be more fully realised when one considers that there are at least some 20 million named places in the world to-day, not less than 700,000 of these being under the letter "A" alone. Nevertheless, **Ptolemy's** work was a great one of its time.

After this attempt, Scientific Geography was, for various reasons, allowed to drop, and **Ptolemy's** work was lost until the fifteenth century. In fact, so late as 1307 A.D. a **Map** known as the "Hereford **Map**" which purported to be a **Map** of the world, showed astonishing ignorance both of **Ptolemy's** work and of Geography in general. In 1492 A.D. a reasonably good **Map** of the world was produced by **Behaim**, but it did not, of course, show America—the West Indies being only discovered in the same year. From this period onward much encouragement was given by ruling Kings and Princes to Navigators, as they foresaw the great possibilities which

were opening up for enriching themselves and their Kingdoms. This encouragement led to many important discoveries.

Perhaps the greatest of all travellers in these times was **Marco Polo**—a merchant of Venice—who set out eastward with a party in 1271 A.D., and reached Ormuz in the Persian Gulf. They travelled thence overland to China, crossing great mountains and deserts, and arrived at the terminus of the Great Wall of China, of which you will be told more in subsequent History Lessons. **Marco** started back in 1292 A.D., by sea, and reached the Persian Gulf after a voyage lasting 26 months. His party when they started was 600 strong, but when he arrived at the Persian Gulf only 18 survived. He eventually reached Venice in 1295 having spent 24 years on his journey. **Marco Polo** did much to advance the Science of Geography, and the wonderful courage and perseverance of this early pioneer cannot be over-rated.

By 1522 A.D. the world had been sailed round, and the modern period of Geography had begun, and one of the types of **Map** which we know to-day; namely, the **Mercator Map** or **Projection** was produced in 1569 A.D. Further developments in Mapping took place in 1674 and 1728, the details of which will be described in later Lessons, and so the Science of Geography progressed up to our own day, and is still progressing through the work of Explorers, Land Surveyors, and Hydrographers, until, at some future time, we will have complete and accurate **Maps** and **Charts** of every part of the world, and even of the beds of the great Oceans and Seas.

For the information of beginners the meanings of various words which are used in the text of the Geography lesson are given below :—

Verified	... proved to be true.
Ptolemy	... pronounced tol-e-me.
Gazetteer	... a dictionary of Geographical names.
Terminus	... a limit or boundary; station at the end of a Railway.
Land Surveyor	one who measures land.
Hydrographers	those who measure oceans, lakes, coast-lines, etc., with relative data as to their depth, tides, beds, etc.

(To be continued.)

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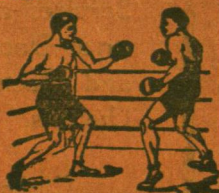
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