

Vol. V. No. 6.

August 14th, 1926.

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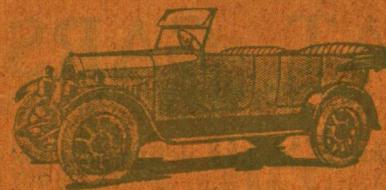
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Vol. V. No. 6

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No. 11

"COVER FROM VIEW!"

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Oglagh
na hEireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

An t-Ógláic

AUGUST 14, 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 EASARÉDÓIR.

THE ARMY AND THE HORSE SHOW.

THE popularity of the Army's success at this year's Dublin Horse Show was unmistakable. The enormous crowds that thronged the Jumping Enclosure on the concluding day testified to it in emphatic manner, and the daily press endorsed their sentiments.

* * *

It was no mean achievement to secure second place in competitions (as the Director of the R.D.S. points out in his extremely gratifying letter) "with some of the most noted Army teams in the world," and the Army is proud of its representatives. Our horsemen have been winning prizes at other shows throughout the country and we are confident that they will have a splendid chance of securing first place in the International Military Jumping Competitions at Ballsbridge next year. Their participation in this competition has a significance that it would be difficult to over-emphasise; it has brought our Army before the eyes of the world in the most creditable manner and amongst the cheering thousands last week there were many Irish people who, for the first time, paid tribute to their own Army and for the first time honoured the "Soldier's Song."

Mr. Bohane's graceful tribute to our Army's share in the success of the Show is very gratifying and will be appreciated by the civilian population no less than by the soldiers of Ireland. His reference to the Foreign Officers' unanimous feeling of gratitude for the welcome and hospitality given to them—"unequalled, they were pleased to say, by any other country"—is particularly welcome, supported as it is by the dinner at McKee Barracks on Thursday evening. We were very fortunate in our representatives on the R.D.S. Reception Committee, Major O'Brien and Major McKinney, of whose "exceptional services" Mr. Bohane makes special mention—"Nothing on their part was wanting and they proved a most happy connecting link between the Society and Army Headquarters." But in the distribution of "bouquets" (if we may use an Americanism), Mr. Bohane himself must not be forgotten, nor his exceedingly courteous and hard-working staff. The R.D.S. is happy in having Mr. Bohane at the helm and this year's Show, establishing new records in every direction, crowns many years of untiring industry on his part—years characterised by the continuous exercise of an alert business mind in the up-to-date development of the Society's business.

The letter of the four French officers is characteristic of the courtesy for which their nation is famous. Representatives of the Armies concerned will have other opportunities of friendly rivalry in Dublin, but there is no reason why the competitions should be confined to the Irish capital, as the invitation to Switzerland clearly points out. It is to be hoped that our Army horsemen will be given an opportunity of accepting this and any similar invitations which may be offered.

U.S. DESTROYERS IN DUBLIN.

The United States destroyers Isherwood and Case arrived at the Port of Dublin on a courtesy visit, on Friday, 6th inst., and docked at Alexandra Basin.

Originally it had been intended that the visiting warships would include the cruiser Memphis, which is the flagship of the United States naval force in Europe; but Vice-Admiral Roger Welles was detained in Spain.

The destroyers mentioned, which form part of the European Squadron, are under the command of Lieutenant-Commanders Logan and Settle, under the control of Captain Galbraith. All told, the complement of the two destroyers numbers sixteen officers and two hundred men.

Captain Eamon de Buitlear, Secretariat, Chief of Staff's Department, was at the Alexandra Basin when the vessels arrived and welcomed the officers and men on behalf of the Irish Army.

On Saturday morning, Captain Galbraith, Commander of the American Destroyer Flotilla in European waters, accompanied by the Commanders of the two destroyers, paid an official visit to the Chief of Staff. This visit was returned on Monday morning by Col. MacEnri, on behalf of Lt.-General MacMahon.

On Saturday afternoon the American naval officers attended Phoenix Park Races. On Monday they were the guests of Irish Army officers on a motor trip to Glendalough, amongst the party being—Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, Minister for External Affairs; Major-General M. Brennan, Adjutant-General; Mr. Hathaway, U.S. Consul-General in Dublin; Captain Galbraith, Major Barra O'Briain, and Major McKinney.

The destroyers left on the 10th inst. to spend a few days at Cobh.

ARMY'S SUCCESS AT HORSE SHOW.

R.D.S. Gratitude for Assistance in International Military Tournament.

"SPLENDID AND READY CO-OPERATION GENEROUSLY ACCORDED."

The fact that this year's Dublin Horse Show was an unprecedented success was indisputably due to the International Military Jumping Competitions. For the same reason the attendance on the concluding day reached the unique figure of 34,133, the highest by far yet achieved on any day of the Show.

The achievement of our military horsemen in securing second place from the representatives of five European armies aroused wild enthusiasm amongst the huge crowd in the Jumping Enclosure on the Friday. Indeed it was no small feat and the Army has every reason to be proud of its representatives.

Writing on the 9th August from the R.D.S. Headquarters at Ballsbridge to Lieutenant-General MacMahon, Chief of Staff, Mr. Bohane, Director of the Society, says:—

"Dear General MacMahon,—The Society's Horse Show Committee have asked me to convey through you their grateful thanks to the Army of Saorstát Eireann for the splendid and ready co-operation so generously accorded in making the first International Military Jumping Contest ever held in Ireland such a remarkable success.

"The foreign officers who participated have now left for their respective countries carrying away with them a unanimous feeling of gratitude for the welcome and hospitality given to them (unequaled, they were pleased to say, by any other country) and in this direction **THURSDAY EVENING LAST AT McKEE BARRACKS WILL, THEY ASSURED ME, EVER REMAIN A MEMORABLE AND HAPPY ONE.**

"I know how invidious it is to single out any particular officer, but I hope you will specially convey the Society's thanks to Majors O'Briain and McKinney for the exceptional services they gave as members of the Society's Reception Committee. Nothing on their part was wanting and they proved a

most happy connecting link between the Society and Army Headquarters.

"Lastly, the men in charge of the motors, on guard duty, and also those who gave assistance to the foreign orderlies in the grooming, etc., of their horses must not be overlooked. All the officers and men were most grateful for their assistance. The courtesy and thoroughness with which the men carried out their duties was especially commented on by the officers.

"In conclusion, the Horse Show Committee would like to add their congratulations to the Army in providing a Team which, in competition with some of the most noted Army Teams in the world, gave such a remarkably fine display, and thereby upheld this country's proud reputation for producing the best in good horsemanship and demonstrating the undeniable prestige of the Irish Horse.

"I am, yours obediently,
EDWARD BOHANE, Director."

FRENCH OFFICERS' THANKS.

The following letter was also sent to the Chief of Staff:—

Republique Francaise—Ministere du Commerce et de l'Industrie—
l'Attache Commercial de France en Irlande,

Dublin, le 8th of August, 1926.

13 Ely Place.
"Sir,—The French officers, undersigned, on leaving Ireland, wish to express their most hearty thanks for the great kindness you have shown them during the whole of their stay on Irish soil.

"They also ask you to kindly convey to their comrades of the Irish Army, and in particular their fellow-competitors in the Show and the two officers attached to the Reception Committee, the expression of their cordial sympathy and gratitude.

"(Signed) L. HAENTJENS.
H. de LAISSARDIERE.
H. GIBault.
X. BIZARD."

Concluding Scenes.

After 3 o'clock on the concluding day of the Show the numbers seeking admission were so densely packed in front of the turnstiles that about 3,000 people, to ease the pressure, were diverted to the members' entrance, a thing which was never necessary before at Ballsbridge.

About 3.30, when the enclosure was packed out, the entrance gates had to be closed. Some, which were in danger of being rushed, were actually barricaded. For one-and-a-half hours after there was neither egress from nor ingress to, the enclosure.

His Excellency the Governor-General, who was accompanied by Indian dignitaries and President Cosgrave, arrived at 3 o'clock.

Their entry created quite a stir, and they were a centre of much interest as they drove around the jumping enclosure in three motor cars. At the Governor-General's box a huge crowd gave them an ovation, and all the people in the grand stand rose. They were received by Lord Rathdonnell, President of the R.D.S., and Lord Powerscourt.

There were also invited to the Governor-General's box the Consular representatives in Dublin of the various nations.

Military Ceremonial.

The scenes in the Jumping Enclosure were impressive and unprecedented. The military ceremonial attending the International Jumping Contest stirred everybody, says the "Irish Independent" representative.

When the stands, terraces and all other available space was crowded to the last square inch, Mr. E. Bohane, Director of the R.D.S., announced through the loud speakers the order of the ceremonial to a hushed throng.

The No. 1 Army Band, headed by Conductor Doyle, then took up a position in the centre of the enclosure.

All the teams entered three abreast. As the Swiss team, which was first in the draw, pranced slowly up to the Governor-General's box, the band played that stirring marching air, "O'Donnell Abu." The gay throngs cheered and clapped and waved handkerchiefs and programmes.

When the three smart horsemen drew up before the Governor-General's box the band played the Swiss National Anthem, the air of which is similar to that of the British Anthem.

All people in the stands stood up and the huge crowd stood still, the men bareheaded, while the three Swiss officers saluted.

The band then continued the marching air, while the Swiss team moved on the British team entered. Another remarkable scene of enthusiasm was witnessed as the khaki-clad officers slowly approached the central box.

Next came the Belgian team in lighter shade khaki uniform, and the same ceremonial was gone through, and the same fervid enthusiasm was witnessed. The soul-stirring "Marseillaise" was played when the French team paraded. The Dutch officers in their dark, red-braided uniforms, looked very smart as they saluted while the national anthem of Holland was played.

Irish Army Team.

Lastly came the Irish team, their horses a little restive. A great cheer greeted their appearance, and when they drew up in front of the Governor-General's box the band played the Irish anthem, "The Soldier's Song," the crowd again standing silent and bareheaded.

The six teams in the same order then paraded around the enclosure, and stood at the salute before the Governor-General's box while the band repeated the Irish anthem. This concluded, the crowd rose like en masse, and cheer after cheer went up.

Such unique and remarkable demonstrations have scarcely ever been witnessed in Ireland—the representatives of five foreign armies and of an Irish army parading before a huge crowd in the capital of the country before engaging in a thrilling test of horsemanship. It was a scene that will go down to history as one of the most magnificent and demonstrative acknowledgments of Ireland's status as a nation.

THE CONTEST.

The Army Band having withdrawn, the arena was ready for the contest. The crowds keyed up to the highest

pitch of excitement waited and watched with tense expectancy.

From the very start it had been apparent that the Swiss team would be hard to beat, their success on the first day marking them, both horses and men, as really first-class performers. In Royal Gris, Captain von der Weid had a magnificent mount, and the jumping of this animal has been one of the features of the Show.

In securing a victory by five clear points, the Swiss team were undoubtedly the best combination, and but for a poor first round by Novello, their winning margin would have been even more convincing. When Major Kuhn's mount improved in the second round, the team total of the side was only one point below the maximum of 90, while, despite Novello's slight mistakes, they only dropped 4½ points in the first.

Ireland did very well to come second, three points in front of England, and were rather unlucky, inasmuch as both Cuchulainn and Oisín spoil perfect first rounds by a single blunder each. It was quite an exciting finish, for a good second round by England left Ireland faced with the task of getting two points more than they had been awarded on their first display. This they did with a handsome margin to spare.

France, who were second at the end of the first round, went down very badly in the second, Lieutenant Bizard's mount, Sultan, losing points at three of the jumps. Belgium and Holland went both rounds at a pace far exceeding the normal hunting gait, and the former country met with disaster when Lieutenant B. de Brabandere's Acrobat met the single bank breast on, and had to make a second attempt at it.

Both Silver Hoe and Well Done, of the English team, were poor at the banks in the first round, but they made a splendid recovery in the second, and but for another slight blunder by Well Done at the double, they might have done even better than their score of three points short of maximum.

Royal Gris was the best of the Swiss horses, while Silver Hoe did best of the English team. It would be difficult to separate Cuchulainn and Oisín, of the home representatives, and Harris was clearly the steadiest of the French trio. Black Cat did two good rounds for Belgium, and Silver Piece was far above the rest of the Dutch team. Details:—

AGA KHAN CHALLENGE TROPHY. INTERNATIONAL MILITARY JUMPING COMPETITION.

(Judges—B. T. O'Reilly, Hon. Mr. Justice Wylie).

SWITZERLAND—FIRST.

Royal Gris Capt. von der Weid
Wladimir Capt. H. Buhler
Novello Major C. Kuhn
(Points—85½ + 89=174).

IRELAND—SECOND.

Cuchulainn Capt. C. B. Harty
Finghin Capt. D. Corry
Oisín Capt. G. O'Dwyer
(Points—82 + 87=169).

ENGLAND—THIRD.

Silver Hoe...Capt. J. Hume-Dudgeon, M.C.
Well Done

Capt. E. T. Boylan, D.S.O., M.C.

White Star

Major C. T. Walwyn, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C.
(Points—79 + 87=166).

BELGIUM (83+75=158)—Miss America (Lt. De la Serna); Acrobat (Lt. B. de Brabandere); Black Cat (Lt. de Menten de Horne).

HOLLAND (79 + 81=160)—Silver Price (Lt. Van der Voort van Zyp); King of Hearts (Lt. de Kruyff); Roled (Capt. de Kruyff).

FRANCE (84 + 81=165)—Sultan (Lt. Bizard); Mandarin (Lt. Gibault); Harris (Capt. de Laisserdiere).

DESCRIPTIVE DETAILS.

SWITZERLAND. — Royal Gris just touched the wall, but was otherwise perfect. Wladimir gave a very sound display, but Novello hit the wall with his knees and was at fault at the double. 85½ points.

2nd Round.—All three jumped with machine-like skill and never put a hoof astray. 89 points.

ENGLAND.—Silver Hoe was a trifle too soon in taking off at the double, but otherwise did well. Well Done left a foot behind at the water, while White Star took a few stones at the wall. 79 points.

2nd Round.—Silver Hoe did an excellent round, but Well Done made a slight blunder at the double. White Star gave a most polished display. 87 points.

BELGIUM.—Miss America just touched the wall in a fast round, and Acrobat's performance was exactly similar. Black Cat took off too late at the wall, but was very sound otherwise. 83 points.

2nd Round.—Miss America again took a few stones at the wall, but Acrobat failed to rise at the single and met it breast on, nearly unseating his rider. Black Cat did another useful round. 75 points.

HOLLAND.—There was no blemish in Silver Price's round, but King of Hearts was too fast at the hedge, which he did not take cleanly, and he also touched the wall. Roland had a fair round. 79 points.

2nd Round.—Silver Price took a few stones, but otherwise did well, while King of Hearts improved on his former display. Roland made a bad blunder at the water. 81 points.

FRANCE.—Sultan just touched the wall, but was very safe, while Mandarin spoiled a fine round by a blunder at the double bank. Harris was unlucky to dislodge a few stones with his back hoofs. 84 points.

2nd Round.—Sultan was in trouble at both banks. Mandarin had a fair round, while Harris was excellent. 81 points.

IRELAND.—Cuchulainn spoiled a good round by taking some stones at the wall. Finghin was also at fault at the wall, and Oisín was in trouble at the water jump. 82 points.

2nd Round.—All three made splendid rounds, with the exception that Finghin took a stone off the wall. 87 points.



August 14, 1926.

An t-ósláic.



Above photo was taken at McKee Barracks on the occasion of the dinner to the Foreign Military Officers competing at the Horse Show in the International Jumping Competitions.

Front Row—Major Khun (Switzerland), Colonel M. Hogan (Ireland), Colonel Zeigler (Switzerland), Colonel Haentjens (France), Captain Harty (Ireland), Captain De Kruyff (Holland), Lieutenant De Brabandiere (Belgium).

Second Row—Captain Hume-Dudgeon (England), Captain Buhler (Switzerland), Lieutenant Gibault (France), Lieutenant Menten de Horne (Belgium), Lieutenant Cmte. de la Serna (Belgium), Lieutenant Bizard (France), Captain Harty (Ireland).

Third Row—Lieutenant Van der Voort Van Zyp (Holland), Captain Corry (Ireland), Captain Boylan (England), Comdt. Mason (Ireland), Captain Von der Weid (Switzerland), Captain O'Dwyer (Ireland), Lieutenant de Kruyff (Holland).



[Photo—W. D. Hogan]

COMMONWEALTH MILITARY ARCHIVES

VISITING OFFICERS ENTERTAINED.

Guests of Chief of Staff and Irish Army at McKee Barracks.

INTERESTING SPEECHES AT DINNER.

Speeches in Irish, English, and French were made at a dinner at McKee Barracks on Thursday night, 5th inst., at which the Chief of Staff and officers of the Army entertained the foreign military officers competing at the Horse Show.

Major-General Brennan, Adjutant-General, said that the little army of the Saorstát, the youngest army in the world, was glad to have with them representatives of the greatest and oldest armies in the world. They hoped this was but the first of a number of such visits.

As to the competitions, their attitude was that the best team wins. Whoever won would be given as hearty a cheer by an Irish audience as they would get in their own country.

Major Barry-O'Brien, who spoke in Irish also referred to the pleasure it was to the Saorstát Army to welcome the military representatives of the other nations.

Invitation to Switzerland.

Major McKinney, who spoke in French, alluded to the spirit of camaraderie so manifest in the competitions. They had, he said, to thank the R.D.S. for the occasion of a happy meeting of many European nations.

Col. Haentjens (France) responded, and said he was deeply moved to stand there and return thanks to Irishmen, so many of whose kin slept in French soil, for the great reception they had given them.

Col. Zeigler (Switzerland) said the Irish horse was well known in all the armies of the Continent. They all loved the Irish horse.

He extended to the Minister for Defence an invitation to his country with the Irish team, and promised them a very warm welcome.

During his many visits to this country he had always received the greatest courtesy. Every time he came he found the country and the Army showing increasing signs of improvement. They had organisation in connection with the Dublin Show that was met with nowhere else in the world.

In connection with the horse-breeding industry, he urged them to remember that while the thoroughbred was excellent it was the hunter made the name of the Irish horse abroad. They were, he added, all

delighted at the splendid time they had been given here.

Capt. J. M. de Kruyff (Holland) also expressed appreciation of the hospitality extended to them, and hoped his country would be able to repay it at the Olympic Games in 1928.

Major Walwyn (Britain) said they were delighted to be back in this country again to see the reception they had received. He thought, he added, amid laughter, that the young Irish Army could teach them a great deal in the art of jumping banks.

Lieut. B. de Brabandiere (Belgium) also responded.

Mr. D. Fitzgerald, Minister for External Affairs, referred to the indebtedness of the country to the R.D.S. for having brought about that great gathering, and paid special tribute to the work of Mr. Justice Wylie and Mr. Bohane. The R.D.S. had enabled Ireland to have its friends there, and not to be ashamed, timid, or diffident about what it had to show them.

Competitions to Continue.

Mr. Justice Wylie said that for 195 years the R.D.S. had provided the premier show in the world, and, please God, for another 195 years the R.D.S. would hold its place. They hoped this reunion would take place every year until the international jumping competitions at the Show would be the premier international jumping competition in the world.

The Show Committee would not rest satisfied with all it had done this year. They would see next year the finest set of jumps ever seen in the world. The gravel track about the grounds was to be put down in grass, and there would be a second round of jumps, which would provide the finest course and the finest set of jumps that could be provided anywhere.

Mr. Ed. Bohane, Director, R.D.S., said the Society was proud in having brought about for the first time in this dear old country a unity of nations. Ireland bred the finest cross-country horses in the world, and it was greatly to the credit of the country to know that the majority of the horses taking part in the international competitions were bred here.

They also valued very much a compliment paid them by Col. Zeigler, who had assembled in the last 48 hours 75 horses

which he had purchased here for the Swiss Army.

The Society was determined to go on ploughing the straight furrow in the best interests of this country. The R.D.S. appreciated very much the services rendered by the Saorstát Army in carrying out its programme.

The Swiss Invitation.

Mr. Hughes, Minister for Defence, declared they had all been delighted at the spirit which had prevailed during the last few days. The R.D.S. had done its best this year, but it was not the best it could do next year.

He hoped Ireland and the Irish Army would endeavour to respond to the invitation of Col. Zeigler in the sportsmanlike manner in which it was given.

Speaking on behalf of the Army and the Government, he hoped the armies represented this year at the Horse Show would send representatives again.

Mr. Weenink, the Dutch Consul, declared they had had the pleasantest time that could be imagined during their sojourn in Ireland. He thanked the Government and the Army for their courtesies.

During the dinner a delightful programme of music was played by the Army No. 1 Band. Songs were sung by Mr. Irvine Lynch and Mr. Gerald Crofts.

Lieut.-General McMahon presided at the principal table, and was supported by Col. S. Higgins. The company included:—

Mons. Lapiovast, Sir S. Maddock, Mons. F. Justice, Lieut. Bizard, J. G. Fottrell, Lieut. Chevalier H. de Menten de Horne, Capt. H. Buhler, Major Hadnett, Major-Gen. F. Cronin, Col. F. Heny, Major C. Kuhn, Dr. W. Starkie, Capt. H. van der Weid, Col. T. Higgins, Capt. E. T. A. G. Boylan, D.S.O.; Major A. T. Lawlor, Capt. J. Hume-Dudgeon, Major-Gen. D. Hogan, Col. D. Reynolds, Major Joyce, Lieut. A. D. C. van de Voort van Zyp, Capt. P. de Burckear, Lieut. H. Gidault, Comdt. McManus, Lieut. Cte. T. de la Serna, Capt. Harty, Comdts. Byran, Thompson, and McAlister, Capt. Quilter, S. Murphy, Lieut. C. B. de Kruyff, Col. Moran, Major Dunne, Capt. Hayes, Comdt. Mason, Comdt. Houlihan, Major McNally, Major McKenna, Capt. Cryan, Lieut. Quaine, Major King, Capt. Berry, Capt. O'Beirne, Capt. Dwyer, Lieut. Mulrooney, Capt. D. W. Ryan, Lieut. Rasdale, Capt. Donnellan, Capt. Kelly, Lieut. Corry, Comdt. McCormick, Col. Hogan, Capt. Donnellan, Capt. Kelly, Comdt. Forrestal.

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= WIRELESS NOTES =

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BRIEF DEFINITIONS.

Ampere.—Unit of current. A flow of electric current at the rate of one coulomb per second.

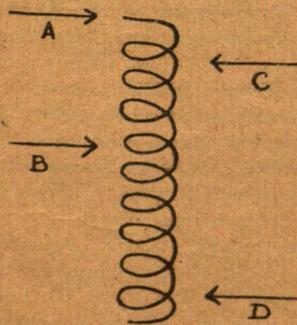
Ampere Turn.—If a current of one ampere flows in a coil each complete turn of that coil would have magnetic strength termed an ampere turn.

Aperiodic.—Untuned: Having no definite frequency. Responding equally well to all frequencies.

Acceleration.—Rate of change of velocity. Unit acceleration equals one centimetre per second.

Atom.—The smallest indivisible portion of matter.

Auto-Transformer.—A transformer in which one coil is common to both primary and secondary circuits. The portion AB in the diagram represents the primary coil of a high frequency Auto-Transformer and the portion CD represents the secondary. The degree of coupling and step up of the transformer is arranged by movement of the sliders. Such a transformer is sometimes termed an auto-jigger.



Back EMF.—Opposition to rise or fall of current value in an electric circuit due to Inductance.

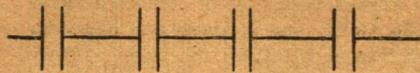
Ballistic Galvanometer.—A galvanometer for measuring the value of a short impulse of current such as a discharge from a condenser. The first swing of the galvanometer needle or mirror is proportional to the discharge value.

Caloric.—C.G.S. unit of heat. The

heat just sufficient to increase the temperature of one gramme of water by one degree centigrade.

Cascade.—Term applied to a number of condensers or batteries joined in series. (See diagram).

CONDENSERS IN SERIES OR CASCADE



CONDENSERS IN MULTIPLE OR PARALLEL



Capacity is that quality possessed by two conductors separated by a di-electric (as in a condenser) in virtue of which opposite charges of electricity may be stored between the conductors and the opposite surfaces of the di-electric.

Conductance (conductivity).—That quality of a substance in virtue of which it conducts a current of electricity. The unit of conductivity is the mho which is the reciprocal of the unit of resistance (the ohm). A resistance of one ohm would have a conductivity of one mho. A resistance of 2 ohms has a conductivity of $\frac{1}{2}$ a mho. A resistance of 3 ohms has a conductivity of one-third of a mho and so on.

Chemical Affinity.—A measure of the tendency of certain atoms or compounds to combine and form other compounds, e.g., in an accumulator: the formation

of lead sulphate from lead and sulphuric acid.

Choke Coil.—A coil wound to a high value of inductance. If a very high value of inductance is required a soft iron core is introduced.

Current Density.—Relation between current and cross-sectional area of a conductor.

Continuous Current.—A current the direction of which does not alter.

Core Losses.—Losses due to eddy currents and hysteresis or lag in the cores of dynamos, motors, transformers, etc.

Coulomb.—Unit quantity of electric

BATTERIES IN SERIES OR CASCADE



BATTERIES IN MULTIPLE OR PARALLEL



charge. The accumulated quantity of electricity at the rate of one ampere flowing in a circuit for one second. The quantity of electricity contained in a condenser of one farad capacity under a pressure of one volt.

Dead End.—Portion of a variable inductance not in use. (Gives rise to loss due to unwanted capacity of the Dead End, more particularly in the case of short wave-lengths.)

Dead-Beat Galvanometer.—A galvanometer the needle of which comes to rest quickly instead of swinging backwards and forwards for some time over the scale. The damping responsible for the dead-beat action is brought about in various ways—usually by magnetic control or by a system of vanes on the pointer which introduce sufficient air pressure to bring it to rest quickly.

THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

HISTORY.

Lesson No. 4.

Many slaves were brought back to Rome and Italy during the spreading of the Roman Empire. These slaves seriously injured the farming class, and the free labour that assisted in maintaining the strength of the Roman armies gradually declined. Internal strife and civil wars combined during the third century to still weaken the Empire, and as a result the barbarians, as the people were called who lived beyond the Rhine and Danube, were allowed to establish themselves in Roman territory.

These settlers increased in numbers. Some of them learned Roman ways of warfare, returned and taught their country the methods employed, and invaded Roman territory for spoil and plunder.

The Gauls and Picts (as the inhabitants of Scotland were called) also united against the Romans in Britain, and then the Roman Empire was in danger of invasion from neighbouring peoples.

We now find that the Roman Empire was divided into two parts, the then Emperor, Diocletian, believing that thus the Roman eastern frontier was made more secure. Actually this was not so, and we again find the Empire united under Constantine the Great, A.D. 323.

Constantine changed the Roman capital from Rome to "Byzantium," and rechristened the city "Constantinople." Up to the time of Constantine the pagan religion held sway in Rome; but he embraced Christianity, and although Emperor Julian tried to again turn Rome pagan he did not succeed. This Emperor was called "Julian the Apostate."

The Barbarians or Germanic tribes continued in their raids and invasions, and met with success owing to the help received from many of their countrymen who deserted from the Roman armies.

Another race called the Huns made war on the Germans from Asia, and we find the Goths (one of the Germanic tribes) defeated by the Huns. Some of these Goths continued to serve under the Huns, and were known as Eastern Goths; others fled across the Danube to Roman protection, and were known as Western Goths.

In time these Western Goths became so

strong in numbers that they were a menace within the Roman empire. Valens, the Eastern Emperor, determined to suppress them, and met them in battle at Adrianople, only to be defeated.

Meanwhile other Germanic tribes, the Vandals, Franks, Burgundians, Angles, Saxons and Jutes moved westwards on their campaign of invasion. Yet another enemy moved against Italy, namely the Hun, referred to earlier in this lesson as coming from Central Asia.

Crossing Italy under their leader Attila, they were attacked by the combined forces of the Goths and Romans and defeated. In their retreat beyond the Danube, Italy suffered in the destruction of many cities, towns and villages. Rome itself was only spared at the request of *Pope Leo the Great*.

The Gaels and the Picts continued their invasions and raids on Britain, and crossed the sea to the Continent, where they had many successes against the Romans. During one of these raids Niall of the Nine Hostages brought back St. Patrick as a slave to Ireland. St. Patrick was sold to Milcho, who employed him as a shepherd on the Antrim hills. Dathie, while leading yet another raid, was killed by lightning at the foot of the Alps. It is related that his troops brought back his dead body to Ireland for burial.

The Romans in Britain, receiving so many defeats at the hands of the Gaels and Picts, invited the Germanic tribes to assist them. The Angles, Saxons and Jutes came to the southern portion of Britain and settled down there; thus was laid the foundation of modern England.

SCALE DRAWING AND MAP READING.

TEST EXERCISES.

1. Construct a scale of paces to suit a map in which $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches represents 1,000 yards.

2. Construct a scale of feet having as Representative Fraction $\frac{1}{5280}$.

3. On a map drawn to a scale of $\frac{1}{132000}$ two towns are shown $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches apart. How long will it take a man walking at 3 miles per hour to travel from one town to the other.

4. Taking the R.F. to be $\frac{1}{14400}$, what map distance will represent a ground distance of 525 yards.

GEOGRAPHY.

Lesson No. 23.

IRELAND.

Railways.—Great Southern Railways.

Under this heading is included the following:—

Former Name.	Amalgamated as
Great Southern and Western Railway.	Southern District.
Midland Great Western Rly.	Western Dist.
Dublin South Eastern Rly.	Eastern Dist.
Cork, Blackrock and Passage Railway.	Southern Section.
Cork and Muskerry Railway	do.
Cork and Macroom Railway	do.
West Clare Railway	do.
Waterford and Tramore Rly.	do.

Great Southern and Western Railway.— From Dublin, Kingsbridge, the main line connects with Cork via *Sallins, Kildare, Portarlinton, Maryborough, Ballybrophy, Thurles, Limerick Junction, Charleville and Mallow.*

Branches.

From *Sallins* a line connects with Tullow. From *Kildare*, a branch runs south via Athy, Carlow, Bagenalstown and Palace East to Macline Junction on the Eastern District (D. S. E. Rly.). Branches connect Kilkenny with Bagenalstown and Waterford with Palace East.

From *Portarlinton* a branch runs to Athlone via Tullamore and Clara. At Clara and Athlone the Southern District connects with the Western District. From Clara a connection is made with Banagher. From *Maryborough* a branch runs via Kilkenny to Waterford. A short branch connects Castlecomer with Kilkenny. From *Ballybrophy* a branch runs in a South-westerly direction through Roscrea, Nenagh and Birdhill to Limerick. From Roscrea a branch goes to Birr—from Birdhill one goes to Killaloe. From Limerick this branch goes North through Ennis (there joining the West Clare section), Athenry, Claremorris, and Collooney to Sligo. The Western District Railway is joined at the four last named points.

From *Thurles* a branch runs to Clonmel, where the Southern branch from *Limerick Junction* to Waterford is joined. Northward from *Limerick Junction* a branch line connects with Limerick.

From *Charleville* a line goes North and

joins near Patrick's Well a branch from Limerick to Tralee.

From *Mallow* a branch line goes East through Fermoy and Lismore to Waterford. A branch connects Mitchelstown with Fermoy. From *Mallow* another branch runs West through Banteer (Junction for Kanturk and Newmarket) and Headford Junction. From the latter Junction the line runs northward through Killarney and Farranfore to Tralee and West from Farranfore to Caherciveen and motor to Waterville. South from Headford to Kenmare from whence motor services to the Kerry and Cork beauty spots.

From *Cork* the main line goes on to Youghal. From Cobh Junction the main line goes South to Cobh. The total distance from Kingsbridge to Cobh being 177 miles. The total mileage operated by the Southern District (formerly Gt. S. & W. Rly.) is 1,083 miles, and this is by far the longest in Ireland.

Associated at Cork with the Southern District are the:—

Cork, Blackrock and Passage Rly—total, 16 miles.

Cork and Macroom Railway—total, 25 miles.

Cork, Bandon and South Coast with extensions to Baltimore, Skibbereen, Bantry and Clonakilty—total length, 95 miles.

Waterford and Tramore—length, 7 miles.

Listowel and Ballygunion—length, 9 miles.

GRAMMAR.

Lesson No. 9.

Linking up the last lesson in Grammar, we note the time and manner of using the different forms of the Indefinite Demonstrative Adjectives "a" and "an."

"An" is used (1) before a word beginning with a vowel as *An Officer*, *An Ostrich*, *An owl*, and (2) before words beginning with a consonant which is silent as *An hour*, *An heir*, *An honour*, and so forth.

"A" is used before words beginning with a consonant as "a board," "a dog," "a soldier"; it is also used before certain words beginning with a vowel, when the vowel has a "w" or "y" sound, for example—a ukelele tune, a useless thing, a one-eyed idol, a ewe.

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The Formation of Adjectives.

Some words, particularly short and one-syllable words are adjectives, as warm, cold, small, long, hot. By using a *Suffix* (that is, by adding a letter or syllable to a noun, adjective, verb or adverb) one may form adjectives from words which are not in themselves adjectives:—

(1) Adjectives formed from Nouns.

Noun.	Adjective.	Noun.	Adjective.
Hurry.	Hurried.	History.	Historical.
Hope.	Hopeless.	Misery.	Miserable.
Fear.	Fearless.	Topic.	Topical.
Ireland.	Irish.	Race.	Racial.
Calm.	Calmness.	Brim.	Brimful.
Gold.	Golden.	Joy.	Joyful.

(2) Adjectives formed from other Adjectives.

1st Adj.	2nd Adj.
Spasmodic.	Spasmodical.
Comic.	Comical.
Two.	Twofold.
Empty.	Emptiness.
Heroic.	Heroical.
Whole.	Wholesome.

(3) Adjectives formed from Verbs.

Verb.	Adjective.	Verb.	Adjective.
Love.	Loving.	Agree.	Agreeable.
Move.	Moveable.	Laugh.	Laughable.
Fly.	Flying.	Insist.	Insisting.

(4) Adjectives formed from Adverbs.

Adverb.	Adjective.	Adverb.	Adjective.
Out.	Outward.	Low.	Lowly.
Up.	Upright.	Back.	Backward.

The student should exercise himself now by forming adjectives as in the above examples. He should note also that a word which is able to do the work of an Adjective may also be capable of acting as some other part of speech. In our next lesson we will deal with the Comparison of Adjectives.

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THE ARMY DIRECTORY.

We welcome the publication of "The Army List and Directory." It brings the Army into line with the methods of older services, and puts within the reach of all a compendium of useful information. In addition, the Calendar gives the outstanding events in the Anglo-Irish conflict, a unique feature which has not been attempted hitherto. There is a complete list of the Commands, Brigades, Battalions, Corps, and Services, with the names of all officers, their addresses, telephone numbers, etc. The tables of the Establishment and the particulars of the organisation of the Defence Forces are most comprehensive. Full particulars of the Military Wounds Pension Act and the Military Service Pension Act, with the addresses of the Boards, will be found very useful. The deeper mysteries for each year, from 1923 to 1927, will provide food for thought, emphasising, as they do, the consistent and successful efforts which the Army authorities have made to bring down the cost of the organisation. In this connection the special article comparing the cost of the Irish Army with the armies of other nations will be found singularly interesting. It will give pause to many ill-informed critics of the cost of our Army. Athletes will be interested in the section giving the Army Athletic Championships.

The Directory will be found invaluable, not only to the soldier, but to the legislator and the general public, and is extraordinarily good value for two shillings and sixpence.

AN EASTERN COMMAND CHAMPION.

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

A Chara,—In recent issues of your esteemed journal your correspondents, "Collar Badge" and "Kay" in their notes dealing with the 23rd Battn. and Portobello Barracks respectively, have referred to Pte. Cox as if he were on the strength of the 23rd Battn. I have waited in vain for a correction of this misstatement, as everyone in Portobello knows that Cox had been transferred from the 23rd Battn. for several months prior to his becoming an Eastern Command Champion. For the sake of veracity let it be recorded that Cox is on the strength of No. 7 Brigade H.Q. Coy., and is not even attached to any other unit. Furthermore, Cox was not in Kilbride Camp with the 23rd Battn. as one would be led to believe from a perusal of the Portobello notes in your issue dated the 24th ultimo.

Hoping that you will find space for this correction.—Is, mise, le meas mor agam ort,

SEAN OG.

stractedly, "I wonder has Captain O'Malley ever been in love?"

"Oh, many times," cried Edmund, and laughed heartily, too heartily, perhaps, to be quite convincing.

"Indeed!" queried Irene, eyeing him severely.

"I make a hobby of it," he continued gaily. "Your Highness must know that an Irishman has boundless gifts in that direction. His amorous capacity is quite limitless. I profess fealty to many loves. There is, for example, my green tasselled beauty radiant as the stars, sudden and vivid as the lightning, whose glance brings blindness, and whose kiss is death. That is my sword."

The Princess raised a hand and toyed thoughtfully with the green-and-gold knot that dangled at O'Malley's cross-hilt.

"Yes?" she murmured questioningly. "Then, there is my sweetheart of the night-black hair and the proudly-arching neck, with the speed of the wind in her graceful limbs, and the wonderful white star blazing on her stately forehead. Comrade, servant, and sweetheart, steadfast and true. My incomparable Grainne! My coal-black Irish girl."

"Yes?" the Princess repeated, and waited expectantly.

"Then, there is my Lady of the Western Sea, a sweet, sad Queen, royally robed in rarest emerald and in palest gold, with dewy sprays of little green shamrogue crowning the ebon blackness of her hair. That is my native land. For ever she mourns by the gray-green wave, crooning her children loved and lost, and gleaned never a note of gladness from lilt of lark or jewelled glint of Connacht's sun-veined streams. Yet are her exiles mindful of the tearful mother who calls to them across half the world in tones that go to their hearts. In court or in camp, in weal or in woe, still are they the faithful children of the patient mother, who stretches out her arms to them across the salt sea foam. Though they forget all else, yet must they for ever recall and cherish the beauty of Dark Rosaleen."

Irene's curl-crowned head bent low over her lilac-blossom. She could not see her companion's face, but she knew that his eyes were filled with tears. Her own grew moist and dim.

From the little woodland mere there came a confused piping of bird-voices, and, with a flutter and a sudden whirr of beating wings, a cloud of wild birds rose from the reeds and swept over the lilac-bower. Edmund glanced upward at the fleeing flock and crossed himself piously.

"My comrades, the Wild Geese," he explained, answering the unspoken question in Irene's eyes. "We have a legend that the souls of our exiled brethren, who have died on European battlefields, take the form of wild geese and speed homeward for a farewell glimpse of wave-washed Erin. Oh, happy grey wings, homing oversea!"

"How beautifully you speak of your native land," cried the Princess. "Your words have the haunting sadness of an old sweet song."

"Every Irishman is born with a singing-bird in his heart," said Edmund. "It may not always find voice, but it is there."

There was a moment's pause. Then the Princess returned to the theme from which, for a space, they had digressed.

"You were speaking of your—your attachments," she murmured, her head still bent over the fragrant blossom. "You named your horse, your sword, and your native land. But any or every soldier might confess just these same predilections. Is there no dearer and more intimate attachment? Is there not a lady in the case?"

Edmund could not consciously lie to anyone—least of all to the Princess of Caronia.

"There is," he admitted. His tone frankly indicated, within the limits of courtesy, that the subject was distasteful to him. But Irene, intent on her lilac spray, failed, perhaps, to notice his embarrassment. At any rate she persisted.

"How long have you known this lady?"

"From beginning to end, a matter of one year," the Irishman replied.

"And—does the lady love you?"

"I cannot say."

"Haven't you asked her?"

"No!"

"Faint heart! Why not?"

There was a prolonged pause. As in all his other difficulties, Edmund harked back to the memory of Lynch. What would the hard-headed Ulsterman do now? How would he act? What would he say?

As the Princess toyed with her lilac and awaited a reply, O'Malley schooled himself to calmness and recollection. Falsehood—even evasion—was impossible to his candid Irish soul. But he felt that he must guard his secret from the Princess—from her above all others.

The silence became almost embarrassing. Irene looked up questioningly.

"Your Highness," said Edmund, "mine is a perfectly hopeless case. There are two insurmountable obstacles. The lady is as far above me as yonder sun above its image mirrored in the pool. Besides, I am pledged—vowed, on my soul and conscience to—a certain enterprise which for ever seals my lips. Love's prayers and pleadings are not for me. One word, nay, even one thought of love would make me traitor and poltroon—a Judas, a vulgar scoundrel like the false Sir Ulric of the legend. Believe me, lady, no Irishman could ever be that."

He spoke with the cool deliberation of one who carefully chooses his words—courteous and truthful, but very guarded and utterly dissatisfying. She knew just enough to hungrily demand more.

"You have loved the lady for one year!" the Princess remarked.

"I have known her for a year," Edmund corrected. "I think I have loved her since my soul first woke to consciousness. I am sure I shall love her until the final annihilation makes an end of all things—love included."

Again the dreamy, dark orbs searched

the clear, hazel depths of Edmund's beautiful Irish eyes.

"This oath—this vow you speak of," said Irene with a little puzzled frown; "has it any connection with the lady whom you must not—must not—woo?"

"Of course!" he replied with easy frankness. "I have sworn on my honour as a soldier and an Irishman to make her the bride of another—"

With a faint, startled exclamation, the Princess unclasped her hands and sat upright. Then she placed her elbows on her knees and, with her chin between her palms, stared, unseeing, before her. Her lips were slightly parted, her eyes vacant—preoccupied. For a space she was lost to her surroundings as her mind groped towards the light.

She was keenly aware that her companion, while copiously and readily—too readily!—giving little fugitive items and unimportant details, was jealously guarding a secret; skilfully holding aloof from the crucial fact; veiling a mystery in deeper mystery still.

Should she—could she—ask him to name the lady of his love. In her heart she whispered hotly, "I love him: I ought to know!" But she felt that, if she asked the lady's name, he would refuse to tell her.

For all his candour and forbearance and courteous Irish chivalry, he would refuse!

Well, she would put him to the test!

"This lady must be a very formidable person," she said. "For a year you worship from afar, and never venture to reveal your devotion. Then, without putting the matter to the proof, you calmly undertake to see her safely wedded to someone else!"

"That is hardly an accurate statement of the case," he corrected smilingly. "When I joined my comrades in a certain enterprise and vowed, with them, to see it through, I knew not that it concerned the lady of—of my dreams."

He uttered the words with a sigh that was half a groan.

The Princess flared up on the instant. "Monstrous!" she cried hotly. "Such a vow should not be considered binding! It was made in ignorance, and was annulled in advance!"

She stopped suddenly, stood erect beside him, and laid a pleading hand upon his sleeve.

"Might I—might I learn the lady's name?" she murmured shyly.

There came no reply. The Princess raised her eyes to O'Malley's face. Apparently he had not heard her question. Indeed he seemed quite oblivious of her presence. With head thrown back, lips slightly parted and eyes straining into the forest vista, he was fixed in a pose of supreme, concentrated attention. Listening! intently, greedily, breathlessly listening. And to what? The Princess forgot her queries and quibbles and feminine anxieties. She listened too.

At first she heard nothing. The voices of the forest—stir and rustle of leaf and branch, fugitive pipe of unseen bird, the gentle whisper of the perfume-laden breeze—were faintly audible in

the dreamy stillness. But presently there was a sound, emphatic and unmistakable—the beat of galloping hoofs on the highway.

"Horsemen!" she whispered, looking up into Edmund's face, now grown tense and stern.

"Three or four of them," he answered, without looking at her.

Together they listened to the ringing hoof-beats, which, each moment, waxed louder and clearer. Suddenly the sharp, echoing noise became blunted and dulled.

"They have left the highway and are coming down the lane," Edmund murmured softly.

He drew the Princess into the deeper recesses of the lilac bower and placed himself in front of her. His hand rested on his sword-hilt.

The thudding of hoofs on the soft sward became a formless confusion of sound as the riders drew nearer.

"Ulmo!" Edmund whispered. He knew that only Prince Karl's reckless troopers would ride at such headlong pace through the forest, where gnarled roots and low-hanging boughs offered menace to all save the most daring horseman.

With a terrific pounding of hoofs and rattle of harness, the cavalcade swept past the opening in the leafy screen and sped down the narrow, winding pathway. As the sounds died away in the distance, O'Malley relaxed his attitude of vigilant alertness and turned with a smile to the maiden by his side.

"Lady," he said gaily, "if the Duke and the Prince pursue their courtship with the ardour which inspires their horsemanship, I almost fear that they will succeed in their purpose. Nothing could withstand such impetuosity."

"I recognized the Duke and Prince Karl," Irene said; "who are the others?"

"One, Brant, the other, Lotz," Edmund replied. "I have some hopes of Lotz; but Brant is a grovelling sneak!"

"The Duke was leading as they passed," the Princess observed.

"By half a length," quoth Edmund. "In all enterprises of villainy, treachery, and murder the Duke leads his hireling crew to the danger-point, and then discreetly retires. Direct, frontal attack, as a plan of battle, doesn't appeal to him a bit. He prefers to push from behind. Probably he will still lead by half a length when he and his cut-throat gang make their final rush for the gates of hell; but the Duke will be the last to pass through. And Beelzebub had better look sly, or Ungvar may give him the slip at the finish!"

The Princess beamed upon her tall champion. She dearly loved to hear him denounce the Duke in his own vigorous and outspoken way; it entertained her vastly.

"What awful threats you hurl at the poor Duke," she exclaimed, smiling up at him. "Yet he loves me."

"That is his most unpardonable crime," he stormed. "It is presumptuous, offensive—an insult!"

"At any rate, we are rid of him and

of the Prince," Irene reflected with quiet satisfaction.

"Your pardon, lady," said Edmund gravely; "the Duke is not so easily shaken off. Think you that he risks his neck in headlong gallops for nothing? He has learnt of our decision to cross the mountains by the Pass of Ungvar, and he has ridden ahead to prepare for your coming. For the second time he shall prepare in vain."

"How?" asked the Princess wonderingly.

"We shall turn back," said Edmund with decision. "Your Highness must return to Zurst. I cannot allow you to run the risk of falling into the hands of these desperate men."

Irene pondered this proposition for a moment or two. Then, with head proudly erect and heightened colour, she faced her companion.

"Return to Zurst," she cried in indignant protest. "I shall do nothing of the kind. Things have reached a pretty pass when the Princess of Caronia cannot traverse her own territory—cannot visit her neighbours—without being spied upon and harried and threatened by a cabal of cowardly traitors! Why should I flee, like a frightened child, from the Duke of Ungvar? Let those turn back, sir, who fear to face the music. And don't argue with me, don't try to break my purpose. I cross the mountains, even if I go alone."

She swept him a cold curtsy and turned away as though the matter were finally settled.

"You shall not go alone," said Edmund quietly, and fell to gazing thoughtfully down the woodland vista. He pursed his lips and frowned, as one who puzzles over a tangled problem. He sought a way out of the maze, and invoked the memory of Lynch astute master of diplomacy.

Sidelong, Irene watched her tall cavalier wrestle with the difficulties of the situation. Presently the puzzled frown departed, the pursed lips expanded in a smile, and Edmund's eyes shone with a gleam of victory. He had found a way out. The spirit of Lynch had whispered in his ear.

"Your Highness," he said quietly, "I am your very obedient servant; my first concern is your personal safety. To cross the mountains at all is to run considerable risk; for this desperate Duke will stop at nothing. Yet, with luck, we may circumvent him. I have a plan; if you will graciously hearken."

She raised her eyes to his in a glance of perfect confidence, and smilingly nodded to him to proceed.

"If we cross the mountains by the Pass of Ungvar," he said, "it is certain our party will be stopped at the dual fortress, and an attempt made to seize your Highness. That, of course, would mean a fight to the death. I have an Irish weakness for a scrimmage, and I hunger to meet the Duke at sword-point; yet here must I deny myself. Your Highness's safety must be absolutely assured; and I can give no guarantee that our small company—less than a dozen swords—would make

any sort of show against the hireling horde of Ungvar and Ulmo."

He paused. The Princess kept silence; but in her heart she whispered: "I would risk it with you—anywhere with you!"

"Therefore, I think it well to resort to strategy," he resumed. "When we return to the inn, you must don some sort of disguise totally unfamiliar and unrecognizable. One of the page-boys shall wear your long cloak and head-gear, and ride your white palfrey. Our party shall at once resume the journey; but, when the roads part at the foot of the mountains, we two shall fare to the left through the Gorge of Ulmo and make a dash for it in the darkness. Duke Sergius and the rest of the party, traversing the Pass of Ungvar, may furnish a little surprise for the love-lorn wooer who seeks a Princess, and finds a page-boy. That pretty comedy we must miss. Pray that we be not engaged in tragedy elsewhere."

The Princess was charmed with the prospect of such a romantic adventure. Many a time had she dreamt of just some such thrilling escapade with her green-clad rescuer as companion. And now—oh! it was almost too good to be true!

"What think you of my plan?" inquired Edmund.

"It likes me well," quoth her Highness, and curtsied demurely. A Princess in disguise must forswear her haughty ways and adopt the demeanour of the lowly.

"Good!" said Edmund, preparing to quit the lilac-bower. He held the branches aside, and Irene stepped into the pathway.

Ungvar's regard for me, as a friend, will not be increased by his having seen us here together," he remarked smilingly.

"But he couldn't possibly see us!" Irene exclaimed. "He rode headlong past the harbour."

"The Duke sees everything," said Edmund gravely.

"But he never once looked in our direction," she protested.

"The Duke can see without looking," O'Malley assured her.

The Princess paused a moment to choose a dainty spray of lilac. This she plucked, and with a gracious curtsy, presented to her escort.

"For my comrade in knight-errantry," she said gaily, yet with a chord of deep feeling. "May fair fortune smile upon our enterprise!"

"Amen!" said Edmund fervently. He raised the lilac blossom to his lips, and then tucked it in his belt. Irene felt a little, cold pang of disappointment. She half expected that he would thrust it beneath the gold-laced breast of his tunic. She did not know that a faded rose already nestled there.

At the inn they found a repast awaiting the party. As the pair entered, Irene, conscious of a battery of eyes focused on her, felt vaguely uncomfortable. Why, she asked of her heart, should this be so? Could anyone guess her secret?

Yes. Curious eyes were quick to read a meaning into the scented blossom tucked beside Edmund's sword-hilt.

The Princess and the Guardsman had found love among the lilacs.

CHAPTER XVI.

"When Ungvar discovers that the Princess is not of the party," O'Malley said to Duke Sergius, "he may be angry—very angry—but he won't show it. He will smile a wry, sour smile, shrug his shoulders, spread his palms resignedly, and wish you a pleasant finish to your journey."

"But won't he notice that you are also missing?" the Duke queried.

"Beyond a doubt," Edmund assented, and fell to musing for a space.

"Your Grace has traversed both roads ere now," he remarked presently. "Which do you judge the more distant from here—Ulmo or Ungvar?"

"I should say they are about equidistant. There isn't a difference of a mile in it," was the Duke's reply.

Reflectively the Irishman considered the situation.

"What are the means of communication between the Duke's castle and the Prince's fortress?" he asked.

"A narrow and tortuous track along the mountain ridge," Sergius answered. "It must be almost impassable in the darkness. But what is your trouble? Do you foresee any fresh move on the part of the plotters?"

"If Ungvar knows my mind as well as I know his—and I think he does—he won't leave the Ulmo road quite unguarded. We shall never be allowed to pass Prince Karl's gates unchallenged," quoth Edmund with conviction.

For a moment the pair considered this new menace.

"If I remember aright," Edmund said, "the Ulmo road, after passing the fortress gates, suddenly doubles back upon itself in a very sharp turn."

"'Tis the worst mountain road I have ever traversed," quoth Sergius; "a maze of zigzags and treacherous elbow-shaped corners."

"That V-shaped turn beyond the Karl-list stronghold may just prove our salvation," said the Irishman hopefully.

"How?" inquired the Duke.

"A mile or so on this side of the fortress we will quit the highroad and scramble somehow down the rocky declivity which divides the upper and lower arms of the V-shaped crook. Thus, with some luck, we may escape the Ulmo sentinels and regain the main road. What think you?"

"'Tis a dangerous hazard," Sergius opined, and shook his head hopelessly. "In broad daylight, and on foot, it might be done; but in the darkness, and with horses—I doubt!"

"Well, well," said Edmund determinedly, "we must e'en have a try. It may prove a breakneck enterprise; but I vastly prefer to have my neck broken honestly, rather than have an Ulmo poniard thrust between my shoulder-blades—and Ungvar gloating over my dying agonies!"

"Courage!" cried the Duke cheerfully; "you may win through all right."

"I will have a try, at any rate!" said Edmund, and he turned towards the stables.

In the courtyard of the inn all was bustle and movement as the royal escort prepared for departure.

Evening was drawing near, and, as the sun slowly slid behind the forest tree-tops, a faint, vaporous haze stole over the scene. The hush of dying day enveloped the woodlands in a dreamful, solemn spell. There was a sudden cessation in the noisy chatter of the courtyard groups as the great bell of the neighbouring monastery rang out the mellow vesper-chime. Every head was bent in a moment's pious prayer.

Then the brusque tones of Duke Sergius broke the silence, giving sharp orders to make ready for the road.

O'Malley ran his eye over the various groups, and, in a distant corner, near the stable door, he saw the princess's palfrey in charge of a page-boy—a lad in high leathern riding-boots, a coffee-coloured cloak, and a jaunty cap and plume.

Edmund strode across the courtyard.

"Come, boy," he said sharply. "Quit fumbling with that stirrup, and go quickly to her Highness, the Princess. Tell her that all is in readiness for departure. We await her royal pleasure."

The boy's brown plume bent lower over the palfrey's stirrup as he made great show of testing and tightening girth and buckle.

O'Malley eyed the youth impatiently.

"Are you deaf, you young jackanapes?" he cried testily. "Go instantly and find your mistress!"

But the page-boy fell to his task with increased diligence, and paid not the slightest heed to the Captain's command.

Edmund's anger rose. "You insolent young scoundrel!" he began, but stopped abruptly. An incredible thing was happening. The youth's shoulders were shaking with suppressed laughter.

O'Malley could scarcely believe his eyes. He grasped his whip and advanced threateningly.

"Be off!" he shouted stormily; "or, by Heaven! I will lay my crop across your impudent shoulders, you pert little upstart!"

There was no mistaking it now. The boy was rocking with laughter. A faint giggle reached the Captain's ears and set his smouldering wrath ablaze. He seized the youth by the collar and raised his riding-whip vengefully.

But ere the first lash fell, a wild peal of silvery laughter stayed his hand. Puzzled for a moment, he looked down at the victim of his anger, at the little, lissom, brown-clad figure, the chestnut curls wilfully straying from beneath the plumed cap. Great Heaven! He had almost—almost struck her!

With a gasp, he dropped the riding-crop and released his grip on the brown cloak. Pale to the lips, he retreated a step or two and stared, incredulous, at the quondam page-boy.

The Princess's disguise was amazingly complete.

The brown-clad figure still shook in a frenzy of delighted laughter.

"Your Highness," O'Malley stammered, "I—I crave your pardon. I never suspected your identity. Your disguise is marvellously convincing!"

She turned and faced him, merriment dancing in her eyes.

"Why didn't you thrash me?" she demanded with the reproachful tone of one who has been deprived of a much-desired privilege.

"You very narrowly escaped a beating," he murmured in horror-stricken tone.

"Certainly I deserved one," she said gravely. "And it would have been such a delightful novelty!"

For a space they regarded each other in silence; he, moodily resentful of his own angry outburst; she, frankly amused by the Captain's diverting blunder. Presently, however, her infectious gaiety set him laughing too.

"A very passable pair, are we not?" she challenged archly. "The gallant Captain and his pert but not uncomely esquire!"

"You make a right handsome boy," he replied, eyeing her critically. "I faith, my serving-lad is a youth of parts."

Merrily they laughed into each other's eyes. In masculine fashion she swaggingly adjusted her cloak and flicked a speck of dust from her high riding-boots. Then she doffed her plumed cap and with boyish dignity confronted the smiling Irishman.

"Master!" she said, and, manlike, bowed before him.

"How beautiful is the night!" murmured Irene, as her palfrey cantered beside Edmund's stately Grainne over the path ascending the low foothills which skirted the great mountain range.

They were still in Caromian territory. O'Malley watched warily for the little bridge spanning the noisy torrent which leaped and brawled down the rocky Gorge of Ulmo. The bridge marked the entrance to Prince Karl's domain. A sentinel might be posted there; mayhap a troop!

"Too beautiful for our purpose," he said moodily, in answer to the Princess's whispered comment. "As an adjunct of romance, the moon is indispensable. But this be no lover's ramble. Stern work may be afoot ere we see the Pool of St. Bruno. Darkness had better suited our need. Happily the moon is a mere silver sickle."

"Almost more than anything else in this beautiful universe, I have always loved the moon," murmured Irene, her eyes raised to the pallid crescent gleaming above the mountains' tops. "In childhood's days of simple faith, I deemed it a silver-laden galleon, manned by dreamfolk and gliding from star to star on its nightly voyage to the rosy Isles of Dawn. Rare treasures decked its freighted hold, rainbow-hued silks, honeyed spices, ingots of wondrous fairy gold, filmy fabrics spun by angels in the glowing looms of Eden, and dyed

with the saffron and crimson tints of sunset, dew-diamonds and pearls beyond all price!"

Her voice trailed off into a dreamy murmur as her eyes followed the climbing sickle. Edmund's hand touched hers as he held her bridle-rein.

"Often in boyhood," he said reflectively, "have I watched the moon-ship ride over sleeping Corrib, and pictured the crystal-robed mariners spilling largesse of silver in the shimmering lake! Dear Lady, that seems very long ago. The moon remains, but the dreamfolk of childhood, like the friends of my youth, have vanished, never to return."

"Nay, not so!" Irene protested. "They shall all come back to us some day, in the land where dreams come true."

Unnoticed now, her hand lay in his, and, unconsciously, her gaze rested on his face, so strong, so calm, controlled and schooled so masterfully. Thus they rode for miles.

Suddenly Edmund pulled up the horses and raised a monitory finger.

"Listen!" he whispered softly. Faintly through the stillness, vaguely, brokenly, there stole a confused murmur, the far-off gurgle of falling water. "The bridge," Edmund whispered. He touched the reins lightly, and the horses' canter slowed to a quiet walk. Presently the Captain dismounted and paced between Grainne and the palfrey, leading them by the head.

The noise of the mountain torrent grew louder as they neared the bridge, and the beat of hoofs was entirely drowned by the clamour of leaping waters. Suddenly the Princess gave a faint cry of alarm, and touched Edmund's shoulder with a quick, nervous hand.

"Look!" she whispered. On the bridge the figure of a man was plainly visible in the moonlight. But not upright and watchful as sentinel should be. Prone along the parapet he sprawled, arms and legs dangling helplessly over the sides of the little range-wall, which bounded the roadway as it spanned the gorge.

Edmund took in the situation at a glance.

"Prince Karl's sentinel, fast asleep," he said, and laughed up into Irene's questioning orbs. Then guardedly: "Sh! There may be others—wide awake."

Cautiously they moved towards the recumbent figure, and looked down at the upturned face. Both recognized the sleeper.

"Brant, the traitor," Edmund chuckled.

"The man is in a drunken sleep," Irene whispered.

Suddenly a dreadful terror took possession of the Princess. Brant's position was one of imminent peril. A slight movement, the touch of a child, might send him into the abyss of raging waters below.

Irene remembered Edmund's words to Lotz, and for a moment she feared that Brant's hour had come. With a little piteous cry she placed a hand upon O'Malley's arm.

He glanced up into her eyes and read her thought.

"Lady, you wrong me," he said gravely. "I am not of the school of Ungvar. O'Malley is no murderer. I meet my foes in fair fight. Brant is safe for the present."

"Oh, but he isn't safe!" Irene protested, full of womanly concern. "He may roll over and fall into that dreadful cauldron of raging waters."

"That would never do," said Edmund decisively. "Brant is on my list, and, willy-nilly, he must live until I deem it fitting that he should die."

He grasped the sleeper by the collar and belt, and deposited him in the roadway at the foot of the range-wall. Brant gave a couple of grunts, and his hand groped drunkenly, as if in search of something. Edmund spied an empty flask lying where it had fallen from the sleeper's fingers. He thrust it into Brant's outstretched hand, and with a snort of satisfaction the sentinel settled himself to slumber.

"The ruling passion," said O'Malley, with a light laugh.

He vaulted into the saddle, and urged Grainne ahead, the Princess's palfrey cantering alongside.

For some miles the road led upward over the steep mountain slope. Between high banks, wild and treeless, and strewn with huge boulders projecting from dense scrub and brushwood, they toiled over the difficult pathway. Presently a few trees threw shadowy patterns athwart the track, and ere long they were traversing the dense pine-forest which, as Edmund well knew, engirdled Prince Karl's mountain stronghold.

Dense gloom enshrouded the travellers, only a fugitive moonbeam filtering through the branches. Almost unguided Grainne and the palfrey paced slowly amid the shadows.

"Ulmo," whispered Edmund, as they suddenly emerged from the enshrouding darkness. The road stretched clear in front of them for fully a mile. Crowning a lofty ridge, and sharply outlined against the moonlit sky, rose the black silhouette of a battlemented fortress—Prince Karl's mountain home.

Irene raised her eyes to where, above tower and rampart, the moon swung, a jewelled lantern in the blue-black dome. O'Malley laid a detaining hand on the palfrey's rein, and, silently, for a space the pair contemplated the embattled keep, blackly beetling and frowningly sullen as its master.

"A strong place, Ulmo," O'Malley murmured.

He vaulted from the saddle and assisted the Princess to dismount.

Leading both horses by the bridle-bit, he chose a spot where a sort of channel-track—the dry bed of a winter torrent offered an opening to the left. They quitted the moonlit pathway and began to descend the slope which lay between the upper and lower arms of the Ulmo road.

"Now for a scramble!" Edmund laughed lightly.

The Princess smiled, and, gaily, like a pair of happy children, they fared on the toilsome venture.

THE LEGIONNAIRES.

Recruits for France's Foreign Forces.

The French Foreign Legion, which has always been a subject of much romantic interest, has recently come into great prominence during the fighting with the Riffs.

This picture of the life in the Legion is therefore of particular interest at the present time.

It was Ouida, the famous French authoress, who in her widely read book, "Under Two Flags," first shed the glamour of romance round the French Foreign Legion. Since her day there have been many chroniclers of this interesting subject, most of them adversely criticizing the Legion and everything connected with it. A number of these men are deserters who have served for a time as Légionnaires, but few of them ever got beyond the training depots in Algeria. What they expected to find in the ranks of the Regiment of Strangers one can only conjecture, but let it be said at once that life in the Legion is far from being a bed of roses. It tries a man to the uttermost of his physical endurance, and unless he is very fit and able to train under

(Continued on page 15.)

For a few furlongs all went well, but gradually the task grew stiffer and more dangerous. Giant boulders stayed their progress. Gnarled roots and dense stringy undergrowth set cunning traps for their feet. Marshy puddles and tracts of slimy ooze barred the passage. Constantly the puzzled wayfarers were forced to double back and make wide detours. Bracken and briar and all manner of spiky shrubs thrust forth barbed hooks and thorny fingers. The footing was deceptive and insecure.

O'Malley found it a task almost beyond his powers to lead the horses through the maze of crowding obstacles. Great beads of sweat shone upon his brow, but his square jaw was set in a desperate and stern resolve.

He would fare through!

Were the pathway double difficult and the peril increased tenfold, he would reach the lower road, set the Princess on her palfrey, and loyally guide her to Rhonberg and safety.

To her King across the mountains! No false Sir Ulric he, to dally by the way; to shirk toil and danger; to loll in velvet ease and ignoble idleness; to forfeit his honour and betray his trust!

(To be continued.)

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the most trying conditions he would better far give the Legion a wide berth.

The Foreign Legion was founded in the year 1831 under the name of the African Auxiliaries. A Belgian adventurer, who styled himself Baron de Bœgard, collected round him some 4,000 soldiers of fortune, and set sail for Africa, after swearing allegiance to France. They gave such a good account of themselves, however, that a royal edict dated March 10, 1831, sanctioned their incorporation under the name of La Légion Étrangère, or as it is most commonly known in English-speaking countries, the Foreign Legion. The chief recruiting office for both regiments is in Paris, and when a man joins he is sent in the first place to Marseilles. There, at Fort St. Jean, he remains for a few days until he is embarked, with other recruits, on the packet bound for Oran in Algeria. The steamer takes about two days on the passage.

As soon as she is berthed alongside the wharf in Oran, a sergeant of the Legion comes on board and assembles the recruits. When they have landed, he marches them to the fort high up on the hill, which overlooks and dominates, with its masked batteries, the entrance to Oran from the sea.

The road leading up to Fort St. Thérèse was made by Légionnaires long since dead.

It sweeps in broad curves right to the top of the hill, and tests, in its ascent, the stamina of the fittest.

This fort is the distributing depot for both regiments of the Legion. On their arrival they are given a meal and are then mustered for particulars of identification. They are asked their name, age, nationality, profession, and whether any of them are musicians, the reason for the latter question being that the Legion band ranks second in point of merit in the armies of France.

The recruits are given their choice of joining the 1st Regiment stationed at Sidi-Bel-Abbés, or the 2nd Regiment located at Saïda.

The former is easily first favourite with the young soldiers, for Sidi-Bel-Abbés is a gay place with cafés and dance halls, and wine, too, is cheap in Algeria.

After a day or two at Oran they are sent forward to the regiment of their selection.

Sidi-Bel-Abbés is distant about eighty miles from Oran. Here are the great barracks of the 1st Regiment covering nearly two acres of ground.

They are greeted on arrival at the barracks by the old Légionnaires with chaff and banter.

"Here comes *Le Bleus* (the blues)," they shout derisively, and pass scathing remarks on the appearance of the neophytes.

The recruits are then shown to their quarters, and in the morning they are awakened by the cry of "*au jus, au jus*" (the juice) by a soldier going the round of the beds with a big jug of coffee, pouring out a mugful for each man. A few minutes later *réveille* is sounded, and the corporal exhorts the laggards to "Show-a-leg!" Then ensues a rush to the wash-house, which consists of a huge trough-like arrangement in the barrack yard.

The old hands assist the toilet of *Les Bleus* by throwing buckets of cold water over them. The recruits are then served out with new kits, the "fitting" of each man being the source of much amusement.

At 9.20 a.m. "soup" is served. This dish is in reality Irish stew, for it contains meat cut up into little pieces and vegetables.

The second and final meal of the day is served at 5 p.m., and is also soup. The terrible lack of variety in the food served in the Legion is a source of constant irritation to the men. Every meal, except on very special occasions, consists of soup.

The new Légionnaire now signs on for a minimum period of five years. He receives a bonus of two hundred and fifty francs, half when he signs on and the other half a month later. The pay of a Légionnaire of the second class has been increased to seven pence halfpenny a day with certain small allowances for upkeep of kit. In addition he is allowed a half-pint of red Algerian wine *per diem*.

Perhaps the most trying part of the life of the young soldier is learning to march, for marching is the religion of the Legion. The recruit will start by covering short distances with only his arms, but gradually this is increased until he is able to carry at least seventy pounds weight on his back, and cover thirty miles day by day without interruption at a pace of five kilometers an hour under

a broiling African sun. This is the time a man curses the day he set foot in the Legion. The greatest crime a Légionnaire can be guilty of is to fail in any of these soul-destroying marches. It was General Négri, the most popular leader the Legion ever had, who used to ride past the men when marching, calling out, "Légionnaires march or die." He also said, "Other soldiers know how to fight, but the Légionnaire knows how to die."

Iron discipline is maintained, and the punishment meted out for serious offences is severe in the extreme. Those undergoing one form of it are kept in confinement all the time, except when they are brought out to do six hours' punishment-drill daily. This consists of going round the prison square at the double, carrying a bag containing thirty pounds of sand strapped to the shoulders. He has to halt for a minute or two, and go down on one knee every time he goes round, and the strongest men collapse under the awful ordeal.

Then there is solitary confinement. A Légionnaire sentenced to *cellule* is kept in his cell all the time, and not allowed to leave it under any pretext whatever. He gets no exercise and has no reading matter given him. His cell is about seven feet long by four feet wide, and so shallow that he can hardly turn round. A tiny aperture at the top lets in enough fresh air to keep him alive. He is in semi-darkness the whole long day, and his food is reduced to just enough to keep body and soul together.

After a time the young soldiers are sent to one of the camps in Morocco, where they complete their training under what may be termed active service conditions. From these camps they are dispatched to the various posts held by the Legion throughout Morocco, and very soon they are engaged in actual desert warfare.

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SPECIAL SERVICES, CURRAGH.

The boys of the different branches of the Curragh Special Services attended in full force at Croke Park on Sunday, the 1st August, where they witnessed an exciting inter-County match, Kildare versus Wexford, the former proving themselves the better team and gaining a well-earned victory by 6 points.

As both sides had supporters amongst our boys there were some very keen speculations and forecasts as to what the result would be. However, when the actual result was known the sporting spirit came out, and our followers of both counties heartily congratulated each other. (Glad there were no casualties—Ned.)

The Kildare followers are eagerly looking forward to the finals of all Ireland, of which they have high hopes. They send their hearty congrats. to their comrades in arms who took the field with Kildare, i.e., C.Q.M.S. P. Doyle and Sergt. J. Higgins.

We are all very sorry to see that our Command football team were beaten by the Eastern Command in the final for the inter-Command Championships.

No. 3 Army Band visited the General Military Hospital on Tuesday evening and rendered some splendid selections in the grounds.

We regret very much to announce the departure into civilian life of a number of the boys from Special Services, including Ptes. Dempsey and Tobin from the Army Transport Corps, and Pte. O'Donoghue of the Medical Corps. As representative of the Medical Corps Billiard Team in the Command his loss is sorely felt by the remaining members of the team.

The departure from the A.S.I. of C.S. Fay is also very much regretted, as he was a general favourite of all the boys in the "School." As a token of their high esteem this N.C.O. was made the recipient of a very serviceable presentation.

We are eagerly "listening-in" for the wedding bells which we believe will ring out shortly in the A.S.I.

PERCIVAL.

Builder: "And are you fit for hard labour?"

Applicant for Job: "Well, several of the best judges in the country have thought so!"

IRISH ARMY HORSEMEN AT BRAY SHOW.

At the Bray and Co. Wicklow Agricultural Show, held at Bray on Wednesday, 11th inst., the Army team added further honours to their success at the Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show..

In the Open Jumping Competition, Finghin, ridden by Capt. Corry, was awarded 2nd prize, and Oisín, ridden by Capt. Dwyer, secured 3rd prize. Capt. Hume-Dudgeon, of the British Military team, which competed at the Horse Show, secured first place in the Open Jumping Competition.

In the Special Jumping Competition, confined to the three officers and horses of the Irish Army who won second prize in the Military International Jumping Competitions at Ballsbridge, Finghin, ridden by Capt. Corry; Oisín, ridden by Capt. G. O'Dwyer, and Cuchulann, ridden by Capt. C. B. Harty, were awarded first, second, and third places respectively.

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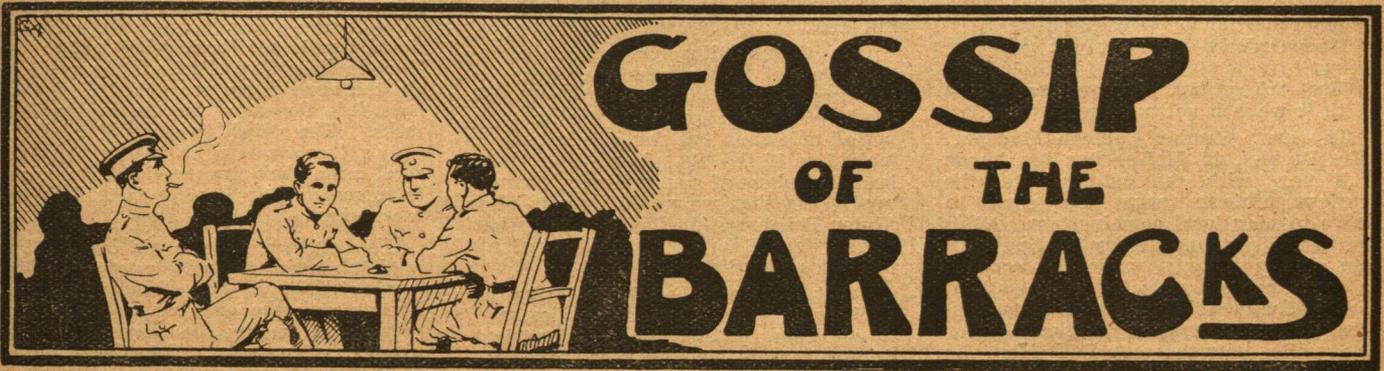
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G.H.Q., CALLING.

(In common with the "rest of the Army," the foreign visitors and the daily press, we welcome back "Me Larkie.")

Heard in Horse Show Week:—

The Gink—"Are you for the High Jump, Mac?"

Mac—"Which, Orderly Room or Ballsbridge?"

Oh! the moon now shines on McKee, trala,

For the Riffs are sleeping out.

The "bed-on-the-balcony" stunt, you see

Is the spasm the ginks have up in McKee,

And they slumber like Cupid until Revallee,

No wonder they kick step and soldier school "B"

Tit willow, Tit willow, Tit willow!

But see them at mid-day beyond in Block "G"

With the Quarter-bloke's soap they hand-peg with glee,

They sure can pull "quick ones" and then look for more

When they blem up their bed-boards they start on the floor.

But joking apart and between you and me,

We're proud of our crest, o'er the Mess, in McKee!

Congratulations are due to the energetic Committee and officials of the Army Swimming Club. Their initial endeavours have been crowned with success, and Tara Street Baths on Wednesday afternoon would remind you of a well-packed tin of sardines. As your man, Peter Kearns of the Signallers, remarked, "You would have to bring a shoehorn with you to slip in." (It's anything but a "wash-out"—Ned).

THE FINANCIAL OPTIMIST—The Gink that looks forward to a Leap year for the extra Day's Pay!

Having successfully negotiated the School of the Soldier "A" jumps for the Reveille Plate, that prime old favourite, "The Company," carrying a lot of weight, is now practising a trifle more assiduously for the School of the

Soldier "B" Stakes. It is rumoured in sporting circles that when the School of the Soldier XYZ Competition is finished that "The Company" will be let out on grass!

G.H.Q. met Portobello in the Park on Wednesday last (hurling and football). Portobello didn't win. That's that!

Medical Officer—"Are you troubled with things dancing before your eyes?"

Your Man (with vivid recollections of the Reveille kick-step)—"No, sir, not now, since I was excused the 7 o'clock parade."

Jack Price, Johnny Smalle, Owen Murphy, and Peter Cole covered themselves with glory at the recent Gormanston Sports. Jeff and Jazzer were also there, and there were others. Some of the lads uncovered themselves, some discovered themselves, and thank ye kindly, we now have all recovered ourselves.

THE HYGIENIC OPTIMIST—The Gink that would like his conduct sheet sent to the Laundry.

Jimmy Keyes, Jack Harvey, and a lot of the boys have returned after a well-earned holiday. Another bunch of the lads are holidaying at various seaside resorts. En passant, I may add that tidal waves and typhoons are reported in the Pacific!

Never judge a Pay Book by the cover—we presume that the red ink entries inside speak for themselves.

The Remounts surely had their gala week during the Horse Show. Con, Dinky, Joe English and the boys were much sought after for buckshee tips about the jumpers. You weren't in the picture in McKee last week unless you could jingle a spur or chew a wisp of straw correctly. (A straw shows where the Remount goes—Ned.)

It's about time now that "the Company" and the clerks had a bit of an outing. The P.A.'s have their posh displays; so have the Mechanical Transport; the Signallers have their Flag Days, and the Remounts have their Horse Show—but the Company and the clerks, thank ye kindly—the only out-

ings we get are Medical Inspections and Bath Parades, and, during gala periods, a little romantic grass picking.

C.O. (looking at your man's Conduct Sheets)—"Yes, you certainly have a past, and now I'll give you a present—10/- fine, and if you aren't careful it will be more in future."

We all join in wishing the ever popular "Pay-Jay" O'Beirne (of Ballybough fame) the very best of good luck on his return to civilian life. "Pay-Jay" was one of the best, and the Scribes' Squadron will miss his cheery personality from their midst.

Gink—"I'm feeling as fit as a two-year-old."

Fed-up N.C.O.—"Horse or egg?"

The wicket gate, of "short cut" memories is now like old man Poe's Raven "Nevermore." No more shall he chant "Oh; wicket gate, oh! wicket gate, many a time when I was late, you saved my skin." No more shall the McKee 9 o'clock harriers glide through thy kindly portals to be in time for the "Markers-shun-as-you-were-nothing-like-it" spasm on the morning parade. Never again shall we grease off silently and a trifle surreptitiously so as not to be clicked for the dinner parade. No, we now have to loop the loop up the steepy slopes of the Park (now termed "Khyber Pass" on our gastronomic glide to McKee).

Your Man—"Aye, Mac, what do they mean by the Order of the Bath?"

Mac—"The P.A.'s on a Thursday; the Remounts and Signals on a Friday, and the Clerks and buckshees on a Saturday!"

THE GASTRONOMICAL OPTIMIST—The Gink that tries to lick an economy label the morning after Pay Night.

Slacks are now worn by some of the clerical staff in G.H.Q. during the summer weather. Well, judging by grace and deportment, and the "symmetry" displayed we are inclined to say "Roll on winter."

The Gink, he used to sing at dawn, And well sure "G" Block knew it— But Room two six's aim was strong, And now that Gink don't do it.

Mac to Mess Orderly—"Can I have another portion of jam, please?"

Mess Orderly—"Didn't you get your issue?"

Mac—"Yes, but a wasp flew away with it when it got my back turned."

The ever popular Canteen Manager, Mr. Brophy, in McKee has his hands full now with the catering for the various athletic teams that come to town to play local combinations. With his usual tact and ability he has, with his able assistants, made the canteen a popular rendezvous for the boys that are unfortunately precluded from indulging in the spasms at the Lido or Deauville—now that our Bath House is a trifle out of gear!

The No. 7 Group, under the able guidance of the ever-energetic Secretary, B.S.M. Woods, is making great headway in Command competitions. The G.H.Q. Group will have to get a trifle more giddy if they want to remain top bow-wow. (I think they must be inventing a new language up in McKee—Ned.)

Least said soonest mended—well, there sure must be a heap of talking in Army Shoemakers' Shops.

Mac—"Have you tried the new short cut through the Park to McKee?"

Your Man—"No; I've only signed on for two years!"

There is no truth in the rumour that the Remounts' new trumpet call—that one with its joyous Arcadian note of Mother-may-I-go-out-to-play, is going to be utilised for broadcasting the "Tay-bell" as Your Man hath it.

This week's slogan—"PARADE-TON!"

ME LARKIE.



18th BATTALION, CORK.

At a recent Battalion Council meeting surprise was expressed that notes from the Battalion were not appearing in the Army Journal. Of course it was unanimously decided that this was not as it should be. It was also decided by everybody that everybody would make a better correspondent than everybody else. And there we are. (The Battalion correspondent's lot is really as bad as the Editor's—Ned.)

Since the Editor last heard from us a great many things have happened. First of all we went to Kilworth Camp to receive the rain that had been saved up for years in anticipation of our visit. Between the deluges we managed to work in quite a lot of training and sport and then we came home, but only just in time to receive what rain we had missed outside.

Kilworth proved many things, amongst which were that "B" Company have no superiors and few equals where marching is concerned. The way they got to and from the Camp along thirty miles of very tough road was something to be justly proud of. Old records were easily broken in this respect and new ones established. To be sure the Headquarters Company and

Band made the pace, but even they admit that "B" cannot be surpassed.

Our Commanding Officer, Commandant Patrick Casey, was very keen on running off the Battalion Football and Hurling Championships during the period at Camp, but for a long time it looked as if the old adage about "the best laid plans of men and mice" would apply, and that we would have to play Water Polo instead. Then the weather clerk relented for a few nights and all roads lead to the sports field.

Every Company had been perfecting itself with a view to the matches, and in addition to this the Headquarters Company were putting forward teams for the first time since the Battalion was formed. They were expected to provide a sensation.

Strange to say, the draw for the first round put Headquarters against the best Football and Hurling teams in the Battalion, and they duly provided the sensation by easily defeating both teams and going into the finals.

The excitement following the results was intense. One would imagine that a National Championship was at stake. On all sides were lengthy discussions of the probable results. The infection spread outside the Battalion, even to the civilians living in the Camp's neighbourhood. When the great day arrived for the finals a large crowd assembled at the Sports field, and were rewarded by seeing exhibitions of Football and Hurling that could not be surpassed even by senior teams of long experience. "A" Company won both matches after a terrific struggle. It is their second year to hold the cups.

Though no attempt is made to take from the victory it has to be recorded that the honours were easily with Headquarters.

The Battalion won both Command and Brigade Football Championships during this period also, and the medals were presented by Commandant Casey prior to the Battalion's return from Camp. Incidentally, the lion's share went to Headquarters Company. Our next venture will be in the Medical Service and Chaplain's Cups, when we hope to give a good account of ourselves.

Outstanding figures in Football and Hurling circles during the period were Capt. Tynan, Lieut. Healy, Lieut. Browne, also Duggan, Keogh, Quann, Murray, Carroll, Leavy, McElligott, Burke and Barron.

J. J. M.



15th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

Since the publication of our last notes the guards, duties, etc., of the Camp have again fallen to our lot. The usual amount of local passes are gradually dwindling, and as a result the Battalion stamp is getting a rest.

On Monday, 2nd inst., a section of "C" Coy. marched out to take over Kildare Barracks from the 5th Battalion. I am sure that the boys of "C" Coy. will keep up training and make good use of the long

evenings. They went far in the Brigade Inter-Coy. Hurling Competition, and we would like to see them doing well in the Brigade Inter-Coy. Football Competition. On the same day a squad of "D" Coy. boys left Ponsobly for Newbridge Barracks. The squad has many of the Company's "sports" in it, who will, I am sure, make their way here when required to represent their Coy. in football in the near future.

The Battalion athletes are looking forward to meeting the athletes of the neighbouring Units in the Command Sports. Even though the odds are against them, they will, I am sure, be successful in winning many prizes. The Camp duties being carried out by the Battalion are a hindrance to them as every night sees them on guard or patrol. Pte. Tierney, who brought off first prize in the Hop, Step and Jump event, in the Brigade Sports, doing 40 ft. 11 ins., is very confident of keeping up his record. We are looking forward to Cpl. Rooney, Sgt. Rooney, and Pte. O'Keefe, even though they have to do their share of the duties, bringing home some of the prizes. Well, Ned, the many "walks-over" which happened last week were the result of the aforesaid duties, and not on account of bad sportsmanship.—(They would prevent even me from making world's records.—Ned.)

Pte. Aspell, of "H.Q." Coy., is again in our midst, having been discharged from the hospital after an operation. Of course we all welcome back Johnny.

Recently we had strength increase in "H.Q." Coy., Pte. Shanley, the Battalion Orderly Room runner, having been admitted to our Coy. There is no necessity to mention that he is already one of the principal "props" of the Coy.

It has come to the notice of many that one of the "wags" of "H.Q." Coy. is writing a book entitled "Old Boots on Guard."

"PREMIER."



SIGNAL COMPANY, ATHLONE.

Best wishes to our O.C. and his bride.

By the time these notes are printed we will have lost one of our best athletes in the person of Jim Conway, better known as "Con." May he do well in civilian life.

With drilling of sorts we are filled to satiety,

But among stunts of increasing variety. Let us proclaim, without any dubiety, Halt: Left form platoon is the worst of them all.

From Monday morning to Saturday noon, If not on parade sure we're scrubbing the room.

And I'm bound to acknowledge, Though never at college, I prefer scrubbing hard

To Halt: Left form platoon. (We print the foregoing as an awful warning to other correspondents.—Ned.)

Who was the guy that was once fond of the word "Heelplate"?

When are we getting that new sports gear?

Who was the chap who said, "I'll throw this blooming hut out through the window?"

Sergeant (on Inspection Parade): "Did you shave this morning, lad?"

Rookie (on ditto): "No."

Sergeant: "No what?"

Rookie: "No razor."

"HELLO."



FINNER CAMP.

The Finner Football team travel to Boyle on Sunday, 8th inst., to meet the 3rd Battalion in the re-play of the Brigade Championship. The Finner team have not done any training since the last match at Ballyshannon, when they drew with these worthy opponents. With training and playing on their own ground, the Boyle team should put up a great fight for the championship this year—but I think the Finner boys will prove too good for them.

Congratulations to Mr. Duffy, A.P.C., No. 1 Brigade, H.Q. Unit, on his travelling to Letterkenny and bringing back the honours of the 100 Yards Open Handicap. He was up against some "hot stuff."

Lieut. Sean Barry, who was O.C. Detachment, stationed at Pettigo outpost, before leaving to take part in the month's collective training at Finner, received the good wishes for his future welfare from the ladies and gentlemen of that district. At a Tennis tournament held there, the Rev. W. J. Stewart, president of the club, speaking on behalf of the members, sincerely regretted the departure of this officer, who had taken a deep interest in furthering the club, and was, in fact, the "life and soul" of the Tennis courts.

Those who saw this officer at Finner last year (before he joined the 2nd Battalion) know that he is no mean exponent of the "fistic art." We hope to see him don the gloves again this year, but as a member of the 2nd Battalion team this time.

The 1st and 2nd Battalion are busy just now undergoing their annual collective training over the Finner sandhills. The first few days were "rather damp," and everyone was fed up. But now the weather is fine. Well, they all say, "What a fine life it is, even if they have to sleep 'heads and tails.'"

Since writing the above notes, a friendly match was arranged between the 1st Battalion and the 2nd, on the Finner playing fields. Finner were without three of their regular team, and at the last moment two men of the 2nd Battalion went to make up a full team for the 1st. In the first half against the wind the 2nd did not go all out and were three points behind at half-time, but on the change over the 2nd played more like one is used to seeing them do, and ran out winners of a very pleasant game by 17 points to 6.

The 1st have a few very good players indeed, and have the making of a real front rank team with practice. Their backs are great. One, I am told, is a fine "leaper." He does 22 feet in the Long and 44 feet in the Hop, Step and Jump. He should make a name for his Battalion in some of the coming athletic events.

"FINN."



ARTILLERY CORPS, KILDARE.

Here we are again! On Friday, 30th July, we struck Camp, and Nos. 1 and 2 Batteries returned to Kildare.

The day previous to our return, 29th July, was what is termed a "big day" in camp.

Nos. 1 and 2 Batteries carried out a demonstration shoot in the presence of the President, the Minister for Defence, the Chief of Staff, several other Ministers, and a number of senior officers. The shoot was highly successful.

After firing practice a test of a Fordson Tractor, drawing a gun and limber, was carried out. A very difficult route was laid down, which included rocky paths, steep slopes, fords—in fact, all classes of obstructions likely to be met with by a gun during warfare.

The horse-drawn gun and limber first travelled the route and succeeded in leaving the tractor behind. In spite of expert driving, the tractor failed to overcome some of the obstacles. The horses "completed the course" to the delight, needless to say, of the drivers and gunners.

An Artillery man "may" (?) abuse the "old hairies" any way he likes, but let a stranger butt in. Well! I would not like to be responsible for the consequences—that's all.

On return to camp the visitors were entertained to lunch in the Officers' Mess, and afterwards were present when teams from Nos. 1 and 2 Batteries gave a demonstration of taking a gun across a deep river.

There is only one topic in barracks at present, and that is Dublin. Everywhere one hears, "Will we go to Dublin?" "When will we go to Dublin?"

Tunics are being pressed, bandoliers polished, and rumour has it that the new breeches for mounted units will be issued before the 22nd. The "Peoples Gardens" will have some new blooms.

"TRAIL EYE."



8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

Glorious weather has set in upon us which helps to make Camp life a place of bliss. The third week of our training is nearly at a close, and I am sure all of us will regret when the day for the evacuation comes round. After all the nice healthy open-air life is hard to beat. The discontented growl which we were so accustomed to is now a thing of the past, and the boys are very eager to make the canvas city their health resort for the summer months.

We would like to know why "K" lines was never included amongst the beauty spots of our "Fair Isle." I am sure tourists now visiting our country would make their way to this Eden of the Curragh plains if it was advertised. Rumour has it that when some of the members of the "Pittsburgh," who visited the Curragh last year, had a panoramic view of this famous camping ground. It so fascinated them that they went back singing that famous old melody, "Take me back to Old Kentucky." (What the—?—Ned).

The fight announced in my notes of last week between Bugler Clarke, 8th Bn., and Pte. Whelan, 15th Bn., has been postponed owing to unforeseen circumstances. It will be remembered that this fight was staged for at the Garda Depot on the 30th ult. However, we hope that arrangements will be made to bring those two promising

young pugilists together very soon, and I am sure every lover of sport in this Command would be delighted to see this fight staged at the Curragh.

"Nobby," we are glad to say, is keeping himself fit whilst in Camp. He is booked to fight on the 15th inst. in Athlone. We hope he will be successful, and we wish him the best of good luck.

Reference to the notes from "Special Services," Curragh, in "An t-Oglach," dated 31st ultimo, with regard to the Billiards challenge accepted by our Battalion. This was quite correct, and arrangements were set on foot to have the challenge contested, but it fell through for some unknown reason. However we intend to renew the challenge when we have returned from Camp. (The other folk will have to mind their peace and cues.—Ned).

"D" Coy. got a walk-over from "C" Coy., 15th Bn., in the first round of the Brigade Inter-Coy. Football Competition.

"D" Coy., 5th Bn., having failed to turn out to meet "C" Coy., of our Bn., on 5th inst., "C" Coy. was awarded a walk-over.

The 9th Brigade Sports were held at Keane Sports Ground on 30th ultimo, and we all congratulate our boys on the numerous events which they carried off. At first it was thought that Battalion Training would hamper our way as regards training for the various athletic events, which we had entered for, but I am glad to say this was not the case. The 15-mile route marches and the tactical schemes, etc., helped to add most valuable additions to our athletes, as will be seen from the various events which we were victorious in, and the number of points we obtained in winning the Perpetual Cup presented by the Officers of 9th Bde. to the Unit carrying off the largest number of events at the Bde. Sports.

The following are some of the events which we were successful in:—100 Yds., —Lt. Hogan, 1st; Sgt. Farrell, 2nd. 220 Yds.—Lt. Hogan, 1st. 56lbs., without follow—Pte. Curtin, 1st; Pte. Horgan, 2nd. 120 Yds. Hurdles—Lt. Hogan, 1st. 16lbs. Shot—Pte. Curtin, 1st. Throwing the Discus—Pte. Curtin, 1st; Pte. Horgan, 2nd. Long Jump—Lt. Hogan, 1st. 56lbs. over bar—Pte. Curtin, 1st. Throwing the Javelin—Pte. Curtin, 1st; Lt. Hogan, 2nd.

Inter-Unit Tug-o'-War—8th Bn., 1st. In this event we met the holders, the 15th Bn., in the first round. Great excitement prevailed when those two herculean teams entered to decide who should enter into the finals. We were successful by winning two pulls to one. We met the 5th Bn. in the final and won by 2 pulls to nil.

In the Inter-Bn. Relay Race, which was won by the 15th Bn., we were very unlucky in being disqualified owing to one of our team returning without his flag. We are all pleased with the great accomplishment we have performed in winning so many events, and we hope the same prestige will be maintained by us when we compete against the flower of the Command at Command Sports on the 11th inst.

The following were the allotted points for 9th Bde. Perpetual Cup:—

8th Battn. 53 points.
15th Battn. 24 points.
5th Battn. 20 points.

"GRAVEL-CRUSHER."

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Contributions to be sent to our Editorial Offices: General Headquarters, Parkgate. Write on only one side of the paper. Postcards preferred.

"Laughter is the one gift that God has denied to beasts and birds."—Pearse.

Medical Officer (examining recruit): "Have you any scars on you?"
 Recruit: "No, sir. But I can give you a cigarette."
 Prize of Solingen razor awarded to 61042. Pte. E. McGowan, H.Q. Coy., Eastern Command, Collins Barracks, Dublin.

Camp Barber: "Will I take a little of the ends of your hair off?"
 The Victim: "Yes; I think you had better take it off at the ends, unless you can get it out of the middle."

"Know you?" said Private Murphy on being reproached with cutting a former acquaintance, "know you? No, I don't know you, and if, when I did know you, I'd known you as well as I know you now, when I don't know you at all, I'd never have known you!"

Customer: "I heard your son is an undertaker. I thought you said he was a physician."
 Shopkeeper: "Not at all, madam, I just said he followed the medical profession."

Gardener: "This is a tobacco-plant in full flower."
 Lady: "How very interesting! And how long will it be before the cigars are ripe?"

"How do those thousands of sheep on the Curragh ranges manage to get a living from that short grass?"
 "Oh, any of the Musketry Instructors will tell you that they exist on the 'First Graze.'"

"Was papa the first man who ever proposed to you, mamma?"
 "Yes, but why do you ask?"
 "I was just thinking that you might have done better if you shopped around a little more."

Employer: "Have you the firmness that enables you to go on and do your duty in the face of ingratitude and ungenerous criticism?"
 Applicant: "I ought to have. I once acted as mess corporal."

Marjorie (rummaging in grandma's drawer): "Oh! grandma, what a curious old key."
 Grandma: "Yes, my dear; that was your grandpa's latchkey."
 Marjorie: "And you keep it in memory of old days?"
 Grandma: "No, dear; of old nights."

An American naval commander, on arrival in Scottish waters, was signalled to anchor at the Forth Bridge. After cruising about for hours the officer signalled back this message: "Have searched this brook from mouth to source. Have found the first bridge all right, but I'm blest if I can find the second, let alone the third or fourth!"

Seumas: "I live in a happy State where there are no divorces."
 Sean: "You mean the Irish Free State?"
 Seumas: "Well, yes, it is a 'free state.' I mean—the state of single blessedness."

A shopkeeper was giving away toy balloons to children, and one little fellow asked if he might have two.
 "Sorry," said the assistant, "but we only give one balloon to each boy. Have you a brother at home?"
 The youngster was truthful, but he did want another balloon.
 "No," he replied, regretfully, then added, hopefully, "but my sister has, and I want one for him."

The baby was crying.
 Mother (in another room): "What's the matter?"
 Nurse: "He wants a—"
 "Never mind what he wants. Give it to him."
 In a few minutes the baby's cries grew louder.
 Mother: "Why don't you give him what he wants?"
 Nurse: "I did, mum. It was a wasp."

The small white golf ball rolled over the green and was promptly seized by Fido, the old lady's pet terrier.
 The next moment a member of the Army Golfing Society came over the crest of the hill and began waving his arms and shouting.
 "Put it down, Fido," exclaimed the old lady; "here comes the gentleman to knock it for you again."



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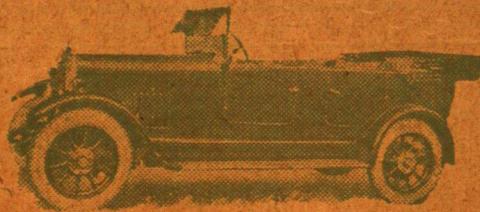
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