

Vol. IV. No. 13.

April 10th, 1926.

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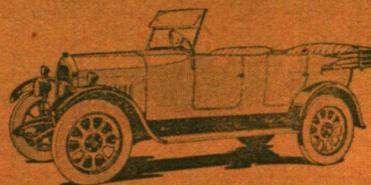
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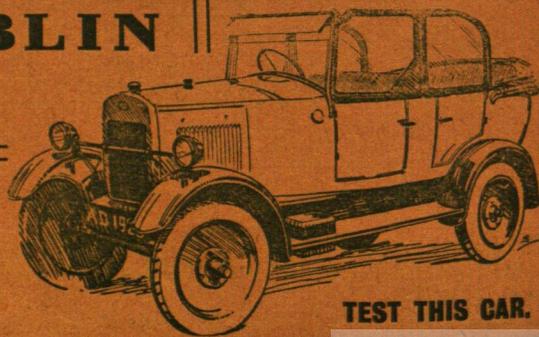
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Óglaigh
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An t-Ógláic

Vol. IV. No. 13

APRIL 10, 1926.

Price THREEPENCE.



An t-Oglach

APRIL 10, 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 EASARÉOIR.

THE OFFICERS' DEPENDANTS.

SINCE writing our recent editorial on Self-reliance, the Officer personnel seems to have become more aware of the way in which they have allowed matters—which are well within their jurisdictions—affecting their material well-being to drift along from month to month, and year to year. Quite a number of letters containing valuable suggestions have reached our sanctum; and have been read by us with both pleasure and interest. It is decidedly unfair that the Officer personnel should sit down with folded hands and wait for the authorities to do everything for them. There are so many legitimate things that the Officers could do for themselves and which we would like to see them doing.

One of these letters which have reached us puts forward the suggestion of an Officers' Dependants' Fund. We think the suggestion an excellent one, and accordingly publish the following extract from it for the consideration of the Officer personnel:—

“All large Government forces have some fund to protect or provide for their dependants; and I think the time is now opportune to provide for our dependants too. The establishment of such a fund would give a far greater sense of security as far as our dependants are concerned than at present exists, and it is, therefore, essential that a move should be made in this direction.

“The suggestion affects not only married Officers, but also all Officers who have anyone dependent upon them, and for that reason it should appeal to the large majority. After going into the matter I put out the following data regarding the financial side of the scheme. If every Officer became a member, then on the basis of a monthly subscription of one pound there would accrue to the Fund, the first year, the sum of £12,000, plus interest at 5 per cent. by a State Savings Investment. Of course, every Officer may not become a member, but yet from the married Officers alone a yearly income of nearly £10,000 would be derived, and this is a very substantial figure. A monthly subscription of £1 is not by any means exorbitant; and if stopped from our cheques would not make very much difference. Now on the basis of £10,000 yearly at the end of six years the total assets would amount to £68,650, roughly, whilst the interest for that year alone would amount to £2,792.

“This is a very young Army, and it is, therefore, easy to imagine what the financial resources of the Fund would be at the end of twenty years, for the interest yearly would go a long way towards meeting the various expenditures. At the end of twenty years the majority of us will be approaching the pensionable age, and those due for pensioning could receive a grant, the amount of which would be proportionate upon the number of years of membership.”

That is the rough kernel of the suggestion; and in putting it for-

ward we are glad to note that Officers are at last beginning to think in business terms. Such a Fund would not only provide for the dependants in the ordinary way of maintenance, but could also provide for the education of the Officers' children, and pay the Cadetship fees which will be essential to obtaining a Commission in the future. The suggestion fits in excellent into the larger one of an Officers' Association, which it is hoped may be established with the permission of the Army Authorities. Sanction will not be withheld from legitimate objectives; and the aims and objects of the Officers' Association have already been set out in the columns of this Journal, and come well within that proviso. We trust, therefore, that the Officer personnel will take serious consideration of these suggestions which so vitally affect their future comfort and well-being and let us have their views. If every Officer, or even a majority, made the practical offer that the Officer Commanding the 21st Battalion made, the Association would now be well under weigh.

EASTERN COMMAND BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

(To the Editor of “An t-Oglach.”)

A Chara,—In your issue, No. 12, dated 3rd inst., there appeared an article over the nom-de-plume of “La Verte” dealing with the Eastern Command Boxing Championships held in the Gym. here on 26th ult., and in all fairness I shall be glad if you would kindly publish this letter.

Dealing with the semi-final bout in the Middleweight Class (that between Ptes. Morgan and Treacy) your correspondent states that “the referee decided for Morgan.” No, sir, the referee did not decide for Morgan. As a matter of fact the referee had no voice in the decision at all.

The rules of Amateur Boxing hold that it is only when the verdicts of the two judges do not agree that the referee is called upon to give his decision. In the particular case under review the two judges (Captains Liam O'Brien and Sean O'Beirne) unanimously declared Morgan the winner.

I would like to add that a return match between Morgan and Treacy of six two-minute rounds duration would be well worth the watching, but it must not be forgotten that Morgan was at the very least 14lbs heavier than Treacy on the night in question.—Mise,

J. F. KIELY, A/Sergt.

Portobello Barracks,
Dublin, 3/4/26.

OCCUPATION OF RINGSEND AREA IN 1916.

By GEORGE A. LYONS.

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

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

To the average citizen of Dublin anything east of Westland Row is associated with Ringsend, and in this regard the district assigned to the command of De Valera was both popularly and officially referred to as "The Ringsend Area." Strictly speaking Ringsend is cut off from the City by the River Dodder and a heap of local prejudice against "the Dublin Jackeens." Being a native of this exclusive and at one time secluded district I regret I cannot accord it much share of the glory of Easter Week. Not a road of its territory proper was occupied by us, and of the 40 nominal members of the Ringsend Company but 14 turned out at Easter Monday, and 7 of these deserted the first day. Of the 7 men who remained to "do or die" at least 5 of them hailed from "West of the Bridge." If Ringsend was lacking in fervour towards De Valera in those fiery days, however, it has made up for this in recent times.

The area allotted to Comdt. De Valera can claim the distinction of having been the first to be occupied and the last to be evacuated. Comdt De Valera with his staff and an armed guard went into occupation of the house, 144 Pearse Street (then Great Brunswick Street) on the Monday prior to Easter Week and held it under arms with huge quantities of ammunition. The house afforded sleeping accommodation for the Commandant until the fateful day when Ireland struck for freedom.

Neighbours of the Enemy.

In view of the fact that the same street contained the Central Police Station with the infamous "G" Division and its hordes of spies, the significance of this occupation cannot be lost sight of. The importance of this house as a hiding place for the Commandant during the threatening days of a "pounce" from the enemy; as a point of observation and preparation of plans on the actual area which was later to make him famous; as a centre of mobilization and as a jumping off place for the Rising, will, I hope, be realized during the course of the narrative I have to unfold.

I have always held that the real test of the mettle in the Volunteers of 1916

must be applied to the mobilization of Easter Sunday rather than that of Easter Monday. On Saturday evening all the Catholic Churches had been packed with young male penitents imbued with significant anxiety to have "clean slates" on Sunday.

Easter Sunday, 1916.

Sunday morning came laden with excitement and tension. Would the Volunteers obey the injunctions of Professor MacNeill as appearing in the public press or would they respond to the orders of their immediate officers? As far as Dublin was concerned there was never a doubt in my mind. Discipline had been brought almost to perfection and the military mind had taken root. No one regarded Professor MacNeill's letter in the press as other than an adroit attempt to confound the vigilance of the enemy.

Arriving at 144 Pearse Street somewhat before the appointed hour I took affectionate leave of an old comrade, who, however, was not a Volunteer, and I reported myself to Captain Sean MacMahon (now Major-Gen.). I was soon informed that Comdt. De Valera wished to see me. I found him alone in the front drawingroom, the largest room in the house, whilst the members of "B" Coy. were squeezing themselves into the smaller apartments, the hall and the stairs.

The Commandant said he had learned that it was possible for me to inform him of how the members of the I.R.B. were likely to view the position created by the publication of MacNeill's letter. I replied that I had seen no members of the higher councils of the I.R.B., but I concluded that all members of the I.R.B. would instinctively disregard any announcements in the public press. I reported that certain expelled and discredited members had been rushing around during the morning publishing the news that a "Split" had occurred in the Volunteer Executive, but I expressed my belief that the members of the I.R.B. would, even if a split really existed, regard Pearse as the official voice. I declared my conviction that the plans would proceed.

The Comdt seemed to agree, but said very little. He then gave me a despatch for Lt. Joseph O'Byrne, of Barrow

Street, the leader of the "Ringsend Company." I was singularly impressed by the appearance of this officer, who was the real man who held "Boland's Mills"—but of that anon.

A Blow to the Volunteers.

Returning to 144 Pearse Street I found my old "B" Coy. mobilized to the last man. Tears of joy stood in poor Peadar Macken's eyes as he spoke to me of the staunch enthusiasm of the men. I learned that during my absence General MacDonagh had sent orders to De Valera to demobilize the men, but with a warning to expect another call up within 24 hours. Suspecting that a blow would be struck for Ireland somewhere, somehow and by somebody within that time, I used all my influence to prevent the demobilization of "B" Coy. and I succeeded. In this lay the nucleus of De Valera's glory, for the re-mobilization of the other companies of his battalion proved ineffective. "B" Coy. mustered 80 men out of the entire 112 men who turned out in the area on Easter Monday.

After the demobilization of Sunday most of the men lost heart in the Volunteer Movement. Some of us who were "in the know" had learned of the fatal divisions in the higher councils, and many of the boys gave way to despair, and reaching home destroyed their accoutrements and burned their uniforms, vowing again never to touch any "Irish Movement." It seemed like '65-'67 all over again; the long pent-up enthusiasm dissipated by indecision; the wolf-dog long straining at the leash gets the word to "go," but is called back again.

Those who heard the call on Sunday were of one mind and one mind alone. "The day has come boys, hurrah!" But those to whom the summons came on Monday received it with conflicting emotions—"What's the use?" "Another fool dress parade." "This is a joke, I'll go to Fairyhouse." "Folly;" "Madness;" "Disaster." But there were also those who said, "It may be serious. If there is any chance of doing anything let us take it if it be even only a dog's chance." These were the few who responded to the call on Monday, sad and dubious, but firm in their hearts that though "Someone had

blundered, they at least would not be to blame."

With callous resignation we took our final orders.

At Westland Row Station.

Leaving the house, 144 Pearse Street, by the rear gate I accompanied the late Colonel (then Lieut.) Sean Quinn with a detachment of "B" Coy. We emerged on Erne Terrace, a laneway at the back of the Public Library, marched into

back and the sun was shining before us. We saw all things clearly now. The Volunteers could not fail—Ireland could not fail—except she had failed to *strike*—we had struck and thanked God we had seen that day.

We had entered the Railway Station from behind Westland Row—along the sloping carriage-way leaving Sandwith Street.

In two minutes we were upon the main incoming platform. Detailing two

rather than organised action, was accountable for much of the happenings which made it possible for a small command to hold an area covering four thoroughfares and several thousand acres.

Bewildered Public.

An empty train lay sleeping on my side of the Station, milk cans, boxes and bales. I ordered the men to strip the carriages of all loose cushions, which I had fixed behind the barricades in such wise as would afford both comfort and protection for the men, whom I ordered to lie low and rest whilst I placed an outpost at the barred railways facing Westland Row.

Turning my eyes across the rails I beheld a scene of great confusion. A train seemed ready for departure. None of our men were just then in my view on the south platform and the public were greatly excited; most of them were anxious to board the train which they hoped was going to take them from Dublin and danger. I shouted to the people to leave the train and retire to the waiting rooms, but it was with difficulty that I got them to take the matter seriously.

This was a difficulty I experienced even with some of our men at this particular juncture. A working man in the crowd resented our "interference with his business." He proceeded to cross the rails in our direction. I ordered him back on peril of his life, at the same time covering him with my gun.

He protested very violently against being threatened by guns. He declared he was a better man than I was—a better soldier, too—he handled a gun before I was born, and when he reached me he would give me a "puck" in the jaw. I felt somewhat nonplussed. We had orders not to fire or raise any premature alarm, so I sternly ordered two men to go over and bayonet him. The two men advanced towards him rather apologetically and started a conciliatory conversation with him. He declared he was a member of the Citizen Army and they advised him to report to his officers immediately.

A Conscientious Station-master.

The Stationmaster then appeared and shouted that he wished to speak to me. He was about to climb over the rails when I peremptorily ordered him to halt. He protested that he wished to speak to me, to ask me a few questions.

"Speak from where you are," I cried.

"Ask any questions you like, but I will not guarantee to answer them all."

"Please tell me what you are here for," he asked.

"No!" I answered.

"Are you going to let this train depart?"

"No."

"Are you going to let any business be done here to-day?"

"No."

"Are you going to let any of the public remain here?"

"No," I answered, "nor can we allow you to remain here either. We will let you go home now."



Major MacBride being Marched to his Courtmartial.

Upper Erne Street, wheeled into Boyne Street, and halted while Lt. Quinn consulted his watch. Amidst a breathless silence he marched through the ranks closely scrutinising the men. What an ominous rumbling seemed wrapped in that two minutes' silence—we were about to take the fate of the nation into our hands.

In his characteristically solemn tones Lt. Quinn gave the orders: "Quick March," "Right Wheel," "Left Wheel," "The Railway Station—Charge."

We had taken the field at last. The mantle of fear had fallen at our feet like a discarded robe. The sable clouds of anxiety, hesitation and doubt had rolled

men to bolt and barricade the massive gates at our rear, Lt. Quinn divided the small force of men with me. Something across the lines had struck him as having been left unattended and with his small section he departed in haste down the line to seize the main signal cabin and link up the general situation.

Already the faulty mobilization was beginning to show itself. Officers and men had failed to put in an appearance at certain allotted posts, and we had to dispose of our forces as best we could. I felt myself suddenly promoted on the field without plans or orders. This was a feature which was to have developed as a characteristic of the Rising as the week wore on. Personal initiative,

"Thanks," he said, "but I am in charge of the property and I will remain here."

"We will relieve you of your responsibilities; we take charge to-day, and for some time."

"But," protested the Stationmaster, "there is money here and I must answer for it."

"Take the money," I answered. "We have not come here to loot. Take the money and whatever else you think you can personally carry and go home."

The conscientious Stationmaster, however, remained at his post till midnight, when he went home, and I am sure he slept the sleep of the just.

First Prisoners.

After my conversation with the Stationmaster I turned my attention to some khaki specks I perceived in the

covered with their rifles. "We are in earnest to-day, however, and there will be heaps of trouble if you break ground without orders," I added.

Some of their fine indifference seemed to fade away and to be replaced by perplexion and doubt.

"You will hand over your arms, gentlemen," I next ordered.

"Oh, we have no arms whatever," declared the senior officer referred to.

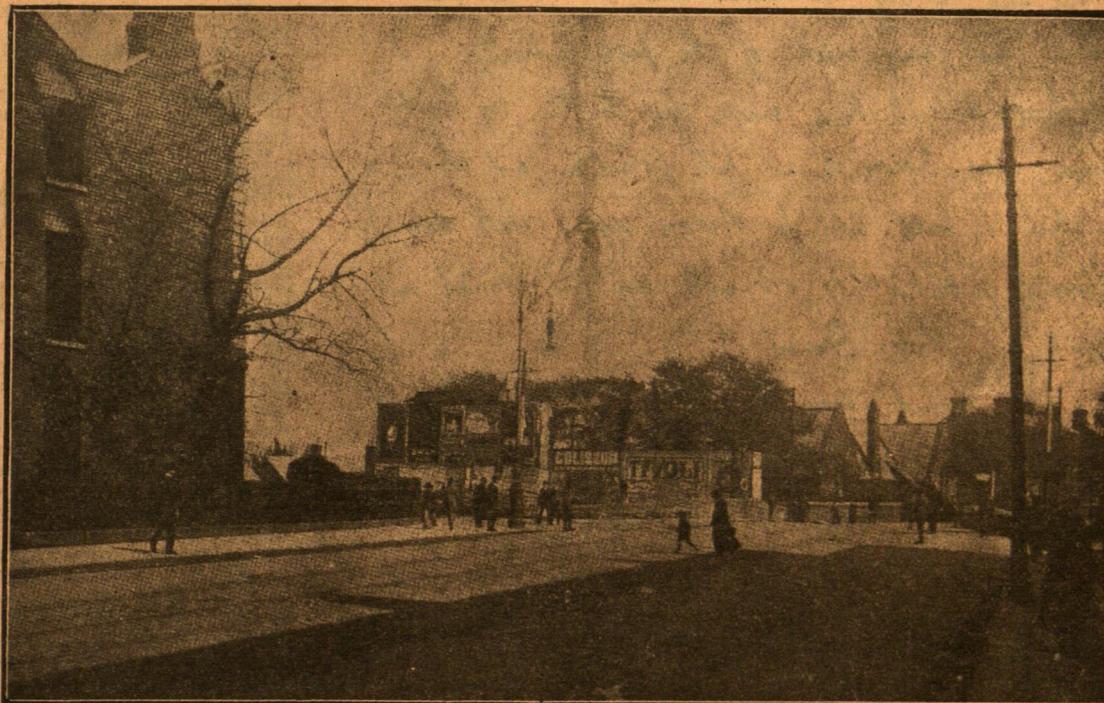
"We will take your word as soldiers for that and we will punish you as soldiers if you have lied."

"Consider yourselves prisoners of war," I added as I perceived a detachment of our men advancing from the main entrance behind them. These men marched the British officers down to one of the railway offices, where they were provided for. Captain Sean MacMahon had taken the Station from

and fireman of the train that was about to depart for Dun Laoghaire. He also helped to clear the train of all passengers. Down the line he located a young English lieutenant who might be described as being in "fatigue dress."

This young officer acknowledged the generous treatment he received all the week at our hands, and afterwards published his testimony in the Press, at the same time deploring the misuse of sacred buildings and hospitals indulged in by his own countrymen who were engaged against us. He turned out to be the scion of some notable English family, but whether he ever attained any eminence in his military career I must leave to conjecture.

Turning my attention to my own side of the railway a rather awkward scene was developing. By some means the front gates leading to the street had



Mount Street Bridge, from a photograph taken immediately after the Fighting, showing the Burned Shell of Clanwilliam House on the left.

motley throng on the departure platform.

"Military men advance to the edge of the platform," I shouted.

I had to repeat this order several times before I could command any attention. There were four British officers in the crowd. They instinctively sought each other and grouped together looking our way. This was just what I wanted.

"Gentlemen," I cried, "you will stand to attention. My men have you covered."

They consulted together for a moment trying to look indifferent and feigning to take the matter as a joke.

"What's the trouble?" inquired one tall cavalry officer who seemed to be looked to as a senior.

"No trouble yet," I answered as I ordered six of my men to keep them

the main entrance at Westland Row and it was his men who took charge of the north side of the station and conducted the public out through the carriage way immediately abutting on Pearse Street. The main gates of the Station were, of course, closed and strongly barricaded.

British Officer's Tribute.

Lower down the line Mr. "Joe" Curran had prepared the field for us by cutting the wires and destroying the signal connections. He was the first man in action in Easter Week and the last to leave the field. He never surrendered, but took his chances in running the gauntlet in a wild career until his country needed him again. He is now a Captain in our glorious little Army.

Joe Curran arrested the engine driver

been opened and a number of priests from St. Andrew's Church were advancing up the sloping passage towards our point of occupation. Shouting through the iron rails which still divided us I commanded the reverend gentlemen to turn about and depart. They paid no heed whatever to this injunction, but continued to advance.

"Reverend sirs," I cried, "you must return and those gates must be closed and barricaded. You are endangering your own lives and ours. An enemy force is expected from the street and you will be in the line of crossfire."

Still the priests approached, and some of them, looking extremely excited, tried to climb over the railings on to the platform.

"Retire," I cried. "Soldiers prepare to fire." Only two of my men raised their guns; discipline seemed on

the verge of dissolution. I trembled for the consequence.

"May I speak a word to you?" inquired the priest whom I was personally threatening with my weapon.

"You may give us your blessing, father," I answered.

"What are you here for?" asked the priest.

"We are out to fight for Ireland,

29 Oakley Road

Dublin.

23rd April, 1916.

I have now returned from a visit to Eoin MacNeill at Woodtown Park, Ballyboden.

I have had a long consultation with MacNeill and Sean Fitzgibbon upon many aspects of the present situation. I hope ~~to have~~ that I have made clear to them my loyalty to Ireland, my honour as a Irish Volunteer, and also, - a thing which I could not for obvious reasons state definitely - my ~~obligation~~ intention to act with my own honour and the position of their honour.

My future conduct may be different from anything now anticipated by MacNeill and Fitzgibbon, two honest and sincere patriots, though, I think, wrong in their handling of the present situation and in their attitude to military action. ~~They~~ They and my countrymen must judge me on my conduct. I have ~~not~~ guarded secrets which I am bound to keep. I have, I think, acted honourably and fairly by all my associates. I have had my one motive in all my actions, namely, the good of my country.

I now pray to God for the gifts of counsel and fortitude, and for His blessing on the cause of my country.

Thomas MacDonagh

Facsimile of Letter written by Thomas MacDonagh, Easter Sunday, 1916.

father; we love our country, and we are going to die for her," I cried bringing my rifle butt to the pavement with emphasis.

"Do you refuse us your blessing?" I challenged as I removed my cap, an example which was followed by the men nearest to me.

"Wait a moment; tell me who is in charge here," demanded the priest.

"I am in charge for the present," I answered.

"Are you going to start war here and have all our people killed?" he inquired.

"Every man is fighting for his own country now, father, and we are going to fight for ours. Better than that we should have to fight for an enemy land," I answered.

"But," cried the priest, "you will have our people slaughtered and our country made desolate."

"We hope to set the country free, father."

"But will you cease fighting if you see you cannot win, or will you fight to the last man? You are morally bound," he added, "to yield to superior odds and save useless sacrifice."

"I will promise you to retire if we cannot hold our ground," I answered. "There is no disgrace in defeat."

Just then one of my men rushed forward and knelt at the feet of one of the priests and started his confession. The other priests demanded that they be allowed to minister to the spiritual needs of the men. I consented to open the gates and let them pass through the lines on the strict understanding that they would regard us as soldiers under orders from our superiors, and that they would not seek to advise the men to go home or otherwise interfere with the military situation. Receiving this assurance I caused the gates to be opened and I passed the priests down the line with a small escort.

This incident was witnessed by one of the British officers whom we had captured, and he afterwards described it in the public Press as a "shocking display of irreligious savagery." I presume the same officer was really disappointed to find we were not as priest-ridden as he had supposed us to be.

Not all Built for Soldiering.

On securing our position once again I ordered all men save one to lie on the cushions behind the barricades and rest, as they might need all their energy later on. The one man I placed as an outpost near the gate, but I was irritated by a very tall thin man walking up and down apparently in great distress. I ordered him to lie down. He explained that he was ill and after a few words I gave him a "pass-out" to go home for an hour or so. His presence would have encumbered us just then. He never came back, but in later years when the English had left Ireland, I learned that he was frequently heard expressing a desire for them to return and have "another round."

Quite a different experience awaited me with a stranger who had presented himself at the Sandwith Street gate with a personal signal to myself which

I could not ignore. I sent word to the guard to admit him and soon the fattest man I had ever seen presented himself to my view. If the man I had just dismissed had presented to me the problem of straight lines and angles, this newcomer certainly presented the problem of curves and circles.

"You seek George Lyons," I said. "Would you know him if you saw him?"

"I would know him and I do see him and I do know him in spite of his uniform, but he can't see me in spite of my size," answered the man-mountain.

"Remove your hat," I said. He did so, and I immediately recognised him. "Paddy Traynor," I cried as I grasped his hand, "how you have changed."

"Can you let me help?" he asked. "What can you do—have you a gun?"

"No."
"Can you shoot?"
"No, but I will soon learn."

Alas! I had to decline his services. He was an old member of the I.R.B. and brother to Tom Traynor, whom the British hanged some years afterwards. Paddy has since died himself and I fear he never forgave me for not making a soldier of him. I pay this passing tribute to his faith and patriotism as a recompense, though small, for my turning him down for active service. He was too much weight for us to carry in what I had envisaged as a scamper to the mountains. I knew of no other "civilian" who offered his services thus.

A Fallacy Disposed Of.

Simultaneously with the attack on Westland Row Station our men took possession of the railway lines at various points.

Boland's Bakery was entered by De Valera himself with Captain Joseph O'Connor, Lieut. Simon Donnelly and Lieut. (now Colonel) Sean Guilfoyle and a number of men from "A" and "C" Companies. Lieut. Simon Donnelly was promoted on the field to the rank of Captain owing to the failure of his own Captain to answer the mobilization. He more than compensated for the defection of his senior by his courage, coolness, and skill. He won great confidence during the week from his brother officers; he was a good second to De Valera, and came very nearly supplanting him on one occasion.

It is a common fallacy that De Valera made Boland's Mills his headquarters during Easter Week. The truth is that the buildings comprising the Bakery and Stores were the base of operations, and if De Valera had any personal headquarters they were in the dwelling apartments attached to the Union Dispensary adjoining Grand Canal Street and facing Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital.

Boland's Mills lie at the other side of the Canal basin and were never entered by De Valera in person at any time. Little more than a pretence was made of the occupation of this large and most conspicuous building—obviously a mark for enemy shells, and with its hundred

and odd windows, a poor protection from rifle and machine-gun fire. Boland's Mills were taken and held by Lieut. Joseph O'Byrne and a few men of the Ringsend Company alluded to in our early pages. The few men who really hailed from Ringsend returned the same day to their sweet native village not far away with cart-loads of flour to their neighbours. If these men did not shine very gloriously as soldiers during that

week they blazed very brilliantly as local politicians in the years that were to follow—justifying an alteration of an old adage that "The way to the people's hearts is through their stomachs."

Volunteers Not Looters.

This commandeering of flour was the only description of looting, if such it



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9 4 16

*It is so hard to see straight
you when one is well & not
troubled - I am not well in
body I have not been for long
& then greatly troubled. too
in mind - so that my remarks
are often unjust & harsh
& ill considered*

*The last days are all a nightmare
- I have only a confused memory
of them & some periods are quite
blank in my mind - only a sense
of horror and repugnance to
life - But I do say clouds will
break & brighter skies dawn - at
least for poor old Ireland.
Kindest thoughts for you*

Yours, R.C.

Facsimile of Letter written by Sir Roger Casement, in Berlin in April, 1916.

can really be called, which occurred in our district.

On Westland Row Station I found Michael Lennon collecting coppers from the Volunteers with which to extract chocolates and cigarettes from the automatic slot-machines. The men were freely subscribing, none suggesting the smashing up of the machines.

I brought a small detachment of men into the Railway Restaurant one day and collected such food and mineral drinks as might be useful. Not a bottle of intoxicants was touched, nor did any man seem to think of such. The cash-tills were found intact after our final evacuation.

Boland's Bakery then comprised our G.H.Q. The railway embankment abutted on to the yards. Across the lines and at a very slight distance stand the old disused distillery buildings (at one time a sugar refinery). A pretence was also made of occupying this building, which, like the mills, was most conspicuous. The same may be said of Guinness's granary and the other large buildings on the Canal bank. Our G.H.Q. then was admirably chosen—a flat group of sheds in a low-lying position surrounded by mighty buildings, which though only affording vantage points for our snipers, effectively sheltered us from the near approach of hostile forces.

The gasworks was seized and partially occupied and the effective parts of the machinery taken away, thus securing the confusion of the enemy movements by plunging most of the city into darkness.

The importance of our general position can be readily understood by any one with even a slight knowledge of the district. We held the railway line which governs transit from Dun Laoghaire Harbour, the landing place for the British Fleet. The railway line carries nine stone archways across as many intersections of two main thoroughfares, and every arch is a veritable fortress in miniature. These stone archways spanning all the cross streets from Westland Row to Ringsend rendered it impossible for enemy forces to traverse either Pearse Street or Grand Canal Street without being exposed to the fire of our men, who were excellently protected by the railway walls and the strategic use we made of the rolling stock.

From the archways stretching across South Lotts Road and Bath Avenue our men commanded the barrack-square of Beggar's Bush, some of the roof-tops in the vicinity were availed of for the same purpose, and a house in Haddington Road actually opposite the gate of the barracks was put to good use in this regard. The "Royal Irish Regiment," who occupied the barracks, never ventured through the main gate.

Comdt. (then Lieut.) James Fitzgerald, from a favourable position in the vicinity, noticed certain movements in the barrack-square and sent a shot in that direction which put an instant stop to the manœuvre, whatever it was.

It was hard to feel bloodthirsty on the first day of our activities and one almost wished that the British would

do something to make us angry so that we would feel we were no longer on Volunteer manœuvres, but actually at war with "Saxon foe."

We had not long to wait. Soon we heard that the "Lancers" had charged our colleagues in O'Connell Street and that they had been sent back in full retreat minus some of their horses and men. The words of Carlyle occurred to me: "Maria Antoinette sent forth her cavalry, the stock-in-trade of plutocracy against the proletariat, forgetting that she was up against a military people."

Next we heard the rattle of machine-guns against Connolly's men in the Green; then began the sleek sniping against our own position and soon the first casualty amongst our own commands.

Our First Casualty.

Down the railway line an enemy sniper caught Christy Murphy. The bullet entered his breast, pierced his lung, and passed through his body. "Joe" Curran immediately rushed to attend him. "I am done, Joe," he gasped as he gazed at the blood rushing forth from his body in two crimson rivers.

"I don't know," cried Curran. "Say an Act of Contrition in any case."

Murphy breathed the prayer and then murmured, "Thank God, I am dying for Ireland."

Nowhere outside the pages of heroic legend or romance had I heard of such a spirit, but Murphy was but one of many. Our thanks to God are due, however, that Murphy did not die at all, but serves to-day in Ireland's Army, for his life was saved by Lieut. Sean O'Byrne, our principal ambulance man and Doctor-in-Chief. And here let me deal with an important phase of our organisation.

De Valera and the Cumann na mBan.

There was no ambulance service attached to the 3rd Battalion during Easter Week. De Valera, largely I believe, at the instigation of one who was notoriously "girl-shy," failed to send the promised courier to the local Cumann na mBan, who were mobilized on Merrion Square awaiting his instructions. He decided that they would probably be an incumbrance where an extremely mobile force was necessary, and that anyhow women should be spared, as far as possible, from witnessing the horrors of war, especially the class of war we had expected to develop.

The ladies, however, were not wholly without knowledge of how to get into touch with us, as many of their brothers and other male relatives were in action, and all drawn from the district, and those of the Cumann who did not go home in despair managed to link up with General MacDonagh in Jacob's.

It was thought by some of our officers that they might have been an asset to us, as we had an excellent base for them in the Dispensary which adjoined our H.Q. It was also calculated that

the Cumann na mBan might have assisted in the kitchens and general commissariat, thus releasing more of our men for field service.

It will be recollected that our Battalion got the name of the "Hungry Army" from some of the members of the British Advisory Committee owing to the number of men who naively declared themselves to have been "cooks" during this eventful week. Indeed one of our men was asked if it was hard-boiled eggs that were to be held responsible for the casualties inflicted on "His Majesty's Forces" in this area.

I feel I ought here to allude to the taking over of the Dispensary, as some incidents in connection therewith are worth recording. It was entered by our lads scaling the wall which separated its grounds at the rear from Boland's Yard. De Valera led the way with drawn sword, followed by Lieut. Sean O'Byrne, our Red Cross man. There was nobody in possession save Dr. Healy's wife. She was given five minutes to pack up her valuables and vacate the premises. She, however, developed hysterics and went upstairs to her bed.

This was an awkward dilemma. De Valera, not being a good judge of a woman's case, departed and left the problem for Sean O'Byrne to solve. Here a member of the Cumann na mBan might have seemed a Godsend. The situation was somewhat relieved by the arrival of Dr. Healy. Though O'Byrne had orders to allow no one to enter from the street he thought it well to let the doctor in to remove his wife. Once inside, however, the doctor found many excuses to delay his departure. As he was attached to the British Navy O'Byrne was particularly anxious to send him packing.

The doctor asked what would happen if his property was destroyed.

"The Irish Republic," said O'Byrne, "will compensate you when it is established."

The doctor proceeded solemnly to take an inventory of all the appurtenances. This done he asked for a receipt for all the articles.

"I will give you no receipt for anything as I am taking nothing from you," said O'Byrne. "We are only in temporary custody here and may be elsewhere to-morrow."

The doctor left his "list of property" with O'Byrne and eventually departed with his wife. He had not included on his "list" six gold sovereigns which our boys found loose on the premises and which were locked in his desk, where they were found waiting for his return after the "Red Week." Dr. Healy acknowledges that we were not "looters."

Monday passed without any notable incidents of a military character. Most of us were drawn into H.Q. in the Bakery at nightfall, where we made "shell-proof" caves by strategic arrangements of the bags of flour which were here in abundance.

Feeding the Hungry.

On Tuesday arrangements were made for serving out a proportion of the

stock of bread to the people of the neighbourhood, and some of the Bakery Staff Volunteers were to turn in to work and bake for the people as long as practicable. This arrangement unfortunately collapsed towards the end of the week owing to the increasing dangers from enemy fire. We had won our way, however to the hearts of the people of the district and they assisted us in many ways at great risk to themselves. In this regard they shine out in contradistinction to the populace in other parts of the city.

De Valera showed himself solicitous for their safety in many ways and exposed himself rather unnecessarily, some of us thought, by rushing to the bridges and shouting "Clear off the roads" whenever firing started. The more he shouted the more the people came out of the laneways to gaze up at him. Of course as soon as some of the populace were hit the streets became singularly deserted. Curiosity gave way to terror.

One ugly incident deeply impressed itself upon my memory. From Clarence Street Bridge (now Macken Street) I observed a woman hit by an enemy bullet. She was wearing a white apron and her figure could not have deceived the marksman. A poor man, who seemed to be her husband, rushed to her when she fell. A fusillade of shots forced him to retreat and seek shelter. After a few moments the Corporation Ambulance arrived on the scene. The shooting started again most furiously. The ambulance men showed remarkable courage. One of the horses was slightly wounded and became intractable. The ambulance was forced to retire from the line of fire without performing its mission of mercy.

De Valera and the Fianna.

A commendable action of the Commandant deserves to be recorded here. He summoned all boys and youths under 18 years of age for special parade on Tuesday morning. Here he addressed them and explained to them that the Volunteers had suddenly become real soldiers; that they were no longer on manoeuvres; that they were engaging in real war; war was very serious and terrible work; it was not work for boys, but for men, and he wanted none but men about him. He urged the boys to go home and promised them the reward of the Republic for turning out.

The boys, however, were got away only with great difficulty, and one of them, young Richard Pearle, continued to remain with us throughout all the week and eventually accompanied us into exile. There was a touching scene one day when his mother called to see him. He answered her call thinking she was merely bringing him food, but when he learned that her true purpose was to induce him to return home he quietly turned her away saying, "This is no place for a woman."

There were one or two other young chaps who, though not on the original parade, managed to link up with the Battalion after the actual opening of

hostilities, notably among these were young Meriman and Willie Fitzgerald. The latter afterwards became a Captain in our Army, but at the time of Easter Week he was quite a boy. He was continually being hunted home by the officers, but he persistently found his way back to our lines and ran extraordinary risks in gathering information about the movements of the enemy.

A Crop of Rumours.

On Tuesday may be said to have been born most of those fantastic and sensational rumours which alternately cheered and disconcerted us during the whole week. 30,000 Germans had landed in Kerry; 20,000 Germans had landed at Howth; all the seas of Ireland were blocked by German submarines; 50,000 members of the Clan na Gael were on the high seas from America. We were seemingly "going to do the trick this time." Our spirits rose very high on Tuesday.

We captured a Superintendent of the "G" Division who was presumed to be acting as I.O. for the British. De Valera professed himself hugely delighted with this and he paraded the spy around our lines much to the latter's discomfiture and dismay. No harm, however, was inflicted upon this prisoner.

Enemy snipers were fast taking up effective positions around us and casualties were beginning to appear in our ranks. Soon concerted moves were reported from the enemy and attacks were expected on our front at Westland Row and our rear at Lansdowne Road.

Those American Shot-Guns.

Our men were rushed into trenches and other positions along the line. Some of them proved remarkably clumsy with firearms in moments of excitement, and most of our firearms, notably the American shot-guns, had an unlucky knack of going off "on their own."

Michael Lennon, B.L., was wounded beside me by the ricocheted pellets from one of our own shot-guns. Our Red Cross man was unable to meet all the demands made upon him and our casualties were being sent out to regular hospitals. This caused some uneasiness in our ranks, as it seemed inevitable that these wounded men would be identified by the enemy.

An Open Scrap.

Suddenly the news reached us that the enemy was preparing to launch an attack from Lansdowne Road, and a number of us were rushed along the line in that direction. The Royal Irish leaving Beggar's Bush through a rare gate had effected an entrance upon the railway line at the level crossing. Our men engaged them at this point.

A short, sharp struggle ensued. Our lads fought with great determination and courage. The enemy lacked decision and discipline; in fact they seemed surprised at meeting opposition at this point. Notwithstanding considerable courage shown by their N.C.O.'s, con-

fusion set in amongst the men and they ultimately fled, taking some wounded with them.

Lieut. (now Commandant) Alec Thompson with a handful of men in a concealed position on the Shelbourne Road harassed their retreat. Capt. Simon Donnelly and Joseph O'Connor and Lieut. (now Colonel) Sean Gullfoyle greatly distinguished themselves on this occasion by their fearlessness and coolness. We sustained some casualties but no actual deaths resulted, and we gave thanks that night for our first victory.

During the afternoon I had been selected with a detachment of the best armed men in the company to leave the base and gain the city with a view of effecting a diversion from the pressure on the Citizen Army in St. Stephen's Green.

De Valera carefully inspected us and commanded us to cast off our knapsacks and packs for the sake of greater mobility, warning us we would have tough ugly work to do.

Tale of a Hat.

As we got the word to go one of the men rushed back through the gates with the extraordinary complaint that he "had no hat." "Here's a hat — you!" cried De Valera, pitching the man his own headgear. The fellow clapped it on his head and rejoined the rank, presumably feeling satisfied that if he was going to die for Ireland he would be quite respectable about it anyhow.

The seemingly desperate enterprise was, however, countermanded, for no sooner had we reached the streets than word was conveyed that "Connolly's men" had abandoned "The Green" and had taken to the College of Surgeons. Our "Happy Warrior" nevertheless stuck on to De Valera's hat and even carried it into exile. The Commandant was not again seen with any covering on his head throughout the week, and the last picture that our memories retained was that of the hatless officer as he crossed the Barrack Square at Richmond to stand his court-martial.

I feel obliged here to recall that news of the countermanding of the "desperate enterprise" was not generally known at the base, but instead Dame Rumour got busy with stories of fierce street fighting and my old schoolmate Peadar Macken swallowed a thrilling account of my death. I shall never forget his joyous surprise at finding me on outpost duty that night and how he climbed up the embankment of Clarence Street Bridge to grasp my hand.

The Battle of Mount Street Bridge.

Wednesday, 26th April, brought us, perhaps, the most memorable conflict of Easter Week.

Early in the morning news reached us that British troops had landed at Dun Laoghaire and were on the march to the city. It was inevitable that they would have to pass through our widely

extended area and men were rushed to all possible posts of vantage.

Here our lack of numbers told severely against our plans. If the Third Battalion had mobilized at full strength at least 400 men would have been at De Valera's command, but here we were with little more than 100 men to hold positions which it would have taken thousands to successfully defend. The mobilization of Dun Laoghaire and Blackrock Volunteers had failed and we had to extend our men along the Northumberland, Shelbourne and Lansdowne Roads, in addition to the positions already described at the opening of this narrative. Needless to say, little more than a pretence was made of the occupation of many points, but it was the most glorious bluff that ever prevailed in war.

On receiving his final instructions from De Valera Lieut. Michael Malone shook hands and took an affectionate farewell of his chief. Evidently both men felt that if they were to meet again they would meet to smile indeed; if not the parting was well made. Malone had no delusions as to what was expected from him. He had originally taken over the house No. 25 Northumberland Road (not Clanwilliam House as is popularly supposed) on the Monday morning with three other men. For the first couple of days he had maintained communications with the main body via the Parochial Hall and Clanwilliam House.

Heavy Odds.

On Tuesday the British snipers had taken up positions of vantage in houses nearby and Malone realizing it was going to be a case of "Rorke's Drift" sent two of his men, who were rather young, back to the base and resolved to finish it out with but one companion, Volunteer Grace.

On Wednesday morning they made what seems to have been a very belated attempt to fortify the house and loophole the walls and secure some line of retreat, but for want of necessary tools and sufficient help the job had to be abandoned. It appears that Malone had given an undertaking to the residents of the house that as little damage as possible would be inflicted on the furniture or premises, an undertaking that was given by many others like him in many other places and which were all too scrupulously observed. This was the gentlemanly revolutionist of Ballingarry whose ghost walked abroad so conspicuously during the whole of Easter Week. Some time in the afternoon a despatch rider brought the news that a large force of British had arrived at Williamstown and was marching on the city. A few minutes later they were sighted at Ballsbridge. The officers were seen studying maps at intervals and the whole body was approaching with great caution.

Lieut. Malone possessed a pair of field glasses and was armed with a high power automatic pistol. Grace possessed a Lee-Enfield rifle and spare rifles had been left by the two young men dismissed the previous evening.

The British were allowed to approach within close range, some actually reaching Haddington Road before the small garrison opened fire. Taken by surprise the enemy immediately took cover to charge again and again without effect, several being actually shot on the steps of the house.

Position Becomes Untenable.

Bombing was next resorted to by the attacking party. Glass and woodwork were shattered, bombs and grenades came in showers. The small garrison almost dazed by the explosions and general din found it impossible to repel the assault. The house was practically surrounded by the enemy. A bomb thrown through a back window fell on 500 rounds of "Howth" ammunition and revolver stuff and wrecked the room which the defenders had just evacuated.

The belfry of Haddington Road Church, which had been used by the British snipers and machine-gunners from an early hour upon the general position, was now concentrated on Malone's fort and proved very troublesome, as the shots swept the stairs and passages of the house.

It became evident that the house could not be held much longer. Retreat via Percy Place into Clanwilliam House does not seem to have been attempted. The basement of the house becoming untenable through the bomb-throwing, the two defenders brought up the spare rifles and fixed bayonets for a last stand at the head of the stairs. Grace was defending the back door and was to join Malone in the upper portion of the house if this door was broken in.

The Fall of the First Fort.

After 8 p.m. a rushing noise was heard from the back parlour as if the invaders had entered the house through the rere window. A few shots through the locked parlour door drove the enemy from the house again, but another attack with grenades enabled them to storm the building, get possession of the middle floor and separate the two defenders, Lieut. Malone being forced to the top of the house, Grace to the basement.

Malone, with his pipe in his mouth, fought with the greatest heroism and determination.

"I am coming down," he cried to his companion. At that moment a bomb came into the coal cellar from the grating outside and a volley was fired into the basement. The British had gained the hall. They met Malone with a second volley on the stairs and the hero, with his pipe still in his mouth, fell riddled with bullets.

Grace managed to conceal himself in the kitchen, which to his grateful surprise the British did not deem worth searching, as no living thing was believed to be there. The command "Clear the Street" rang out and the troops leaving the house gave Grace a fortunate opportunity to make good his escape, though after a series of most thrilling adventures he was destined to be captured and ultimately deported.

Defence of Clanwilliam House.

After the fall of "Malone's fort" the battle concentrated round the Bridge end of Northumberland Road, which became a veritable zone of death. The road is lined at either side with stately trees, which afforded excellent shelter for the oncoming troops, who advanced with every possible precaution. The short stretch of not more than 200 yards was soon the scene of a battle of terrific intensity.

The Volunteers were forced to evacuate the Parochial Hall and also the schools on the opposite side. Some of the men fell back on Clanwilliam House whilst others took up positions behind the wall of the canal.

It was on Clanwilliam House that the enemy launched his fiercest attack. This house stood on the city side of Mount Street Bridge and formed a strategic position of considerable importance. It had been a private dwelling-house, but the site is now occupied by The Clanwilliam Motor Showrooms. It seemed, from the country side, to stand somewhat out of line with Mount Street, almost in the centre of the bridge, and it completely dominated the Northumberland Road. Abutting on this position runs the wall of Messrs. Robert's yard and their office buildings. The wall runs with the canal down to Grand Canal Street, and on the opposite side of Grand Canal Street appears the wall of Messrs. Boland's yards which enclosed De Valera's base. It was expected that a line of communications would have been thus maintained with H.Q. and a means of retreat afforded from Clanwilliam House, but no steps seem to have been taken by H.Q. to secure this on the day of the battle. The roofs of Robert's buildings were occupied for some time and the wall adjoining was lined by Volunteers, but the men in actual occupation of Clanwilliam House seem to have been lacking in information of the general position and to have regarded themselves like Lieut. Malone in No. 25 Northumberland Road as isolated.

During the engagement some of the British appeared in the avenues of a group of cottages near the turf bank. They were met by the fire of the Volunteers on the wall and some were seen to fall. The others retired through the houses. Some of the British then ventured over the bridge and turning to the right they also came under this fire. An effective enfilading fire came from snipers in certain high positions near H.Q., such as Boland's Mills, the Distillery Buildings, and the workshops of the D. & S. E. R. This enfilading fire was most deadly when the enemy reached the top of the bridge.

Clanwilliam House was held by Section Leader George Reynolds and a handful of Volunteers, namely Richard Murphy, Paddy Doyle of Milltown, the two brothers Walsh, "Young Paddy" Doyle, and Volunteer Ronan, in all a total of seven men.

The men had taken all possible precautions to barricade the house, front and back, and like the men in 25 Northumberland Road, they seem to have

barricaded themselves in too well at the rere, affording no means of retreat.

The British had been advancing in three columns. One column which remained at Ballsbridge till late in the day are said to have outflanked us by marching through Pembroke Road and Baggot Street, sending some of their number down the canal to Percy Place, whilst the main body appeared in Lincoln Place and Westland Row.

The Sherwood Foresters Lead.

The Sherwood Foresters, numbering 800 strong, were in the front column which formed the attack on Mount Street Bridge. They advanced in parallel lines, pausing every now and then, picking their steps and taking cover behind the trees and in the adjoining gardens. As they reached Haddington Road Lieut. Malone engaged them as I have just described and the men in Clanwilliam House were thus apprised of the coming storm. The lower half of

25, and the survivors were peppered by cross fire from the Parochial Hall. A retreat was ordered and they took shelter where they could find it.

After the failure of the first charge there was dead silence, the firing having ceased on both sides.

Street Littered with Bodies.

Except for some desultory firing the attack for the first two hours was made by three or perhaps four charges at intervals of about thirty minutes, each resulting in very heavy casualties among the attackers. One of them, struck by a bullet, was seen to fall into the canal.

Consternation and terror prevailed amongst the British; the N.C.O.'s, however, made gallant efforts to restore order. One of these, roaring and shouting, forged well in advance of his men and furiously beckoned them to follow. He fell just as he reached the bridge.

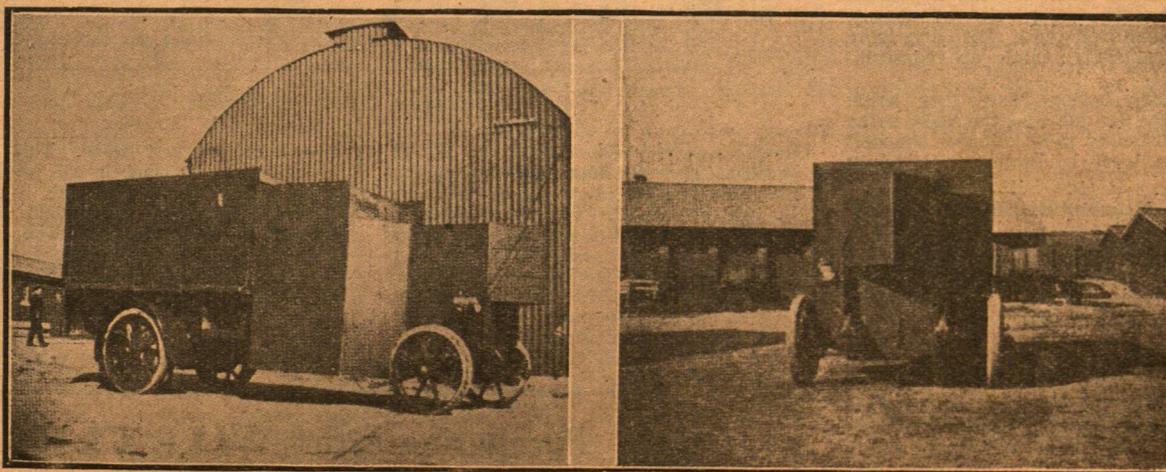
The space in front of the bridge was

the bridge, but when the British charged all were called to the front windows. Towards evening, when the firing increased in intensity, a rifleman was placed at each of the top windows in an endeavour to draw some of the enemy fire off the front drawingroom, which was fast becoming untenable.

The Volunteers fired like marksmen, never wasting their ammunition in wild and panicky firing. They lay concealed as long as possible, but during the regular charges of the British they abandoned cover and kneeling at the windows took deliberate aim—rapid but steady.

When the British managed to get near the bridge the Volunteers dropped their rifles, and seizing their revolvers the cry was "Rapid fire—don't let them cross the Bridge." Thus they emptied their revolvers with deadly effect on the heads of the invaders.

The enemy's numbers dwindled as they advanced and during the frontal



Side View (left) and Front View (right) of Improvised Armoured Motor, used by the British Troops during Easter Week, 1916.

the windows were raised (the glass had not been destroyed) and Reynolds disposed his men to the best advantage. The order was given to open rapid fire on the advancing enemy, the men on the right to fire to the left and *vice versa*.

The British first seemed to have regarded No. 25 Northumberland Road as the main source of attack and for some time concentrated their efforts on this position. Malone kept them in check for some time, but ultimately they passed No. 25 in small batches and soon it was evident that an attempt was being made to carry Clanwilliam House by storm.

"Fix bayonets, charge!" was heard ringing in the air.

About 50 or 60 of the British charged along the brief stretch of road towards the bridge, whilst others took cover behind the tree trunks that lines the way. A deadly fire came from Clanwilliam House; several fell whilst passing No.

strewn with dead and wounded, knapsacks, guns and accoutrements lay scattered in disorder everywhere. The living who tripped over the dead lay beside them for cover from the hail of bullets whistling through the air.

From the opening of the hostilities no male civilian ventured near the vicinity. Once, during a lull, a woman ran out from an adjoining house with a jug of water to attend a fallen British soldier. The combatants mutually withheld their fire. Generally speaking, however, the wounded lay unattended to for hours. Col. Leslie-Melville, shot down early in the engagement, was only removed late in the evening.

In Clanwilliam House.

In Clanwilliam House Reynolds posted two of his small garrison at the windows overlooking Mount Street, at one or two at the back windows to watch approaches from the rere, and generally three men at the window commanding

attacks not one of them actually crossed the bridge.

Upon the repeated failure of these charges the British abandoned the idea of rushing the house by a frontal attack and the engagement resolved itself into a deadly duel of sniping between the few men in the house and the troops creeping forward under any and every available form of cover.

Some of the British were seen emerging along Percy Place, which they reached by an outflanking movement. They crept along, their faces under the low wall which forms the base of the railings near the canal bank.

As Percy Lane passed behind Malone's position Reynolds raised the cry, "Keep them off or they'll cut off Malone's retreat." Alas, Malone's guns were silent.

"Do you think we are winning?" asked a Volunteer.

"Don't you see we are holding them back," was the instant reply.

Murder Music.

The British snipers were now showing unexpected marksmanship and the defenders were experiencing many narrow escapes. The drawingroom of Clanwilliam House had now become a perfect inferno. The glass, sashes, window-frames and side-shutters had all been carried away by rifle-fire. Curtains and hangings were torn to ribbons, pictures, glass mirrors, chandeliers lay shattered to pieces on the floor; the plaster had fallen from the ceiling and every square foot of the walls was stuffed with bullet marks.

The repeated ping-ping of bullets as they snapped the wires of an upright piano, or the crackle of other furniture as it flew into splinters whenever requisitioned for fortifying the windows seemed to suggest "Murder music" as it never was heard before. The water pipes had burst threatening to flood the house; the staircase, splintered by bullets, threatened every moment to collapse; the smoke filling the room, and the sulphurous smell making it difficult to breathe; the wild cries of assault outside combined with the unceasing rattle of musketry made an indescribable din.

Incendiary bullets were now being used by the British and the beds, sofas and upholstery were going on fire and the floors were smouldering in many places.

Nearing the End.

About 7.30 p.m. three of the garrison were at the front windows firing at the enemy. Volunteer Richard Murphy had been firing from a reclining position on a chair. His companion, noticing he was very still, shook him slightly only to find that he was quite dead.

Another Volunteer was seen to start slightly at the other window and fall forward dead. This was poor Paddy Doyle.

A few moments later George Reynolds fell to the ground.

For nine terrible hours the battle had raged.

The house now was on fire and all that remained of the garrison had to fly. The escape of the four survivors was miraculous. Encouraged by the silence in Clanwilliam House the enemy now advanced with buckets loaded with incendiary bombs, which they hurled through the windows, they rushing round the burning house cheering, singing and howling like Indian braves.

General Maxwell's report of this engagement admits "four officers killed, 14 wounded; of the ranks were 216 killed and wounded."

Another official report states: "The heaviest fighting took place at Mount Street Bridge, where more than half of our total military casualties took place."

(Fourteenth Instalment next week.)



Though few in number, the Irish Free State Army is a well organised and efficient force.

—"Coast Artillery Journal" (U.S.A.)

WIRELESS NOTES

CONDUCTED BY

Commandant J. SMYTH

ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

THE LOW FREQUENCY TRANSFORMER.—(Continued).

In previous articles it was explained that the low frequency transformer passed on the amplified telephony alternations from the plate circuit of one valve by means of a transformer, to the grid and filament of the succeeding valve for further amplification.

In Fig. 1 there are three low frequency

transformers as there is no change in current; because there is no change in the magnetic field surrounding the coils of the transformers.

Dealing with one cycle of alternating current input—the positive half of the cycle when delivered to the grid of the first valve, assists the plate in attracting more electrons from the filament, and so increasing the flow of current in the plate

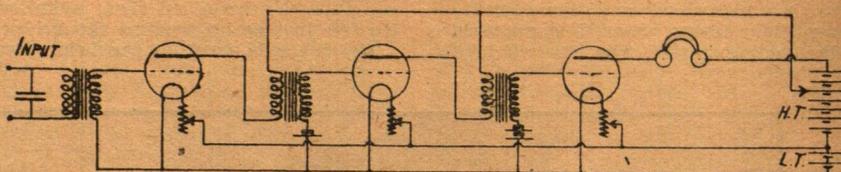


Fig 1.—3 Valve Low Frequency Amplifier

transformers marked respectively T1, T2, and T3. T1 is the input transformer, and the other two are intervalve transformers. In the case of the latter, the question naturally arises: "How do these transformers function, seeing that there is already a current flowing in the primary coil of each from the high tension battery before they are called upon to transform the telephony alternations?"

No transformation takes place as long

as there is no change in current; because there is no change in the magnetic field surrounding the core of this coil. The increased magnetic field cuts the secondary coil, thus transferring a voltage impulse to the latter coil. This voltage impulse is passed on to the grid and filament of the succeeding valve for a similar cycle of amplification, and so on from valve to valve.

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It is not usual to employ more than two stages of low frequency amplification in a receiver owing to the fact that each stage introduces a small amount of distortion. Again: every circuit which possesses inductance has a natural period of its own, i.e., it is more or less in tune with some particular note, and whenever this or any note in its neighbourhood in the scale is transmitted, it is unduly amplified; whereas other notes which are very much out of tune with the natural period of the transformer circuit, may be damped out altogether.

OSCILLATION: ITS USE AND ABUSE.

Without oscillation, CW, wireless telegraphy and telephony would be impracticable. Oscillation in this case, however, refers to the transmitting station. It is, however, possible to receive telephony without oscillation in the receiver. As a matter of fact oscillation in a receiver, although in most cases giving loudness or plenty of noise, distorts the signals to such an extent as to be almost unrecognisable.

ing in the reaction coil, R, which is portion of the plate circuit. As a result of this current a magnetic field surrounds the reaction coil. When this coil is brought sufficiently close to the aerial coil, the magnetic field cuts the latter coil. When a magnetic field cuts a conductor which is portion of an electrical circuit, it produces a voltage and resultant current in that conductor. (The ATI is a conductor, and forms portion of the circuit composed of the aerial, ATI, and earth).

A negative voltage from the ATI is now impressed on the grid. This tends to stop the flow of negative electrons from the filament, with a resultant reduction

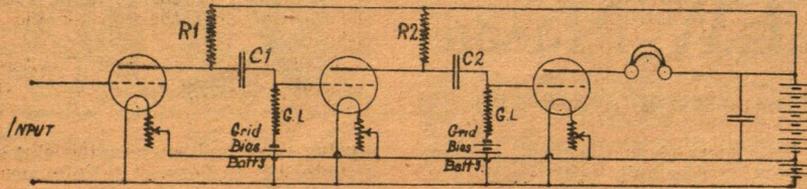


FIG. 2. — 3 Valve Resistance Coupled Amplifier.

A very efficient type of amplifier, from the point of view of pure reproduction, is illustrated in Fig. 2. It is known as a Resistance Coupled Amplifier. The input voltages are impressed on the grid and filament of the first valve. In series with the plate of this valve is a resistance of from 50,000 to 100,000 ohms. The variations in current in the plate circuit take place through this resistance, with the result that there is a varying voltage at the ends of the resistance. This variation is an electrical counterpart of the speech or music which is being amplified. This varying voltage is passed on to the grid of the next valve, through the grid condenser C1. A similar cycle of amplification takes place in the latter valve, and so on from valve to valve. A grid leak, GL, is a necessary addition to each grid circuit in order to drain off any accumulation of negative charge from the grids. A grid saturated with nega-

The reproduction of music under these conditions is enough to prompt a listener with a musical ear to use a hammer or other instrument of destruction on the unfortunate set, which is only emulating the Banshee because its owner is satisfied with loudness at the expense of quality.

The adjustments in a receiver responsible for the above distortion are also responsible for squeaky noises in receivers belonging to your neighbours within a radius of several miles.

Fig. 4 represents a simple one-valve receiver employing reaction. When the reaction coil, R, is brought near enough to the aerial tuning inductance, ATI, reaction takes place, and the set is oscillating at a frequency or wave-length depending on the amount of inductance and capacity in the aerial circuit and ATI.

Move the reaction coil slowly towards the ATI. At a certain point during this

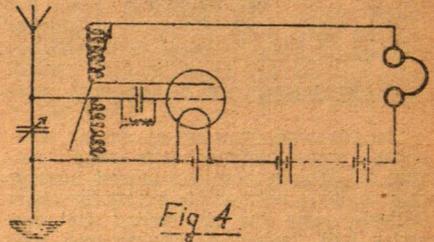


Fig 4

of current in the plate circuit. The magnetic field surrounding the reaction coil, R, now collapses to a smaller value. This collapse or variation of magnetic field cuts the ATI coil in such a direction that a positive voltage is impressed on the grid.

A positive charge on the grid assists the plate in attracting the negative electrons from the filament, thus increasing the current in the plate circuit.

The magnetic field surrounding the reaction coil now develops to its full value and cuts the ATI coil. A resultant negative voltage is now impressed on the grid.

This cycle of alternate positive and negative voltages on the grid continues as long as the batteries are capable of supplying current, and the reaction coil and ATI are sufficiently close together to come within the influence of one another's magnetic field.

Under these conditions the set is said to be oscillating. Whilst in this condition it is radiating continuous waves in the same way as a transmitter, and under favourable conditions as the disturbance may be radiated over a distance of several miles. Most of the squeaky noises heard in receivers is due to other receivers in the neighbourhood oscillating.

A receiving set should only be brought into oscillation to search for a carrier wave. Once this is found, the reaction coil should be moved away from the ATI sufficiently far to just stop the oscillation and then the undistorted telephony can be tuned in without disturbing neighbouring sets.

(To be continued).

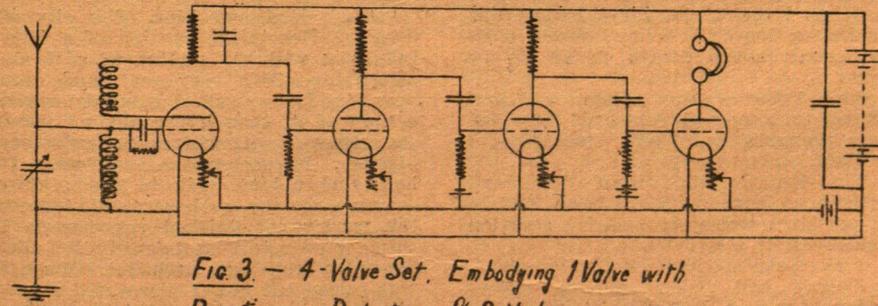


FIG. 3. — 4-Valve Set. Embodying 1 Valve with Reaction as Detector, & 3 Valves as Resistance-Capacity Coupled Amplifiers

tive electricity completely stops the flow of electrons from filament to the plate. Like charges of electricity repel one another, therefore the negatively charged plate repels the negative electrons and stops the action of the valve.

Half a dozen stages of resistance coupled amplification may be incorporated in a wireless receiver without any undue distortion.

Fig. 3 is a diagram of a four-valve set embodying one stage of high frequency with reaction and three stages of low frequency resistance coupled amplification.

movement a slight click or buzz is heard. The set is now oscillating. It is acting as a transmitter.

What causes the set to oscillate? Normally, in virtue of the high tension positive voltage applied to the plate, with the resultant attraction of negative electrons from the filament, a current is flow-

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A young man walked up to one of the clerks at the Employment Exchange.

"Is this where you pay out eternity benefit?"

"My good fellow, I presume you mean maternity benefit?"

"No, I mean eternity benefit."

"Do you know the meaning of the word eternity? Eternity means the hereafter."

"That's right. I'm here after it, aren't I?"



Clementina

BY

A.E.W. Mason

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CHAPTER XV.—continued.

The carriage drew up at an inn, the horses were changed, the flight resumed. Wogan had not moved during this delay, neither had Misset nor O'Toole come to the door. But an ostler had flashed a lantern into the berlin, and for a second the light had fallen upon Wogan's face and open eyes. Clementina, however, did not cease; she sang on until the light had been left behind and the darkness was about them. Then she stopped and said, "How long is it since you woke?"

Wogan was taken by surprise. "I should never have slept at all," stammered he. "I promised myself that—not a wink of sleep betwixt Innspruck and Italy; and here was I fast as a log this side of Trent. I think our postillion sleeps too." And letting down the window he quietly called Misset.

"We have fresh relays," said he, "and we travel at a snail's pace." "The relays are only fresh to us," returned Misset. "We can go no faster. There is some one ahead with three stages start of us—some one of importance, it would seem, and who travels with a retinue, for he takes all the horses at each stage."

Wogan thrust his head out of the window. There was no doubt of it, the horses lagged. In this hurried flight the most trifling hindrance was a monumental danger, and this was no trifling hindrance, for the hue and cry was most certainly raised behind them—the pursuit from Innspruck had begun twelve hours since, on the most favourable reckoning. At any moment they might hear the jingle of the horses' harness on the road behind, and now here was a man with a great retinue blocking their way in front.

"We can do no more than make a fight of it in the end," said he. "They may be few who follow us. But who is he ahead?"

Misset did not know.

"I can tell you," said Clementina with a slight hesitation. "It is the Prince of Baden, and he travels to Italy."

Wogan remembered a certain letter which his King had written to him from Rome, and the hesitation in the girl's voice told him the rest of the story. Wogan would have given much to have

had his fingers about the scruff of that pompous gentleman's neck, with the precipice handy at his feet. It was intolerable that the fellow should pester the Princess in prison and hinder her flight when she had escaped from it.

"Well, we can do no more," said he; and he drew up the window. Neither Gaydon nor Mrs. Misset was awakened; Clementina and Wogan were alone in the darkness.

She leaned forward to him and said in a low voice, "Tell me of the King. I shall make mistakes in this new world. Will he have patience with me while I learn?"

She had spoken upon the same strain in the darkness of the staircase only the night before. Wogan gently laughed her fears aside.

"I will tell you the truest thing about the King. He needs you at his side. For all his friends he is at heart a lonely man, throned upon sorrows. I dare to tell you that, knowing you. He needs not a mere wife, but a mate—a helpmate to strive with him, her hand in his. Every man needs the helpmate, as I read the world, for it cannot but be that a man falls below himself when he comes home always to an empty room."

The Princess was silent. Wogan hoped that he had reassured her, but her thoughts were now turned from herself.

She leaned yet further downward with her elbows upon her knees, and in a yet lower voice she asked a question which fairly startled him.

"Does she not love you?"

Wogan had indeed spoken unconsciously with a deep note of sadness in his voice which had sounded all the more strange and sad to her from its contrast with the quick, cheerful, vigorous tones she had come to think the mark of him. He had spoken as though he looked forward with a poignant regret through a weary span of days and saw himself always in youth and middle years and age coming home to an empty room. Therefore she put her question, and Wogan was taken off his guard.

"There is no one," he said in a flurry.

Clementina shook her head.

"I wish that I may hear the King speak so, and in that voice; I shall be very sure he loves me," she said in a

musings voice and so changing almost to a note of raillery. "Tell me her name," she pleaded. "What is amiss with her that she is not thankful for a true man's love like yours? Is she haughty? I'll bring her on her knees to you. Does she think her birth sets her too high in the world? I'll show her so much contempt, you so much courtesy, that she shall fall from her arrogance and doat upon your steps. Perhaps she is too sure of your devotion? Why, then I'll make her jealous."

Wogan interrupted her, and the agitation of his voice put an end to her raillery. Somehow she had wounded him who had done so much for her.

"Madam, I beg you to believe me there is no one." And casting about for a sure argument to dispel her conjectures he said on an impulse, "Listen, I will make your Highness a confidence." He stopped to make sure that Gaydon and Mrs. Misset were still asleep. Then he laughed uneasily like a man that is half ashamed, and resumed,—

"I am lord and king of a city of dreams. Here's the opening of a fairy tale, you will say. But when I am asleep my city's very real, and even now that I am awake I could draw you a map of it, though I could not name its streets. That's my town's one blemish. Its streets are nameless. It has taken a long while in the building—ever since my boyhood; and, indeed, the work's not finished yet, nor do I think it ever will be finished till I die, since my brain's its architect. When I was asleep but now I discovered a new villa and an avenue of trees and a tavern with red blinds which I had never remarked before. At the first there was nothing but a queer white house, of which the original has fallen to ruins at Rathcoffey in Ireland. This house stood alone in a wide flat emerald plain that stretched like an untravelling sea to a circle of curving sky. There was room to build, you see; and when I left Rathcoffey and became a wanderer the building went on apace. There are dark lanes there from Avignon between great frowning houses, narrow climbing streets from Meran, arcades from Bologna, and a park of many thickets and tall poplar trees with a long silver stretch of water. One day you will see that park from the

windows of St. James's. It has a wall too, my city—a round wall enclosing it within a perfect circle—and from whatever quarter of the plan you come towards it you only see this wall; there's not so much as a chimney visible above it. Once you have crowded with the caravans and traders through the gates, for my town is busy, you are immediately in the ringing streets. I think my architect in that took Aigues Mortes for his model. Outside you have the flat silent plain, across which the merchants creep in long trailing lines, within the noise of markets, the tramp of horses' hoofs, the talk of men and women, and if you listen hard the whispers too of lovers. Oh, my city's populous! There are quiet alleys with windows opening on to them, where on summer nights you may see a young girl's face with the moon light on it like a glory, and in the shadow of the wall beneath the cloaked figure of a youth. Well, I have a notion—” And then he broke off abruptly. “There's a black horse I own, my favourite horse.”

“You rode him the first time you came to Ohlau,” said the Princess.

“Do you, indeed, remember that?” cried Wogan with so much pleasure that Gaydon stirred in his corner and Clementina said “Hush!”

Wogan waited in a suspense lest Gaydon should wake up, which to be sure would be the most inconsiderate thing in the world. Gaydon, however, settled himself more comfortably, and in a little his regular breathing might be heard again.

“Well,” resumed Wogan, “I have a notion that the lady I shall marry will come riding some sunrise on my black horse across the plain and into my city of dreams. And she has not.”

“Ah,” said Clementina, “here's a subterfuge, my friend. The lady you shall marry, you say. But tell me this. Has the lady you love ridden on your black horse into your city of dreams?”

“No,” said Wogan, “for there is no lady whom I love.” There Wogan should have ended, but he added rather sadly, “Nor is there likely to be.”

“Then I am sure,” said Clementina. “Sure that I speak truth.”

“No; sure that you mislead me. It is not kind; for here, perhaps, I might give you some small token of my gratitude, would you but let me. Oh, it is no matter. I shall find out who the lady is. You need not doubt it. I shall set my wits and eyes to work. There shall be marriages when I am Queen. I will find out.”

Wogan's face was not visible in the darkness, but he spoke quickly and in a startled voice, “That you must never do. Promise that you never will. Promise me that you will never try.” And again Gaydon stirred in his corner.

Clementina made no answer to the passionate words. She did not promise, but she drew a breath, and then from head to foot she shivered. Wogan dared not repeat his plea for a promise, but he felt that though she had not given it none the less she would keep it. They sat for a while silent. Then Clementina came back to her first question.

“Tell me of the King,” she said very softly. And as the carriage rolled down the mountain valley through the night and its wheels struck flashes of fire from the stones Wogan drew a picture for her of the man she was to marry. It was a relief to him to escape from the dangerous talk of the last hour, and he spoke fervently. The poet in him had always been sensitive to the glamour of that wandering Prince; he had his countrymen's instinctive devotion to a failing cause. This was no suitable moment for dwelling upon the defects and weaknesses. Wogan told her the story of Malplaquet, of the campaign in Scotland, of the year's residence in Avignon. He spoke most burningly. A girl would, no doubt, like to hear of her lover's achievements; and if James Stuart had not so many to his name as a man could wish, that was merely because chance had served him ill. So a fine tale was told not to be found in any history book of a night attack in Scotland, and how the Chevalier de St. George, surprised and already to all purposes a prisoner, forced a way alone through nine grenadiers with loaded muskets and escaped over the roof tops. It was a good breathless story as he told it, and he had just come to an end when the carriage drove through the village of Wellishmile and stopped at the posting-house. Wogan opened the door and shook Gaydon by the shoulder.

“Let us try if we can get stronger horses here,” said he, and he got out. Gaydon woke up with surprising alacrity.

“I must have fallen asleep,” said he. “I beseech your Highness's forgiveness; I have slept this long while.” It was no business of his if Wogan chose to attribute his own escape from Newgate as an exploit of the King's. The story was a familiar one at Bologna, whither they were hurrying; it was sufficiently known that Charles Wogan was the hero. All this was Wogan's business, not Gaydon's. Nor had Gaydon anything to do with any city of dreams, or with any lady that might ride into it, or with any black horse that chanced to carry her. Poets, no doubt, talked that way. It was their business. Gaydon was not sorry that he had slept so heartily through those last stages. He got down from the carriage and met Wogan coming from the inn with a face of dismay.

“We are stopped here. There is no help for it. We have gained on the Prince of Baden, who is no more than two stages ahead. The relays which carried him from here to the next stage have only this instant come back. They are too tired to move. So we must stay until they are refreshed. And we are still three posts this side of Trent,” he cried. “I would not mind were Trent behind us. But there's no help for it. I have hired a room where the Countess and her niece can sleep until such time as we can start.”

Clementina and Mrs. Misset descended and supped in company with Gaydon and Wogan, while Misset and O'Toole waited upon them as servants. It was a silent sort of supper, very different

from the meal they had made that morning, for though the fare was better it lacked the exhilaration. This delay weighed heavily upon them all. For the country was now for a sure thing raised behind them, and if they had gained on the Prince of Baden their pursuers had no less certainly gained on them.

“Would we were t'other side of Trent,” exclaimed Wogan; and looking up he saw that Clementina was watching him with a strange intentness. Her gaze was on him again while they sat at supper, and when he led her to the door of her room, and she gave him her hand, she stood for a little while looking deep into his eyes. And though she had much need of sleep, when she had got into the room and the door was closed behind her she remained staring at the logs of the fire.

For she knew his secret, and to her eyes he was now another man. Before, Wogan was the untiring servant, the unflinching friend; now he was the man who loved her. The risks he had run, his journeyings, his unswerving confidence in the result, his laborious days and nights of preparation and the swift execution—love as well as service claimed a share in these. He was changed for ever to her eyes; she knew his secret. There was the cloud no bigger than a man's hand. For she must needs think over all that she had said and done by the new light the secret shed. When did he first begin to care? Why? She recalled his visit long ago to Ohlau when he came riding across the park on his black horse charged with his momentous errand. She had been standing, she remembered, before the blazing log fire in the great stone hall much as she was standing now. Great changes had come since then. She was James Stuart's chosen wife—and this man loved her. He had no hope of any reward, he desired even that she should not know. She should no doubt have been properly sorry and compassionate, but she was a girl simple and frank. To be loved by a man who could so endure and strive and ask no guerdon—that lifted her. She thought the more worthily of herself because he loved her. She was raised thereby. She could not be sorry; her blood pulsed, her heart sang, the starry eyes shone with a brighter light. He loved her. She knew his secret. A little clock chimed the hour upon the mantelshelf, and lifting her eyes she saw that just twenty-four hours had passed since she had driven out of Innspruck up the Brenner.

As she got into bed a horse galloped up to the inn and stopped. She remembered that she had not ridden on his black horse out of the sunrise across the plain. He loved her, and since he loved her, surely— She fell asleep puzzled and wondering why. She was waked up some two hours afterwards by a rapping on the door, and she grew hot as she recognized Wogan's voice cautiously whispering to her to rise with all speed. For in her dreams from which she had wakened she had ridden across the flat green plain into the round city of dreams.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FLIGHT TO ITALY; THE POTENT EFFECTS
OF A WATER-JUG.

WHEN the horse galloped up to the door the Princess turned on her side and went to sleep. In the common room below Gaydon and Wogan were smoking a pipe of tobacco over the fire. Both men rose on the instant. Wogan stealthily opened the door an inch or so and looked down the passage. Gaydon raised a corner of the blind and peered through the window. The two remaining members of the party, Misset and O'Toole, who as lackeys had served the supper of the Princess, were now eating their own. When the Princess turned over on her side, and Wogan stepped on tiptoe to the door, and Gaydon peeped through the window, Misset laid down his knife and fork and drawing a flask from his pocket emptied its contents into an earthenware water-jug which stood upon the table. O'Toole, for his part, simply continued to eat.

"He is getting off his horse," said Gaydon.

"Has he ridden hard, do you think?" asked Misset.

"He seems in a mighty ill-humour."

O'Toole looked up from his plate and became gradually aware that something was occurring. Before he could speak, however, Gaydon dropped the blind.

"He is coming in. It will never do for him to find the four of us together. He may not be the courier from Innspruck; on the other hand he may, and seeing the four of us he will ask questions of the landlord. Seeing no more than two, he will very likely ask none."

O'Toole began to understand. He understood, at all events, that for him there was to be no more supper. If two were to make themselves scarce he knew that he would be one of the two.

"Very well," said he, heaving a sigh which made the glasses on the table dance, and laying his napkin down he got up. To his surprise, however, he was bidden to stay.

"Gaydon and I will go, for we have supped," said Wogan. "Jack will find out the fellow's business."

Misset nodded his head and took up his knife and fork again. He leaned across the table to O'Toole, as the others stepped out of the room.

"You speak only French, Lucius. You come from Savoy." He had no time to say more, for the newcomer stamped, blustering, down the passage and flung into the room. The man, as Gaydon had remarked, was in a mighty ill-humour; his clothes and his face were splashed with mud, and he seemed moreover in the last stage of exhaustion. For though he bawled for the landlord, it was in a weak, hoarse voice which did not reach beyond the door.

Misset looked at him with sympathy.

"You have no doubt come far," said he, "and the landlord's a laggard. Here's something that may comfort you till he comes." And he filled a glass half-full with red Tyrol wine from the bottle at his elbow.

The man thanked him and advanced to the table.

"It is a raw, hot wine," continued Misset, "and goes better with water." And he filled up the glass from the water-jug. The courier reached out his hand for it.

"I am the thirstiest man in all Germany," said he; and he took a gulp of the wine and immediately fell to spluttering.

"Save us," said he, "but this wine is devilishly strong."

"Try some more water," said Misset; and again he filled up the glass. The courier drank it all in a single draught, and stood winking his eyes and shaking his head.

"That warms a man," said he. "It does one good." and again he called for the landlord, and this time with a stronger voice. The landlord still lagged, however, and Misset did not doubt that Wogan had found a means



"Misset walked round the table and deftly picked his pockets."

to detain him. He filled up the courier's glass again, half wine, half water. The courier sat heavily down in a chair.

"I take the liberty, sirs," said he—"I am no better than a dung-heap to sit beside gentlemen; but indeed I can stand no longer. Never have I ridden across such vile slaughterhouse cattle as they keep for travellers on the Brenner road. I have sprained my legs with spurring 'em. Seven times," he cried with an oath—"seven times has a horse dropped under me to-day. There's not an inch of me unbruised, curse me if there is! I'm a cake of mud."

Misset knew very well why the courier had suffered these falls. The horses he had ridden had first been tired by the Prince of Baden and then had the last spark of fire flogged out of them by the Princess's postillions. He merely shrugged his shoulders, however, and said, "That looks ill for us."

The courier gazed suddenly at Misset, then at O'Toole, with a dull sort of suspicion in his eyes.

"And which way might you gentlemen be travelling?"

"To Innspruck; we're from Trent," said Misset boldly.

The courier turned to O'Toole.

"And you too, sir?"

O'Toole turned a stolid, uncomprehending face upon the courier.

"Pour moi, monsieur, je suis Savoyard. Monsieur, qui vous parle, c'est mon compagnon de négoce."

The courier gazed with blank heavy eyes at O'Toole. He had the appearance of a man fuddled with drink. He heaved a sigh or two.

"Will you repeat that," he said at length, "and slowly?"

O'Toole repeated his remark, and the courier nodded at him. "That's very strange," said he solemnly, wagging his head; "I do not dispute its truth, but it is most strange. I will tell my wife of it." He turned in his chair, and a twinge from his bruises made him cry out, "I shall be as stiff as a mummy in the morning," he exclaimed, and swore

loudly at "the bandits" who had caused him this deplorable journey. Misset and O'Toole exchanged a quick glance, and Misset pushed the glass across the table. The courier took it, and his eyes lighted up.

"You have come from Trent," said he. "Did you pass a travelling carriage on the road?"

"Yes," said Misset; "the Prince of Baden with a large following drove into Trent as we came out."

"Yes, yes," said the courier, "but no second party behind the Prince?"

Misset shook his head; he made a pretence of consulting O'Toole in French, and O'Toole shook his head.

"Then I shall have the robbers," cried the courier. "They are to be flayed alive, and they deserve it," he shouted fiercely to Misset. "Gallows-birds!"

He dropped his head upon his arms and muttered "Gallows-birds!" again. It seemed that he was falling asleep, but he suddenly sat up and beat on the table with his fist.

"I have eaten nothing since the morning. Ah—gallows birds—flayed alive, and hanged—no, hanged and flayed

alive—no, that's impossible." He drank off the wine which Misset had poured out for him and rose from his chair. "Where's the landlord? I want supper. I want besides to speak to him." And he staggered towards the door.

"As for supper," said Misset, "we shall be glad if you will share ours. Travellers should be friendly."

O'Toole caught the courier by the arm and with a polite speech in French drew him again down into his chair. The courier stared at O'Toole and forgot all about the landlord. He had eaten nothing all day, and the wine and the water-jug had gone to his head. He put a long forefinger on O'Toole's knee.

"Say that again," said he, and O'Toole obeyed. A slow, fat smile spread all over the courier's face.

"I'll tell my wife about it," said he. He tried to clap O'Toole on the back, and missing him, fell forward with his face on the table. The next minute he was snoring. Misset walked round the table and deftly picked his pockets. There was a package in one of them superscribed to the Prince-Bishop Taxis, the Governor of Trent. Misset deliberately broke the seal and read the contents. He handed the package to O'Toole, who read it, and then flinging it upon the ground, danced upon it. Misset went out of the room and found Wogan and Gaydon keeping watch by Clementina's door. To them he spoke in a whisper.

"The fellow brings letters from General Heister to the Governor of Trent to stop us at all costs. But his letters are destroyed, and he's lying dead drunk on the table."

The three men quickly concerted a plan. The Princess must be roused, a start must be made at once, and O'Toole must be left behind to keep a watch upon the courier. Wogan rapped at the door and waked Clementina, he sent Gaydon to the stables to bribe the ostlers, and with Misset went down to inform O'Toole.

O'Toole, however, was sitting with his eyes closed and his head nodding, surrounded by scraps of the letter which he had danced to pieces. Wogan shook him by the shoulder, and he opened his eyes and smiled fatuously.

"He means to tell his wife," he said with a foolish gurgle of laughter. "He must be an ass. I don't think if I had a wife I should tell her. Would you, Wogan, tell your wife if you had one? Misset wouldn't tell his wife."

Misset interrupted him.

"What have you drunk since I went out of the room?" he asked roughly. He took up the water-jug and turned it topsy-turvy. It was quite empty.

"Only water," said O'Toole dreamily and he laughed again. "Now I wouldn't mind telling my wife that," said he.

Misset let him go and turned with a gesture of despair to Wogan.

"I poured my flask out into the water-bottle. It was full of burned Strasbourg brandy of double strength. It is as potent as opium. Neither of them will have his wits before to-mor-

row. It will not help to us to leave O'Toole to guard the courier."

"And we cannot take him," said Wogan. "There is the Princess to be thought of. A drugged man would hamper us over-much. We must leave him, and we cannot leave him alone, for his neck's in danger—more than in danger if the courier wakes before him."

He picked up carefully the scraps of the letter and placed them in the middle of the fire. They were hardly burned before Gaydon came into the room with word that horses were already being harnessed to the berlin. Wogan explained their predicament.

"We must choose which of us three shall stay behind," said he.

"Which of us two," Misset corrected, pointing to Gaydon and himself. "When the Princess drives into Bologna, Charles Wogan, who first had the high heart to dare this exploit, the brain to plot, the hand to execute it—Charles Wogan must ride at her side, not Misset, not Gaydon. I take no man's honours." He shook Wogan by the hand as he spoke, and he had spoken with an extraordinary warmth of admiration. Gaydon could do no less than follow his companion's example, though there was a shade of embarrassment in his manner of assenting. It was not that he had any envy of Wogan or any desire to rob him of a single tittle of his due credit. There was nothing mean in Gaydon's nature, but here was a halving of Clementina's protectors, and he could not stifle a suspicion that the best man of the four to leave behind was really Charles Wogan himself. Not a word, however, of this could he say, and so he nodded his assent to Misset's proposal.

"It is I, then, to stay behind with O'Toole and the courier," he said. "Misset has a wife; the lot evidently falls to me. We will make a shift somehow or the other to keep the fellow quiet till sundown to-morrow, which time should see you out of danger." He unbuckled the sword from his waist and laid it on the table, and that simple action touched Wogan to the heart. He slipped his arm into Gaydon's and said remorsefully,—

"Dick, I do hate to leave you, you and Lucius. I swept you into the peril, you two, my friends, and now I leave you in the thick of it to find a way out for yourselves. But there is no remedy, is there? I shall not rest until I see you both again. Good-bye Lucius." He looked at O'Toole sprawling with outstretched legs upon his groaning chair. "My six feet four," said he fenderly; and turning to Gaydon, "You must give me the passport. Have a good care of him, Dick." And he gripped O'Toole affectionately by the arms for a second, and then taking the passport hurried from the room. Gaydon had seldom seen Wogan so moved.

The berlin was brought round to the door; the Princess rosy with sleep stepped into it. Wogan had brought with him his muff, and he slipped it over Clementina's feet to keep her

warm during the night; Misset took Gaydon's place, and the postillion cracked his whip and set off towards Trent. Gaydon sitting before the fire in the parlour heard the wheels grate upon the road; he had a vision of the berlin thundering through the night with a trail of sparks from the wheels, and he wondered whether Misset was asleep or merely leaning back with his eyes shut, and thus visiting incognito Wogan's fairyland of dreams. However, Gaydon consoled himself with the reflection that it was none of his business.

(To be continued).

"FINAL" FINNER CAMP HURLING LEAGUE.

On the evening of 26th ult., "D" Coy. and "B" Coy. met in the final of the Finner Camp Hurling League. Both teams were at full strength, and put up a fine show worthy of finalists. Great satisfaction is felt by the Camp Committee that we have got players that will, with practice, give a good account of themselves when meeting other teams from other Units, up to the present the 2nd Battalion had only a few really good hurlers, but the Company Officers, having taken a great interest in their teams, have got together the men, and they are improving wonderfully.

In the first half "B" Company looked as if they were going to run away with the medals, but at half-time they could only show level scores. Lieut. Connery having scored a point for "B" and Pte. Flanagan the same for "D." Both teams were well supported from the side line. In the second half goals were scored for "D" Company by Culley, Flanagan (4), and C.Q.M.S. Sheeran, whilst Lieut. Connery and O'Shea scored for "B" Coy., the former team running out winners of the League with the score: 7 goals and 1 point, to 2 goals and a point.

A more "sporting" match has not been witnessed on the Finner Playing Fields. "D" Company appearing to last the "course" better than their opponents, put up a larger score than the actual play was worth on their part. "B" Company were good losers, and deserved better luck.

Two of our boxing team have been called away to Headquarters to train for the All-Army Championships. We all hope that Privates Wall and Donlan will bring new honours back for the Battalion.

Our team intend to try their luck at Sligo on the 18th inst., when they take part in the tournament being arranged by the 3rd Battalion.

Our Sergeants are now busy trying their hand at golf, and we hope to see a challenge to our Officers in the near future. It would be very interesting.

The Garrison Senior N.C.O.'s have taken up their new quarters, and are feeling "something like" in it. It will certainly be a place worthy of them when they get the billiards table in and start their own Recreation Room. Success to them.

THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY CAPTAIN J. JOHNSTON.

GRAMMAR.

SECTION I.

1. Inflection of Words.

The noun, adjective, pronoun, and sometimes the adverb may be changed in form to express various relations. This change is termed **inflection**.

Changes by inflection can be for **number, gender, and case**.

2. **Number** distinguishes one from more than one. Thus "soldier" meaning one soldier and "soldiers" meaning more than one. Here we make a change in termination, adding *s*. It is clear then we may have **singular** number and **plural** number.

3. **Gender** is the distinction made in grammar which corresponds to the difference in **sex**.

We have in the English language **three** genders.

(a) **Masculine Gender** denoting males.

(b) **Feminine Gender** denoting females.

(c) **Neuter Gender** which denotes the absence of sex.

However some nouns such as child, parent, friend, animal, etc., are termed common gender, and may be masculine or feminine.

In nouns, gender may be expressed—

(a) By inflection or change of ending, thus:—

Masculine.	Feminine.
Author	Authoress
Hero	Heroine
Testator	Testatrix
Master	Mistress.

(b) By different words, thus:—

Masculine.	Feminine.
Boy	Girl
Sir	Madam
Nephew	Niece
King	Queen.

(c) By a word denoting the sex before or after the noun, thus:—

Masculine.	Feminine.
Servant-man	Servant-maid
Cock-bird	Hen-bird
Male-child	Female-child.

4. **Case**.—If we take two words "Tom" and "book" and write **Tom's book**, we show relation between the two. This change of ending is termed **inflection for case**.

NUMBER AND PERSON OF NOUNS.

5. Referring back to Paragraph 2, we have seen that there are **two** numbers, viz:—**singular** and **plural**, singular denoting one and plural more than one.

Generally the plural of nouns is formed by the addition of *s* to the singular, as:—

Singular.	Plural.
Hat	Hats
Glove	Gloves
Rifle	Rifles
Shoe	Shoes, etc.

The following are exceptions to the foregoing rule:—

(a) Nouns ending in the soft sounds *s*, *sh*, and *ch*, and *x* and *z*, form their plurals by adding *es* to the singular, as:—

Singular.	Plural.
Ass	Asses
Brush	Brushes
Church	Churches
Fox	Foxes
Topaz	Topazes

(b) Nouns ending in the letter *y* and preceded by a consonant, when written in the plural form change the *y* into *ies* as:—

Singular.	Plural.
City	Cities
Lady	Ladies
Fly	Flies

(c) The ending *f* or *fe* is frequently changed into **ves**, as:—

Singular.	Plural.
Calf	Calves
Knife	Knives
Wife	Wives
Hoof	Hooves

(d) Nouns which end in **o** preceded by a consonant require the addition of **es** generally, in the plural, as:—

Singular.	Plural.
Hero	Heroes
Potato	Potatoes

If the **o** is preceded by a vowel *s* only suffices, as:—

Singular.	Plural.
Folio	Folios.

(e) Some nouns, however, form their plurals irregularly, as:—

Singular.	Plural.
Man	Men
Child	Children
Woman	Women
Foot	Feet
Goose	Geese
Mouse	Mice.

EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

GRAMMAR.

1. What is meant by inflection?
2. How many numbers are there?
3. Give the plural of:—loaf, roof, deer, storey, witch, goose.
4. Give the opposite Gender of:—Jew, duke, drake, earl, mare.
5. What is "Gender"?

ARITHMETIC.

SECTION II.

1. Fractions—Addition of.

Quantities may only be added together when they are of the same kind and of the same name. Thus we cannot add £10 and 5 horses. We can add £5 and £6, or 5 horses and 20 horses.

2. When fractions are of the same denominator they may be added together, for example:— $\frac{1}{4} + \frac{2}{4} = \frac{3}{4}$ Answer.

3. If the fractions are not of the same denominator, we must first obtain a common denominator, thus:—

$$\frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{5} + \frac{1}{6}$$

L.C.D. = 2) 3, 2, 4, 5

$$\begin{matrix} 3 & 1 & 2 & 5 \\ \times & 2 & 3 & \times 2 & \times 5 & = & 60 \end{matrix}$$

Expressing the fractions with the same denominator:—

$$\frac{20}{60} + \frac{15}{60} + \frac{12}{60} + \frac{10}{60} = \frac{57}{60} = 1\frac{17}{60} \text{ Answer}$$

4. If we are adding mixed numbers, the simplest method is add the integers first and then the fractions, thus:—

$$3\frac{1}{2} + 2\frac{5}{8} + 4\frac{1}{4}$$

Adding the integers $3 + 2 + 4 = 9$
Adding the fractions $\frac{1}{2} + \frac{5}{8} + \frac{1}{4}$

$$\frac{4}{4} + \frac{5}{4} + \frac{2}{4} = \frac{11}{4}$$

L.C.D. = 8 $\frac{11}{4} = \frac{22}{8} = 2\frac{6}{8} = 2\frac{3}{4}$

Sum equals $9 + 2\frac{3}{4} = 11\frac{3}{4}$ Answer.

When adding mixed numbers it only lengthens the work, when the mixed numbers are reduced to improper fractions. Proceed as laid down in paragraph 4 above.

Reduce all fractions to their lowest terms before adding them together.

5. Fractions—Subtraction of.

To find the difference between two fractions, reduce the fractions to equivalent ones having the same denominators, find the difference between the numerators, and place this difference over the common denominator.

Thus: Find the difference between $\frac{2}{3}$ and $\frac{1}{5}$.

Least common denominator = 15
Equivalent fractions $\frac{10}{15} - \frac{3}{15}$
Difference between numerator 7
Placed over L.C.D. = $\frac{7}{15}$ Answer.

Again:—Find the difference between $1\frac{3}{8}$ and $2\frac{5}{8}$

Proceed $2\frac{5}{8} - 1\frac{3}{8}$
Subtract integers $2 - 1 = 1$
L.C.D. of fractions = 8
Equivalent fractions $\frac{30}{8} - \frac{18}{8}$
Difference = $\frac{12}{8} = 1\frac{3}{2}$ Answer.

6. Subtracting mixed numbers may create a difficulty when the fractional part of the lesser mixed number is greater than the fractional part of the larger mixed number. However, this need not be, as the principle is that of "borrowing" or "carrying" as in ordinary subtraction.

For example Take $1\frac{1}{2}$ from $2\frac{1}{4}$.
Increase the $1\frac{1}{2}$ by a unit = $2\frac{1}{2}$
Increase the $2\frac{1}{4}$ by a unit
or 4 quarters = $2\frac{5}{4}$
 $2\frac{5}{4} - 2\frac{2}{4} = \frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$
Another example—Subtract $\frac{5}{13}$ from $1\frac{1}{3}$
Proceed $1\frac{1}{3} - \frac{5}{13}$
Increase $1\frac{1}{3} - 1\frac{5}{13}$
 $= \frac{6}{13} - \frac{5}{13} = \frac{1}{13}$

ARITHMETIC.

EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

1. When may quantities be added together?
2. To add fractions of different denominators together, what is the first step in the procedure?
3. Quote the rule for subtraction of fractions.
4. Add together $2\frac{1}{2} + 4\frac{5}{7} + 3\frac{1}{4}$.
5. Add together $1\frac{5}{11} + \frac{1}{11}$.
6. Find the difference between $5\frac{1}{7}$, $2\frac{1}{4}$.
7. Subtract $5\frac{2}{7}$ from $6\frac{3}{7}$.

21st INFANTRY BATTALION.



Anniversary Parade and Sports, 3rd inst.

[An t-Oglach Photo] COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES



Óglaigh
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

LET ME CARRY YOUR CROSS FOR IRELAND.

By THOMAS ASHE.

Let me carry Your Cross for Ireland,
Lord,
For the hour of her trial draws near,
And the pangs and the pains of her
sacrifice will be borne by comrades
dear.
But, Lord, take me from that offering
throng,
There are many far less prepared.
Though anxious and all as they are to die,
That old Ireland might be spared.

Let me carry Your Cross for Ireland,
Lord,
My cares in the world are few,
And few are the tears that will fall for
me,
As I go on my way to You.
Spare, oh! spare to the loved ones dear,
The brother, son, and sire,
That the cause that we love may never
die
In the land of our heart's desire.

Let me carry Your Cross for Ireland,
Lord,
Let me suffer the pain and shame,
As I bow my head to their rage and hate,
And I take unto myself the blame.
Let them do with my body whatever they
will,
But my spirit I offer to You,
That the faithful few who heard her call,
May be spared to Roisin Dhu.

Let me carry Your Cross for Ireland,
Lord,
For the Ireland weak with tears,
For the aged man with the clouded brow,
And the child of the tender years.
For the empty homes of her golden plains,
And the hopes of her future, too.
Let me carry Your Cross for Ireland,
Lord,
For the sake of Roisin Dhu.

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21st BATT. ANNIVERSARY CONCERT.

At the anniversary concert held on Saturday night, 3rd inst., at the Recreation Hall, there was a varied programme which included many first-class items, especially Miss Connolly's troupe of Irish dancers, which included Miss Eileen O'Connor, the talented daughter of C.S.M. O'Connor. This young lady possesses over 100 medals for Irish dancing. At an interval in the proceedings, Comdt. Sean Cunningham, O.C., 21st Batt., presented the prizes won at the sports meeting early that evening.



ARTILLERY IN CAMP.

OUR GUNNERS. A Thumb-nail Sketch of the Artillery.

Artillery play such a big part in modern warfare, and are so much in the public eye in recent years, that a short history of our own Artillery may not be out of place.

During the European War Artillery was one of the principal weapons of the opposing forces. It is a well-known fact that the German armies' successes in the early part of this war were due in no small degree to the vast superiority of their artillery to the artillery of the French and British armies.

The artillery of our Army must necessarily be small, but smallness does not prevent efficiency.

The first organisation of the Artillery Corps was undertaken at Island Bridge Barracks on the 23rd March, 1923.

Prior to this such artillery as existed had been scattered throughout the country. The general means of transporting a gun—such things as batteries or other units were unknown—was to tie it behind a lorry. It was just a gun here and a gun there, careering and jolting around the countryside at about 20 miles per hour, and in spite of all that they could still fire pretty accurately.

The first public appearance of the artillery, as a unit of the Army, was at the Wolfe Tone Anniversary, at Bodens-town, in 1923.

Towards the end of 1923 the Corps Headquarters was transferred from Island Bridge to McKee Barracks, where it remained until March, 1925, when the complete unit was transferred to Kildare. Since then Kildare has

been Corps Headquarters and Training Depot.

In the past two years units of the Corps have taken part in several ceremonial parades in Dublin and other parts of Ireland. People who witnessed those parades have been struck with the smart turn out and efficiency of the Artillery. The "Irish Times" (which cannot be accused of an eagerness to flatter us), referring to the parade in Dublin on the 17th March, 1925, said, "The Artillery, especially, upheld the highest traditions for efficiency on parade of the Senior Military Arm."

In July, 1925, No. 1 Battery of the Corps went into camp in the historical Glen Imaal, Co. Wicklow. Here, on the 1st September, was fired by No. 1 Battery the first shell in the first firing practice of the first Irish Artillery. The hills which had so long echoed to the rumble of the British guns now threw back the echoes of Ireland's Artillery.

During the practice the Minister for Defence, the Minister of Finance, the Chief of Staff and several senior officers paid a visit to the Camp. They expressed themselves highly pleased with the excellent results of the shooting.

Units of the Corps took part in the Curragh Command Manœuvres last year and the St. Patrick's Day Parade this year.

At present the Corps is going through a strenuous period of training at Kildare.

The badge of the Corps represents the figure of Erin seated on a gun, while underneath are the words "Diorma na hOllgunnaireacta."

In further issues we hope to publish short articles on the life and everyday work of the Gunner and Driver, not forgetting the "Old Hairies."

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Oglagh
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ARMY MASCOT.

By D. O'DRISCOLL.

Irish Wolfhound Pre-eminently Suitable.

It is not surprising to find that the Army has not yet adopted any official mascot for its battalions, but the time has now come when something should be done in this interesting matter. A mascot is almost indispensable to any large body of men in ways far too numerous to cite here. There are all manners and kinds of mascots, varying according to climatic conditions and tastes, but the most popular, and one which I would suggest is our faithful and warm-hearted domestic pet—the dog. The poor dog, in life the firmest friend:

The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own;

Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.

There's a big range of breeds to choose from, but the characteristics of the Irish wolfhound are pre-eminently suited to the environment of the soldiers' barracks, thereby making him an ideal mascot for a Battalion.

For a long number of years the Irish wolfhound has been a mascot for the Irish Guards in London, who have, through their fine specimens of breed, been rewarded by valuable prizes at dog shows in England.

It is recorded that the Irish chieftains of old used the wolfhound both for hunting and in war; even in modern warfare the services of dogs are found very useful. At the present time the Argentine Army, in their military school at El Palomar, has quite a number of dogs undergoing a special course of training for communication purposes in war, and carrying messages on the battlefield between the different lines of attack. The Japanese Army also utilise the services of dogs to a very great extent.

In speed the Irish wolfhound compares very favourably to that of the greyhound, and for strength and courage cannot be equalled. Indeed the Irish wolfhound might well be regarded as the "King of Dogdom," for he possesses the proud distinction of being the highest dog in the world, measuring well over three feet at the shoulders, and weighs over 150 lbs. Many dogs of this breed can boast of a head 14 ins. long. We hear a great deal of the Irish wolf-dog in song and story. His is undoubtedly the oldest breed in existence. We find mention made of the wolf-dog by Consul Q. H. Symmachus as far back as A.D. 391, in which year a number of them were sent to fight lions and bears for the amusement of large audiences in tent shows. Most of us heard of Llewellyn and his dog, but few are aware that the dog called Gilert was an Irish wolfhound presented to him by King John of England in the year 1210 (Llewellyn of Wales). Llewellyn went out, leaving his heir sleeping peaceably in his cradle, and on his return he found to his horror the cradle upset and blood-stains all over the room; Gilert, besmeared with grime and blood, discovered by his master, who instantly drew his sword and killed the dog, thinking naturally that his

faithful servant, the dog, had killed his child. But on closer investigation, and to his great surprise and alarm, he discovered his child sleeping quiet comfortably in a corner of the apartment, whilst lying under the cradle was a big wolf torn to pieces. A monument was subsequently erected to this noble dog, and is to be seen in Wales at the present day.

Again, in 1336, we find King Edward III. taking wolfdogs from Ireland to hunt wolves, causing great destruction in England. Such incidents go to prove that there is no animal in the world with a more romantic and interesting history than that of the Irish wolfhound. At one period our ancestors were deprived of this noble animal, and none but princes and chiefs were allowed to keep them, which thus undoubtedly proves their value as an animal of courage and companionship. It is not surprising therefore that the peasantry regarded the dog with great reverence and pride.

We of this generation owe it to posterity to keep this wonderful breed intact, and the National Army could render yeoman service in this direction.

We are told on all sides to preserve the best there is in tradition and history, and we must give this matter our sincere attention, so that the Irish wolfhound may again take pride of place. On some future occasion I will go into the matter of diet, care, and training.

21st BATT. ANNIVERSARY SPORTS.

Splendid Crowd Witness Good Programme.

The second anniversary sports meeting of the 21st Batt., Collins Barracks, Dublin, were held on the Esplanade grounds on Saturday, 3rd April. Although the weather conditions were unpleasant, a crowd of over 800 witnessed many interesting and at times amusing competitions. The proceedings throughout were enlivened by musical selections from No. 2 Army Band, under baton of Lieut. A. K. Duff, Mus.B. The competitions themselves revealed little new talent. Many of last year's winners figuring again in the finishes. The open events were few, and those on the programme, with one exception, saw no outside opposition. It is a pity such splendid prizes did not, apart from the competitive point of view, attract better competition in the open events.

The field arrangements, which were personally supervised by Comdt. S. Cunningham, left nothing to be desired. In this connection Lieut. B. McCaul and S.M. O'Connor bore the brunt of the difficult task of having the field and markings in apple-pie order. The punctuality evidenced in the starting of events by Capt. Harkins, and the wholehearted support of the Battalion Officers in making the day a success might well be copied during the coming season.

Details:—

100 Yards Flat (Confined): Heat winners—Coy.-Sergt. M'Camley (B Coy.), C.Q.M.S. Doyle (D Coy.), Pte. M'Crory (B Coy.), Pte. Concannon (B Coy.), Pte. M'Alevey (H.Q. Coy.). Final—Doyle, 1st; M'Crory, 2nd; M'Camley, 3rd. Won by five yards. Time, 11 secs.

220 Yards Flat (Confined): Pte. Concannon (B Coy.), 1st; Pte. M'Crory (B Coy.), 2nd; Coy.-Sergt. M'Camley, 3rd. Seven ran. Won by half a yard. Time, 23 1/5 secs.

440 Yards Flat (Confined): Pte. Concannon (B Coy.), 1st; Pte. M'Crory (B Coy.), 2nd; Sergt. M'Alinden, 3rd. Seven ran. Won by one and a half yards.

Tug-of-War (Officers v. N.C.O.'s): N.C.O.'s won by two tugs to one.

Half Mile Flat (Open to Eastern Command): Sergt. Hennessy (H.Q. Coy.), 1st; Pte. Spittle (Signal Corps), 2nd; Pte. O'Donohoe (27th Batt.), 3rd. Won by twelve yards. A splendid race. O'Donohoe led until 100 yards from home, when he stumbled, Hennessy going on to win easily.

Long Jump (Confined): Coy.-Sergt. Doyle (D Coy.), 19 ft. 11 1/2 ins., 1st; Cpl. O'Donnell (H.Q. Coy.), 18 ft. 9 ins., 2nd; Coy.-Sergt. M'Camley (B Coy.), 18 ft. 7 ins., 3rd.

Obstacle Race (Open to Collins Barracks): Run in five heats of eight each. Final: Pte. Walsh (Signals), 1st; Pte. Byrne (A Coy.), 2nd.

One Mile Flat (Confined): Pte. Canavan (A Coy.), 1st; Pte. Sullivan (B Coy.), 2nd; Cpl. O'Donnell (H.Q. Coy.), 3rd. Nine ran. Won by ten yards.

Egg and Spoon Race (Confined): Pte. M'Mahon (C Coy.), 1st. Fourteen competed.

Inter-Coy. Tug-of-War: Final—D Coy. beat B Coy. two tugs to one.

Mile Relay Race (Inter-Coy., Confined): B Coy. (Cpl. Mooney, Pte. Concannon, Coy.-Sergt. M'Camley, Pte. M'Crory), 1st. Mooney had a good start on taking the baton for the last half-mile, and won easily. Four companies competed.

High Jump (Confined): Pte. Igoe (E Coy.), 5 ft. 1/2 in., 1st; Cpl. O'Donnell (H.Q. Coy.) and Cpl. Donovan (C Coy.) tied at 4 ft. 11 1/2 ins. Eleven competed.

100 Yards Flat (N.C.O.'s): Coy.-Sergt. M'Camley, 1st; Cpl. O'Donnell, 2nd; Sergt. Gilligan, 3rd. Seven ran. Won by one yard.

Wheel Barrow Race (Confined): Ptes. O'Neill and Brioday, B Coy., 1st.

440 Yards (Officers): Lieut. M'Call, 1st; Lieut. J. Quigley, 2nd; Lieut. Bell, 3rd. Won by two yards.

Sack Race: Cpl. Malone (H.Q. Coy.), 1st. Ten competed.

Band Race: Bandsman Rogerson, 1st; Pte. Egan, 2nd. Thirteen competed.

Tilting the Bucket (open to Collins Barracks): Ptes. Payne and Lynch (A Coy.) won. Fourteen competed.

Three-legged Race: Cpl. Mulligan and Sergt. O'Neill (C Coy.) won. Twelve competed.

Pillow Fight: Pte. Quinn (H.Q. Coy.) won.

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

ARTILLERY CORPS, KILDARE.

The Corps team met the 15th Batt. in a hurling match on the home ground on Saturday, 20th ult. The play, while not very fast, was good. The Corps team won.

The concert held on the 13th ult. was highly successful. Some very good new talent was discovered. A fuller report of the concert would have appeared, but the "scribe" was away from barracks on the occasion. He has been told it was the goods.

Another historic event which he missed was the reappearance of the band on St. Patrick's Day. It is said that, from an "also ran," the band has become a "runner-up" to the School of Music.

On Wednesday, the 24th ult., our hurling team played McKee team on the home ground. This was the first match we played in the G.H.Q. Command for some months.

In spite of a steady fall of rain, the play throughout was excellent. Artillery got quickly away, and in the first 10 minutes scored 1 goal 2 points. At half-time the score was: Artillery 4 goals 2 points, McKee 1 goal 1 point.

Although striving strenuously, McKee were unable to reduce the lead of Artillery, and when the whistle sounded, the latter were the winners. The final scores were: Artillery 4 goals 3 points, McKee 1 goal 1 point.

After the match the visitors were entertained to tea in the Sergeants' Mess.

Sport in the Corps has lost some ardent supporters owing to recent discharges. Gunner Shortt is a big loss to the hurling team, while Driver Finn was one of those who helped to bring home our first cup for boxing in the Curragh Command. We have also to record the departure of Gunner Mulvihill. The best of luck to them.

No. 1 Battery attended the St. Patrick's Day parade in Dublin. No. 2 Battery paraded on the Curragh.

The boys of No. 1 speak very well of the hospitality they received in Collins' Barracks, Dublin.

The arrival of a new trumpeter, who is accused of being a cornet player, has been hailed with delight by the Concert Party.

New appointments (for the benefit of the un-initiated, appointments means saddlery) were lately issued to the Junior N.C.O.'s of No. 2 Battery.

The efforts of one N.C.O. to clean his

saddle caused one of our warblers to burst into song:—

A promising Junior N.C.O.,
Got a set of appointments complete, you
know,
He polished by day, and he polished by
night.
He burnished with left hand and bur-
nished with right,
But we fear when he's called on for riding
some day,
He'll have his appointments all polished
away.

Our boxers apparently hope to win some more cups. Let's hope they succeed.

It "s-queer" how names get mixed up at times.

"TRAIL EYE."



15th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

What happened to our notes for insertion in the issue of 27th ultimo, they were posted here as usual on Friday, 19th ultimo, and the boys were very much disappointed over their non-appearance. I expect to see full notes in the next issue.

Since we were last mentioned we have had "returns" from the A.S.I., and it has been noticed that one of them has been decorating the walls of his bunk with diagrams, etc., since (he evidently means business).

A boxing tourney was held in the Barrack Gymnasium on Friday, 26th ult. Some good bouts were staged, and the results go to show that the Command Championships will be "easy going."

Our Orderly Room Corporal has gone on leave (complete with pipe).



4th BATTALION, CASTLEBAR.

Yes, Ned, I'm always willing to assist you. Issue No. 10 arrived at Caisleann a Barraig at 12.30 p.m., Friday, 19/3/26, and the typist was hard at it by 1.30 p.m. same day. Funny, wasn't it?

Before writing you on the doings of the Battalion during the week, there are one or two items which appeared in No. 11 which I deem must have my attention. All Officers, N.C.O.'s, and men in the Battalion extend their hearty congratulations to Colonel J. McLoughlin (O.C. No. 2 Brigade) on his appointment to Assist.-Adjutant-General. We all wish him well in his new duties. We equally regret to

read in the same issue the disbandment of our old "friends and rivals"—the 6th Battalion. We can say (and we know) without hesitation that whatever Unit the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men may be transferred to they will still be the same "good soldiers and sportsmen." They take with them our hearty good wishes for their future welfare.

The following Officer and N.C.O.'s reported their arrival from A.S.I., Curragh, during the week:—Lieut. F. Curran, Coy. Sergt. J. Larkin, Sergt. E. Behan, Sergt. R. Doyle, Sergt. T. Flynn, and Sergt. W. Litster. They all look fine after their period of absence from the Unit, and are now showing us some acrobatic stunts on the Old Barrack Square. They seem to enjoy them, but, oh! poor me. Speaking of the Old Barrack Square reminds me: during visual training I observed some men repairing a portion of the Old Barracks. This looks well for our release from jail sometime in the near future.

The Scribe from "A" Coy. has turned up and reports that on Sunday, 28/3/26, "A" Coy. played a friendly hurling match with the locals. After a hard but clean game the town team won by 4 points. Immediately after the hurling match, "A" Coy. played Westport Town team (Juniors) in a friendly game of football. Although the military lead by 4 points to nil at half-time, the Town team reversed the issue and won a hard and spirited game by 3 points. The score at full time being:—Westport, 7 points; "A" Coy., 4 adh Catha, 4 points.

Westport Garrison are now in possession of a basket ball court, erected by their esteemed Coy. Officer, Captain Gaffney, who is also responsible for the purchasing of two air guns for indoor sport.

On Sunday, 28/3/26, the Battalion hurling team travelled to Ballyhane to play a return friendly game. After a very hard and exciting hour, the military won by a margin of 7 points.

Other games listed for Wednesday, 31/3/26, could not be played owing to the "Doc." being on the move with the needle.

According to the Civil Service Estimates, I now learn for the first time that "Civility" does not cost nothing.

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5th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

Reading over my copy of last week's issue, I was indeed sorry to see in the notes of the 17th Battalion the notice intimating the death of Sergt. Newman's wife. As will be remembered, we had the pleasure of Sergt. Newman's company in our Battalion for a considerable period, and during this period he endeared himself to all his colleagues by his quiet and unassuming manner. I take this opportunity of offering my heartfelt sympathy to Ned Newman, together with the sympathy of all ranks of this Battalion.

Headquarter Coy. have asked me to issue herewith a challenge to the boys of "D" Coy. This challenge is open in either hurling or football. If "D" Coy. care to reply, I will have same published.

As a result of the competition announced in last issue, great rivalry prevailed in "H.Q." Coy., and it was particularly hard to decide the actual winner. It was decided, however, to split the prize between Pte. J. Farrell, Batt. Police, and Pte. P. Murphy, shoemaker. I take this opportunity of congratulating both men, but hope that the remainder of the Coy. will not let them always be on top.

I am not in a position as yet to publish any news of "A" Coy. I hear, however, that the "Gunner" is sighting his gun, and intends to secure a direct hit in the pages of the paper in the near future.

I hear that a real good cross-country race was indulged in recently between a team representing "C" Coy. of ours and a team of P.A.'s. I understand that the hour of the start of the race was a little out of the ordinary (23.00 hrs. to be exact) and while our Coy. team maintain that they won, it has been proved conclusively that they lost—a cap.

Needless to state, there are rumours go leor floating round about the re-organisation. We notice a terrible amount of matter of fact utterances concerning "Dad's cars," "Uncle's business," and things like that.

I feel safe now that I know the Sports Committee are not going to publish that thunderbolt invited for publication by "Ned." By the way, I have been told that on the night of the 28th March a thunderbolt did really fall convenient to Brownstown. We had certainly a rough half-hour, between rain, thunder and lightning.

Consternation prevails in the ranks of the "Acting Ranks."

Might I ask Lt. Cosgrove how things are going in "B" Coy. I am waiting that "increased Order."

"JAY."



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

There is a great feeling of relief in the Barracks this week. Everybody seems bright and gay. Sorrow and gloom have been banished, and men who a few weeks ago were "fed up" and anxious to "take their ticket," have suddenly discovered that the Army is not a bad place after all. What is the cause of this sudden change? Well, nothing more than the fact that the

long overdue Grade Pay, which we had given up as lost, has arrived, and there is a jingle in many a pocket. (A jingle in the pocket is a wonderful aid to morale. —Ned).

A loud speaker has now been installed in the Recreation Room, and the boys are charmed nightly by the music from 2RN (not the Barrack Station), and 5XX.

Who connected a dynamo to a No. 2 Brownie, and what were the results like?

This is all very good, but may we ask why something is not done to put the ball alley in order. The long evenings are fast approaching, and the old opponents, "Bet-you-a-dollar," "Little Fitz," "The Ref," and "The Bats," are anxious to decide the issue. It is rumoured also that, provided the Alley is brought up to the mark, a tournament will be arranged in the near future.

What size in hats does "Bet-you-a-dollar" require since he received an important offer from a prominent football team in the city?

"CAT'S-WHISKER."



MEN'S RECREATION HALL (Beresford Barracks, Curragh).

A general meeting of the members of above was held on 22nd ult., Capt. Harpur, V.P., presiding. The Chairman drew attention to the very unsatisfactory state of the subscriptions. He wished it to be clearly understood that in future no man would be allowed to remain a member who failed to pay his subscriptions regularly. Two weeks would in future be the longest any member might run in debt.

Pte. Cuskelly proposed and Pte. O'Connor seconded that some new books be purchased. The Chairman suggested Cassell's Encyclopaedia, and this was agreed to.

In reply to a remark about Battalion Funds, Capt. Harpur said the speaker (Pte. Kelly) seemed to forget that the large sum of £700 was expended on that Recreation Room during the year 1925. This included a billiards table which cost £120, and a wireless set. Private Kelly also appeared to have forgotten the good "turn" he had out of Battalion Funds at Christmas. If there was another barracks in Camp which had done as well for its men he would take off his hat to it.

The meeting had under its consideration a proposal by Capt. Harpur to run a course of lectures on Modern Irish History, Military Department, Tactics, etc. All present were in agreement, but before taking further action it was decided to ascertain the views of all members.

The resignation of the treasurer on the grounds that time did not permit of his carrying out the duties of the position, and his inability to collect subscriptions when members were not inclined to pay especially, was not accepted. Pte. Butler was appointed to assist the treasurer in the matter of the subscription collections.

The subject of the purchase of "An tOglach," and the reason why every man should possess himself of a copy weekly was dwelt upon at great length by the Chairman. "I can vouch," he said, "for the Journal's becoming still more interesting for you in future, as I believe none

of us are to escape being 'mentioned in despatches.'" He invited each man desirous of purchasing copies regularly to place his name with him, and he would guarantee delivery. Concluding, he reminded the meeting that henceforth every happening in the barracks would be recorded in the Army Journal.

After Ptes. Kelly and Kilmartin had been appointed to audit the treasurer's accounts for the period Nov. 1st, '25-March 27th, 1926. The meeting adjourned.



20th BATTALION, CARLOW.

Our absence from the columns of the Army Journal was due to my neglect, but now once started—no stopping.

The first round of the Battalion League opened on Wednesday last, when "C" Company met "D" Company in football, and "A" Company met "B" Company in hurling. The final scores were as follows: Football, "D" Coy., 2 goals 1 point; "C" Coy., 1 goal; Hurling, "A" Coy., 7 goals 2 points; "B" Coy., 1 goal.

"C" Company meets "D" in hurling on Wednesday next, when they hope to compensate themselves for the defeat sustained in football. There is no truth that a company of the A.M.C. are to be in readiness for the occasion.

Owing to a recent change in Orderlies we hope "Fortune" will always shine on "C" Company.

We believe the Maryboro' cracks are billiards-hunting in Carlow.

"Baby Triumphs" are going strong here presently. Some of our friends are looking forward to the 1927 models.

Things we want to know:—

Who is the "Spider" of "C" Coy., and how many flies has he caught in his web?

Who is the C.Q.M.S. who was crossed in "love," and was it a "level crossing"?

Is there a branch of the "Tank" Corps in Carlow?

Where did the barber get his idea of shingling, and how did Alf. take it?

Who is the cook that fried sausages by electricity, and shocked all the boys?

"SUGAR BEET."



21st BATTALION (Collins Barracks, Dublin).

The 21st Battalion's Anniversary Day is now over for another year. Congratulations must be given to all responsible for the splendid arrangements, and success of the sports, which were highly enjoyed by a big crowd of both Army and civilian spectators. The concert held same night was also a success, and special mention must be made of the able assistance given by Batt.-Sergt. Major Crookshanks and Coy.-Sergt. O'Connor.

The Commanding Officer of the Batt., when distributing the prizes during the concert interval, paid a fine tribute to all who helped to make the Day one to be remembered, and returned thanks for the assistance given by other Units, and heartily congratulated Sergt. Hennessy, and repre-

representatives of other Units who were successful in carrying off the prizes for the open events. The pillow fight caused some merriment amongst the crowd, and "Paul," like many of his confederates, got a "ducking." The Officers of "D" Company wore a broad smile at the success of their team in the tug-of-war final.

Our Pioneer Squad are now much in the limelight under the able guidance of the late Mess caterer.

Are the 21st tug-of-war (Inter-Coy) winners to meet a Dundalk team in the near future. Keep at it boys, the stuff is in the Batt.

The Command Sports will be the next big day, and a fine programme is sure to be arranged. May the weather favour them better than it did the 21st.



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

The football craze has come to stay.

On Wednesday, 31st, a football match was played in the Garrison Sports Field between teams representing the Brigade Staff and "A" Coy. (football champions), 19th Batt. I may here mention that I was requested particularly *not* to give details of this match by a member of the Brigade Staff, but as I'm all for publicity, I'm gonna chance it.

As usual, "A" Coy. won the toss (they always do, as some of the B.S. team found out when they were on their backs time and again) and playing with a strong wind, they simply swamped the Staff, who never had a chance to settle down into any sort of defensive combination. Meagher was the "star" of the Coy. team, and a special word must be given to Lt. Lynch. While Taaffe, who played back for the Staff, was easily the best player on the field. He was a tower of strength, and with proper support would have more than held his own. At half-time the scores stood: "A" Coy., 3 goals 7 points; Staff, 1 goal.

In the second half an entirely different display was given by the Staff, they attacked with a new energy, and time and again the ball hovered around the "A" Coy. goal, but, as in last week's match, their weak point was at the goal mouth. After about 15 minutes' play, Capt. Sweeney scored a goal from a splendid pass by Maher; Capt. Gallagher was very prominent at this point, while splendid form was displayed by Col. Gilheany. Comdt. Fox was everywhere, and on the outside Sullivan was very nippy, but had few chances, the same remark applies to Capt. Sweeney. Haughney and Taaffe (already referred to) played a brilliant game. Of the winners, Jimmy Meagher, Mills, and "Shovel" were to the fore. Capt. Farrell and Lt. Lynch also took the eye.

We regret to chronicle the departure for civilian circles of C.Q.M.S. Morrissey ("Sam Browne") and Sergt. Roche ("Draughty"), both were very popular members of the Brigade Staff (Services), and they carry with them the whole-hearted wishes of Officers, N.C.O.'s, and men of No. 5.

A recent search of the P.A.'s billet failed to discover "Me Larkie." He was

there nevertheless, but in such a modest and unassuming manner as to be almost unrecognisable.

I noticed "Mother Machree," of "C" Coy., at the football match on Wednesday, he was in company with his *vis-a-vis*—Paddy Brennan—and was doubtless weighing up form, in view of "C" Coy.'s liability with both winners and losers. By the way his "average" for the Dublin run was 24 m.p.h., at least his O.C. says so.

A propos of the Brigade Staff team, a notice published before the match offered £5 for the transfer of a suitable player to strengthen the team. However, the 20th Battalion did not think the "price" enough.

We are glad to welcome "Budgey" O'Meara and all the boys back from the Curragh, they seem to have thrived on the atmosphere there, as they are now looking forward to Kilbride.

We were congratulating a certain N.C.O. the other day on his very smart appearance in "civvies," when we were pleased to hear that he procured his black patent shoes in France. This is certainly, my dear Ned, a matter for Mr. Blythe.

A propos of above, the best dressed man in Barracks is in danger of losing his title, as when the new arrival comes from Dublin he is expected to eclipse his rival in sartorial splendour.

We noticed the Brigade Staff at bayonet practice at 8.30 the other morning . . . we just mention it.

The Sports Field is in great demand since the weather has turned decent, especially enthusiastic are the athletes of Headquarter Company, of course they get good example from the B.Q.M.S. and Cpl. B. "ARGUS."



PORTOBELLO BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

Things are beginning to hum in the athletic line. We notice the runners seem to be getting in all the practice possible these fine evenings. "Rory," of the 23rd Batt. is coaching his "bunch" in rare old style.

When are the 22nd Batt. sprinters going to put in an appearance on the training ground?

We are informed that No. 4 Group, G.H.Q. Command A.A.A. (Staffs in Portobello, A.C.E., Griffiths Barracks, and Beggar's Bush) held a meeting on Wednesday, 31st March, and a new Committee elected to carry on the good work during the forthcoming year. Captain P. J. Kelly, Soldiers' Marriage Allowance Section, presided. The Hon. Sec. tells me that he is sending you on a report of same.

In the 7th Brigade Football Championships, a match was played on Wednesday, 31st ult., between 22nd and 23rd Battalions here. Owing to the official referee failing to turn up, the game was delayed 20 minutes, and eventually Capt. P. Tuite, Adjnt., 22nd Batt., at the request of both teams, took charge of the game.

The first half was productive of good playing, and the 22nd Batt. were unlucky to be in arrears at the interval.

Half-time scores:—23rd Batt. 1 goal 6 points; 22nd Batt. 1 point.

On resuming play the 22nd Batt. scored two minors in the first few minutes, and their supporters were giving "tongue" in rare style, and hoping for even greater things. The 23rd Batt., however, soon took complete control and scored freely, to run out easy winners.

Result: 23rd Batt. 3 goals 10 points; 22nd Batt. 4 points.

Sergt. Fennell, Corpl. Sheridan, and Pte. Higgins were the outstanding players for the 23rd Batt. team, and Captain Branigan, C.Q.M.S. Connor, Sergt. Connor, and Corpl. Sullivan played with distinction for the 22nd Batt.

Changes and rumours of changes are the topics of the moment. The Officers' Pay and A/c.'s Section has moved to Griffith Barracks.

The genial bulk of "Holly" will be sadly missed.

Other Sections of the Q.M.G.'s Branch are to depart, according to rumour, to other destinations at an early date.

"Joner" has moved to a position nearer the "Gym." Does it portend anything, we wonder?

The "Troupe" is getting ready for another concert on 15th or 16th inst. Mr. Comerford and Sergt. Murphy have picked out a lot of lovely new Jazz and Fox Trot stuff that they are going to astonish the natives with. "Kay," "Bum," Grimley, and Prowse have seceded from the "Bunch," but their places will be well filled by a couple of civilians, and "Pony" Moore, 22nd Batt., and "Bowler" Brady, 23rd Batt.

At any rate there is a Sergt. in the 22nd Batt. who is eagerly looking forward to hearing about both soon in the Mess.

There had been a lengthy discussion in the Barrack Room in connection with tragedy, and one youngster stated he loved to read about famous crimes. Then the "Old Sweat" interjected: "Ye like to read about famous crimes, do ye? Well, go down to the Orderly Room and ask for my Conduct Sheets."



18th BATTALION, CORK.

The most noteworthy feature of our stay at the Curragh was the generous reception given us by the Officers of all Units in general. We have up to now deliberately refrained from commenting because we simply could not find things nice enough to say about them. Command, Brigade, and Depot Staffs simply vied with each other in giving us advice and assistance. When the time for our departure arrived, the send-off given made us feel thoroughly ashamed of our unworthiness. We consoled ourselves with the knowledge that we were returning to friends equally true and generous. Unfortunately the fact that we did not have the honour of meeting the General Officer Commanding, Curragh Command, will ever be a source of regret.

Since our return the Headquarters Coy. has caused somewhat of a sensation in the football and hurling field. For the past two seasons we have, so to speak, been father and mother to our other four Com-

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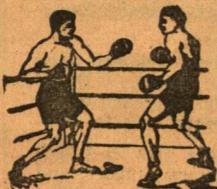
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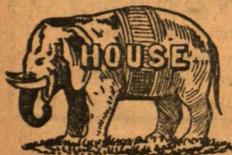
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panies. Our idea was, after seeing them right in the military sense, to make good sportsmen of them also. Certainly they have done us great credit in every respect. It is very satisfactory to know that they are advancing steadily in the right direction, and have not at any time looked back. It was very peculiar that immediately we emerged from our seclusion we administered several trouncings, and they, like dutiful children submitted in an equally dutiful manner. After all, we were none the less the loving parents on that account, and it was only in the sports field.

Too much time and space would be required to do justice to individuals, but for the benefit of friends in Dublin we mention that Pipers Barrett, Murray, O'Toole, and McHugh, of the Band, as well as O'Carroll and Gallagher, are making football history down South.

On Thursday, the 11th inst., the Battalion Boxing Tournament was held in the Garrison Gymnasium, Collins Barracks, under the patronage of Colonel Joseph Byrne, our Brigade Commander. Many interesting bouts were witnessed, principal amongst those being the special 6-round contest between O'Donnell, of the A.M.C., Limerick, and Byrne of the 18th Infantry Battalion, these old opponents gave an exhibition of skill that could not be surpassed by professionals. It went the full 6 rounds, O'Donnell being declared the winner (on points) of a magnificent contest. The second special contest between McNamara, of the 11th Battalion, and Ward of the 18th Infantry Battalion, was

rather brief. From the moment the gong sounded, both men let themselves go, Ward knocking out his man before the end of the first round. McNamara promises to be a splendid welter-weight, given a little more time and experience. Ward packs a terrific left punch which made McNamara's task somewhat of an undertaking.

Meade, of "B" Coy. was a popular winner of the flyweight contest. He is very game, and will go far.

The bantam-weight, light-weight, and welter-weight contests were won by O'Connell, Connolly, and Sergt. (Jinnie) Douglas respectively.

A special exhibition bout between Jack Mahoney, of Cork, and Sergt. "Boy" Murphy, was unavoidably postponed owing to the illness of the former.

We are indebted to the 11th and 16th Battalions for their generous support, and hope to have the pleasure of returning the compliment in the near future.

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"Ó'fan Hans a5 féadaínt air ar fead tamall, agus pé veire ar sé leis, "ní poláir nó tair go maíe as, a faobruíteoir uasail, 's a ráó go bfuilir com h-átasac so a's tú a5 obair."

"Sead," ars an faobruíteoir, "go veimín féin, is tairbeac mo céaro-sa; ní bíonn a pócaí poláir maíe a5 an bpaobruíteoir maíe:—acé cá bfuairis an zé breá5 san?"

"Níor ceannuigeas é, acé 'oo veineas muc 'oo maíairtú5aó air."

"A5us cá bfuairis an muc?"

"Óo tuzas bó airéi."

"A5us an bó?"

"Óo tuzas capall airéi."

"A5us an capall?"

"Óo tuzas píosa air5io a bí com mór lem' ceann air sin."

"A5us an t-air5eao?"

"Ó 'oo cáiteas seacé mbliáona seirbise a5 tuilleam san."

"Ó'firi5 leac go maíe sa t5ao5al go 'ocí seo," ars an faobruíteoir, "anois óa mbeaó air5eao a5at aó' póca uair ar bhé a cuir5eao 'oo lámh ann, 'oo beaó an séan ar fao a5at."

"Tá san ceare go leór; acé conus is féioir é sin 'oo baite amaó?"

"Ní mór 'uirt faobruíteoir mar mise 'oo véanaim 'oíot féin," ar seisean, "ní ceasruigeann uair acé cloé faobair, tiocpaíó an cuio eile 'uirt i n-am. Seo ceann acá cáite bea5án; i nárpaínn breis ná luac 'oo z5eao airéi; an zceannócaíó tú í?"

"Míuse, cáo mar céist í sin," arsa Hans, "oo véinn ar an t-é ba sóna sa t5ao5al óa bfuígní an t-air5eao am póca pé uair a cuirpínn mo lámh ann; nár leór 'oom san? seo 'uirt an zé."

"Óo tuz an faobruíteoir 'oo cloé comónta z5aró a bí ar an t5alam le n-a ais."

"Péac," ar sé, "seo cloé tarr-bárr; ní a5at le véanaim acé i 'o'obruí5aó go cliste a5us beíó ar 'oo éumas faobar 'oo cur ar seana-tairn5e."

"Óo zlac Hans an éloc, a5us síúo leis go meíóreac; bí a síúle a5 veallraím, a5us ar sé leis féin: "ní poláir nó ba sóna an uair 'nar ru5aó mé; zác aon ruo a bíonn uaim nó a bfuil fonn a5am air, tázann sé 'oom."

Le n-a linn seo bí sé a5 éiri5e tuir5eac mar 'oo bí sé a5 síubal ó breac an lae; bí ocras air, leis, óir 'oo bí sé 'o'éis a píngínn veireannaé 'oo cábaíre uaió a5us an bróo a bí air toisc an bó 'o'fa5áil. Pé veire níor péao sé uil níos sia, a5us bí an éloc 'zác énaéao go mór; 'oo énaí5 sé go 'ocí bruaé an locaín, 'o'fonn veoc uis5e 'o'fa5áil, a5us a scíe 'oo leizint; 'oo cur sé an éloc go cúramaé ar an mbrauaé le n-a ais; acé ar éromaó síos 'oo éun veoc a 'o'ól, 'oo vearmaíó sé an éloc, i 'otreoó is zur sunnc sé í, a5us éuit sí isteacé a5us síos léi go 'ocí tón an locaín. Ó'fan sé tamall a5 féadaínt airéi a5us í a5 uil i-n íoétar san uis5e 'oimín zlan, annsan 'oo léim sé 'na seasaím le neare léais, a5us 'o'iméiz sé ar a zlíúmb, a5us é a5 síleao na noeór, a5us 'oo tuz sé a buirbeacas 'oo 'oia na b'flaíteas, toisc zur áruiz sé uaió an t-aon buirbeare amáin a bí air, i., an éloc zránoa érom.

"Nac' orm-sa acá an t-átas!" ar sé,

"ní raib a leizéio 'oe séan ar doimne beó maím."

Annsan, 'o'éri5 sé 'na seasaím go h-aeóreac croiúe-éaótromaé, a5us 'oo síúbaíl sé leis, a5us é z5aréa le n-a buairbearta uil5, nó zur síois sé tiz a máéar.

seósaím ó paítrisc.

(tuille le ceacé).

No. 4. GROUP (G.H.Q.). COMMAND A.A.A.

Meeting held on 31st ult. in Portobello, Captain P. J. Kelly presiding.

The first item on the agenda was the election of President, Secretary, and Committee for the ensuing year.

Lieut. Sean Kavanagh explained that last year the elected Committee was composed of too many persons from one department or section in the Group and that there was accordingly a feeling in some of the other sections that their particular unit was being neglected or slighted. He, therefore, suggested that this year there should be appointed two delegates from each unit to compose the Committee. The suggestion was unanimously adopted.

The election was then proceeded with and resulted as follows:—President, Captain P. J. Kelly. Hon. Secretary, A/Sergt. J. F. Kiely. Hon. Treasurer, Lieut. Walsh, A.C.E. Committee—Records: Lieut. Sean Kavanagh; C.S.M. J. Kennedy. Marriage Allowance: Capt. P. J. Kelly, Pte. Grimley. Officers' Pay: A/Sergt. Kiely, Pte. Dillon. A.C.E.: Lieut. Walsh, B.S.M. Bishop. Beggars' Bush: Rev. Fr. McLoughlin, B.S.M. Cork.

The Secretary was instructed to approach Pte. Birmingham in connection with the attendance of delegates from the A.T.C., Portobello Barracks.

The new scheme of re-grouping and organisation was fully gone into and necessary arrangements made for carrying out same.

Lieut. Kavanagh dealt with the Group's financial position, and in this connection a deputation was appointed to wait on Capt. McMahon, Q.M., 23rd Battalion.

It was pointed out that for the Command Football Competition the Group must field a team to play Artillery at the Hurling Ground, Phoenix Park, on 14th inst. A match was therefore arranged for Wednesday, 7th inst., between teams from Portobello and Beggars' Bush versus A.C.E., Griffith Barracks, so that the best team available could be picked.

The strength of the Group in the hurling, handball, swimming and tennis departments was fully discussed.

Captain P. J. Kelly and B.S.M. Cork were appointed representatives to attend Command Council Meetings at G.H.Q.

The next meeting will be held at 11 a.m., Saturday, 10th inst., at the Soldiers' Marriage Allowance Branch, Portobello Barracks, and all delegates are requested to be present.

BOOK REVIEWS.

FIFTY YEARS OF IRISH ATHLETICS. The Sporting Annuals, 76 Dame Street, Dublin. Paper covers. Price 1s.

All Irish athletes will welcome this publication, which contains the results of all Irish championships and all major contests up to date, together with the records of outstanding events; Olympic and Tailteann winners.

An interesting and educative introduction on "Ireland's Place in World's Athletics," by Carbery, and "A Word to Young Athletes," by Celt, adds to the value of the production. The booklet will prove particularly interesting to the members of the Defence Forces, as the results of all Irish Army Championships are duly chronicled.

LIFE: A STUDY OF SELF. By W. B. Maxwell. London: Thornton Butterworth Ltd. Price 6s.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell is unquestionably one of the greatest living English novelists, having to his credit a small library of highly successful novels. Life is not a novel. Taking as his theme: Life is the only thing that matters. And the only real crime is not to live it to the full, the author has woven round it a profound philosophy, setting out with logical exactitude the paramount duty to preserve and cultivate self.

He has achieved this with the light and interesting touches of the novelist rather than the heavy erudition of the professor. "Life" is eminently a book to have by one for quiet half-hours of introspection—those quiet, thoughtful spells that come to us all from time to time.

DEFIANCE. By Temple Lane. London: John Long, Ltd. Price 7/6 Net.

Temple Lane is a young authoress who scored palpable successes with her first two novels—"Burnt Bridges" and "No Just Cause." The present work is a clever piece of character analysis. It is the picture of a subtle and heroic struggle against heredity, environment, and the perverted mentality of degenerates for possession of an innocent girl and her money. We, however, wish that the authoress had laid her plot amongst more worth-while degenerates than the Liddons of Liddon Towers. There are many types of degenerates who count in the world upon which so clever a writer could easily have drawn, with greater profit and interest to the average reader. Nonetheless, it is a well-told tale.

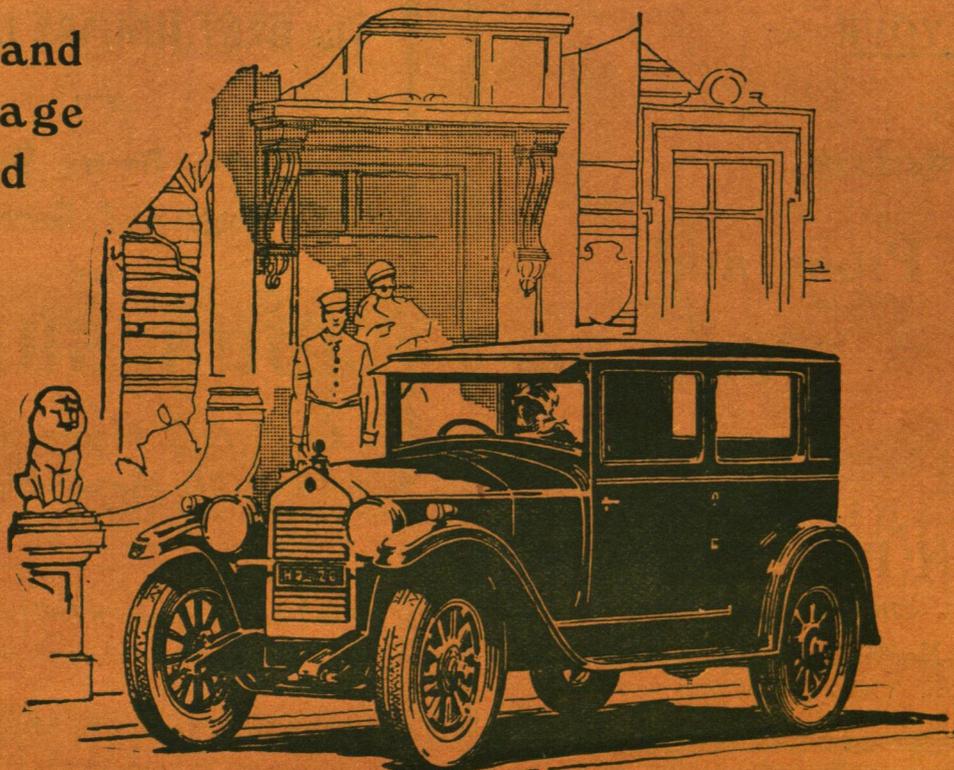
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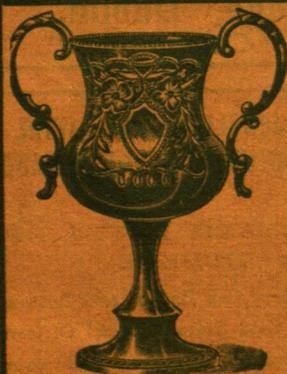
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