

AN TÓGLÁC

THE ARMY JOURNAL

Vol. V. No. 11.

September 18th, 1926.

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An t-Ógláic

Vol. V. No. 11.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE.



Military Terms Illustrated : No. 16 -- "CEASE FIRE."

An t-Óztlác

SEPTEMBER 18, 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.

CÓMRAÐ AS AN EASARTÓIR.

RECREATIONAL TRAINING.

THERE is an oft-quoted saying "A policeman's life is not a happy one." A well-known American film company has believed in the truth of the saying to such an extent that it has produced an entire film story to prove it. Well, in our opinion a soldier's life is not a happy one either. He has to be up at a very early hour, wet or fine; long hours of tedious drill; he cannot leave barracks until a specified time, and must report back in time for roll-call. From the day he is sworn in to the day he is discharged he is hedged round with restraint and restrictions and rigid discipline. He is much worse off and much worse paid than the policeman.

Then, too, there is a side of the soldier's life which seldom enters into the popular view—except by way of a comic cartoon. We refer to the fatigue. Rations, coal and supplies have to be drawn; barrack-rooms, passages and offices have to be scrubbed out and polished; innumerable windows cleaned; particular places to be kept continually whitewashed, and an everlasting war waged against the disposition of grass and weeds that cover the squares and sundry other places. In short, fatigue work in an Army is somewhat funny to read of and

contemplate; but it is by no means funny to live it day after day.

Then, too, no one who has not had practical experience of it can comprehend what a wearying, nerve-racking work guard duty is. Even in large Armies where its rotation comes but seldom it is looked on with disfavour. But in a small Army that has to provide for guard duty on many posts other than those in its own barracks and compounds it is a veritable bane of the soldier's life.

It must not be forgotten in contemplating the realities of a soldier's life that those who are subject to its long hours, its restrictions and discipline, its fatigues and guards are all young men, full of vitality and manhood, with the natural urge of the young against restraint and suppression.

Into this condition of things a wise providence, born of long experience, has instituted Recreational Training. It might, with aptness, be described as the safety valve in the soldier's dull and monotonous life. Only those who have donned the harness and lived the life can realize and appreciate what a "boon and blessing" the brief periods of recreational training are to every rank within the Army.

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION. POSITION VACANT.

Applications are invited for the post of Inspector for Rural Industries in the Department of Fisheries. The appointment will be temporary and non-pensionable. Salary (inclusive): Men—£400 per annum; Women—£250 per annum. Women candidates must be unmarried or widows.

The qualifications necessary are:—a technical knowledge of lace-making, machine knitting, weaving and spinning by hand, dyeing of wool, etc., as well as commercial training, knowledge of markets, fashions, and the buying of raw material. Preference will be given to duly qualified candidates with approved Army service and to those with a knowledge of Irish. The appointment will be made by the Minister for Fisheries on the recommendation of the Civil Service Commissioners, who will investigate the qualifications of candidates with the assistance of a Board of Selection set up by the Commissioners. Applicants may be required to attend in person before the Board.

Candidates must be not less than 30 and not more than 50 years of age on 15th August, 1926, and the successful candidate must satisfy the Commissioners as to age, health and character.

Applications must be made on the prescribed forms, copies of which, together with full particulars, can be obtained from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 33, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, to whom the forms, duly completed, should be returned so as to reach him not later than 30th Sept., 1926.

71/H4024.

W.H.Co.

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION. POSITION VACANT.

Applications are invited from experienced Motor Engineers for the post of Inspector of Mechanical Transport in the Stores Branch of the Department of Posts and Telegraphs. Workshop experience is essential. The remuneration will be £150, rising by annual increments of £7 10s. to £210 per annum, plus Cost of Living Bonus. The present bonus is £100 13s. 0d. on £150, and £123 4s. 0d. on £210. The post is a permanent one and pensionable under the Superannuation Acts.

The appointment, which will be subject to a strict probationary period of a year, will be made by the Minister for Posts and Telegraphs on the recommendation of the Civil Service Commissioners, who will investigate the qualifications of candidates with the assistance of a Selection Board set up by the Commissioners.

Applicants may be required to attend before the Board, and the selected candidate must satisfy the Commissioners as to age, health and character.

Preference will be given to candidates with approved Army service and with a knowledge of Irish.

Applicants must be between the ages of 30 and 45 years on the 1st Aug., 1926.

Applications must be made on the prescribed forms, copies of which may be obtained from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 33, St. Stephen's Green, to whom the forms, when completed, should be returned, with particulars of experience, not later than 27th September, 1926.

71/H4047.

IN CAPTIVITY

From "WITH THE IRISH IN FRONGOCH."

By COMMANDANT W. J. BRENNAN-WHITMORE, General Staff.

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

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[NOTE—After the Rising in 1916, all the Volunteers who took part in it, and very many who did not, were "swept up" by the R.I.C. and British Military, and hastily conveyed to various English jails. From these they were later concentrated in an Internment Camp, at Frongoch, Wales.—EDITOR.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE first list of names of prisoners who were going before the Advisory Committee rather upset us. It was disconcerting. It contained names of prisoners who would rot in Frongoch before they would make any appeal. Besides which there was evidently no system followed in the making up of the list. Prisoners were chosen, as they had been rounded up by the ubiquitous peelers, that is to say, in haphazard fashion. We did not know at the time that we were all doomed to be entertained by this Al farce; but we learned soon enough.

So regularly every day after dinner "Jack-knives" would make his appearance in the inner yard; and perching his six-foot-four upon a boulder beside the canteen wall would call out the names of those destined to travel "to the centre of the universe" on the morning of the morrow.

Frequently our Irish names assumed queer and unfamiliar sounds in his cockney mouth. O'Reilly became "O'Reely." Occasionally he would break the monotony of unfamiliar sounds with an exasperated "What the hell do you call this?" And as we all stood still wondering which of us could possibly own a name remotely resembling that just bawled forth, and consequently making no response, "Jack-knives" would entreat us in his most bellicose manner: "For — sake answer to the — name you go by if you don't know your real one?"

It was a new form of entertainment, and proved a fitting prelude to the larger performance being staged for our particular benefit in London town.*

The first two or three batches were made take all their property with them, "In case they might be released from London." As this did not happen the

rest of us insisted on travelling light; only taking extra food to eke out the meagre prison grub.

We were sent alternatively to Wormwood Scrubbs or Wandsworth Jails. Here the warders tried to enforce the usual prison regulations against talking to one another; but we no longer heeded them.

We were conveyed from Paddington Station to the jail in four large motor buses. The journey took in Trafalgar Square, London Bridge, and Hyde Park. It was a glorious excursion and sight-seeing tour for the majority of the prisoners. In case we would not see enough of London, and be adequately impressed with a sense of the power and majesty of England we were brought back to Paddington by another route. We sang all through the journey; but except in a few cases little attention was paid to us.

On the return journey, as we passed a rather large hotel in a street mainly composed of residential houses, we noticed four colleens in two of the windows. They waved green handkerchiefs and cheered us lustily. We afterwards learned that they had kept vigil each evening and paid the same compliment to every batch of prisoners. God be with them.

The Advisory Committee sat in an office of the jail, and we were called in before it in alphabetical rotation. Somebody had employed a solicitor to help the prisoners. He was accommodated in a tiny ante-room adjacent to that in which the Committee sat. His assistance amounted to taking down the prisoner's name and address, and advising him to tell the truth. It was rather a futile performance.

My interrogation by the Committee was as follows: The Secretary came to the door and called out:

"Now, Mr. Whitmore, please!"

I entered and found myself in a large, well-lighted room, with a big table in

the centre and a number of men sitting round three sides of it, most of them looking smoking cigars, and all of them looking very supercilious.

In the centre of the group was a ponderous individual with rather a humorous looking face. This proved to be Judge Sankey. The only other person I recognised was Mr. Mooney, M.E.P.

"Please sit down, Mr. Whitmore," said Sankey.

I took the vacant chair on the opposite side of the table.

"Your name," referring to a pile of documents in front of him, "is William James Brennan Whitmore?"

"Yes."

"And you live in Clonee Camolin, Co. Wexford, and follow the occupation of a farmer?"

"Yes."

"What is your age?"

"About thirty years."

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Do you wish to make any statement?"

"No."

"You held the rank of Captain in the Volunteers?"

"Captain of the Ferns Company—yes."

"But you were fighting in Dublin?"

"Yes."

"When did you come to Dublin?"

"On Good Friday evening."

"Do you wish to make any statement?"

"No."

"I see you surrendered in a place called Cumberland Street?"

"Quite correct."

"Are you quite sure now, Mr. Whitmore, that you don't wish to make any statement?"

"Quite sure, thank you."

"That will do, Mr. Whitmore.

Thank you."

And the obsequious secretary instantly bowed me out, and called the

*Vide Hansard, Vol. 86, No. 98, Col. 696.

next man in. Many hundreds of prisoners were asked only their names, ages, and if they were married. This last question was a stock one, and was put to all of us. One of the prisoners, a particularly witty son of Tipperary, on being asked if he was married, gravely replied:

"Oh, no, I only got that worried look since I came down here."

Such was the Advisory Committee which was appointed to decide who might be sent home and who might be kept in internment. After the ordeal these who had refused to make an appeal felt rather proud of the fact; and the few who had felt rather disgusted.*

The releases started after the third or fourth batch had returned from London. So that now every morning a batch went to London; in the evening another departed for home, and a third batch returned from "the big excursion." Fatigues, drill, and study were then matters of some ingenuity. The latter fell through altogether for this period; and the drilling languished considerably.

I got back from London on the 11th July and learned to my great astonishment that a big draft—containing practically the whole Military Staff—had been removed to Reading Jail for internment. My comrades told me rather grimly that I need not bother to unpack my kit as I would certainly be the next for Reading. I agreed with them; but we were all wrong; and though many other prisoners were from time to time removed to Reading suspicion never fell upon me.

This removal of the Camp Leaders confirmed the suspicion that the politicians did not want good reports from Frongoch. They wanted us to be leaderless, disunited and fighting. But when one set of our officers were removed from us, we simply promoted the next senior to the position, and the work of the camp went on as smoothly and efficiently as ever. Little the politicians dreamed in their selfish egoism of how efficient was the organisation of the Irish Republican Army.

Commandant M. J. Staines now became our Camp Commandant. He was a highly efficient officer who earned the love and respect of every individual prisoner. Could I pay him a higher tribute?

The taking of the brothers Noonan* from a batch of prisoners in London angered us very much. Amongst us were a number of prisoners who came under the scope of the Military Service Act. They were young Irishmen who had been living in England when this Act was coming into operation; and acting under misleading advice had allowed themselves to be registered. Before the Rebellion they made an exodus to Ireland; and as they were already members of the Irish Volunteer Corps in England, they were accommodated with a headquarters in Dublin. We called them "the refugees."

Naturally we were very much con-

cerned about the fate of these excellent young men whilst we were scattered over the various prisons. We did not want to see them conscripted. We knew that they would never serve in the British Army; and we were quite aware of the hardship and misery that was in front of them if they refused.

When at last we were all moved to an Internment Camp our relief on this point was great. We considered that the Order of Internment covered the case; and was by virtue of its nature, that is to say, its definition of us as aliens, a sufficient protection against conscription. Thus you will understand our chagrin when we heard of the conscription of the brothers Noonan. Our impotence in the matter but added fuel to our fury. And our surmise proved correct when the Noonans refused to soldier, and were consequently sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour.

However, as the rest of the refugees were not interfered with, and returned safely to camp from the ordeal of the Advisory Committee, we concluded that the case of the brothers Noonan was but a flash in the pan, and that we need not fear further.

Alas, it was a vain hope.

CHAPTER X.

THE first hint of trouble originated in the North Camp. It may be that this incident gave the politicians the idea of putting us to work on employment the nature of which would be opposed to the national principles we held. But this, of course, is surmise.

The North Camp had been hastily constructed for the reception of the German prisoners. The work necessary to make it completely habitable had not been completed when the Irish prisoners moved into occupation.

Previous to the 15th July there were various fatigue parties of prisoners employed on work of making the camp fit to live in, such as the making of pathways and roads; and the removal of banks of clay which had been thrown against the side of the huts. The party employed on road making were called the "R.E. party," and the one employed removing the clay were called the "between huts fatigue." The "R.E.'s" were paid for their labour at the rate of 1½d. per hour. It must be said that they earned it.

I well remember how shocked we were when this "R.E." party made its first appearance in the South Camp. Thirty of them were yoked with long, heavy drag ropes to a big four-wheeled horse lorry*—similar to those used by breweries or carrier companies. They had come to the South Camp for coal clinkers to be used in the road making.

We expressed our astonishment at seeing them so treated; and said we would make representations on the subject. But they replied that as they were working to make their camp more sanitary and fit to live in, and not for the State, they had no great objection.

Both camps were separate units; and we of the South were never allowed to visit the North, and were ignorant of the conditions there; so we accepted the explanation of the men concerned. But we could not help reflecting that the sight reminded us of the tales of the Roman galley slaves. In this manner the "R.E." party dragged sand and rough gravel from the river-bed; broken quarry stones from the railway station, and "clinkers" from the South Camp.

The "between huts" party, however, received no pay for their labour. About the 15th an agitation was started by some of the prisoners to have all the work of a constructive nature done by fully paid labour. The men employed on fatigues which would come under the heading of "constructive work," were asked to refuse unless fully paid for their labour. A meeting of all the prisoners was held to discuss the matter, at which delegates were appointed to wait on the Camp Leader (Capt. M. W. O'Reilly) to lay before him the men's objection. The following day a "strike" of both the "R.E." party and "between huts" fatigue was declared.

The Camp Leader communicated the decision of the men to the sergeant of the provost who supervised this work. He replied that he had noticed that a spirit of discontent had arisen amongst the parties, and that he would report the matter to the Colonel immediately.

A few minutes afterwards the sergeant returned and told Captain O'Reilly that he was wanted. He went down through the camp with him; and to his great surprise when he arrived at the Guardroom outside the North Camp gate he was placed under arrest; and marched down to the Colonel's office along with some of the men of the "R.E." party.

The men were tried first on a charge of insubordination and sentenced to cells. Captain O'Reilly was then brought in and charged with inciting the prisoners to rebellion and mutiny, and refusing to obey orders. To this charge, which was unsupported by any testimony except that of the fact that the men had themselves declared a "strike," Captain O'Reilly replied that the men had indisputable rights; and that the fact of payment having been made went to show that a contract existed as between employer and employee; and that either party were at liberty to break a contract whenever they considered the conditions were unsatisfactory; and believing that the prisoners had these rights in his opinion they were justified in striking.

To this "Buckshot" haughtily retorted that the prisoners had no rights. "Then," replied Captain O'Reilly, "if the men have no rights they are slaves." On hearing this "Buckshot" instantly sentenced the Captain to 168 hours cells; who asked if there was any appeal; and was informed that no appeal on his behalf would be entertained. His uniform was then taken off him under threat of using force; and he was thrown into cells.

This incident was typical of "Buck-

*Vide Hansard, Vol. 86, No. 98, Col. 696.

*Vide Hansard, Vol. 88, No. 116, Col. 328.

*Vide Hansard, Vol. 86, No. 97, Col. 566.

shot's" mentality. A little reflection later on showed him that he had acted wholly without tact or discretion; and that if his action was brought into question by the Captain's friends he would be placed in a very awkward light.* So he journeyed to London the following day; and interviewed both War Office and Home Office officials on the subject; as a result of which Captain O'Reilly was removed to Reading Jail for internment.

CHAPTER XI.

By the middle of August the general release of prisoners from Frongoch had ceased.

The filling in of the Identification Forms already mentioned proved a very tedious business; and by the time the batches started going to London the *Leabhrain* of only a few hundred prisoners had been written up. They then dropped the matter.

As soon, however, as the general release ceased they started to complete the *Leabhrain* of all who remained. But we were not having any. And thus the very first battle for supremacy began.

The veteran Henry Dixon, a law clerk, was the chief figure in this revolt. All the men in respect of whom an Identification Form had not been filled up, declined point blank to fill one, or to give the necessary information which would enable the authorities to do so.

When asked for their reasons they had them pat. They pointed out that the first batches of prisoners had filled the forms on the distinct understanding that to do so was necessary for the completion of our status as prisoners of war. It was pointed out that the War Office had on their own initiative defined us as Prisoners of War. It had been announced to us that all our letters had to be so addressed; and that all the orders given to us were made applicable under that heading. Whereas now a different treatment was meted out to us. Until such time as the War Office would stand by their own definition we would not fill in any forms.

Many dire threats were hurled at the prisoners when it was found that coaxing could not move them. Finally the whole question was referred to the Home Office; and after a few days' delay they replied to the effect that they would leave the matter in the Colonel's hands. He decided to take no further steps in the matter. First blood to the prisoners.

During the month of August Mr. T. Healy, K.C., M.P., and Lord Devonport paid a visit to the Camp to see Mr. P. J. Doris, editor of the *Mayo News*. In the course of the interview, at which the Camp Censor was present, Mr. Doris complained of the sleeping accommodation, the sanitary arrangements, and especially of the great danger in case of fire.

The following day Mr. Doris was brought before "Buckshot" and tried

for having dared to make complaints to visitors.

But Mr. Doris insisted that his complaints were perfectly legitimate. That all impartial persons having any knowledge of hygiene or sanitation would agree that the grain lofts were unfit for human habitation; and that their injurious offensiveness in this respect was considerably aggravated by the fact that two lavatories were established inside the grain lofts.* That men arose in the morning with what had become known as "that tired Frongoch feeling." That the debilitating effect of the sleeping in these overcrowded grain lofts had been established beyond all doubt by the number of men who had fainted on the early morning parade. That quite a number of the prisoners suffering from lung troubles were sleeping amidst the general body of prisoners; and when these prisoners had been sent sick in the ordinary course of procedure they had been certified as all right; but when these men were brought specially before the doctor by the Camp Leader he admits on a re-examination that these men were suffering from lung trouble. That it was absolutely iniquitous that these unfortunate prisoners should be compelled to live in such lofts amidst hundreds of other men.

It was, however, on the danger in case of fire that Mr. Doris based his most serious complaint. That the danger was great there was not the slightest doubt. Hundreds of men were crowded into the dormitories; and had to sleep on mattresses packed with straw. Each dormitory door was locked on the outside at 8.30 p.m. The doors at each end of the passage—one opposite the Y.M.C.A. hut in the outer yard, and the other giving exit into the inner yard—were locked on the outside. The big iron gate dividing the inner and outer yards was also locked on the outside.

Commandant Staines, who was present during "the trial," said he agreed with Mr. Doris' complaints, and asked "Buckshot" what would the men in No. IV. dormitory do if fire broke out there in the middle of the night.

"Buckshot" replied that they could hammer on the door of their dormitory until they attracted the attention of the men in No. III.—across the landing. The men of No. III. would then attract the attention of the nearest sentry by shouting through the windows. The sentry would notify the Sergeant of the Guard, who would open all the gates and doors; whilst the Guard carried down ladders and placed them against the windows.

Commandant Staines naturally pointed out that before these things could be done in the middle of the night the prisoners would be burned to a cinder if the fire was a bad one. So "Buckshot" declared his intention of having a mock "alarm" and testing the case.

One evening about 9.15 p.m. the "fire" 1.477.

alarm" went full blast. And things turned out exactly as we expected that they would. For instance, the steam horn wasn't sounded at all, so that the prisoners in No. IV. and No. V. dormitories did not know that a "fire alarm" was on until their doors were flung open. The lance-corporal of the provost in ordinary times always opened the big gate; but on this occasion the Sergeant of the Guard attempted to open it, and as a result of being unfamiliar with the lock and the big bunch of keys he failed. The men who were thus held up had to come out in single file through the wicket.

Mr. Doris' complaints having been justified by an exercise of the facts he was removed to Reading Jail. Mr. Henry Dixon was sent along with him.

Such arbitrary removals from Frongoch Camp to Reading Jail was a pretty severe punishment in itself; and constituted a flagrant breach of paragraph 37 Appendix B of the Royal Warrant for the "Maintenance of Discipline among Prisoners of War."

CHAPTER XII.

THE Advisory Committee (of which Mr. Mooney, M.E.P., was a distinguished ornament) recommended the continued internment of about 600 prisoners. As soon as the general releases ceased, the remaining prisoners in the North Camp were moved down to the South, and the former Camp closed. Our Military Staff was then re-organised and our various educational and military programmes came into full operation. But the schemes of the politicians were also coming into full operation; and from now on trials and troubles continued to pour in upon us.

The subject of the first trouble was a fitting parallel to the mind of the average scheming politician.

About the middle of the last week of August the military staff Sergeant-Major informed Commandant Staines that the local contract for the removal of Camp refuse would expire on the last day of that month, and that from the 1st September a party of eight prisoners was to be detailed daily to perform the work of clearing the camp ash-pit. It is to be clearly understood that in this instruction there was no mention of the clearance of any ash-pit other than the prisoners' own.

So on the 1st day of September a prisoners' work party cleared their own ash-pit, removing the contents in an unyoked cart to an incinerator some short distance from the camp. When their work was completed the prisoners were surprised to receive an order from "Jack-knives" to proceed to the soldiers' quarters and to remove therefrom ashes and other refuse. This they flatly refused to do. They were instantly seized and thrust into the Guardroom.

An hour or so later the eight men were brought before "Buckshot" and charged with refusing to obey an order. The Colonel was in one of his haughtiest moods; and said that he had come to the conclusion that the present method of removing the Camp refuse by local contract was a waste of public

*Vide Appendix B, paragraph 37, of the Royal Warrant re Prisoners of War.

*Vide Hansard, Vol. 86, No. 101, Col. 1.477.

funds; and that in future he intended using the prisoners' labour in every way he possibly could. But the Adjutant stepped in and played one of his "canny cards." He said that they had received orders from London that the prisoners were to be engaged in this work, and that as soldiers they could only obey. He suggested that the prisoners' objections to a part of the work be sent on to London, with the demand that the order covering the removal of the soldiers' refuse be deleted. He then personally appealed to the prisoners to perform the work until a reply would be received from the Home Office.

Now that action was nicely calculated to place the prisoners in a false position, as it was almost certain that they would give a hasty and ill-considered refusal. Fortunately they adopted exactly the right course. They agreed conditionally to do the work until such time as a reply could be received from London.

It is quite obvious, of course, that putting the prisoners to scavenge in this manner was an effort to demean them; and the keeping back of the fact that they would also be required to scavenge the soldiers' pits until they had finished their own was typical of that species of low cunning which would seem to be the peculiar characteristic of politicians.

We, however, did not consider any work which was legitimately necessary for the proper sanitation of our Camp as in any way demeaning; and consequently had no objection whatever to removing the contents of our refuse pit, if England was unable to pay the few paltry shillings involved to the local contractor. But to consent to scavenge the soldier's quarters would be demeaning ourselves with a vengeance; and we had not the least intention of engaging in the work.

It was, however, desirable to make it quite clear that our refusal to remove the soldiers' refuse was based on principle; and did not originate from insubordination, or resentment. To this end the men on trial consented to the conditional removal of the refuse.

In due course the Home Secretary replied that "the Prisoners in Frongoch may be employed on any work in connection with the Camp, and it is considered desirable that they be employed as fully as possible, under the circumstances the Secretary of State sees no reason for relieving them from their duty of removing rubbish from the Guard Quarters to the incinerator."

The italics are mine. When this reply was communicated to the men they replied: "That makes the issue quite clear. We won't do the work."

They were at once placed under arrest; and tried by "Buckshot" on the charge of "Conduct to the prejudice of military discipline—viz.: When ordered to remove the contents of the ash-bins from the Guards' Quarters to the incinerator refusing to do so." "Buckshot" sentenced them all to be "Interned in the North Camp under the following conditions:—No letters

in or out for 14 days (sec. A.C.I. 337, paragraph 2 and 4 of parcels): no smoking, canteen, newspapers, visits, or amusements to be allowed whilst in this punishment. To be locked in huts during working hours."* In passing this sentence the Colonel added that these men would remain in this punishment until such time as they would give an undertaking to obey all orders given them. That was pretty drastic.

At this time the North Camp was vacant. We had formally applied for a transfer of the whole body of prisoners to the North Camp on the grounds of the insanitary condition of the distillery buildings. The military replied that the huts were not in a condition for winter occupation; and asked for a prisoners' working party to put them in a fit state for us, the party to be paid at the rate of 1½d. per hour. We consented and supplied a working party of about 30 prisoners. At the moment the military had no intention of ever moving us to the North Camp; and were only taking advantage of our request to complete the Camp with cheap labour. Of course, we were not aware of that when we consented.

This party proceeded to the North Camp every morning at 9.30 a.m. and worked until 12 noon. They returned again at 2 p.m., and worked until 4 p.m. It was during these hours that the sentenced prisoners were locked in the huts. Whilst so locked up they had to sit or recline on the floor as their beds were taken from them each morning; and the huts were at that time devoid of tables or forms. All intercourse between them and their comrades in the South Camp was prohibited. They had to draw their own rations from the stores and cook them.

The task of the working party consisted in re-felting the roofs, glazing the windows, etc.

So the position was this. Every morning a fatigue of eight prisoners cleared out their ash-pit; declined to clear out the Guards, and were sent into punishment.

But the working party was a right merry one. The members sang lustily in Irish as they hammered the felt on the roofs, or plastered putty on the window grooves. And the subjects of their ditties were these: "Oh, Mickey Murphy, when we are gone, go down to hut 14, and you'll get a roll of tobacco on the chimney," or "Jack Reilly, behind the cistern in No. 4 latrine you'll find a bundle of newspapers." Every morning and evening that working party smuggled tobacco, cigarettes, newspapers, and tinned food into the North Camp, watched their opportunity to conceal them; and in Irish told their comrades where they were to be found. Letters from home for these prisoners were smuggled out of the Censor's office by our staff of clerks; and smuggled up to them as opportunity arose. And prisoners in the South Camp gave up one of their weekly letters home and wrote to these prisoners' people.

Meanwhile the authorities pressed on to the attack.

*Vide Hansard, Vol. 86, No. 97, Col. 566.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN the authorities had obtained the conditional consent of the men for the removal of the refuse, I presume they considered that the time was ripe for driving the wedge in a little further.

Anyhow, prisoners were asked by "Buckshot" to "volunteer" for work in the neighbouring quarries at wages to be announced later.

Naturally no such volunteers were forthcoming.

So the "canny tactics" were adopted once more. At the dinner hour Sergeant Philips told Commandant Staines that the Adjutant wanted to meet all the Camp Leaders in their staff room immediately after dinner. We all turned up. The Adjutant was in his most affable mood; and remarked on entering that he wanted to have a talk as man to man about this question of quarry work; and to take down in writing any objection we might have thereto.

Permission was given to smoke. He said that the authorities were anxious to find us some work; and as we were very likely to be interned until after the war he thought that it was much better for us to be doing a little light work than moping through our existence in camp. Besides which we would be earning money; and would have something to help set us up when we returned to civil life. Quite a paternal solicitude was exhibited for us.

The scheme of work was then detailed. We were to go by train each morning to the quarries, and return in the evening by the same medium. We would not work or be paid for wet days. Payment would be made at the current district rate of 5d. per hour, out of which the authorities would deduct 3d. per hour in respect of our board and lodging in Camp. It had not then been decided whether the State, the quarry owners, or the prisoners would pay the train fare. But they would be glad to make a strong recommendation that the State would bear the cost of the train fare; in fact we could take it from him that the State would relieve us on this point.

This scheme, which was worthy of an American jew financier, was unfolded by Lieut. Burns, with all the airs and éclat of an inspired personage conferring the blessing of the millennium upon an ignorant and benighted people.

We listened with broadening smiles; and when a pert "Jackeen" asked who would stamp our Insurance cards, the smiles gave way to a titter. The Adjutant replied quite seriously that the question of stamping the Insurance cards had not yet been decided on. In fact the whole matter was as yet in a state of flux. As none of us presented an encouraging appearance he added that if we engaged in the work successfully and conducted ourselves properly even the 3d. per hour deducted in respect of board and lodging would be refunded to us when we were leaving the Camp. Thus we would actually be paid the whole 5d. per hour!

WIRELESS NOTES

CONDUCTED BY
Commandant J. SMYTH
 ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

DEFINITIONS—continued.

Jamming.—Interference in reception from a particular station due to signals from another station or near the same wavelength. More troublesome in the case of spark than C.W. Stations.

Joule's Law.—The heating power of a current is equal to the product of the square of the current strength and the resistance of the circuit (C^2R).

Kathode (Cathode).—The negative electrode of a battery or other source of electric supply. The filament of a valve is the kathode as distinct from the plate or anode.

Kenotron.—A highly exhausted 3 electrode valve.

Lagging Current.—Alternating or varying current lagging behind voltage inductance causes a current to lag. Capacity gives the current a lead. Inductance tends to choke back the current owing to its developing magnetic field, which tends to stop the current producing it. Capacity being a container of current offers no opposition until such time as the capacity of the container (condenser) is satisfied.

Leading Current.—Current in advance or leading voltage. Due to capacity (condenser effect) and absence of inductance, or more capacity than inductance.

Lenz's Law.—An induced current has a magnetic field the action of which tends to stop the motion producing it.

Leyden Jar.—The earliest form of condenser consists of a glass jar coated with tinfoil both inside and outside. The two coatings of tinfoil form the plates of the condenser.

Loading Coil.—Inductance coil in series with the aerial in a transmitter or receiver to increase the wavelength.

L.F. (Low Frequency).—Alternating frequencies of 10,000 or lower per second. Frequencies within range of audibility.

Magnet.—A body which has the property of attracting iron and other magnetic substances. A magnet possesses two poles termed "N" and "S." Similar poles of two magnets repel one another, and like poles attract one another.

Magnetic Blow-out.—Strong magnetic field introduced in proximity to a switch-break in a circuit where arcing is likely to take place. The arc is a

prolongation of the current across the air gap. The magnetic field deflects this portion of the circuit. The arc on being drawn out in length breaks down.

Magnetic Coupling.—Another term for inductive coupling.

Magnetic Friction.—Control or damping effect due to eddy currents which a magnetic field exerts on the movements of a metallic substance. Sometimes used as a damping device in galvanometer needles. Also used for break purposes in machinery.

Magnetic Hysteresis (Reluctance).—Lag of magnetisation behind inducing influence due to molecular friction.

Soft Iron.—A permeable substance possessing very little reluctance as compared with hard steel, which possesses a great degree of reluctance.

Magnetic Leakage.—Portion of the magnetic field not cutting or threading the cores or coils for which it was intended.

Magneto Generator.—Small alternating current dynamo the magnetic field of which is supplied by one or more permanent magnets.

Magnetic Detector.—Consists of a steel wire on pulleys moving lengthwise through a magnetic field. The residual magnetism carried forward by the wire is destroyed by the received oscillations with a resultant sound in the telephone receivers which are in series with coils surrounding the moving wire.

Magneto-Motive-Force.—That force which produces a magnetic field and which is proportional to the product of the current and the number of ampere-turns.

Mass.—The quantity of matter which a body contains. The product of volume and density.

Mho.—The unit of conductivity. The conductivity of a circuit which carries one ampere of current at a pressure of one volt; two amperes of current at 2 volts, and so on. Conductivity is the reciprocal of resistance.

Let M = Conductivity, and
 R = Resistance,

$$\text{the Conductivity} = \frac{1}{R}$$

Microfarad.—The millionth part of a farad.

Microhm.—The millionth part of an ohm.

LIEUT. TOM SCULLY.

The marriage took place at Rathmines Church recently of Lieut. Tom Scully, 22nd Infantry Battalion, to Miss Maire Ryan, daughter of Mrs. Ryan, No. 3 Leeson Park.

Capt. Frank Fitzpatrick, Collins Barracks, acted as best man, and the bridesmaid was Miss Carrie Ryan.

Lieut. Scully, it may be recalled, took part in the Insurrection in 1916 and fought at Boland's Mills under Comdt. De Valera, where he was seriously wounded.

His brother officers in the Army join in wishing himself and Mrs. Scully every happiness and success.



LIEUT. JOHN MAGUIRE

Portobello Barracks, whose marriage to Miss Josephine Nugent, 55 Iona Road, took place on 2nd inst. at Iona Church, Dublin.

During the Anglo-Irish conflict Lieut. Maguire played a prominent part with the old 5th Northern Division.

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THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

TOPOGRAPHY.

MAP READING.

Lesson No. 24.

CONVENTIONAL SIGNS.

We have now arrived at the stage where a knowledge of the signs and terms used in Ordnance Survey Maps and Field Sketches becomes essential. Lest the student may be confused by the use of the terms *map* and *sketch*, it is well to remember that a *map* is the finished work of trained and expert surveyors, who are provided with special and costly instruments, involving elaborate and painstaking methods. It aims at detailed accuracy, and even the mapping of a small area takes a considerable amount of time. On the other hand, a *field sketch* is a rough attempt at mapping an area with approximate accuracy, within a definite time limit, and only with such instruments as may be available. A field sketch may be executed by anyone who has some slight knowledge of surveying, who can use a prismatic compass and service protractor, and who can draw to scale. It should be as accurate as possible, but the minute accuracy of the map cannot be attained and is never expected.

Another form of field sketching is the enlarging of a portion of an existing map and adding in physical and artificial features and other topographical information the insertion of which had not been possible in the map, but which may be imminently desirable and perhaps absolutely essential from a military point of view.

Since maps and field sketches are made for the information and guidance of others, it is essential that no sign or term be used in a map or sketch unless such sign or term is generally understood or easily recognisable from common or general usage.

Similarly, a map or sketch is of little or no use to a person who cannot understand the signs and terms thereon and who cannot obtain a clear impression of the general ground features and of all the material and artificial features as represented on the map.

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The signs and terms used to show such features are known as *conventional signs*, and their use renders it possible to give clear and precise information without resorting to detailed written descriptions, which can rarely be clearly grasped. Conventional signs differ slightly in accordance with the scale and nature of the map or sketch; but in these lessons we shall deal only with those used in the 1-inch and $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch Ordnance Survey Maps and in Field Sketches.

In the use of conventional signs the keynote is simplicity. No sign of an uncommon nature or which is liable to be misconstrued should be used. Short marginal notes connected with lines and arrow-heads to the points or areas to which they refer are preferable to overcrowded or misleading signs. Where time permits, a summary of the signs used, with their equivalents in words, may with advantage be added to a sketch, for by doing this all possibility of being misunderstood is eliminated.

ARITHMETIC.

Lesson No. 29.

RECURRING DECIMALS.

1. Multiplication—contd.

In our last lesson multiplication of a recurring decimal by a whole number was explained. In this lesson we will deal with the multiplication of a recurring decimal by a terminating decimal.

Example (a): Multiply $1.84\bar{7}$ by 6.31

Work. $1.8474747474747 \dots$
6.31

18474747474747
 55424242424241
 110848484848482

$1165756 | 565656565$

Explanation.—The multiplication is carried out as explained in previous lessons. It will be noticed that the figures 56 repeat themselves. We have three decimal places in the multiplicand and two places in the multiplier, a total of five, which we mark off in our answer, commencing from the last recurring figure, giving us $11.6575\bar{6}$ as

answer. The student will notice that we have two recurring decimals in our answer, and two also in our multiplicand.

Example (b): $.8\bar{1} \times .81.$

$.8181818181$ etc.
81

8181818181
 65454545448
 $6.627\bar{2} | 72722$
 $6.627\bar{2}$ Answer.

Explanation.—The recurring figures are 72, and we have two decimal places in the multiplicand and two in the multiplier; we therefore mark off 4 places in our answer, counting from the end of the recurring period.

Reduction of a Recurring Decimal to a Vulgar Fraction.

(Pure Circulators). Express $.3$ as a vulgar fraction.

$= \frac{3}{10} = \frac{3}{10}$ Answer.

Express $.4\bar{2}$ as a vulgar fraction.

$\frac{42}{99} = \frac{14}{33}$ Answer.

It is from the above we get $.9$ is equal to 1 because we know:—

$.9 = .99999999$ etc.

but $.9 = \frac{9}{10}$ and only differs from unity by $\frac{1}{10}$

$.999 = \frac{999}{1000}$ " " $\frac{1}{1000}$
 $.9999 = \frac{9999}{10000}$ " " $\frac{1}{10000}$

and for each additional 9 added the difference between the decimals and unity is one-tenth of what it was before. Hence if we take an indefinitely large number of nines, the difference becomes so small as to be unappreciable.

(Mixed Circulators).

Express $.1\bar{2}\bar{3}$ as a vulgar fraction.

$= \frac{123-1}{990} = \frac{122}{990} = \frac{61}{495}$
 $\frac{61}{495}$ Answer.

Express $.1\bar{5}\bar{6}$ as a vulgar fraction.

$= \frac{156-1}{990} = \frac{155}{990} = \frac{31}{198}$
 $\frac{31}{198}$ Answer.

Rule for reducing a mixed circulator to a vulgar fraction:—

From the whole decimal subtract the non-recurring portion. The result gives the numerator of the fraction. For denominator place as many nines as there are recurring digits followed by as many noughts as there are non-recurring digits e.g. $.21\bar{3} = \frac{213-21}{990} = \frac{182}{990}$

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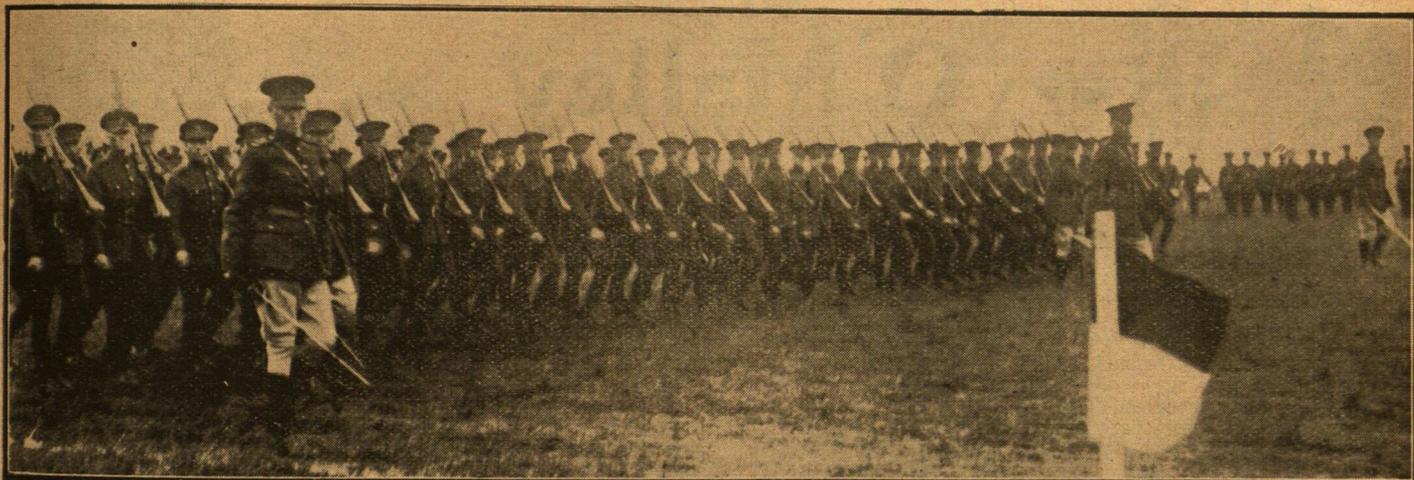
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EASTERN COMMAND REVIEW.



MARCH PAST OF THE TROOPS.

[An t-Oglach Photo]

Unfavourable weather conditions militated considerably against the brilliancy of the Eastern Command Review on Wednesday of last week, but the military display was nevertheless an impressive one and reflects credit on the troops whose smart and soldierly bearing, drenched though they were by the continuous downpour of rain, elicited the praise and admiration of the large crowd of civilian spectators.

The parade, which was commanded by G.O.C., Major-General D. Hogan, consisted of 19th and 20th Infantry Battalions from No. 5 Brigade; 21st and 24th Battalions from No. 6 Brigade, and 22nd and 23rd Battalions from No. 7 Brigade, one company each from Military Police, Army Medical Services and Army Signal Corps, one Battery of Artillery, a detachment of Horse and Mechanical Transport, and one squadron of Aeroplanes. Major-General Hogan was accompanied by Colonel Reynolds, Major McNally, Major King and Capt. Trayers.

The parade was drawn up in column of Companies and on the arrival of the Chief of Staff, with whom were Colonel S. O'Higgins, Chief Staff Officer, and Capt. Joseph E. Nolan, the General Salute was given.

The Reviewing Officer then proceeded to inspect the parade, after which the troops marched in Review order and subsequently in column of route past

the saluting base, where the salute was taken by the Chief of Staff. The colours were carried by four junior officers, with four N.C.O.'s as escort.

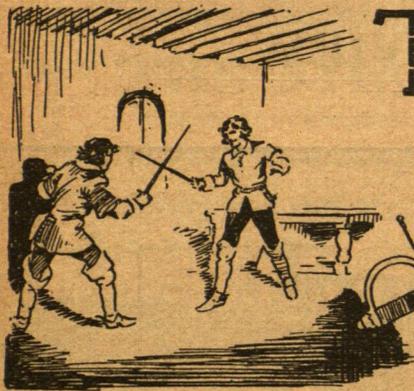
After the parade had cleared the saluting base the aircraft flew past, each plane dipping in salute as it reached the flag.

The No. 1 Army Band and a Pipers' Band played selections of martial airs during the march past.

On reaching the parade ground the troops again formed up and as the band played the national anthem arms were presented, and a few minutes later the parade was dismissed.

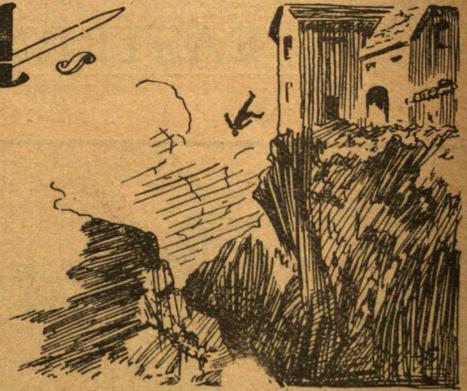


The Chief-of-Staff taking the Salute. On his right is Major-General D. Hogan, G.O.C. Eastern Command. [An t-Oglach Photo]



The Sword of O'Malley

By
Justin Mitchell



CHAPTER XX.—continued.

The lights had been extinguished. The apartment was in darkness, and, in a remote corner, a couple of serving-maids hid their heads in each other's aprons, and marked every levin-flash and thunder-growl with faint cries of fear.

Irene turned an impatient eye to the window, visible only when the glare of the lightning-flashes slit the inky darkness. She tapped her heel petulantly upon the floor.

"But this is impossible," she protested. "We cannot remain here."

"In such a storm, any shelter is welcome," the Prince said quietly.

"Yes, but what will they think in Rhonberg when we are missed from the Palace?" the Princess cried.

"They know you are here, safe with us. They have no cause for alarm," Rudolf replied.

"They don't know where we are," Irene said. "We slipped away secretly to go gipsying in the forest."

"Oh!" said the Prince in astonishment.

O'Malley intervened. "I will ride to the city," he said, "and acquaint your friends of your whereabouts."

As he spoke he looked into Irene's eyes and saw there emphatic dissent from his proposal.

As plainly as looks could indicate, the Princess's glance said: "I need your protection. The Prince needs your protection. Do not leave us."

He paused in his stride towards the door.

"No," he said slowly. "Perhaps I had better remain. One of the huntsmen or grooms can ride with the message to the Palace. I will lend him my mare."

He opened the door and made for the stable. Overhead the storm raged with unabated fury.

The group in the kitchen conversed in low tones.

"What if they have already missed us?" Irene interjected. "Mayhap the hue and cry is even now ringing over Rhonberg. They may fear we have been spirited away—abducted."

"And arrest the Duke of Ungvar on suspicion," Monica added playfully.

The Prince smiled down upon her.

In the umber shadows of the darkened chamber her pure flower-like face and shimmering hair made a glory as of a radiant star.

Without, the beat of hoofs made itself heard between the thunder-peals. Presently Edmund returned, shaking little showers of raindrops from his plumed hat.

"I have never known such a night," he said. "The intensity of the storm is frightful. It seems as though the Evil One were hounding his legions to earth's destruction."

Even as he spoke, the tempest seemed to gather fresh fury. The thunder belled and crashed overhead, and against the rattling windows the rain beat in arrowy torrents. There was nothing for it but to make a virtue of necessity and exercise patience. The Prince placed chairs for the ladies, and the party sat down to keep vigil amid the darkness.

An hour or more passed almost in silence; conversation was rendered difficult by the ceaseless growling of the thunder.

Presently the Prince rose and bade the serving-wenches bring lights.

"The hour waxes late," he said. "You and I, O'Malley, shall take up quarters for the night at the woodcutter's hut near by. I trust the ladies may find repose to their liking in the sleeping-chambers above."

At the foot of the stairway in the little hall Irene and Monica gave good-night to their cavaliers. In the doorway O'Malley paused to glance at the two figures on the stair. They bore tapers to light them aloft, and chatted brightly as though the growling storm were the merest whispering zephyr.

"Fasten the door securely," Edmund said to one of the maids.

There was a noisy rattling of bolts and bars as the door closed. He tried it with vigorous pushes and found it firmly fastened. With a final glance at the lighted window above, he fared out into the storm and followed the Prince to the woodcutter's hut.

It proved but a mean shelter, rudely fashioned of rough logs; yet on such a night it seemed almost comfortable. Edmund, after a trying day in the saddle, felt dog-tired, yet he preserved a certain wary vigilance, and his eye

missed no detail in the uncouth furnishing of the hut. A couple of axes hung on the wall, and the floor was littered with straw and shavings. Thrust beneath the roof-beam was a quantity of old sacking, and soon O'Malley, a seasoned campaigner, had contrived a wonderfully comfortable couch on which the huntsmen gladly stretched their weary limbs. The thunder still growled and rumbled menacingly, and ever and anon, on the blackness of the wall facing Edmund as he lay, a yellow square of light—the reflection of the lightning on the window—would suddenly flare forth and as suddenly disappear.

Lazily, blinkingly, O'Malley watched the coming and going of the yellow square. The Prince had fallen asleep almost instantly, and ere long a delicious drowsiness overcame Edmund and slumber sealed his eyes.

Fantastic dreams haunted his sleep. He beheld himself a gipsy vagrant, care-free and merry of soul, roaming in happy vagabondage with the girl of his heart, a maiden of marvellous gipsy beauty with a darling crown of nut-brown curls and eyes like a moonless midnight. But there came a mighty rival, a Prince of the Blood, gorgeous in royal panoply, who claimed the gipsy girl for his bride. And the face of the princely suitor was the face of Prince Rudolf of Rhonstadt.

After three or four hours of troubled sleep O'Malley awoke with a start and a vague sense of uneasiness. For a moment his dreaming and waking thoughts were confusedly intermixed. Then his eyes and his mind became focused on the square of light flickering on the wall. It took him but the fraction of a second to realize that there was a difference, a change.

The panel of light had been yellowish in colour and had come and gone intermittently as the lightning flared and died.

The square was now of a curious reddish hue, and suddenly it flashed upon O'Malley that the thing was no longer intermittent. It persisted! It remained! It was there, splashed like a ruddy stain on the wall in front of him, and for an instant he groped blindly after the meaning of the marvel.

Like a flash it came to him; and

quicker than a flash he sprang from the couch and filled the hut with one wild shout that rang like a clarion blast above the tumult of wind, and rain, and deafening thunder.

"Awake!" he cried, snatching an axe from the wall and bounding to the door. "Awake! The hunting-lodge is on fire!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Quick as were the movements of the Irishman, the Prince, axe in hand, was at his side almost as he crossed the threshold. The spectacle which met their gaze without struck both men dumb with horror.

The black bulk of the lodge was encompassed by flames. From door and windows, from gaping seams in the walls and hideous rent in the roof, ruddy sheets of fire soared and surged in wild, unbridled riot. The doomed house, constructed mainly of timber, fell a ready prey to their devouring fury.

Forked tongues of fire darted wickedly hither and thither, now shooting cloudward in dizzy spirals, now swooping and diving in search of fresh prey; curling along the roof-tree, licking the rafters, scaling the walls, and throwing themselves madly at everything combustible within reach of their scorching breath.

The storm had passed, and, albeit the thunder growled faintly among the distant hills, the great forest lay stretched silent for miles around. From the lowering skies a wan, despairing moon gazed tearfully through the cloud-wrack at the fiery carnival below.

With a hoarse cry, like the growl of a wounded lion, O'Malley bounded towards the theatre of tragedy. And Rudolf, the erstwhile spiritless, shrinking bookworm, kept pace, step by step, with the dashing Irishman.

On the little lawn, at a safe distance from the burning lodge, a panic-stricken group had gathered—a few foresters, a couple of grooms, and the two serving-girls, gabbling and shrieking in an obsession of terror.

The maids, a forester explained, had been drawn to safety through the kitchen window. The door, securely bolted and barred, had resisted the men's utmost efforts to force an entrance.

O'Malley hardly paused to gather the drift of their excited chatter. Shortly and sharply he spoke to the men.

"His Highness has an axe," he said. "Assist him to force the door. Hasten, on your lives!"

Wrapping his heavy riding-cloak around his shoulders and chin, so that only his eyes remained uncovered, he made for the kitchen window. A couple of sweeping axe-strokes demolished what remained of the smouldering casement, and, hatchet in hand, the Irishman sprang through the aperture and stood within the doomed building.

Stout of heart and inured to danger though he was, Edmund's spirit quailed at the sight which met his gaze. The outer walls of the blazing house simply

formed a giant shell enclosing a core of dazzling flame. The interior of the lodge was a very inferno of hopeless ruin.

Scorched, blinded, choked, tripped up maddeningly by unseen obstacles, O'Malley fought his way to the hall and reached the stairs. At every step the conviction was thrust upon him that this was no ordinary conflagration caused mayhap by a vagrant lightning-

need to name the scoundrel whose brain could evolve such a Satanic plan! In a flash of intuition Edmund grasped the whole hideous scheme.

On the landing at the head of the stairway he discerned through the smoke the doors of the two upper chambers. The nearer doorway was wreathed in flame, and a couple of axe-strokes sent the door flying inward in blazing fragments. A glimpse assured



"Clutching the lifeless figure in his arms, he staggered towards the doorway."

flash or a lamp accidentally overturned. It was conglomerate of a dozen fires started at different points by a crafty hand and with a foul design—murder.

Even as he fought his way through rolling smoke and wreathing flame to the little landing at the head of the stairway, he remembered that, but for the unforeseen intervention of a woman's wayward whim, the occupants of the fated lodge would have been Prince Rudolf and himself. The Prince-Royal and the inconvenient Irishman were the holocaust meant by an enemy to be the victims of his treason and hatred! No

O'Malley that the chamber contained no human thing, living or dead.

He turned his hatchet upon the second door, and stroke for stroke with his blows came the resounding thwacks of Rudolf's weapon on the outer barrier beneath.

O'Malley's assault made short work of the already smouldering obstacle, and presently he stepped across the charred threshold into a chamber black as Erebus, with dense volumes of smoke which made respiration difficult and vision an impossibility.

Where was she—or, rather, where

were *they*? For Edmund remembered that, though Irene was his chiefest care, there was also gentle Monica to be snatched from death in its most hideous form.

Stumbling through the inky fumes, his head swathed in the thick folds of his cloak, he tripped over something lying on the floor—something which a single touch assured him was the inanimate form of a woman.

Hungrily clutching the lifeless figure in his arms, he staggered towards the doorway which showed through the thick smoke as a panel of dull crimson.

The first flicker of light falling on his unconscious burden revealed a trailing banner of golden hair. It was Monica.

Even as the realization came to him, Edmund was aware of a tall figure stalking towards him over the crackling floor. Prince Rudolf had fought his way through smoke and flame to the Irishman's side.

"Give me!" quoth he, his arms outstretched to relieve Edmund of his burden. With Monica in his sheltering arms the Prince descended the rocking stairway and bore the fair-haired damsel to safety.

In that supreme moment of trial and peril, O'Malley found time to marvel that anyone could ever have linked Prince Rudolf's name with cowardice and effeminacy.

But where was the Princess? Back through the smoke-filled chamber he groped blindly, aware that the floor and walls were now in the grip of ever-waxing flame. Flickering tongues of fire darted at him from all sides. Blazing fragments fell upon him from the rafters. The floor swayed horribly beneath his staggering tread, and ever the darkness baffled his smarting eyes as he strove to glean from the pitch-black darkness some glimmer, some hint of her whereabouts.

Once he unmuffled his head and tried to cry aloud; but his throat and lungs were filled with sooty smoke and his parched tongue and lips could utter no sound.

His groping fingers met something smooth and slippery—something hot and brittle, which broke at his touch and fell tinkling to the boards. Glass! The window! O'Malley knew he had traversed the full breadth of the room. Where could she be?

Even as his puzzled, harassed mind formed the query, he saw her. Some little current of air from the broken pane thinned the smoky pall for a moment and fanned a wavering spiral of flame that rose from the burning floor.

She was yonder! A glimmer of white garments showed for an instant ere the smoke thickened again, and Edmund had her unconscious form in his arms and was reeling dizzily towards the door.

The floor swayed and rocked beneath the double burden. The smoke drifted in blinding volumes around rescuer and rescued! Above, below, on every side, the flames held mad triumphant revel.

Through the blazing doorway and out on the fiery landing, O'Malley fought furiously to conquer the lassitude and

exhaustion which was steadily numbing every thew and muscle of his giant frame. The draught from the outer entrance sent the flames leaping at him, like fiery scorpions, singeing his hair and eyebrows and scorching his neck and face, for his great riding-cloak was wrapped round his lifeless burden, and jealously he strove to shield her from the trailing streamers of fire encompassing him on every hand.

With a shout of defiance—the battle-cry of the Brigade—he spurred his failing powers to one final, desperate fight for the life of the woman he loved. He had never failed her yet, nor would he fail her now!

Fanned by the blast from the doorway, the flames had made the staircase their own. It was a very tube of fire, through which Edmund's blinded eyes caught a brief glimpse of Prince Rudolf kneeling on the sward beside Monica's motionless form.

Bending his tottering faculties to one last rally, O'Malley, with Irene in his arms, marched grandly down the arcade of flame. Death menaced his every footstep. A red pit of roasting fury yawned beneath him. Blazing fragments showered around him from the heaving, labouring roof which threatened every moment to collapse and bury him in the conflagration. Bravely he fared down the ladder of death, his clothing alight, his flesh seared and blistered, but his will resolute and steady. Dizzily he staggered across the hall and gained the doorway. Another step would bring safety for his precious charge and surcease of suffering for himself. But even as he lurched across the threshold, the blazing lintel fell from its place and came crashing down upon his naked neck and bent shoulders. He was felled to the ground, and the burning beam seared his flesh for a moment ere it was plucked up and hurled into the river by the prompt hands of Prince Rudolf. Prone on the sward Guardsman and Princess, rescuer and rescued, lay motionless side by side.

In low but decisive tones the Prince spoke a brief order, and the terror-stricken onlookers carried the unconscious forms to the river-bank, well beyond the parching heat of the conflagration.

Then, with a crash, the roof fell in. A dazzling volume of flame shot heavenward, with a shriek as of triumph.

In the fierce glare of this fiery pyramid the startled watchers beheld a strange happening.

As if roused by the deafening din, O'Malley's form shuddered in a spasm of returning consciousness. Dazedly he raised himself to his knees and glared wildly around, his gaze wandering from the blazing ruin to the two women stretched motionless on the turf. Then his glance roamed to the belt of trees across the road, and the watchers saw his blackened features become distorted in a convulsion of rage. He struggled to his feet and took a couple of staggering steps towards the trees. But the effort was too much. He lurched helplessly forward and with a moan dropped fainting to the earth.

Lurking in the forest shadows, and revealed in the far-flung flame of the falling roof, a face had suddenly flashed upon the Irishman's vision—an evil face with ashen lips and eyes distended in horror and fear—the terror-stricken face of the traitor Brant!

The luck of the game was against the Duke of Ungvar. The throw of the dice favoured Ulmo, who kept raking in the Duke's gold pieces with ponderous satisfaction. Ungvar was silent, harassed, preoccupied. At times he seemed altogether indifferent as to how the cubes fell; but, as his store of gold steadily dwindled, his smile grew more cynical and his oaths more malignant.

In the room above the river the gamblers, hardly reckoning the flight of the hours, called for lights as the chamber slowly darkened.

"Has the tenth hour struck, sirrah?" the Duke inquired of the servant who brought a lighted lamp.

"Nay; 'tis barely past the eighth hour, your Grace," the man replied.

"Nonsense, fellow!" quoth Ungvar testily. "Why, 'tis almost dark as midnight!"

"Methinks a storm is brewing," the man said quietly. "The sky lowers black and the air is heavy and still."

There was a moment's silence. The eyes of the gamblers met in a meaning glance. A storm would suit their plans precisely—would keep indoors any prying busybodies who otherwise might be abroad to make trouble.

"You may go," said Ungvar, and the servitor retired, bowing.

With the lighted lamp between them, the gamblers seated themselves at the table and resumed play.

For a space the silence in the chamber was broken only by the rattle of the dice-box, the Duke's low-breathed blasphemies, and Karl's exultant chuckle as he steadily depleted his opponent's purse.

They had proceeded thus for perhaps half an hour when the Duke, with an impatient snort, rose from his chair and pushed away the cubes.

"Come!" he said sourly; "let us make for our lodging, Brant is to return and report ere morning."

They quitted the room and passed down the stairs.

On the threshold Ungvar paused and stretched forth a hand. Great rain-drops plashed on his palm—the harbingers of the thunder-shower. At that moment the storm broke.

Over Rhonberg it raged with merciless fury, driving even the most intrepid wayfarers to shelter.

As the first lightning-flash broke from the clouds, the Duke stepped back into the guest-chamber and closed the door.

At the window by the staircase the pair took up their stand to gaze spellbound at the wrath-laden skies rent by lightning flashes and shaken by clamorous thunder-peals.

Ulmo's gloomy visage showed a trace of fear at the lashing fury of the elemental war. But the Duke never blenched. His pallid features wore a

twisted grin of satisfaction, as though the madness of the tempest accorded well with his mood at the moment.

How long they stood thus they knew not. Rapt in contemplation of the amazing spectacle, they recked nothing of the flight of time.

The Duke was first to break the silence.

"'Tis impossible to fare forth in such a tempest," he said moodily. "We must content ourselves here and kick our heels in idleness till the storm is spent."

They returned to the room above the river and resumed their seats by the great table—O'Malley's bulwark in his encounter with Coqueran.

It might have been an hour or two later. The rain had somewhat abated and the lightning flashes had become less frequent. Two horsemen ventured to pick a cautious way across the courtyard of the inn, and down the sloping causeway leading to the River Gate. Prince and Duke had grown weary of waiting, and had determined to take the chances of reaching their lodging in Rhonberg despite the flying thunderbolts.

At a point near the bridge, where the roadway narrowed suddenly, Ungvar pulled up sharply with a warning "H'st!"

Between the thunder peals the hoof-beats of a galloping steed could be heard.

"Who comes in such haste and at such an hour?" the Duke asked in a guarded whisper.

"Brant, perhaps!" Ulmo suggested. "Impossible!" Ungvar murmured. Brant's little affair is only beginning. Let us remain here and catechize this midnight rider. He cannot pass us in this narrow alley."

In silence they listened to the thud of the nearing hoof-beats. As the rider was perhaps half-way across the bridge, a curling spiral of lightning revealed him to the watching pair.

Grainne's white star flashed upon their startled vision, more terrifying in its milky radiance than any thunderbolt that ever smote the trembling earth.

"God! 'Tis O'Malley!" shouted Ulmo, in a sudden obsession of panic.

Another lightning-flash gave them a second and nearer glimpse of the newcomer.

"Be silent, fool!" hissed the Duke; "'tis O'Malley's steed, but the rider is a stranger. Let us discover his errand."

The speeding messenger came to a sudden halt as he encountered the waiting pair in the narrow roadway. The Duke eyed him coldly and knew him at once for some underling—probably a groom.

"You ride fast, my friend," he said quietly. "It must be urgent business that calls you abroad in such haste and on such a stormy night."

The man's reply was couched in a friendly tone.

"Indeed, sirs, I had no choice in the matter," he said, shaking the moisture from his dripping hair. "I ride under order which cannot be gainsaid."

The Duke assumed the silkiest manner and eyed the white star affably.

"You are Captain O'Malley's messenger, and we are his friends," he said affably. "I am the Duke of Ungvar and this is his Highness, Prince Karl of Ulmo. Is all well with Captain O'Malley and the Prince-Royal? Surely they met with no mishap during the boar-hunt?"

"All is well with the hunting-party, and my errand only partially concerns the Prince and the Captain," the fellow replied readily. "I bring tidings to the Palace that the Princess of Caronia and her companion, the Lady Monica, are storm-bound at the hunting-lodge of Wuldner and cannot return to the city to-night."

The conversation had been conducted thus far to a growling accompaniment of retreating thunder. In the pause that followed the messenger's amazing tidings a rolling peal filled the silence with what sounded like saturnine laughter.

The Duke bit deep into his pallid lips and schooled his grasping eagerness to a semblance of polite indifference. Prince Karl's eyes slowly widened in an incredulous stare.

"The Princess?" quoth Ungvar, in mild surprise. "Methought she was safely housed in the Palace. How came she to be a-wandering in Wuldner?"

"In sooth, I know not," the courier said. "But the ladies are there past doubt, for I saw them with my own eyes. They will spend the night in the lodge. My companions, the huntsmen and grooms, will sleep in the stables and outhouses. The Prince and the Captain will find quarters at a wood-cutter's hut near by."

Another pause, filled with the mocking chuckle of distant thunder.

"Are the ladies unattended?" Ungvar inquired.

"There are a couple of serving-women in the lodge but none other," was the reply.

Thoughtfully the Duke considered the situation, a grin of sour mirth playing over his pallid face. His cold steely glance rested icily on Karl's twitching visage. Overhead the thunder laughed and gurgled mockingly.

Ungvar drew aside and made way for the courier to pass. "Hasten!" he said sharply. "We have dallied here overlong."

The messenger spurred ahead and was lost in the night.

Prince Karl was panic-stricken. Beads of sweat glistened on his beetling brows. Ungvar's cooler brain was busy in a comprehensive scrutiny of the chances. He seemed quite unmoved.

"But this is dreadful!" Karl cried, as if in protest against his colleague's callous pose. "What a hideous blunder has been made. A valuable life may be sacrificed through this awful complication."

"The life most likely to be lost to-night is of no value to us," said the Duke carelessly.

"Whose?" queried Karl wildly.

"Brant's," the Duke replied.

Ulmo's distress increased. "But think of her Highness's danger!" he cried. "Brant may set about his task never dreaming of her presence in the lodge."

"And what of it?" Ungvar questioned absently.

"She may meet the fate we designed for the Irishman and the Prince," Ulmo wailed almost tearfully.

The Duke shook the reins impatiently, as though wearied of the iteration of Karl's stupid misgivings.

"Have no fear," he said curtly. "Even should Brant fire the house, Irene is in no danger. Her rescue is assured and her safety certain. The inevitable O'Malley will attend to that."

In moody silence the pair rode through the deserted streets. As they neared their lodgings, a house in the Square nearly opposite the Palace, a sound smote their ears—a sound so unwonted that the riders checked their horses with a sudden jerk and stared at each other in wide-eyed incredulity.

Through the storm-vexed night, with slow, sullen strokes, came the booming of a great bell. So solemn was the sound, and so pregnant its message at this midnight hour, that the listeners thrilled and trembled at each deep, brazen note.

After a moment of reflection Ungvar pulled himself together.

"'Tis the Palace bell," he said hurriedly. "Let us get to the bottom of this amazing thing."

They pushed on towards the royal residence. As they emerged into the Square they saw the windows of the Palace lighted, while little groups of citizens, roused from sleep by the booming bell, hurried from various quarters and foregathered at the outer gates.

Prince Karl and the Duke crossed the courtyard towards the main door. Overhead, the great bell boomed with slow, measured strokes.

Presently the Palace doors were thrown open, and in a flood of light a black-robed figure stood on the threshold.

It was the Cardinal Archbishop of Rhonberg, not in the splendid scarlet of his exalted office, but in the plain soutane of a simple priest. A purple stole rested on his shoulders, and his right hand held aloft a crucifix of ebony and silver.

A sudden hush fell upon the chattering crowd. A sense of awe filled the solemn silence. The black-robed figure in the stately portal seemed invested with more than its wonted dignity, for the Cardinal had just quitted the dread presence in which the boldest must needs stand chilled and humbled—the cold dignity of Death.

The crowd, augmented each moment by fresh arrivals, had now swelled to a multitude, which thronged the courtyard to the Palace doors. The Cardinal's demeanour, the solemn notes of the great bell and the unwonted lighting of the Palace at midnight impressed the people with a vague sense of calamity and a foreboding of fateful happenings.

(To be continued) COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES

THEN AND NOW.



Jury's Hotel is in Dame Street, right in the centre of the city and only a stone's throw from Trinity College. If its old walls could speak they would tell of history. They saw the first Lord Lieutenant of Ireland coming in to take up residence in the Castle; they saw the last go out to make way for Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith. In the great war the military took over Jury's as headquarters for the W.A.A.C.'s; later it accommodated Government officials when the Custom House was burned down; then when the Treaty was signed it housed officials of the Irish Government, and during the civil strife was the scene of a battle in broad daylight, which had all the thrills that unexpected revolution provides.

Then for a time peace reigned, but not for long. For a master architect was found who overhauled it from foundation to roof. Masons, carpenters, plumbing engineers, decorators, and a host of others made it buzz like a hive, and on the 29th July last Jury's was thrown open to the public as a modern hotel, peerless in its class, under the management of Mr. J. W. Manning, than whom there is no finer "mine host" in the Kingdom. No wonder the Irish International Rugby team made it their headquarters in preparation for their record game struggle against the All-Blacks of New Zealand. Jury's has 83 bedrooms and a banqueting hall which accommodates 130 diners. It boasts a tea lounge, restaurant, sup-

per rooms, drawing room, smoke room, hairdressing saloon, and writing rooms. It has been fitted up most luxuriously—marble walls, mahogany furniture, pile carpets, capacious upholstered armchairs. All the lights are reflected, and the result is a soft, pleasing glow. The ventilation is unique, for the air is heated before distribution, and all



the rooms are beautifully warm and the atmosphere is at the same time exquisitely clear. The banqueting hall, in particular, is a most desirable place for a cheerful evening. In a word, the new Jury's fulfils all the conditions of a fine modern hotel, and as Dr. Johnson says:—"There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." Jury's is both.

No. 7 GROUP G.H.Q.
COMMAND SPORTS.

Pte. O. Murphy Secures 4 Events

(By FOAM).

For their first venture the Committee of No. 7 Group (McKee Barracks) are to be congratulated. It was at short notice that the fixture was arranged, and from the talent within the group a much more elaborate programme might have been carried out.

As it was the meeting on Saturday last at the Sports field, Blackhorse Lane, was a complete success. The events, though few in number, provided good sport and were carried out with commendable despatch throughout. Capt. D. Harkins saw to it that no delays were permitted, and so we had a twelve-item programme completed at 4.45 p.m. The Committee had the assistance of many of the officers of the units competing. The attendance was not what it should have been. Beyond those intimately acquainted with the competitors there was little support, yet some fine performances were witnessed, and the group has certainly talent of which more should be heard. All the items were run as scratch events and in most of the races a handicap would have been better. The officers' race was easily the best of the day and it was very appropriate that the "Speed" department should fill the first three berths.

Pte. O. Murphy (Signal Corps) had little difficulty in capturing the 100, 220 and 440, as well as the long jump. Altogether the group is to be congratulated on its first Sports meeting.

Details:—

100 Yards—The following qualified for the final:—Pte. O. Murphy (Signals), Pte. R. Lanigan (do.), Cpl. Smith (Remounts), Cpl. D. Murphy (Mil. Police). Final—O. Murphy, 1; D. Murphy, 2; Lanigan, 3. Won by 2 yards.

220 Yards (Final)—Pte. O. Murphy (Signals), 1; Cpl. Hearn (Mil. Pol.), 2; Pte. Lanigan (Signals), 3. Won by 5 yards.

440 Yards (Final)—Pte. O. Murphy (Signals), 1; Pte. R. Lanigan (do.) and Cpl. Hearn (Police Corps) dead-heated for 2nd place. Won by 2 yards.

Half-Mile Flat—Sergt. Steadman (Mil. Pol.), 1; Cpl. Hearn (do.), 2. Won by 20 yards. 5 ran.

Officers' 100 Yards (Final)—Lt. M. M. Quigley (Signals), 1; Capt. L. Cryan (do.), 2; Capt. S. Neligan (do.), 3. Won by 2 yards. 6 ran.

High Jump—Cpl. Behan (Mil. Pol.), 5ft. 7in., 1; Cpl. Lanigan (Remounts), 5ft. 6in., 2. 3 competed.

Long Jump—Pte. O. Murphy (Signals), 18ft. 2ins., 1; Pte. R. Lanigan (do.), 16ft. 3ins., 2. 6 competed.

16lb. Shot—Sgt. Bernardin (Mil. Pol.), 30ft. 7ins., 1; Cpl. Keane (do.), 29ft. 6ins., 2. 3 competed.

56lbs. without follow—Sgt. Kirwan (Mil. Pol.), 20ft. 2ins., 1; Cpl. Hearn (do.), 18ft. 8ins., 2. 6 competed.

Tug-o-War (Final) Remounts by two tugs to win.

G.H.Q. HURLERS BEST. Edenderry Team's Fine Display.

(By FOAM.)

With their local League fixtures almost concluded there is at present a big demand for Army hurling and football teams at civilian tournaments throughout the country, and these games, whilst keeping the teams fit, have the added pleasure of a day's outing and enjoyment, besides drawing the Army closer to the hearts of the people. One of these trips is that which took place on Sunday last, when a G.H.Q. selection of hurlers paid a visit to Edenderry, Offaly, to engage a local selection. The visit was arranged through the medium of Comdt. M. J. McCormack, Camp Commandant, G.H.Q. and McKee Barracks, who travelled with the team, and from our entry to the town until our departure it was one long round of hospitality and whole-hearted welcome. In this respect to Mr. Daly, the local Secretary, and Mr. Beatty and his staff, who so ably catered for the visitors, a special word of thanks is due. As on such occasions amusing incidents are always coupled with the day's outing, but space would not permit details and "Ned's" blue pencil might not be on its best behaviour were they submitted. However, one of our best hurlers made a complete survey of the district and we should not be surprised should he "flood the market" with a book entitled "Hints on Gardening."

THE GAME.

As to the game itself our team was indeed a strong one which opposed a selection from Tullamore, Clara and Edenderry. At the opening Major McGrath made matters lively for the local defence and next Connell in goal saved well from Henrick. It was one long tussle between the Offaly backs and the G.H.Q. forwards, who had a strong breeze in their favour. In Connell, Giles and Carty the Edenderry men had a splendid defence, and al-

though Hope and Morgan did well for Edenderry the G.H.Q. were division held out. It was ten minutes before the visitors could make any impression, and then with a loose ball McMahon opened the scoring with a point. G.H.Q. now settled down and treated the spectators to a class exhibition of hurling. Leeson added a goal and in the next minute another Henrick soon supplemented and two points from Leeson gave them a comfortable lead. Struggling against the strong breeze Edenderry fought gamely, but their more experienced opponents played an adaptable game and goals from Henrick and Leeson gave them a big lead at half-time on the score:—

G.H.Q. Selected 5 goals 3 points.
Edenderry Selected Nil.

With the advantage of the wind the Edenderry team played up better and for the first fifteen minutes had most of the game. It was rarely that the Dubliners got within scoring distance and the improved display of the locals drew rounds of applause from those present. At last Leeson got over for a point for G.H.Q. and in the next minute Connell made a brilliant save from the same player. It was now a ding-dong struggle and when Kennedy opened the score for Edenderry there was no bounds to the enthusiasm of the crowds. Maintaining the pressure they came again and a great goal by Slattery gave them confidence. G.H.Q. were now on the defensive, and although a long leeway required overtaking the game was interesting to the end. No further scores resulted and the game ended in favour of G.H.Q. on the score:—

G.H.Q. Selected 5 goals 4 points.
Edenderry Selected 1 goal 1 point.

For the losers Connell (in goal), Byrne, Slattery, Gallagher, Nolan and Hope were best.

was that I should provide the scenario for three Irish films of somewhat similar character. The leading players would come to Ireland in the following summer and, in the meantime, I was to undertake all preparations and have everything ready for their arrival. But—

"You will have to arrange for soldiers to super in the fight scenes," said Bunny. "Ordinary civilians are no darn good for that work. Soldiers are drilled and used to obeying orders promptly and correctly."

The idea of British soldiers representing ancient Irish warriors did not appeal to me and I said so.

"Waal," said Bunny, "get the men from an Irish regiment."

To his mind that settled the question.

However, obstacles arose and we never got as far as asking the British Army authorities for the loan of a few thousand soldiers (Bunny's vision was spacious) to show what Irish troops were like a few centuries before Boadicea foreshadowed the Waacs.

But, perhaps, some day when they have finally abandoned St. Patrick as a film subject and have realised the utter fatuousness of the Irish comedy film, as at present turned out, some producer who is an artist with breadth of vision—Rex Ingram is an Irishman and frequently an artist of great merit—some such masters of this new art medium will realise the wonderful possibilities of the Irish saga. A film version of the story of Deirdre could infinitely outdistance in beauty anything that has ever been staged; the great figure of the Hound of Ulster would inspire countless millions, and the outer world would learn that Ireland has a folklore that cannot be eclipsed. It is imperative that the sub-titles should be worthy of the subject and the surest way to avoid much of the prevalent D. W. Griffith type would be to secure W. B. Yeats, if possible, to provide the words. I am sure that if he were satisfied as to the artistic merit of the film he would agree to this task.

Should this idea of mine ever come to fruition I would like to see our own soldiers enacting the parts that Bunny intended for British soldiers many years ago. I don't think anybody could raise any objection: on the contrary I think it would be eminently fitting.

J. A. P.

SOLDIERS AS FILM ACTORS.

Whilst in America the authorities have for many years lent "doughboys" and "gobs" (soldiers and bluejackets) for the production of film stories, it is only recently that the British authorities have unbent to this extent—stimulated, possibly, by the vehement campaign on behalf of British films. We read that the other day "A fierce and conclusive battle took place on the old fair ground at Weyhill, a little village near Andover, Salisbury Plain. The fight, which lasted all day, was staged for a British film." The actors and supernumeraries numbered more than 8,000, "of whom 300 were Territorials lent for the occasion."

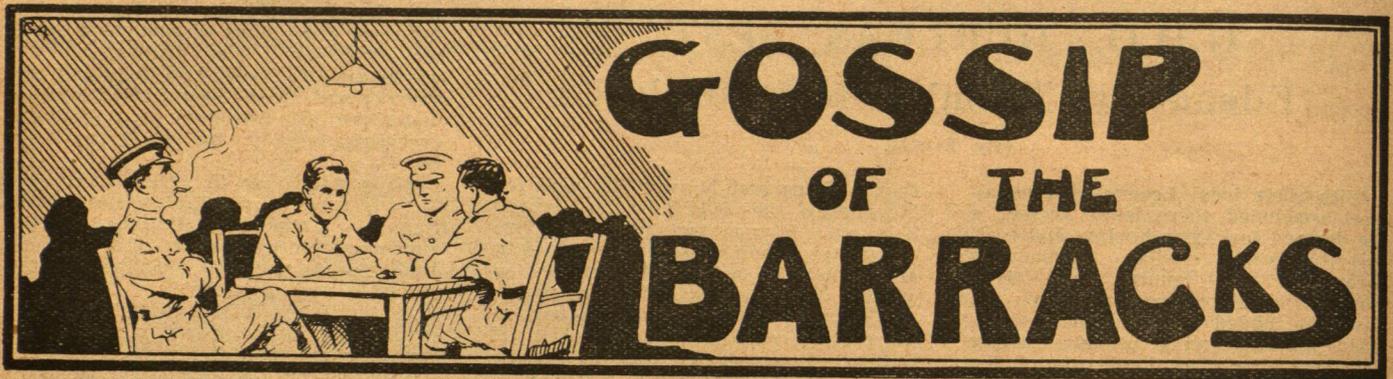
Mr. Maurice Elvey, who is making

the picture, says: "Directing a crowd of supers before the war was an agonising job, but to-day with ex-Servicemen as actors it is easy. They all understand discipline and obey orders promptly and well."

Precisely the same point was put to me before the European War by the late John Bunny, who at that time was at the height of his popularity as a screen comedian. He was also a very capable business man as he demonstrated clearly when he came specially to Ireland to see me with regard to the production of Irish sagas by the Vitagraph Company of America. My scenario for "Deirdre" had been considered very favourably and the idea

The power of adaptation to high and low, learned and ignorant, sad and frivolous, is no mean gift. If, like Nelson, we can lay our vessel side by side with the enemy, and come to close quarters without delay, we shall do considerable execution.

Commend me to the man who can avail himself of any conversation and any topic to drive home saving truth upon the conscience and heart. He who can ride a well-trained horse, properly saddled, does well; but the fellow who can leap upon the wild horse of the prairie, and ride him bare-backed, is a genius indeed.



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

DEPARTMENTAL DOINGS FROM THE 'BELLO.

(We join with his many friends in proclaiming "All hail, 'Me Larkie'"—Ned.)

N.C.O. (studying form) to Pioneer Gink: "Aye, Mac, fop it; we don't want busy bodies around here."

Pioneer Gink (amazed): "Who's a busy body!"

Oh, Portobello is now looking grand.
Titty fo la, titty fo le.

Tho' we haven't got yet a Monday night band,
Titty fo la, titty fo le.

And its squares with fine gravel are recovered you see,
And so is three day's pay we thought
were buckshee!

In the 'Bello—it's a trifle—mere £ s. d.!
Titty fo la, titty fo le.

Oh, the 'Bello has a most obliging old clock,
Titty fo la, titty fo le.

If uninitiated you're apt to get a slight shock,
Titty fo la, titty fo le.

Its four faces are pointed north, east,
south and west,
Its four times are varied—synchronisation
obsessed,

And the time—memory training—well
it's simply just guessed!
Titty fo la, titty fo le.

Oh, the 'Bello for sport it's simply just
"it,"
Titty fo la, titty fo le.

We've Gyms., and Canteens, and The
Institute,
Titty fo la, titty fo le.

Pianos—we've two—and for music—
they're locked!

The Library—with intentions—not
books—overstocked!

And our "Dixies" (dumb Minstrels) in
the Cookhouse are "docked"!
Titty fo la, titty fo le.

At tennis the 'Bello has made quite a
hit,
Titty fo la, titty fo le.

And the soft courts up here are simply
quite "it,"
Titty fo la, titty fo le.

"Love forty, van out, duce—sorry—
ta ta,"

And "The Records" are crushing—
real titty fo la,

Why Deauville—it's petite—with the
'Bello, tra la,
Titty fo la, titty fo le.

The Records Sports Club have mapped out a rather attractive and interesting programme for the coming months. Their cross-country team that achieved great guns last season are already getting busy under the capable training of their popular coach, Sergt. Harry Brittan. The club's interests in the hurling and football are being well catered for and the other branches of sport are being conducted by a well-chosen committee. A very successful year is anticipated.

A bird in the 'Bello is worth two in
"The Bush."

If not too late, congratulations are due to the ever-popular Sergt. Billy Madigan.

The new Pay system with its "three-day's-pay-stopped" spasm upset quite a lot of "calculations" in the 'Bello. It was a case of Port-O-bello—with the accent on the "Owe!"

N.C.O.'s have G.R.O.'s

On their way to guide them;

And B.R.O.'s have C.R.O.'s,

And so on *ad infinitum*.

The dancing season shortly opens in the 'Bello—dress, drill order without haversacks.

Sincere thanks to our old friends "Cat's Whisker" from the Engineers, Griffith Barracks, and "Kay" from Portobello for their kind wishes during my recent "rest." (A new supply of red ink has already been requisitioned.) Lives of N.C.O.'s remind us

We should make our lives sublime,
With a few R.O.'s to aid us,

So pull a quick one—now's your time!

An American recently gave £20,000 for a first edition of an old volume of "Jokes and quaint sayings." We should smile. We wonder in years to come what some old Part 2 Orders will fetch as at present they are a trifle expensive.

We are all pleased that our old colleague Denny Sullivan (Marriage Allowance) is nearly quite recovered from the accident sustained at the recent Hurling Final.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are—it might have been.
Of all mad words of N.C.O.'s or men
The maddest are—"Orderly Room at ten."

By the time that this spasm is in print the 23rd boys will be again under slates in the 'Bello. Yes; I am sure. Jonor, Paddy Murrhy, Mic Melia and the lads fully appreciated the view of the Liffey at Reveille during the few wet and foggy days they had under canvas—yet I have ma doubts.

The squares in the 'Bello are being recovered gradually. The three days overpaid are being recovered weekly.

Reports from China state that the Sago crop has failed—application for transfers to China are, it is understood, to be dealt with in strict alphabetical order.

Overheard at one of the Departmental Bath parades:—

Percy to Gink i/c of Baths: "I say, old chappie, this water is abso-bally-tutely cold."

Gink i/c Baths: "Where the hell do you think you are—the blinking Lido."

It's easy enough to be pleasant
When you Station's "dead cush" for
the while;

But give me the gink that'll grin
While his Pay Book within
Is Red and Re-Read—yet can smile.

Naturalists state that Moths can eat twice their own weight. That's nothing! I've seen some rather hefty "Moths" and "Mouths" since I've cast anchor in the 'Bello.

A saxophone player has been offered 1,000,000 dollars to stay in America. Well, we'd offer more—if we had it—to a certain mouth-organ player to stay out of Portobello.

Our old friend Pte. Bill Hawkins (late of St. Paul's) is going to play for the newly-formed team, the Corinthians—it is a case of the old spasm from St. Paul's unto the Corinthians.

Hospital Orderly to Gink: "How long have you been in now?"

Gink: "Ah, about five months."

Hospital Orderly: "Five months. I think I better put you on the Inventory Board."

The "Snake Charmers" have been sadly missed in the 'Bello since their departure to the Phoenix Park. However, it is hoped to soon have them back again with us. One does miss the whirl and skirl of their pipes and the rat-ta-tat of their side drums.

This week's Slogan:—Fresh fields and pastures new. Tra la.

"ME LARKIE."



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

A couple of weeks ago I referred to the photographic craze that had "developed" in this barracks. The matter has now become serious, and I should not be in the least surprised if international complications arose. The latest victim is our old friend (and enemy) "2 R.N.," who has avoided the limelight (or the gaslight) for so long. The usual arguments between himself and the "Little Man" have ceased in order that they may devote more time to the relative merits of daylight and gaslight development, not to mention the various kinds of paper, etc. As there does not appear to be the remotest chance of an agreement being reached I would suggest that the matter be referred to the League of Nations.

Our one and only "Bet-you-a-dollar" having rejoined from leave, we breathe freely once more.

In "Charlie's" birthplace there is an old tree famous in history because a certain gentleman once wrote a poem beneath its leafy shade, but no one has yet attempted to immortalise the famous tree in this barracks which for months past has withstood the vigorous onslaughts of the tug-of-war team. It is hardly fair that this stout old warrior should be allowed to fade into oblivion, and I trust that some poet will take up his pen and give it the praise which is its due.

Since my last notes two members of the Company have retired into "civvy life," viz., Privates Gannon and O'Day. Their former comrades wish them the best of good luck.

"CAT'S WHISKER."



BERESFORD BARRACKS, CURRAGH.

The Billiards match between Beresford and the A.S.I. has been postponed until after the Army manoeuvres.

The Drumcollogher Relief Fund, which opened in Beresford on Friday, 10th inst., was responded to in a manner that certainly does credit to the officers, N.C.O.'s and men of that barracks. We are not in a position just at present to state the amount raised so far, but it is such at all events as

demonstrates clearly the subscribers' sympathy with the relatives of the victims of that shocking catastrophe.

His office colleagues and friends outside wish Pte. Richard Herbert, Pay and Accounts, every success in his undertakings in civilian life. "Dick," who was a general favourite, bade good-bye to the Army on the 8th inst.

We are glad to learn that our comment last week on the "Grow-Rich-Quick" plan has been well received and has had a telling effect. We have no desire to enter into controversies, but believing that by doing so we shall be serving our readers and the public in general we shall not hesitate, as far as is compatible with Army regulations, to expose any form of fraudulent practice which we believe to exist.

K. P. K.



3rd BATTALION, BOYLE.

A TRAGEDY.

'Twas during the time that the Third was in tents when

This story was told of three dashing young men;

Not too tall, nor too small, nor too bad, nor too good,

And none of them had ever loved—they said they never would.

But whether they wouldn't,

Or whether they couldn't,

Or their mothers said they shouldn't,

The world will never know.

These three dashing young men to Ballyshannon did go,

To take their stand along the Mall like Brown's cows in a row;

A pretty maid came smiling by, beside the boys she stood,

She never loved a fellow-man—she said she never would.

But whether she couldn't,

Or whether she wouldn't,

Or the other fellow said she shouldn't,

The world will never know.

Our three young men saluted, they began to smile and chat

(They're far away from Abbey Town, the Gods be thanked for that).

They're not too tall, nor not too small, nor not too bad, nor good;

And the maiden said she'd marry them—the three of them if she could.

But her conscience said she couldn't, And her mother said she shouldn't,

Though her father said it 'twouldn't

Much matter if she did.

The maiden asked her mother how the world she'd decide,

"The love of these three men, you know, oh, mother, must be tried."

"Go take them down the river banks, then fall in if you can,

The one of them who plunges in, take him to be your man!"

But the maiden said she couldn't

Wet her rosy cheeks, nor wouldn't,

Though her sister said it shouldn't

Matter if she got a man.

So down by Erne's banks they went, she fell in with a shriek,

The waters round grew red as blood tho' blanched became her cheek;

Two of the three they followed her, the third—he shivering stood, He cried he never learned to swim, he felt he never could.

But whether he couldn't,

Or whether he wouldn't,

Or the Major said he shouldn't

The world will never know.

They handed out the lady, she was faint and very weak,

But she soon recovered, got her voice, and to the third did speak:

"Oh, Mister, you have common sense, you're not a fool like these,"

And so with your permission I'll—er—marry you if you please."

But he saw her face and said he couldn't,

And her ma got mad and said he wouldn't,

And her father wondered why the hell he shouldn't,

For now all the world would know.

BROADCASTER No. 2.



4th BATTALION, CASTLEBAR.

The Battalion Annual Sports was held at Blackfort Asylum Grounds at Castlebar on Wednesday, 8th inst., under favourable weather conditions. There was a big number of entries for the different events, and a good day's sport was thoroughly enjoyed by both military and civilian spectators. Hereunder I give the different events competed for, also winners and runners-up:—

100 Yards—1st, Sergeant J. P. Haran, "C" Coy.; 2nd, Pte. T. Moysten, H.Q. Coy.; 3rd, Captain C. Dillon, H.Qrs. Staff. Won by inches, a foot between 2nd and 3rd. Time—11 secs.

220 Yards—1st, Sergt. J. P. Haran, "C" Coy.; 2nd, Pte. T. Moysten, H.Q. Coy.; 3rd, Pte. McPike, "B" Coy. Won by a yard, little between 2nd and 3rd. Time—25 secs.

440 Yards—1st, Sergt. J. P. Haran, "C" Coy.; 2nd, Pte. McPike, "B" Coy.; 3rd, Pte. T. Moysten, H.Q. Coy. A well contested event. 2 yards divided 1st and 2nd, 3rd close up. Time—53 secs.

Half-Mile Flat—1st, Pte. T. James, "D" Coy.; 2nd, Pte. McPike, "B" Coy.; 3rd, Pte. Murphy, H.Q. Coy.

One Mile Flat—1st, Pte. Fanning, "B" Coy.; 2nd, Pte. James, "D" Coy.; 3rd, Sergt. Trueman, "B" Coy.

A close race. Time—4 mins. 35 secs. Three Miles Flat—1st, Pte. T. James, "D" Coy.; 2nd, Pte. Fanning, "B" Coy.; 3rd, Sergt. Trueman, "B" Coy.

15 started and 8 finished; a very good race; James broke away on the last lap, showing a pair of clean heels to the others. Time—17 mins. 11 secs.

One Mile Cycle Final—1st, Lieut. H. Lenihan, "B" Coy.; 2nd, Pte. P. McDonald, H.Q. Coy.; 3rd, Pte. Howard, "C" Coy.

Three Miles Cycle Final—1st, Lieut. H. Lenihan, "B" Coy.; 2nd, Pte. Caulfield, "C" Coy.; 3rd, Pte. Howard, "C" Coy.

Officers' Race—220 Yards—This was most interesting, as all officers had to

take part. The officer who would be last and second last would have to buy the prizes for the officers who came first and second. The value of the prizes to be not less than £1 and 10s., respectively.

1st, Captain C. Dillon, H.Qrs. Staff; 2nd, Commdt. J. Haughey, Hd.Qrs. Staff; 3rd, Capt. A. Fitzpatrick, Hd.Qrs. Staff.

Pole Vault—1st, Pte. Lynch, H.Q. Coy.; 2nd, A/Cpl. Butler (P.A.), H.Q. Coy.; 3rd, Pte. Donnelly, "C" Coy.

At 9ft. 3in. Pte. Lynch and Cpl. Butler tied, and on the spin of the coin Lynch won.

56lbs. without follow—1st, Pte. Moysten, H.Q. Coy., 20ft. 1in.; 2nd, Pte. McMeekin, H.Q. Coy., 19ft. 10in.; 3rd, Commdt. Haughey, H.Q. Coy., 19ft. 4in.

56lbs. over the Bar—1st, A/Cpl. Boyhan, H.Q. Coy., 10ft. 3in.; 2nd, Pte. Cullen, "B" Coy., 10ft. 2in.; 3rd, Pte. Moysten, H.Q. Coy., 10ft. 1in.

Hop, Step and Jump—1st, Pte. Ivors, "D" Coy., 37ft. 10in.; 2nd, Cpl. Butler (P.A.), H.Q. Coy., 37ft. 2in.; 3rd, Cpl. Lewin, H.Q. Coy., 36ft. 10in.

Long Jump—1st, Cpl. Butler (P.A.), H.Q. Coy., 19ft. 2in.; 2nd, Pte. Ivors, "D" Coy., 18ft. 11in.; 3rd, Cpl. Lewin, H.Q. Coy., 18ft. 9in.

High Jump—1st, Cpl. Butler (P.A.), H.Q. Coy.; 2nd, Pte. Ivors, "D" Coy.; 3rd, C/Sgt. J. Houlihan, "C" Coy.

Jumping at 5ft. 1in. Cpl. Butler and Pte. Ivors tied, and on the spin of the coin Butler won.

Javelin—1st, Cpl. Butler (P.A.), H.Q. Coy., 85ft.; 2nd, Pte. Moysten, H.Q. Coy., 77ft.; 3rd, Pte. Connor, "C" Coy., 70ft.

Discus—1st, Pte. O'Connor, "C" Coy., 80ft.; 2nd, Sgt. Flynn, "D" Coy., 72ft.; 3rd, Commdt. J. Haughey, H.Q. Staff, 70ft.

Raising and Striking Hurley Ball—1st, Cpl. Brennan, "B" Coy., 79yds.; 2nd, Pte. Flynn, "B" Coy., 77yds.; 3rd, C/Sgt. Houlihan, 75yds. 2ft.

Football Place Kick—1st, Commdt. J. Haughey, H.Q. Staff, 66yds. 2ft. 10in.; 2nd, Sgt. T. Flynn, "D" Coy., 66yds. 2ft.; 3rd, Pte. Cahill, "D" Coy., 60yds. 2ft.

Tug-o'-War—"C" Coy. beat "A" Coy. 2 pulls to nil; "B" Coy. beat H.Q. Coy. 2 pulls to nil. Final—"C" Coy. beat "B" Coy. 2 pulls to 1.

Relay Race (220, 220, 440, 880)—Four Companies competed. Won by "D" Coy. (Ptes. Cahill, Ivors, Coffey and James).

Putting 16lb. Shot—1st, Pte. O'Connor, "C" Coy., 33ft. 5in.; 2nd, Pte. Moysten, H.Q. Coy., 32ft. 8in.; 3rd, Commdt. J. Haughey, H.Q. Staff, 31ft. 8in.

Hd. Qr. Company retains Commanding Officers' Cup, presented for the best all-round Company. Points obtained—68.

"C" Coy. won the Tug-of-War Cup presented by the officers of the Battalion.

"D" Coy. retains Cup presented by N.C.O.'s of the Battalion for Relay Race.

Cpl. Butler (M.P.C.) succeeded in winning the Gold Medal for the best all-round athlete, obtaining 21 points Pte. Moysten being second with 19.

In addition to the above prizes, some very valuable ones, at least two for each event (for 1st and 2nd) were presented to the Battalion by the people of Castlebar and district.

Commandant Sean Haughey, O/C. Battalion, presented the prizes and heartily congratulated each prizewinner.

MAYO OBSERVER.



8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

Marching, marching marching. No wonder we are called the "Gravel-Crushers." Strenuous training for the forthcoming manoeuvres is being rehearsed time after time, and if it is to continue Napoleon's march on Moscow won't be in it.

All ranks of the Battalion send their heartiest congratulations to Capt. W. Carmichael, Asst. Comd. Quartermaster, on his recent marriage. This popular officer was at one time a member of our Battalion.

Rumour has it that the "Sir Harry Greer" Boxing Cup is to be contested for very soon. We hope that with a bit of good luck we will be able to stage a team that will uphold the Boxing tradition which the Battalion is famed for of late, and we know when our boys get into training they will leave nothing undone in order to become fit for this event. The training for the manoeuvres has hampered all the boxers very much, but this cannot be avoided. We must train to keep ourselves perfect as soldiers as well as sportsmen.

I am very pleased to say that the bird-catching epidemic did not have such a bad turn after all. It was feared it would spread to the remaining Coys. of the Battalion. I hear now that the contrivance for trapping birds is patented by a well-known N.C.O. of H.Q. Coy. and he refuses to sell the rights to the other Companies. The warblers from this Company are still on the quest for more humming birds.

"H.Q." Coy. have lost the services of one of its oldest members in the person of Pte. "Jerry" O'Brien, late Battalion Barber, and famous for short hair cuts, who has been transferred to "A" Coy. for duty. "Jerry" says the rifle is mightier than the razor. (He can have narrow shaves with both—Ned.)

Pte. Curtin of our Battalion did exceedingly well at the recent Sports which were held in Tralee. Considering that he was up against the best weight-throwers in the country he is to be congratulated on the splendid performance which he accomplished. He came second in the 16lbs. Shot and

third in the Discus. This young herculean has greatly improved his form at the Weights and Discus throwing, and with a bit more training we know he will be able to come up to the national record.

GRAVEL-CRUSHER.



23rd BATT., PORTOBELLO BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

Once again we are back in the old familiar 'Bello, severing our connections with the wide open spaces of the Phoenix Park, the spiders, whose domain we invaded and whose peace we rudely shattered, and the grass, which is now a thing of the past, at least in the Camp and in the vicinity thereof, as it has been obliterated, annihilated, and wiped out, by the tramp of marching feet.

Wednesday, the 8th instant, dawned wet and misty, and hope reached its lowest ebb as the hour of the Review drew near, and no sign of a cessation of the rain, which fell steadily. Three o'clock saw us drawn up in our allotted position, and the mettle of the soldier was tested to the full during the ensuing ceremonials. Discipline insists on absolute steadiness on parade, and all will agree that it is a difficult ordeal for the young soldier to carry this into execution in a downpour of rain. The boys, however, responded to the call upon them and never wavered.

The March-Past was a triumph of the soldier's art and worthy of veterans. As Company after Company swung past the saluting base one could not but marvel at the efficiency attained by our little Army. The Review was witnessed by a large number of people despite the inclemency of the weather.

Concerning our sporting pursuits, the Football League is now drawing to its conclusion, and on the 1st inst. "B" Company decisively beat "C" Company after a good game. The scores were:—"B" Company, 4 goals and 5 points. "C" Company, 2 goals and 1 point. The outstanding players in the game were C/Sgt. Moran, Ptes. Mathews and Duffy for "B" Company, and Sergt. Phelan, Ptes. Cronin and Burke for "C." On Friday, the 3rd inst., "C" got their revenge by beating the "dug-ins" by one point after a closely contested struggle. The low score is indicative of the merits of the game, and "C" Company were remarkably lucky to get away with it, the verdict going in their favour on each occasion on a disputed goal and point.

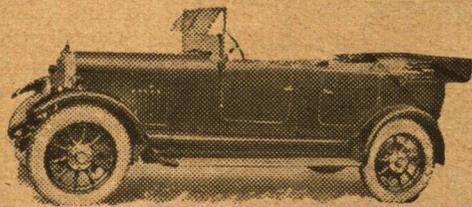
The "Battery" was well represented at the Kerry-Kildare match on Sunday, the 3rd inst., and we are eagerly awaiting the replay. It has been "replayed" here at all times. We've had it for breakfast, dinner and tea, and if you don't believe me ask the "Rasher," or "Brassey," or the B.Q.M.S.

This week's Slogan: "'Yer' looking for the wheel."

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

A young recruit received a bullet in his thigh while on the shooting ranges and was taken to hospital.

For a whole week the doctors probed and tortured him and he bore it all patiently, but at last he could stand it no longer and asked what they were doing.

"Searching for the bullet," the doctor replied.

"For Heaven's sake why didn't you say so before," cried the victim, "it's in my breeches pocket."

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* * *

First Little Girl: "Do you believe in the devil?"

Second Little Girl: "No! It's like Santa Claus. It's your father."

* * *

"And you wouldn't begin a journey on Friday?"

"Not me!"

"I can't understand how you can have any faith in such silly superstition."

"No superstition about it—Saturday's pay-day."

* * *

"I suppose, Henry," said the old gentleman to his new son-in-law, "that you are aware the cheque for £1,000 I placed among your wedding presents was merely for effect?"

"Oh, yes, sir," was the cheerful rejoinder, "and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning without a word."

* * *

"You don't seem to get on with my rock-cakes, George," she said, with tears in her voice. "I would not allow Jane to cook them, but made them myself."

George protested "Darling you shouldn't. You will kill me with your little kindnesses."

He (whose motor car is stuck on high road)—"Dash!"

She—"What's the matter, darling?"

"Short circuit! Confound it!"

"Well, can't you screw in a longer one?"

* * *

Tommy—"Father, how far is the earth from the sun?"

Father—"I'm sure I don't know."

"Don't know, father?"

"No."

"Well, I hope you'll feel sorry tomorrow when I'm being punished for your ignorance."

* * *

"Would you like to take a nice long walk?" she asked.

"Why, I'd love to," replied the young man caller, joyously.

"Well, don't let me detain you."

* * *

Mr. Mallison had just popped the question to Miss Elderleigh, the lady of his choice.

"I am sorry," she answered resolutely, "I cannot marry you. I'm sure you never saw any encouragement written on my face."

"Ah, true!" sighed the rejected one. "I suppose it was because of my inability to read between the lines."

* * *

It was a certain Army company field training. The Sergt.-Major saw a young recruit trying to cook his breakfast with a badly-made fire. Going to him, he showed him how to make a quick-cooking fire.

"Look at the time you are wasting," he said.

"When I was in the Himalayas I often had to hunt my breakfast. I used to go about two miles in the jungle, shoot my food, skin or pluck it, then cook and eat it, and return to the camp under half an hour." Then he wisely added: "Of course you will have heard of the Himalayas?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young soldier, "and also of Ananias."

True glory strikes root, and even extends itself; all false pretensions fall as do flowers, nor can anything feigned be lasting.—Cicero.

* * *

The officer had finished his lecture on topography and asked the class to draw a map to scale of any piece of ground with which they were familiar.

On examining the fruits of their efforts on the following day the officer inquired from Pte. Maguire why he had left a space between the sea and land along the coast.

"Because, sir," said the recruit, "the tide was out when I did the plotting."

* * *

The young woman travelling with her stern-looking father was evidently not in the best of health. She was decidedly pretty, but her cheeks were pale.

A kind—if inquisitive—passenger sitting opposite leaned forward and addressed the stern parent.

"Your daughter seems very ill," he remarked, sympathetically.

"Yes," replied the father. "It is an affection of the heart."

"Dear me! Aneurism?"

"Oh, no! Only a lieutenant in the Army."

* * *

Wife: "It's a shame, John, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes."

Husband: "Don't say a word about it, dear. The least said the soonest mended."

* * *

Mr. Busybody (to soldier smoking): "Do you know, sir, that out of every ten cases of men suffering from paralysis of the tongue, nine are due to smoking? So take warning."

Soldier: "Let me inform you that out of every ten cases of men suffering from broken heads nine are caused through not minding their own business. So take warning."

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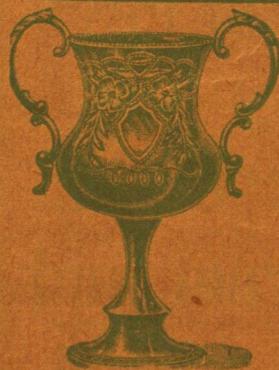
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