



AN T-OGLÁC

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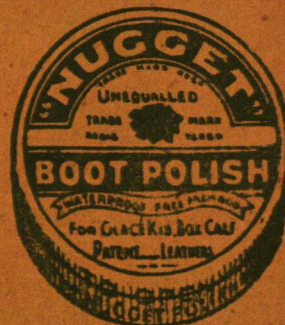


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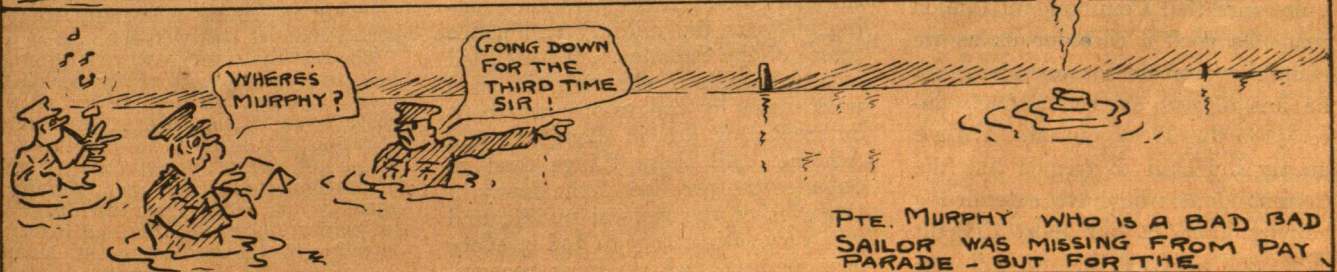
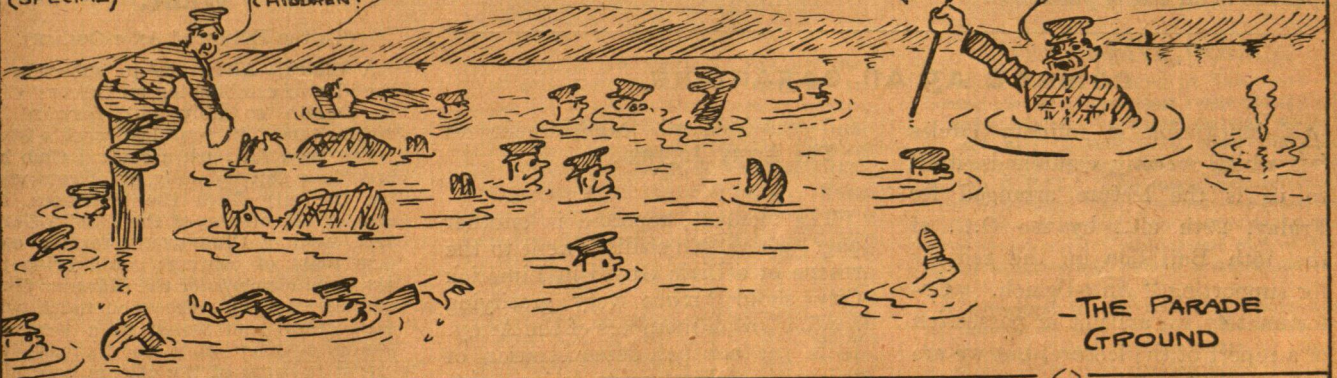
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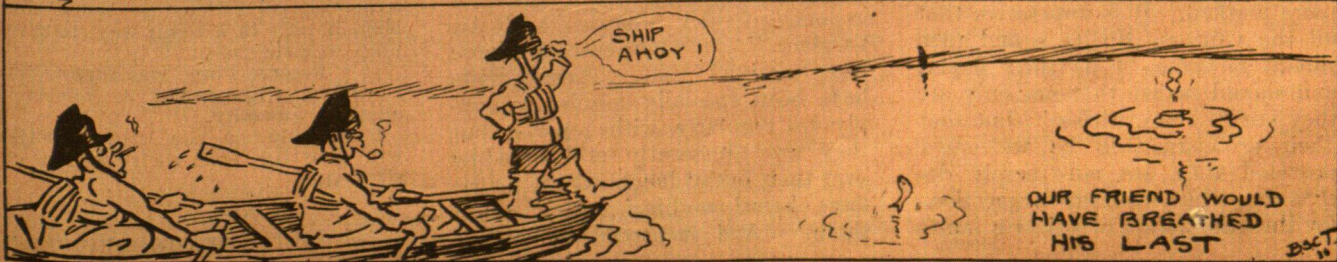
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PTE. MURPHY WHO IS A BAD BAD
SAILOR WAS MISSING FROM PAY
PARADE - BUT FOR THE



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OF THE FIRE
PICQUET,
SANITARY
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OUR FRIEND WOULD
HAVE BREATHED
HIS LAST

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An t-Oglach

FEBRUARY 6, 1926.

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

Literary Editor : Captain J. A. Power.

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

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

CÓMHRÁD AS AN EAŞARÓIR.

AN innovation in military circles which warmly commends itself to us is the lecture arranged for Friday, 29th ult., by the O.C. of the 15th Battalion on the reasons for supporting "An t-Oglach." Unfortunately we are not in possession of a report of the lecture, but we are quite sure that Commandant Conlon made as good a case for us as we could have made for ourselves, for he has always evinced a lively interest in the Army journal. We are deeply indebted to friends like the Commandant who have extended a helping hand in our most difficult days, and we trust that we will continue to merit their cordial support. As, in all probability, you have noticed we are endeavouring (to borrow a phrase from M. Coue) to make the paper every day, in every way, better and better. We have more difficulties to contend with than afflict the ordinary lay periodical, but we think we have succeeded in improving "An t-Oglach," and if other Battalions emulate the 15th in the matter of the "kindly lift" the improvement might be even more marked. It is imperative that all the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men should recognise it as their paper, and should realise that not only are they entitled to criticise it, but that their criticisms will be welcomed provided they are not merely destructive, but contain suggestions for the elimination of existing faults

and the general improvement of "The Army Journal."

* * *

The incident, reported in another page, where two soldiers went to the rescue of a Civic Guard in Limerick City should make very gratifying reading for all members of the Army. It is yet another demonstration of the spirit of loyal co-operation existing between the military and police forces of the Saorstat. We are glad also to be able to chronicle the good work done by the troops at recent outbreaks of fire in Longford and Athlone. All these things tend to enhance the prestige of the Army in the eyes of the general public, and it is very satisfactory to find in every case prompt and generous recognition of the services rendered by the military. The soldiers of Ireland have definitely taken their place in the social system of the country. By their upright and manly conduct they have overcome prejudices which existed in certain quarters and have removed misconceptions. To-day the green uniform is treated with the respect it deserves by all responsible citizens.

* * *

There are still a good many battalions and corps which have not come up to scratch in the matter of reporting their doings to "An t-Oglach." In some cases we have been notified that correspondents have been specially detailed to supply us regularly with reports, but they are apparently still brooding over their initial lucubrations, for we have heard nothing further about them. And it should be such a

simple task to act as correspondent for the Army journal. Just jot down all the news of your unit, as briefly as you like, and send it along to reach this office at least a week before the date of publication. You need not trouble about literary style: all we want is the news—but we want it piping hot.

AN OFFICERS' CLUB Would Supply a Long-felt Want.

(To the Editor of AN T-OGLACH).

A Chara,—Allow me to subscribe to the idea of establishing an Officers' Club in Dublin so ably put forward by "Subaltern" in your last week's issue.

The need for such a central Club has been long felt not only by officers visiting the city from the provinces, but also by the officers of the Dublin Garrison. Such a Club would form a common point of contact; could bring the scattered elements of the different Corps and services into frequent touch with each other, and would in a very emphatic manner help to increase the *esprit de corps* of the officers generally, as well as adding materially to their social comfort and well-being.

The fact that every Army in the world has its own Clubs is really beside the point. What matters really is that there is an urgent need of such an institution in the city, an institution in which all officers, irrespective of rank or station, could meet on a footing of equality and good comradeship. Such an institution would also lend itself admirably to the promotion of lectures and papers by highly qualified experts on technical military matters. In this way such an institution would be of an immense professional benefit to the Army, and, therefore, to the State which the Army serves and guards.

I would like to see the idea broadened out to include also commissioned members of the Garda. After all most of these gentlemen have graduated through the Army, and the strength of old friendship and associations still happily remains.

There are many suitable premises now vacant in the city, and the present time is probably the best available for taking up the idea seriously. The renting costs of such premises are probably down to their minimum level, and the structural alterations necessary would help, if only in a small way, to give a fillip to employment.

If a Reserve Force was contemplated a central Club would be almost an absolute necessity.

I earnestly hope the Army authorities will give the idea their earnest consideration.

Is mise,

"SENIOR OFFICER."



EASTER WEEK, 1916.

THE DEFENCE OF THE NORTH EARL STREET AREA.

By Commandant W. J. BRENNAN-WHITMORE.

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

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[NOTE.—All actual participants in the Anglo-Irish War, from Easter 1916, to the Truce with the British on the 11th July, 1921, who wish to establish the true facts of the history of the period, are cordially invited to communicate with the Editor.]

About 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning there was a burst of fire from the Henry Street corner of the G.P.O., towards Amiens St. railway station. This was the first token of hostilities which we had since the repulse of the cavalry. We were working away at making our "inside thoroughfare," and as the snipers on the roofs had given us no warning of any movement of the enemy, this sudden rattle of musketry brought us all to our posts on the jump.

The firing was not sustained, and inquiry proved that it was directed against a distant movement of the enemy forces. Soon, however, our snipers began firing carefully and slowly. Going on to the roofs it was learned that the enemy was beginning to move slowly and cautiously. An occasional zipping announced that the enemy snipers were getting into individual positions and trying the range. Locating those was really difficult work, but once they were located they promptly shifted from that position.

Later in the day we heard the muffled booming of artillery. It seemed to us to be a considerable distance away, and we did not heed it very much. As a matter of fact it was the *Helga* shelling the now vacant Liberty Hall.

As the day increased, the exchange of fire between snipers increased in briskness—those on the G.P.O. being busily engaged. For the best part of Wednesday it seemed to us that our position had not been generally detected by the enemy forces in the locality, as most, if not all of their fire was directed against our Field General Headquarters.

It was on Wednesday also that we received our first substantial reinforcement. A party of Volunteers under Captain Frank Drennan—as he then was—crossed from the G.P.O. and entered the Hotel. We had not succeeded in boring down to that establishment at that time, and Capt. Drennan at once began boring up to us from a junction.

THE "INSIDE THOROUGHFARE."

The difficulty of this work of creating an "inside thoroughfare" can best be described by details of how we bored the

last holes to one another. The premises of a firm named Allen, I believe, adjoined the Imperial Hotel, and it was decided that both forces should start together on the same spot in the dividing wall and crash through in a few minutes.

It proved to be hours of labour. Eventually it was found that two other brick walls had been built up, side by side with the original wall, which meant that a wall of about 5 ft. 3 ins. divided us, and few of our crowbars exceeded four feet in length! We were for an age hammering on each side of the wall to get exactly opposite to each other. At last we felt we had achieved it, and word was given to go ahead with the boring. There was certainly no jerrybuilding attached to those walls. Progress through them was fearfully slow, and the men were getting exhausted. At last we had bored through the centre wall, and yet there was no sign of the other party crossing through. We began to think that they were "pulling our leg," and were feeling very angry, and preparing to say very hard things indeed, when suddenly chips and bits of mortar began to fall upon us from just under our ceiling. Captain Drennan's party was coming through the wall just under our ceiling, and was coming through much quicker than we were.

The floors of the two buildings were on different levels, and this, with the great thickness of the wall, was what created the difficulty in locating each other by sound. When one of Captain Drennan's party suddenly shoved his head through the hole they had made and called out cheerily, "Hello, there!" we all burst out laughing, and our anger was forgotten. Very glad we were to leave off our delving at the wall, and rest. There was nothing for it but to get a ladder and put it up to the hole under the ceiling, which proved to be within comfortable reach of the floor of the other apartment.

I wonder how many people realise the dreadful strain those men bore throughout that week. They were overworked and irregularly fed: sleep could be had only in rare snatches. Duty of one sort or another was practically continuous. It was a situation calculated to wear down seasoned veterans, whereas these men were all raw to the task, and mostly on the young side. Yet they stood up to the strain with remarkable endurance, and I never heard a murmur from a single one of them.

A VERY BRAVE WOMAN.

Whilst I was engaged at this work of boring through, a message came along that a nurse was at the barricade and wanted to get in. I sent back word that she couldn't get in, and to tell her to report to the G.P.O. The messenger returned with a message that the nurse wanted to speak to me herself. So going up to the Earl Street side, I looked out one of the upper windows and beheld a nurse in uniform.

I explained to the lady that there was no means of getting into the block or building, and that she had better go round to the G.P.O. She shouted back that she had been there and could not get in. I replied that in that case she had better go home.

This she resolutely refused to do, saying she had come out to help the "boys," and that if I did not take her in she would remain at the barricade until she was captured or shot. Seeing me showing signs of relenting, a member of the Citizen Army who was standing beside me whispered his advice to send her home, "as she might be a spy."

It was extraordinary to what an extent the "spy scare" was raging even in these days of actual conflict. She might indeed have been a spy for all I knew at the moment. But if so, she was "a day late for the fair," and, so far as we were concerned, once she was safely inside she was welcome to all the information she could pick up. But if she got away, if she were a spy, after being round the G.P.O. and our area, her information might be very valuable indeed to the enemy.

Fortunately, a very long ladder was in the building, and this was run out through the window as quickly as possible and the end dropped on the pavement beside her. At once she began to ascend. There was some sniping going on at the moment, and I was afraid she might be shot, or get upset and fall. She was, however, a very brave woman, and never hesitated a moment till we had her dragged through the window.

Her joy at being amongst us was obviously sincere. She at once gave me her name and address. She came from the Drumcondra side, and on being asked the state of affairs on that side of the city, she replied that up to mid-day, which was the time she left home, there was only a thin line of British soldiers along the streets.

"Indeed," she exclaimed, somewhat angrily, "they are only young boys, and are trembling in their shoes. If the men around there were any good they would beat them off with the stones off the street."

There was no more devoted member of our garrison than this nurse, who remained, ministering to our wants, until our evacuation. She was indeed a welcome addition to our over-worked little group of Cumann na mBan.

The arrival of Capt. Drennan's party was an immense relief to us. My men were rapidly getting exhausted, and this new force relieved them from further bor-

vanished, and only an occasional straggler was visible in the streets: otherwise, save for an occasional face peeping out from behind the curtain of an upstairs window here and there, the combatants seemed to have the entire centre of the city to themselves.

THURSDAY morning opened very fiercely. Just after dawn a burst of machine-gun fire was directed towards the heart of the city from three sides, and every sniper and rifleman within sighting range concentrated his fire upon that centre. Still their fire seemed to be directed mainly upon the G.P.O., and

wards noon, a perfect hail of bullets was sweeping around us.

We had rigged up a temporary telephone connection between our headquarters and the G.P.O. This communication was essential to us. One of its principal uses was that of 'phoning the location of machine-guns and snipers which we could not reach effectively with our fire. The G.P.O. force were frequently sending us locations which they could not effectively reach.

GIRL RUNS THE GAUNTLET.

In the midst of the engagement this telephone broke down. The moment, as



North Earl Street Corner after the Bombardment.

Etching by courtesy of the "Irish Independent."

ing on that side and enabled them to get some rest on that side. As for Frank, he was full of life and energy and good cheer, and his work on that fateful week was a fitting prelude to very distinguished services in the latter stages of the Anglo-Irish conflict. Indeed the garrison was full of young people who later won distinction in the cause, such as Pauden O'Keefe, McEntee, Kilcoyne, Paddy Swanzy, Harry Manning, and a host of others.

ISSUE JOINED.

As the day wore on the sniping increased. Additional snipers were sent up to the roofs from the Imperial Hotel, and these engaged snipers in the direction of the Custom House, Amiens St. Station, Findlater's Place, Parnell St., The Rotunda, Westmoreland St., and Trinity College. But, none the less, Wednesday was comparatively calm. The crowds had

only occasional bursts were thudding against our walls. This left our snipers comparatively free to concentrate on machine-gun posts.

It is a remarkable fact that once we located an enemy machine-gun post, and got the range, the post was promptly evacuated and a new one sought. All the energies of the garrison were directed towards this work of detecting these posts and the position of the snipers. The British could afford to keep up this movement from post to post, as their forces were not tied to an area as we were, and this "freedom of manœuvre" served them very well. We, on the other hand, were "dug in," so to speak, and had to stick at it, however intense was the fire they brought to bear upon us.

As hour succeeded hour, the engagement increased in intensity. Larger numbers of machine-guns and riflemen were steadily coming into position, until, to-

usual, was critical. We had observed a movement of British troops towards the Quays which we could not bring under our fire effectually. It was essential that word should be promptly conveyed to the G.P.O. I called for a Volunteer to take the message, and despite the fact that it was then tantamount to sudden death to venture into O'Connell Street, everyone in the apartment stepped forth.

Amongst those Volunteers was a member of the Cumann na mBan—I regret very much that I do not remember her name—who insisted that she should take the message. On my demurring she stated that she had to go to the G.P.O. for extra bandages, etc., and that she insisted on going for these, and that she might as well take the message. As I could not prevent her going on her own errand, which she insisted on, and as the time was precious, I consented. We took

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O'laigh
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

down portion of the barricade at one of the doors and helped her over it.

She dashed across without a moment's hesitation. Our hearts were in our mouths as we watched, for it seemed that no human being could cross that broad thoroughfare without being almost instantly riddled. But she negotiated it without mishap, and even returned in a short time, laden with her Red Cross supplies.

The problem now was how to re-establish communication with the G.P.O. Megaphone was out of the question owing to the din, and flag signalling was equally taboo, as it drew instantaneous fire on the signaller. At last we hit on using the balls of twine which were in all the establishments. We tried to peg several of these across the street without success. At last, putting a weight into the centre of a ball of twine, and pitching it high over the tram wire, it rolled to the end of the pavement at the G.P.O. The garrison there had already appreciated the significance of our efforts, and at once a Volunteer darted out of the G.P.O. and secured it. The ball of twine was then pitched back towards us, but did not come much more than half-way towards us. Without a second's hesitation Gerald Crofts darted out into the streams of lead and secured it.

We had now an "endless chain" so to speak, strengthening across O'Connell St. I detailed one of the garrison for the sole duty of working this crude but effective means of inter-communication. This man attached a condensed milk tin to the twine and deposited the messages in it, and then bowled it across the street. The tin had made about its third journey when a sniper in Trinity College cut the tin through within half-an-inch or less of the twine. Had he cut the twine he would have played the very devil with our communications, because we could not afford risking men indefinitely into O'Connell St. Profiting by this lesson, the tin was taken off and the message wrapped closely round the twine. This means of communication served us right up to the end.

The piercing of the tin is worth noting particularly. Not only does it demonstrate the class of sharpshooting we were up against, but we later met the particular sniper—an Australian—and had a rather extraordinary conversation with him.

TRAGI-COMEDY.

In the midst of this torrent of lead, a man suddenly appeared—from whence none of us knew—right in the centre of the street, between the two positions. He was a very tall thin man, dressed in a hard hat, a fawn dustcoat, and blue clothes. He was obviously the worse of drink; singing, shouting, occasionally dancing and flinging his arms about. He gave every token of having a high old time of it.

We yelled at him to "Get to — out of that!" but he took no notice of us, and continued his devil-may-care way down the street and disappeared down Abbey Street, without apparently getting a scratch. He had scarcely disappeared when a navvy just as suddenly came round from Henry Street into O'Connell Street. He also seemed to have some drink taken, but was quietly proceeding on his way. His way, however, was not very long, for he paused suddenly, reeled a bit, and fell

prone. Hot foot after him a woman came running into view, with her shawl flying and with a scream flung herself prostrate on his body.

They were on the G.P.O. side, and in a few moments four Volunteers came running from the Prince's Street side entrance and, lifting up the body, carried it into the G.P.O., the woman accompanying them. How the little party survived, which they appeared to do, through the intense shooting, was nothing short of miraculous. Indeed one of the strangest of the many strange facts of war is the hail of bullets which a person can sometimes pass through entirely unscathed.

It is extraordinary how inquisitive some people are, and to what extent they will risk their lives to gratify their curiosity. There was one member of the Citizen Army, a plumber by trade, I believe, who was posted in a window facing the G.P.O. His principal duty, indeed almost his only one, was that of watching for signals from the garrison there. During my round I caught him popping his head out of the window and taking a hasty glance up and down the street. There was absolutely no need or justification for it, and a great deal of risk in it. I cautioned him against continuing the practice, and he promised not to do it again.

Nevertheless, on another round I caught him at it once more. This time he had barely withdrawn his head when a sniper's bullet—the same Australian who punctured our condensed milk tin—smashed the brickwork on the side of the window, where his head had been. A mere second longer in withdrawing, and he would have been our first casualty.

I was standing in the billiard room of the Imperial Hotel about noon, when there was a sudden, terrific explosion. The whole building seemed to rock with the concussion.

Suddenly a column of smoke rose up from the *Freeman's Journal* Offices in Prince's Street. I stood watching the effect of the bombardment for some time. But as this feature of the Rising has already been described at length, I will not repeat the details.

AN ENEMY SIGNALLER.

Whilst I was so engaged, a message came through that there was a man in civilian clothes at a window higher up in O'Connell Street, who seemed to be signalling to the artillery. I hastened back to the North Earl Street end, and sure enough one of the windows of the first floor, about twenty premises up, and on the G.P.O. side, had been raised to its fullest extent. There was a metal balcony outside it. Suddenly a stout, bald-headed man in navy blue appeared for a moment and waved a large coloured handkerchief in the direction of Parnell St. Having done so he disappeared within the building. A minute or two later another shell exploded in the vicinity of the G.P.O. He certainly had all the appearance of being an artillery observation officer. In any case it was not a time for indulging in unnecessary chances.

Accordingly a rifle was trained on the window, and just as he appeared a shot was fired at him. The bullet splintered the brickwork beside the left-hand jamb of the window. When he appeared again, which he did, but not so prominently, the inside right-hand jamb of the window was

splintered. The man thrust his clenched fist out of the window and shook it in our direction. He was a game old gentleman, and the untrained Citizen Army man who was potting at him with a Short Service Enfield, was doing remarkably good shooting.

The third occasion that the signal was given, the hand and the handkerchief only appeared. On the inner wall of the room facing us was a round, overmantel mirror. The third shot splintered the mirror. This was apparently too much for our plucky opponent, who disappeared from our ken.

Throughout the mid-day, and early afternoon, the British forces closed, slowly but inexorably upon us. Men suffered considerable casualties, but these onward creepings appeared as inexorable as fate. Lack of machine-guns proved a very great disadvantage to us. Had we even one such gun with us we could have inflicted very serious loss upon the enemy, as many of his movements across street-ends were remarkably slow and straggling. As a matter of fact sniping and "pot-shooting" was the only form of fire we could manage to bring to bear upon him.

The British forces had pressed up to College Street and D'Olier Street on the south side. On the East they had crept up from the Custom House to Liberty Hall, and beyond the line of Amiens St. corner. Towards the North they had pushed down to Parnell Street, Findlater place, and the Rotunda. Westward their forces were pressing down Capel St. Here and there, through the openings of the houses and streets, one could catch glimpses of barricades being erected. The enemy was adopting our own tactics. Having "felt out" our position, he was slowly pushing in cordons around each occupied area, and when he had crept in as far as his extraordinary display of discretion would seem to allow him, he began to build barricades. His object in this, obviously, was to prevent successful sorties by us under cover of darkness, and also to prevent a possible retreat.

So far as we could judge, the enemy was now in considerable force all round us. He had complete superiority over us in every respect. He was capable of bringing us under such a volume of concentrated superiority of fire as to enable him to come promptly to handgrips without undue losses. Yet his caution was extraordinary, and his determined refusal to commit himself to an assault in force did not reflect much credit upon the tradition of British arms. He seemed satisfied to be content with pouring a never-ending stream of lead and incendiary shells upon us, and to creep on behind its shelter after the manner of Aesop's turtle.

CONNOLLY'S BLIND SPOT.

General Connolly was a most remarkable man, and a born soldier. He had brought the art of street fighting up to the standard of a science. His plans for the fighting in Dublin have, I believe, formed a model for other arms, and were extensively used later on in the Great War. He clung tenaciously, however, to one remarkable fallacy. No reasoning or argument could convince him that the British would ever shell Dublin.

I well remember Comdt. J. J. O'Connell—now Colonel O'Connell—myself, and others, arguing this matter over with him

in the weeks just previous to the Rising, but without the least effect. His invariable reply was that the British would never shell their own. Scientists say that we all have one mentally blind spot. That theory constituted Connolly's blind spot.

Just a few days before the Rising, I had made representations to General Plunkett that after we had seized and held the great public buildings for a certain length of time, we should then voluntarily evacuate and slip through before the British pincers had closed in around us. But such was the force and strength of Connolly's personality, coupled with other conflicting counsels, that no representations prevailed against his ideas.

Had the British not shelled us, or had we slipped through in force before their cordons were completed, the history of Easter Week would have been very different. More glorious it could not have been, but it would certainly have been much more prolonged, and might well have had a very different ending. Perhaps it was all for the best.

Hour by hour the roaring, cheering, and counter cheering of the fight increased in volume and intensity. The machine-guns, which had been assembled in great force, were belching forth unceasing streams of lead. A machine-gun post in the tower of the Tara Street Fire Station, and another on the top of the Rotunda Hospital—which should surely have been neutral ground—were causing us considerable annoyance. Yet not one of our garrison was hit; and such casualties as we had suffered were the result of accidents. The single-barrelled American shot-guns which some of the men had were a positive danger to us. The slightest unusual jar set them off, and the wonder was that so many men escaped.

AN UNTENABLE POSITION.

As I reviewed the fight from various angles it was obvious to me that our position was devoured. The shelling, of course, would rapidly make our position untenable. We could not retreat to the cellars owing to the incendiary nature of the shells—if we had done so we would simply have been roasted alive. The closing in of the cordons, and the erection of barricades wrote finis to our chances of prolonging the fight once we had evacuated our fortified position.

Weighing up the possibilities of the situation, I felt convinced that our best course was to try and slip through the British cordon under cover of darkness and begin operating in their rear. The only direction in which we could hope to effect this was towards the Drumcondra and Fairview line. According to the nurse, this line was fairly thinly held, and the troops rather raw. Of course the situation in that district was bound to be considerably changed since the nurse came through; nevertheless, it was reasonably certain that there would be less troops concentrated against us in that direction than any of the others.

The only other alternative that appeared at the moment was that of retreating to the G.P.O. That, to my mind, was pretty useless. The probabilities were that we would suffer heavy casualties whilst crossing O'Connell Street, and even if we arrived unscathed we would not enable that garrison to hold out an hour longer

against shell fire. Whereas, if we did succeed in slipping through and operating in the rear, we would most certainly cause surprise and consternation and would effectively lessen the pressure on the G.P.O.—if only for a while.

Admittedly, it was a forlorn hope. So many factors militated against its success. There was our lack of intelligence of the exact distribution and strength of the British forces; there was the lack of experience of the men in such dire extremity—an extremity sufficient to break the morale of seasoned troops—there was the ever present British expectation of just such a manoeuvre; and, finally, many of us were profoundly ignorant of the topography of Dublin city.

THE FINAL SORTIE.

I communicated these ideas and views to Captain Drennan, who was kind enough to fall in with them without question. Frank might very well be pardoned if he had considered his little force as a separate command from mine. But from the beginning he had placed himself under my authority, and was always eager for anything that presaged closer fighting and a better field of activity.

It was agreed then that if we were shelled out before dark we would make a dash for the premises on the opposite side of Earl Street, and lie low until an opportune moment.

The next thing to be done was to find a man in the garrison who knew the intervening by-ways and streets as well as he knew the back of his own hand. An oldish, grey-haired man was brought to me for the purpose. He stated he knew the area we had to cross inside out, having spent all his life in it. I explained our situation and proposals to him briefly. I tried to particularly impress upon him that the class of thoroughfare I desired to traverse was laneways with outlets and bye-streets, and under no circumstances did I wish to traverse or cross a main street. I also pointed out that in all cities it was always possible to get from one street to another with comparative ease, and absolute cover, by passing through premises. Questioned as to the possibilities of the area in this respect, he assured me that it was full of them and that he knew them all thoroughly. He seemed convinced of his ability to guide us undetected through that area, even if the entire British Army was concentrated in it.

I then informed him that he was to consider himself the guide of our force, and that when the alarm was sounded, the order for evacuation given, he was to place himself beside me and await his orders. It was with a considerably relieved mind that I turned my attention to other matters. Alas! I did not know as much about the unreliability of "guides" then as I have since learned from bitter experience.

An alarm signal, to be given if an incendiary shell took effect, had next to be provided, and such men as could be spared rehearsed as to the order and method of evacuation. If the "inside thoroughfare" had hitherto facilitated us in rapid concentrations from point to point of the great block of buildings, it would now equally facilitate our rapid exit.

We learned that if we crossed North Earl Street into a building on the opposite side we would be able to pass right into Marlborough Lane without difficulty. This lane, too, lent itself admirably to a re-organisation after the confusion of the evacuation. To this end, then, the barricade was removed from the door of the publichouse in our block, which opened on Earl Street. Two men were specially detailed with demolition tools to be always in readiness at this door, to dash, at the first sound of the alarm, across the street, and smash in the door on the opposite side, so that the garrison would not be held up.

It was a most fortunate thing for us, indeed, that all these precautions were taken beforehand.

THE EVACUATION.

Just after dusk had begun to gather, an incendiary shell struck Messrs. Hoyte's oil and drug stores. At once the place burst into flames, and in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, the whole place was a roaring furnace. These shells, in nearly every instance, where they took effect, caused fires, which it was impossible to control. This, coupled with the highly inflammable nature of the stores in Messrs. Hoyte's, caused a conflagration of such intensity and rapidity of consumption as to baffle description.

I was at the other end of the building when this happened, but a messenger soon reached me, and hastening to the Imperial Hotel end, I soon saw that our occupation and defence were rapidly drawing to an end. The flames were sweeping towards us with the voracious rapidity of a great forest fire. The heat was already very uncomfortable, and smoke was rolling in great grey-black volumes around us.

The alarm was sounded, and the order for evacuation given. The garrison at once began to pour along the "inside thoroughfare" towards North Earl St., bringing with them their apportioned share of extra ammunition, etc. The two men, specially told off for the duty, were already smashing in the door on the opposite side of the street. When this was achieved, the garrison were sent in rushes of little groups across North Earl St., but despite our expedition, the fire had already got a good grip of our block, and was already roaring along towards us. The retreat, however, was effected quite safely, and, I believe, without notice.

It did not take very long to force our way through the premises, we had really only to force the entrance and exit doors—to the narrow bye-street leading from O'Connell Street to Marlborough Street (Cathedral Lane).

We paused in this laneway and had a roll-call. The Company was next divided into a vanguard, a main body, and a rearguard. These were commanded respectively by myself, Captain Drennan, and Gerald Crofts. The proposed plan of action was again briefly outlined. The absolute necessity of keeping in touch was again emphasised. The instruction was repeated that when we reached a street running at right angles to our line of advance, and from which we were likely to be fired upon, it was to be crossed by sections. Number one section of fours to wait at the far side until num-

ber two had arrived; number three to wait for number four, and so on.

By this method of advance it was hoped to prevent hesitation, loss of direction, confusion, and consequent scattering of the little force in the darkness. All this might have been achieved, and our forlorn hopes turned into an achievement had our guide in theory been a guide in fact.

GALLANT MEMBERS OF CUMANN NA mBAN.

Before we moved off, the fate of the brave Cumann na mBan comrades had to be decided. They had been staunch and true all the week, and have braved many dangers without flinching. The idea of parting with them now, when we were about to make our last desperate venture, was, to say the least of it, distasteful, but to bring them into we knew not what, was abhorrent. The ladies themselves did not lessen the difficulty. They rejected with scorn the idea of leaving us and seeking personal safety. They insisted that they had stood by us all the week and would do so until the end. The idea, however, was not to be thought of, and the difficulty was: what was to be done with them. We could not abandon them to their own devices, in the dark of night.

Learning that there was a priest's house attached to the Pro-Cathedral, I at once proceeded to it and knocked upon the door. It was opened almost at once, and a priest appearing, asked me if I wanted sanctuary. I replied that I did for some ladies. After a good deal of persuasion, and not a little shoving, we got the ladies inside and saw the door closed upon them.

Having secured our "guide," I checked over the tiny column and placed myself at the head of it. We were ready for our march into the unknown. We had not the remotest idea of what was before us. All our thoughts were fixed on the hope of slipping through the enemy lines before another day dawned. In trying to achieve this, our fate and fortune lay in the hands of our guide. Ever since that night my prejudice against "guides" has been rooted deeply.

(To be continued).

Next Week: "DUBLIN CASTLE FROM THE INSIDE."

AFTER THE WHIST DRIVE.

Scene—The Sergeant's billet. Time—4 a.m.

Chum from another Battalion—"Is this Sergeant X's bunk?"

Resident (accustomed to queries of this character on such occasions)—"Yes. Just dump him on the bed and I'll take his boots off."

This is from an authentic school essay:—

"The King was displeased with Daniel, so he put him in a cage where there were a lot of lions. The next morning the King went to the top of the den and called out, 'Hello, Daniel, what sort of a night have you had?' 'Oh, not so bad, your Majesty,' replied Daniel, 'but do you know that this place is simply infested with lions?' 'Lions?' said the King, pretending to be surprised. 'Well, all I can say is you must have brought them with you!'"

SOLDIERS TO THE RESCUE. Save Limerick Garda from Bad Beating. GOOD WORK AS FIRE-FIGHTERS.

"This is not the first time soldiers have assisted us," says Chief Superintendent F. Maguire, of the Garda Síochana, Limerick, in acknowledging the help given by two of our comrades to Garda Maguire on the night of the 8th January.

Garda Maguire was effecting the arrest of a Norwegian sailor in Patrick Street, Limerick, that night when a big, hefty comrade of the sailor's intervened and started to beat up the Garda.

With the courage and tenacity which has earned the Garda Síochana unstinted praise all over the Saorstát, Garda Maguire hung on to his prisoner, though completely outmatched in size and weight by the two Norwegians. They struggled from Patrick Street as far as Arthur's Quay, and here the Garda, realising that he could not continue the unequal struggle much longer, blew his whistle for help.

The answer was prompt and effective. With encouraging shouts Private John Walker (60271) and Private Arthur Kealey (5711) of the New Barracks, rushed to the spot and flung themselves upon the pugnacious Norseman. A little later two somewhat breathless soldiers, two dishevelled Norsemen and one Garda presented themselves to Sergeant G. O'Mahony at the corner of Patrick Street and the two sailors were speedily escorted to the cells.

"The two sailors," says the Sergeant in his report, "were of the rough strong type, and were it not for the assistance of the soldiers the Garda would have been badly beaten. I respectfully request that the soldiers be suitably thanked for their action on the occasion."

The two soldiers simply did their duty as soldiers should, but we are proud of them, and we are very pleased that their action has earned such high appreciation from the Garda. The incident was duly reported to the Depot in the Phoenix Park and under date of the 18th ultimo the Assistant Commissioner wrote to the Adjutant-General as follows:—

"A Chara,—I have much pleasure in bringing to your notice the attached copy of a report from the Chief Superintendent at Limerick relative to the valuable assistance rendered by Privates John Walker and Arthur Kealey of Limerick to Garda McGuire, who was assaulted when arresting a sailor in Limerick. The Chief Superintendent further adds his tribute that it is not the first time the military have assisted the Garda.

"I am glad that such good feeling exists between the Garda and the military.

"I therefore beg to tender my thanks on behalf of the Garda, through you, to Privates Walker and Kealey for their

prompt and valuable assistance on the occasion."

An episode like that with its striking testimony to the kindly relations existing between the two forces leaves a warm glow at the heart.

But our lads in the "Jackets Green" have been proving their mettle in other ways and in other places than Limerick recently. "D" Company of the 25th Infantry Battalion have just returned to Athlone from Longford, where they were on outpost duty since the departure of the 6th for Finner Camp in November last, and they have left behind them grateful memories. They made many friends during their stay in the town, but the apex of their popularity was reached when they were mainly instrumental in saving the local branch of the Munster and Leinster Bank from being destroyed by fire.

The local newspaper in the course of a report on the fire says:—"The military who were present during most of the proceedings rendered great services in saving the premises on fire. A number of those stood guard with fixed bayonets and kept the crowd at a safe distance. Especial thanks is due to a soldier named Ward, who certainly rendered heroic services." And the following letter from the manager of the Munster and Leinster Bank, Longford, has been received by the O/C. "D" Company:—

"Longford, 8th January, 1926.

"Dear Sir,—I wish to express my appreciation of the splendid way the military assisted last evening in checking the fire, which but for their expeditious and willing conduct would certainly have proved fatal to this building."

In Athlone, too, the 25th distinguished themselves as fire fighters. On the night of the 25th January they were strenuously endeavouring to extinguish a large fire which had broken out on the premises of Mr. Broderick, Bakery Contractor for the Barracks. Writing of the occurrence, the "Westmeath Independent" says:—"The first thing to strike the onlookers arriving at the Quay was the sight of grimy, smoke-blackened, uniformed figures on the top of the shed—outlined sharply against the blazing background, working like demons with picks and shovels and axes and every implement which could find place in the armament of destruction. They were fighting against the flames, the wind and the clock—smashing up a shed to save a block. At a quarter to one in the morning the last remnant of the shed was thrown on the quayside and the Bakery could burn without danger to the neighbouring buildings. . . . The Army behaved with true military discipline and thoroughness."

WELL DONE, BOYS! CARRY ON!

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THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY CAPTAIN J. JOHNSTON.

In this issue the Arithmetic Section deals with Long and Short Division and a second lesson in History is given.

Students are not expected to try to learn the whole of a lesson in a week. They should **carefully keep their copies of "An t-Oglach,"** and when they feel that they have mastered a lesson they should prepare the Examination Paper and send it in for correction.

If the explanation of any point is not clear enough in the lesson paper, **write for further information,** we will only be too pleased to give it.

Students must quote their Army number on all examination papers and other communications.

Students are requested not to use RED ink in preparing their Examination papers, as we use red ink for making corrections.

In preparing Arithmetic papers **all work must be shown.** We will award no marks for the answer alone whether it is correct or otherwise.

In replying to requests for information through the columns of "An t-Oglach" the student's Army number only will be quoted.

ARITHMETIC.

SECTION I.—(Continued).

DIVISION.

18. **Division** is the process of finding how many times one number is contained in another number.

The following terms are used in Division and the student must memorise them, together with their meanings:—

- The number to be divided is called the **Dividend**.
- The number by which the **dividend** is divided is called the **Divisor**.
- The number which shows how many times the **divisor** is contained in the **dividend** is called the **quotient**.
- If the **divisor** does not divide into the **dividend** an exact number of times, the number left over in excess is called the **remainder**.

Division may be classified under two headings, namely, **Long Division** and **Short Division**.

Long Division is used where the **Divisor** is 13 or above.

Short Division is used where the **Divisor** is less than 13.

The sign of **Division** is \div . It is read "divided by." Thus $48 \div 6$ denotes that 48 is to be divided by 6. Another way to write 48 divided by 6 is $\frac{48}{6}$. Thus $48 \div 6 = 8$ or $\frac{48}{6} = 8$. In both of these cases 48 is the **dividend**, 6 the **divisor**, and 8 the quotient.

To divide when the divisor is less than 13 proceed as follows:—

Example. Divide 228 by 8.

Solution. 8)228

116

Explanation. Write the divisor at the left of the dividend with a curved line between them, and draw a line under the dividend. Now, 8 is contained in 9 once, therefore 1 is the first figure of the quotient and will be written under 9 as shown. As 9 is greater than 8 by 1, this one is remaining and it will be mentally placed before the next figure in the dividend, which is 2, making it 12. Now, 8 is contained in 12 once and 4 over, therefore 1 will be the second figure of the quotient and will be written under the 2 as shown. We now mentally place the 4 that remained from our last operation in front of the third figure of the dividend, making it 48, and as 8 is contained 6 times in 48 leaving no remainder, we write 6 under the 8 as shown, and the complete quotient is 116.

To divide when the divisor exceeds 12, proceed as follows:—

(i) Write the divisor at the left of the dividend with a curved line between them.

(ii) Find how many times the divisor is contained in the least number of the left-hand figures of the dividend that will contain it, and write the result at the right of the dividend with a line between, as the first figure of the quotient.

(iii) Multiply the divisor by this quotient, write the product under the partial dividend used and subtract, annexing to the remainder the next figure of the dividend. Divide as before, and continue thus until all the figures of the dividend have been used.

(iv) If any partial dividend will not contain the divisor, write a cipher in the quotient, annex the next figure of the dividend and proceed as before.

(v) If there is at last a remainder write it after the quotient, with a divisor underneath, drawing a line between.

Example. Divide 2,702,826 by 63.

Divisor Dividend Quotient
Solution. 63)2702826(42902 Ans.

252
182
126
568
567
126
126

Explanation. As 63 is not contained in the first two figures, 27, the first three figures, 270, must be used. Next by trial must be found how many times 63 is contained in 270; 6 is contained in the first two figures of 270, 4 times. Place the 4 as the first figure in the quotient. Multiply the divisor, 63, by 4, and subtract the product 252 from 270. The remainder is 18, to which is annexed the next figure of the dividend, 2, making 182. Now, 6 is contained in the first two figures of 182 3 times, but

on multiplying 63 by 3 it is seen that the product 189 is too great, so 2 is tried as the second figure of the quotient. Multiplying the divisor 63 by 2 and subtracting the product 126 from 182, the remainder is 56, to which is annexed the next figure of the dividend, making 568; 6 is contained in 56 about 9 times. Multiply the divisor 63 by 9, and subtract the product 567 from 568. The remainder is 1, and bringing down the next figure of the dividend, 2, gives 12. As 12 is less than 63, 0 is written in the quotient and the next figure, 6, brought down, making 126; 63 is contained in 126, 2 times, without remainder. Therefore, 42,902 is the quotient.

To prove the work, multiply the quotient by the divisor, and add the remainder, if there is any, to the product. The result will be the dividend.

Thus, 63)4235(67 14 Ans.

378
455
441
remainder 14
Proof-quotient 67
divisor 63
201
402
4221
remainder 14
dividend 4235

EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

- Divide 1,026 by 9.
- The divisor is 64 and the dividend 12,006,124. Find the quotient and remainder, if any.
- The quotient is 4,645 and the divisor 270. What is the dividend?
- A man has four thousand shillings—to how many boys can he give 16/- each?
- How can you prove the correctness of a division sum?
- Which is the greater: (a) $480 \div 6$, or (b) 387?
9
- How many times does two thousand and ninety contain fifty-five?

HISTORY.

SECTION I.

The earliest traces of intelligent and primitively artistic man that have yet been discovered are in the shape of drawings and paintings of animals and curiously distorted men and women which have been discovered in caves in the South of France and Spain. These drawings and paintings are estimated by experts to be between 23,000 and 35,000 years old, while there is also evidence that man was then making flint weapons and implements and carving rough statuettes in bone with a fair amount of skill. There is further evidence to show that about 15,000 years ago men were making bone weapons, needles, knives, &c., with considerable skill. The student must realise that in this very early history, of which there is no written record, it is not possible to fix times or dates, except very roughly, and a variation of several thousand years may occur in

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expert estimates of the age of the various traces of early man which have been discovered. It must also be borne in mind that the field of research in this direction has, up to the present time, been limited practically to parts of Western Europe, and that the whole of Asia and Africa have yet to be tapped. The result of investigations in these countries may, and very probably will, add greatly to our knowledge of the ancestry and early habits of man. It took many thousands of years for man to develop from the primitive to his present state, and, on the whole, his progress has been very slow and subject to many set-backs. Even to-day there are peoples existing in the world who have advanced but little in culture or civilisation in the last 20,000 years. All history seems to show that man has been consistently endeavouring to rise to a higher and more cultured state throughout the centuries. Many persons, however, dissent from this opinion, because they feel it is more seemly to suppose that man has fallen rather than risen, but the task of the historian is to deal not with what is seemly, but what appears to be nearest to fact.

It seems very evident that up to considerably less than 20,000 years ago man was nothing more than a naked painted savage, who had not risen above a tribal community, and who had not yet learned to construct a dwelling place, but lived in caves or in the open according to circumstances. The main stage of human history, about 20,000 years ago, probably lay to the South East of France and Spain, and it is now covered entirely by the waters of the Mediterranean Sea.

To enable the student of this early phase of history to more readily understand the conditions which then existed, we must make a little study of the probable geographical outline of the then known world.

The world about 20,000 years ago was just emerging from the fourth and last *Glacial Age*. During this Glacial Age, which lasted several thousand years, practically the whole northern portion of the world was under ice and the seas to the northward were completely frozen. England and Ireland, as we know them to-day, were under ice down to about a line drawn East and West through Liverpool and Dublin respectively. In fact, England, Ireland, and Scotland were not then islands as they now are, but were part of the Continent of Europe, the Irish Sea and the North Sea being at that time nothing more than a long series of narrow lakes or river beds. The maps shown in this issue will give the student a good idea of the geographical conditions of the times. It will be seen that the Mediterranean Sea was then two separate lakes, the Straits of Gibraltar, the Aegean Sea, the Dardanelles, the Suez Canal, &c., did not exist.

The student will realise that during the Glacial Age, due to the vast Ice Cap which covered the entire northern portion of the earth, a vast quantity of water was withdrawn from what we

now know as the Atlantic Ocean and consequently that ocean was comparatively much shallower than it is to-day, and it left exposed many low-lying portions of land which are now under water. As this Ice Cap melted, about 23,000 years ago, the Atlantic Ocean began to fill up, it flooded the low-lying lands, formed the North Sea, and the Irish Sea, flooded over the low-lying land between Spain and Northern Africa, making what we now know as the Straits of Gibraltar, flooded the Western Mediterranean Lake, which in turn overflowed into the Eastern Mediterranean Lake, thus joining the two lakes into one huge sea, which we now know as the Mediterranean Sea, and, in fact, submerged all low-lying lands

munities. The student must bear in mind that in these far off times such things as boats and ships were unheard of, and even if they were their utility against the great tidal waves which undoubtedly swept over the shores and low-lying lands under these circumstances would be very doubtful.

There are paintings on the walls of caves in Northern Africa which experts consider to date back at least 20,000 years, and which seem to show that primitive men were then developing a culture and an extended tribal life not unlike that of the more primitive peoples existing to-day. These paintings show that the animals are developing, and that man's knowledge of them is increasing. The men in these paint-



over a very large area, and gave to the Southern European coast more or less of the geographical outline that we know to-day. It is also asserted that about this time a large continent several hundred miles to the westward of Ireland, and known as *Atlantis*, was also submerged, but this assertion lacks proof at present, although it is from this legendary continent that the present Atlantic Ocean derives its name. Only the other day an exploring party set out with the object of ascertaining whether any traces of such a continent can now be found. Of course the student must not imagine that all these floodings and changes in geographical outline occurred over a short period of time; they may have taken some hundreds or some thousands of years, but we can be reasonably certain that wherever and whenever they occurred they spelt a great catastrophe for the then existing human communities which would, of necessity, be living close to the waters, and to whom the sudden unexplainable rise of the waters without abatement would mean the submergence of their dwelling places where such existed, and probably much loss of life if not total extinction for many com-

unities appear to carry bows and arrows, and are naked, but most of the female figures are represented as clothed in skirts. Feather ornaments are frequent, and there are groups which appear to represent ceremonial or religious dances. These people were the first comers of a race of people—the Mediterranean dark whites, or Iberian race—which is still the prevailing race in Southern Europe.

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

- Distorted—twisted or turned from the natural shape or figure.
- Estimated—calculated.
- Statuettes—small statues.
- Research—careful inquiry or investigation.
- Ancestry—the line of man's descent traced from a period more or less remote.
- Consistently endeavouring—solidly doing one's best.
- Community—a body of persons.
- Submerged—placed under water.
- Ascertaining—finding out.
- Catastrophe—a great disaster.
- Abatement—lessening.



Clementina

BY

A.E.W. Mason

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CHAPTER V.—continued.

And in a little he dreamed. He dreamed that he was swinging on a gibbet before the whole populace of Innspruck, that he died (to his bewilderment) without any pain whatever, but that pain came to him after he was quite dead—not bodily pain at all, but an anguish of mind because the chains by which he was hanged would groan and creak, and the populace, mistaking that groaning for his cries, scoffed at him and ridiculed his King for sending to rescue the Princess Clementina a marrowless thing that could not die like a man. Wogan stirred in his sleep and waked up. The rain had ceased, and a light wind blew across the country. Outside the sign-board creaked and groaned upon its stanchion. Once he became aware of that sound he could no longer sleep for listening to it; and at last he sprang out of bed, and leaning out of the window lifted the sign-board off the stanchion and into his bedroom.

It was a plain white board without any device on it. "True," thought Wogan, "the man wants a new name for his inn." He propped the board against the left side of his bed, since that was nearest to the window, got between the sheets, and began to think over names. He turned on his right side and fell asleep again.

He was not to sleep restfully that night. He waked again, but very slowly, and without any movement of his body. He lay with his face towards the door, dreamily considering that the landlord, for all his pride in his new paint, had employed a bad workman who had left a black strip of the door unpainted—a fairly wide strip, too, which his host should never have overlooked.

Wogan was lazily determining to speak to the landlord about it when his half-awakened mind was diverted by a curious phenomenon—a delusion of the eyes such as he had known to have befallen him before when he had stared for a long while on any particular object: the strip of black widened and widened. Wogan waited for it to contract, as it would be sure to do. But it did not contract, and so Wogan waked up completely.

He waked up with a shock of the heart, with all his senses startled and strained. But he had been gradually waking before, and so by neither movement or cry did he betray that he was awake. He had not locked the door of his room. That widening strip of black ran vertically down from the lintel to the ground and between the white door and the white door frame. The door was being cautiously pushed open; the strip of black was the darkness of the passage coming through.

Wogan slid his hand beneath his pillow, and drew the knife from its sheath as silently as the door opened. The strip of black ceased to widen, there was a slight scuffling sound upon the floor which Wogan was at no loss to understand. It was the sound of a man crawling into the room upon his hands and knees.

Wogan lay on his side and felt grateful to his host—an admirable man—for he had painted his door white, and now he crawled through it on his hands and knees. No doubt he would crawl to the side of the bed. He did. To feel, no doubt, for Mr. Wogan's coat and breeches and any little letter which might be hiding in the pockets. But here Wogan was wrong. For he saw a dark thing suddenly on the counterpane at the edge of the bed. The dark thing travelled upwards very softly; it had four fingers and a thumb. It was, no doubt, travelling towards the pillow, and as soon as it got there— But Wogan watching that hand beneath his closed eyelids had again to admit that he was wrong. It did not travel towards the pillow; to his astonishment it stole across towards him, it touched his chest very gently, and then he understood. The hand was creeping upwards towards his throat.

Meanwhile Wogan had seen no face, though the face must be just below the level of the bed. He only saw the hand and the arm behind it. He moved as if in his sleep, and the hand disappeared. As if in his sleep he flung out his left arm and felt for the sign-board standing beside his bed. The bed was soft. Wogan wanted something hard, and it occurred to him that the sign-board would very well serve his turn. An idea, too, which seemed to him diverting, had presented itself to his mind.

With a loud sigh and a noisy move-

ment such as a man half-way between wakefulness and sleep may make, he flung himself over on to his left side. At the same moment he lifted the white sign-board on to the bed. It seemed that he could not rest on his left side, for he flung over again to his right and pulled the bed-clothes over as he turned. The sign-board now lay flat upon the bed, but on the right side between himself and the man upon the floor. His mouth uttered a little murmur of contentment; he drew down the hand beneath the pillow, and in a second was breathing regularly and peacefully.

The hand crept on to the bed again and upwards, and suddenly lay spread out upon the board and quite still. Just for a second the owner of that hand had been surprised and paralyzed by the unexpected. It was only that second which Wogan needed. He sat up and with his right arm he drove his hunting-knife down into the back of the hand and pinned it fast to the board; with his left he felt for, found, and gripped a mouth already open to cry out. He dropped his hunting-knife, caught the intruder round the waist, lifted him on to the bed, and setting a knee upon his chest gagged him with an end of the sheet. The man fought wildly with his free hand, beating the air. Wogan knelt upon that arm with his other knee.

Wogan needed a rope, but since he had none he used the sheets and bound his prisoner to the bed. Then he got up and went to the door. The house was quite silent, quite dark. Wogan shut the door gently—there was no key in the lock—and bending over the bed looked into the face of his assailant. The face was twisted with pain, the whites of the eyes glared horribly, but Wogan could see that the man was his landlord.

He stood up and thought. There was another man who had met him in the village and had guided him to the inn; there was still a third who had gone out of the kitchen as Wogan had entered it; there was the wife, too, who might be awake.

Wogan crossed to the window and looked out. The window was perhaps twenty feet from the ground, but the stanchion was three feet below the window. He quickly put on his clothes, slipped the letter from under his pillow



into a pocket, strapped his saddle-bag, and lowered it from the window by a blanket. He had already one leg on the sill when a convulsive movement of the man on the bed made him stop. He climbed back into the room, drew the knife out of the board and out of the hand pinned to the board, and making a bandage wrapped the wound up.

"You must lie there till morning, my friend," Wogan whispered in his ear. "but here's a thing to console you. I have found a name for your inn; I have painted the device upon your sign-board—the 'Inn of the Five Red Fingers.' There's never a passer-by but will stop to inquire the reason of so conspicuous a sign." And Wogan climbed out of the window, lowered himself till he hung at the full length of his arms from the stanchion, and dropped on the ground. He picked up his saddle-bag and crept round the house to the stable. The door needed only a push to open it. In the hay loft above he heard a man snoring. Mr. Wogan did not think it worth his while to disturb him. He saddled his horse, walked it out into the yard, mounted, and rode quietly away.

He had escaped, but without much credit to himself.

"There was no key in the door," he thought. "I should have noticed it. Misset, the man of resources, would have tilted a chair backwards against that door with its top bar wedged beneath the door handle." Certainly Wogan needed Misset if he was to succeed in his endeavour. He was sunk in humiliation; his very promise to rescue the Princess shrank from its grandeur and became a mere piece of impertinence. But he still had his letter in his pocket, and in time that served to enhearten him. Only two more days, he thought. On the third night he would sleep in Schlestadt.

CHAPTER VI.

WOGAN HAVING FELT THE NEED OF MISSET,
NOW FEELS THE NEED OF GAYDON
AND O'TOOLE.

The next afternoon Wogan came to the town of Ulm.

"Gaydon," he said to himself as he watched its towers and the smoke curling upwards from its chimneys. "would go no farther to-day with this letter in his pocket. Gaydon—the cautious Gaydon—would sleep in this town and in its most populous quarter. Gaydon would

put up at the busiest inn. Charles Wogan will follow Gaydon's example."

Wogan rode slowly through the narrow streets of gabled houses until he came to the market square. The square was frequented; its great fountain was playing; citizens were taking the air with their wives and children; the chief highway of the town ran through it; on one side stood the frescoed Rathaus, and opposite to it there was a spacious inn. Wogan drew up at the doorway and saw that the hall was encumbered with baggage. "Gaydon would stop here," said he; and he dismounted. The

lers, and quite recovered his spirits. He smoked a pipe of tobacco on a bench under the trees of the square, and giving an order that he should be called at five went up to his bedroom.

There was a key in the lock of the door, which Wogan turned; he also tilted a chair and wedged the handle. He opened the window and looked out. His room was on the first floor and not very high from the ground. A man might possibly climb through the window. Gaydon would assuredly close the shutters and the window, so that no one could force an entrance without noise. Wogan accordingly did what Gaydon would assuredly have done, and when he blew out his candle found himself in consequence in utter darkness. No glimmer of light was anywhere visible. He had his habits like another, and one of them was to sleep without blinds or curtains drawn. His present deflection from this habit made him restless; he was tired; he wished above all things to sleep, but sleep would not come. He turned from one side to the other, he punched his pillows, he tried to sleep with his head low, and when that failed with his head high.

He resigned himself in the end to a sleepless night, and lying in his bed drew some comfort from the sound of voices and the tread of feet in the passages and the rooms about him. These at all events were companionable, and they assured him of safety. But in a while they ceased, and he was left in a silence as absolute as the darkness. He endured this silence for perhaps half an hour, and then all manner of infinitesimal sounds began to stir about him. The lightest footsteps moved about his bed, faint sighs breathed from very close at hand, even his name was softly whispered. He sat suddenly up in his bed, and at once all these sounds became explained to him. They came from the street and

the square outside the window. So long as he sat up they were remote, but the moment he lay down again they peopled the room.

"Sure," said Wogan, "here is a lesson for architects. Build no shutters to a house when the man that has to live in it has a spark of imagination, else will he go stark raving mad before the mortar's dry. Window shutters are window shutters, but they are the doors of Bedlam as well. Now Gaydon should have slept in this room. Gaydon's a great man. Gaydon has a great deal



"He drove his hunting-knife down into the back of the hand and pinned it fast to the board."

porter came forward and took his horse. "I need a room," said Wogan; and he entered the house. There were people going up and down the stairs. While he was unstrapping his valise in his bedroom a servant with an apron about his waist knocked at the door and inquired whether he could help him.

"No," said Wogan; and he thought with more confidence than ever, "Here, to be sure, is where Gaydon would sleep."

He supped at the ordinary in the company of linen merchants and travel-

of observation and common sense, and was never plagued with a flim-flam of fancies. To be sure I need Gaydon, but since I have not Gaydon I'll light a candle."

With that Wogan got out of bed. He had made himself so secure with his key and his tilted chair and his shutters that he had not thought of placing his candle by his bedside. It stood by his looking glass on the table. Now the room was so pitch dark that Wogan could do no more than guess at the position even of the window. The table, he remembered, was not far from the door, and the door was at some distance from his bed, and in the wall on his right. He moved forward in the darkness with his hands in front of him groping for the table. The room was large; in a little his hands touched something, and that something was a pillar of the bed. He had missed his way in his bedroom. Wogan laughed to himself and started off again; and the next thing which his outstretched hands touched was a door knob. The table should now be a little way to his left. He was just turning away in that direction when it occurred to him that he ought to have felt the rim of the top bar of his tilted chair underneath the door-handle. He stooped down and felt for the chair; there was no chair, and he stood very still.

The fears bred of imagination had now left him; he was restored by the shock of an actual danger. He leaned forward quietly and felt if the key was still in the lock. But there was no lock to this door. Wogan felt the surface of the door; it was of paper. It was plainly the door of a cupboard in the wall, papered after the same pattern as the wall, which by the flickering light of his single candle he had overlooked.

He opened the door and stretched out his arms into the cupboard. He touched something that moved beneath his hand—a stiff, short crop of hair, the hair of a man's head. He drew his arm away as though an adder had stung it; he did not utter a cry or make a movement. He stood for a moment paralyzed, and during that moment a strong hand caught him by the throat.

Wogan was borne backwards; his assailant sprang at him from the cupboard; he staggered under the unexpected vigour of the attack; he clutched his enemy, and the two men came to the ground with a crash. Even as he fell Wogan thought, "Gaydon would never have overlooked that cupboard."

I was the only reflection, however, for which he could afford time. He was undermost, and the hand at his throat had the grip of a steel glove. He fought with blows from his fists and his bent knees; he twisted his legs about the legs of his enemy; he writhed his body if so he might dislodge him;

he grappled wildly for his throat. But all the time his strength grew less; he felt that his temples were swelling, and it seemed to him that his eyes must burst. The darkness of the room was spotted with sparks of fire, the air was filled with a continuous roar like a million chariots in a street. He saw the face of his chosen woman, most reproachful and yet kind, gazing at him from behind the bars which now would never be broken, and then there came a loud banging at the door. The summons surprised them both, so hotly had they been engaged, so unaware were they of the noise which their fall had made.

Wogan felt his assailant's hand relax and heard him say in a low muffled voice, "It is nothing. Go to bed. I fell over a chair in the dark."

That momentary relaxation was, he knew, his last chance. He gathered his strength in a supreme effort, lurched over on to his left side, and getting his arm free swung it with all his strength in the direction of the voice. His clenched fist caught his opponent full under the point of the chin, and the hand at Wogan's throat clutched once and fell away limp as an empty glove. Wogan sat up on the floor and drew his breath. That, after all, was more than his antagonist was doing. The knocking at the door continued. Wogan could not answer it; he had not the strength. His limbs were shaking, the sweat clotted his hair and dripped from his face. But his opponent was quieter still. At last he managed to gather his legs beneath him, to kneel up, to stand shakily upon his feet. He could no longer mistake the position of the door; he tottered across to it, removed the chair and opened it.

The landlord, with a couple of servants, stepped back as Wogan showed himself to the light of their candles. Wogan heard their exclamations, though he did not clearly understand them, for his ears still buzzed. He saw their startled faces, but only dimly, for he was dazzled by the light. He came back into the room, and pointing to his assailant—a sturdy, broad man, who now sat up opening and shutting his eyes in a dazed way—

"Who is that?" he asked, gasping rather than speaking the words.

"Who is that?" repeated the landlord, staring at Wogan.

"Who is that?" said Wogan, leaning against the bedpost.

"Why, sir, your servant. Who should he be?"

Wogan was silent for a little, considering, as well as his rambling wits allowed, this new development.

"Ah!" said Wogan, "he came here with me?"

"Yes, since he is your servant."

The landlord was evidently mystified;

he was no less evidently speaking with sincerity. Wogan reflected that to proffer a charge against the assailant would involve his own detention in Ulm.

"To be sure," said he, "I know. This is my servant. That is precisely what I mean." His wits were at work to find a way out of his difficulty. "This is my servant. What then?" he asked fiercely.

"But I don't understand," said the landlord.

"You don't understand!" cried Wogan. "Was there ever such a landlord? He does not understand. This is my servant, I tell you."

"Yes, sir; but—but—"

"Well?"

"We were roused; there was a noise—a noise of men fighting."

"There would have been no noise," said Wogan triumphantly, "if you had prepared a bed for my servant. He would not have crept into my cupboard to sleep off his drunkenness."

"But, sir, there was a bed."

"You should have seen that he was carried to it. As it is, here have I been driven to beat him and to lose my night's rest in consequence. It is not fitting. I do not think that your inn is well managed."

Wogan expressed his indignation with so majestic an air that the landlord was soon apologizing for having disturbed a gentleman in the proper exercise of belabouring his valet.

"We will carry the fellow away," said he.

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Wogan. "He shall get back into his cupboard, and there he shall remain till daybreak. Come, get up!"

Wogan's self-appointed valet got to his feet. There was no possibility of an escape for him, since there were three men between him and the door. On the other hand, obedience to Wogan might save him from a charge of attempted theft.

"In with you," said Wogan; and the man obeyed. His head no doubt was still spinning from the blow, and he had the stupid look of one dazed.

"There is no lock to the door," said the landlord.

"There is no need of a lock," said Wogan, "so long as one has a chair. The fellow will do very well till the morning. But I will take your three candles, for it is not likely that I shall sleep."

Wogan smoked his pipe all the rest of the night, reclining on a couple of chairs in front of the cupboard. In the morning he made his valet walk three miles by his horse's side. The man dared not disobey; and when Wogan finally let him go he was so far from the town that, had he confederates there, he could do no harm.

(To be continued).

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TRAINING OF N.C.O'S.

Important New Scheme Sanctioned.

INAUGURATION SHORTLY.

A new scheme of training for the Non-Commissioned Officers of the Army has been sanctioned by the Chief of Staff, and will be put into operation almost immediately.

The basic system of the new scheme is **decentralisation**. Hitherto, as our readers are aware, the training of Non-Commissioned Officers has been carried out at the Army School of Instruction, and the necessity for improvement in this system has been apparent to the authorities for some time past.

The Defence Council are anxious that every individual Non-Commissioned Officer should be afforded an opportunity of acquiring the necessary specialist knowledge to enable him to carry out his duties efficiently, but owing to the numbers involved it would be impossible to impart this training at the Army School of Instruction within a reasonable period.

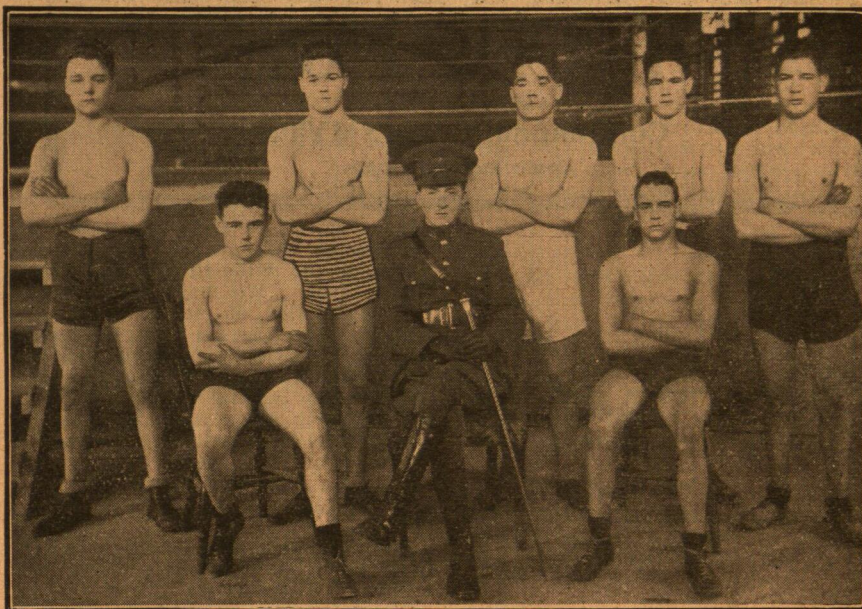
It has, therefore, been decided to set up separate Training Schools for Non-Commissioned Officers in each Command.

From their inception in the immediate future these schools will deal with the training of all Corporals and Sergeants, while Non-Commissioned Officers of higher grades will continue to graduate as heretofore at the Army School of Instruction.

The syllabus laid down for these schools is an extensive one, and, like the Army School of Instruction Courses on which the Command Courses are based, covers every branch of Infantry training.

The Courses will be obligatory for all Non-Commissioned Officers, irrespective of the arm or branch of the Service in which they are serving.

Special arrangements are being made to cater for Non-Commissioned Officers attached to Army or Corps Headquarters.



25th INFANTRY BATTALION BOXING TEAM.

WINNERS No. 2 BRIGADE BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1926.

Left to Right (standing)—Pte. M. Allen, Pte. W. O'Shea, Pte. M. O'Halloran, Pte. R. Halpin, Pte. E. Devlin. (Seated)—Cpl. M. McDonagh, Captain Niall Hamilton (President Boxing Sub-Committee, 25th Batt.), Pte. P. Harte.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

For a classic example of unmitigated slush (apart from the raucous inanities of the musical comedy stage) it would be difficult to beat "When you and I were Seventeen." It has all the treacly bathos that stirs the great soul of the people (any people) to its most profound depths—in other words it has all the elements of a huge popular success. If you are able to endure without it in your record library you will find sundry friends expressing pained surprise at its absence. Wherefore the best thing you can do is to procure the two records of the thing which H.M.V. have just issued. Ramon Newton (baritone) positively anguishes over the saccharine sentiment with the assistance of a piano and a modest saxophone, and on the

reverse he is equally sentimental in "Wondering" (B 2234, 10-inch, 3/-). The Salon Orchestra mitigates it considerably and also plays another deathless air, "Oh, how I miss you to-night" (B 2235, 10-inch, 3/-).

The bucolic humour of Easthope Martin's "Come to the Fair" and the less obtrusive spirit of "The Clock is Playing" (Blaaw) receive adequate interpretation from that well-known male quartet, the Gresham Singers (B 2233, 10-inch, 3/-). The Revellers who scored such a success with "Dinah" and "I'm gonna Charleston" have another record just out, "Oh, Miss Hannah", and "Collegiate" (B 2236, 10-inch, 3/-). This male voice *ensemble* is unique for the variety of the vocal effects, but its tricks are all pleasing and novel. Both records are worth getting.

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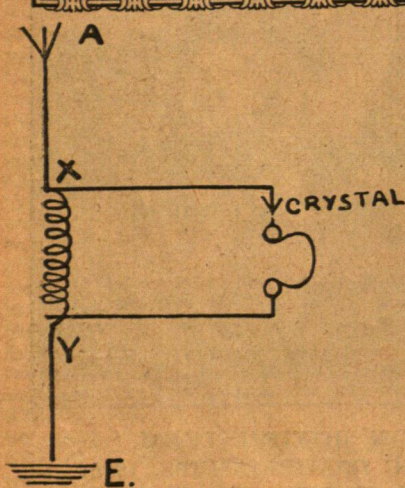
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WIRELESS NOTES

CONDUCTED BY

Commandant J. SMYTH

ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.



Referring to the above skeleton diagram of the Crystal Set, the circuit AIE, i.e., aerial inductance and earth form what is known as the oscillatory or tuned circuit. The high frequency current traverses this circuit and in doing so introduces alternating voltages at the points X and Y. This alternating voltage as can be seen from the sketch is directly across the crystal and telephones, and as a result alternating current should flow through the crystal and telephones. But this is not the case.

The crystal has the peculiar property of only allowing current to flow through it in one direction, the result being that direct instead of alternating current flows through the phones, i.e., the resultant current due to one half of the carrier wave. This effect is known as rectification.

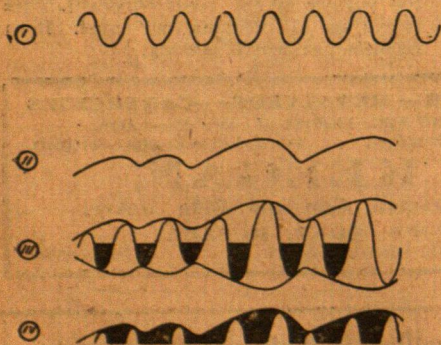


Fig. 1 represents a carrier wave when no transmission is taking place.

Fig. 2 represents a telephony or low frequency wave which is shown superimposed on the carrier as in Fig. 3.

Fig. 4 shows the rectified impulses still carrying on them the telephony frequency. These impulses are in the nature of electric currents all in the same direction. They follow one another so rapidly that we may con-

sider them as being joined together, there being only an interval approximating to the millionth of a second between them. We may thus consider the combination of blank and shaded portions of Fig. 4 as representing direct current of varying amplitude. This variation in amplitude reproduces the original transmitted voice by exercising a varying magnetic pull on the diaphragm or disc of the receiving telephone, the disc vibrating and radiating a series of sound waves in air as in the case of a gramophone sound-box disc.

In the circuits already discussed the term crystal is vague and perhaps misleading. There is an almost endless variety of crystalline and both solid and liquid compounds possessing "unilateral conductivity" or rectifying properties in varying degrees. A few of these substances are silicon, iron pyrites, copper pyrites, molybdenite, carborundum, dilute sulphuric acid, etc.

In some cases a combination of two crystals is used, the contact being between the two. In other cases a single crystal making contact with a metallic point is used.

Some crystals, notably carborundum, give much better results when a steady current is flowing through them from a local battery.

The carborundum crystal combination consists of a piece of the crystal banking against an adjustable steel plate or point. A steady current flows through the crystal; the current being varied by means of a dry cell and potentiometer or resistance until a condition is established which gives the loudest signals. This combination has been used very extensively on ships for the reception of spark signals. It is very staple and is capable of retaining its adjustment even when subjected to severe electrical and mechanical shocks.

(Explanation of latter arrangement with diagrams in next issue.)

(Note.—In last issue in 3rd para. following diagram read "Iron Core" and "the valves" instead of "Iron Cone" and "the valves.")

ANSWER TO QUERY.

"I enclose a sketch of the position in which I hope to erect a new Aerial. The total length ABC is 106 feet, AB being the lead in. I shall be glad of your advice on (1) best length for BC; (2) if I should have BD made longer, or other advice as you think fit."—Sgt.-Major.

Answer.—You are limited under the Post Office Licence to a total length of 100 feet of Aerial, including the lead-in. Assuming that your lead-in wire is 15 feet in length, i.e., from Aerial proper to window, this would give you $10 + 36 = 46$ feet to the point B in your diagram. You may therefore run your Aerial another 54 feet from the point B.

TWO SOLDIERS DROWNED.

Officers' Gallant but Unavailing Rescue Efforts.

CHAPLAIN'S VIGIL.

We regret to announce the deaths of Ptes. Mackey and McAree, "C" Coy., 6th Battalion, which occurred on the 27th ult. They were wandering along the cliffs bordering Finner Strand, and whilst exploring a spot called the Fairy Bridges were dashed into the sea by a wave.

The sea at the time was very rough, and although help was speedily forthcoming in the persons of Capt. Hogan and Lieut. Coen, who pluckily dashed in after them, both of the unfortunate soldiers were swept away.

Great credit is due to these officers, who, at the risk of their own lives, endeavoured to save those of the soldiers. Their efforts were unavailing, as no human being could live very long in the sea that was raging at the time, especially as the spot is a mass of rocks.

Both of the deceased men were very bright and intelligent soldiers, and were very popular in the Battalion among N.C.O.'s and men, who extend through the medium of our columns to their bereaved parents their deep sympathy in the great loss they have sustained.

A word of thanks is due to the Brigade Chaplain, Rev. E. O'Harte, who notwithstanding the severity of the weather kept vigil by the lonely shore long into the night in the hope that the unfortunate soldiers would be washed ashore with some symptoms of life to render to them the last rites of the Church to which both belonged.

Unfortunately the bodies have not yet been found at the time of writing.

LECTURES AT MCKEE BARRACKS.

On Monday night Senator James Douglas gave a very interesting lecture at McKee Barracks, Phoenix Park, on "Our Status as a Dominion."

For some time past lectures, which were attended by many Officers from the various barracks throughout the city in addition to the Officers at G.H.Q., have been given each Monday night in the Officers' Mess at McKee. The speakers on each occasion were the guests of the Mess, and were introduced by Major-General Brennan, Adj.-General.

The first lecture was given by Dr. Douglas Hyde, on the Irish language, and subsequently Mr. Ernest Blythe, T.D., Minister for Finance, discoursed on "Separatism and the Future."

A lecture by Col. J. J. O'Connell, M.A., Army School of Instruction, Curragh, on "Hoche's Expedition to Bantry Bay," formed the subject of a debate amongst the Officers some nights later.

Sean Ghall (Mr. Kenny), Librarian to An Dail, an intimate friend of Arthur Griffith, told many interesting incidents connected with the life of the late President.

General Mulcahy lectured on some impressions of his recent tour in America, and Chief Justice Kennedy gave a very lucid explanation of the Irish Constitution.

The lecture on Monday night next will be by Major McKinney, Army Medical Services, on "Preparation of Military Archives." lantern slides will be used to illustrate the Major's address.

GOSSIP OF THE BARRACKS.

5th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

During the past week "a certain liveliness" was apparent within the Battalion.

On the suggestion of our Commanding Officer an Entertainment and Dramatic Class has been inaugurated, and from reports to hand promises to be a real winner. Certainly "the men at the head of affairs" have been well selected and we can rest assured of some good entertainment in the near future. More luck my hearties.

The energetic Committee of our Brigade Institute have just run successfully a very enjoyable Whist Drive, and we take this opportunity of congratulating Pte. Breen on obtaining 3rd prize.

There is at the moment a Billiard Handicap running, confined to corporals and men of the 8th Brigade, the prizes for which have been kindly presented by our esteemed and popular Brigade Commander, Colonel Joseph E. Vize, to whose untiring energy we mainly owe the fact that we have such a thing as a Brigade Institute in existence. At the presentation of the prizes we expect representation from the "Maiden City" and the "City of Tribes"—a nice canon, "HQ" Coy.

I am informed that our Sports Committee are going great guns drawing up programmes of Inter-Coy. Basket Ball and Seven-a-Side Competitions. Very nice, too, but might I suggest that the Hurling League be run out to a conclusion first, as I have been asked to state that the members of "HQ" team wish to have the winners' medals suitably engraved and hanging on their watch chains before Easter. They guarantee to supply the watch chains.

Of course it is rather early yet to forecast the winner of the Army Inter-Coy. Competition, 1926. (By the way the Cup presented to the winners for 1924 and 1925 is at present with the "neighbours." According to the conversations to be heard any day in our lines there will be four winners, and all from this Battalion. Of course this is impossible, but that's the spirit, lads.

During the past few days a stranger passing through our lines, and especially if he visited Newbridge, might reasonably be excused if he thought of Grangegorman and kindred places. You see there are a lot studying "facial expression" in anticipation of joining our Dramatic Class.

All ranks join in extending heartiest congratulations and best wishes to Capt. John F. Grinceall on his recent marriage.

"C" Coy. sells 15—why not more?

"HQ" Coy. sells 10—what's wrong?

"JAY."

2nd BATTALION, FINNER CAMP.

The match in the Finner Camp Football League between the No. 1 Brigade Headquarters and Headquarter Company, 2nd Battalion, was played on Wednesday afternoon, last week, on the Finner playing fields. This match had been postponed three times owing to weather, etc., and had been the talk of Ballyshannon and Bundoran for the past six weeks. The 6th Battalion stationed at Finner supplied all the officials for the match, which started before a great crowd of supporters for both teams.

Captain B. Whelan won the toss for the Battalion and play was at once taken into the Brigade area, whose men were taken by surprise with the strength of the first attack. After a few minutes Donnelly and Bradley rushed the Brigade "Goalie" and got the ball over for the Battalion team. Good midfield play was now seen and both teams played real good football, the spectators shouting first for one and then the other team. Brigade were now holding their own and Murphy had hard lines twice, Whelan, Warnock and Kavanagh tackling well and proved a stone wall defence. Knocks and kicks were frequent occurrences, but were all taken with good grace. Captain Whelan with his usual good judgment sent up to his forwards for Flynn to get possession and he made no mistake for a point. "Sago" tried to increase the score with another, but the wind had no sympathy. Captain D. Sweeney, the Brigade goalie, was now called upon to save some stingers, which he did in fine style, but Flynn got in one that the goalie did not see. The Battalion, now leading by seven clear points, gave a fine exhibition of the Gaelic game, and the Brigade were wearing down, the field being in a very heavy condition. Murphy of the A.M.C. once again got the ball and made no mistake this time, beating Gleeson, the Battalion goalie, with a high corner shot. This gave Brigade new hopes and the spectators again shouted for all they were worth for them to "Come on," but once again the Whelan combination got going and nothing could pass them. Half time arrived with the Battalion Company leading by 2 goals and a point to 1 goal.

The second half opened with the Brigade going away with a rush, and very soon Murphy again got in a goal for them. Even play was the run now until Donnelly got the leather about 20 yards out and sent in a stinger which the Brigade goalie could not stop. Three "50s" were taken by the Battalion, but proved useless, the Brigade backs being all there each time. Duffy of the

A.P.C. was playing a cool, clean game for them and cleared with a crowd around him. Egan of the Battalion got in a first time kick and scored another point for that team. A little feeling got into the teams now and the referee, Lieut. Kelly, had to warn players of each team as to their conduct. Excitement was great when Flynn got possession and put the Battalion team further ahead with a nice goal. Nothing further was scored and the Battalion team thus ran out winners of a great game by 3 goals and 3 points to 2 goals.

Battalion Headquarter Company are at the head of the League still, and if the players keep up the same style it will take a good team to dispose of them.

The Brigade have a good team, but do not know each other's play.

Duffy, A.P.C., who played a splendid clean game for his side was a treat to watch.

Captain D. Sweeney, the Brigade goalie, saved his side from a far heavier defeat.

Gleeson, the Battalion goalie, warmed to his work after the first goal had passed him. He saved a lot of hot ones during the game.

The Whelan, Warnock, Flynn, Donnelly, etc., combination takes a lot of watching.

Headquarter Company have now a great chance of those medals and should make no mistakes in their next two matches.

Football, hurling, etc., is being forgotten on next Wednesday afternoon—the "Boys" are on another kind of sport that day. Explanation in next week's notes.

As a mark of respect to the memory of the late Commandant L. Smyth, 6th Infantry Battalion, all sport in the camp was postponed over the week-end before last.

We all wish the "Boys" of the Camp who have received "County" calls the best of luck.

The Cross-Country team under C.Q.M.S. Sheeran are in strict training at the present time. They all appear fit and are very keen.

Through lack of training quarters the Boxing team cannot "get going" as we should like to see them. The material is here and it is a pity they are not able to train.



3rd BATTALION, BOYLE.

A "Whist Fever" has lately broken out amongst those slowly recovering from a severe attack of "Jazzmania." Some of our junior N.C.O's are indeed badly affected. The trophies already won at games "abroad" would help to establish a firm of tobacconists and jewellers. We wonder if this firm will be "unlimited."

No effort is being spared to foster the recreational spirit now prevalent in the 3rd, and the Recreation Room is certainly a credit to those responsible.

There is now little inducement to spend a winter evening out of barracks.

Residents in the neighbourhood have lately noticed men leave the military barracks in a semi-nude condition, move at a fast pace towards the country, and return later in a more "covered" state. Running is indeed a fine "game." Many prefer

"Running through a country fair
To drilling on the barrack square."

Cupid is sparing no one of late in this area, and it is probable that in the near future the demand for married quarters will be very brisk. Some of our boys are becoming quite aristocratic in this respect.

Certainly it is hard to stick the square for a whole day after an all-night dance, and we tender our sincere sympathy to our "Socialists." We wonder if a sleep should require your presence on the 10 a.m. parade (where?)

Some time ago we always looked forward to Wednesdays. I wonder if opinions have since changed, especially in H.Q. Coy.

Notice may be given in the next publication of a clearance sale of "pumps" in 3rd.

"BROADCASTER."



4th BATTALION, CASTLEBAR.

I am pleased to be able to report that the new issue of this journal has obtained such popularity that all copies are bought up immediately on arrival. This speaks well for the future life of "An t-Oglach."

During the present week the Battalion had many thrilling events. First there was the presentation of Sports trophies and medals on Wed., 20th inst. The O/C. (Commandant Haughey) on that date presented the cups and medals won during 1925 as follows:—

(1) Cup presented by Comdt. Haughey for the best all-round Coy. in athletics—Winners, HQ. Coy.

(2) Cup presented by the Officers of the Battn. for Inter-Coy. Tug of War—Winners, HQ. Coy.

(3) Cup presented by the Battn N.C.O.'s for the winners of the Inter-Coy. Relay Race—Winners, D Coy.

(4) Cross-Country Running Cup—Winners, B Coy.

(5) Set of Medals for the Inter-Brigade Football Championship, 1925—Winners, 4th Battalion.

(6) Set of Medals, No. 2 Brigade Hurling Championship, 1925—Winners, 4th Battalion.

(7) Set of Gold Medals, Command Championship (Hurley), 1925—Winners, 4th Battalion.

(8) Set of Gold Medals, Cross-Country Running Championship (No. 2 Brigade), 1926—Winners, 4th Battalion.

(9) Medals presented by Mayo County G.A.A. to 13 members of the Battalion team who represented Ballina Town in winning Mayo County Senior Hurling Championship.

(10) Set of Medals from Mayo County G.A.A. Ballina Town League Championship—Winners, 4th Battalion.

(11) Inter-Coy. Football League Championship, 1925—Winners, HQ. Coy.

In addition to the above, there were 48 other medals presented to officers, N.C.O.'s and men who were successful in winning events in Brigade and Battalion Sports during 1925.

The Commanding Officer in congratulating the winners said there was no doubt that the Battalion had made excellent progress in sports during the past year, and he was confident that they would maintain in the current year the sporting spirit prevailing in their ranks.

Captain Kelly (Battn. Adjutant) on behalf of the officers, N.C.O.'s and men in thanking the C/O. for his kind and encouraging words and for all the facilities granted to the Battalion in the matter of athletics, assured him that it was their ambition to bring the Battalion to an even higher position in the sport and athletics during the coming year.

A very successful Billiard Tournament which was inaugurated by the N.C.O.'s of the Garrison, Castlebar, was brought to a close on Sunday night, 24th January, 1926, the winner being Sgt. Lynch, HQ. Coy., who had to concede 100 points to S.M. Edwards, runner-up. Great interest was manifested in the tournament throughout, as it was the first of its kind to be held in the Battalion. After the final the C/O. (Commdt. Haughey) presented the prizes, the first prize being a suit case, the runner-up receiving a silver-mounted fountain pen. In presenting the prizes the C/O. expressed a wish that another Tournament should be started immediately and wished the less fortunate players better luck next time.

A vote of thanks by S/M. Edwards on behalf of the N.C.O.'s to the C/O. for the facilities accorded them during the tournament was carried with acclamation.

A Whist Drive inaugurated by the officers, N.C.O.'s and men, HQ. Coy., was held in the barracks on Monday night, 25th January, 1926, and proved a great success, over 24 members of the Coy. taking part. Valuable prizes were presented, and at the conclusion of the drive Lt. Clancy, in a few well-chosen words, intimated that a similar gathering would be held each week and hoped that the same, if not a greater, number would be present.

We extend to C.Q.M.S. Andrews our heartiest congratulations on his recent achievement in securing an honourable place in the examination for Barrack Accountants held in Athlone. We understand that he has been called to that station to take up his new duties.

MAYO OBSERVER.



MILITARY POLICE, CURRAGH CAMP.

(Our correspondent had headed this "Reports by Military Police," but that

seemed somewhat too sinister a heading.—Ed.)

A very successful Billiard Tournament has just terminated, A/Cpl. Fayne being an easy winner in the final against A/Cpl. Hayes.

A challenge match was played with the Sergeants of Beresford Barracks, five-a-side, the Beresford N.C.O.'s winning four games.

A return match was played last Saturday and Sunday week, when Beresford were again successful.

Billiards are almost an epidemic at the moment. Challenges are flying on all sides, in fact one A/N.C.O. has gone so far as to expend the large sum of one shilling and sixpence on a book, "How to play Billiards." So now, boys, look out for big breaks.

The dental officer is having a busy time just now, "Artificial Dentures" having become quite a craze.

I was asked what made "Timothy" open a delph shop. The detective division are supposed to keep their mouths shut.

Overheard one morning.

Orderly Sergeant—"Wake up, Reilly."

Reilly—"I can't."

Orderly Sergeant—"Why?"

Reilly—"I'm not asleep."

Many of our A/N.C.O.'s are looking forward to the Whist Drive and Dance to be held by the corporals of Beresford Barracks, and as this is the first function held for junior N.C.O.'s we wish it every success.



H.Q. No. 4 CO., A.M.C., ATHLONE

Here I am in your pages for the first time, and it won't be the last, if inspirations come to me as easily as dishing out potions.

All his old friends in the Army will be sorry to hear that the Corps has lost Company Sergeant Joe Daly, who has retired into civil life. One of the first in the Corps in the Western Command he earned for himself the respect and friendship of all with whom he came in contact. We all wish him success in his new sphere.

Who was it said that the A.M.C. were a non-militant body? If so why have No. 4 Coy. a "Cannon" and a "Webb-Lee" on their strength.

Three members of the Coy. were successful in the 2nd Certificate Examination. Congratulations.

I wonder if the new Corporal at Boyle has installed his Electric Lighting System there yet? ("Shine Shimmering Shades of Siemens-Schubert.")

What about that last bit as a "Drunk test" three times on one leg with your eyes shut.

Who was the "Rookie" who wanted to know where the patient was when he saw "Robert" bring the stretcher to the stores?

Is it true that a certain N.C.O. while



on leave recently caught a giant ray with a rod and line and it took a 3-ton lorry to cart it away?

"It worried me, it worried George, it tied us in a knot,
"If, when you're at the Curragh, you're on the strength or not."

How does Sergt. D— like Castlebar for a change?

TISHYY II.

I rarely back a horse myself,
You see, "It isn't done."
But when you get a "certainty"
Well, it's kind of up to one.
But of all the gouty stumers
That let down those "in the know"
The laurel goes to Mullingar
To a "Stiff" called "Orby's Beau."

Football in the Western Command (Athlone area) is very scarce at present. Can anything be done to liven up those concerned? Or are we to spend the afternoons "Route Marching," as was the case on last Wednesday, when we hadn't a field to play on. Yes, and the bog of Allen not a hundred miles away. (Dear Mr. Editor, please send us one large field.)



BERESFORD BARRACKS, CURRAGH.

Colonel Fritz Brase paid a visit to the Barracks on Monday last and inspected No. 3 Band.

The Sergeants' Mess Whist Drives are becoming so popular that an extension of the premises will have to be made. There were about two dozen tables going on Friday night last and the Adjutant distributed the prizes. A short dance followed, which was enjoyed by all.

Private Thornton, after a stiff six miles cross-country run captured the deer that outclassed the Naas Harriers. "Billy" is a bit of a sprinter and can cross any jump.

The opening night in the Corporals' Mess was the best function yet held in the Barracks, and it is claimed that the Whist Drive outclassed anything yet held in the Sergeants' Mess. The Commanding Officer made a very encouraging speech on the occasion, and the Corporals say they will have as good a Mess as the Sergeants.

The Tennis Court at the Officers' Mess will be ready this season.

Every man in the Barracks is going to purchase a copy of "An t-Oglach" each week, and they are all going to avail themselves of the Students' Page. (Two excellent resolutions. Long may they reign—Editor.)

"WELL INFORMED."



8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

The demand for last week's "An t-Oglach" went beyond all expectations, and in a short space of time our supply was exhausted. All ranks are looking forward eagerly to the next issue.

That queue of apparent civilians out-

side the Sergeants' Mess last Friday evening had to do with railway war-rants, not drawing the dole.

In the Football competition (seven-a-side) we are drawn against our old rivals, the 15th Battalion. We are confident that we will annex the victory we so narrowly missed when we met them in the Command Final last November. However, may the better team win.

The Basket-Ball competition is now drawing to a close. We have suffered two unexpected defeats, but we still have faith in our team "rising to the occasion" and coming out top dog in the final stages.

We are all deeply grieved to learn of the unfortunate accident which befell an officer who was very popular when with us, Captain Harry McKeown. We all wish him a speedy recovery from that nerve-racking experience on the coast of Donegal.

When are the Sergeants going to hold their Whist Drive?

Who is the tenor who is practising "privately" in the New Wad Shop?



Corporal Dully is seated on the extreme right.

PRESENTATION TO CORPORAL M. DULLY.

On the 22nd ult. one of our most respected members, Cpl. M. Dully, took his discharge, but we have the pleasure of knowing that he is installed in a responsible position as accountant in an establishment in his native town. On the night of his departure a farewell concert was held in his honour in the Mess. Cpl. P. Hannan (President) took the chair, and Cpl. Moore brought to our notice the record of Cpl. Dully in the ranks of the old I.R.A. Songs were sung by Cpls. Murray, Hendry, O'Flaherty, Forde, Hogan, P. Hannan, and McNamara. Recitations were given by Cpls. Griffin and T. Hannan. An Irish dance was given by Cpl. Forde.

A presentation was then made to Cpl. Dully of a wallet of Treasury notes by the President (Cpl. P. Hannan) and three cheers were given for the recipient.

Cpl. Dully said he was more than delighted to have belonged to the Corporals' Mess of the 8th Battalion, and no matter where he went he would

never forget his old comrades of that mess.

A very pleasant evening concluded with the singing of the "Soldier's Song."

GRAVEL CRUSHER.



9th BATTALION.

Three of the most popular members of the Battalion have taken their discharge—Tim Healy, "The Whippet," and Jim Acton. We wish them the best of luck.

The fastest car in the Army has arrived at our garage—according to the driver.

Stripes are falling as thickly as the leaves in Vallambrosa in H.Q. Coy., Micky Down and Theo. John Cassidy being the latest recipients. Congrats.

A very strange phenomenon is noticeable on the Billiard Room slate. Even when the slate is entirely blank the indentations of two names are plainly discernible.

"Willie" HQ Coy., and "Willie" A.T.C. have embarked on the sea of matrimony. We wish them the best of luck.

This week's Slogan:—"Throw me out the window."



13th BATTALION, GORMANSTON CAMP.

Now that we have got new talent for our Football team we hope to render a better account of ourselves than heretofore.

We are very anxious to turn the tables on our neighbours, the 24th Battalion, and hope that Commandant Ryan (of Tipperary fame) will consider the possibility of an encounter in the near future.

The thanks of "Me Larkie" are received by "Me Barkie," His presumption is fine, Suggestions in line, But the 13th Battn. are quite pleased with their "Sign."

(Note.—"Me Barkie" was once a famous Slogan of the old Kerry Command.)

With "Me Larkie" we agree that the "Sinbad the Sailor" Company has become famous, but owing to their failure to turn up at Gormanston we regret being unable to join in congratulations. I might remark that their failure to turn up caused endless trouble and disappointment to the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men in camp.

The Officers of Gormanston all look forward to the realization of "Subaltern's" suggestion *re* Officers' Club in the Metropolis. There is no doubt that the Club, if established, will receive the whole-hearted support of majority of Officers, and thereby tend to raise the social standing of Army Officers in general.

"ME BARKIE."

6th BATTALION, FINNER.

We desire through the medium of these columns to thank the detachment of the 3rd Infantry Battalion stationed at Sligo for the hospitality they extend to members of our unit returning off leave, etc.

We would like to advocate the same spirit of comradeship in all branches of the Army, and feel confident that if the example of the 3rd was followed the life of a soldier who may often have to seek friendship from a unit other than his own would not be an unpleasant one.

We are anxiously awaiting the awakening of the Sports Committee in the 6th. It is about time they took some action—say, arranging a series of hurling and football and other outdoor games, as well as some form of recreation indoors. We are sure that the esteemed Secretary (Cpl. Mullery) is not lacking in his enthusiasm in this direction, but awaits the assistance and support of the other members of his Committee. However, we hope to have some sporting news for the next issue.

With the opening of the Dublin Wireless Station we would like to know why the Camp Sports Committee cannot see their way to arrange for a wireless concert at least once a week as is done in other barracks. I am sure that it would be greatly appreciated by the lads in the camp, as at this time of the year there is no special inducement to visit the seaside towns of either Bundoran or Ballyshannon.

I wonder what happened the Committee for the promotion of theatricals.

We desire to congratulate the editors on the great improvement they have made in the Army journal. "An t-Oglach" is instructive and entertaining and tends to foster a spirit of lively comradeship throughout the rank and file of the Army, to whom the journal belongs. This appreciation will take material shape in the amount of copies disposed of each week by the different units.

We venture to suggest what in our opinion would be a useful addition to the features of the journal, and that is a column devoted to "Fostering Friendship" amongst past comrades. We are sure that this means of communication with those whom we knew in the Army in the past and soldiered with in the "Dark Days" would be availed of by many. We would, however, agree to the space allotted to such "communications" to be very brief.



12th BATT., TEMPLEMORE.

We regret to chronicle the bereavement of one of the most popular N.C.O.'s in the Battalion, Cpl. Michael Kennedy, through the death of his brother in the 21st Battalion. The funeral took place from Kibbarron Church, Borrisokane, Tipperary, and was well over a mile in length. The Twelfth supplied a funeral party.

I would like to know if there is any possibility of the "Catechism of the Rifle" being re-published in the new "An t-Oglach"?

(No; but back numbers containing the articles can be had on application to this office. Price twopence each; postage extra—Editor.)

The Training Programme for 1926 is an elaborate one, yet all ranks are making good progress and working hard despite the inclement weather. The Companies at present carrying out the programme are "C" and "D."

The latest departure from the Battalion is that of Sergeant Houlihan, who has proceeded to the Curragh on a Musketry Course. Sergeant Houlihan is an athlete of merit and has a good national record.

It is a matter for regret that the best of our hurlers will shortly be leaving the Battalion on discharge. If we don't soon get down to work and produce worthy successors it is to be feared that the refrain of the old song will have a special application to us—"Seaghan O Duibhir, a ghleanna, we're worsted in the game."

There is much discussion about the colour of the new "An t-Oglach" cover. But whether the cover be blue or brown or green or orange it is a matter for satisfaction that the reading matter is becoming more and more valuable and entertaining for the "Jackets Green."

Sunday, 7th February, promises to be a big day in Templemore. J. J. Ryan (Ireland's peerless athlete) is running against George Magan, of Dublin. We hope to have a little team for cross-country work ourselves under Lieut. Smith.

Our Tug-of-War team, too, is matched against that of the Gardai of Tipperary Town. If our team does as well now as it did last August when it won the Cup the Gardai will have to "throw their weight about."

Somebody in Barracks says our Battalion Police are the best Police Force in the world because they include "Sexton" "Blake."

A soldier in "C" Coy. was reading how the sailor, a Finn by birth, fought with our men during Easter Week. "Of course," said he, "the man was a Sinn Féiner."

The reader in question is now convalescent.



17th BATTALION, MULLINGAR

The Whist Drive and Dance held in the Sergeants' Mess on the 21st inst. was a great success. The committee are to be complimented on the way the entertainment was carried out. I was pleased to see our civilian friends showing top scores.

Sergt. Griffin sang "Let me like a Soldier Fall" in his usual lively style. It's certainly a soldier's song and it takes a soldier to sing it.

The loud speaker tuned by Sergt. Lynch gave us a very decent programme from Daventry.

The match between "HQ" Coy. and "A" Coy. was played on Sunday, 24th inst. Both teams played very well, and "HQ" Coy. won the game by a small margin.

We were sorry to part with the boys who have left us for civilian life during the week. We wish them health, wealth and happiness in their new sphere.

I hear the "Full Back" in "B" Coy. has got a new pair of togs.

Who owns the motor car the boys call "The Flying Mess Tin?"

Any of the troops taking part in a game of "Basket Ball" will do so at their own risk. No pensions!

Did Billy say to the M.O. that the new stretcher bearers should attend all future matches.

CARLOW.



18th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

At last we have crossed the Curragh "Sahara." Brownstown is our only seaside resort now that we have left Youghal and Haulbowline, Co. Cork.

Our Boxing team have been on special training and diet, so that we are expecting a big burst soon.

Our Cross-Country runners are doing fine only that they miss the trams home. We are thinking of hiring a 'Bus next Recreational half-holiday so as to show them the country.

Who hid the "Salt" and when will they bring it back?

When shall we stop looking to our right?

Roll on Easter eggs.

D. B.



WESTERN COMMAND H.Q. CO.

The first supply of "An t-Oglach" to reach the unit was given a good welcome, the supply being quickly exhausted. Expressions of satisfaction with the quality and quantity of the contents were to be heard on all sides.

Eggs, it would appear, are now of the utmost military importance. Movements of same, as a recent example has shown, would apparently require the most careful and thoughtful handling.

To allow oneself the luxury of "Suspecting" has proved an expensive entertainment for "Me Sherry."

Alarming reports reach us regarding the exploits of our budding motor cyclist, who, if rumour has it correct, would do well to avoid the vicinity known as "Black Weir" bridge.

We hear that one of our N.C.O.'s is rapidly qualifying to become a member of the Alpine Club.

Is it a fact that another of our N.C.O.'s contemplates going into double harness?

Our Oracle has discarded golfing attire.

PLUS FOURS.

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Oglaigh
na hEireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

21st BATTALION (Collins Barracks, Dublin).

The return Billiard Match between Sergeants and men of the Battalion will have probably taken place by the time these notes have appeared in print.

The Air Force boys turned up at Collins on January 27th, and despite the terrible weather gave the 21st boys a run for their money in the return friendly match. At the conclusion of same the visitors were entertained by the 21st Sports Committee, after which the "Air" boys returned to their station pleased with their outing. "Mack" acted as Captain of the 21st in this match, and showed up well.

A funnily shaped ball reported its arrival here a few days ago.

The "New Fifteen" attached to Battalion weigh close on 200 stone. Some team.

The boys should get into immediate training for the Sports Gala on April 3rd next. Valuable prizes are in store for successful competitors.

The "Mouth Organ" Band of "A" Company are hard at practice as the Scribe prepares these notes, and the "Big Day" for their leader is fast approaching. Invitations have already been sent round.

The Sergeant Caterer is still keeping up his reputation, and it is good to hear pleasant comments.

Joe Larkin was amongst the recent "Whist" winners and had the cheer of the night at the men's Recreation Room.

Regret is being expressed at the likely departure in the near future of some familiar faces that we are accustomed to see under the Red Band. Perhaps time will cause a reconsideration.

Who is the violinist of "A" Company?

Many are still talking about that Ball Alley, and asking if there is any chance of a new one.

The Battalion Football team are looking forward to a pleasant game at Navan with the Gaels of that town on 7th inst.

The Corporals and men in Barracks are continually asking when the new Billiard Table is to make its appearance at the Recreation Room. The present one is rather "slow" and the new one was promised months ago.



19th and 20th BATTALIONS, KILKENNY.

As I write the water is above my ankles. Soon it will be above my knees, but ere then I hope to have these notes finished, so that for the moment I feel safe enough to carry on.

The Marble City is in flood (to this my typist will bear testimony), and mind you it is no ordinary flood, it is one of the real glacial period brand. As usual the boys of the 5th Brigade are to the fore, for amidst scenes of wild enthusiasm the gallant men of the remounts are rescuing beleaguered sol-

diers and citizens, pigs' heads, sausages, puddings, etc. The P.A.'s are also to the fore, showing the boys the way to go home.

Apparently the flood, not content with causing damage outside, has succeeded in somewhat damping the ardour of the Amusements Committee; there was no concert this week. The B.Q.M.S. says that they are all rehearsing a new play. They had better hurry up and continue the good work, as I overheard C.Q.M.S. Cody remark that he was itching to be on the "boards" again.

It is with regret that we lose this week several of the "old hands," who are going on discharge. They can ill be spared, but we are sure they will "make good" in civilian life.

Headquarters Company had a long sleep on Sunday. They also had a few days confined to their quarters. Messrs. Bowes and Clarke could be heard strumming away the idle hours with music under the baton of Sgt. "Bill" Power, who has all the latest rags from the Curragh.

We hope that the person who wished his photo (in Pierrot costume) published in our journal will not have his wish granted, as we have a very sincere regard for "An t-Oglach."

In common with the scribe of the 21st Battn. we extend hearty good wishes to Coy.-Sgt. McCambley on the occasion of his marriage.

We were glad to see Sgt. Dick Power back again from hospital hale and hearty.

Sgt. P. says "records" speak louder than words, but his vis-a-vis says "Whist."

The Cross-Country team aren't exactly going to the dogs, but they have gone somewhere, as nothing has been heard of them for over a month. Now, lads, get a move on.

We hear the Engineers are "framing up" a loud speaker, and so we all eagerly await the latest from McKee. In the meantime we are busy searching for that Sergeant who understands, for like Mother Besant's "new Messiah," he will be a law unto himself when he is located.

ARGUS.



25th BATTALION, ATHLONE.

Lieut. Gerald N. Coughlan, Vice-President, presided at a meeting of the Sports Committee on 27th ult., when delegates were present from "A," "B," "C" and "D" Companies, and also the Hurling and Football Captains.

The meeting was informed that the following Sports gear had been purchased for the Battalion:—18 pairs football boots, 18 hurleys, 1 football.

Hurling Captain asked the meeting to purchase two kneecaps (elastic) for two members of the Battalion Hurling team who had injured their knees in the last match. The meeting decided to do so.

The meeting decided to request the Battalion C.O. to arrange for the use of

the Athlone Sports Field for Wednesday evenings by the Battalion.

Captain O'Higgins was instructed to write to the Secretary of the Westmeath County Board, G.A.A., with a view of registering the Hurling and Football teams.

The meeting decided to purchase a book of the G.A.A. Rules for the use of the Battalion Sports Committee.

The following sub-committee were appointed to organise and promote Handball in the Battalion:—Lieut. Kelly, Pte. Brennan and Pte. Murphy, with the option of co-opting other members.

The following sub-committee were appointed to organise and promote Rounders in the Battalion:—Lieut. Flaherty, Cpl. Lennon, Pte. Keane, with the option of co-opting other members.

The following sub-committee were appointed to organise and promote Basket Ball in the Battalion:—Lt. Slater, Sgt. Gimblette, Cpl. Dunne, and Pte. Lyons, with the option of co-opting other members.

The following sub-committee were appointed to organise and run off Chess and Draught Tournaments in the Battalion:—Capt. Hugh Gribbon, Cpl. Lennon and Cpl. Gannon.

Captain O'Higgins informed the meeting that there were seven medals due to athletes since the Inter-Coy. Athletic Contests:—1 gold medal to best all-round athlete, 1 silver, gold-centred, to second best all-round athlete, 5 silver, gold-centred, medals to winning Coy. team.

The meeting decided to purchase them immediately.

The meeting discussed the advisability of running off a Miniature Range Shooting Competition. Lt. Coughlan was instructed to approach the Officer Commanding the Battalion on the matter and to report at next meeting.

The meeting voted sympathy to our comrades of the 6th Battalion on the great loss they have sustained by the death of their Commanding Officer, Commandant Luke Smith, and also to the relatives of Pte. Boland, "B" Coy., 25th Infantry Battalion, who died in the Curragh Hospital on the 25th inst.

A DISCLAIMER.

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

Sir,—Beresford Barracks' Notes, by "Well Informed," in your issue of last week, have, I understand, been subjected to some adverse criticism. Lest those of its readers aware of my having the honour to write for the Army Journal, might be inclined to attach any responsibility to me for the supplying of the copy, I desire to state for their information that it was not the work of my pen, and henceforth my contributions will appear over my own initials.

K. KILMARTIN.

Pay and Accounts Office, Beresford.

ALL-ARMY HANDBALL CHAMPIONSHIP—A CONTRADICTION.

Our esteemed correspondent with the 25th Infantry Battalion writes:—

In the issue of "An t-Oglach," dated January 23rd, is published a report of the G.H.Q. Command Sports Council. Mention is made of the success of the G.H.Q. Command Handball Team in annexing the All-Army Handball Championships in Hard and Soft Ball Doubles. This report is inaccurate and calls for contradiction by G.H.Q.—the honour of winning the All-Army Soft Ball Doubles belongs to Pte. Brennan

and Pte. Murphy, both of the 25th Battalion. Pte. Brennan also won the All-Army Soft Ball Singles. The Championship Medals were presented to Ptes. Brennan and Murphy. A full report of the games appeared in a previous number of "An t-Oglach" and perhaps the editor would be kind enough to append his remarks. There should be no question of doubt regarding the honours of an Army Championship.

[We published the report of the G.H.Q. Command Sports Council as it was supplied to us, and our columns are now at the disposal of that Council should they care to comment on the foregoing paragraph—Editor.]

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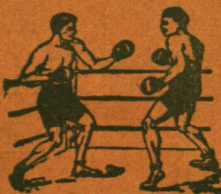


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