

Vol. IV. No. 10.

March 20th, 1926.

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An t-Ógláic

Vol. IV. No. 10

MARCH 20, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE.



Through Erin's Isle,
To sport a while,
As love and valour wander'd,
With wit the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass

Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming!
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal
Shamrock,
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

An t-Oglach

MARCH 20, 1926.

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.

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

CÓMHRÁD AS AN EAGAIR.

COMMERCIAL ACUMEN.

WE have had frequently borne in upon us the fact that as a race we are lacking in commercial acumen to a very great extent. In looking through the recent list of a London bookseller we find a collection of the "Tracts for the Times," priced at £20. These tracts were portion of a series of political publications issued during the early period of the Irish Volunteer Organisation, and were sold for 2d. each. Very few Irishmen, who then bought them lavishly, will be found in possession of the complete series; and certainly no Irish bookseller that we know of has such a collection listed at this or any other price.

* * *

The same London firm has an Irish broadsheet published at the same time for the modest sum of one penny, now listed at fifteen shillings. These are but two of many instances of lack of commercial acumen which has been borne in upon us from time to time.

* * *

The increase in the value of this collection of the "Tracts for the Times" is in no way peculiar to these publications. First editions almost always fetch prices bordering on the fabulous, if the author's fame has survived his demise, or if a twist

of circumstances has made a later generation repent the rarity of the works in demand.

* * *

We wonder how many of our readers realise the increasing financial value of the bound volumes of "An t-Oglach" which we are offering at the remarkably low price of 7s. 6d. per volume? These are, practically, the only collection of such volumes which it is possible to obtain in any circumstances. The number available is very limited. They form the only history of the Irish Army extant; and when future historians set about the task of compiling a separate and distinct history of the evolution of this Army, these volumes will form the only reliable source of history available.

* * *

In these volumes, therefore, our readers are getting a unique opportunity of putting their commercial acumen to the test. The copies cannot be reprinted; and when the present supply is exhausted it will be impossible to procure a bound copy at any figure near that of the current price. Not only should our readers make sure of procuring a copy of the 1923 volume that is being offered, but they should take steps to have copies of the other early volumes now in course of binding reserved for them.

THE MARROWBONE LANE GARRISON.

(Do'n fear Eagair "An t-Oglach").

A Fhir Eagair,—In the interests of historical accuracy may I make a few remarks concerning the surrender at Marrowbone Lane Distillery in 1916. My friend, Capt. Thos. Young, will, I am sure, admit the necessity of having everything recorded as exactly as possible.

1. The first definite information reaching Capt. Seumas Murphy of general surrender and requiring him to fall into line came through a confidential messenger from Major McBride from Jacob's Factory immediately following Thos. McDonagh's announcement to the officer staff of that building of the terms of surrender.

2. Thos. McDonagh arrived in a large motor-car, accompanied by one of the Church Street priests, at the Distillery some little time later to place before the officer staff of that building the terms he had already been obliged to place before his own immediate officer-staff and those of, I believe, the South Dublin Union.—Mise le meas,

TOMAS MAC AODHA.

11 Sandford Avenue, S.C.R.,
8/3/26.

NOTE.—We are glad to publish the foregoing letter. Historical accuracy is a *sine qua non* if our story of the Anglo-Irish war is to possess enduring value. At the same time we would like to point out that immediately after any occurrence it is quite a usual thing to find three or four perfectly honest and well-meaning witnesses tendering diametrically opposite reports. Imagine what the stories of such witnesses would be like, even when uttered in the utmost good faith, *ten years afterwards!* Courts of all descriptions all the world over have repeatedly demonstrated this human fallibility and every experienced journalist knows that it is one of the worst pitfalls in his profession. If Captain Young or any other gentleman within or without the present Army makes a mistake in any of the articles which they are good enough to contribute to our History of the Anglo-Irish War it is obvious that it is involuntary and by no person more than by these friends of "An t-Oglach" will genuine corrections be welcomed.—Editor, "An t-Oglach."

HOTEL METROPOLE GARRISON.

HOW TRAGEDY AND COMEDY WALKED HAND-IN-HAND WITH HEROISM IN EASTER WEEK, 1916.

By COMMANDANT CHARLES SAURIN.

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

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

COMMANDANT SAURIN'S STORY

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK).

Sketches by the Author.

All the time this big attack lasted a number of men and women were grouped in a window of Wynn's Hotel in Lower Abbey Street as in a theatre box, apparently enjoying the spectacle.

As we on the top floor were comparatively idle during the day we prepared for fire by getting every sort of receptacle available, from hip baths to jugs, filling them with water, and placing them all along the corridor in the rear of the rooms we held.

Downstairs our men were inactive, and the only really busy people were the cooks, who found quite a quantity of food in the kitchen and larders. The sole scarcity as regards foodstuffs was bread, but there were plenty of biscuits and an alarming amount of rich cake. Cigars and cigarettes were there in plenty and naturally we availed ourselves of them, but *the only form of liquor we were permitted to touch, apart from tea or coffee, was a particularly costly tonic water.*

At intervals during the day Sean Russell entered the various rooms, rallying those who were looking glum by telling them to be cheerful—that we were winning. Certainly for anyone who was disposed to be downhearted there was an amazing crop of rumours to fill him with hope and make him believe that we really were winning. It came to our ears that Jim Larkin, at the head of 20,000 men, was fighting his way through Mayo; that Roger Casement and the Irish Brigade had landed in Kerry; that the streets of Tralee were full of khaki dead, and that the Germans were coming up the Naas Road. I think if a Zeppelin had circled over the city or a German submarine had come up the river we would have regarded it as the immediate prelude to complete victory.

The "Helga" and her Guns.

Instead of these, however, there was a denouement which we had not expected—the use of big guns. During the afternoon Sean Russell came up

stairs and informed me that, from a point of vantage nearer to Abbey Street, he had observed a small steamer coming up the river and firing from a large gun apparently towards Boland's Mills, the position held by the 3rd Battalion. This boat turned out to be the "Helga," and it was not long until it got up near Butt Bridge and commenced its famous bombardment of the empty Liberty Hall.

At the same time the block of buildings from Hopkins & Hopkins along Eden Quay to Marlboro' Street was bombarded by artillery placed at the end of Tara Street. The shops at the corner of Bachelor's Walk came in for a share also from a gun within the walls of Trinity College.

The shells used by these guns must have been of the incendiary type, for later in the afternoon Hopkins & Hopkins was on fire and by dusk the D.B.C. was well ablaze, the flames shooting up through the glass lantern on top of the roof. Ere morning came all the block as far as Middle Abbey Street was in flames and this tremendous fire gradually worked round the corner and soon had Wynn's Hotel and the Royal Hibernian Academy, with its collection of pictures and statuary, in its grip. It was dreadful to see the latter building take fire and to realise that the invaluable contents were doomed, for the Fire Brigade was unable to venture near O'Connell Street during the whole day.

When night fell there was a lull in the firing and any further outbursts were spasmodic, the intervals being punctuated by snipers. It was quite easy to distinguish the boom of the Howth rifle from the double report of the Lee-Enfield, while the crack of the "Peter" was very familiar to us.

WEDNESDAY night passed without anything out of the ordinary happening, though we suspected that the British were massing for a grand attack on our positions in O'Connell Street. Had they carried out such an assault from all quarters they could have eventually gained a foothold though not without considerable loss. They could preface their attack with artillery and cover it with machine-gun fire, whereas we had not a single item of either type of firearm and would have to depend entirely

on revolvers, automatics and rifles, together with our rather weird assortment of bombs.

The Casual Bomber.

While on the subject of bombs I might mention that early on Thursday morning our force in the Metropole was augmented by the addition of some half-dozen more men, amongst whom were several bombers. Two of these were sent up to my floor and I had the company of one for a considerable time till discretion made me remove myself to another quarter. He put his complement of bombs in a row at his feet with the sulphur tipped fuses pointing upwards. He was continually lighting his pipe and throwing the ignited matches amongst these bombs, greatly to my terror, for every second I expected to see one catch on a fuse and eventually send himself and myself through the roof.

The roof itself suffered without assistance from us. About mid-day the British artillery was apparently trying to get the range of the Post Office, but all their shells—a considerable number—seemed to fall short and hit the "Freeman's Journal" office or the hotel. The first few burst on the "Freeman" behind us, and though the noise was rather terrifying we did not take much notice, but when one hit the roof directly over the room I was in and the ceiling cracked and came in a shower about our heads and bricks tumbled down the chimney, while acrid yellow fumes came curling in through the window, I thought it was time to evacuate and with the other occupant I went out into the corridor on my hands and knees.

As soon as I did so another shell hit the roof over the corridor itself and a huge crack ran down the wall close to where Oscar Traynor was standing after running up the stairs on hearing the first shell strike. I could see him staggering from the detonation and he seemed to be enveloped in a cloud of smoke and fumes.

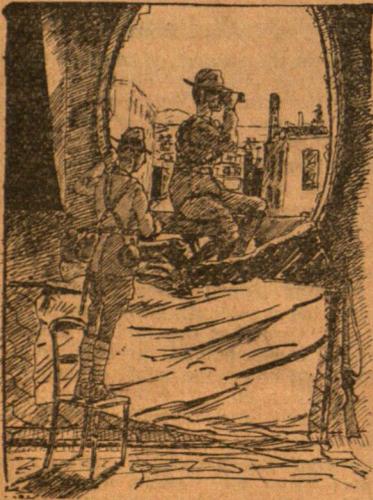
Just then a number of bullets came right across the roof of the G.P.O. and actually penetrated the end wall of the Hotel. One of them came through the window at the end of the corridor and almost fluttered my hair as it whistled

by my ear, plugging into the wall at the other end.

The corridor at that particular moment seemed as unhealthy as the room I had quitted and so I went into another apartment, where two members of the Citizen Army were reclining on mattresses beneath a window *calmly smoking their pipes*. One of them was an old soldier who had served in the Leinsters.

As I entered the room a shell hit the roof right over us, but the Citizen Army men never stirred; they went on with their pipes and their conversation, and I must say their calm manner moved me to recollect myself a trifle and endeavour to emulate them. This was not an easy matter at first, for even bursting 18-pounder shells sounded worse than machine-guns.

The shells kept coming and must have had the roof in a terrible state of dilapidation. In fact it was a wonder the



A Cool Customer.

whole structure did not come down about our ears. This was evidently what Oscar Traynor thought might happen, for he moved us down two storeys, leaving only one man on the top floor to watch out for signs of fire. This man was the Jewish looking youth I have mentioned before. It is well to speak of him here, for he was one of the calmest and bravest individuals I have ever encountered. During the heavy firing both on Wednesday and Thursday he used to sit right out on the parapet which ran past the windows of the top floor and scan the whole street with a pair of field glasses, apparently quite oblivious of the fact that any moment might be his last. He gave his name as Neale, but I do not know if that was correct. He was a Citizen Army man, professed himself a Socialist, and, in addition, addressed everybody as "comrade." He had no uniform, but carried a modern German service rifle, which he kept in very good condition. He had been on the blowing up of the Great Northern line across the viaduct at Fairview on Easter Monday and his shoes and cycling stockings had later suffered considerably in the Vitriol

Works, where he had been posted until Tuesday night. He exchanged them now for a good pair of boots found in one of the guest's rooms and for a pair of girl's stockings, which he pulled up to his knees and in which he presented a rather curious figure.

Shells Fire Buildings.

After dusk a most peculiar thing happened. A verbal order came across from the G.P.O. that we were to evacuate our position, and without question we acted upon it at once. Gathering our weapons and tools of all sorts we doubled across Prince's Street behind the big barricade and through the yard gate into the G.P.O. I do not know from whom the order emanated, but, as I understood it then, Sean Russell conveyed it across from the Post Office to where he had been with a message from Oscar Traynor. We were hardly ten minutes there when instructions came from Pearse that we were to return immediately to our former position. It was just as well we did so or there would have been no defence for the south side of the Post Office and tremendous possibilities would have been left open to the British had they decided to attempt taking our Field H.Q. by means of an infantry assault.

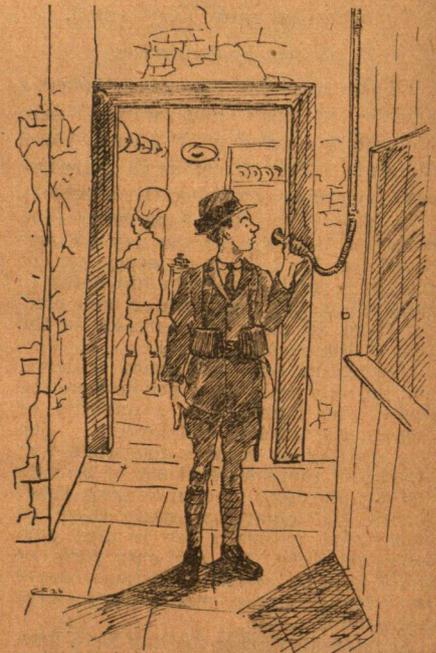
The shelling went on all Thursday and towards evening the whole block of buildings from the Munster and Leinster Bank to Hoyte's the chemists was ablaze. When Hoyte's first caught fire it was a terrific spectacle, as it burst into one huge flame the moment it was hit. It was a roaring furnace in less than one minute. Stored as it was with chemicals of all sorts and with oils and colours it spouted rockets and stars of every hue and was the most wonderful fireworks show I ever saw.

Fighting the Flames.

We knew now that it was only a matter of time until the block containing the Imperial Hotel went on fire and we watched the flames creeping through the barricade which stretched from Hoyte's across Sackville Place to the "True Form" Boot Company. Soon a small flame ran up the window frame of the latter shop, and in a minute or so what was left of the establishment was ablaze. It is hardly necessary to describe the gradual taking fire of the big Imperial Hotel, but it was certainly a fearful sight. We knew there had been a garrison there, as we had seen them at the windows for the two preceding days. In fact I had recognised a couple of my own Company: Jack McCabe and Seamus Daly, who is now a Lieutenant in the Army. We felt no anxiety about them as we guessed they would evacuate in time. What we were anxious about, however, was the fact that our position might catch fire owing to the showers of sparks and the intense heat from Hoyte's and the Imperial. Throughout the night these fires raged and throughout the night, as if to combat them, Charlie Steinmayer and I went round through the various front rooms from the second floor to the top of the Hotel pulling down the inflammable portions of the barricades and cutting away cur-

tains and blinds. Charlie Steinmayer, who is now a Lieutenant up at G.H.Q., was an incongruous figure. His huge stature and the little short pair of brown leggings he wore did not agree. These, together with a very small soft hat, apparently made for someone else, and a big axe, gave him a peculiar appearance. Towards the morning Joe Tallon, who was our Quartermaster, brought us up a very good breakfast and a liberal amount of tinned fruit, which we opened with the aid of my sword bayonet, a most useful article.

As Friday morning broke things seemed quieter and the firing from the British was not so heavy. The artillery alone sent across occasional shells to which we were now well used. These shells were all apparently 18-pounders and burst with a terrific detonation, but must have been mostly shrapnel, as they did not do much damage when they struck the roof of the Metropole. Oscar



"Sawdust."

Traynor now sent me down to the basement of the Hotel, where I supervised the handing over of foodstuffs to a fatigue party of Fianna boys who came across from the G.P.O. These youths were the lightest-hearted individuals in the Rising and seemed to take everything as a joke. They were all between the ages of 12 and 18 and were quite self-possessed and apparently without nerves. I supervised the filling of their sacks with tea, sugar, flour, tins of fruit and bottles of preserves, and then made a tour of the storerooms with Neale, the Socialist. He had been a page boy in a hotel and so knew his way about. We discovered the silver room and the wine cellar, both of which were well stocked and represented a big amount of money, and the doors of which we carefully secured for obvious reasons. It would not be out of place to recount here a rather amusing inci-

dent in which the laugh went against me. Joe Tallon sent word down the speaking tube from the first floor for me to look out for any sort of meal, wheaten flour or something of the kind, as our bread supply was very scanty and all available flour had been sent over to the Post Office. I searched round and in a bin in a very dark passage I found a lot of brown meal, the quality of which I could not exactly discover, so I got a scoop and sent a sample up by the service lift for them to see what it looked like by daylight. Presently Joe Tallon whistled down the tube and enquired, "Do you know what your sample is?" I replied, "No." Whereupon he said, "It is what your head is made of." "What is that?" I asked rather meaninglessly. After an expressive silence he added, "Sawdust!"

Heroic Priest.

By this time Neale and a couple of others were cooking for us and were very busy in the kitchen attired in chefs' jackets and caps. They were extraordinarily cheerful and one could hardly associate them with the noise of bursting shells and machine-gun and rifle fire all around. I was now brought up by Oscar Traynor to the Manager's office and then sent across to the G.P.O. with a despatch for Pearse, being instructed that, should I be unable to discover him, I was to bring it back again. It is extraordinary to have to relate that I could not discover Pearse in the Post Office and that no matter who I asked I could get no information as to his whereabouts. He may have been busy with the other leaders at a conference of some sort, for I saw none of the big men of the movement except James Connolly. I came across him in the public office. He had been badly wounded during the week and was now lying on a camp bed and yet apparently taking the greatest interest in all that was going on around him. In my search for Pearse I had an opportunity of going over a good part of the G.P.O., and in one of the rooms on the ground floor looking into O'Connell Street I discovered Arthur Shields and Harry Coyle, who both belonged to my Company. The latter was killed that night in Moore Lane. I was upstairs in the kitchens and dining-rooms, and in the latter saw three British officers who were prisoners. They were guarded by a man with a shot-gun and were just sitting down to a very good meal. Some soldier prisoners were helping with the cooking at the ranges. I had an opportunity of speaking to Father John Flanagan, who, at great risk, had worked his way round from Marlboro' Street to the G.P.O. earlier in the week and who remained there until the evacuation.

Marksmen at the Windows.

Not succeeding in finding Pearse, I returned to the Hotel Metropole and was in time for a good dinner prepared by Neale and his cookhouse staff. It is worthy of note that even on active service the Friday fast was observed, for there wasn't a particle of meat in the

meal. Dusk was drawing on as we concluded our dinner and there was a considerable increase in the intensity of the firing. I was ordered to take a post at one of the drawing-room windows and remained there for the rest of the evening with Joe Tallon and Harry Ridge-way, one of our Red Cross men. It was anticipated that a massed attack was about to be made on our positions in O'Connell Street and so the majority of the garrison were concentrated on the first floor of the buildings right along to Manfield's corner. Besides our rifles we had a number of bombs and a lighted candle beside them for the purpose of touching them off. In comparison with the fires of the night before the flames opposite were now somewhat subdued and, in most cases, the roofs and floors of all the buildings had fallen in and many houses presented a skeletonlike appearance, the walls showing up black against the flames which flared every now and then from the glowing masses within. The tricolour on the Imperial Hotel was still flying though the staff had tilted over somewhat, yet the fact that it had not fallen altogether was regarded by some of us as a good omen. Our window looked straight down Sackville Place, and on one occasion a man in khaki slipped past Brooks Thomas's up Marlboro' Street. He was apparently a runner from the Abbey Street end and we watched for his return. He did come back right enough and, simultaneously with his appearance, a couple of rifle shots rang out and we saw his heels go up as he fell forward out of sight. The enemy firing had by now increased to a great extent and a most terrific machine gun attack was directed against Manfield's corner, where Harry Boland, and, if I recollect aright, Vincent Poole of the Citizen Army, were posted. They were endeavouring to keep the British from advancing up Abbey Street and could observe their movements through the ruins of the Munster and Leinster Bank.

G.P.O. Takes Fire.

Oscar Traynor, who had worked like a trojan all the week, was indefatigable, and I think he hardly got a sleep since he was given command of the position. He was now passing backwards and forwards continuously between the Hotel and Manfield's, crawling through the holes in the walls, and keeping careful note of the situation. He was human, however, though perhaps under the circumstances I might term it inhuman, for on one occasion he came back into the drawing-room covered with dust and exclaimed, "Thank God, I can die happy now, I have just shot one!" He informed us at intervals of the way things were going and said that British Red Cross men were dealing with a lot of stretcher cases down Lower Abbey Street, the result of Harry Boland's and Vincent Poole's shooting. These two marksmen were doing their best to keep the British from erecting barricades across that street, which were evidently to be used as covering for an advance towards O'Connell Street. Darkness came on,

however, without any action on their part beyond heavy firing on our position. Bullets were ricocheting off the iron balconies outside and were ripping their way through the window frames and shutters of the drawing-room in which we were, but nevertheless we did not suffer a single casualty. Heavy shelling was being carried on from each end of the street, and at about eight o'clock Oscar Traynor came in and said that the G.P.O. was on fire. I went down the corridor and looked out of an end window into Prince's Street and I could see that the whole front of the roof of the Post Office was in flames. Evidently incendiary shells had been the cause of this.

Evacuation Orders.

Instructions were now received that we were to evacuate our position, as apparently it would be untenable if the G.P.O. were destroyed and there would not be much use in maintaining our hold on it when our services might be badly needed elsewhere. Accordingly we were withdrawn, first from the Hotel and then from our other posts between that and Abbey Street, each man receiving an emergency ration of biscuits and salmon before leaving. We doubled across Prince's Street and through the big doors into the yard of the G.P.O., Oscar Traynor coming last and then checking each of us after we passed in. We formed up under the archway, marched across the yard, scrambled up on the loading platform and proceeded into the sorting office, where we lined up. The entire front of the Post Office, hardly thirty yards from us, was one mass of flames, which was roaring up through each ceiling and floor to the very roof. Small arms ammunition left in this inferno was exploding with a crackling like the continuous fire of many machine-guns and forgotten bombs were going off with ponderous reports, punctuating the hideous din.

In the face of this truly awe-inspiring conflagration the spirit of the garrison was magnificent. Volunteers and Citizen Army men alike with rifles slung or at the slope were moving in file towards the side door and from there plunging in small groups across Henry Street. The amazing thing was that, as they marched towards the exit, they sang. As if in defiance of the flames which were spreading rapidly and threatening to bring in the roof on their heads, they roared out "The Soldier's Song" as one man. I espied Paddy Shortis of my own Company singing with the rest. In another half-hour he was shot through and through in Moore Street. I had a hand-clasp and a cheerful word from Bill Reilly as he passed by. Another individual with a grin clapped a German "pickelhaube" on his head and went off highly pleased with himself, not caring a whit apparently about the scene of terror all round him.

A Hero's Death.

Just then as we from the Metropole were standing easy awaiting our turn to leave tragedy came amongst us.

Whether it was some careless person let off one of the infernal American shot-guns or whether a stray bullet came fleeting through the flames I cannot say for certain, but in any case some projectile struck and exploded the contents of Andy Furlong's right-hand pouch. It contained revolver ammunition which went off like shrapnel, spreading outward and downward. Nine bullets scored into their owner's right thigh. Neale was very badly wounded. A bullet struck me in the right hand, and another whipped the wooden haft off a knife stuck in a uniformed Volunteer's puttee. I was startled by the big bang so close to my ears and barely felt the sting as the bullet lodged in the palm of my hand. The very next second Neale swayed against my left shoulder and said, "Can't you stand away and let a fellow lie down?" He was helped to a pile of mail sacks, and Oscar Traynor, bending over him, enquired was he badly hurt. "I'm dying, comrade," he answered and upon his handsome face a look settled that I could only describe as dignified in the extreme. All the lower part of his body was absolutely riddled, and though his wounds were attended to at once it was obvious that it was only a matter of time till his end came. He lasted till the next day and I heard afterwards that he died as he was being carried into the Castle Hospital. This London cockney, as I believe him to have been, was one of the bravest and coolest of men and deserved a better fate. I do not think he even got recognition in the casualty lists which were published later.

As my narrative only deals with the Hotel Metropole I cannot now go further into details as regards the evacuation of the G.P.O. and the fight in Moore Street throughout Friday night. These things are matter for another story.

(To be Continued).

= WIRELESS NOTES =

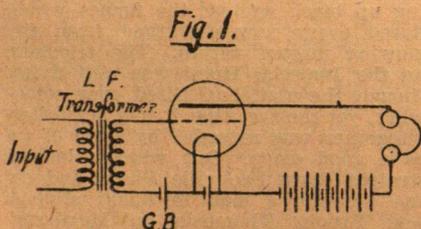
CONDUCTED BY

Commandant J. SMYTH

ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

GRID BIAS.

In dealing with Amplifying Valve Circuits the above term is frequently used. Fig. 1 is a sketch of a one-valve amplifier in which a negative Grid Bias (GB) is employed. This Grid Bias battery is represented by a short and a long stroke. The former represents the negative pole or end of the battery. Figs. 2a and b show curves representing the amount of current flowing in the plate circuit in



virtue of the filament emission of electrons and the attraction of them to the positively charged plate. The bottom line represents different values of Grid Bias and the perpendicular line represents the resultant values of current in the plate circuit.

If no Grid Bias is applied the current in the plate circuit will be of the value represented by the height of A above the base line Fig. 2a.

If a Grid Bias of about 1½ volts negative is applied the plate current will be reduced to a value represented by the height of B above the base line Fig. 2b.

Under the conditions represented in Fig. 2a a positive half cycle of the incoming signal will only give a very small increase in plate current owing to the fact that the plate current curve bends to nearly a flat beyond the point A. On the other hand a negative half cycle reduces the plate current to a relatively small value. The resultant amplification is graphically represented underneath Fig 2a. It will be seen that the upper or positive half cycles are not amplified, whereas full amplification is effected in the case of the lower or negative half cycles. This condition gives only half the amplification volume and at the same time causes distortion.

Under the conditions represented in Fig. 2b, i.e., a negative bias of 1½ volts, the normal plate current is reduced to the value represented by the height of the point B above the base line.

Dealing with the incoming signals under this latter condition the positive half cycles increase the plate current to a value on the curve represented by the point X, and the negative half cycles reduce the plate current to a value represented by the point Y. The resultant amplification is graphically represented under Fig. 2b.

The values given above are merely relative values. Weak signals would only vary the current a short distance above and below the point B, whereas strong signals would give a relatively greater increase.

Again the value of Grid Bias neces-

Fig. 2(a)

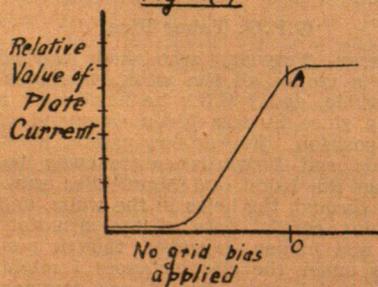
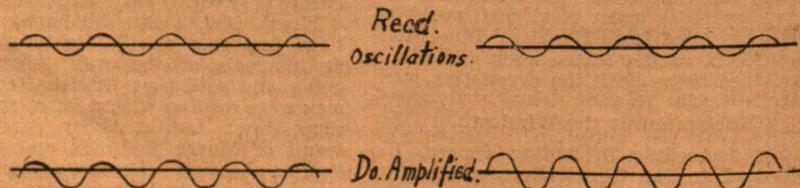
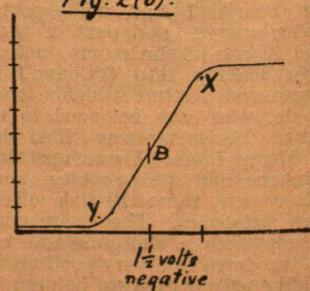


Fig. 2(b)



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sarily depends on the amount of high tension voltage applied in the plate circuit. The greater the high tension the greater will be the Grid Bias necessary to reduce the current to the centre of the straight part of the current curve in Fig. 2. Different types of valves require different degrees of Grid Bias. As a general rule, however, for two stages of low frequency amplification with general purpose valves and a plate voltage of from 50 to 75, 1½ to 3 volts suffices.

CORRECTION IN LAST WEEK'S "WIRELESS NOTES."

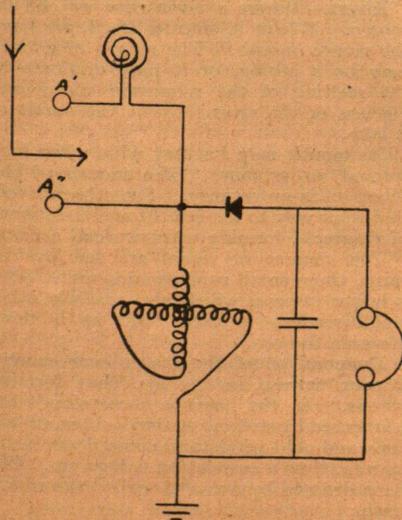
In first para. read:—"If these are not absolutely in step," etc.

In para. five read:—"to a position where the oscillation ceases," etc.

READER'S QUERY.

Attached is theoretical diagram of the last Crystal Set constructed by me. It is designed to take a loading-coil for reception of 5 XX broadcast, and as will appear this coil is in series with the tuned circuit. From what I have read I gather that it might possibly give better results to have it in parallel. Could you sketch for me a suitable diagram and wiring plan to effect this change?

D. X.



REPLY.

Parallel arrangement in this case would be no use. It would reduce rather than increase the wavelength.

STAMPS

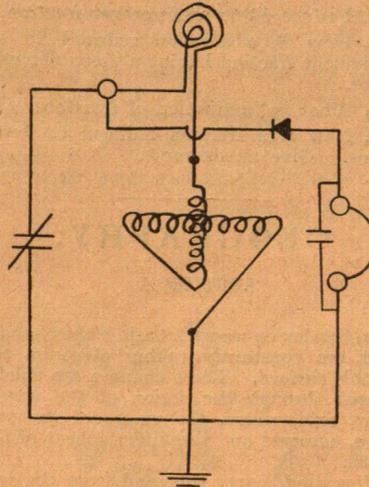
are all right in their way, but please don't pay us in stamps for any account above 2s. 6d.

Do not stick more than 5d. in stamps on a Postal Order, and don't have any half-pennies in your P.O. total.

Inductances in parallel have an inductive value of $\frac{L \times L}{L + L}$.

whereas in series their value is $L + L$.

The arrangement you have read about, no doubt, refers to the total inductance in parallel with a condenser as:—



In this latter case both condenser and inductance combine to increase the wavelength in the proportion \sqrt{KL} .
(K=Capacity: L=Inductance.)

Purchase your wireless apparatus and components from firms advertising in this paper. They give good value.

A.A.A. EASTERN COMMAND.

At a Committee meeting held in Collins Barracks, Dublin, on the 4th inst., Rev. Father Piggott, C.F., presiding, it was decided to hold the Boxing Championships of the Eastern Command in the Gymnasium, Portobello Barracks, Dublin, on Friday night, 26th inst., a Battalion having power to nominate one representative for each particular weight. The names of substitutes may also be forwarded. All entries to be in the hands of the Hon. Secretary before Monday, 22nd inst.

On the proposition of Captain J. P. Murphy, seconded by Lieutenant K. O'Meara, it was decided to present Gold Medals to the winners of the 1925 Command Championships in hurling and football, the Rev. Chairman and the Hon. Secretary to select a design; the order to be placed with Messrs. Johnston, Grafton Street.

It was agreed to hold the Annual Convention on Tuesday, 7th April, 1926, at Collins Barracks, Dublin. All notices of motion to be in the hands of the Hon. Secretary on or before 31st March.

After a discussion it was decided to affiliate an athletic club with the N.A. & C.A., the club to be known as the "Collins Athletic Club." The following delegates were appointed to attend next meeting of the Co. Dublin Board of the N.A. & C.A.:—Captain J. P. Murphy, Captain T. Duffy.

On the proposition of Captain Duffy, seconded by Captain Murphy, a grant of £25 to the McKee G.A.C. was sanctioned.

The Hon. Secretary was instructed to write to the Secretary of the A.A.A. in connection with the erection of Handball Alleys in the various barracks in the Command.

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THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY CAPTAIN J. JOHNSTON.

ARITHMETIC.

SECTION II.

1. **Reduction of fractions** is the process of altering the form of fractions, without changing the value.

2. A fraction is reduced to higher terms by multiplying both terms of the fraction by the same number.

Example : $\frac{1}{3} \times \frac{3}{3} = \frac{3}{9}$

Explanation : $\frac{1}{3}$ is reduced to $\frac{3}{9}$ by multiplying both terms of the fraction by 3.

It will be seen that the **value** is not changed. If an apple is divided into nine equal parts, and those nine parts are arranged in three lots, it is evident that each lot will be composed of the same part of the apple had it been originally cut into three equal parts. Therefore, multiplying both terms of a fraction by the same number does not alter its value.

3. To reduce a fraction to an equivalent fraction having a given denominator.

Proceed as follows:—

Example : Reduce $\frac{4}{5}$ to an equivalent fraction having 35 as denominator.

Solution : $\frac{4}{5} \times \frac{7}{7} = \frac{28}{35}$

Explanation : Divide the given denominator 35 by the denominator of the given fraction 5 and multiply each term of the fraction by the quotient, 7.

4. A fraction is reduced to lower terms by dividing both terms by the same number.

Example : Thus reduce $\frac{20}{16}$ to its lowest terms.

Solution : $\frac{20}{16} \div \frac{4}{4} = \frac{5}{4}$

Hence dividing both terms of a fraction by the same number does **not** alter its value.

5. A fraction is reduced to its lowest terms or simplest form when its numerator and denominator cannot both be divided by the same number without a remainder as: $\frac{3}{5}$, $\frac{2}{7}$, $\frac{11}{13}$.

6. To reduce a whole number to an improper fraction.

Example : Reduce 4 to fifths.

Solution : 1 contains 5 fifths, then 4 contains 20 fifths and the fraction is $\frac{20}{5}$.

7. To reduce a mixed number to an improper fraction.

Example : $6\frac{7}{11} = 6 \times 11 + \frac{7}{11} = \frac{71}{11}$.

8. To reduce an improper fraction to a whole or mixed number.

Example :

$\frac{27}{4}$ an improper fraction = $6\frac{3}{4}$ (mixed number).

$\frac{24}{4}$ an improper fraction = 6 (whole number).

It will be seen that the numerator is divided by the denominator and the result is put down as in ordinary division.

EXAMINATION—SECTION II.

1. Reduce $\frac{7}{13}$ to 144ths.

2. Reduce $\frac{24}{100}$ to its simplest form.

3. Reduce 18 to a fraction whose denominator is 11.

4. Reduce $5\frac{3}{8}$ to an improper fraction.

5. How is a fraction reduced to an equivalent fraction having a given denominator?

6. What is "reduction of fractions."

7. How is a fraction reduced to lower terms. Give an example.

GEOGRAPHY.

SECTION I.

In this lesson we will consider the changes that are constantly taking place on the earth's surface. These changes are chiefly caused through the action of the winds, frost, rain, rivers, the waves of the sea, tides, currents and the internal heat of the earth.

The winds carry the sand from the sea-shore and the sandy plains, forming sand hills elsewhere, thus turning fertile land into sandy wastes. The sharp particles of sand, when driven by the winds against rocks, cause the surface of these rocks to be worn down.

The action of the frost has been described in the previous lesson.

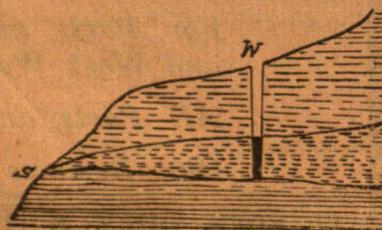
The rain as you know loosens and carries away the soil to other places, and dissolves many of the substances contained in the earth's crust. Some of this rain runs off the earth's surface in the form of rivers and some of it sinks into the earth's surface forming Springs.

When the rain falls upon a soft rock like sand or gravel the water sinks in and the lower portion of the soft rock becomes saturated. If this soft rock lies on a hard or impermeable rock—such as granite—the water passes along the surface and will eventually ooze out as a spring. When the saturated bed lies between two beds of impermeable rock and also forms a hollow, a boring down to the saturated bed will cause the water to rise up in the boring, forming an Artesian well, which would be an artificial spring.

The following diagrams give an idea of a surface spring and an Artesian well.

DIAGRAM.

SURFACE SPRING



In this diagram the saturated sand lies on a impermeable bed and the water flowing along the surface of this bed will ooze out as a spring at point S. Again if a well is sunk or a boring made at point W the water will rise to the level of the saturated sand and a pump could then be employed to take out the water.

DIAGRAM.

AN ARTESIAN WELL.



In this diagram the saturated sand is lying between two hard beds. The permeable bed becomes saturated at the exposed points E. If a boring is made at W, the water will rise up, as in the case of the surface spring to the level of the saturated bed. This gives us the Artesian well.

Thermal Springs are springs that come up from a great depth and are heated.

Mineral Springs are those that whilst passing through the rocks take up large quantities of soluble mineral matter. Many of these springs contain useful medicinal salts such as the springs at Bath, Harrogate, Lucan, etc.

Rivers.—Where a river rises we call its source. Where it empties itself, we have the river's mouth. The source of a river may be a spring, or it may originate in the melting of the mountain snows and glaciers or the river may be the outlet of a lake.

Its mouth may be very wide when it is termed an **estuary**. The mouth of the Shannon is an estuary. Sometimes rivers find their way to the sea through a network of channels, forming what we call a **delta**.

The sources of rivers are fed by the rains, these small rain streams unite, form a larger stream, which also receives other small rivulets or tributaries as it flows towards the sea.

Evaporation of the sea is ever causing vapour to rise in the air, thus forming clouds. In the heavens these clouds are condensed by striking against cold mountain tops and cold winds and come down again as rain, thus a circulation is kept up. The Area drained by a river is called the river's basin.

Lakes are portions of water occupying hollows in the land. They may have their origin in the accumulations of water in Natural Hollows, fed by drainage from the surrounding districts, or expansions of a river channel, as for example the Shannon lakes—or like the Caspian Sea—which is a very large salt lake, formed by an upheaval of the ocean bed, when the shallow parts became dry land and the deeper portions formed salt lakes.

Lakes may be salt or fresh. Generally such lakes as have rivers flowing into and out of them are fresh. The rivers flowing through the land collect the soluble salts in the soil, and when these rivers flow on through the lakes they carry the salt with them to the sea.

(To be continued.)

"SOME GUY GOT HIS."

War Wounds Stories of American Expeditionary Force.

The following applies to injuries received in battle and not in private shooting affairs. No two men seem to agree on the actual sensation they received when they were struck by a projectile. Some said they felt a sudden numbness, one man shot in the head declared that everything turned white, another one hit almost in the same spot said he thought a china plate had been broken on his head. They all agreed, however, that they felt no pain for some time after the impact.

A number of men were sitting under a bridge at Chery, a suburb of Château Thierry, one night, smoking cigarettes.

"Hey! Look out with that butt!" cried one suddenly. "You burnt my arm!" The man next him denied any such action.

"Yuh did too," said the burnt man, "I c'n feel the hole in my sleeve." Two or three minutes later the same man leaped to his feet and made a wild haymaker swing at his next neighbour, which missed its mark in the darkness. The bellicose one then fell to the ground with much clattering of equipment.

A hasty examination with a flashlight showed that he had been hit twice, once in the fore arm and, the second time, through both legs above the knee. Some sniper across the river must have seen the glow of the cigarettes on the arches of the bridge, and fired blindly. The wounded man had happened to be in the one place that was open to fire from hostile territory.

"It felt just like a hot cigarette butt," he declared while his wounds were being dressed.

A soldier had both legs taken off and was rendered unconscious by the explosion of a shell between Richecourt and the Mont Sec-Nonsard road fork. He recovered his senses just before the ambulance went out, and begged the ambulance orderly to shove him farther back in the ambulance, as his legs, hanging over the edge the way they did, were very cold and uncomfortable.

Some men know immediately when they are hit, others are wounded and have no knowledge of it until someone calls their attention to it. Some drop immediately; others get up and stagger on until overcome by weakness, and then they sag to the ground.

All wounded men do one thing, at least as far as the writer has observed or been informed, immediately, when they discover they have been hit. They throw away their rifle, pack, helmet, overcoat, and everything else that they can detach from their person. They then wait patiently for the first medical corps man they see to dress their wound and then give them a ticket.

On the ticket would be written the location of the wound, the man's organization, the date, hours, and treatment

rendered. This would save the wounded man from being picked up as a straggler, and would show those, into whose care he was put next, what had been done for him. If he were able to walk, he walked until he could get a truck. If not, the wounded man would wait until some stretcher bearers or prisoners, on their way to the rear, could pick him up and carry him.

Men carrying up rations or stringing telephone wire, or artillery going into position would find a great splash of blood on the leaves. At one side would be a rifle, at the other a pack and, perhaps, a few bits of bandage.

"Some guy got his," they would remark.

"Well, good luck to him."

—Leonard H. Nason.



—The Dog Deer C—

FINNER CORRESPONDENT CONTRADICTED.

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

Sir,—In the issue of "An t-Oglach," dated 27th February, your correspondent under the nom-de-plume of "N.R.2"—No. 1 Brigade H.Q. Finner Camp Notes, makes an incorrect statement when he says that Brigade H.Q. football team were given very short notice of their match against "C" Company, 2nd Battalion, inasmuch that their chosen representative attended a committee meeting on the 8th February, when the match was arranged to take place on the 17th inst—9 days' notice. The reason that the referee decided that the field was not fit to play upon was that it was under water caused by the heavy rains of recent date and *not* because there were no goal posts and ground not marked out. Even if it was because of the goal posts and ground not being marked I would like to draw the attention of their unofficial correspondent to the fact that it is an understood thing that the two teams taking part in any match are responsible for marking out of the ground and to see that the field is in readiness for their

match. In fairness to my committee, I respectfully ask if the above may be inserted in your next issue of "An t-Oglach."—Your obedient servant,

H. P. BARLOW, Corpl.,

Hon. Sec., Finner Camp A.A.A.

Headquarters,

2nd Infantry Battalion, Finner Camp.

ARMY CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING.

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

Sir,—In connection with the recent results in several Cross Country Championships and with reference to Battalion and Unit notes in "An t-Oglach," one is immediately struck with two things:—

1. The very poor display given in open competitions by Army runners in cross-country events.
2. The general apathy which appears to exist among Army runners—cross-country men in particular—with regard to open events.

It is clear that there is something wrong, and very seriously wrong, in either the organising of the various teams or in the training—or should I say, inadequate training and lack of training facilities.

In this connection I should like to point out that it is humiliating and disheartening to read in the Press of the poor places that Army cross-country teams secure in open competitions. Take the last Junior Championship. We find that a team which one is led to believe represented the Army only secured 12th place in what must be admitted to be only a "fair" test of cross-country running.

I most heartily endorse "Me Larkie's" criticism in his G.H.Q. notes, and I thoroughly agree with his outspoken views on the subject. It would be very interesting to ascertain the views of some of our numerous cross-country men on this subject, and it might have the effect of arousing the powers that be to the fact that if the Army possesses those runners they should at least get the chance of justifying themselves and the Army that they have the honour to belong to.—Mise,

"RUNNER."

PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED

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Clementina

BY

A.E.W. Mason

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE NIGHT OF THE 27TH. IN CLEMENTINA'S APARTMENTS.

MEANWHILE within the room the Princess-mother clung to Clementina. The terror which her sharp cry had expressed was visible in her strained and startled face. Her eyes, bright with terror, stared at the drawn curtain; she could not avert them—she still must gaze fascinated by her fears—and her dry whispering lips were tremulous.

"Heaven have mercy!" she whispered. "Shut the window, shut it fast!" And as Clementina moved in surprise she clung the closer to her daughter. "No, do not leave me! Come away!—Jesu, here are we alone, two women."

"Mother," said Clementina, soothing her and gently stroking her hair as though she in truth was the mother and the mother her daughter, "there's no cause for fear."

"No cause for fear! I saw him, the sentry; he is climbing up. Ah!" And again her voice rose to a cry as Wogan's foot grated on the window ledge.

"Hush, mother! A cry will ruin us. It's not the sentinel," said Clementina.

Clementina was laughing, and by her laughter the Princess-mother was in some measure re-assured.

"Who is it then?" she asked.

"Can you not guess?" said Clementina incredulously. "It is so evident. Yet I would not have you guess. It is my secret, my discovery. I'll tell you." She heard a man behind the curtain spring lightly from the window to the floor. She raised her voice that he might know she had divined him. "Your sentinel is the one man who has the right to rescue me. Your sentinel's the King."

At that moment Wogan pushed aside the curtain.

"No, your Highness," said he, "but the King's servant."

The Princess-mother dropped into a chair and looked at her visitor with despair. It was not the sentinel, to be sure; but on the other hand it was Mr. Wogan, whom she knew for a very insistent man with a great liking for his own way. She drew little comfort from Mr. Wogan's coming.

It seemed, too, that he was not very welcome to Clementina, for she drew back a step, and in a voice which

dropped and had a tremble of disappointment. "Mr. Wogan," she said, "the King is well served." And she stood there without so much as offering him her hand. Wogan had not counted on so cold a greeting, but he understood the reason and was not sure but what he approved of it. After all, she had encountered perils on the King's account; she had some sort of a justification to believe the King would do the like for her. It had not occurred to him, nor indeed to any one before; but now that he saw the chosen woman so plainly wounded, he felt a trifle hot against his King for having disappointed her. He set his wits to work to dispel the disappointment.

"Your Highness, the truth is there are great matters brewing in Spain. His Majesty was needed there most urgently. He had to decide between Innsbruck and Cadiz, and it seemed that he would honour your great confidence in him and at the same time serve you best—"

Clementina would not allow him to complete the sentence. Her cheek flushed and she said quickly, "You are right, Mr. Wogan. The King is right. Mine was a girl's thought. I am ashamed of it." And she frankly gave him her hand. Wogan was fairly well pleased with his apology for his King. It was not quite the truth, no doubt, but it had spared Clementina a trifle of humiliation and had re-established the King in her thoughts. He bent over her hand and would have kissed it, but she stopped him.

"No," said she—"an honest hand-clasp if you please. For no woman can have ever lived who had a truer friend." And Wogan looking into her frank eyes was not after all nearly so well pleased with the untruth he had told her. She was an uncomfortable woman to go about with shifts and contrivances. Her open face with its broad forehead and the clear steady eyes of darkest blue claimed truth as a prerogative. The blush which had faded from her cheeks appeared on his, and he began to babble some foolish words about his unworthiness when the Princess-mother interrupted him in a grudging voice.

"Mr. Wogan, you were to bring a written authority from the Prince, my husband."

Wogan drew himself up straight.

"Your Highness," said he with a bow of the utmost respect, "I was given such an authority."

The Princess-mother held out her hand. "Will you give it me?"

"I said that I was given such an authority, but I have it no longer. I was attacked on my way from Ohlau. There were four men against me, all of whom desired that letter. The room was small; I could not run away, neither had I much space wherein to resist four men. I knew that were I killed and that letter found on me, your Highness would thereafter be too surely guarded to make escape possible, and his Highness Prince Sobieski would himself incur the Emperor's hostility. So when I had made sure that those four men were joined against me I twisted that letter into a taper and before their faces lit my pipe with it."

Clementina's eyes were fixed steadily and intently upon Wogan's face. When he ended she drew a deep breath, but otherwise she did not move. The Princess-mother, however, was unmistakably relieved. She spoke with a kindness she had never before shown to Wogan; she even smiled at him in a friendly way.

"We do not doubt you, Mr. Wogan, but that written letter giving my daughter leave to go I needs must have before I let her go. A father's authority! I cannot take that upon myself."

Clementina took a quick step across to her mother's side.

"You did not hear," she said.

"I heard indeed that Mr. Wogan had burned the letter."

"But under what stress, and to spare my father, and to leave me still a grain of hope, even though he himself were dead! Mother, this gentleman has run great risks for me—how great I did not know; even now from this one instance we can only guess and still fall short of the mark."

The Princess-mother visibly stiffened with maternal authority.

"My child, without some sure sign the Prince consents you must not go."

Clementina looked towards Wogan for assistance. Wogan put his hand into his pocket.

"That sure sign I have," said he. "It is a surer sign than any written

letter, for handwriting may always be counterfeited. This could never be." And he held out on the palm of his hand the turquoise snuff-box which the Prince had given him on New Year's Day.

"It is a jewel unique in all the world, and the Prince gave it me. It is a jewel he treasured not only for its value but its history. Yet he gave it me. It was won by the great King John of Poland, and remains as a memorial of the most glorious day in all that warrior's glorious life. Yet his son gave it me. With his own hands he put it into mine to prove to me with what confidence he trusted your Highness's daughter to my care. That confidence was written large in the letter I burned, but I am thinking it is engraved for ever upon this stone."

The Princess-mother took the snuff-box reluctantly, and turned it over and over. She was silent. Clementina answered for her.

"I am ready," she said; and she pointed to a tiny bundle on a chair in which a few clothes were wrapped. "My jewels are packed in the bundle, but I can leave them behind me if needs be."

Wogan lifted up the bundle and laughed.

"Your Highness teaches a lesson to soldiers; for there is never a knapsack but can hold this and still have half its space to spare. The front door is unlatched?"

"M. Chateaudoux is watching in the hall."

"And the hall's unlighted?"

"Yes."

"Jenny should be here in a minute; and before she comes I must tell you she does not know the importance of our undertaking. She is the servant of Mrs. Misset, who attends your Highness into Italy. We did not let her into the secret. We made up a comedy in which you have your parts to play. Your Highness"—and he turned to Clementina—"is a rich Austrian heiress, deeply enamoured of Captain Lucius O'Toole."

"Captain Lucius O'Toole!" exclaimed the mother in horror. "My daughter enamoured of Captain Lucius O'Toole."

"He is one of my three companions," said Wogan imperturbably. "Moreover, he is six feet four—the most creditable lover in the world."

"Well," said Clementina with a laugh, "I am deeply enamoured of the engaging Captain Lucius O'Toole. Go on, sir."

"Your parents are of a most unexampled cruelty. They will not smile upon the fascinating O'Toole, but have locked you up on bread and water until you shall agree to marry a wealthy but decrepit gentleman of eighty-three."

"I will not," cried Clementina. "I will starve myself to death first. I will marry my six feet four or no other man in christendom."

"Clementina!" cried her mother deprecatingly.

"But at this moment," continued Wogan, "there very properly appears the fairy godmother in the person of a romantical maiden aunt."

"Oh," said Clementina, "I have a romantical maiden aunt?"

"Yes," said Wogan; and turning with a bow to the Princess-mother—"Your Highness."

"I?" she exclaimed, starting up in her chair.

"Your Highness has written an encouraging letter to Captain O'Toole," resumed Wogan.

The Princess-mother gasped, "A letter to Captain O'Toole!" And she flung up her hands and fell back in her chair.

"On the receipt of the letter, Captain O'Toole gathers his friends, borrows a horse here, a carriage there, and a hundred guineas from Heaven knows who, comes to the rescue like a knight-errant, and retells the old story of how love laughs at locksmiths."

As Wogan ended the mother rose from her chair. It may have been that she revolted at the part she was to play;

"we are not birds of passage to rule our flight by seasons. We must take the moment when it comes, and it comes now. To-night your daughter can escape, for here's a night made for an escape."

"And for my part," cried Clementina, "I would the snow fell faster." She crossed to the open window and held out her hands to catch the flakes. "Would they did not melt! I believe Heaven sends the snow to shelter me. It's the white canopy spread above my head that I may go in state to meet my King." She stood eager and exultant, her eyes shining, her cheek on fire, her voice thrilling with pride. She seemed not to feel the cold. She welcomed the hardships of wind and falling snow as her opportunity. She desired not only to escape, but she yearned also to endure.

Wogan looked her over from head to



"At that moment Wogan pushed aside the curtain."

it may have been because a fiercer gust shook the curtains and belied them inwards. At all events, she flung the curtains aside, and the snow drifted through the open window on to the floor; outside the open window it was falling like a cascade, and the air was icy.

"Mr. Wogan," she said stubbornly, working herself into a heat to make more sure of her resolution, "my daughter cannot go to-night. To-morrow, if the sky clears, yes; but to-night, no. You do not know, sir, being a man. But my daughter has fasted through this Lent, and that leaves a woman weak. I do forbid her going, as her father would. The very dogs running the streets for food keep kennel on such a night. She must not go."

Wogan did not give way, though he felt a qualm of despair, knowing all the stubbornness of which the weak are capable, knowing how impervious to facts or arguments.

"Your Highness," he said quickly,

foot and was filled with pride and admiration. He had made no mistake; he had plucked this rose of the world to give to his King. His eyes said it, and the girl reading it drew a breath and rippled to a laugh of gladness that his trusted servant was so well content with her. But the Princess-mother stood unmoved.

"My daughter cannot go to-night," she repeated resentfully. "I do forbid it."

Wogan had his one argument. This one argument was his last resource. He had chosen it carefully with an eye to the woman whom it was to persuade. It was not couched as an inducement, it did not claim the discharge of an obligation, it was not a reply to any definite objection. Such arguments would only have condemned her in her stubbornness. He made accordingly an appeal to sentiment.

"Your Highness's daughter," said he, "spoke a minute since of the hazards my friends and I have run to compass

her escape. As regards four of us, the words reached beyond our deserts, for we are men. Such hazards are our portion; they are seldom lightened by so high an aim. But the fifth! The words, however kind, were still below that fifth one's merits, for the fifth is a woman."

"I know. With all my heart I thank her. With all my heart I pity her."

"But there is one thing your Highness does not know. She runs our risks—the risk of capture, the risk of the night, the storm, the snow—she, a woman by nature timid and frail, yet with never in all her life so great a reason for timidity or so much frailty of health as now. We venture our lives, but she ventures more."

The mother bowed her head; Clementina looked fixedly at Wogan.

"Speak plainly, my friend," she said; "there are no children here."

"Madam, I need but quote to you the words her husband used. For my part I think that nobler words were never spoken, and with her whole heart she repeats them. They are these: 'The boy would only live to serve his King. Why should he not serve his King before he lives?'"

The mother was still silent; but Wogan could see that the tears overbrimmed her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. Clementina was silent for a while, too, and stood with her eyes fixed thoughtfully on Wogan."

Then she said gently, "Her name?"

Wogan told her it, and she said no more; but it was plain that she would never forget it, that she had written it upon her heart.

Wogan waited, looking to the Princess-mother, who, drying her tears, rose from her chair and said with great and unexpected dignity, "How comes it, sir, that with such servants your King still does not sit upon his throne? My daughter shall not fall below the great example set to her. My fears are shamed by it. My daughter goes with you to-night."

It was time that she consented; for even as Wogan flung himself upon his knee and raised her hand M. Chateaudoux appeared at the door with a finger on his lips, and behind him one could hear a voice grumbling and cursing on the stairs.

"Jenny," said Wogan; and Jenny stumbled into the room.

"Quiet," said he; "you will wake the house."

"Well, if you had to walk upstairs in the dark in these horrible shoes—"

"O Jenny, your cloak, quick!"

"Take the thing! A good riddance to it; it's dripping wet and weighs a ton."

"Dripping wet!" moaned the mother.

"I shall not wear it long," said Clementina, advancing from the embrasure of the window. Jenny turned and looked her over critically from head to foot. Then she turned away without a word and let the cloak fall to the ground. It fell about her feet; she kicked it viciously away, and at the same time she kicked off one of those shoes of which she so much complained. Jenny was never the woman to mince her language, and to-night she was in

her surliest mood. So she swore swiftly and heartily, to the mother's utter astonishment and indignation.

"Damn," said she. "There, there, old lady, don't hold your hands to your ears as though a clean oath would poison them!" And she hobbled across the room to the corner whither her shoe had flown.

The Princess-mother fell back in her chair.

"Does she speak to me?" she asked helplessly.

"Yes," said Wogan; and turning to Jenny, "This is the kind-hearted aunt."

Jenny turned to Clementina, who was picking the cloak from the floor.

"And you are the beautiful heiress," she said sourly. "Well, if you are going to put that wet cloak on your shoulders, I wish you joy of the first kiss O'Toole gives you when you jump into his arms."

The Princess-mother almost screamed; Wogan hastened to interfere.

"Jenny, there's the bedroom. To bed with you." And he took out his watch. At once he uttered an exclamation of afright. Wogan had miscalculated the time which he would require. It had taken longer than he had anticipated to reach the villa against the force of the storm; his conflict with Jenny in the portico had consumed valuable minutes; he had been at some pains to overpersuade the Princess-mother; Jenny herself amongst the trees in the darkness had waited more than the quarter of an hour demanded of her; Wogan himself—absorbed each moment in that moment's particular business, now bending all his wits to vanquish Jenny, now to vanquish the Princess-mother—even Wogan had neglected how the time sped. He looked at his watch. It was twenty-five minutes to ten; and at ten the magistrate would be knocking at the door.

"I am ready," said Clementina, drawing the wet cloak about her shoulders and its hood over her head. She barely shivered under its wet heaviness.

"There's one more thing to be done before you go," said Wogan; but before he could say what that one thing was, Jenny ran across the room and took the beautiful heiress by both hands. Jenny was impulsive by nature. The Princess-mother's distress and Clementina's fearlessness made her suddenly ashamed that she had spoken so sourly.

"There, there, old lady," she said soothingly over her shoulder, "don't you fret. They are very good friends your niece is going with." Then she drew Clementina close to her. "I don't wonder they are all mad about you, for I can't but say you are very handsome and richly worth the pains you have occasioned us." She kissed Clementina plump upon the cheek and whispered in her ear, "O'Toole won't mind the wet cloak, my dear, when he sees you."

Clementina laughed happily and returned the kiss with no less sincerity if with less noise.

"Quick, Jenny," said Wogan. "To bed with you."

He pointed to the door which led to the Princess's bedroom.

"Now you must write a letter," he

added to Clementina in a low voice as soon as the door was shut upon Jenny—"a letter to your mother, relieving her of all complicity in your escape. Her Highness will find it to-morrow night slipped under the cover of her toilet."

Clementina ran to a table, and taking up a pen, "You think of everything," she said. "Perhaps you have written the letter."

Wogan pulled a sheet of paper from his fob.

"I scribbled down a few dutiful sentiments," said he, "as we drove from Nazareth, thinking it might save time."

"Mother," exclaimed Clementina, "not content with contriving my escape, he will write my letters to you. Well, sir, let us hear what you have made of it."

Wogan dictated a most beautiful letter in which a mother's claims for obedience were strongly set out—as a justification, one must suppose, for a daughter's disobedience. But Clementina was betrothed to his Majesty King James, and that engagement must be ever the highest consideration with her, on pain of forfeiting her honour. It was altogether a noble and stately letter, written in formal, irreproachable phrases which no daughter in the world would ever have written to a mother. Clementina laughed over it, but said that it would serve. Wogan looked at his watch again. It was then a quarter to ten.

"Quick!" said he. "Your Highness will wait for me under the fourth tree of the avenue counting from the end."

He left the mother and daughter alone, that his presence might not check the tenderness of their farewell, and went down the stairs into the dark hall. M. Chateaudoux was waiting there, with his teeth chattering in the extremity of his alarm. Wogan unlatched the door very carefully, and saw through the chink the sentry standing by the steps. The snow still fell. He was glad to note the only light was a white glimmering from the waste of snow upon the ground.

"You must go out with her," Wogan whispered to Chateaudoux, "and speak a word to the sentry."

"At any moment the magistrate may come," said Chateaudoux, though he trembled so that he could hardly speak.

"All the more reason for the sentinel to let your sweetheart run home at her quickest step," said Wogan; and above him he heard Clementina come out upon the landing. He crept up the stairs to her.

"Here is my hand," said he in a low voice.

She laid her own in his, and bending towards him in the darkness she whispered, "Promise me it shall always be at my service. I shall need friends; I am young and I have no knowledge. Promise me!"

She was young indeed. The freshness of her voice, its little tremble of modesty, the earnestness of its appeal, carried her youth quite home to Mr. Wogan's heart. She was sweet with youth. Wogan felt it more clearly as they stood together in the darkness than when he had seen her plainly in the

lighted room with youth mantling her cheeks and visible in the buoyancy of her walk. Then she had been always the chosen woman. Wogan could just see her eyes, steady and mysteriously dark, shining at him out of the gloom, and a pang of remorse suddenly struck through him. That one step she was to take was across the threshold of a prison, it was true, but a prison familiar and warm, into a night of storm and darkness and ice. The road lay before her into Italy, but it was a road of unknown perils, through mountains deep in snow. And this escape of tonight from the villa, this thunderous flight with its hardships and its dangers which followed the escape, was only the symbol of her life. She stepped from the shelter of her girlhood as she stepped across the threshold of the villa into a womanhood dark with many trials, storm-swept and wandering. She might reach the quendom which was her due as the Berlin in which she was to travel might—nay, surely would—rush one day from the gorges into the plains and the sunlight of Italy; but had Wogan travelled to Rome in Gaydon's place and talked with Whittington outside the Caprara Palace, it is very likely that she would never have been allowed by him to start. Up till now he had thought only of her splendid courage, of the humiliation of her capture, of her wounded pride; she was the chosen woman. Now he thought of the girl and wondered of her destiny, and was stricken with remorse.

"Promise me," she repeated; and her hand tightened upon his and clung to it. Wogan had no fine sentiments wherewith to answer her, but his voice took a depth of sincerity and tenderness quite strange to her. Her fingers ceased to tremble.

They went down into the hall. Chateaudoux, who had been waiting in an agony of impatience, opened the door and slipped out. Clementina followed him.

The door was left ajar behind them; and Wogan, in the hall, saw Chateaudoux speak with the sentinel; saw the sentinel wave hurriedly to Clementina; saw Clementina disappear into the snow. Chateaudoux ran back into the hall.

"And you?" he asked as he barred and locked the door. "The magistrate is coming. I saw the lights of the guard across the avenue."

Clementina was outside in the storm. Wogan was within the house, and the lights of the guard were already near.

"I go by the way I came," said he. "I have time." And he ran quickly up the stairs. In the room he found the Princess-mother weeping silently; and again as he saw this weak, elderly woman left alone to her fears and forebodings, remorse took hold of him.

"Courage, madam," said he, as he crossed the room. "She goes to wed a king."

"Sir, I am her mother," replied the Princess, gaining at this moment a suitable dignity from her tears. "I was wondering not of the King but of the man the King conceals."

"You need not, madam," said Wogan,

who had no time for eulogies upon his master. "Take his servant's loyalty as the measure of his merits."

He looked out of the window and suddenly drew back. He stood for a moment with a look of great fear upon his face, for the sentinel was back at his post. Wogan dared not at this moment risk a struggle and perhaps an outcry. Clementina was waiting under the avenue of trees, Wogan was within the house, and the lights of the guard were already flaring in the roadway. Even as Wogan stood in the embrasure of the window he heard a heavy knocking on the door.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ESCAPE.

WOGAN closed the window cautiously. The snow had drifted through and lay melting in a heap beneath the sill. He drew the curtain across the embrasure, and then he walked to the bedroom door.

"Jenny," he whispered, "are you in bed?"

"Yes."

"Lie close. Do not show your face nor speak. Only groan, and groan most delicately, or we are lost."

He closed the door upon Jenny, and turning about came face to face with the Princess-mother. She stood confronting him, a finger on her lips and terror in her eyes; and he heard the street door open and clang to below.

"The magistrate!" she whispered.

"Courage, your Highness! Keep them from the bed. Say that her eyes are weak and cannot bear the light."

He slipped behind the curtain into the embrasure, picturing to himself the disposition of the room lest he should have left behind a trifle to betray him. He had in a supreme degree that gift of recollection which takes the form of a mental vision. He did not have to count over the details of the room; he summoned a picture of it to his mind, and saw it and its contents from corner to corner. And thus while the footsteps yet sounded on the stair he knew that Clementina's bundle was lying forgotten on a couch. He darted from his hiding-place, seized it, and ran back. He had just sufficient time, and not a second more, for the curtain had not ceased to swing when the magistrate knocked, and without waiting for an answer entered. He was followed by two soldiers, and these he ordered to wait without the door.

"Your Highness," he said in a polite voice, and stopped abruptly. It seemed to Wogan behind the curtain that his heart stopped at the same moment and with no less abruptness. There was no evidence of Clementina's flight to justify that sudden silence. Then he grew faint as it occurred to him that he had made Lady Featherstone's mistake—that his boot protruded into the room. He clenched his teeth, expecting a swift step and the curtain to be torn aside. The window was shut; he would never have time to open it and leap out and take his chance with the sentry under-

neath. He was caught in a trap, and Clementina waited for him in the avenue underneath the fourth tree. All was lost, it seemed, and by his own folly, his own confidence. Had he only told her of the tavern under the city wall, where the carriage stood, and his friends anxiously waited, she might still have escaped though he was trapped. The sweat poured down his face. Yet no swift step was taken, nor was the curtain torn aside.

For within the room the magistrate, a kindly citizen of Innsbruck who had no liking for this addition to his duties, stood gazing at the Princess-mother with a respectful pity. It was the sight of her tear-stained face which had checked his words. For the last two days Clementina had kept her bed, and the mother's tears alarmed him.

"Her Highness, your daughter, suffers so much?" said he.

"Sir, it is little to be wondered at."

The magistrate bowed. That question was not one with which he had a mind to meddle.

"She still lies in bed?" said he, and he crossed to the door. The mother flung herself in the way.

She lies in pain and you would disturb her. You would flash your lantern in her eyes that if perchance she sleeps she may wake into a world of pain. Sir, you will not."

"Your Highness—"

"It is a mother who beseeches you. Sir, would you have me on my knees?"

Wogan, but this moment recovered from his alarm, became again uneasy. Her Highness protested too much; she played her part in the comedy too strenuously. But he judged by the ear. The magistrate had the quivering terror-stricken face before him, and his pity deepened.

"Your Highness," he said, "I must pray you to let me pass. I have General Heister's orders; I must obey them."

The Princess-mother now gave Wogan reason—to applaud her. She saw that the magistrate for all his politeness was quite inflexible.

"Go, then," she said, with a quiet dignity which once before she had shown that evening. "Since there is no humiliation to be spared us, take a candle, sir, and count the marks of suffering in my daughter's face." And with her own hand she opened the bedroom door and stood aside.

"Madam, I would not press my duty an inch beyond its limits," said the magistrate. "I will stand in the doorway, and do you bid your daughter speak."

The Princess-mother did not move from her position.

"My child," she said, speaking through the doorway.

Jenny in the bedroom groaned and turned from one side to the other.

"You are in pain?"

Jenny groaned again. The magistrate himself closed the door.

"Believe me," said he, "no one could more regret than I the incivilities to which I am compelled."

(To be continued.)

SHRAPNEL

Sailor's Wife: "So you'll be back in four years, will you?"

Sailor: "Aye, but I may be a bit late on this trip."

"Well, if you are, don't let's have any of your old excuses about the ship going down and having to walk home."

* * *

A stage manager was rehearsing a crowd scene for a new play. After he had directed the men who had been selected for the scene, he told them to report at the theatre that evening, adding:—

"This scene we've rehearsed takes place in Russia, and I want all you fellows in fur overcoats."

"But I haven't a fur overcoat," protested one of the actors.

"That's none of my business," replied the stage manager. "If you're not dressed for Russia I won't let you go on."

The extra arrived at the theatre that night—but without a fur coat.

"Didn't I tell you I wouldn't let you go on unless you were dressed for Russia?" said the stage manager.

"But I've got on two suits of underwear," protested the actor.

* * *

He had been a regular Sunday caller for six weeks, but was still hesitating to make the expected declaration. One evening he appeared in a new suit.

"My word," observed the object of his affections, "what a lovely wedding suit you have on!"

"But," gasped the astonished youth, "t-this is a b-b-business suit!"

"That's quite right," replied the girl. "I meant business."

And the next day he bought the ring.

* * *

Getting wrong numbers over the telephone is not always the fault of the operator. As witness:

A Londoner speaks over the telephone: "Yes, this is Mr. 'Arrison. What, you can't 'ear? This is Mr. 'Arrison—haitch, hay, two hars, a hi, a hess, a ho, and a hen—'Arrison."

* * *

Private Jones had been warned for guard duties and was getting ready for the parade when he broke the blade of his bayonet. Unable to obtain another, he induced a comrade to make a wooden substitute.

Jones appeared on parade, trusting that he would not be required to fix bayonets.

But he was!

"Fix bayonets!" roared the sergeant-major.

All fixed except Jones, who did not move.

"What's the matter with you, Jones? Why don't you do as you're told?"

"Sir," said Jones, in a melancholy voice, "I am sorry I cannot draw my bayonet to-day. I promised my mother that I would never draw steel on the anniversary of her death."

"Rot!" yelled the sergeant-major. "Fix your bayonet at once."

"Well, sir, I must obey orders, I know, but—oh, Heaven, turn it into a wooden one!"

With that, Jones drew his bayonet, and the sergeant-major fainted!

"I think the new doctor's a duck," she remarked coyly.

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as that," said her husband, "but I will say I've noticed a bit of the quack about him."

"Can you drive with one hand?" asked the girl in a gentle voice.

"You bet I can," replied the young man, eagerly.

"Then have an apple," answered the sophisticated young creature.



A Busy Day in the Stores!

When telephoning in New York, an Englishman could not make the exchange operator understand what he wanted. After many vain repetitions, the following dialogue took place:

Operator: "Say, you got a drum in your ear?"

Inquirer (meekly): "Yes."

Operator: "Well, beat it."

("Beat it" is Americanese for "fade away.")

* * *

The salesman was doing his best to dispose of a motor-cycle and side-car outfit, but the prospective customer hesitated. So the salesman enlarged upon the "pay-as-you-ride" plan of instalments.

"I'll take the outfit," said the other; "but, remember, I'm a very slow rider."

"And what prompted you to propose to me, dear?"

"You," said he, simply and sadly.

* * *

The amateur thought-reader was going strong. He offered to tell a certain woman whether the last telephone number she had demanded before coming out was odd or even.

"Fire away," said she.

"Did you get it?"

"Yes."

"At once?"

"Yes."

"That was odd."

"Right!" she cried, delighted and amazed.



With the Chaff winnowed from the Wheat by "Ned," who supplies his own Chaff.

G.H.Q., CALLING.

Sergt.-Major: "Fine Spring weather, Mac. Have you heard any cuckoos yet?"
 Mac.: "No, sir, I'm on the tack during Lent."

Congratulations are due to Tony Mix this week on his promotion.

Sleep, scientists tell us, is good, but it is not so good to be caught napping at Reveille.

It is with regret that we announce the departure from G.H.Q. of Sergt.-Major Wm. Connolly, on transfer to Collins Barracks. Sergt.-Major Connolly, during his sojourn in G.H.Q., endeared himself to all by his unassuming manner, his fine sporting qualities, and his straightforward sense of discipline. During his short stay in G.H.Q. he spared neither time nor trouble in furthering the interests of sport amongst the boys, and it is with a deep sense of personal loss that we heard of his approaching departure.

Sergt. i/c Instructional Class: "How many make a dozen?"
 Mac.: "Twelve."
 Sergt.: "How many make a million?"
 Mac.: "Very few."

According to a recent Routine Order, the wicket gate, G.H.Q. is now closed:
 Oh, wicket gate, oh wicket gate,
 Oft many a time when I was late,
 I through thy welcome portals cut,
 But now, alas! to me you're shut,
 You've saved me two-bob fines go leor,
 But, like Poe's Raven, "nevermore"!
 (But remember, "Me Larkie," the road to ruin must eventually lead through the "wicket" gate.—Ned).

Etiquette in "Me Larkie's" Mess:
 Gink: "Pass the butter, Mac."
 Mac (reproachfully): "If what?"
 Gink: "If you can reach it before it's all gone."

A *propos* of my remarks last week regarding the musical activities of Room 26, "G" Block, I now consider "G" Block mild compared with the musical proclivities of an adjacent Block. What would you think of a gink singing on a Monday morning a few minutes after Reveille, the following spasm:—

"I'll sing you the tale
 Of the sweet nightingale
 That sings in the valley below."

Singing of sweet nightingales, and you hunting all round the billet for a lost legging!

In view of the approaching Command Boxing Championships, great interest is evident amongst the sport fans in McKee. The eliminating contests, which should be productive of good talent, are eagerly looked forward to. The P.A.'s, Remounts (who have several "dark horses"), Signals, and Headquarters, will box for supremacy, and some good bouts are prophesied. It is proposed to stage the preliminary bouts in the Recreational Hall, and the finals in the Riding School. The cream of amateur boxing talent in Dublin will be represented in addition to the Command Finals, and a great night's sport is predicted. (When?—Ned).

According to instructions, Cpls. i/c Rooms parade at 10.40 p.m. to report Lights Out, etc. Some "lights" will have to stay out very late to do it.

It is anticipated that as a result of the recent Command Council meeting, the cross-country runners will receive a fresh and, I may add, much-needed fillip. Under the new and able captaincy of Lieut. P. J. McNally, and a sub-committee which has been appointed, a much-needed revival is anticipated, and will, I trust, be effective. In view of the forthcoming Command Cross-Country Championship the boys will have to get moving in more senses than one.

The ever-busy and energetic Sergt. Jack Early has his hands pretty full just now. He is very busily engaged doing great work in connection with the Central Soldiers' Club, College St. He is forming a Billiards Handicap and arranging Whist Drives and Concerts. I dropped into the Club the other night and was agreeably surprised. Why, it has now become the Mecca of the boys, and it is more than surprising the number of old acquaintances you will run into there. The boys from the 'Bello and the boys from the Bush were well represented, and Collins and the Hibernian School contingent nearly monopolised the "cha and wad" department. Certainly the Club, with every convenience and comfort, and beautifully equipped, fills a much-needed want for the boys, who judging by their patronage, cordially appreciate it.

Officer's Servant: "The barometer has fallen, sir."

Officer: "Ah, changeable weather! Did it fall much?"

Officer's Servant: "Yes, sir, five feet, and it's in smithereens."

Things in the Recreational Room could do with a little more pep! The Library

is now *non est*, and the supply of dailies and weeklies has ceased. What about an occasional concert to pass away some of our bleak (and broken) nights? We have got the loud speaker, and I hope by the time these notes are in print it will be 2RN-ing.

This week's slogan: "All in bed—lights out Sergeant!"

"ME LARKIE."



No. 1 BRIGADE H.Q., FINNER.

It is regretted that no notes were forwarded from No. 1 Brigade for inclusion in the issue of March 13th. This was due to the scribe being away from H.Q., but we can assure the Editor that this lapse will not re-occur, and that future "happenings" will be notified punctually. (It is so seldom we get the *amende honorable* in this fashion that the Sub-Editor has been completely overcome. Glad to see you back, NR2.—Ned).

There is a strong rumour going the rounds (we hope it is not only a rumour) that attempts are being made to provide a Recreation Room for the personnel of Brigade H.Q. and Attached Services. Owing to circumstances which were unavoidable, this matter could not be taken in hands at the beginning of the Winter, but the difficulties have now been removed, and we hope to see things go with a swing. We will have more to report in future numbers.

Headquarter's Sports Club seems to have sunk into oblivion recently, and it must be "umpteen" months since a meeting was held. The Inter-Brigade Competitions are not far off now, and the Committee will need to be up and doing if the Club is to retain the laurels it won last season.

(Sing me a song of a club that has gone—
 Say, could that club be ours?)

Sing me a song of a club that has gone—
 Men that were sporting towers,
 Trophies secured; others in sight,
 A future that seemed serene,
 When suddenly fell a long, dark night,
 And our club's not since been seen.

—With abject apologies to the
manes of R.L.S.—Ned).

A couple of Brigade N.C.O.'s were recently accosted in one of the streets of Sligo by a Lieut.-Colonel of the British Army, who asked what was the secret of the splendid shine they managed to obtain

on their boots and leggings. The Lieutenant-Colonel's comment was that "you could actually shave in the leggings of the Irish troops." This is a splendid tribute to the cleanliness of our men, coming from a senior Officer of another Army. (Might we suggest that an answer to the conundrum will be found in our advertising columns.—Ned).

A number of N.C.O.'s have lately taken to golf and are improving wonderfully at the game. The promoter feels that it will not be very long until he can "field" a combination to meet all comers, and judging by appearances his hopes are justified.

"NR2."



2nd BATTALION, FINNER.

On Friday evening, 5th inst., Batt. H.Q. Company met "B" Company in the Finner Football League. The latter Coy. who had been on outpost duty for the previous six months, had not had an opportunity of getting their players together for any practice, but they soon got going when they arrived back at Battalion Headquarters, and have their men in wonderful form in the short time. H.Q. Coy. knew that it would not be a "walk over" for them, and although not at full strength they were able to put a good team in the field to meet the worthy "B."

At half-time we saw H.Q. leading with the score of 6 goals and three points, to nil, and eventually H.Q. ran out winners by 6 goals and 4 points, to 2 goals and 3 points. (We would be glad to publish the excellent detailed report of this match supplied by our painstaking correspondent, but it would be too late in an issue dated March 20th, wouldn't it boys?—Ned).

"C" Company and H.Q. Company, having obtained the same number of League points in the Finner Gaelic Football League, both teams met for the play-off on Sunday, 7th inst. H.Q. had won each of their five games previously somewhat easily, "C" Company being lucky in not having to field a team against Bde. H.Q. Unit, the latter failing to field a team, had to yield the points to "C" Company. The weather had left the ground like a ploughed field, nevertheless it was decided to bring the League to a close, and H.Q. through not making their players thoroughly aware of the fact that the match had to be played, were without the services of their Captain—B. Whelan.

"C" Company, who had great support from the side-line, got settled down in good time to their work, but at half-time the score was level—2 points each. In the second half the H.Q. team played a losing game, and the goalie was beaten three times by goals from C.Q.M.S. J. Laffan. "C" Company ran out the winners by 3 goals 2 points, to 2 points.

Jack Kavanagh, of H.Q., played the game of his life.

Flynn and Donnelly worked very hard, but it must have been "luck" that was against them.

C.Q.M.S. Laffan and Pte. Doyle each played a great game for the winners.

"C" Company must be congratulated on their winning the first set of League Medals put up at Finner Camp.

3rd BATTALION, BOYLE.

During the week we have noticed a new arrival to the "whippets," as Pte. H. O'Donnell, who won the Convey Cup in 1924, has now joined the Cross-country team.

In the football match between North and South Roscommon at Boyle on the 7th inst., the members of the Battalion team distinguished themselves, and at the conclusion of the match the captain of the Northern team had no cause to regret his choice of players. The match was very well contested, the Army men all through showing their efficiency.

No little excitement was caused by the Inter-Company League match at Sligo between "C" and "D" Companies, on the 10th inst. The referee had a fairly strenuous time, and after an hour's hard play the scores stood: "D" Coy., 7 pts., "C" Coy., 2 pts.

The League Table to date stands:—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.	
"A" Coy.	...	2	2	0	0	4
"C" Coy.	...	2	0	2	0	0
"D" Coy.	...	2	2	0	0	4
H.Q. Coy.	...	2	0	2	0	0

The 8th inst. saw the departure of one of the most popular N.C.O.'s of the Batt. to civil life. Corpl. Roarty, who will be missed from wherever he was known, and more especially from the football team, was presented with a wallet of Treasury notes on the occasion of his discharge.

The Detachment from "A" Company, which proceeded to Sligo lately, left some lonely chaps behind.

Lieut. Sheerin is now getting a finish on the Sports Field, and the necessary fixtures for the basket ball pitch are being carried out. In short, the Abbey Park, at Boyle, will have few equals.

"BROADCASTER."



CURRAGH TRAINING CAMP.

I think that the centre of training should be mentioned more often in the Official Army Journal than it is being at present, and in this respect I put forward the following suggestion for consideration by any individual who would accede to my request.

I am stationed in the west end of the Camp (to be exact, Ponsonby Barracks). I would suggest that a correspondent from Beresford Barracks, and the A.S.I., and your humble compile general notes from the Camp and forward them weekly. I will take the responsibility of having the notes typed and forwarded weekly. This would not at the same time prevent those Units from forwarding notes on their own. I hope to hear from some of you lads in Beresford and Keane, so get going.

(The idea is excellent. It would incidentally save clashing and space, which is becoming scarcer every day, and we cannot increase size just yet.—Ned).

In reply to the "Irish Independent," the swimming bath is open here for the past three Summers. Of course we have baths enough in Tintown for the Winter. (But why in thunder waste our space with a reply to the "I. I."?—Ned).

At last the Basket Ball Competition has come to a conclusion, with a win for the 15th Batt. in the Officers' team, and a win for the 8th Batt. in the N.C.O.'s and men. Heartiest congratulations to both of you.

We have next to nobody in the Depot for the past few weeks, and I believe that some of us are going up there shortly. I heard someone remark the other day: "Well, we'll be used to that Square anyhow." To which his comrade replied, "Rookie."

I am told that it is not true about the N.C.O.'s getting one month's leave with R.A., on the termination of the present course at the Army School of Instruction.

As I am pushed for information I will now have to conclude my notes for this week. By the time I hear from someone in the other end of the Camp I will try and have a name made out for the trio. In the meantime I will sign myself:

"WEST END."

(We will be happy to put other Curragh correspondents who wish to help, in touch with this correspondent.—Ned).



8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

St. Patrick's Day, from all accounts, is going to be a gala day on the Curragh. We are to have a grand review of the troops comprising the Command; a football match between the 8th and 9th Bdes. is billed for the afternoon, and finally a Privates' subscription dance in the Gymnasium School is advertised for St. Patrick's Night. The dance, I am sure, will be well patronised by all the lovers of dancing from our Battalion.

The Corporals' and Men's Billiards Tournament is now in full swing, and the Recreation Rooms seem to be the Mecca for the Battalion, nightly watching the progress of events. It is not easy to forecast who will be the winner of this tournament.

The Sergeants' Mess Billiards Team has been strengthened by the arrival of Coy-Sergt. Reidlinger, A.C.E., from Athlone. We have, from past experience, a good knowledge of the capabilities of this N.C.O. on the billiards table, and we are confident that when he gets to know the run of our table we shall see some very interesting billiard displays.

On Wednesday evening, 10th inst., a very interesting billiards match was played between the Officers of the Engineers and 8th Batt., and the Sergeants of the Engineers and 8th Batt. The Sergts' Mess Committee are to be congratulated on getting such a nice social function between Officers and Sergeants, and we hope this is only the beginning of many more such friendly contests.

The Officers won the match by 204 points, and the scores were as follows:—

Lieut. Downes, 100, v. Sergt. Lackey, 51; Capt. Wilson, 100, v. Sergt. McGeer, 87; Capt. Coates, 100, v. Sergt. O'Brien, 72; Lieut. Lord, 81, v. Sergt. Power, 100; Lieut. Coogan, 93, v. C.Q.M.S. Lowbridge, 100; Capt. Hannon, 74, v. Sergt. Dolan, 100; Capt. Reynolds, 100, v. Sergt. Whelan, 85; Lieut. McGlynn, 100, v. C.Q.M.S. Lynch, 49.

The nurling and football competitions are at present at a standstill owing to the approach of the National holiday. We are too busy endeavouring to "snow off" with credit.

The latest to vacate our ranks for civilian life is C.Q.M.S. Paddy Corrigan, "A" Coy., who is, I understand, anticipating trying his luck in the land of the almighty Dollar. We also have lost C.Q.M.S. Lynch, "C" Coy., Paddy Kivlehan, Andy Gaffney, and "Geordie," of the Riffs. We wish them the best of good luck.

"GRAVEL-CRUSHER."



15th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

Since our last notes were published we have won the Officers' Basket Ball Inter-Unit Competition, adding another Cup to our numerous collection.

We wish to congratulate the 2nd Batt. upon winning so many medals, and in answer to their query: "Can any Batt. in the Army compete with them?" We think we can. This Battalion won 102 medals in one day, and if my records are correct we have won 103 All-Army Medals, 82 Command Medals, and 11 Brigade Medals, making a total of 196 in 18 months.

Our Cups include the "Premier Army Company," Feather-weight Boxing (Army), Command Football, Hurling, and Tug-of-War, two Command Inter-Unit Boxing Cups, Command Basket Ball (Officers), Brigade Inter-Company Hurling Cup, and innumerable other prizes which would bring our selection of prizes up to 300. And, if all goes well, this season will find us well in the lead.

It is reported that our Indoor Recreation Committee have retired from public life, well we wish them every luck in their retirement. (It is to be presumed that you had not much luck with them?—Ned).

"B" Coy. has accepted the challenge thrown out by "D" Coy., and they will play them a game of football on 24th instant.

"C" Coy.'s course is coming to a close, and they have done exceedingly well, they are looking forward to being the best on the Range. Will Pte. Kelly go one better this time, and get an inch group.

We were sorry to lose Sergt. Byrne, who went on discharge on 6th inst., and we wish him the best of luck on his return to civilian life.

Since H.Q. Company are being mentioned in the S.M.'s detail, they don't like the approach of the week-end.



NEW BARRACKS, LIMERICK.

Since you began publication of the "Events of Easter Week, 1916," a great number of the troops here anxiously look forward to the arrival of the Army Journal.

It is certainly interesting, especially for those of us who were not fortunate enough to be called upon to do our "bit" in '16.

It is with deep regret we learn of the death of Comdt. I. Conroy's brother.

Every Officer, N.C.O., and man, at New Barracks extends to him deepest sympathy.

The Command School of Instruction for N.C.O.'s is starting at New Barracks on the 18th Feb. The School O.C., Comdt. Casey, has already arrived from Command Headquarters, and is putting everything in readiness for the opening.

A very interesting football match was witnessed here on Wednesday, the 10th inst., between "C" and "D" Companies of the 14th Batt. "C" Company travelled from "Home Barracks," Ennis, to play, and were rewarded for their journey by beating "D" Company by 1 goal, 2 points, to nil. The two outstanding players on the field were Captain W. O'Sullivan and Lieut. Gus. Kearney, both represented "C" Company.

"D" Company were handicapped as regards their Officers representing them on the field, as the O.C., Captain Duffy, is ill at present, and Lieut. Brady is on a special course of instruction at the A.S.I., Keane Barracks, Curragh Camp.

The fouls during the hour were numerous, and the referee (Lieut. T. Young) had his work cut out for him.

"NED O' THE HILLS."



ARMY AIR CORPS.

Owing to a severe cold, the Scribe was unable to send in any notes last week.

During the week we were making preparations for the point-to-point races which were held here on the 10th inst. I will not dwell too long on that subject as the daily Press has already given a full description of the events.

We were given every facility possible to attend by our Commanding Officer, which, needless to say, we greatly appreciated.

Since writing to you last two of our comrades have gone on free discharge—Pte. J. Ryan, of H.Q. Coy., and Pte. Hugh McArán, also of H.Q. Coy. Both were prominent members of our football team, and we find it difficult to fill the vacancies.

"Who is this fellow, Bawn"? I have heard that question asked at least a hundred times since these notes first appeared. No one seems to be able to answer it. As a matter of fact I have asked it myself so as to allay suspicion. (Why?—Ned).

Special praise must be given to S.M. White, Sergt. McGowan, and Cpl. Dalton for their efforts every week to increase the sale of "An t-Oglach." It must be said of S.M. White, especially that he goes to a lot of personal inconvenience to dispose of as many copies as possible among H.Q. Coy. There is room for improvement in the Flights.

(There is. There always has been. When we published articles and pictures about the Air Corps as far back as the early Summer of 1922, the meagre demand for the paper at Baldonnel suggested that very few there were particularly interested in their own service. We have placed S.M. White's name on our Roll of Honour, with the others, and may mention that in all the names mentioned in this issue the

true cognomen of "Bawn" does not appear. In other words he is *not* handing bouquets to himself.—Ned).

My suggestion of more sport in the Camp has, I am sorry to say, fallen on deaf ears. Meanwhile we have to "go on pass" very often to find amusement elsewhere. It's about time someone woke up to the fact.

We have had no whist drive for the past month. What's the reason?

The Army Air Corps Gymnasium is very conspicuous by its absence. Surely this is a thing which could be easily remedied and so give us an opportunity of "keeping fit." (I gather that the "gym." is here—as it was three years ago—but neither apparatus nor instructor.—Ned).

The suggestion of light suppers, put forward by "Ahoy" in your edition of March 6th, could, I am sure, be applied to the A.A.C. Certainly it is a long fast from 5 p.m. to 7.30 a.m.

Since the question has cropped up, I have heard the majority of the men state that they would be only too willing to contribute a small amount of money per week for the suppers, as it would be much cheaper than buying suppers in the canteen. (We will make investigations into this matter and see what is being done elsewhere. Also we will quote some more and better extracts from other Armies' "Cook Books," if necessary, to show what can be done at a trifling cost.—Ned).

BAN.

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.

11th BATTALION (Collins Barracks, Cork).

I think some people got a bit of an eye-opener at our boxing tournament on the 4th inst. The spacious gym. was crowded, and, as far as can be learned, everyone was pleased with the performance. (Including the K.O.'s?—Ned).

Before giving details of the tournament, we wish, through the medium of this Journal, to thank our Brigade Commander (Col. J. Byrne), under whose patronage the tournament was held, and the other Officers who acted in the capacity of judges, referee, and timekeeper.

We also like to thank the other Battalions and Corps stationed in Collins Bar-

racks with us, for their splendid support. (And we would like to have been in a position to thank you for getting this report at least 7 days earlier.—Ned).

A word of praise is due to the trainer of our boxers, the indefatigable Cpl. Billie Coote. This N.C.O. spared no pains in bringing the best that was in each man to the fore, and the form displayed by the men did him credit. Cpl. Coote, himself, is a boxer of some repute, and gave a very fine "exhibition" with Sergeant Dwyer of the 16th Batt. It was a pleasure to study the footwork in this "exhibition," and some of our young boxers would do well if they took a lesson from it.

The fight of the night was a six-rounds feather-weight contest between Cpl. Brennan of "B" Company and Sergt. Tobin of the 16th Battalion. Considerable interest was evinced in this contest, as both men met last year in the Command Tournament, Brennan winning by a very narrow margin of points. The first round opened with speed and some hard hitting. Brennan used his left to such advantage that this was his round. Brennan had again, after some good boxing, the second round in his favour. Tobin was the aggressor in the third round, and the round closed in his favour. The fourth round was, after some lovely boxing, in Brennan's favour.

**IT IS TO YOUR INTEREST
—AND OURS— THAT YOU
SHOULD SUPPORT OUR
ADVERTISERS.**

After some very hard, clean fighting, in the fifth and six rounds, Tobin was declared the winner, and he well deserved it, as in spite of his want of training, he was on the Square up to the day before the tournament—he gave an exhibition of boxing which it is seldom our luck to see here. Through the whole fight the same high speed and hard hitting was maintained, and both N.C.O.'s, who are deservedly popular, were loudly applauded as they left the ring.

In the Fly-weight Competition, Pte. McCullough, "C" Company, easily outclassed Pte. Hyde.

We were treated to a real tit-bit in the Bantam-weight Competition. Pte. Daly, H.Q. Coy., beat Pte. Brennan, "A" Coy., on points, in the first round, and when he met Pte. Finn in the final, a splendid contest was witnessed. Daly's footwork was superb, he repeatedly dodged Pte. Finn's blows, and by making full use of the ring he outclassed his opponent to win easily on points.

The first round of the Feather-weight Competition was won on points by Pte. O'Dea, "C" Company, but he was easily outclassed by Pte. Doyle, H.Q. Coy., in the final, and had to retire after the first

round. Doyle is undoubtedly the makings of a good boxer, and should be looked after.

Pte. McGroarty, "C" Coy., beat Pte. Walsh, "A" Coy., on points in the first round of the Light-weight Competition, and followed up his victory by beating Pte. McKevitt, H.Q. Coy., in the final.

After a good fight in the welter-weights, Pte. Healy, "C" Coy., beat Pte. Kelleher, "A" Coy., on points. Kelleher put up a very good fight, and was only beaten by a very narrow margin. Pte. Healy was to meet Pte. Cusack in the final for this weight, but Cusack sprained his hand during training, and was unable to fight.

After taking some very severe punishment, Cpl. Healy had to retire in the first round of the middle-weights owing to an injury to his mouth caused by a broken tooth. His opponent, Pte. McNamara, "A" Coy., is a good boxer, and should



Cook (the morning after St. Patrick's Day)—Been drowning the Shamrock, Mac?

Mac—No, being trying to drown me troubles.

Cook—Well?

Mac—They could swim.

do well in the coming Brigade Tournament.

Our hurling and football teams are in training for the Brigade hurling and football tournaments, and we hope to be able to give a good account of them in the near future.

The Garrison Hurling and Football Leagues have given a great impetus to sport in this Battalion. Our Company teams are giving a good account of themselves in these competitions, particularly H.Q. Company, who have given some surprises by beating some very good teams from other Corps and Battalions in barracks.

As stated in our previous article, Companies are given every encouragement in the athletic arena.

Our C.O., Comdt. Aherne, has been showing great form in the hurling field lately, and has now been picked in the Brigade team.

"THE TWO ONES."

12th BATT., TEMPLEMORE.

It looks as if we had only to make our wants known in "An t-Oglach," and our requests are granted. On one occasion I complained when the No. 1 Army Band never came our way, and shortly afterwards it gave us a wonderful musical treat in our barracks.

The latest favour granted through the medium of the Journal is the re-naming of our barracks. From this onward they will be known as "McCann" Barracks instead of "Richmond"—Pierce McCann, in whose memory they are re-christened, was a great patriot and a great Tipperary man.

Since the Journal has been the medium of obtaining for us those favours, it might be equally helpful in making known to the responsible authorities that we would like a Piper's Band in barracks. This would surely be a great attraction, considering the limited counter-attractions in Templemore.

The external painting of the barracks is proceeding apace. A Cork firm has the contract.

"No wonder the dear old plant doth thrive,

For it springs from the blood of those
Who were brave men in the vanguard
then,

In the fields where the shamrock grows."

The National Festival is so near that almost by the time these notes are published we will be taking ourselves to "the fields where the shamrock grows" to pick the trefoil, which we will proudly wear on the 17th. (My dear boy you will "have went," as Shakespeare remarks in "Suzanne and the Sovereigns." This issue is dated the 20th.—Ned).

At the time of writing (4.30 p.m. Friday, the 5th inst.) our consignment of "An t-Oglach" has not arrived, which is very disappointing, as all the Battalion are eagerly awaiting issue No. 8. (At the time of writing—2.30 a.m., on the 15th inst.—I beg to state that No. 8 was sent to you by the 12.30 p.m. passenger train from Kingsbridge on the 4th inst. Furthermore, your people received the usual Advice Note. Who left the parcel lying at the station? Vol. iv, No. 9—owing to lack of transport up here—did not get away until the 12.30 p.m. ex Kingsbridge, on 12th inst., but you should have had the parcel that afternoon.—Ned).

Training Handbooks from the Chief of Staff's Department have been received here lately. The contents should be an incentive to all ranks to improve their education generally.

Nominations have gone from this Battalion for the Southern Command School of Instruction. We are sorry that the training centre won't be at our own headquarters.

Mr. Stephen Bentley was recently discharged from the forces. He was one of our best hurlers, and had a good "service" record worthy of the "Banner County" from which he came.

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**PORTOBELLO BARRACKS,
DUBLIN.**

On Wednesday evening, 10th inst., the third of the series of lantern lectures was given in the Recreation Hall by Rev. Kevin R. Brady, C.C., Bray, it was entitled "A Trip Through Palestine and the Holy Land." A large audience attended and followed with keen interest the lecturer, who described in detail many experiences during a recent visit to the East. Over one hundred pictures were shown.

A vote of thanks was proposed by Rev. J. R. Casey, C.F., Brigade Chaplain, and passed with applause.

An appropriate musical programme was given under the direction of Mr. D. J. Comerford, by Miss N. Flynn, Miss T. Owens, Lieut. Quane, Mr. T. Dunne, B.Q.M.S. Murphy, and Sergt. Kiely; musical trio (Miss Tarr and Messrs. Tarr and Woodcock).

On Thursday night, 11th inst., a billiards team from the Army School of Music was entertained in the 23rd Batt. Sergeants' Mess. Luck was against the visitors, who were beaten in every game, the results being as follows:—

Portobello. School of Music.
C.S.M. Daly, 200, v. Sgt. Ashton, 101.
Capt. Trimble, 200, v. Cpl. Bancroft, 88.
C.S.M. Kennedy, 200, v. Cpl. Davies, 172.
Sergt. Holloway, 200, v. B.S.M. Cork, 149.
Lieut. Darby, 200, v. Cpl. Cullen, 162.

B.S.M. Jones, 23rd Batt., beat Cpl. Sherriff in a 100 up game, by 100 to 53.

A very pleasant social evening followed, and the visitors expressed themselves highly delighted with the hospitality received.

The Brigade Area Boxing Tournament has been postponed to Friday, 19th inst.

On Tuesday, 16th (St. Patrick's Eve) the Minstrel Troupe gave a concert in the Recreation Hall.

On St. Patrick's Night a fancy dress Cinderella Dance was held in the Gymnasium.



16th BATTALION, CORK.

Although correspondence is regrettably somewhat meagre from the Battalion, it seems more from want of a fixed correspondent than from lack of journalistic ability or material, and we hope to be able to overcome this little difficulty in the near future, so that little items of interest occurring "Down South" may make their appearance regularly in the Journal.

The Hurling and Football "Garrison League," which was going so strongly, and in which was taken so keen an interest by all ranks, has unfortunately come to a standstill owing largely to the transfer from Brigade Headquarters of various competing Companies, to Outposts. But it is hoped to revive it soon. Now that the 18th Battalion have arrived back from the Curragh, keen rivalry is bound to ensue.

Lieut. P. J. Murphy, Assistant Batt. Quartermaster, as Secretary of the Battalion Sports Committee is an exceptionally keen enthusiast both at hurling and football, "and indeed nearly any game is his," has no intention of letting any grass grow under his feet. Although his military duties keep him busy, it will not

be his fault if some interesting events don't come off during the Summer.

Cross-country running is now in full swing, almost every available man taking part. It is anticipated on the form shown by some of the men that good material may be unearthed in the near future.

The boys have now all been supplied with a new set of sports gear from the Battalion, each Company having its own colours, so that the only complaint now is from the C.Q.M. Sergeants who have been saddled with the responsibility of keeping the gear from going astray.

At any rate, as far as sport goes, we hope to be able to keep our end up during the coming Summer. All we want now is the fixtures and the opportunity, and we hope to be able to prove at the end of the season that actions speak louder than words.

The best wishes of all ranks are extended to our Battalion Q.M., Captain Matthew Vaughan, on his recent marriage.

The Sergeants are now installed in a new Mess, and are quite delighted with themselves. Under the presidency of B.S.M. Barker we hope to have one of the best Messes in the Command in the near future. The generous assistance given to this subject by our Commanding Officer, Commandant Sean Gallagher, deserves our best thanks.

"SOUTHERN CROSS."



21st BATTALION

(Collins Barracks, Dublin).

The Scribe has been busy since last issue answering (or trying to do so) queries as to who is "Ned."

The *nom-de-plume* for the scribe in future will be "Stiffy."

A football team from Collins Barracks met a team from McKee Barracks on 10th inst (21st representatives being on each side), and after a good and interesting game the former gained the verdict.

The rugby team had another try-out on 10th inst. against a local team of that code, but had to admit defeat from a more able and experienced fifteen.

21st Battalion Sports Committee held a meeting for the furtherance of sport in the Battalion, and the following were elected on the Committee:—Comdt. Cunningham (President); Capt. P. Duffy, Capt. J. Fitzpatrick, Capt. Finn, Capt. Barry, Capt. Lawlor, and Lt. M. Bell; Hon. Sec., Pte. J. McMurrough.

The working committee, consisting of Capt. Lawlor, Lt. McCaul, Lt. O'Brien, Lt. McLoughlin, and Lt. Kennedy, are to have the assistance of the N.C.O.'s in their different Companies.

The meeting discussed the Second Anniversary Battalion Sports which are to take place on April 3rd, next, and the following programme was arranged:—

11 a.m., March Past, Battalion C.O. taking the Salute. 1 p.m. Dinner. 2 p.m. Commencement of Sports. 6 p.m. Tea (special). 7 p.m. Variety Concert.

It was also decided to make application for the use of the Esplanade Sports Field for the holding of the Sports Meeting, to consist of the following events:—Inter Company Tug-o'-War Matches and Final,

Officers' Tug-o'-War Challenge, N.C.O.'s 100 Yards Sprint, 100 and 220 Yards Race, 440 do., Half-mile Race (open to Eastern Command), 1 Mile Race, Obstacle Race (open to all Units in Collins Barracks), Tilting the Bucket (open to all Units in Collins Barracks), Egg and Spoon Race, Three-legged Race, Wheelbarrow Race, Relay Race (Inter-Company), High Jump (Open to all Units in Barracks), Long Jump, Pillow Fight, Sack Race.

Competitors for each or any of the events will please forward their names to Battalion Sports Secretary not later than Saturday, 20th inst.

It was arranged that a marquee or some bell tents be obtained to issue refreshments on the grounds.



26th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

A very successful Battalion boxing tourney was held recently in the A.M.C. Recreation Room, which was kindly lent for the occasion by the medical authorities. Some good boxing was witnessed, the winners being:—Bantam, Pte. Gately, "A" Coy.; Feather, Pte. Mahony, "B" Coy.; Welter, Pte. Nagle, "B" Coy.; Light-weight, Pte. Delaney, "D" Coy.; Middles, Sergt. Furey, "A" Coy.; Heavyweight, Pte. Webb, "C" Coy.

There is some promising material in the Battalion, and now that they are training hard, under the able tuition of Ptes. Clarke and Smith, we are confident they will give a good account of themselves in the forthcoming Command Tourney.

I am glad to be able to announce in this issue that a billiards table has been provided for the Men's Recreation Room.

The cordial good wishes of the Battalion are extended to Lieut. M. O'Hanlon on his recent marriage. The happy event was made the occasion of a presentation by the Officers.

Congratulations to the Sergeants on having secured full possession of their billiards table, but what about the outstanding items.

Our new billiards hopes—Fagan, Spud, Murray, and Canavan.

Somebody wanted to know recently what had become of "Searchlight," if he had not returned from the search, or if his light was out. Did he know that standing by was "SEARCHLIGHT."



20th BATTALION, MARYBORO'

It is with regret we announce the departure for civil life of Coy.-Sergt. Norman Lumme and Pte. O'Reilly, B. Hope they do well.

The billiards "fans" in Maryboro' will give those in Kilkenny a surprise when they do go in.

The fellow who said he wanted an hour's smiling practice is bound to get it when he sees us in Carlow next week on the big green field.

Are there any more free issues?

When does the Special Company start training?

The Inter-Squad Competition was a great success. It showed who went through the P.T. Course on the Curragh. But they are not "shooting stars."

"MORE DUTY."

G. H. Q. COMMAND COUNCIL, A.A.A.

Meeting of G.H.Q. Command Council, held on 9th instant. Lieutenant C. S. Doyle (Chairman) presiding.

The Hon. Secretary was directed to get in touch with the present custodians of the Cups, which were to be handed over before March the 30th, and appropriate action taken.

In connection with the Handball Championship, Corporal Maguire (Gormanston) explained that their match with Portobello became abortive owing to the inclemency of the weather.

Football and Hurling Grouping.

The Chairman explained, in connection with the grouping, that re-arrangements were imperative owing to the new location of some of the Units. The Committee unanimously agreed, and the following re-grouping resulted:—

No. 1 Group ...	Baldonnel.
" 2 " ...	Gormanston.
" 3 " ...	Artillery Corps.
" 4 " ...	Beggar's Bush, G.H.Q. Staffs in Portobello, Engineers (Griffith).
" 5 " ...	G.H.Q.
" 6 " ...	Islandbridge.
" 7 " ...	Signal Corps. Remounts, and H.Q. P.A.'s.

Fixtures and Draws.

The following were the results of the draws for the COMMAND CHAMPIONSHIPS in Hurling and Football.

FOOTBALL.

Artillery v. Portobello Group, 14/4/26, at Hurling Ground, Phoenix Park. Referee, Captain O'Beirne.

Baldonnel v. G.H.Q., 14/4/26, at Baldonnel. Referee, Lieut. Fitzgerald.

Islandbridge v. McKee Group (No. 7), 21/4/26, at Hurling Ground, Phoenix Park. Referee, Captain O'Beirne.

HURLING.

McKee Group (No. 7) v. Artillery Corps, 24/3/26, at Kildare. Referee, Corporal Hayes.

G.H.Q. v. Gormanston, 31/3/26, at Gormanston. Referee, Captain Ryan.

Baldonnel v. Islandbridge, 7/4/26, at Baldonnel. Referee, Corporal O'Neill.

The Council unanimously agreed to arrange a Command Handball Championship, the eliminating contests to be held within the groups. Entries limited to six per group. Six soft ball and three hard ball. The games were to be of 21 aces, and the best two out of three games. The first fixture was arranged for Sunday, the 21/3/26. The Referee to decide on individuals to play by draws.

SOFT BALL FIXTURES.

Beggar's Bush v. G.H.Q., 21/3/26, at Beggar's Bush, 11 a.m. Gormanston v. McKee Group, 24/3/26, at Beggar's Bush, 2.30 p.m. Islandbridge v. Baldonnel, 28/3/26, at Beggar's Bush, 11 a.m. Artillery, a bye.

The Hard Ball fixtures to be arranged later.

Corporal F. Kelly was unanimously appointed Asst. Secretary.

The Chairman stated that preparation should now be made for the forthcoming tennis season. The following were elected to administer for Command tennis for the season:—Colonel Henry, Captain Delamere, Commandant Feely, Lieutenant Quain, Captain Stapleton, Captain Martin, Sergt.-Major Cork.

The Tennis Championship (Inter-Group) was fixed to begin, Wednesday, July the 7th. No handicap—knock-out system. Each group to be allowed two representatives. The eliminating contests to be held within the group.

The Chairman commented unfavourably regarding the apathy existing amongst the runners—in particular the Cross-Country Section.

Lieutenant P. J. McNally, Sergeant Thompson, and Corporal F. Kelly, were unanimously elected on the new Subcommittee.

It was arranged to hold immediately a series of eliminating boxing contests within the Groups. The Command Tournament was arranged to be held in McKee Barracks on the 24th, 25th, and 26th March. Private Burns (G.H.Q.) stated that he experienced great difficulty in connection with the training of the men owing to the inadequate time at their disposal. The Chairman stated that he hoped to have proper provision made in this respect in future.

**IT IS TO YOUR INTEREST
—AND OURS—THAT YOU
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No. 2 BRIGADE LEAGUE— HURLING AND FOOTBALL.

On Sunday, 7th inst., the Hurling and Football teams of Command Headquarters travelled to Castlebar to meet their old rivals, the 4th Battalion, in the above League. The weather was anything but conducive to high-class play, and whatever the weather lacked in this respect was amply compensated for by the pitch on which players were compelled to play two important games.

The proceedings started with the Football match, and it was obvious from the "throw in" that a great struggle for supremacy was going to take place. In the first half the 4th, playing with a strong wind in their favour, opened up the scoring with a point; this was replied to by some hot exchanges in front of the 4th Battalion goal mouth. The Command Headquarters' team were rather unlucky in the scoring area and failed to register a score. Before the half time whistle went the efforts of the 4th were again rewarded, and the referee was compelled to "produce the book" to record another point. Half time score:—

4th Battalion	2 points
C.H.Q.	nil

On resuming, C.H.Q., who were now playing with the breeze, dashed off and missed a nice chance of opening up a scoring account. Up and down play was now the order and the 4th were

rather lucky to score a goal, which was disputed. The referee, however, allowed the score. Undaunted by this the Headquarters men dashed away per Gill and Lohan, who crossed to Pendergast, who in turn put McDermott in possession to score a great goal. This brightened up the game, which was continued with renewed vigour, and in great work which was shouldered by Kellegher, Siki, and Pendergast, the latter scored another point. Play was now confined to the 4th Battalion goal mouth, where Headquarters were unlucky not to register another couple of scores. They, however, succeeded in making the umpire wave the white flag. This score was, however, disallowed by the referee, who shortly afterwards blew the long whistle, leaving the scores:—

4th Battalion	5 points
C.H.Q.	4 "

The names of, together with those already mentioned, Keogh and Devine may be added as playing best for C.H.Q. 4th Batt. were best served by Lt. Galvin, Haren, Hagan and Keogh. In conclusion I have to draw attention to the disgraceful state of the field, no effort having been made to have it lined. It would be easy to pass over small things such as the marking of 50's, etc., but when two goal posts are erected I think that the playing pitch should at least be lined in with lime or some other substitute, as the time for playing on a pitch lined by players' coats, which are reminiscent of schoolboy days, has long passed.

The Hurling teams lined out immediately after the Football; the 4th Batt. emerged victorious out of a terrific struggle with their less experienced opponents, who are coming on by leaps and bounds. Score as follows:—

4th Battalion	4 goals 2 points
C.H.Q.	2 " 1 "

DIALER.

In the course of a comprehensive report on this match our esteemed correspondent with the 4th Battalion, "Mayo Observer," gives the result of the football match as a victory for 4th Battalion by 6 points to 4 points.

He gives the result of the hurling as a win for the 4th by 17 points to 6 points.

Neither result is official, but if the local sections of the A.A.A. were not emulating the dormouse we would have had an official report before 13th inst.—Editor.

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