



AN ÓGLÁC

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Vol. IV.—No. 6.

February 20, 1926

CITIZEN ARMY, 1916

**EASTER WEEK
RISING NEARLY
FORESTALLED.**

**CONNOLLY AND THE VOLUNTEER
LEADERS.**

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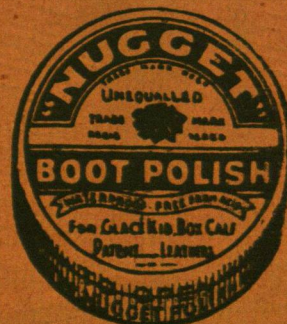
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An t-Ógláic

Vol. IV. No. 6

FEBRUARY 20, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE.



An t-Oglach

FEBRUARY 20, 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 EAGARÉOIR.

A HISTORY OF THE IRISH ARMY.

MANY a long day must pass before a history, properly so-called, of Oglagh na hEireann can be written. When that time comes, the historian will have as his theme one of the most soul-stirring epochs in the chequered history of Ireland—an epoch of tragedy, comedy, and glorious achievement.

While none of us—the actual participants—can hope to live to see that day of publication, we have, at least, the consolation of knowing that we have now available to our hand in the bound volumes of “An t-Oglach” what is to all practical purposes a history of the Irish Army.

From its inception the Army Journal has consistently “marched with the Army.” The development, the trials, the tragedies and the achievements of the Army have been faithfully mirrored in its pages. It has shared all the dangers, and outlived them, too. Many a good man and true has in the old days faced prison for the mere possession of a copy.

By a piece of good fortune we have come into possession of a number of back issues of “An t-Oglach.” This series of very scarce numbers runs from 1921 to 1923. In the earlier issues some numbers are

missing, and every effort is being made to fill the gaps.

We propose to give our readers the benefit of this piece of good fortune at practically cost price when we have completed these volumes. From a strictly business point of view, we should really charge a high figure for these volumes, as they are now very rare and valuable; but we would like to give practical recognition of the services of all officers and units in making the new weekly series the great success it is.

In the meantime we are offering Volume I. (New Series)—from February to December, 1923—bound in full rexine leatherette, at the very nominal price of seven shillings and sixpence. Postage extra.

The volume covers the conclusion of the Civil War period, and the stabilization of the Army. It also contains exclusive portraits of the heads of the Army: unique cartoons of the Officers of the different Commands, histories of the special series and technical articles, in addition to the regular features.

No Officers possessing any pride of service can afford to be without one of these rare volumes. The supply available is very limited; and the first comers first served.

AN AMAZING CHANGE.

NOTHING that has happened of late more strikingly illustrates the contrast between the Ireland of

to-day and the Ireland of a generation ago than certain remarks of Mr. Justice Hanna in the Dublin High Court on Monday last.

It was sought to disqualify one of the parties in an estate case on the grounds that forty years ago he was a member of the Irish Patriotic Brotherhood and had been sentenced to ten years penal servitude for taking part in what was known as the “Armagh Conspiracy.” The remarks of the learned judge on the point carry all the greater weight in the circumstances because he is an Ulsterman, whose early environment and later associations were not calculated to prejudice him in favour of the aspirations cherished by the vast majority of his countrymen.

His Lordship decided in favour of the old-time patriot, and in doing so said:—

“To the eye of the legal pedant the indictments read as one of the most serious charges that could be brought against any citizen, but to one who has lived in Ireland during the years since the trial, with a knowledge of its daily history, it is now an obvious and an unemotional fact that in the light of that history Peter Coleman, then about twenty years of age, was but one of the vanguard of the army of Irishmen who carried the same banner and finally placed over the Bench in this Court the arms of Saorstat Eireann in place of those that symbolised British rule.”

“Is there no amnesty, either in law or common decency, for this long-forgotten incident?” Mr. Justice Hanna asked at a later stage of the case; “I am of opinion that there is.” It would be rather a queer thing in the circumstances if there wasn't. Could anything more ironical be imagined than a man being penalised under the Free State Constitution for an action inspired by purely patriotic motives and having the same objective as the men of Easter Week and the years immediately succeeding? Mr. Justice Hanna is to be congratulated on having crossed the “t's” and dotted the “i's” of the Constitution, and made it abundantly clear that the patriots of the past cannot be penalised for their patriotism in the Saorstat Courts. One might as well suggest prosecuting John Mitchel or Thomas Francis Meagher if they were alive in Ireland at the present day.

THE CITIZEN ARMY IN 1916.

CONNOLLY PLANNED INDEPENDENT RISING MONTH BEFORE EASTER.

How Disaster was Averted: Meeting with Volunteer Leaders.

By CAPTAIN JAMES J. BURKE.

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

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

[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.]

A fact of outstanding importance in relation to the events of Easter Week, 1916, is that the Irish Citizen Army and the Irish Volunteers joined forces for the struggle **only a month or six weeks prior to the Rising**. The circumstances in which the happy union came about are not generally known. I have been asked by the Editor to relate them.

One day towards the end of February, or the beginning of March, 1916, I strolled into Liberty Hall, and proceeded upstairs for a chat with James Connolly, and, incidentally, an advance copy of "The Workers' Republic," to which paper I frequently contributed. In reply to my knock James Connolly asked me to come in. When I entered the office he looked up from his desk, smiled a welcome, and immediately resumed writing. As he appeared to be up to his eyes in work I hesitated, with my hand on the door, and said I would call back again.

"Wait, Burke, I want to talk to you. Sit down there for a minute."

James Connolly had the knack of making a friendly request sound like an order. I sat down on the chair he had indicated with his pen.

Connolly Before 1916.

Here I think it well to mention that I had been on very friendly terms with James Connolly for over a year. Twice, often thrice, a week I called in to see him. On these occasions we usually discussed the Revolutionary movements of the past, and the opportunities which the prevailing conditions presented for

the establishment of an Irish Republic. He discussed them, I should say. I listened. Now and again I would interject a few words, and I remember well how he used to laugh at some of my wild-west theories.

He was an Irish-Republican, but he did not believe that Republic and Liberty were synonymous terms. Once he remarked that the people of England enjoyed far more liberty under a Monarchy than the Americans had under their Republican form of Government. Equal opportunities under a



PADRAIG PEARSE.

[Photo Lafayette.]

Government of their own choice for all men and women in the Nation; this summed up James Connolly's ideal of Liberty. He was a Nationalist first; an Internationalist after.

He was a born Revolutionary. The success of a Revolution was assessed by him in proportion to the improvement it wrought in the lives of the people concerned. To overthrow one tyranny and replace it with another was not his idea of successful Revolution.

The downfall of an emperor meant nothing to him if it did not herald the end of slavery. He loved the working-classes—and he loved Ireland.

In the course of conversation one day I remarked that he seemed to imagine that the Irish Transport Workers' Union constituted the people of Ireland.

"Nothing of the sort," he declared, adding: "Some one must look after the interests of the workers. The others can look after themselves."

Citizen Army and the Volunteers.

On another occasion I referred to the more or less veiled antagonism shown by the Irish Citizen Army towards the Irish Volunteers: "The members of the Citizen Army seem to look down on us, because, forsooth, we are what they are pleased to call gentlemen."

Although I had passed this remark half-jestingly, there was a lot of truth in it, but he said he had not noticed any antagonism.

I reminded him of the incident which had occurred at the meeting held to inaugurate the Irish Volunteers when Professor Kettle was howled down by members of the recently-formed Irish Citizen Army, because his brother, it was said, had engaged "blacklegs" to take the place of some locked-out farm labourers, and of another incident when a conflict between the two forces seemed imminent.

"Perhaps they hold these things in their nose against the Irish Volunteers," I said.

As he made no comment on this observation I went on: "You may take it from me the Irish Volunteers are all workers. Even I work for my living—when I can get a job."

He smiled. Then he said a thing which surprised me. These are his words: "The Irish Volunteers are a

great body of men. I wish I could say the same about their leaders."

I asked him what he considered wrong with the leaders, but he would not tell me—then. He told me afterwards.

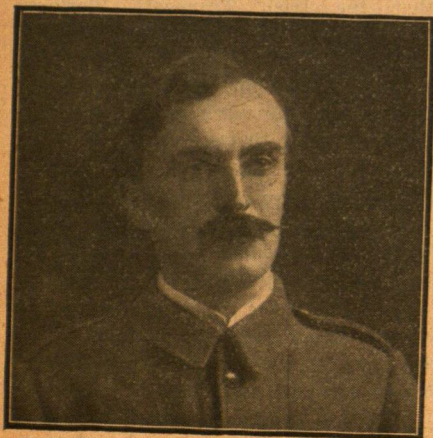
Not so much to impress on you my intimate acquaintance with one of the greatest of the great men of Easter Week as to explain a friendship which was to enable me to act as an intermediary between the leaders of the Irish Citizen Army and the Irish Volunteers have I thus referred to my frequent meetings and chats with James Connolly.

"The Coming Fight."

Over and over again James Connolly had spoken of "the coming fight." Little did I realise that he was going to announce one now.

"There is going to be a fight."

As he finished the article he was en-



THE O'RAHILLY.

[Photo Lafayette.]

gaged on when I entered, he made the announcement.

I took it for a query and answered: "Of course there will be a fight. But when?"

Most of the Irish Volunteers were eagerly looking forward at this time to

The Day." It seemed to be taken for granted that there would be a fight. Many of the Volunteers hoped it would soon start.

"The Citizen Army will make a move in a week."

Slowly and deliberately the words came. Determination was written all over the great face of a leader of men as he uttered them.

"You are not going to move on your own?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, I am," he said. And he meant it.

A Disastrous Project.

In the course of the rather heated discussion which followed I pointed out that if the Citizen Army went out on its own everything would be spoiled; the leaders of the Irish Volunteers would be arrested, and the general Rising which I told him was coming would be knocked on the head.

He told me he did not believe the leaders of the Irish Volunteers would move at all, and if they did they would move too late.

"The 'bide your time' doctrine has ruined Ireland's chance of success before. It will ruin it now," he declared.

"The Irish Volunteers are going to move," I reiterated. "I do not know when. If you bring out the Citizen Army now you will spoil everything."

"A good many of the Volunteers will join us when they see we mean business," he answered. "Do you think the Volunteer Executive has any intention of making a move?"

"I am almost certain there will be a Rising," I replied.

Attitude of Volunteer Leaders.

"The Executive Council of the Volunteers is opposed to a Rising," he declared.

Although I had no definite "inside" information on the point, I replied emphatically that they were not alone *not* opposed to a Rising, but were wholeheartedly in favour of one.

My declaration seemed to impress him and I followed it up by asking him if he thought that Patrick Pearse, Sean MacDermott, Eamonn Ceannt, The O'Rahilly and others whom I mentioned were likely to let such a golden opportunity pass without taking advantage of it.

He said he believed that those men would be inclined to move, but he thought some of the others were in favour of "a waiting policy," which, to him, amounted to doing nothing at all.

"If we do not fight now, Irish Nationality will be swamped for ever in West Britonism," he affirmed.

Finally he agreed that I might tell my Commandant—Eamonn Ceannt—what he had told me about the move he contemplated, and might also mention the matter to Patrick Pearse and The O'Rahilly.

Volunteer Leaders Informed.

That night, on parade, I told Commandant Ceannt. He looked amazed

when he heard the news. "Does he really mean it?" he asked.

I said I thought James Connolly meant every word he said.

On the following day Patrick Pearse, Eamonn Ceannt, and The O'Rahilly were closeted with James Connolly in his office in Liberty Hall.

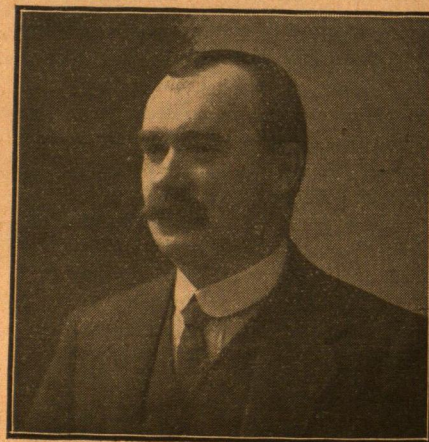
"Well," said I to James Connolly the following morning, "how are things now?"

He smiled.

"All right," was his reply. "We have arranged everything. The date is not as soon as I would have liked, but it is definite."

"You were not long getting in touch with your leaders," he added, "and I am glad."

Shortly after this I happened to be in Liberty Hall when word came that it was to be seized by the Powers that



JAMES CONNOLLY.

[Photo Lafayette.]

were. Fifteen or sixteen men of the Irish Citizen Army, fully armed, appeared as if by magic and took up positions in different parts of the building. No attempt was made to take the building, although a hundred or more policemen put in an appearance, and remained in the vicinity for an hour or more.

Before I left for home that night Liberty Hall held a garrison of fifty or sixty men, under the command of Commandant Michael Mallon, Chief of Staff of the Irish Citizen Army, a splendid man—and a great soldier.

Tribute to Connolly.

A few words of tribute to the memory of James Connolly may not be out of place here. Thanks to his unselfishness

and patriotism, disaster was avoided in 1916. What he admitted to me was "a forlorn hope" and might—probably would—have proved a fiasco, was not attempted. Instead we had Easter Week, and the Resurrection of the Nation.

A Republican of Republicans, James Connolly was open to reason. To him "a forlorn hope" would have been better than no fight at all, but once he was shown that something greater might eventuate if he waited a short time longer until the Irish Volunteers had their plans matured, he was big enough and patriotic enough, to sink his own personal wishes or desires and fall in with the arrangements of others.

Facts are stubborn things, and James Connolly did not shut his eyes to facts. He was an idealist, but one who would avail of a practical way to turn his ideals into living realities, and when Patrick Pearse, Eamonn Ceannt, and The O'Rahilly showed him a better way than the one he proposed to take he was practical enough to adopt it.

J. J. B.

(To be continued).

OFFICERS DANCE AT PORTO-BELLO.

A very successful social function was held in the Officers' Mess, Portobello Barracks, on Saturday evening, 6th inst., when the Officers of the Barracks entertained their friends to a most enjoyable dance. Owing to the very limited accommodation, the attendance was necessarily small, but no effort was spared to ensure the enjoyment of the guests. The ballroom was beautifully, if simply, decorated, and a delightful supper menu was provided. Manahan's Band supplied the music. Amongst those who attended were Colonel and Mrs. McGuinness, Col. Seumas McGauran, Major P. King, Major and Mrs. T. McNally, Comdt. and Mrs. Saurin, Comdt. F. Devlin, Comdt. and Mrs. Noone, Comdt. and Mrs. Wedick, Mr. W. E. Crawford, Mr. Farrelly, Capt. P. Tuite and Capt. Trimble.

"Ah've got a fine whippet," said one Yorkshireman to another.

"And Ah've got a rabbit," said his friend. "Let's have some sport."

Putting the rabbit in a bag they proceeded to a field, gave bunny a start, and released the whippet, whereupon both streaked out of sight, followed by their owners.

"Hast seen pup and rabbit?" they inquired of a farmer two fields farther on.

"Aye."

"How were they going?"

"Pup leading by six lengths!"

WIRELESS NOTES

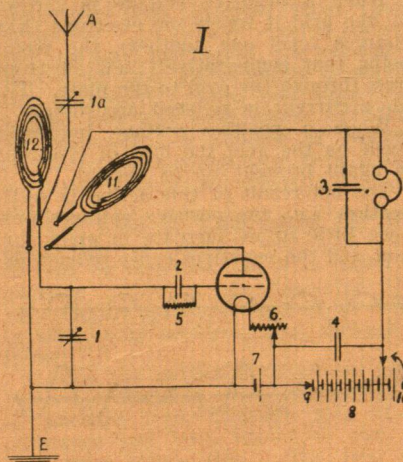
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Commandant J. SMYTH

ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

THE ONE-VALVE SET WITH REACTION.

This is a very simple and efficient set on which good Headphone signals may be received from most of the B.B.C. stations provided that use is made of a good aerial and earth system. The writer has on more than one occasion received American stations at fair strength on this type of set. Fig. 1.



The aerial tuning inductance may be either cylindrical or preferably in the form of the usual plug-in type of coil. For the B.B.C. and 2 RN waveband the standard 50 plug-in coil will cover the whole range, provided the set is arranged in such a way that the aerial tuning condenser may be connected in either position 1 or position 1a. Fig. 1.

In series with the plate, Telephones and High Tension Battery is the Reaction Coil. A standard plug in No. 75 will serve for this purpose. The A.T.I. Coil should be fixed and the Reaction Coil mounted alongside of it in an adjustable holder so that it may be moved

to any position varying from parallel to right angles to the A.T.I. Figs. 2 and 3.



For reception from Daventry the A.T.I. should be about 150 and the Reaction about 250 in value. The exact values depend on the capacity and inductance of the aerial system and is a matter for experiment. The values given above should, however, be quite suitable provided a standard P.M.G. aerial or thereabouts is used. .0005 microfarads is a suitable value for the aerial tuning condenser. This value is, however, not critical. Any value from .005 to .0005 will work alright.

Fixed condensers of .002 and 2 mf. should be used across the 'phones and High Tension Battery, respectively. These values are again not at all critical and may be either higher or lower than quoted. If the High Tension Battery is in good condition and the 'phones possess sufficient self-capacity neither of these latter condensers are necessary. I would, however, advise their use. Such condensers cost anything from about 1/- to 2/6.

Assuming that an ordinary general purposes valve is used, the components for the set consist of:—

4 Plug-in Coils as above (approximate cost)	0 16 0
1 Coil-holder	0 6 0
1 Valve-holder	0 2 0
1 Variable Condenser, .0005 mf. (1)	0 8 6
2 Fixed Condensers, .002 and 2 mf. (3 and 4)	0 5 0
1 Combined Grid Condenser and Grid Leak (2 and 5)	0 3 0

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1 Filament Resistance, 7 ohms (6)	0 2 3
1 Four-Volt Accumulator, 20 amp hours (7)	1 9 6
1 High Tension Battery with plug-in Tappings, 66 volts (8)	0 10 0
1 R. Valve	0 8 6
6 Terminals	0 1 0
2 Wander Plugs for H.T. Battery (9 and 10)	0 1 0

Total (about) £4 12 9

(The numbers in brackets refer to Diagram 1.)

If a dull-emitter valve, type '06, is used the accumulator may be replaced by a battery of dry cells or wet Le Clanche cells similar to those used for electric bells.

In addition to the above, a sheet of vulcanite, fibre or specially prepared wood on which to mount the apparatus will be required, also a cabinet to contain the set. This, however, is a simple matter for any handy man.

HOW THE SET WORKS.

Tuning-in—Adjust Condenser (1) to approximate value.

Listen on headphones and move Reaction Coil (11) towards A.T.I. (12) until a faint click or buzz is heard. The set is now reacting.

Turn Condenser knob gently in both directions until a clear note is heard.

This note is known as the carrier wave. (It is the resultant audible sound due to the carrier wave superimposed on our local oscillating set.)

Adjust the Condenser knob to a point in the centre of this note known as the dead-spot. The note will now be replaced by the telephony, which will be slightly muffled owing to the reaction.

Move the Reaction Coil slightly further away from the A.T.I. The telephony should now be quite clear of the muffled sound.

Make final adjustment on Condenser (1) for loudest signals.

Touch the Aerial Terminal with the finger. If you hear a click in the headphones the set is still oscillating and the reaction should be moved farther away from the A.T.I. The closer the reaction is to the A.T.I. without oscillation the louder and clearer the signals.

The operation of searching and adjusting for the carrier wave whilst the set is oscillating should be done quickly, as during this operation you are interrupting all listeners within a radius of several miles.

The set, when oscillating, acts as a transmitter and continuous waves are radiated from it. It is therefore advisable to test frequently for oscillation by touching the Aerial Terminal with the finger as already mentioned. (The question of interference will be exhaustively dealt with in due course).

SIMPLE THEORY OF ABOVE SET.

As in the simple Crystal set the aerial system is oscillating at the frequency of the carrier wave to which it is tuned.

The combination of Inductance and Capacity (A.T.I. and A.T.C.), 1 and 12, are connected to the grid and filament of the valve, therefore the resultant high frequency voltages in the aerial circuit are thrown on to these two points.

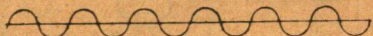
Analysing the effect of these voltages:—


Normally a current is flowing in the plate circuit through the headphones in virtue of the negative electron emission from the heated filament and their attraction by the positive charge on the plate. This positive charge is maintained by the High Tension Battery.


When a negative voltage is thrown on the grid it repels the electrons (like charges repel one another), the result being that comparatively few electrons pass through the grid to the plate. The plate current is reduced accordingly.

When a positive voltage impresses itself on the grid the flow of electrons is again brought up to normal.

The net result of this action is rectification, i.e., the positive voltages produce little or no increase in plate current and the negatives cause reductions.

IV 

V 

VI 

VII 

Diagrams 4, 5, 6 and 7 illustrate the above action.

Fig. 4 shows the normal carrier wave.

Fig. 5 shows the carrier wave on which the telephony is superimposed.

Fig. 6 shows the normal current in the plate circuit.

Fig. 7 shows the reductions in plate current due to rectification.

These latter variations in current are the electric characteristics of the transmitted telephony, and the variations in the current flowing through the coils of the telephone receiver exert varying degrees of attraction on the soft iron disc, thus producing vibrations in the disc. These vibrations acting on the air set up air waves which produce the sensation of sound. If the tuning of the set is correct these sounds should be identical with the sounds which are spoken or played at the transmitting station.

The loudest signals are received in this particular type of set when the Reaction Coil is as close as possible to the A.T.I. The reaction should, however, not be sufficiently close to produce local oscillation and consequent interference with other listeners.

Even with a comparatively loose coupling there is a certain amount of Inductive Reaction, i.e., the variations in plate current which are in step with the received variations in the A.T.I. tend to increase the value of the latter. A variation of current and voltage in a coil produces a similar current and voltage in a neighbouring coil, the value of the latter depending on the closeness of one to the other.

Action of Grid Condenser and Grid Leak.—A Condenser acts as an Insulator or disconnection in a direct current circuit. In the case of alternating current, however, a Condenser acts as a conductor. The Grid Condenser therefore insulates the Grid from the filament as far as direct current is concerned. At the same time it allows the high frequency voltages already referred to to impress themselves on the Grid.

Under these conditions the Grid may become oversaturated with negative, thus completely stopping the electrons by repelling them back towards the filament. The Grid Leak is provided as a path of high resistance in order to drain off the overcharges of negative from the Grid.

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THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY CAPTAIN J. JOHNSTON.

HISTORY.

SECTION I.—continued.

Twelve thousand years ago, or thereabouts, the conditions prevailing in the then known world were beginning to become very like those which we know to-day. That is to say, natural conditions—not the conditions brought about by the existence of great cities, mazes of roads and railway lines, etc. but by the forests which were beginning to spread to the northward as the glacial or frozen conditions receded. Animals, many of them similar to the types which exist to-day, were becoming prevalent and were multiplying. The prevailing types of animals in Europe about this time were the Stag, which still exists to-day, the Great Ox, an animal standing over 11 feet high and only similar to our present cattle by the fact that it was herbivorous, and the Bison. The Great Ox never became domesticated, and it eventually became extinct about the time of the Roman Empire, or perhaps a little later. Domestic cattle as we know them to-day were brought into Europe at a much later period either from Africa or Asia.

The early men of the Mediterranean Dark White or Iberian Race were now beginning to spread out to the northwards, as the land in this direction became habitable. It is possible that early man reached the American Continent somewhere about 10,000 to 12,000 years ago via the isthmus which probably took the place of what we now know as the Bering Strait.

There is evidence to show that polished stone implements and weapons of a fairly high grade were used between 12,000 and 8,000 years ago.

Up to this time, and perhaps for 2,000 or 3,000 years more, early man was of necessity a hunter; that is to say, he had not yet learned to cultivate the land, and therefore his food supply depended on hunting wild beasts, and on such wild fruit, berries, etc., as happened to be available; in other words his life and means of living was entirely haphazard until he learned to cultivate the land and produce crops of his own. It will therefore be apparent that perhaps the most important event which happened in the early history of mankind was when he learned to cultivate the land, for it was through the medium of this event that the settlement of mankind in various areas became possible, with the resultant civilization which we know to-day.

Exactly when early man learned the art of cultivation it is impossible now to say, but it can perhaps be placed somewhere between 12,000 and 8,000 years ago. Also about this period man acquired by very slow degrees the art of domesticating cattle, sheep, goats,

pigs, and dogs. The student, however, must not imagine that any one of these achievements which are so commonplace to-day developed in a few years, or even in a few hundred years. In these times progress was very, very slow, and it took a thousand or perhaps two or three thousand years to show any marked progress in development.

The use of metals by mankind only dates back some 6,000 or 7,000 years, and there is evidence to show that about that time man had discovered copper and also tin, and was fashioning implements and weapons from these substances. A means of making pottery had also been discovered, and the habit of cooking food before eating it gradually developed. Gold had been discovered and was used where available for ornaments. A number of pre-historic ornaments which have been found in Ireland were particularly rich in gold.

About 6,000 to 7,000 years ago the production of bronze was also discovered by mankind, but it is rather a question whether he discovered the manufacture of this substance by trial or skill or by accident, most likely the latter.

It was not until some 3,000 or 4,000 years ago that man discovered a method of smelting iron, although iron as a substance had been known to man a long time before this. The iron he knew, however, was meteoric, and was used principally for making charms and magic. In fact the use of iron was almost unknown, even during the early period of recorded history.

So we get a picture of the state of affairs existing some 12,000 years ago, and we visualize early man scattered over Europe, North Africa, and Asia, living a very simple, partly hunting and partly agricultural, life; a life which he continued to lead with little change for nearly another 9,000 years. Slowly, very slowly, and with many setbacks, due to catastrophes, pestilences, etc., man was gaining experience, finding material and developing his brain power, and gradually becoming what we know to-day as civilized.

It will be interesting to study the method of living which prevailed in those days. It seems that somewhere between 8,000 and 9,000 years ago man had developed so far as to be able to make some sort of house or dwelling place, although nothing of a really permanent nature was built or constructed until a much later period. There is evidence that man had also developed from purely tribal existence in camps or caves to the method of living in villages constructed of rough wooden houses, and lake dwellings; that is, a series of dwelling places constructed on wooden platforms over lakes or running water. There are still traces of these lake

dwellings in Switzerland, Denmark, Scotland, and Ireland; in fact these lake dwellings actually existed in Ireland up to the time that O'Neill of Tyrone was fighting the English during the reign of James I. of England.

Another important discovery of mankind was the food value of wheat, and again we are unable to say precisely when man first discovered this, or where the discovery first took place. However, it would probably have been somewhere in Asia Minor, for it is the only place where wheat of a kind has been found growing wild. It is a curious fact that the inhabitants of the American Continent never produced or discovered wheat. Their staple agricultural product was developed on different lines.

Amongst other foodstuffs known to mankind in these early times were peas and crab-apples, for it must be remembered that it took centuries of cultivation to produce the apple we have to-day. Another interesting fact is that poultry and hens' eggs, which form such a staple part of human diet to-day, were altogether unknown until about 3,000 years ago, and they were probably introduced from India or thereabouts.

So far, in these articles we have been concerned with the development of mankind generally, and the student must not suppose that development took place at the same rate, or anything like the same rate, amongst all the peoples who inhabited the world. In fact the variation in the rate of progress of different peoples in widely separated parts of the world was very great. For example, when Tasmania was discovered by the Dutch in 1642 A.D. they found there a people who were little more advanced in civilization than the European populations of nearly 12,000 years ago. Thus the student will learn that more or less great settlements of mankind, approximating to the cities of to-day, and having a culture and civilization of their own, were developing and progressing in Egypt and Asia Minor, and perhaps also in China, while mankind in Europe and other parts of the world was still a nomadic savage.

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

Mazes: a bewildering—a series of intricate winding passages.

Herbivorous: feeding on herbs, or vegetables.

Haphazard: by chance or accident.

Achievements: accomplishments—works.

Meteoric: part of a fallen star or meteor.

Visualize: see

Pestilences: plagues, famines, diseases.

Permanent: fixed, durable.

Precisely: exactly or with truth.

Nomadic: wandering.

GEOGRAPHY.

SECTION I—continued.

The earth's surface is, as you know, divided into land and water. Its area is about 197 million square miles. A little less than three-fourths of the earth's surface is occupied by **water**—the land occupies about 52 million square miles.

About three-quarters of the land masses lie North of the Equator, mostly in the North Temperate Zone (this position you can note from the diagram of the zones published in Vol. IV., No. 5). In this zone the climate is best suited for the development and progress of mankind—owing to its nearness to the Equator—this portion of the earth receiving the greatest amount of light and heat from the sun.

Land. These great masses of land are called **Continents**; namely, Asia, Africa, America, Europe, and Australia—the latter Continent being entirely surrounded by water is also an **Island**—the largest in the world.

The Continents are again divided into countries, provinces and townlands. A modern map shows you how these Continents are split up. Where the land meets the sea it is called the **seashore** or **coast line**. This line is usually very irregular.

Where the land juts out into the sea we have what is called a **Cape**. As these **Capes** have withstood the action of the waves it is clear they are either the harder or more rocky parts of the coast, or deposits of sand and shingle which have been cast up by currents.

The harder Capes are also termed **Heads**, **Headlands**, **Promontories**, or **Forelands**. The low Capes may be called **Points** or **Nazes**. Again, some of this land stretches far out into the sea, and is almost surrounded by water, giving us the term **Peninsula**. Italy is an example.

Water. The waters of the sea form one mass around the land, and are broken up by it into Oceans and smaller divisions. We have five Oceans, namely, the **Pacific Ocean** lying between Asia and America, the **Atlantic Ocean** separating America from Europe and Africa, the **Indian Ocean** which washes the shores of Eastern Africa, Southern Asia and Western Australia, the **Arctic Ocean** lying in the Arctic Zone, and the **Antarctic Ocean** in the Antarctic Zone.

Parts of these Oceans near the shores are called **Seas**, and if the water is partly enclosed by land we have what is known as **Bays**, **Gulfs**, **Inlets**, **Creeks**, etc. Narrow strips of water separating land are called **Straits**, wider strips are called **Channels**.

You will find summarised hereunder a list of Geographical terms, with their meanings, which will be very useful to you during the course in Geography:—

Term. Meaning.

Continent—One of the largest divisions of land.

Country—A smaller division of land.

Province—A division of a country.

Coast or Shore—That part of the land which borders on the water.

Island—A portion of land entirely surrounded by water.

Peninsula—A portion of land almost surrounded by water.

Cape—A portion of the coast stretching out into the sea.

Isthmus—A narrow strip of land joining two large portions of land.

Plain—A large tract of level land.

Hill—A portion of land rising a considerable height above the surrounding country.

Mountain—A very high Hill.

Volcano—A Mountain which gives forth smoke, flame, lava, and ashes.

Desert—An arid or non-fertile portion of land usually covered with sand.

Oasis—A fertile spot in a Desert.

Delta—Land formed at the mouth of a river by the mud carried down by that river.

Bog
Swamp } A wet plain.
Marsh

Valley—Low land between two Hills.

Ocean—The largest portion of water.

Sea—A smaller portion of water than an Ocean.

Bay—Is a portion of the Sea stretching into the land.

Lake—A portion of water entirely surrounded by land.

Strait—A narrow passage of water connecting two larger portions of water.

Channel—A wider passage of water than a Strait.

Archipelago—A Sea studded with Islands.

Harbour—A small Bay, either natural or artificial, and much enclosed by land.

River—Is water running through the land. Its **SOURCE** is where it begins, its **MOUTH** is where it enters the Sea.

Tributary—A river running into another river.

Basin—The basin of a river is the land drained by the river and its tributaries.

Watershed—The ridge of land separating one river basin from another.

Canal—An artificial waterway. Canals have been cut of various widths and depths to suit particular requirements. The Canals in Ireland are shallow and are used for barge traffic. The Suez Canal, the Panama Canal, and the Manchester Ship Canal can accommodate very large vessels.

thousand and seventy, seventeen million eight hundred and twenty-nine thousand, and express the result in words.

2. How much must be added to the product of 175 and 53 to give the same product as 177 and 53?

3. The product of two numbers is 32470956 and one of the numbers is 6489. What is the other?

4. Find the sum of the quotient and remainder when 16316316 is divided by 163.

5. Divide 973047 into two numbers of which one is greater than the other by 279425.

6. In the following addition sum fill up the missing line:—

1602996

8973214

7. The sum of two numbers is 120 and their difference is 26. Find the two numbers.

GRAMMAR.

SECTION I.

Grammar is the science that teaches us to speak and write **correctly**.

Language is the expression of thought by means of words.

Words are made up of letters and may be either spoken or written.

A group of words so arranged as to convey complete sense or meaning is called a **Sentence**.

There are three principal divisions of Grammar which correspond to the three elements which go to make speech or language, i.e., **Letters**, **Words**, **Sentences**.

Sentences:

1. That part which deals with letters, combinations of letters and the particular combinations which form words, is called **Orthography** and means correct writing (or spelling).

2. That part which deals with words, their classification, the changes they undergo, and the rules governing the use of the different forms is called **Etymology**.

3. That part which deals with sentences, their formation, classification and grouping is called **Syntax**.

LETTERS.

A collection of all the different letters used in written language and arranged in a certain definite order is called the **Alphabet**.

The English Alphabet consists of 26 letters commencing with "A" and ending with "Z." Each letter is **printed** and **written** both as a capital and as a small letter—Thus A, a; B, b; C, c; D, d; etc.

Letters are divided into **vowels** and **consonants**.

Letters that can be fully pronounced or sounded by themselves are called **vowels**.

The **vowels** are a, e, i, o, u, w and y are also regarded as vowels when they do **not** begin a word or syllable as in **law**, **day**, **drown**. They are considered

ARITHMETIC.

EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

1. Add together: seventeen hundred and twenty, a hundred and seventy



as vowels because they actually take the place of vowels. Compare *lau*, *dae*, *droun*.

All the other letters (including *w* and *y* when they **begin** a word or syllable) cannot be fully sounded without the aid of a vowel either before or after, and are called **consonants**, e.g., *l* (*el*), *t* (*tee*), *x* (*ex*), *won*, *beyond*.

The letter "*H*" simply stands for a sign of aspiration and signifies that the following vowel must be aspirated. There are **only four words** in which "*h*" placed at the beginning is **silent**. These are **Hour, Heir, Honour and Honest**, and all words formed from them as **hourly, dishonourable, honesty**.

A **syllable** is a single vowel or group of letters which can be pronounced together by a single effort of the voice. A word may consist of one, two, three or more syllables, e.g., **horse** (one), **a-way** (two), **re-mem-ber** (three), **ad-min-is-tra-tion** (five).

(Note—When in writing it is found necessary at the end of a line to carry over part of the word to the next line the division should always be made in syllables. A syllable or a one syllable word should never be divided).

When a word is made up of more than one syllable the separate parts are **not** sounded with equal force. One is always stressed more than the others. This stress is called **Accent** and is denoted thus (*i*) (as in **re-mem-ber**) after the syllable to be stressed. Accent is only indicated thus when special attention is being drawn to the pronunciation of a word or in a pronouncing dictionary. In the correct stressing of syllables lies the great secret of correct speech.

EXERCISES.

1. How many vowels in hospitality, unwisely, piteous, yeomanry, yawning?
2. Give two examples of words containing five different vowels.
3. Divide the following words into syllables:—renown, unfinished, disembark, reflection, indigestible, Constantinople.
4. Place the accent on the proper syllable of the following words:—de-bate, re-flect, gen-tle-man, ill-ness, pur-suit, en-vi-ous, di-am-et-er, pal-pi-ta-tion.
5. What is a sentence?

ANSWER TO QUERY.

No. 20693.—You omitted to give your rank, name and address on your paper, and a stamped addressed envelope was not enclosed. Send on these particulars and your paper will be returned.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUN FROM PORTOBELLO BARRACKS.



[First Men Home Chaired by their Comrades at Portobello Barracks.

Left to Right:—M. O'Leary (Winner), M. O'Donnell, 2nd; and J. Cox, 3rd.

[Photo R. Shakespeare.

Over 60 competitors took part in the Cross-Country handicap from Portobello Barracks, Dublin, on the afternoon of Wednesday, 10th inst. The various Battalions and Corps stationed in Portobello were represented, and keen interest was manifested in the event. The course was from Portobello to Terenure, Tallaght, Kimmage, and Harold's Cross, returning via Canal Gate.

The medals for the handicap were given by the Brigade Chaplain. Winners were presented with the medals by the Rev. R. J. Casey, C.F., who congratulated them on a very successful and keenly contested race. Details:—1st—Pte. Martin O'Leary (A Coy., 22nd Batt.); 2nd—Pte. M. O'Donnell (C Coy., 23rd Batt.); 3rd—Pte. J. Cox (C Coy., 23rd Batt.).

GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

My dancing expert tells me that there is a reluctance to get up for the new waltz at Dublin dances though he claims that it is very simple. He says that if I want to recommend dance records I should mention the best tangos and fox-trots. So I have compelled him to listen to a large number and he has made the following selections from the H.M.V. list:—

Tangos—H.M.V. 10-inch (3/-) "Por Ti" and "La Mantilla" played by Varaldi's Tango band. (I gather from the expert that "Por Ti" leads by a short head). "Garconierra" and "Tuo Ojos." (He puts them in this order, but other dance enthusiasts of my acquaintance give "Two Ojos" first

place) "Capricho" and "Tango Sentimental," "En tus Brazos" and "Adelai." The last six (three discs) are played by the Rio Grande Tango Band, and in some of them there is, to my uneducated ear, some amazing exploits with a saw and something that sounds like a very lusty accordion. But these records have aroused great enthusiasm amongst my dancing friends.

I don't know exactly what constitutes a Marimba Band, but such records as I have heard are very "tuneful" and have given much pleasure to all listeners who were not highbrow. An excellent example is the new Aco (10-in., 2/6) "Sometime" and "Hawaiian Ripples" by the Pacific Marimba Band.

TONE ARM.

THE GRAMOPHONE STORES
JOHNSON COURT
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Clementina

BY

A.E.W. Mason

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CHAPTER VII.—continued.

Wogan was almost indignant at the suggestion that he would go so far as to ask even his dearest friend for a sheath. Besides, he had a sheath, and he fitted the knife into it.

"Now," said he pleasantly, "all that I need is a sound, swift, thoroughbred horse about six or seven years old."

Count Otto for the fourth time took up his lamp.

"Will you follow me?" he said for the fourth time.

Wogan followed the old man across the lawn and round a corner of the house until he came to a long, low building surmounted by a cupola. The building was the stable, and the Count Otto roused one of his grooms.

"Saddle me Flavia," said he. "Flavia is a mare who, I fancy, fulfils your requirements."

Wogan had no complaint to make of her. She had the manners of a cour-tier. It seemed, too, that she had no complaint to make of Mr. Wogan. Count Otto laid his hand upon the bridle and led the mare with her rider along a lane through a thicket of trees and to a small gate.

"Here then we part, Chevalier," said he. "No doubt to-morrow I shall sit down at my table knowing that I talked a deal of folly ill befitting an old man. No doubt I shall be aware that my books are the true happiness after all. But to-night—well, to-night I would fain be twenty years of age, that I might fling my books over the hedge and ride out with you, my sword at my side, my courage in my hand, into the world's highway. I will beg you to keep the mare as a token and a memory of our meeting. There is no better beast, I believe, in Christendom."

Wogan was touched by the old gentleman's warmth.

"Count," said Wogan, "I will gladly keep your mare in remembrance of your great goodwill to a stranger. But there is one better beast in Christendom."

"Indeed? And which is that?"

"Why, sir, the black horse which the lady I shall marry will ride into my city of dreams." And so he rode off upon his way. The morning was just beginning to gleam pale in the east. Here was a night passed which he had

not thought to live through, and he was still alive to help the chosen woman imprisoned in the hollow of the hills at Innspruck. Wogan had reason to be grateful to that old man who stood straining his eyes after him. There was something pathetic in his discontent with his secluded life which touched Wogan to the heart. Wogan was not sure that in the morning the old man would know that the part he had chosen was after all the best. Besides, Wogan had between his knees the most friendly and intelligent beast which he had ridden since that morning when he met Lady Featherstone on the road to Bologna.

But he had soon other matters to distract his thoughts. However easily Flavia cantered or trotted she could not but sharply remind him of his wound. He had forty miles to travel before he could reach Schlestadt; and in the villages on the road there was gossip that day of a man with a tormented face who rode rocking in his saddle as though the furies were at his back.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT SCHLESTADT.

THE little town of Schlestadt went to bed betimes. By ten o'clock its burghers were in their night-caps. A belated visitor going home at that hour found his footsteps ring upon the pavement with surprising echoes, and traversed dark street after dark street, seeing in each window, perhaps, a mimic moon but no other light, unless his path chanced to lie through Herzog-strasse. In that street a couple of windows on the first floor showed bright and unabashed, and the curious passer-by could detect upon the blind the shadows of men growing to monstrous giants and dwindling to pigmies according as they approached or retired from the lamp in the room.

There were three men in that room booted as for a journey. Their dress might have misled one into the belief that they were merchants, but their manner of wearing it proclaimed them soldiers. Of the three, one, a short spare man, sat at the table with his head bent over a slip of paper. His peruke was pushed back from his forehead and showed that the hair about

his temples was grey. He had a square face of some strength and thoughtful eyes.

The second of the three stood by the window. He was, perhaps, a few years younger—thirty-six an observer might have guessed to the other's forty—and his face revealed a character quite different. His features were sharp, his eyes quick; if prudence was the predominating quality of the first, resource took its place in the second. While the first man sat patiently at the table, this one stood impatiently at the window. Now he lifted the blind, now he dropped it again.

The third sat in front of the fire with his face upturned to the ceiling. He was a tall, big man with mighty legs which sprawled one on each side of the hearth. He was the youngest of the three by five years, but his forehead at this moment was so creased, his mouth so pursed up, his cheeks so wrinkled, he had the look of sixty years. He puffed and breathed very heavily; once or twice he sighed, and at each sigh his chair creaked under him. Major O'Toole of Dillon's regiment was thinking.

"Gaydon," said he suddenly.

The man at the table looked up quickly.

"Misset."

The man at the window turned impatiently.

"I have an idea."

Misset shrugged his shoulders.

Gaydon said, "Let us hear it."

O'Toole drew himself up; his chair no longer creaked—it groaned and cracked.

"It is a lottery," said he, "and we have made our fortunes. We three are the winners, and so our names are not crossed out."

"But I have put no money in a lottery," objected Gaydon.

"Nor I," said Misset.

"And where should I find money either?" said O'Toole.

"But Charles Wogan has borrowed it for us and paid it in, and so we're all rich men. What'll I buy with it?"

Misset paced the room.

"The paper came four days ago?" he said.

"Yes, in the morning."

"Five days then." And he stood listening. Then he ran to the window

and opened it. Gaydon followed him and drew up the blind. Both men listened and were puzzled.

"That's the sound of horse-shoes," said Gaydon.

"But there's another sound keeping pace with the horse-shoes," said Misset. O'Toole leaned on their shoulders, crushing them both down upon the sill of the window.

"It is very like the sound a gentleman makes when he reels home from a tavern."

Gaydon and Misset raised themselves with a common effort springing from a common thought, and shot O'Toole back into the room.

"What if it is?" began Misset.

"He was never drunk in his life," said Gaydon.

"It's possible that he has reformed," said O'Toole; and the three men precipitated themselves down the stairs.

The drunkard was Wogan; he was

Wogan suddenly stopped and looked curiously at O'Toole. O'Toole answered the look loftily.

"It is a little maxim of philosophy. I have others. They come to me in the night."

Misset laughed. Wogan walked thoughtfully on to the stable. It was a long building and a light was still burning. Moreover a groom was awake, for the door was opened before they had come near enough to knock. There were twelve stalls, of which nine were occupied, and three of the nine horses stood ready saddled and bridled.

Wogan sat down upon a corn-bin and waited while his mare was groomed and fed. The mare looked round once or twice in the midst of her meal, twisting her neck as far as her halter allowed.

"I am not gone yet, my lady," said he; "take your time."

Wogan made a ghostly figure in the dim shadowy night. His face was of

O'Toole, however, had foreseen his wants, and handed him a pipe newly filled. While Wogan was lighting the tobacco Misset came back into the room with word that the doctor was out upon his last rounds, but would come as soon as he had returned home. The four men sat down about the fire, and Wogan reached out his hand and felt O'Toole's arm.

"It is you," he said. "There you are, the three of you, my good friends, and this is Schlestadt. But it is strange." And he laughed a little to himself and looked about the room, assuring himself that this indeed was Gaydon's lodging.

"You received a slip of paper?" said he.

"Four days back," said Gaydon.

"And understood?"

"That we were to be ready."

"Good."

"Then it's not a lottery," murmured O'Toole, "and we've drawn no prizes."

"Ah, but we are going to," cried Wogan. "We are safe here. No one can hear us, no one can burst in. But I am sure of that. Misset knows the trick that will make us safe from interruption, eh?"

Misset looked blankly at Wogan.

"Why, one can turn the key," said he.

"To be sure," said Wogan with a laugh of admiration for that device of which he had bethought himself, and which he ascribed to Misset, "if there's a key; but if there's no key, why, a chair tilted against the door to catch the handle, eh?"

Misset locked the door, not at all comprehending that device, and returned to his seat.

"We are to draw the greatest prize that ever was drawn," resumed Wogan; and he broke off. "But is there a cupboard in the room? No matter. I forgot that this is Gaydon's lodging, and Gaydon's not the man to overlook a cupboard."

Gaydon jumped up from his chair.

"But upon my word there is a cupboard," he cried; and crossing to a corner of the room he opened a door and looked in. Wogan laughed again as though Gaydon's examination of the cupboard was a very good joke.

"There will be nobody in it," he cried; "Gaydon will never feel a hand gripping the life out of his throat because he forgot to search a cupboard."

The cupboard was empty, as it happened. But Gaydon had left the door of the street open when he went out to meet Wogan; there had been time and to spare for any man to creep upstairs and hide himself had there been a man in Schlestadt that night minded to hear. Wogan returned to his chair abashed at his negligence.

"We are to draw the biggest prize in all Europe," said Wogan.

"There!" cried O'Toole. "Will you be pleased to remember when next I have an idea that I was right?"

"But not for ourselves," added Wogan.

O'Toole's face fell.



"The drunkard was Wogan: he was drunk with fatigue and sleeplessness and pain."

drunk with fatigue and sleeplessness and pain, but he had retained just enough of his sober nature to spare a tired mare who had that day served him well.

The first intimation he received that his friends were on the watch was O'Toole's voice bawling down the street to him.

"Is it a lottery? Tell me we're all rich men." And he felt himself grasped in O'Toole's arms.

"I'll tell you more wonderful things than that," stammered Wogan, "when you have shown me the way to a stall."

"There's one at the back of the house," said Gaydon. "I'll take the horse."

"No," said Wogan stubbornly, and would not yield the bridle to Gaydon.

O'Toole nodded approval.

"There are two things," said he, "a man never trusts to his friends. One's his horse, t'other's his wife."

an extraordinary pallor, his teeth chattered, his eyes burned. Gaydon looked at him with concern and said to the groom, "You can take the saddles off. We shall need no horses to-night."

The four men returned to the house, and Wogan went upstairs first. Gaydon held back the other two at the foot of the stairs.

"Not a word, not a question, till he has eaten, or we shall have him in bed for a twelvemonth. Misset, do you run for a doctor—O'Toole, see what you can find in the larder."

Wogan sat before the fire without a word while O'Toole spread the table and set a couple of cold partridges upon it and a bottle of red wine. Wogan ate mechanically for a little, and afterwards with some enjoyment. He picked the partridges till the bones were clean, and he finished the bottle of wine. Then he rose to his feet with a sigh of something very like to contentment, and felt along the mantelshef with his hands.

"Oh, we are to hand it over to a third party," said he.

"Yes."

"Well, after all, that's quite of a piece with our luck."

"Who is the third party?" asked Misset.

"The King."

Misset started up from his chair and leaned forward, his hands upon the arms.

"The King," said O'Toole; "to be sure, that makes a difference."

Gaydon asked quietly, "And what is the prize?"

"The Princess Clementina," said Wogan. "We are to rescue her from her prison in Innspruck."

Even Gaydon was startled.

"We four!" he exclaimed.

"We four!" repeated Misset, staring at Wogan. His mouth was open, his eyes started from his head, he stammered in his speech. "We four against a nation, against half Europe!"

O'Toole simply crossed to a corner of the room, picked up his sword, and buckled it to his waist.

"I am ready," said he.

Wogan turned round in his chair and smiled.

"I know that," said he. "So are we all—all ready. Is not that so, my friends? We four are ready." And he looked to Misset and to Gaydon. "Here's an exploit, if we but carry it through, which even antiquity will be at pains to match. It's more than an exploit, for it has the sanctity of a crusade. On the one side there's tyranny, oppression, injustice, the one woman who most deserves a crown robbed of it. And on the other—"

"There's the King," said Gaydon; and the three brief words seemed somehow to quench and sober Wogan.

"Yes," said he, "there's the King, and we four to serve him in his need. We are few, but in that lies our one hope. They will never look for four men but for many. Four men travelling to the shrine of Loretto with the Pope's passport may well stay at Innspruck and escape a close attention."

"I am ready," O'Toole repeated.

"But we shall not start to-night. There's the passport to be got, a plan to be arranged."

"Oh, there's a plan," said O'Toole. "To be sure there's always a plan." And he sat down again heavily as though he put no faith in plans.

Misset and Gaydon drew their chairs closer to Wogan's, and instinctively lowered their voices to the tone of a whisper.

"Is Her Highness warned of the attempt?" asked Gaydon.

"As soon as I obtained the King's permission," replied Wogan, "I hurried to Innspruck. There I saw Chateaudoux, the chamberlain of the Princess's mother. Here is a letter he dropped in the cathedral for me to pick up."

He drew the letter from his fob and handed it to Gaydon. Gaydon read it and handed it to Misset. Misset nodded and handed it to O'Toole, who read it four times and handed it back to Gaydon with a flourish of the hand as

though the matter was now quite plain to him.

"Chateaudoux has a sweetheart," said he sententiously. "Very good; I do not think the worse of him."

Gaydon glanced a second time through the letter.

"The Princess says that you must have the Prince Sobieski's written consent."

"I had last night, but I made a spill of it to light my pipe. There were six men against me. Had that been found on my dead body, why, there was proof positive of our attempt, and the attempt foiled by sure safeguards."

Misset leaned across Gaydon's arm and scanned the letter.

"But her Highness writes most clearly she will not move without that sure token of her father's consent."

Wogan drew from his breast pocket a snuff-box made from a single turquoise.

"Here's a token no less sure. It was Prince Sobieski's New Year's gift to me—a jewel unique and in an unique setting. This must persuade her. His father, great King John of Poland, took it from the Grand Vizier's tent when the Turks were routed at Vienna."

O'Toole reached out his hand and engulfed the jewel.

"Sure," said he, "it is a pretty sort of toy. It would persuade any woman to anything so long as she was promised it to hang about her neck. You must promise it to the Princess, but not give it to her—no, lest when she has got it she should be content to remain in Innspruck. I know. You must promise it."

Wogan bowed to O'Toole's wisdom and took back the snuff-box. "I will not forget to promise it," said he.

"But here's another point," said Gaydon. "Her Highness, the Princess's mother, insists that a woman shall attend upon her daughter; and where shall we find a woman with the courage and strength?"

"I have thought of that," said Wogan. "Misset has a wife. By the luckiest stroke in the world Misset took a wife this last spring."

There was at once a complete silence. Gaydon stared into the fire, O'Toole looked with intense interest at the ceiling, Misset buried his face in his hands. Wogan was filled with consternation. Was Misset's wife dead? he asked himself. He had spoken lightly, laughingly, and he went hot and cold as he recollected the raillery of his words. He sat in his chair shocked at the pain which he had caused his friend. Moreover, he had counted surely upon Mrs. Misset.

Then Misset raised his head from his hands, and in a trembling voice he said slowly, "My boy would only live to serve his King. Why should he not serve his King before he lives? My wife will say the like."

There was a depth of quiet feeling in his words which Wogan would never have expected from Misset; and the words themselves were words which he felt no man, no king, however much beloved, however generous to his servants, had any right to expect. They

took Wogan's breath away, and not Wogan's only but Gaydon's and O'Toole's too. A longer silence than before followed upon them. The very simplicity with which they had been uttered was startling, and made those three men doubt at the first whether they had heard aright.

O'Toole was the first to break the silence.

"It is a strange thing that there never was a father since Adam who was not absolutely sure in his heart that his first-born must be a boy. When you come to think philosophically about it, you'll see that if fathers had their way the world would be peopled with sons, with never a bit of a lass in any corner to marry them."

O'Toole's reflection if not a reason for laughter made a pretext for it, at which all—even Misset, who was a trifle ashamed of his display of feeling—eagerly caught. Wogan held his hand out and clasped Misset's.

"That was a great saying," said he, "but so much sacrifice is not to be accepted."

Misset, however, was firm. His wife, he said, though naturally timid, could show a fine spirit on occasion, and would never forgive one of them if she was left behind. He argued until a compromise was reached. Misset should lay the matter openly before his wife, and the four crusaders, to use Wogan's term, would be bound by her decision.

"So you may take it that matter's settled," said Misset. "There will be five of us."

"Six," said Wogan.

"There's another man to join us then?" said Gaydon. "I have it: your servant Marnier."

"No, not Marnier, nor any man. It is necessary that when once her Highness is rescued we must get so much start as will make pursuit vain. We shall be hampered with a coach, and a coach will travel slowly over the passes of Tyrol. The pursuers will ride horses; they must not come up with us. From Innspruck to Italy, if we have never an accident, will take us at the least four days it will take our pursuers three. We must have one clear day before her Highness's evasion is discovered. Now the chief magistrate of Innspruck visits her Highness's apartments twice a day—at ten in the morning and at ten of the night. The Princess must be rescued at night, and if her escape is discovered in the morning she will never reach Italy—she will be behind the bars again."

"But the Princess's mother will be left," said Gaydon. "She can plead that her daughter is ill."

"The magistrate forces his way into the very bedroom. We must take with us a woman who will lie in her Highness's bed with the curtains drawn about her and a voice so weak with suffering that she cannot raise it above a whisper, with eyes so tired from sleeplessness she cannot bear a light near them. Help me in this. Name me a woman with the fortitude to stay behind."

Gaydon shook his head.

"She will remain for the captors to punish as they will. I know no woman."

"Nay," said Wogan, "you exaggerate her danger. Once her Highness is in Bologna safe, the Emperor cannot wreak vengeance on a woman; it would be too paltry." And he now made his appeal to Misset.

"No, my friend," Misset replied. "I know no woman with the fortitude."

"But you do," interrupted O'Toole. "So do I. There's no difficulty whatever in the matter. Mrs. Misset has a maid."

"Oho!" said Gaydon.

"The maid's name is Jenny."

"Aha!" said Wogan.

"She's a very good friend of mine."

"O'Toole!" cried Misset indignantly. "My wife's maid—a very good friend of yours?"

"Sure she is, and you didn't know it," said O'Toole with a chuckle. "I am the cunning man after all. She would do a great deal for me would Jenny."

"But has she courage?" asked Wogan.

"Faith, her father was a French grenadier and her mother a vivandière. It would be a queer thing if she were frightened by a little matter of lying in bed and pretending to be some one else."

"But can we trust her with the secret?" asked Gaydon.

"No!" exclaimed Misset, and he rose angrily from his chair. "My wife's maid—O'Toole—O'Toole—my wife's maid. Did ever one hear the like?"

"My friend," said O'Toole quietly, "it seems almost as if you wished to reflect on Jenny's character, which would not be right."

Misset looked angrily at O'Toole, who was not at all disturbed. Then he said, "Well, at all events she gossips. We cannot take her. She would tell the whole truth of our journey at the first halt."

"That's true," said O'Toole.

Then for the second time that evening he cried, "I have an idea."

"Well?"

"We'll not tell her the truth at all. Most like she would not come if we told it her. Jenny very likely has never heard of her Highness the Princess, and I doubt if she cares a button for the King. Besides, she would never believe but that we were telling her a lie. No. We'll make up a probable sort of story, and then she'll believe it to be the truth."

"I have it," cried Wogan. "We'll tell her that we are going to abduct an heiress who is dying for love of O'Toole and whose merciless parents are forcing her into a loveless despicable marriage with a tottering pantaloons."

O'Toole brought his hand down upon the arm of the chair.

"There's the very story," he cried. "To be sure you are a great man, Charles. The most probably convincing story that was ever invented! Oh! but you'll hear Jenny sob with pity for the heiress and Lucius O'Toole when she hears it. It will be a bad day, too, for

the merciless parents when they discover Jenny in her Highness's bed. She stands six feet in her stockings."

"Six feet!" exclaimed Wogan.

"In her stockings," returned O'Toole.

"Her height is her one vanity. Therefore in her shoes she is six feet four."

"Well, she must take her heels off and make herself as short as she can."

"You will have trouble, my friend, to persuade her to that," said O'Toole.

"Hush!" said Gaydon. He rose and unlocked the door. The doctor was knocking for admission below. Gaydon let him in, and he dressed Wogan's wounds with an assurance that they were not deep, and that a few days' quiet would restore him.

"I will sleep the night here if I may," said Wogan as soon as the doctor had gone. "A blanket and a chair will serve my turn."

They took him into Gaydon's bedroom, where three beds were ranged.

"We have slept in the one room and lived together since your message came four days ago," said Gaydon. "Take your choice of the beds, for there's not one of us has so much need of a bed as you."

Wogan drew a long breath of relief.

"Oh! but it's good to be with you," he cried suddenly, and caught at Gaydon's arm. "I shall sleep to-night. How I shall sleep!"

He stretched out his aching limbs between the cool white sheets, and when the lamp was extinguished he called to each of his three friends by name to make sure of their company. O'Toole answered with a grunt on his right, Misset on his left, and Gaydon from the corner of the room.

"But I have wanted you these last three days!" said Wogan. "To-morrow when I tell you the story of them you will know how much I have wanted you."

They got, however, some inkling of Wogan's need before the morning came. In the middle of the night they were wakened by a wild scream and heard Wogan whispering in an agony for help. They lighted a lamp and saw him lying with his hand upon his throat and his eyes starting from his head with horror.

"Quick!" said he—"the hand at my throat! It's not the letter so much; it's my life they want."

"It's your own hand," said Gaydon; and taking the hand he found it lifeless. Wogan's arm in that position had gone to sleep as the saying is. He had waked suddenly in the dark with the cold pressure at his throat, and in the moment of waking was back again alone in the inn near Augsburg. Wogan indeed needed his friends.

CHAPTER IX.

GAYDON MINDS HIS OWN BUSINESS.

The next morning Wogan was tossing from side to side in a high fever. The fever itself was of no great importance, but it had consequences of a world-wide influence, for it left Wogan weak and tied to his bed; so that it was Gaydon who travelled to Rome and obtained the Pope's passport. Gaydon consequently saw what otherwise Wogan

would have seen; and Gaydon, the cautious, prudent Gaydon, was careful to avoid making an inopportune discovery, whereas Wogan would never have risted until he had made it.

Gaydon stayed in Rome a week, lying snug and close in a lodging only one street removed from that house upon the Tiber where his King lived. Secrets had a way of leaking out, and Gaydon was determined that this one should not through any inattention of his. He therefore never went abroad until dark, and even then kept aloof from the house which overlooked the Tiber. His business he conducted through his servant, sending him to and fro between Edgar the secretary and himself. One audience of his King alone he asked, and that was to be granted him on the day of his departure from Rome.

Thus the time hung very heavily upon him. From daybreak to dusk he was cooped within a little insignificant room which looked out upon a little insignificant street. His window, however, though it promised little diversion, was his one resource. Gaydon was a man of observation, and found a pleasure in guessing at this and that person's business from his appearance, his dress, and whether he went fast or slow. So he sat steadily at his window, and after a day or two had passed he began to be puzzled. The moment he was puzzled he became interested. On the second day he drew his chair a little distance back from the window and watched. On the third day he drew his chair close to the window, but at the side and against the wall. In this way he could see everything that happened, and every one who passed, and yet remain himself unobserved.

(To be continued).

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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Six Months	6	6
Three Months	3	3

Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to "AN t-OGlach," and crossed "& Co."

It was the first time the two Negroes had met since the war, and they were comparing their recent experiences.

"Mose," announced Rastus, "Ah's got a good job now."

"Yo' got a good job?"

"Ah's got a job bein' p'fessor of pathology to the college."

"P'fessor of pathology? But yo' kaint read nor write."

"Seems yo' don't know what a p'fessor of pathology is. A p'fessor of pathology is de p'fessor what shows people how to go in an' out of de college grounds."

AN OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION.

Important Proposals Circulated for Consideration.

LINES OF ADVANCEMENT.

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

[The following letter has been addressed to the Officers of the Army.]

The duties and responsibilities which the possession of a Commission in Ireland's first Regular Army involves, and the many matters which must receive earnest attention if the Army is to develop logically and reach or hold that place in the nation's life and that high level of military effectiveness which it is the ambition of all of us to see it hold, demand the individual and co-ordinated effort of each Officer. These matters are varied in nature and importance, but all alike are the concern of each individual.

We are at an important period in the development of the Army. It is our manifest duty to advance the standards of efficiency, nationality, and native culture. Ours is the privilege and duty of guarding and handing on traditions of valour, service, and sacrifice, equal to any in the annals of the world.

Again, we have, to a great extent, the opportunity to heal the sores which mark the ravages of servitude and discord in our Motherland.

The Army, as now constituted, is still a child. It will long bear the marks of our nursing. Let us cultivate in it every good habit we can.

In the work before us, as it appears to one of our Senior Officers in his appreciation of our present position, he sees much that might be accomplished by an Officers' Association.

The matter has in some aspects and forms been under discussion in almost every Mess in the Army. Consideration of the possibilities of an Officers' Club in the capital has brought many of the matters affecting the organisation of an Officers' Association under review. The possibility of publishing a professional monthly Journal intended primarily for the Officer personnel of the Army, has been thought of and has given rise to considerations akin to those which this letter is endeavouring to bring under the notice of our Officers. There are also many material difficulties which our Officers have to meet which could, if not removed, be at least mitigated by an Association acting with the strength of all on behalf of each.

The formation of such an Association is impossible without the support of the great body of Officers. It may be that it is not desirable that such an Association be formed at all. It may be considered that the time is not opportune to launch a scheme of the kind. In any event, the idea is put before the Officers of the Army for their serious consideration. The object and means visualised are outlined hereunder. Nothing can be done in the matter unless and until the support of the Officer personnel is assured. The subject has been discussed by a few Officers, and the result is this appeal for consideration, criticism, suggestion, and, if pos-

sible, support. At any rate, let every Officer who has anything to say on the matter, even if it is only that he supports the proposal, write to the Editor of "An t-Oglach," who will, until the scheme assumes more definite shape, undertake to look after and collect correspondence. Those replies which are of sufficient interest will be published in "An t-Oglach" for the information of all interested.

AN OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION.

(WILL SOME OF OUR CELTIC SCHOLARS SUGGEST A NAME?)

Object.

To assist in the promotion of the efficiency of the Army and individual members, and to provide for the well-being and convenience of the Officer personnel.

Line of Action.

To do everything within its province for—

- (a) The maintenance and fosterage of military standards and traditions.
- (b) The fosterage of *esprit de corps*.
- (c) The dissemination of professional knowledge.
- (d) The encouragement and creation of a social life for Officers and their families in keeping with their high mission and great inheritance.

(e) To provide a ground for debate and interchange of ideas and experience.

(f) To provide a link between all Officers no matter where stationed or how employed.

(g) To encourage literary and scientific effort among Officers.

(h) To provide machinery for transaction of business common to all members on co-operative basis.

Means.

- (a) An Officers' Journal.
- (b) Social functions, lectures, excursions, etc., etc.
- (c) Periodical meetings.
- (d) Arrangement of special trade terms for Officers.
- (e) Assist Officers to publish unofficial military works.
- (f) Any other means that may be suggested.

Organisation.

Branches to be formed in garrison towns as may seem necessary. A governing body, with one permanent official, is the full extent of the Organisation which is suggested as desirable.

Each Branch would consist of a President, a Secretary, and members.

Membership.

All Officers of Oglagh na h-Eireann.

"AN OFFICER AT G.H.Q."

OFFICERS' CLUB IN DUBLIN.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTION BY O.C. 21st BATTALION.

£20 Towards Initial Expenses.

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

A Chara,—Writing in support of the founding of a Social Club in the city for Officers of the Army, I would like my name to be coupled with the names of the other Officers who so ably advocate the project.

In my opinion the starting of such a Club would undoubtedly fill a long-felt want, and is of the utmost importance to the maintaining of the social status of the Officers of Oglagh na h-Eireann. It would bring old comrades together again, thereby strengthening the links of friendship between them, at the same time adding materially to the well-being of its members.

The necessity for the establishing of such a Club is so generally felt in the Army that less writing and immediate action in the matter should be the slogan, and in this connection I would make the following suggestion. If such a Club is to come into being soon, a meeting should be held immediately (with the sanction of the Army Authorities) composed of Senior Officers who are at present stationed in Dublin, with a view to the launching of the proposal. Within the next few months, with a good working Committee and the wholehearted co-operation of all the Officers of the Army, the project should be an easy one.

In furtherance of this suggestion, I wish to state that the Officers of the 21st Batt. will forward to the Editor of "An t-Oglach" a subscription of £20 (twenty pounds) as a first deposit towards the initial expenses which will be incurred.

Wishing this laudable enterprise every success.

Mise, le meas mor,

SEAN CUNNINGHAM, Comdt.,

O.C. 21st Infantry Batt.

Headquarters, 21st Inf. Batt.,
Collins Barracks, Dublin,
13/2/26.

Bill had succeeded in getting a job in a motor factory. He did not even know himself how he got it, for he knew nothing at all about engineering.

On his second day at work he chanced to meet a friend of his who was equally ignorant.

"Hello, Joe!" he said. "How's business?"

"Oh, all right!" was the reply. "How are you getting along with your new job?"

"Great!" said Bill. "But it's terribly close work. Why, do you know, we have to work to a thousandth of an inch."

"Heavens, Bill! How many thousandths are there in an inch?"

"Millions, Joe—millions!"

GOSSIP OF THE BARRACKS.

G.H.Q. CALLING.

Officer (to applicant for job in the Orderly Room)—“Can you do short-hand?”

Gink—“Oh, yes, sir; but it takes me much longer!”

WHERE THE SOLDIERS OF IRELAND HANG OUT IN McKEE.

(1st Spasm).

Oh, Mary, McKee is a wonderful sight, Where they're drilling by day and broadcasting by night; Where they don't grow potatoes, nor barley, nor wheat.

But the Square, sure, they level each day with our feet.

We have Sergeants and Corporals and soldiers go leor,

And if we run short—'phone the Curragh for more;

We've parades and tirades, fall-ins and eyes-fronts,

Dress-by-your-right and other queer stunts.

And they have a queer joint—they call it the Clink,

Sure they shove you in there—when they want you to think,

But for all the thinking I did sure I might as well be

In my bunk in “G” Block above in McKee.

The old order changeth, and our old friend the whistle is now practically non est. The much-brassosed bugle has taken office. No longer shall we listen with that “kill-me-quick-and-have-it-over” feeling as when we awaited it proclaiming the “one-one-seven-what-have-you-to-say-for-yourself.” No more shall we joyfully anticipate its joyful cadence on a Wednesday recreational afternoon with its “Oh-Sergeant-may-I-go-out-to-play” Arcadian note. The old whistle's activities will, in future, be confined to informing the personnel of the Fire Picquet that they are another half hour nearer promotion or—!

A *propos* of the bugle, one is apt to get a trifle confused with the Bugler's rather extensive repertoire. Not being graduates of the School at Beggar's Bush it is slightly embarrassing to find that you have mistaken the Orderly Room call for the Fire Picquet, and the Fire Picquet for the “Fall in.” There is one consolation, however, we have not missed so far what our old friend the Gink describes as the “Pay Bugle.”

Pioneer Sergeant to young recruit—“Yes, my lad, work hard, obey your superiors, strive to do your best, and I'll help you to reach the top of the ladder—(afterthought)—when the billet ceiling needs whitewashing.”

So our old friend “Coddle” has again made its appearance on the break-

fast menu. Gourmets and epicureans mathematicians and cross-word puzzle experts, listeners-in and diners-in are in a feverish state of expectancy when “Coddle” is foreshadowed for the matutinal meal, for “Coddle” is the great unknown and could safely be defined by “X.”

Oh, Coddle, Coddle, little dish,

Many a time and oft I wish,

As through the mess house door ajar

I can sniff you from afar,

What on earth you really are,

So Coddle, Coddle, tell me true

The component parts of you.

The wireless spasm appears to be the latest billet craze in McKee. It is now the king of billet pastimes. Of course we have had numerous predecessors, umpteen, in fact, billet pastimes of various hues—and cries. We have had Snakes and Ladders and Bed-board scrubbing. Bed-board scrubbing is easily the most invigorating and delightful Saturday afternoon pastime, so simple that any number can play it. All you require is a few buckets of water, a few scrubbing brushes, a few buckshee Sergeants and lookers-on, and a few bars of issue soap—yellow brand. You mix the lot together and then dry. The Gink who can grease off without being caught wins!! Then we have pontoon schools and getting a “blem” up on our buckshee leggings. We also have correspondence courses and rumours of Curragh courses, and last but not least we have the Choral Class on a pay night. Oh, yes, we have some billet pastimes in McKee.

Old Timer (to grumbling recruit)—“In my young soldiering days we got no eggs for our breakfast.”

Recruit—“Well, ar'n't you glad you joined this lot?”

The Corporals i/c Rooms now look real nippy on Reveille parade with their newly-acquired notebooks. They have been instructed in a code of their own, for example, P=present, A=absent, and S=sick. It is a good job that they don't take the three letters together or they might be misinterpreted—

At the Parade at Reveille

The boys must now rally

Round the Corporal in charge of their room,

But to call out a roll

In the dark, from a scroll,

Takes some doing in mid winter gloom!

As anticipated, Paddy Burns gained fresh laurels in the boxing arena on last Wednesday at Portobello, and as a result Room 26, “G” Block's collection plate is enriched by the addition of a silver cup. Burns gave a great display and the result was never in doubt. Our other two competitors were less fortu-

nate. Paddy Leaden had the misfortune to dislocate his thumb and consequently had to retire. Paddy Donnellan though still suffering from the effects of a very bad attack of the “Flu” put up a very game and remarkably plucky fight. We are looking forward with confidence to our approaching tournament and some of our new bloods are shaping remarkably well. *En passant*, I must pay tribute to the cordial welcome and consideration shown to the G.H.Q. team by the Portobello boys. We hope to reciprocate same in the near future.

Overheard at our recent Panto—“I like the encore better than the song. Why don't they sing the encores first?”

“Degree Day” was observed last Monday by some of the N.C.O.'s who attended the examination at Collins Barracks. Jimmy Keyes' description of same is good—real good, but I'll have to hold over same until next week owing to lack of space.

The nocturnal running spasm has again broken out. Three nights a week now “G” Block turn out. With stalwarts like Tony Mix, Fitzner, Burns, Tom and Paddy Walsh, and in fact the whole of Room 26, “G” Block should do things in the coming season.

It is a good job that they did not broadcast some of the extensive and expensive remarks from McKee Barracks last Friday when the water was cut off—especially from some of the lads who were stripped for the Bath parade.

The Sergeants held their Mess meeting the other night. It synchronised strangely enough with laundry day.

The departure of several well-known denizens from “G” Block is recorded with regret. Dick Conroy, Jimmy Sullivan “Gen” Boylan, Matt Dowling—to but mention a few—will be missed by their colleagues. However, we wish them the best of luck in their new sphere of activity.

McKee Barracks still appears to be “yearning” for “Main Street, Africa,” and are “speckoing” for another Pantomime. Perhaps Maurice, Joe and Company will get things going again.

The Signallers are now in great demand for expert advice on the mysteries of “aerials,” “earths,” “valves,” “cat's whiskers” and other weird spasms. Our old pals the “dot-dashers” are more than generous with their help and assistance and the boys owe them a debt of gratitude for their ever kind assistance.

This week's Slogan:—“He is right if he can get away with it.”

“ME LARKIE.”



ARMY SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION.

The Post Office savings of the School Company for thirteen weeks ending 31st December, 1925, amounted to £687. Captain Hoey, O/C. Company, would like to

know if there is any other unit in the Army who can beat this record?

When will the "Keane Dramatic Class" make its next appearance, or has it gone to Algiers to *rake* up the remains of Lord Rockingham. We are anxiously looking forward to its next appearance in the near future.

Who is the Staff Officer's batman who when asked to sew a button on the officer's tunic spent nearly an hour trying to thread a pin?

How did the Private like his sample of Wincarnis?

Congratulations to "Cotter" Brogan on the occasion of his recent marriage. We wish Mrs. Brogan and himself every happiness and prosperity.

There is such a great demand for "An t-Oglach" at the School now that we respectfully suggest that our weekly supply be increased. (Carried unanimously—Editor.)

KEEN OBSERVER.



A.C.E., GRIFFITH BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

We must apologise for the non-appearance of notes in the last few issues of "An t-Oglach." The absence of our Scribe, who is temporarily detached for duty with another unit, is offered as an excuse.

The C.O.'s weekly dinner continues to be a great success. Every Thursday night sees a full attendance, and the card party which follows is eagerly looked forward to.

Congratulations to Comdt. T. W. Wren on his return to duty after a prolonged absence, the result of a serious motor accident sustained in France last year.

Lieut. McDevitt has transferred to the 26th Battalion, and carries with him the good wishes of all ranks.

A meeting of the Sergeants' Mess at Corps Headquarters was held on Thursday, the 4th instant, when a new Committee was appointed. The N.C.O.'s are now looking forward to an improvement in the menu. A proposal to purchase a wireless set was agreed to, and it was decided to put the matter before the C.O. for his approval.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Who is called "Dublin 2 R.N." and why not "Davenport XX?"

Will the recent responsibility undertaken by "Fitz," the Handball Champion, prevent him from participating in the forthcoming championship?

Who requires a book of football rules and who are the footballers qualified to join a debating society?

Is the "Richmond" still out of order, and is there a wireless station known as "Richmond L.O."?

What is the current price of Cardigans?

Where is the Chitral Pass?

ARMOURD CAR CORPS, CURRAGH.

Our scribe has again picked up the broken threads, and has intimated to us that from this onward he intends to furnish us with something regularly. We hope so, as the journal is very bright and interesting.

At present all the boys are making preparations for a change of air, and dame rumour hints at "Lee-Breezes." What a change from that lonely landscape, Brownstown!

The departure on discharge of Kirk and Doherty of football fame is regretted, and they have the best wishes of all ranks on their return to civilian life.

The final meeting of the Amusement Club was held on the 2nd inst., and on the Company's "departure" it was decided to present each member with a photo group of the "Old Corps."

The photos have duly arrived and there is no necessity to dwell on the manly beauty exhibited by the boys.

TIN LIZZIE.



ISLANDBRIDGE BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

Has it ever occurred to the cooks that the soldiers would appreciate a change of diet? Stew is very well in its own way, but variety is a good sauce.

The boys of the Bridge have now set aside their Thursday evenings for attending the dance at the 'Bello. It seems a pity that such classes could not be inaugurated in this little spot by the Park. I am sure efforts in this direction would be esteemed by all ranks.

We read a lot about "G.H.Q. runners," but none of us has ever yet seen them on Wednesday afternoons. Perhaps they are like the owl and come out after dark.

We must congratulate ourselves that we are not losing our friend "Sean" as was anticipated.

The wireless craze has not reached us here yet. We hear, however, somebody in a certain billet is going to make a move in that direction in the near future.

The sympathy of all ranks at the Bridge goes out to Captain Cannon in his recent bereavement.

AHOY.



3rd BATTALION, BOYLE.

Much excitement has prevailed during the past week owing to the Inter-Company Football Competitions. On the 6th inst. A Coy. defeated D Coy. by a narrow margin at Boyle. The D Coy. team gave a good display of football, but A Coy. were lucky to win. Some of the A Coy. team are not good players, but they are very nice players, and after all style counts a lot in many games. The

A Coy. forwards twice insisted in forcing the D Coy. goalie through his goal with the ball. A Rugby display was also given at the goal mouth by the A Coy. team, and on a few occasions the D Coy. goalie had to assume the prone position in defence of his goal.

On the 9th inst. the "Dug in" chaps from H.Q. Coy. gained a decisive victory over B Coy. Greater love hath no man for his enemies than the H.Q. goalie on this occasion. If the H.Q. enthusiasts continue as they played on the 9th they will have no delay in securing the Battalion laurels.

Since our last contribution we have noticed a revival of Hurling, and what promises to be an excellent team is now in training under Coy.-Sergt. Young, who is a staunch supporter of the game.

We would now like to see someone seeing after the Handball possibilities, and before saying more we will give them a chance.

The Indoor Amusements Committee have done some good work lately, and the opening of the library is the latest success. Some valuable contributions have been made, and Capt. D. Gallagher has led the way for those who wish to follow. Doubtless some more support could be given by small contributions of suitable books, which together with those already supplied would be a great boon towards the final success of the library. Much credit is certainly due to the President, who has spared no effort in his endeavours to provide recreation for the men of the Battalion.

Before concluding we wish through the medium of the Army Journal to thank the 6th Battalion for their compliments extended to us in the publication of the 6th inst. We cannot deny that we have at all times found that spirit of comradeship in the 6th Battalion while they were our neighbours at Longford and during the Western Command manœuvres at Castlebar last September.

"BROADCASTER."



DON'TS for Correspondents.

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

4th BATTALION, CASTLEBAR.

A general meeting of the Battalion Athletic Council was held at Castlebar on 30th January, Commdt. Haughey (President) in the chair.

Commdt. Haughey and Lieut. Clancy were appointed delegates to the Command Council for the coming year. Lieut. Clancy was appointed delegate to the Brigade Council. Lieut. Clancy and Sergt. Haran were appointed delegates to Mayo County Board G.A.A. during the present year.

It was unanimously agreed that in the event of a discussion taking place at the Annual County Board meeting regarding the ban on foreign games that our delegate will not vote for or against the removal of same no matter what his per-

5th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

On Wednesday, 10th inst., two matches (Hurling) were billed, but only one materialised, "A" versus "B" Coy. This proved a real fast game and ended in a win for "A" Coy. with a nice margin of points. "B" Coy. are to be praised for their plucky display, and have no occasion to hang their heads. "D" Coy. and "C" Coy. failed to fulfil their engagement, but we hope to see a thrilling game when these two Coys. clash. "H.Q." Coy. were at a loose end.

If it would not be considered impertinent, might I suggest to our popular Sports Officer, Lieut. James O'Reilly, that he promote a Battalion Inter-Coy. Boxing tournament.

During the past week we have been

"Australian" and "Creamery" has yet been defined by members of our Corporal's Mess?

Could all Companies not take a few more—even 5 apiece to commence with?

Isn't it a real pity that owing to innumerable difficulties it has been necessary to temporarily postpone our promising Irish Classes.

"JAY."

**1st BRIGADE H.Q., FINNER.**

The Garrison Sergeants held a dance in the Great Northern Pavilion, Bundoran, on Wednesday night, the 10th inst., at which Brigade H.Q. was well represented. The general public present appeared well satisfied and we hope to see similar functions held in future, as they

4th INFANTRY BATTALION HURLING TEAM.
Winners of the Western Command Championship, 1925.



Back Row—Ptes. Moysten, Boyhan, Adamson, Flynn, Buckley, C.Q.M.-Sgt. J. McCauley, Pte. Harrington, Cpl. Brennan.

Front Row—Ptes. Leahy, Bourke, Lt. Sean Clancy, Commdt. Sean Haughey (Commanding Officer) Capt. Sean Flynn, Ptes. Daly, Kearney, O'Beirne, Lt. Hubert J. Errehan. [Photo Slater's, Ballina.]

sonal opinion be, as it may be taken as voting on a political issue.

It was decided that our delegates to the Command Council endeavour to procure the set of gold medals won by the Battalion Hurling team, and the five medals which are due to five of the Battalion footballers in respect of the winning of the Chaplain's Cup by the Command Football team.

Draws for the forthcoming Inter-Coy. Hurling and Football competitions were postponed to next meeting, and it was decided not to remove the Basket Ball pitch at Castlebar for the present.

Lieut. Clancy and Lieut. Galvin were deputed to endeavour to procure a playing pitch at Castlebar.

On Sunday, the 14th February, 1926, "A" Company, Westport, played a friendly game of Football with the town team, and after a good exhibition of the code the town team won by 3 points.

MAYO OBSERVER.

enjoyably entertained in camp by M. Ralph Sylvester's Company.

A novel and amusing competition has just been successfully run off by the "Romancing" section of one of our Companies. All entrants displayed splendid form as weavers of fiction. Eventually the competitors were eliminated until only two remained, "Spud" and "Pat." The final round was as follows:—

Spud.—One day my sister came to see me off at Broadstone. I was leaning out of the window in conversation when I heard a noise behind me. I looked around to discover the cause; the train started and I rushed to the window to kiss my sister good-bye, and blamed if I didn't kiss a girl on the platform at Galway.

Pat (with awe).—I believe every word "Spud" has just said.

Result.—Pat—1st. Spud—2nd.

Pte. Y. Eezed wants to know if the difference between "Strong," "Mild,"

greatly tend to foster good feeling between the civilian population and the troops. We congratulate the Bundoran "Myrtle" Orchestra on the splendid music rendered for the different dances.

Did an A.C.E. Sergeant really get the winner of the Grand National and does he intend to keep him in the new stable he is building?

Who was the Corporal who applied to the Sergt.-Major for ten months' leave or was it only a mistake in the writing of his application?

We hear the Pay Office has got a prospective candidate for this year's Swimming Cup and that he is being trained by one of the "Wireless" guys.

When does that N.C.O. expect to get Daventry on his "Non-Wireless" set?

"N. R. 2."

KEEP YOUR COPIES OF

"An t-Ogláic."

8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

The Inter-Coy. Boxing Competition was carried out on the evening of 11th inst. in the Gymnasium of the A.M.C. kindly lent by Comdt. Greene-Foley and Officers of the Medical Staff. The hall was filled to overflowing.

The officials at the ringside were:—Referee, Capt. M. Wilson, A.C.E. Time-keeper, Lieut. Kevin Lord, 8th Battn. Judges, Lieut. O'Grady, A.M.C., and Sgt. Reilly, A.M.C. M.C., Sgt. Whelan, 8th Battn. Results:—

Finals Middleweight Competition—Pte. Holian, "O" Coy., k.o. Pte. Bergin, "A" Coy., in the 1st round.

Finals Welterweights—Cpl. O'Connor, "C" Coy., beat Pte. Coen, "A" Coy., on points.

Finals Lightweights—Pte. Dunne, "A" Coy., w.o. Pte. Reynolds, "D" Coy.

Finals Featherweights—Pte. O'Mara, "D" Coy., beat Pte. Carr, "A" Coy., in the 2nd round.

Finals Bantamweights—Pte. Byrne, "A" Coy., beat Pte. Byrne, "C" Coy., on points. This was one of the best fights of the evening.

Finals Flyweights—Pte. Byas, "A" Coy., beat Pte. Whelan, "D" Coy. in the 2nd round.

There were two special Four-Round Contests between Cottor Brogan, R. and T. Depot, and Pte. Green, R. and T. Depot (Brogan easily winning on points), and Pte. Little, 8th Battn., and Pte. Phelan, A.S.I. (Phelan winning on points).

The Inter-Coy. Cup was won by "A" Coy. with a total of 21 points. "C" Coy. came 2nd with 10 points, and "D" Coy. 3rd with 4 points. Owing to "B" Coy. being away on detachment at Kildare they were unable to compete.

The boxing on the whole was very good and it is hoped that every man of the Battalion will avail himself of the splendid opportunity which is now presented by patronizing the Boxing School recently opened. It is splendidly equipped and every facility is given to encourage this splendid method of self-defence.

Our O.C., Comdt. Garraghan, and officers of the Battalion are very keen in having our Battalion second to none in all forms of Sport.

We must congratulate ourselves on our new Sports Committee, who are functioning splendidly. A great change is noticeable. Friendly football matches with our neighbouring units are being organised and it is hoped that this spirit of rivalry will be maintained throughout the Army.

On the 6th inst. we met the Artillery Corps from Kildare in our first friendly football match. The game was thrilling from beginning to end. Although the Artillery can boast of a team which requires some beating, our boys kept them at bay and the game resulted in a draw, the score being 9 points each.

We met again in a return match on

Wednesday, 10th inst., at Kildare. The Battalion marched to Kildare to witness this match, which shows how enthusiastic our boys are. Although we fielded a weak team and the Artillery were at full strength, we gave them the game of their lives. However, we were unfortunate and lost by 9 points to nil.

An Inter-Squad Basket Ball Competition is to be carried out in the near future, and the officers of the Battalion are presenting a silver cup to the winning Squad.

At a Corporals' Mess meeting held on the 8th inst. a vote of sympathy was passed to Corpl. Allen of "A" Coy. on the death of his mother, which occurred on the 2nd inst.

GRAVEL-CRUSHER.

**12th BATT., TEMPLEMORE.**

Pte. Hugh Dawson, amongst others, has recently left the Battalion on free discharge. None did more than he to foster manly sports in the Battalion. He was responsible for getting the Battalion Dramatic Class going, and was himself a comedian of a high order. He was held in high esteem by all ranks, and all join in wishing him success and good luck in civilian life.

A Whist Drive and short Dance was held in the Barrack Gymnasium Hall on Tuesday night, the 16th inst., in aid of the local parish church.

Our men went down to the Gardai on Sunday, the 7th inst., in the Tug-of-War contest at Templemore Sports. The team of the sister force was a sturdy, evenly-matched lot, and none is more ready than our own team to agree that the better team won.

Cpl. FitzGerald is again our Mess Caterer and is already making his presence in that capacity apparent.

With all the marriages, and rumours of marriages, in the Battalion we fear that soon there won't be a "single" one of the boys left.

At a recent Mess meeting one of the members told the Committee that "it was up to themselves to make a Mess of it." We wonder what did he mean!

With the advent of finer weather all the games are going ahead apace. The consignment of Battalion jerseys recently received were worn on the 10th inst., the various colours making a picturesque splash on the Gaelic fields.

We have also received a consignment of good camans turned out locally. I think Tipperary camans are second to none.

ROS CAIRBRE.

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15th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

"Sport" seems to be a popular slogan with the 15th. From all appearances the boys are determined to add more laurels to those already won.

A short description of our wins will give our boys an idea of what their achievements look like on paper.

Although but two months formed the first trophy we brought home in September, 1924, was the Premier Army Cup. That started the winning habit. In the 9th Brigade Championships, 1925, we annexed the Tug-of-War Cup, and "A" Coy. took the Cup in the Inter-Company Hurling Championship within the Brigade. The Relay Cup also came to us.

The Command Championship also brought us some laurels, as follows:—Tug-of-War, Pole Jump (Cpl. Aherne), ½ Mile Cycle (Cpl. Cassidy) and the 1 Mile Cycle (Cpl. Lennon). Then, of course, the Command Football and Hurling cups and medals came to keep the others company.

In the Army Championships we carried off the 1 Mile Flat (Cpl. Farrell) and the ½ Mile and 1 Mile Cycle (Cpl. Lennon), and finished off our big wins by keeping the Premier Army Cup for the second time (and we can assure all concerned that there is a big disappointment for those who entertain hopes of placing their monogram on it this year).

We must not forget to say a few words about the lads who uphold our honour in the squared circle. We have already two Command Inter-Unit Cups, and entertain hopes of the next, whilst we expect great things from Ptes. Daly and Hurley, Daly, though little more than a novice, has boxed a draw with Pte. MacDonagh, the Bantam-weight Champion, and was unlucky to lose to him in a return at Portobello this month. If we do not mistake Hurley will find his way into the Army Championship, "and mind you" he is no baby. Then we have Sgt. Hegarty, runner-up to the Amateur Light Weight Championship of Ireland, and last but not least, Pte. Joynt, who wishes to meet any Fly-weight in the Army. Of course we have many more sturdy exponents of the art, such as Ptes. Morris, Doherty, Whelan, Murphy, Swords, Lambe and many others—a pretty stiff team for any unit who would like to take us on.

We are now bidding our time for the Command Cross-Country Championship, as a matter of fact Pte. Maher is putting in some hard work with his band practising the selections which he hopes to give us when we celebrate our victory.



KEEP YOUR COPIES OF

"An t-Oglach."

No. 5 BRIGADE NOTES
(19th & 20th Batts., Kilkenny).

The weekly practice dances organised by the Barrack Amusements Committee were brought to a very successful conclusion on Thursday, 11th inst., when an All-Night Dance was held in the Deasart Hall, Kilkenny. The spacious hall was crowded, and as the catering and arrangements left nothing to be desired everyone, including the Committee, felt thoroughly satisfied. The energetic Committee deserve thanks and praise for their enterprise.

The Whist Drives are still very popular, so much so in fact that a "Monster Drive" is to be held next week. I hope that the "Riffs" will be in the running for some of the numerous prizes, as latterly their share has been a huge portion of "bad luck."

Affluent persons, such as clerks and Quartermasters, who can afford to expend a few coppers daily in purchasing newspapers, are in the happy position of being able to "read" all about our wonderful Broadcasting Station in McKee, and consequently they are (on paper and otherwise) in the even happier position of being able to criticise, without fear of contradiction, the quantity, quality and tone of the "fare" submitted by the Radio each evening, because, of course, they have each programme at their finger tips, so to speak. But yet they are not satisfied with having the programme at their fingertips. Neither am I. We all want to "listen-in" to the programme. Seeing is believing—at least the M.O. insists it is—but in this case we are "all out" for hearing. So now, to put it in a nutshell: *What about a Wireless Set and Loud Speaker for Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of Kilkenny?*

Mentioning wireless brings me to that fascinating game styled "Basket Ball." There is just this little amount of similarity between the two—Very little is known of either in Kilkenny. All that is necessary is that the game should be introduced, the boys will see to it that enthusiasm won't be lacking.

General regret is felt at the discharge from the 19th Battn. of Sgt. Hennessey. Of a hard-working and persevering nature he is sure to succeed in the Garda. We can ill spare such lads as he.

The "latest" in Carlow is white sweaters; we do not, however, credit the rumour that they are worn to preserve the "hard necks" of some of the boxers there.

The boys in Kilkenny must be saving a lot of money for the "fine day." As they have a plethora of amusements at a very nominal cost their pockets should be getting "well lined." I make no apology therefore for directing attention to the fact that there is no "Savings Certificate Club" in No. 5 Brigade. I do not know how it is with other Brigades in the Command, but as No. 5 is doing its share handsomely in other respects it is only natural that we should like to be to the fore in this re-

spect. I hope that something will be done immediately to bring about the formation of such a Club in the Brigade, as it would most assuredly find a very ready response from all ranks more than 33 per cent. of the boys insist on the "double tap" each week).

Capt. Sweeney has arrived from Limerick as Brigade Pay Officer vice Capt. Swan. I hear that the Amusements Committee are on his track for the next concert.

Hearty congrats. are extended to Sgt. Joe Sexton on his return to Kilkenny from the capital. Billiards will now surely get the required fillip. And, talking of Billiards reminds me that I overheard the M.O. speaking of a new Billiards champion recently and unobtrusively arrived in barracks. Wake up, Tyrell, and remember the County Cup!

We are promised a Concert during the coming week, in which amongst other items, an entirely new sketch will be produced. There is also a "whisper" of an "all green" night on the 17th proximo. Hear, hear!

The forthcoming "Weapon Competitions" are provoking widespread comment—and rivalry—in the Brigade. The 20th Batt. feel assured that the Bayonet Test will result in a w.o. for them.

After a very successful six months' term in office the Committee of the Sergeants' Mess have resigned, as is the custom. A new Committee was elected on Wednesday, 10th inst., and it is to be hoped that they will "carry on" with the businesslike methods that distinguish their predecessors.

We are pleased to be able to state that "An t-Oglach" has become remarkably popular here, and so long as the "fare" keeps up to its present standard the popularity will never wane.

This week's Slogan: Yes, we have no Wireless.

"ARGUS."



25th BATTALION, ATHLONE.

On Sunday, the 31st January, our Hurling and Football teams travelled to Castlebar and engaged the 4th Battalion in the first round of the No. 2 Brigade League. The hospitality extended to our teams was very much appreciated, particularly after the long journey from Athlone to Castlebar. Honours were equally divided—the 25th carrying off the Hurling and the 4th the Football. Both games proved very exciting and were fought out in the best sporting spirit. Results:—

HURLING—25th, 5 goals 2 points; 4th, 2 goals 2 points. FOOTBALL—4th, 3 goals 4 points; 25th, 3 goals.

Again on the 10th inst. we visited our friends of the 1st Battalion in Galway, where we received a cordial welcome. The same teams did duty for the 25th on this occasion also and the result proved similar to that of Castlebar—we won the Hurling and lost the Football. The latter proved very exciting and the

1st were very lucky to win by the narrow margin of one point. Results:—

HURLING—25th, 8 goals 8 points; 1st, 4 goals. FOOTBALL—1st, 1 goal; 25th, 2 points.

The following were our teams:—
HURLING—Pte. J. Long (captain), Capt. Thos. O'Higgins, Lieut. Joseph P. Kelly, Cpl. J. O'Connor, Pte. T. Cuddihy, Pte. T. Power, Pte. J. McMahon, Pte. J. Sullivan, Pte. J. Purcell, Pte. J. Maher, Pte. D. Brennan, Pte. M. Forde, Pte. M. O'Halloran, Pte. P. Brew, Pte. W. Kane.

FOOTBALL—Pte. J. Kerne (captain), Lieut. Joseph Kelly, Cpl. S. McDonagh, Cpl. M. Wallace, Cpl. M. Bell, Pte. J. O'Connor, Pte. J. Doyle, Pte. J. Dalton, Pte. J. Byrne, Pte. J. Gibney, Pte. M. Whelan, Pte. M. Murphy, Pte. M. Maunsell, Pte. S. O'Reilly, Pte. D. Ennis.

The second round will be played at home, and we expect both teams to train hard and bring the honours of the League to the 25th.

On the 10th inst. two members of our Boxing team travelled to Dublin to take part in the Tournament in Portobello Barracks. They were Cpl. Myles McDonagh and Pte. Peter Harte, and both were successful. Cpl. McDonagh was opposed to Pte. Daly, 15th Battalion, and although Daly had the advantage in height, reach and weight McDonagh beat him on points. Pte. Harte knocked out his opponent, Pte. Greene, Curragh, in the 3rd round.

McDonagh's victory is all the more creditable when one considers the advantage possessed by Daly, together with his reputation, if we were to believe the 15th Battalion's scribe, who, writing in a recent issue of "An t-Oglach," declared that Daly visited Athlone with the 15th Battn. Boxing team but could get nobody in Athlone to fight him. This statement is out of all proportion to facts. Briefly the facts are that arrangements were made for three contests to be held between teams representing the 2nd Battalion, Finner Camp, and the 15th Battalion, Curragh Camp. These contests were to take place during the 2nd Brigade Championships. Pte. Daly, 15th Batt., was matched against Pte. Cullinane, 2nd Battn., at Bantam-weight. At the weigh-in Daly scaled 9 stone 2 pounds, being 10 pounds over weight, and owing to the disparity in weights the contest was not proceeded with. However, in justice to Daly it must be said that he is a good boxer and a fine sportsman.

Regarding the 15th Battalion's query as to what bantam will give Daly a fight, the answer is: There are good boxers in Athlone and there is one bantam with the 25th who weighs 8 stones 6 pounds.

Talking about Boxing—the Command Championships are coming off on the 16th and 17th of March—so get busy, boys.

"AN T-SIONNAIN."



26th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

We hasten to congratulate the Editors on the success of the new issue of "An

t-Oglach" and especially on the story of that glorious week which marked the beginning of the struggle which has brought us so near to the goal of all true Irishmen. It has filled a long-felt want and is reminiscent of the days when the little single sheet, often soiled and torn, cheered and encouraged "the boys on the hills."

Though silent so long we have not been idle. A Battalion (Inter-Coy.) League Football and Hurling contest is at present in progress, while a Basketball pitch, recently completed, promises good sport in the near future.

The Shield for the Command (Inter-Battalion) Billiard Championship has found a home here and now helps to adorn the Sergeants' Mess. The winners, S.M. Reaper, C.S. Burns, Sgt. Kearns, Sgt. O'Neill and Sgt. Lyons are displaying these gold medals to everybody with a "Go thou and do likewise" air.

Sgt. Lyons, who won the "Command Handball Championship" last year, is preparing to go a step further this year.

Among the recent arrivals in the Battalion is Lt. Owen O'Doherty (A.-G.'s Dept.), Army Half-mile champion.

The officers, N.C.O.'s and men join in congratulations to the C.O. on his marriage and wish him and Mrs. O'Neill many happy years. The happy event was made the occasion of presentations by the Officers, Sergeants, and Corporals.

SEARCHLIGHT.



NÓTAÍ ÓN SCÉAL CHAT.

Táimís ag cur ar gcuid nótaí go dtí "An t-Oglach" le tamall fada agus ag tabairt cuntais anois is airis ar éiríais spóirt agus rudaí eile ac ní raib an oiread átais orraim riamh a heit ag scríob cuíat agus tá anois. Cú scéal fearr a déanam de scéal fada táimís ear éis buaócaint ar na fóirib peile agus camánúiocta a táimís anois go dtí an Rinn Mhór ó Ceann-Ceatrúna na Roinne béal áta luain ar 7ú de mí Feabhra. Bí an imirt go maí ar 7ú de mí Feabhra, cé go raib cur de'n fúireann camánúiocta agus cur de'n fúireann peile ag imirt san dá cluicé i ndiaid a éirle, ac ní raib don leigeas againn ar seo, mar bí uainn na fir ab fearr a bí againn, a cur ar an bpáirt agus o'éiríis go h-iongtae maí leó. I ndeiread na scríbe bí an scór ag seasam mar seo:

Camánúioct:

7ú Cúl	2	puinnte
Ceann-Ceatrúna na Roinne	0	1

Peile:

2ú Cúl	5	puinnte
Ceann-Ceatrúna na Roinne	1	1

Caitpímís a ráó go bfuil feabhas mór tar éis teact ar na fóirib peile agus camánúiocta dá theascab an cóm-ghléasa atá déanta orra ag an Captaen Ríobáirt Ó Fógla agus leat. Seán Ó Conubairt paí seac:

Bí Cruinnú de Coiste na spóirt againn 7ú Luain seo caite cún toscairí do tochaí i gcóir Cruinníe Coiste na Roinne. Sroia an heirt toscaire a bí tocha ná Captaen Ó Conaill agus Sáirt. Ó Sháirt, Sochrúeo ag an gcruinnú so preisin go gcuirí imríeoíri oirúnaa i sceannas ar na fóirib peile agus camánúiocta i ndeiread go mbéiois ullam i gcruinníe cún cluicé o'imirt agus impreasra do'n coiste seo trío an fir a curí ós cionn 7ú de mí Feabhra. Bí misce a ráó ná go bfuil toraó an sochrúe seo le feicint éana péin.

* * *

Bí sé ráíote ag an gcruinnú Coiste na Roinne go sceannópaí gléas cianéisteacta le h-aghá 'cuile cat sa Rinn seo as Ciste áiríe atá ag an Solátrúio na Roinne. Da maí an rúo é preisin, mar o'féarapá 'cuile fear a heit rannpáirteac san caiteam áimsire seo ior peileadóirí agus camánúiocte éom maí leis na fearaib ná fuil don tsum acu in sna cluicé seo; na éeantna san, ós rúo é go bfuil sé a cur istead saor, sábalpéat sé áirgeat Ciste an Ceta agus laigeatódac sé cruatán an saogail agus éabarpac sé sahas oiteacais toos na fearaib san am scéatna.

* * *

Tá átas mór orraim a éloisint go bfuil cús na Saéoilge ag dul ar agháir i mbéal áta luain. Deirtear go bfuil cumann na n-oipiseac atá curá an bun le déanaige cún múníteoirí speisialta a pááilt cún na teangán náisiúnta a múníteo ina measc. Sé an rúo is cruatna na laeéantna so ná múníteoirí ceart na Saéoilge a pááilt, geóbará siat múníteoirí ceart go leór má tá siat ioráirib paí otaob de'n éist. Deirtear go mbeir siat ag brae ar an gcéat cat maidir le solátrú múníteoirí, ac sé mo tuairm ná fuil puinn le spáráil againn pá láeair toisc go bfuil an méro atá againn i láeair na h-uaire ag pógnam i postannais cléireacais sa cat agus ná beaó sé an fuiriste scarúint leó ar scór ar bié. Ac, ná éuiread san cose leis an obair poáanta, nac péirir leó tuarastal a tabairt do fear go bfuil de éáilíeact aige a heit ina múníteoir traeneálta na Saéoilge agus nac piú an teanga náisiúnta an iarraeac so. Sompla maí a beaó é o'ipisíis agus fir na Roinne seo go raib an oipiseac Generálta i sceannas na Roinne i scolláiste Saéoilge i rit an Saímaráí seo caite. Tugann sé ana éabair do'n gluaiseact nua na Saéoilge atá ag borraó i mbéal áta luain.

* * *

Tá an Ceannasáí an Ceta ar saoire pá láeair agus tá súl againn go bfuil sé 'sá cur síos go maí pé áit na bfuil sé agus go dtioeapá sé slán ar ais cuíamín airis.

* * *

Tá an Cumann Drámuioeacta ag obair go maí agus is maí linn é éloisint. Bí raib an veis agam ápac, a heit ag éisteact leó go fóil. Caitpear a lán stuíeap a déanam ar cleasuioct an céirte seo sar a mbéimis inann léimú publi ac tioeapá an máisteact le cleactaó agus cuirpear in iúl do'n publióct annsan go bfuil an céat cat in ann héic a baint asta maidir le Drámuioct Saéoealac.

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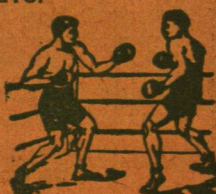
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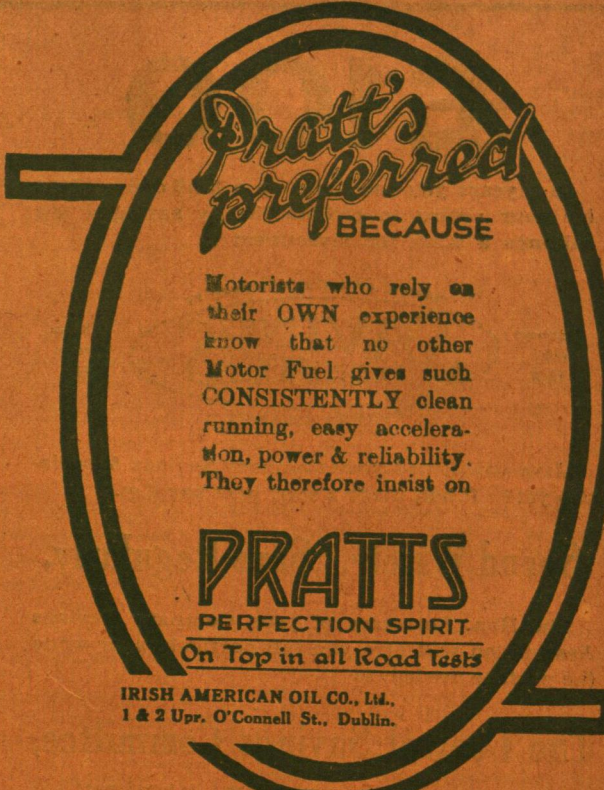
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