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## THE ARMY JOURNAL

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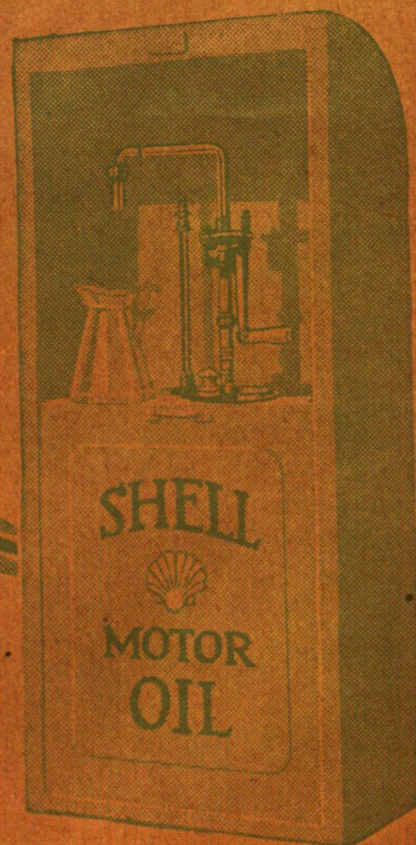
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# An t-Ógláic

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# An t-Óglách

SEPTEMBER 25, 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.*

## CÓMRAÓ AS AN EASARCIÓN.

### MANŒUVRES.

OUR annual manœuvres this year are on a somewhat more comprehensive scale than has been attempted hitherto and should prove invaluable to all ranks participating in the operations. Indeed it would be difficult to overestimate the importance of such tactical exercises when conducted, as at present, according to a carefully thought out plan and with painstaking thoroughness. Manœuvres are the touchstone which reveals how far the troops have profited by their training during the preceding twelve months and displays their fitness for actual warfare. So far as can be ascertained unofficially at the present stage of the operations now in progress, the collective and other training which the troops have undergone during the past year has had very beneficial results. All arms have acquitted themselves most creditably and the infantry have displayed a morale and endurance which could not be excelled in any army. It is a pretty good test of soldierly qualities when men can go cheerfully into action (even though it be only mimic war) after a twenty miles march, as they have done in this case, and continue the struggle with undiminished zest until the bugles sound "Cease Fire"

many hours later. Officers and men alike have shown a keen sense of duty and the discipline displayed has evoked warm praise from all who have been privileged to witness the manœuvres.

\* \* \*

The present operations again emphasise the statement so often made in these columns that the Army of the Saorstat is unceasingly striving for the highest possible standard of efficiency and will be content with nothing less. Progress is the watchword of those at the head of affairs and, as the Higher Command do not spare themselves, they expect similar assiduity from all who have the privilege to serve as soldiers of Ireland. The Army is no place for anyone who seeks personal aggrandisement or a soft berth. The greatest reward that a soldier can expect is an acknowledgment of duty well done and for all true Irishmen that should be sufficient.

\* \* \*

The two gallant young Irishmen who were killed in a flying accident at the manœuvres died in the service of their country and the story of their tragic fate will go to swell the glorious tradition of the Army. Mingled with the profound sorrow which the tragedy has caused amongst their comrades of all ranks

and all units is a feeling of patriotic pride. The Army aviator risks his life every time that he makes an ascent and it speaks well for the race that there are more applicants for entry to the Force than can be accommodated, despite the stiff preliminary examination and the arduous training that must be undergone before the coveted "wings" are awarded. The fact that this is only the third fatal crash since the inception of our Air Force indicates a high degree of efficiency and unremitting care on the part of the authorities at Baldonnell. The zeal and devotion to duty of the airmen are, in the words of a civilian contemporary, "an example to the Irish people," and we are sure that the nation as a whole will mourn with the Army the loss of these patriotic Irishmen whose careers have been so tragically terminated in the heyday of their youth and promise. *Go ndéanaidh Dia trócaire ar a n-anam.*

### PERSISTENCE.

Nothing in the world can take the place of *persistence*. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men of talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts.

### IMPARTIAL JUSTICE.

In the government of men a great deal may be done by severity, more by love, but most of all by clear discernment and impartial justice, which pays no respect to persons.—*Goethe*.

### MENTAL MANSIONS.

A man's house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late, that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and shortest day. Home should be the centre of joy.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

### SWIMMING AT FORT BENNING.

Recent orders issued at Fort Benning, Ga., U.S. Infantry school, provide that all members of combat organizations at that post will receive systematic instruction in swimming. Instruction is compulsory until the pupil has demonstrated his ability to swim fifty yards with any stroke and twenty yards carrying a ten-pound weight.



# IN CAPTIVITY

From "WITH THE IRISH IN FRONGOCH."

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

(Being the Thirty-Second 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 XIII.—continued.

He then asked for any objections to the work, adding that we might speak without reserve, as although he would take them down in writing for transmission to the Home Office, he would not mention names.

There was a momentary silence; and then I replied that we were in our present situation because we held certain principles and stood by them at the risk of our lives; and that it was utterly inconsistent with these principles to work in Welsh quarries and develop Welsh industries whilst quarries in Ireland were derelict for want of labour to develop them. He did not take this down immediately; but said that the Germans had worked in the same quarries when they were interned in Frongoch. I replied that was purely a matter for the Germans, and did not concern us in the least. He then wrote it down; and asked me to name some of the Irish quarries which were lying derelict. I named about a score that came within my personal knowledge.

My comrades signified their agreement with my reply; and one or two of them went so far as to declare that they would not in any way help the State against which they had rebelled; and which was even then keeping us in duress.

The uncompromising nature of this rebuff was unable to jolt the Adjutant out of his high good humour. He was determined to bestow the blessing of his fraternal heart upon us whether we willed it or no. So he drew up the question of the fish. Previously we had been making very serious complaints concerning the fish which was issued to us for dinner on Fridays. Owing to the manner in which the herrings had been cured with the guts in them they were absolutely uneatable.

The Adjutant said that if they were properly gutted and left steeping overnight in running water, and then

cooked in fish kettles they would be all right. He offered to supply us with the necessary kettles. So we sent for the head cook to have his opinion on the matter.

Our plumber cook was rather a facetious individual, and his first remark took the form of a question to the Adjutant.

"Oh, it's the herrings! Were they captured or did the duffers give themselves up?"

But the Adjutant was not to be outdone in pleasantry, and instantly replied:

"Oh, they were captured according to the rules of war, Mat."

The cook's opinion was that as the fault of the herrings lay in the curing no amount of "treatment" could make them palatable. However, he was quite willing to make the experiment. So the Adjutant promised to supply the necessary fish kettles from the stores on the following morning; and took his departure in high good humour.

When he left we looked at each other and shook our heads. Our fear of the Adjutant's "canniness" had increased. "Buckshot" could no more have talked and met our raillery in that spirit than he could have eaten his jack-boots, rowled spurs and all. But the Adjutant was of a type that for seven centuries had successfully fooled the chivalrous and trusting Irish with honeyed words and fair but empty promises. We resolved that come what may he would not fool our men.

## CHAPTER XIV.

On Tuesday, September 5, we were brought face to face with stern realities. The fear that had hung over us at last materialized so swiftly that it took us completely unawares.

On the previous Sunday Sergeant Phillips had obtained a prisoner named Hugh Thornton, and took him out to the Adjutant's office wherein he was informed by that officer that he was a

deserter under the Military Service Act. This having been done Thornton, who was a mere youth, was sent back into the prisoners' compound, and the matter appeared to have dropped.

On the following Tuesday, however, about 10 o'clock, a.m., Philips again came into our compound inquiring for Thornton, stating that he was going to be sent home. This we knew to be false; and as a military escort was seen to have arrived by the morning train there was no great difficulty in putting two and two together. No one would engage themselves to find Thornton for Philips; nor could he or his provost staff do so. As soon as this fact was made known to the Adjutant he ordered that all the prisoners within the compound, no matter on what work they were engaged, were to be lined up in the outer yard—even the cooks had to cease their preparations for dinner and form up. All the available staff sergeants and military police were sent into the prisoners' quarters to turn them out into the yard and were unnecessarily vicious and abusive in doing so—I say unnecessarily, advisedly, because the prisoners, as is their invariable custom, promptly obeyed the Camp Leaders present, and formed up in the outer yard in two ranks.

This incident came upon us so rapidly and unexpectedly that we had no time to make any elaborate plans for the protection of our comrade. Yet we did the best we could. The senior officer of "the refugees" was told to arrange an exchange of names and numbers between Thornton and some other prisoners whose physical and other characteristics were wholly different; and to instruct them to answer accordingly. He did so.

The Adjutant and a large armed guard and several officers came into the compound. He placed the armed guard, with fixed bayonets, in a cordon round the prisoners, and as he did so said: "If you see any prisoner leave his



place without orders you know your duty." As the prisoners concerned had cheerfully lined up when ordered to do so, these proceedings were absolutely unnecessary, and only calculated to disturb and excite the men, who, fortunately, kept the best of temper.

The Adjutant called out in a loud voice, "No. 1454 Hugh Thornton." There was no response. The Adjutant and Phillips then passed down along the ranks inspecting the prisoners individually. They failed to identify any of them as Thornton; and so passed on to the Recreation Field, where the majority of the prisoners were already drawn up for his inspection. Shortly afterwards a prisoner was brought up from the field by two military police and placed in a cell. Our hearts sank at the sight for we thought they had got Thornton with ease. But it turned out to be a prisoner named Neil Kerr who had refused to say "sir" in answering a question by the Adjutant, and who was, therefore, arrested and placed in cells.

None of the prisoners in the field could be identified as Thornton, and as a consequence they were marched back to the distillery yard, and the whole body ordered to re-form by dormitories. They did so.

By this time every available soldier off duty was placed under arms, and marched into the prisoners' compound. The window of the Colonel's residence overlooking our compound became thick with ladies' heads. The Orderly Officer of the Day—the only one who was not present in the compound—surveyed the scene through a pair of binoculars from the top window of the officers' quarters—though we were close enough to distinguish features with the naked eye. We afterwards discovered that it was an invariable practice for the Orderly Officer of the Day to take up this position whenever a rumpus was on. But if the ladies or the authorities expected to enjoy a futile exhibition of temper on the part of the Irish prisoners they were doomed to disappointment.

"Buckshot" entered the compound shortly before the return of the prisoners from the field, but remained a silent spectator of the scene.

When the re-forming by dormitories had been completed by the Camp Leaders the formidable array of military, with loaded carbines and fixed bayonets, were drawn round the prisoners in a close cordon. When this precautionary (?) measure was completed the Adjutant again called out in a loud voice: "No. 1454 Hugh Thornton?" There was no response. The Camp Register was then brought on the scene; and the Adjutant issued instructions that as each prisoner's Camp number and name were called out he was to answer: "Here, sir," step out of the ranks, and moving round in front of him was to proceed to the bottom of the yard—below the four huts—where the whole body of prisoners was to be again re-formed in numerical order. These instructions were promptly and even cheerfully obeyed by all the

prisoners. We could afford to be light-hearted and even jovial, for our arrangements ensured that the wrong man would be taken. But we reckoned without the fine sense of honour possessed by young Thornton.

Eventually when the name and number of Thornton was reached and called he responded and stepped out of the ranks. The Adjutant obviously in a vicious temper rushed with upraised stick and yelled at the prisoner: "Why didn't you answer your name before, you bloody brat?" And received the quiet and respectful response: "I had private reasons for not doing so, sir."

I admit that the Adjutant had a certain amount of reason for becoming exasperated inasmuch as the train by which Thornton was to be taken away had gone; and the escort had returned empty-handed by it. Doubtless the Adjutant felt that it would be difficult to satisfactorily explain why they could not produce on time a prisoner who had been three months in their custody.

Afterwards when we came to question the man who was to have taken Thornton's place, and who was standing beside him in the ranks, as to why the arrangement fell through, he told us that almost at the last moment Thornton said he would answer, as he could not allow anyone else to suffer on his behalf when he was quite capable of doing so himself.

When the Adjutant's ebullition had died down "Buckshot" ordered Thornton to be handcuffed. Considering the strength of the military guard present, the juxtaposition of the guard-room; and the fact that the prisoner was behind several rows of barbed-wire entanglements this ironing and chaining was altogether unnecessary. But who shall attempt to gauge the workings of the mind of petty mightiness?

Those prisoners whose names had not yet been called were now ordered to join their comrades at the bottom of the yard—an order which they promptly obeyed. The armed guard was next moved down and concentrated in front of the prisoners.

"Buckshot" accompanied by his entire staff then came down, and taking up an elevated position in front of his guard he addressed the prisoners as follows:—

"You have," he said, "hitherto conducted the Camp in an excellent manner; but this incident this morning was the worst exhibition of insubordination which I have met so far, and I cannot overlook it."

He then inflicted the following punishment upon the whole body of prisoners on account of their "insubordination."\*

1. All letters withheld and stopped for one week from 5th inst.
2. All papers withheld for one week from 5th inst.
3. All visits stopped for one week from the 8th inst.

Now, nothing even remotely approaching insubordination took place. Only

\*Vide Hansard, Vol. 86, No. 97, Col. 552.

three of the staff officers, the officer in charge of "the refugees," Thornton and his substitute knew anything about the plan for saving the youth. We had not time for making any fuller or better arrangements. All the prisoners with the one exception answered their names, and obeyed with promptitude and respect every order given them—even though many of the orders were given harshly. If there was any cause for blame in the incident the fault clearly lay with the Adjutant and his staff sergeants before whom young Thornton was paraded only two days previously for identification purposes. Obviously this harsh punishment was meted out to all the prisoners because none of them would identify or inform upon their comrade.

Nor did "Buckshot" deign to pause and endeavour to discover if there was collusion amongst the prisoners on the matter before he thundered at them the rigours of his power. And how did the prisoners receive this punishment? No sooner had "Buckshot" finished than a spontaneous and ringing cheer was set up by the prisoners. There was a slight hint of booing in the cheer.

Instantly "Buckshot's" face purpled and became a fine study of conflicting emotions. I thought for a moment that he was going to have an apoplectic fit.

"Jack-knives" rushed towards us waving his arms like the sails of a windmill and yelling out: "Stop it! Stop it!! Stop it!!!" We broke out into a fit of laughter. "Buckshot" turned towards us savagely as if about to speak again. What he would have said or done is known only to himself and God. The Adjutant at once laid his hand restrainingly on the Colonel's arm and spoke to him in a low voice, and they both turned on their heel and walked off. "Jack-knives" gave the order for dismissal; but we all stood still at attention until the order was repeated by our own Commandant, when we broke off and went quietly to our dormitories.

Despite the punishment that was just inflicted on us everybody was laughing and in high good humour. When the Military Staff foregathered in the Orderly Room to review the situation we did so with a perfectly light heart. The test which the men had passed through so creditably was a pretty severe one; and the absolute spontaneity of that cheer convinced us that the general body of prisoners could be relied on to the death if necessary.

After dinner the elderly censor was very jocular with our staff of clerks about the incident. He said rather contemptuously that if that was all Irish wit and resource was capable of doing he did not think very much of it. He little dreamed how very soon he would have to completely alter his opinion.

It happened to be on one of the visiting days that this incident occurred. By a fortunate coincidence the father of Neil Kerr arrived at 2.30 p.m. to visit his two sons who were interned in the Camp. The censor told him that he could not see Neil as he was in hospital. But the other son, who was



present, contradicted him, and told his father the history of the whole incident. Thus an account of the first attempt to conscript Irish rebels into the British Army from Frongoch Camp was given to the world almost as soon as it occurred.

Subsequently we learned from the Press that Hugh Thornton had refused to soldier, as a result of which he was court-martialled and sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour.\*

#### CHAPTER XV.

ALL persons possessing a knowledge of the Irish temperament will readily understand the condition of mind of the prisoners when they had time to consider the infliction of this utterly unjust punishment.

The Military Staff had a very long sitting in which the whole situation was reviewed in detail. It was now established beyond doubt that the authorities had made up their minds to conscript "the refugees" whenever they could trace them. As we had made up our minds to save them at any cost; and as there were one hundred and fifty of them amongst us, it will readily be understood that the situation was a very serious one.

Hitherto we had depended upon occasional chance for the smuggling out of letters and information concerning the conditions of the Camp. We now considered, and rightly so, that a systematic publicity campaign was essential to enable us to successfully carry out our policy of passive resistance to the conscription of our comrades. To this end we decided to use every possible channel of publicity, and did not hesitate to apply ourselves to members of Parliament, the Church, and the Press.

This publicity campaign became my special concern. In order to be able to devote myself more fully to it I resigned the position of Adjutant, which was fulfilled from then on by Captain Morkan. With the help of a brilliant and daring individual from Skibbereen; and subsequently with the assistance of an equally staunch Meelick officer, a complete "Republican Postal System" was established. Through this channel we communicated almost daily with the outer world. It is no exaggeration to say that through this medium, accounts of happenings in the Camp were speeding Dublin or London-wards an hour or two after they took place.

Acting on our instructions committees were appointed in various centres to receive our accounts; and to give them due publicity. Committees were even appointed for the translation of the messages into foreign languages, and their transmission abroad. Hence the Special Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* could write with perfect truth that: "Since Irish prisoners have been interned at Frongoch their complaints have not only gone to the Commandant, but they have leaked into the outer world and found utterance in

Parliament and in the Press." Irish wit and resource was capable of more things than was dreamed of in the Camp censor's philosophy.

This "Postal System" was strictly reserved for official accounts; and no private messages or letters were allowed to pass through it. The most scrupulous care was exercised in drawing up the complaints to avoid any exaggeration or inaccuracy. The skill with which the vital point was avoided; or the audacity with which it was flatly contradicted in the Parliamentary replies always moved us to admiration.

It was, of course, not very long until the authorities became aware that there was a bad leakage of news from the Camp. The first intimation we had of this was one morning when the local contractor who had purchased the contents of our swill tubs for his pigs came in accompanied by a military provost guard. Formerly he had executed his business without any supervision, and used frequently to chat with us. But in suspecting him of complicity they wronged him. Even had he been willing we would not have dared to embroil an innocent Welsh farmer in our conflict with the authorities.

Eventually "Buckshot" got it into his head that the leakage was through the guard. He had them paraded; and soundly abused them for their complicity, actually telling them that they were a disgrace to their uniform inasmuch as instead of being the servants of His Majesty they were the servants of the rebels. But the Colonel wronged his guard, who were a loyal and painstaking body of old soldiers.

As the leakage still continued after this "lecture," the guard was changed; and a new body of soldiers was brought to keep watch and ward over us. The filtering of news went on as usual. This should have been enough to convince "Buckshot" that the default did not lie with his guard; but the man was too filled with the obsession of his own egoism to look reasonably at any matter. So the guard was changed for the third time.

The third guard had been specially brought from the Isle of Man; and numerically was much stronger than either of the other two. It was late one December night when they arrived; but even so "Buckshot" lectured them on the evil traffic that had been carried on between the rebels and the last two guards; and threatened them with dire consequences if any of them were found in default. No procedure could have been more tactless; but it was typically à la "Buckshot."

The Camp became filled with strange rumours concerning this guard. How they originated no one could exactly say; though we all had our suspicions. It was alleged that they were a specially select body of men, who had broken the hearts of the Conscientious Objectors; and were now sent on to Frongoch to break the hearts of the Irish Prisoners of War. In reality we found both officers and men of this guard to be both courteous and kind. The only draw-back from our point of

view was that "Leather-jaws" was still retained on the strength of the Camp establishment. We knew that his prejudices would colour his representations to the orderly officers of the new guards. They, however, quickly learned to judge matters for themselves.

In this explanation of the new situations which had been created in Camp, I have had of necessity to outstep the bounds of the chronology of events. Let us return thereto.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

THE prisoners still continued to refuse to clear the guard's refuse pits; and regularly every morning eight of them went into punishment in the North Camp. We ceased to formally detail prisoners for this fatigue once we came to know that it involved punishment. The plan was to call for volunteers each night in the dormitory due to furnish the fatigue; and the difficulty was to pick eight out of the number that offered their services, so as to avoid giving offence to those who were passed over.

No more was heard of the quarry work; but a couple of days after an alternative of agricultural work was offered to us, to wit, the saving of the Welsh harvest. There was an interview on this subject also by the Adjutant. We declined to undertake it, Captain B. O'Driscoll stating that if the Government were really anxious to find employment for us we would be quite willing to save the Irish harvest; and that we would not have the least objection to being interned in Ireland.

"No," replied the Adjutant rather wearily. "And I don't suppose the Germans would object to being interned in Germany."

Before the week was out it was suggested to us that we should cultivate the few patches of broken ground that lay between the barbed-wire and the river. It was intimated to us that the Colonel would supply out of his own pocket all the necessary seeds and manures. The offer was declined and the Adjutant again interviewed us. He said that we could have the produce for our own kitchen next March. It was only natural we should retort that it was problematical as to where we would be next March. But the Adjutant had his retort too; and added that even if we were not there next March "our friends" the Germans would benefit as a result of our labour.

It was not the first time that the Adjutant had referred to "our friends the Germans." I determined to see if there was an ulterior motive behind it, and declared that if we were sure that "our friends the Germans," as he called them, would benefit we might, perhaps, engage in the work. But the Adjutant only smiled good-humouredly. So I added that as the guard was already cultivating the patches I thought that those who were really most interested in the produce should do the cultivating.

"Buckshot," however, was determined to try the "Castle method" of rigorous measures; and ordered that

\*Vide "Irish Independent," Dec. 1, 1916.



daily fatigue party of eight prisoners be detailed to do this work. That night, on the recommendation of the Military Staff, the men in their dormitories formally voiced their specific objection to engaging in such work; and instructed Commandant Staines to inform "Buckshot" that they objected *en bloc* to engaging in the work. In accordance with our method of work, however, we called for a volunteer party of eight prisoners who would go out and object definitely to the work. Practically the whole dormitory volunteered their services. We selected eight teachers and city men—people who never handled a pick or a spade in their life.

This party went out to the guard-room in the morning with the deliberate intention of pulling "Jack-knives" leg. The fatigue had been selected from a party of play-boys who called themselves "the Black Hand Gang," and were the bane of our life with their practical jokes. "Jack-knives" and the Sergeant of the Guard carried out a bundle of spades, picks, and hoes and laid them down in front of the prisoners, who looked gravely and wonderingly first at the implements and then at "Jack-knives."

"And what," asked Waldron, "might those objects be?"

"Them," replied "Jack-knives" ponderously, "is picks, and 'oes and spades to cultivate the garden with, see."

The prisoners clustered round the implements in a little awe-struck circle, and gingerly picking them up began to examine them as if they were some strange new discovery.

"Come on, now, come on. Buck up, there," encouraged "Jack-knives."

"Yes, but the question is," said Waldron sententiously, and holding out a spade as if it were an infernal machine, "how do you use this, see. I belong to the city."

Poor "Jack-knives," who was the best inclined man in the world; and who possessed not an atom of a sense of humour, hastily took the spade, went to the roadside sedgment and demonstrated how a spade should be used. When he was done MacMahon went up with a pick and requested to be shown how it was used. "Jack-knives" gave his demonstration. Diarmuid O'Leary next wanted a definition as to the difference between a 'oe and a pick. Having spent nearly ten minutes in pulling the poor man's leg, Waldron brought the fun to an end.

"Please 'Jack-knives,'" he said lugubriously, "put us in the clink. We won't go gardening."

This request completely nonplussed "Jack-knives," and he yelled out for Staines. Our Commandant was hovering around and quickly made his appearance.

"Ere, Staines," said "Jack-knives" rather helplessly, "these b— says they ain't a going to do any gardening; and wants to be put in the clink. Are they all—mad or wot?"

Commandant Staines patiently explained that not only did this fatigue

party object to the work; but that every individual prisoner in the Camp did so.

"Well," said "Jack-knives," "I shall 'ave to go and report the matter to the—Colonel. 'Ere, you b— 'ad better go into the compound again, but don't you go away until I come out, see."

In a few minutes he returned; and took Staines in before the Colonel. Commandant Staines reported to "Buckshot" the men's decision and determination not to engage in this work.

"Buckshot" said that as a result of this refusal to undertake useful work his whole opinion of the prisoners had changed. He said that they were indolent and lazy; but he would find a way of curing them of that. If they would not work, at least they should exercise. He gave an order for daily route marches. This was on the 11th September.

After dinner we were turned out for a route march. Needless to say we thoroughly enjoyed the tramp through the Welsh hills.

The first delivery of letters after the infliction of the punishment was made on Thursday, the 14th September. After dinner, about 1.30 p.m., a number of men were engaged in one of the dormitories writing letters to their people at home when the Sergeant-Major and a number of soldiers entered the room and ordered all present to "clear out" for a compulsory route march. The letter-writers continued writing, and he approached the tables and roughly told them that if they didn't move quickly he would "upset the — table on top of them." One of the prisoners, Patrick Daly, was writing to his wife a reply to a letter of hers which had reached him that morning—having been delayed in consequence of the punishment mentioned; and he protested that it was bad enough to have his wife's letter withheld for a week without preventing him from answering it for another day. "Jack-knives" persisted in his endeavour to overturn the tables on him; and then Daly definitely stated that he would not move from the table until he had completed his letter—if the small amount of matter that can be got on to one of the official slips could be called a letter. He was immediately pounced on and brought to cells.

The following day Daly was charged with "insubordination," and sentenced by "Buckshot" to 168 hours' cells on bread and water diet. The prisoner asked to be allowed to finish his letter to his wife; but "Buckshot" refused the request, whereupon Daly told him that he could either have his dead body or allow him to write to his wife. He immediately went on hunger-strike. He starved for three days; and was not allowed to attend Holy Mass on Sunday, the 17th inst. On the fourth morning of the hunger-strike the Camp doctor made very serious representations to the Colonel on the subject, and insisted on removing Daly to the hospital. The doctor then tried to get Daly to take his food; but the prisoner

declined to do so until such time as they allowed him to write to his wife. That concession was granted in the evening.

Needless to say, for the first two or three days we enjoyed the compulsory route marches; but we also found that they were seriously upsetting our hitherto excellent domestic arrangements. Evening study became impossible. We were considering bringing the marches to an end; when Daly's case turned up and settled the matter. Of course, after the treatment Daly was subjected to we could only decline to participate in the marches. So after dinner we lay on our beds and refused to move. Threats of using the bayonets were met with taunts. Only a few of the most non-studious amongst us turned up the first day of the passive resistance. On the second day even less turned up; and the guard complained of having to go on a march with so few prisoners. The guard was now of course furnishing sentries to both Camps; and to turn out every day for a route march was certainly very severe on them. So the compulsory marches were abandoned.

This was pretty conclusive evidence of the power and value of properly organized passive resistance.

(To be continued).

#### LEARNING TO THINK.

I believe it to be true to say that there are only two intellectual things which we can learn with real profit.

One is to work, and the other is to think. We cannot get on without either of them; if we really knew how to work and how to think we should unlock the doors of all knowledge throughout the world. Of the two, undoubtedly the most desirable is the power of thinking. And we must learn it; it is not a thing which comes to anybody naturally.

In order to learn to think, there is one recipe which I will give—never accept what you are told merely because you were told it. Perhaps to this generation it is not necessary to say that; perhaps the caution ought to be given in other directions. And yet it is essential. I do not mean you are to despise people who have spent their lives in acquiring knowledge and training their minds. To do that is merely foolish. We should find out what is the real meaning of such people's opinion, test it by our own mind, see whether we can understand on what it was based, and then accept or reject it as our mind tells us.

#### \* \* \* MENTAL FOOD.

He who complains that he has no time to read is one who does not fundamentally care for making contact with the minds of others. We always find time to eat and sleep and to do other things that we consider necessary to the upkeep of our physical life. When we have realised that mental food is equally necessary to the maintenance of our intellectual life, we shall take as much time as is necessary for reading also.



# WIRELESS NOTES

CONDUCTED BY

Commandant J. SMYTH

ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

## DEFINITIONS—(Continued).

**Microphone.**—A combination of carbon granules or other conducting particles in a receptacle (underneath a conducting diaphragm), and forming a portion of an electrical circuit in which is joined the telephone receiver. Alternatively the receiver is coupled to the microphone circuit by means of a transformer. Some waves introduce pressures on the diaphragm thus varying the pressure on the granules. The resistance of the microphone circuit varies accordingly and the sound waves are transmitted over the circuit as variations in current value. These variations of current acting electromagnetically on the telephone receiver vibrate the diaphragm which throws off sounds similar to those which were originally thrown on to the microphone. The microphone used in a Broadcasting Station consists of a flat coil of wire suspended in a powerful magnetic field. The sound waves vibrate this coil and currents of electricity in proportion to the speed and amplitude of vibration are generated in the microphone circuit. These currents which are the electrical counterpart of the sounds are superimposed on the continuous waves (carrier wave) which are being transmitted. Rectification at the receiving station reproduces the electrical equivalent of the sounds in the telephone receiver circuit.

**Molecule.**—The smallest complete particle of a compound. A molecule of water consists of two atoms of Hydrogen and one of Oxygen ( $H_2O$ ).

**Mutual Induction.**—The reaction effect between two inductance coils in virtue of which the oscillations in one coil induce oscillations in another coil to which it is coupled.

The greater the interlinking of the magnetic fields of the two coils the greater the mutual induction.

**Negatron.**—A four electrode valve consisting of a filament, a grid and two plates. The grid is fixed between the filament and one of the plates. The other plate being fixed on the opposite side of the filament.

**Non-Inductive Coil.**—A coil with two windings in series arranged in such a way that a current flowing in one coil produces an equal and opposite magnetic effect to the current flowing in the other coil.

**Non-Oscillatory.**—When the resistance or damping in a circuit is greater than  $\sqrt{\frac{4L}{K}}$  no oscillations take place. This term is known as the critical re-

sistance ( $L$  = Inductance  $K$  = Capacity).

**Ohms Law.**—The current in an electrical circuit is directly proportional to the voltage and inversely proportional to the resistance, i.e.,  $C = \frac{E}{R}$

( $C$  = Amperes of Current;  $E$  = Volts and  $R$  = Ohms of Resistance).

**Ohm.**—The practical unit of resistance. That resistance in a circuit which allows a current of one ampere to flow under a pressure of one volts i.e., voltage divided by amperage ( $\frac{E}{C}$ )

**Oscillations.**—Alternating current of frequencies beyond audibility.

**Open Core Transformer.**—One in which portion of the magnetic circuit is completed through air or other non-magnetic substance as distinct from one in which the soft iron core is continuous.

**Oscillation Transformer.**—A transformer without a magnetic core. The natural frequency of the component coils being beyond audibility.

**Overload Release.**—An electromagnetic switch which breaks the circuit at a certain critical overload current value.

**Packing.**—The forming into a cake or compact mass of the granules in a telephone transmitter thus forming a short circuit which does not vary in resistance in response to the impinging sound waves.

**Peltier Effect.**—Current and voltage effect produced by the heating of the junction of two dissimilar metals—Thermophile effect.

**Period.**—The time value of one complete cycle of alternating current.

## CORRECTION.

Under the heading "Jamming" in last week's notes insert the word "at" after the word station and under the heading "Magnet" the second last line should read "repel one another and Unlike poles" etc.

A number of men were engaged in a discussion as to whom was the greatest inventor. Some said Edison, some said Marconi, and some said Morse.

Finally a small Jew got in a word and said—"Vell chentlemens, does vas great peoples, but I tell you, de man vot invented interest was no fool."

## PRESENTATION OF LIFE-SAVING CERTIFICATE.

Pte. Michael Horan, Army Signal Corps, was the recipient of a Certificate for Life-Saving which was presented to him on 15th inst., before a special parade of his unit.

The Corps Adjutant in presenting the Certificate conveyed to Pte. Horan the Adjutant-General's appreciation of his attainments.

After the presentation three cheers were given by the parade for Pte. Horan.

## PURPOSES OF MILITARY TRAINING.

Military training in the United States has for its purpose first, last and all the time the teaching of obedience to the law, respect for authority, and loyalty to the United States. The use of arms, the organisation and handling of men, and the tactical employment of troops in battle are taught so that our citizens may successfully perform their duty when a national emergency calls them for the common defence.

The Army and Navy do not create war. They are but the tools to be used when war is declared by the citizens through their President and the Congress.—Col. H. P. Hobbs, U.S. Inf.—90th Division Bulletin.

How soon we could gladden the world,  
How easily right all wrong,  
If nobody shirked and each one worked  
To help his fellows along.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The first kingdom to be conquered is the kingdom of self. Do you rule your moods, or do they rule you?

Jealousy is compounded of selfishness, egotism, and vanity. It is a pitifully small nature that cannot bear to hear another praised.

The money which is actually saved is not nearly so valuable as the psychological effect which it produces. Saving, like mercy, is twice blessed.

If one could lose his temper without someone else finding it, self-control would not be quite so important a matter.

By holding a very little misery quite close to our eyes we entirely lose sight of a great deal of comfort beyond which might be taken.

Few things are needed to make a wise man happy; nothing can make a fool content; that is why most men are miserable.

The greatest effort of friendship is not to show our faults to a friend, but to show him his own.



# THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

## ARITHMETIC.

### EXERCISES.

#### RECURRING DECIMALS.

1. Add  $1.0\bar{1}2 + 2.0\bar{1}2 + 3.0\bar{1}23$ .
2. Add  $1.50\bar{9} + .875\bar{6} + 3.42\bar{5} + 44.29\bar{4}$ .
3. Subtract  $.02$  from  $.1$ .
4. Subtract  $.123\bar{4}$  from  $.123\bar{4}$ .
5. Multiply  $3.4\bar{5}$  by 320.
6. Multiply  $.92307\bar{6}$  by 1.04.
7. Simplify and express as a decimal  $8.47\bar{4} + 3\frac{2}{3} + 3\frac{1}{11}$ .
8. Simplify  $3.4\bar{1}0 + 1.0019\bar{1} - .2497\bar{9}$ .
9. Simplify  $.03 - .03$   
 $\quad \quad \quad \times 6.1$   
 $\quad \quad \quad .12\bar{3}$

## GEOGRAPHY.

### Lesson No. 26.

#### IRELAND.

##### Counties and Towns.

In the Province of Leinster there are twelve counties. Five counties border on the sea, namely, Louth, Meath, Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford; twelve, namely, Kildare, Carlow, Kilkenny, Leix, Offaly, West Meath, and Longford, are inland.

*Louth (Lugbaidh).*—This county is bordered on the North by county Armagh, on the West by the counties of Monaghan and Meath, on the South by Meath, on the East by the Irish Sea, and on the North-East, Carlingford Lough.

The Area of this County is approximately 200,000 acres—the population roughly 63,000 people. It is the smallest county in Ireland, and its land value about £160,000.

In the North-East corner of this county we have a group of mountains, and, stretching across the county west from Clogher Head (near the South-East corner), we have another range of mountains. In the Carlingford Mountain is a ridge of tough black rock rising above the town of Carlingford. The chief towns of the county are—Drogheda, Dundalk, Ardee, Carlingford, Greenore, Castlebellingham, Duleek, Dunleer, and Louth.

*Drogheda* is a Seaport town, but the shipping industry there is very small. A dead meat factory was established, but has been closed down. An effort is again being made to revive it. It has a large spinning mill and weaving factory, and its breweries are well known.

*Dundalk* contains the chief works of the G. N. Railway, which provide much employment in that town. Linen factories, breweries, flour-mills, shipyards, foundries and salt works are the main industries

carried on. There is also a cigarette and tobacco factory here. As a port it does a considerable trade.

*Greenore* is connected with Dundalk by a line owned by the London, Midland and Scottish Railway. From Greenore a steamer service is run between that point and Holyhead.

Most of the people of the county are engaged in agricultural pursuits, chiefly stock raising, the growing of crops, and dairying.

The Boyne river is crossed by a very fine viaduct, which carries the trains on the main line from Dublin to Belfast. The G. N. Railway passes through Drogheda, Dunleer, Dromin, Castlebellingham and Dundalk—a branch line connects Ardee with Dromin on the Main Line. North of Drogheda we have Monasterboice, famous for its ruins and Round Tower, built away back in the fifth century. The place derives its name from its founder, Saint Boetius, who was born in the county. The River Boyne is made famous in the old Oisín Tales of the Fianna of Erin and their leader, Fionn MacCumhail, who was killed near the Boyne about A.D. 283.

The Battle of the Boyne made famous in history the towns of Drogheda and Dundalk. This battle was fought between James, with 26,000 Irish and French troops, and William, with 40,000 mixed troops. The great Irish leader, Sarsfield, fought under James. The Irish under James were defeated, but the defeat is attributed to the cowardice of King James, who, as the story goes, was the first to carry the news of his defeat to Dublin. This battle was fought in July, 1690.

The River Boyne separates Louth from Meath on the South, a small river, the Fane, flows across the County into Dundalk Bay.

## GRAMMAR.

### TEST EXERCISE.

1. State any differences you may know between Nouns and Adjectives. Students should endeavour to give an answer in tabular form.

2. How many kinds of Adjectives are there? What name is given to the process in which Adjectives change their form to denote a use in a higher quality? Do all classes of Adjectives admit of this "change of form"? State any exceptions of which you have knowledge.

3. Give the three degrees of Comparison of the following adjectives:—

Great, smaller, less, most, eternal, round, wooden, fewest, old, white, Irish.

4. In how many ways may Adjectives be compared? Also state how Adjectives are compared.

5. Make any correction you think necessary in each of the following sentences, and give reasons for the corrections:—

- (a) This book is the best of the two.
- (b) Those pens which I have are better than these.
- (c) That is the eldest dog in the kennel.
- (d) Neither James or John was there.
- (e) Each of the six men had a rifle.
- (f) He divided his money between his three sons.
- (g) She is the oldest of the family.
- (h) The price of this car is lesser than that of the red car.
- (i) He is handsomer than she is.
- (j) None of the two would tell on the other.
- (k) This sphere is rounder than that one.
- (l) Jacques is Frencher than Jean.

The answers to the above questions shall appear in the next issue for the information and guidance of Students.

Our TOPOGRAPHY LESSON  
is held over until next issue.

## ARMY ATHLETES' SUCCESSES AT DONARD SPORTS MEETING.

At the Donard (Co. Wicklow) Sports meeting on 12th inst., Army Athletes clearly demonstrated that if given timely notification and afforded proper facilities our soldiers would, in a great measure, help in that Athletic Revival that is being so urgently stressed at the moment as well as bringing the Army more prominently before the public notice in connection with sport and so extend the spirit of friendliness which should be encouraged between the civilian population and members of Oglaiha na hEireann.

The organising of more local competitions should furnish the yet unearched talent desired and the attendance of "Jackets Green" both as competitors and spectators would go far to stimulate interest that, at the moment, appears to be flagging.

At this meeting six prizes out of eight events fell to Army men and I venture the opinion that that is a very creditable display considering the fact that, at present, our men have not much chance of devoting time to training. Results:—

Marathon Race (8 Miles).—1st, Pte. McKenna.

100 Yards.—1st, Pte. J. Bermingham, Transport, Portobello. 2nd, Pte. Spittle, Collins Barracks.

220 Yards.—1st, Pte. Spittle, Collins Barracks.

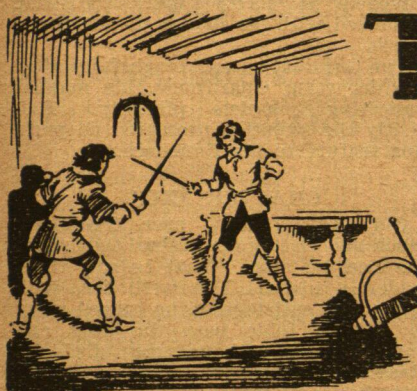
440 Yards.—1st, Sergt. Hennessy, Collins Barracks. 2nd, Pte. Spittle, Collins Barracks.

In the 100 Yards race the fastest time in the heats was 10 2-5 secs.

"KAY."

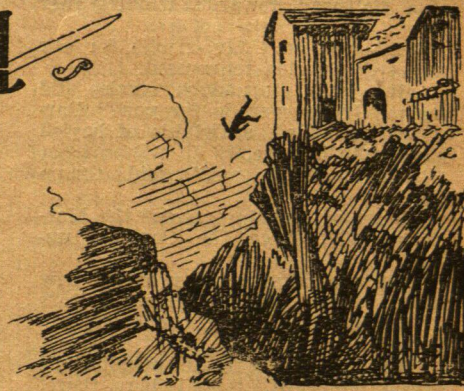
He who is silent is forgotten; he who abstains is taken at his word; he who does not advance falls back; he who stops is overwhelmed, distanced, crushed; he who ceases to grow greater becomes smaller; he who leaves off gives up; the stationary condition is the beginning of the end.—Amiel.





# The Sword of O'Malley

By  
Justin Mitchell



## CHAPTER XXI.—continued.

With crucifix upraised, his Eminence made the sign of the cross over the throng. On the wet flagging of the courtyard the people knelt with bowed heads.

"*Memento mori!*" said the Cardinal solemnly, his words audible even at the distant gateway.

"*The King is dead!*"

A stifled cry burst from the kneeling crowd—a cry in which surprise and regret were mingled with a strong note of fear.

Ungvar and Ulmo, kneeling at the Cardinal's very feet, each turned an ashen, questioning visage to the other. Here, indeed, was a tragedy so startling that it found the plotters utterly unprepared. Confused and blinded by the suddenness of the stroke, they groped in darkness for its bearing upon their plans. And insistently upon the Duke's mental vision there was impressed a disturbing picture—not of the dead king who lay in an upper chamber with the blue line of the fatal lightning-stroke delicately traced across his temple; not of the living king asleep in the woodcutter's hut at Wuldner—but of the Irishman, O'Malley, whose forceful personality seemed somehow to dominate the new situation.

Reverently the Cardinal prayed for the dead monarch, the kneeling crowd responding in subdued murmur like the wailing of wintry winds in a desolate forest. And ever the great bell overhead boomed through the startled night.

"*Eternal rest grant to him, O Lord!*"

"*And let perpetual light shine upon him!*"

"*From the gates of Hell*

"*Deliver his soul, O Lord!*"

"*May he rest in peace!*"

"*Amen!*"

The Cardinal descended the steps and passed through the courtyard to the outer gates. In a mean lodging on the river-side a dying beggar-man awaited the coming of his only friend, bearing the last consolations of religion. His Eminence made haste, for he knew that the beggar would not lag far behind the King on the long road which high and low, gentle and simple, must traverse.

Not thrice in his lifetime would the Cardinal be summoned to the obsequies of a king. But the poor we have always with us.

And so, with the lightning's livid seal on his pallid forehead, student and recluse to the end, Sebastian the Fourth of Rhonstadt slept with his fathers, and Rudolf, his son, reigned in his stead.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Marshal Grupp leant moodily against the yew hedge. At his feet Captain Bartolome lolled luxuriously on the grassy sward, his eyes lazily regarding his brother, the Cardinal, who sat on a rustic bench placed in the grateful shade of the tall hedge. Sharing the bench with his Eminence, Duke Sergius and Captain Eugene showed something of Grupp's moodiness.

The party were discussing the recent remarkable sequence of events which had shaken sleepy Rhonberg to its centre.

"It is a striking coincidence," Sergius was saying, "that King Sebastian should be called to his account at the moment when a murderous plot against the Prince Royal matured and miscarried."

"Yes, truly startling," Eugene acquiesced. "Suppose, gentlemen, that the dastardly scheme had succeeded—that the Prince had perished in the burning lodge at the hour when a vagrant lightning-flash left the throne vacant—what, think you, should we now be doing, we, the officers of the Royal Guard?"

Young Bartolome made a lazy gesture of bored annoyance.

"We are vastly comfortable as we are," he protested. "Pray don't shatter my peaceful siesta by such harrowing speculation."

The Cardinal smiled benignly.

"But is it certain quite that the burning of the hunting-lodge was not a mere accident?" he queried.

Grupp grunted scornfully. Eugene's fine smile hardened into an expression of cold severity.

"The plotters cover their tracks skillfully," he said. "There isn't a shred of proof to convict anyone of firing the lodge. But—"

The youthful sprawler on the sward suddenly sat bolt upright. His pose of

sleepy indolence was flung aside. He became vigorous, even vehement.

"If you wish to learn the details of the affair," he said, "just stand for five minutes by O'Malley's bedside and harken to his delirious ravings. Haply you may gather the identity of the incendiaries and their paymasters; and, incidentally, you may hear some oaths and curses new and terrifying."

He stretched himself on the turf and laughed up joyously at the gravely smiling face of the Cardinal.

"Doubtless his Majesty, the new King, will in due time bring the villains to book," Eugene mused.

Grupp had something to explain.

"This morning," he said, "I sought the King for the purpose of placing this very point before him, it being my duty to discover and arraign law-breakers."

"And how fared you with his Majesty?" Eugene asked.

"I found him in the Hall of Paintings, acting as cicerone to the Princess of Caronia and her friend," Grupp proceeded. "His Majesty graciously gave me a few moments, and I asked his permission to make searching inquiry into the burning of the lodge and to deal suitably with the incendiaries. He regarded me with a friendly smile. 'Leave them to O'Malley,' he said, and turned away to join the ladies."

"If appearance count for aught, King Rudolf is the happiest man in Rhonstadt," Eugene reflected.

"In Europe," Sergius corrected smilingly.

"*'Love maketh a light heart,'*" the Cardinal quoted.

"In this affair King Rudolf really owes his life to the Princess Irene," Grupp remarked. "Had her Highness not gone a-gipsying in Wuldner, his Majesty would have slept in the lodge and probably have met his doom."

"Not a bit of it," Bartolome interposed stoutly. "O'Malley would have taken his companion from the burning house though the plotters had borrowed the fires of hell to aid their purpose."

"Nevertheless, I think we should sedulously propagate the idea that the Princess's whim was the King's salvation," Grupp urged.

"Why so?" Bartolome demanded.

"Permit a woman to do you some signal, supreme service which leaves



you her lifelong debtor, and you have gone half-way towards winning her heart," Grupp explained.

"Half-way isn't far enough for our purpose," Sergius murmured.

"But what stupendous service did Madam Grupp ever do for you?" Bartolome demanded, a twinkle of boyish mischief in his eye.

"She married me," said Grupp simply.

A burst of laughter greeted the Marshal's reply. Even the Cardinal unbent.

"The abounding activity of our new King must give pause to certain traitors in this realm," Eugene confidently remarked.

"His Majesty is quite ubiquitous," Sergius remarked. "He is here, there, and everywhere, planning, reorganizing, supervising. Gentlemen, he remarked to me yesterday that his kingdom must be made worthy of its future rulers. What meant he, think you?"

"His meaning isn't hard to guess, when we see that the Princess Irene is his inseparable companion. Either is rarely seen in public without the other," Eugene observed.

A little crease showed itself on the Cardinal's smooth forehead.

"The Princess Irene—alone?" he queried.

"Oh, no," young Bartolome said promptly, "the Lady Monica, of course, always accompanies her Highness."

"So," murmured the Cardinal, his brow now creaseless.

"It would amaze you to behold the unceasing activities of the trio," the young Guardsman continued. "They delight in making sudden sallies and impromptu raids on the remotest alleys and by-ways of this rambling tumble-down old city. The three are as well known in Rhonberg as your Eminence's self. Indeed, I question if even you, with all your pastoral zeal and midnight missions to the dying poor, have shown more penetrative enterprise than King Rudolf and the fair visitors."

"Yes," Sergius assented warmly, "our kingdom owes a great deal to the Princess of Caronia."

"And to Edmund O'Malley," Bartolome added.

Through the curtain of the yew hedge came the sound of footsteps and a murmur of voices.

Some persons were coming slowly down the gravel pathway which, bordered by tall, trimly-clipped hedges, led from the Palace through green lawns and pleasant gardens to the bank of the Blume.

A man was speaking, and, as his voice fell upon the listeners' ears, they started uneasily and regarded each other questioningly as though uncertain what to do.

Following the Cardinal's lead they did nothing. They simply sat still and kept silence. It would be unfair to say that they listened to the words of the invisible speaker; but he was so close at hand that they simply couldn't help hearing.

The King was speaking.

As to the identity of his companion,

they could only guess, and all guessed alike—all, that is, except the Cardinal, who on doubtful points invariably kept an open mind.

"Dearest," Rudolf was saying in impassioned tones, "I knew not what life meant till you came to teach me. My days were a blank; my soul oblivion. How bleak and bare were the years without you; arid and hueless—a wilderness. Your coming has thawed the frozen founts of my being. In the sunshine of your presence, at last I live. You have reversed the old romance of the Enchanted Castle. The coming of the Lady has awakened the sleeping Prince."

In the silence that followed King Rudolf's words the listeners—eavesdroppers now, in spite of themselves—waited for the reply; waited for the low, rich voice which they knew so well.

But the lady held her peace. And, in the breathless expectancy of the moment, each listener formed a mental picture of the King and the Princess walking as lovers between the tall yew hedges. But the Cardinal drew no fanciful pictures. He dealt in sober facts.

"Darling," the King resumed, "for your dear sake I gladly take up the burden of duty which no monarch, in honour, may shirk. It shall be my pride and my delight to make this realm a fitting footstool for you, my Queen!"

The retreating footsteps paused for an instant, and to the ears of the listeners came a sound which caused his Eminence to raise a deprecatory finger, and which sent young Bartolome into a fit of irreverent mirth.

The King had kissed his companion.

When the lovers had withdrawn beyond earshot, the listeners turned to each other with shining eyes. For a moment nobody spoke. Each waited for someone else to say just the right word for the occasion.

At length, smiling, Bartolome broke the spell.

"I was saying when I was interrupted," he remarked, with a meaning nod towards the hedge, "that Rhonstadt owes a great deal to Edmund O'Malley."

"I bless the hour!" quoth Sergius fervently.

"I had never hoped to see it," Grupp muttered.

"Yet the happy day has come," Eugene added, with a happy smile.

"How fares it with the brave Irishman?" the Cardinal inquired. "What is the latest news from the Barracks?"

"Old Karpal assures me that O'Malley is rapidly coming round," young Bartolome said. "He has shaken off the fever and delirium. Indeed he may be able to quit his bed in a day or two."

"Come, Grupp," quoth Sergius. "You and I will visit the sick-chamber and acquaint our comrade of the fruition of our hopes and the entire success of his marvellous scheme."

The Duke and the Marshal strode off to the Barracks. Bartolome rolled over, face downward, on the grass and

contentedly fell asleep. Eugene hummed a merry quick-step and drummed with his fingers on the rustic bench.

The Cardinal gazed thoughtfully after the departing Guardsmen, his manner indicating complete placidity. Evidently the situation presented no puzzling feature to his Eminence.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Old Karpal leant over O'Malley's couch and closely scrutinized the face of the sleeping man. What he saw there evidently pleased him well, for, with a grunt of satisfaction, he turned away to a little table near the door and busied himself with its array of phials, glasses, ointment-pots, and rolls of oiled bandages and lint.

Karpal, skilled in the mixing of potent drugs and the preparation of healing unguents, was a sort of soldier-nurse to the invalids of the Royal Guard. To his medical craft he added some little knowledge of surgery; but his chief asset in the sick-room was a mother-like tenderness and solicitude for his patients.

For weeks the old man had mothered O'Malley, salving his hurts and soothing his delirium with quiet assiduity and unflinching patience. To Karpal it was a labour of love; and at his little side-table his old hands tenderly touched and fingered the phials and decanters as a happy child might handle its favourite toys.

Yesterday the Irishman, awaking from a long, refreshing sleep, had craved to leave his couch and sit by the window overlooking the Barracks courtyard. But Old Karpal forbade; and, in his quiet placid fashion, the veteran could be immovably firm. But to-day Edmund was to be allowed to fare adventurously from the snug anchorage under rugs and coverlets to the haven of the great chair by the window.

A sound behind him made Karpal wheel swiftly from his table. O'Malley, half-raised on the elbow of his uninjured arm, was quizzically regarding his attendant, a twinkle of merry mischief dancing in his kindly Irish eyes.

"How now, you flint-faced, stony-hearted tyrant!" he cried banteringly; "haven't you held me in durance vile long enough? Assist me to rise instantaneously, or, by Heaven, I will make you swallow half a hog'shead of your own nauseous nostrums!"

Karpal smiled benignly at his patient, touching with tender care the oiled wrappings which bandaged the burns. "That is the mildest threat you have uttered for weeks," he said. "Your brain has cleared and your blood has cooled."

"Was I then so very violent in my fevered ravings?" Edmund asked.

Karpal made a gesture. It expressed a pious horror and a pitying, almost prayerful, sympathy; and it indicated the utter inadequacy of mere words to describe the wild excesses of the Irishman's delirious threats. The old man's silence was more eloquent than speech. O'Malley laughed gaily.

(To be continued.)





## TWO OFFICERS KILLED IN AIR CRASH.

### Aeroplane's Fatal Nose Dive During Army Manœuvres.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to announce the deaths of two young officers, Second Lieutenant T. J. Prenderville, of the Air Force, and Lieutenant Edward L. O'Reilly, Army Corps of Engineers, who lost their lives following the crash of a Bristol Fighter aeroplane during the manœuvres at Hempstown, County Wicklow, on Tuesday evening, 21st inst.

The two officers, who were attached to the Blue, or invading Force, had spent a strenuous day harassing the "enemy" and the tragedy occurred while they were flying low to bomb a large party of the Red troops which they had discovered near Hempstown, in close proximity to the Dublin-Blessington main road.

The plane circled the Red position two or three times at an altitude of about 400 feet and was apparently normal in flight, when it suddenly nosedived to the ground with the engine still running (according to eye-witnesses). It had hardly crashed when officers and men were running towards the spot from all quarters and the aviators were swiftly extricated from the wreckage.

Lieutenant Prenderville was severely injured about the head and died immediately after receiving the Last Sacraments from one of the Army Chaplains. Lieutenant O'Reilly succumbed to his injuries in the ambulance on the way to St. Brigid's Hospital, whither both bodies were conveyed.

#### President on the Scene.

A little later the scene of the tragedy was visited by the President, who had been present at the manœuvres during the whole day. He was accompanied by Mr. Peadar Hughes, Minister for Defence, and Mr. Eamonn Duggan, T.D. The dead officers' equipment lay in the centre of a field, scarcely a hundred yards from the main road, and only a short distance from a farmhouse. The President and both Ministers expressed their deep regret at the accident, and deep sympathy with the relatives and brother officers of the deceased aviators.

"Prenderville," said Mr. Hughes, "was a most promising young officer,

with an excellent record as a pilot, and a bright future before him in the Air Force. O'Reilly, too, was making good in an arm of the service new to him. He had great ability, and would most certainly have done well."

(Lieut. O'Reilly was attached to the A.C.E. at the Curragh, but was going through a Flying Course.)

Mr. Hughes recalled the accident of last September, when, at the Curragh Manœuvres, Major Moloney was killed in a collision with a tree. Occurrences of the kind, he remarked, were very rare in the Irish Air Force. Altogether there had been only three since the arm was established.

Lieutenant Prenderville, who was only 23, and a native of Newtownsandes, Co. Kerry, was a very popular officer, who, since he joined the Air Force, had evinced the keenest interest in all questions relating to aviation. Lieut. O'Reilly came from Ballypatrick, Clonmel, and was also aged only 23.

"There were few of the tricks of the game," said a comrade, "that Prenderville did not know. He was a genial companion, too, and we shall miss him very much. Young O'Reilly had not been long with us, but we recognised in him a flying officer who would add prestige to the Air Force. We shall miss him badly, too."

#### Contemporary's Tribute.

"The science of flying is advancing rapidly, but, unhappily, it is taking a heavy toll of human life. We record to-day with deep sorrow the deaths of two young officers of the Air Force who were killed yesterday during the Army manœuvres. This little Air Force hitherto has been remarkably fortunate in its freedom from serious accident—a fact which makes yesterday's mishap all the more painful. The whole nation will sympathise with Colonel Russell and his comrades, as well as with the stricken relatives of the two dead officers, in the loss which they have suffered. Remarkable progress has been made by the Irish airmen in the short time during which their little force has been in existence, and their zeal and devotion to their duty are an example to the Irish people."

## MARSHAL FOCH'S TEN PRECEPTS.

1. Keep your eyes and ears ready and your mouth on the safety notch, for it is your soldierly duty to see and hear clearly, but as a rule you should be heard mainly in the sentry challenges or the charging cheer.

2. Obey orders first, and, if still alive, kick afterwards if you have been wronged.

3. Keep your arms and equipment clean and in good order; treat your animals fairly and kindly and your motor or other machine as though it belonged to you and was the only one in the world. Do not waste your ammunition, your gas, your food, your time, nor your opportunity.

4. Never try to fire an empty gun, nor at an empty trench, but when you shoot, shoot to kill, and forget not that at close quarters a bayonet beats a bullet.

5. Tell the truth squarely, face the music, and take your punishment like a man; for a good soldier won't lie, he doesn't sulk, and is no squealer.

6. Be merciful to the women of your foe and shame them not, for you are a man; pity and shield the children in your captured territory, for you were once a helpless child.

7. Bear in mind that the enemy is your enemy and the enemy of humanity until he is killed or captured; then he is your dear brother or fellow-soldier beaten or shamed, whom you should no further humiliate.

8. Do your best to keep your head clear and cool, your body clean and comfortable, and your feet in good condition, for you think with your head, fight with your body, and march with your feet.

9. Be of good cheer and high courage; shirk neither work nor danger; suffer in silence, and cheer the comrades at your side with a smile.

10. Dread defeat, but not wounds; fear dishonour, but not death, and die game; and whatever the task, remember the motto of the division, "It Shall Be Done."

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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# ARMY MANŒUVRES NEAR THE IRISH CAPITAL

## Defence of Dublin—Important Innovations Introduced— Neutral Zones—Irish Officer's Machine Gun Invention.

Monday morning, 20th inst., saw the first shots fired in this year's combined manoeuvres of the Curragh and Eastern Commands. At the time of going to press the manoeuvres are in the initial stages and will not conclude until Friday, 24th inst., so that we cannot do full justice to them in this issue. Next week, however, we hope to present our readers with a full report of the operations together with illustrations by our own photographer who is with the troops.

Some important innovations are being introduced into this year's manoeuvres which are on a more extensive scale than any hitherto attempted. In addition to the usual assignment of countries to the belligerents—Redland, of which the capital is Dublin, and Blueand, of which the capital is the Curragh Camp—there are two neutral countries, Greenland and Yellowland, into which the opposing forces must not penetrate.

Redland extends to twelve miles south-east of Rathfarnham as far as Killeel, and eight miles south-east of that village. Blueand extends from the Curragh to a point several miles beyond Killeen. Kilbride is the most important centre in this territory, outside the Curragh. Baltinglass is the capital of Yellowland, supposed to be a strong commercial Power with much to gain by selling arms to the countries at war, and with a population strongly pro-Blue. Greenland lies to the North of the two countries at war.

The Blue army is marching on the Capital of Redland and it will be seen that the plan of operations embraces a considerable variety of tactical exercises. In addition to the valuable lessons to be learned in respect of attack and defence problems, protection, mobility and co-operation, the manoeuvres should prove very informative in the matter of maintenance of supplies, the use of mechanical transport and the development of communications. "The Operations Order" says the Special Representative of the *Irish Times*, "reflects great credit upon Lieutenant-General P. McMahon, Chief of Staff, and the Officers of General Headquarters responsible for framing it."

### Glowing Tributes to the Troops.

Fine tribute to the troops participating in the manoeuvres also is paid by the representatives of the daily press who are "at the front." Writing of the first day's operations the *Irish Independent* says:—

"Although the operations are in their

initial stage the manner in which the troops carried out the duties yesterday indicates their complete success. Tired after their long route march from their different points of departure they undertook the exercises with the greatest éclat. Their discipline was perfect and the morale something to be admired. Every order of their officers was obeyed with the greatest alacrity, and the men entered into the work with enthusiasm."

On the same date the *Irish Times* contained the following:

"Despite the slight reverse earlier in the day, the Red troops were not disheartened. Taking advantage of the heavy concentration of the Blue Army at Killeel, a forward movement was made along the Brittas-Blessington road, a point not too strongly held by the Blues. This movement was highly successful, and when the "cease fire" sounded the defending troops had gained considerable ground. It was hard work throughout the day, and the troops of both Commands acquitted themselves well. They had been without food since early morning, and the dinner—well cooked in the field kitchens—was thoroughly relished. When "Lights out" went tired troops had already crept to their neat brown canvas bivouacs to arise refreshed for to-morrow's fighting.

"The important work of the manoeuvres will be done during the next few days. The operations of to-day were of only a preliminary character. Contact, however, has been established between the opposing forces, and that in itself is a sufficiently good day's work. What one was chiefly interested in as an observer was not so much the tactics of the contending Armies as the splendid conduct and the discipline of the troops. There are defects, of course, but the general bearing of the officers and men is excellent, and all are taking the keenest interest in their work."

### Initial Stages of the Operations.

The belligerent forces each consisted of three Infantry Battalions, three aeroplanes, a battery of field artillery, armoured cars, signallers, medical services, etc. Colonel Austen Brennan, O.C., No. 9 Brigade, commanded the Blue, or Invading Force, and Colonel Michael Hogan, O.C., No. 5 Brigade, the Red, or Defending Force.

Col. S. O'Higgins, Chief Staff Officer, was Director of operations, and had with him on his personal staff Maj. Joyce, Capt. J. Nolan and Capt. E. Rooney. The assistant directors were

Col. S. McGaourin, Col. E. V. O'Carroll, and Col. J. J. O'Connell.

Immediately upon the declaration of war by Blueand both armies were rushed to the frontier, the Red force having to cover about eighteen miles and the Invaders about twenty. It speaks well for the training the troops have received that both forces reached their destination in good time and in the pink of condition. The Blue force gained an advantage at the outset by flinging a party of cyclists and armoured cars into Killeel, on the main road to Dublin before the arrival of the Red forces who had intended to concentrate thereabouts. The result was that when a Red armoured car and a lorry of Red troops entered the village sometime afterwards they were promptly declared out of action by the vigilant Umpires.

A flank attack by the Blue Army was not pushed forward as it might have been with the result that the Red forces were able to reorganise and bring up reserves, solidly strengthening their position and defeating an encircling effort by the Blues. Subsequently the Red forces were compelled to fall back upon Cromwellstown, an operation in which admirable generalship was displayed. The Red artillery, excellently placed half a mile east of this village, was most effectively camouflaged and whilst doing good work remained undiscovered by the Blue aircraft. This was the position when the first day's operations came to a close.

All concerned have every reason to be satisfied with the first day's work and it is to be hoped that the weather will remain as favourable for the remainder of the operations.

The effectiveness of the uniform for warfare in these latitudes is questioned by the *Irish Times* special correspondent who says:—"One thing is clear—if the Irish Free State Army is to become an effective fighting force, as an army must, the colour of the uniforms must be changed. The dark green stands out silhouette-like with the lighter green of the ground. One does not suggest that khaki and puttees should be adopted, but there are other colours less visible at a thousand yards than the present dark green."

Whilst the "battle" was at its height the President arrived on the scene, accompanied by the Chief of Staff, The Adjutant-General, Major-General Sweeney, G.O.C., Western Command and Col. Liam Hayes, Acting

(Concluded at end of first column on next page).





# A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIP ALTERATIONS

## New Rules for Chaplains' Cup and Medical Services Cup.

### IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE.

Major McGrath presided at a meeting of the Executive Council of the Army Athletic Association on 13th inst.

Arising out of minutes which were adopted the question of Membership Cards in respect of General Headquarters' Officers was considered. It was agreed to leave the matter to Comdmt. Ennis and Capt. Hawe to go into the matter.

The matter of Lieut. Cordial's reinstatement by the G.A.A. was discussed. It was agreed to leave the matter to Capt. Hawe to ascertain the exact position as defined by the G.A.A.

Comdmt. Ennis, Secretary, submitted a statement of accounts showing expense incurred in the training and equipping of teams for Aonach an Garda. It was decided to supply each Command with a copy.

The Secretary read a statement of accounts on the Field and Track Championships showing a profit of £7 3s. 8d. and stated that Capt. Chrisholm, who helped to such an extent to organise these championships, had been a considerable amount out of pocket as a result. He also stated that the success of these championships was contributed to considerably by the wholehearted support given by the G.O.C., the officers and other ranks in the Southern Command.

The Chairman said he was present on the occasion of the sports, which were a distinct success. The Council owed their best thanks to the military in

Cork for their unstinted co-operation. The Chairman also agreed that anyone organising such projects usually found themselves in the same position as Capt. Chrisholm, and that Comdmt. Ennis must have experienced the same himself.

The meeting agreed to make a grant of £5 to Comdmt. Ennis and £4 to Capt. Chrisholm as out of pocket expenses.

A letter was read relative to the boys' race objection at the championships. It was decided to leave the matter in the hands of the Cork N. A. and C. A.

The Secretary stated that the instructions given at the previous meeting with regard to the recovery of the Tennis Doubles Cup had been carried out, but that an unanswered letter directed to an officer of the Eastern Command was holding up the matter.

Should the officer concerned fail to alter his attitude on the question it was decided to have the matter brought to the notice of the G.O.C., Eastern Command.

In connection with the Chaplains' and Medical Services Cup it was decided to fix July 5th as the date on which all players must be on the strength of the units playing for these cups. Players transferred after this date will not be eligible to play for their new units in these competitions.

The draws for the Medical Services Cup (Football) resulted:—1st round—Artillery v. 23rd Battn.; 2nd round—Winner of 1st round v. Beresford Barracks; 15th Battn. v. 3rd. Battn.

The draws for the Chaplains' Cup (Hurling) resulted:—1st round—No. 5 Group, G.H.Q., v. 20th Battn.; 2nd round—Winners of 1st round v. 15th Battn.; 16th Battn. v. 4th Battn.

#### Fixtures.

The following fixtures were decided upon:—Football—Artillery v. 23rd Battn., and Hurling—No. 5 Group, G.H.Q., v. 20th Battn., at Croke Park, on Wednesday, 6th October. Football at 2 p.m., referee—Mr. M. Sammon. Hurling at 3.30, referee—Mr. T. Moore.

Football—Artillery or 23rd Battn. v. Beresford Barracks, and Hurling—No. 5 Group or 20th Battn. v. 15th Battn., at Newbridge, on October 17th. Hurling at 2 p.m. Football at 3.30. Referees to be appointed later.

Football—18th Battn. v. 3rd Battn., and Hurling—15th Battn. v. 4th Battn., at Athlone, on October 14th. Football at 2 p.m. Hurling at 3.30. Referee, Major T. McGrath.

It was decided to present gold medals to the winners of the foregoing competitions, the teams engaged to defray their own travelling and catering ex-

penses. Where prices of admission are charged proceeds to be handed over to the Executive Council after initial expenses have been paid.

#### Tug-o'-War Objection.

An objection was read from General Headquarters Command alleging that the team representing the Eastern Command in the Tug-o'-War Championship was ineligible inasmuch as that several players on that team had competed in a trial pull carried out under the auspices of the General Headquarters Command Council for the purpose of representing that Command in the Championship. Two members of the General Headquarters Command team attended and added verbal information to the objection.

In view of the Eastern Command delegates not having received notice of the objection the matter was left over until next meeting.

#### Boxing Championships.

The Secretary was instructed to apply for the use of the Gymnasium, Portobello Barracks, for the holding of these on the 7th and 8th prox. Entries confined to two competitors from each Command for each weight to reach the Secretary not later than October 1st. Weigh-in to take place at Portobello Barracks on October 7th at 10 a.m.

#### Inter-Army Boxing.

It was decided to ascertain the possibility of securing the Central Hall at the R.D.S. Show Grounds, Ballsbridge, for this fixture. It was also decided to present 18 gold medals to the teams and trainers.

A Reception Committee is to be appointed on the recommendation of Major-General Cronin, the Council to be represented on this Committee by Captain Hawe. Prices of admission to be arranged according to the venue available.

It was agreed to arrange if possible a further Tournament between the British Army team and selected side of civilian and Army boxers to take place at the Curragh, on Friday, October 29th.

The Secretary was instructed to write to the Secretary of Dublin University Boxing Club intimating that it would not be possible to arrange for two extra British Army boxers to compete against two members of the Trinity Club at Portobello on October 27th.

It was decided to endeavour to secure the services of Colonel J. Byrne and Captain Chrisholm, Cork, for these Tournaments.

#### Pooling of Athletic Purchases.

The Chairman stated that a lot of money could be saved by the different units in the Army if their purchases were pooled and put through Contracts Department. This, he stated, would also help the Executive Council, who would secure a small percentage on each order, and would also be the means of helping in the support of Irish manufactured equipment. The delegates present voiced their approval of this suggestion and it was agreed to circularise the Command on the matter.

### ARMY MANŒUVRES

(Concluded from previous page.)

G.O.C., Southern Command. All the party were mounted.

#### Machine Gun Invention.

To the Irish Army belongs the credit of introducing in this year's manœuvres the first machine guns to fire blank ammunition. Two talented officers of the Supply and Ordnance Sub-Department at Islandbridge, Captain Stapleton and Lieutenant William Doyle, are responsible for this innovation.

Lieutenant Doyle, who is Assistant Armourer, has devised a gas trap which is attached to the muzzle of the weapon, and Captain Stapleton has invented a type of blank ammunition to meet the case, with the result that our Army is the only one in the world which can employ machine guns on manœuvres with any degree of realism. In all other armies they can only place the gun in position and indicate that it is firing by springing a rattle.

Both inventions are fully covered by patents.



**Canteen Rebate.**

It was agreed to appoint a deputation comprising Major McGrath, Commandant Ennis, and Captain Hawe to wait on the Quartermaster-General with a view to securing a 10 per cent. rebate from the Canteen funds as a monthly subscription to the funds of the Executive Council. Command representatives to bring this matter under notice of the General Officer Commanding.

A circular was read from the Ryan Testimonial Committee. It was agreed to grant £10 to this testimonial and to circularise the Commands for further contributions.

A circular was read from the N.A.C.A.I. setting out the need of financial help by that body. The matter was left over for consideration at next meeting.

**Boxers for Gardai Tournament.**

A letter was read from Pte. Kidley, Curragh Training Camp, stating that he had some teeth broken in a contest with Garda Forde at a Boxing Tournament under A.A.A. auspices, and which necessitated having a plate made by the Command Dentist at a cost of £1 12s. 0d., and asking that the cost of same would be refunded to him. Kidley also stated that Commandant Colgan could certify as to the injuries. After considering the claim it was decided to leave the matter over until information was received from Commandant Colgan.

A letter was read from An Garda asking for the services of Privates Burns, Kidley and Morgan at a Boxing Tournament at the Phoenix Park Depot on September 25th. The opinion of the meeting was that in view of the close proximity of the Army Championships on October 7th and 8th it would be inadvisable that the Army boxers should take part in that Tournament.

**Executive Council and Civilian Associations.**

The Secretary stated that it had occurred on several occasions where units in the Army had communication with civilian associations and that when the representatives of the Executive Council had attended meetings of the civilian body concerned where these matters were discussed that our representatives were not conversant with the matters in question. In view of this the Secretary asked that in such cases that the Command Secretaries and others would in the first instance notify him.

**A.A.A. and G.A.A.**

Commandant Ennis stated that he had been speaking to the Secretary, Central Council, G.A.A., who intimated the desire of that body to bring the two Associations closer together. The G.A.A. Secretary did not make it quite clear as to what extent his Association desired to go in this matter. In consideration of this it was decided that Major McGrath, Commandant Ennis, and Captain Hawe should interview the Secretary, G.A.A., on the matter.

It was agreed to make a grant of £3 to Mr. Curran, Groundsman at Croke Park.

## EXPERIENCES OF A U.S. RECRUIT.

### Newspaperman Joins Up for a Few Days to Try It.

**PRESS STUNT AS GOVERNMENT PROPAGANDA.**

The modern press essays some strange "stunts" with a view of increasing circulation. In Ireland this form of journalism is not so common as in other countries and is generally of a comparatively mild type—a Belfast newspaperman disguised himself with overalls, grease, dirt and a bit of waste and spent days and nights around the docks; a Dublin pressman was sent out after 11 p.m. on the first night of Curfew with instructions to get himself arrested by the patrol and write his experiences.

London has gone in a good deal for stunts since the days of Greenwood ("the amateur Casual," not Sir Hamar)—a London evening paper made a hit not so long ago by employing one of its young men (who had been on the *Freeman's Journal* staff during the Tan period) to put up at a first-class hotel, pose as an American millionaire and invite the attentions of "Confidence Men" and other "crooks" by an engaging assumption of gullibility. Once upon a time, too, a London daily ordered its Ulster correspondent to spend a night in an empty farmhouse reported to be haunted, but the Ulster Volunteer Force made some sort of a gesture just then and the correspondent received a wire "Cancel ghost. Interview Carson."

But it is to America that we must go for the really bright examples of this sort of journalism. As witness the enterprise of the *Columbus Citizen* published in Columbus, Ohio, which detailed one of its reporters to join the American Army so as to find out and tell the readers how the United States prepared its soldiers for duty. The reporter, C. C. Lyon, joined up in Columbus to discover the new world of military life and detailed his experiences in a series of four articles for his paper. After that he was released from further service by special arrangement with the authorities, but the latter thought so highly of his exploit that the articles were officially published later with the imprimatur of the U.S. Adjutant-General. Below we summarise some of Mr. Lyon's experiences.

I didn't tie myself up for a three-year enlistment. By special arrangement with high Army officials I was permitted to "join," but the door was left open so I could get out when I had gathered all the information I was after. The only detail I omitted was the signing of the enlistment papers and the taking of the oath.

I am now at the Columbus Barracks, where Regular Army recruits from 14 States are collected and whipped into shape for real service.

I'm sleeping, eating, and drilling, with the Tenth Recruit Company, United States Army, Capt. Mason com-

manding, and First Lieut. Thompson next in command.

Seventy-two of us recruits presented ourselves at the barracks receiving station the same morning.

One of the first questions the sergeant in charge asked was:

"When did you have a bath last?"

Those of us who could show visible proof of acquaintance with a tub within three days were waived aside. For the rest it was a hot shower with plenty of soap and scrubbing.

"The first thing you learn in the Army is to keep clean," the sergeant told us.

We were a nondescript crowd that went to the hospital for physical examination.

Most of the fellows were between 19 and 24. A majority of us slouched along as we walked, making no effort at erect carriage. Only a few were well dressed. Several looked like down-and-outers. A good many were smoking cigarettes.

**Big Outfit of Clothing.**

Being fitted out with clothing, shoes, and toilet kit was the pleasantest stunt of the day.

There was a non-commissioned officer at the supply station who would take just one look at the recruit and call out to clerks the size of a suit that would fit him.

That man's judgment was well-nigh perfect. Out of the 60 men he outfitted that afternoon he only made four bad guesses.

"He's been fitting out recruits for 25 years and is the best in the Army," Sergt. Simpson, our guide, told us proudly.

Each of us received an olive-drab uniform, cap and overcoat, two pairs of tan shoes, leggings, four suits of underwear, six pairs of socks, a suit of overalls, and a soldier's toilet-kit, which contained a razor, shaving brush, soap, shoe brush and polish, clothes brush, tooth brush, hair brush and comb, and mending outfit.

**Sell Civilian Clothes.**

"Now, get into your uniforms," commanded Sergt. Simpson.

A second-hand clothing man was at the receiving station to buy our civilian clothes if we cared to sell. Some of the boys got as much as \$2 for their entire wardrobe. I had mine sent home.

They divided us into platoons of 16 men each for assignment to barracks and drill sergeants.

I went to Company 10, Sergt. Watt, along with 15 other new men.

"You'll like Watt," said Sergt. Simpson, as he marched us over to the Tenth's barracks. "He's seen 27 years in the Army. There's none better when it comes to discipline."





Drill! Drill! Drill!

Drill is the big word in any Army post dictionary.

Left, right; left, right; one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four!

The sergeants bark it at you every minute you are on the drill grounds.

And right here let me say the drill sergeants are the backbone of an Army recruiting post.

Whether the recruit will make a good soldier depends largely on the drill sergeant.

Take Sergt. Watt, for instance, the drill sergeant who puts me through my paces for nearly three hours every day.

#### Watched Over 'em like a Father the First Night.

"Now, men," he said, or rather commanded, by way of introduction, "Get a move on; lay your things on those bunks and come to my desk; I want to talk to you."

We instantly felt he was not a man to be trifled with, and we promptly got a move on.

"I don't want one of you men to leave this room to-night," he said.

Jaws dropped all around me. My own dropped a little. Nearly everyone of us had personal plans outside the post.

"I have a good reason," he continued. "You've all been vaccinated and inoculated to-day, and you are liable to be sick to-night. I want you here where I can look after you."

I decided right then I was going to like Sergt. Watt.

And Sergt. Watt's attitude, I have found, is typical of the service.

The United States Government looks after its fighters—their health, morals, and physical development to minute details, and their mental development to a certain extent.

Every day Sergt. Watt devoted one hour to lecturing us.

"The first thing a soldier must learn," he said that same evening, "is cleanliness of body, how to appear neat and soldierly in his clothes, and how to behave himself inside and outside the post."

We found out mighty soon what Sergt. Watt meant by "cleanliness"—two baths a week, at least; teeth cleaned three times a day; face and hands scrubbed with hot water and soap before every meal; shoes shined at least twice a day; clothes always spotless and pressed; shaves at least twice a week, and every man is supplied with four suits of underwear and six pairs of socks to change as often as he wants to.

One fellow in our platoon "complained," as he was cleaning his teeth: "I don't suppose I ever brushed my teeth three times in all my life before I joined the Army," he said.

#### Sent Rookie Back to Wash his Face Right.

At the first drill under Sergt. Watt he singled out one of the boys.

"Did you wash your face this morning, young man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go back and try it over again

and this time put a little more enthusiasm and soap into it."

At first drilling is tiresome but it's a lot of fun.

Some of the fun is in watching the awkward recruit and in pitying the patient drill sergeant as he tries hour after hour to teach him how to keep step and to distinguish his right foot from his left.

I watched Sergt Donald Williamson one day. Out of eight commands "right face," one recruit turned to the left seven times. He knew, of course, his right hand from his left, but he would become confused every time he heard the command.

"You and I'll learn left from right next Sunday," said the sergeant in despair. Sunday is a day off at the post.

#### Some Never can Learn.

"About one recruit in every thousand is absolutely incapable of distinguishing left from right or of learning how to keep step with his company," said First Sergt. Stone. "We finally switch him from one company to another, and if nobody can drill it into him he's dismissed from the Army."

However, I was told that some of the most awkward recruits in a few months make the best drillers.

One big fellow in our platoon was made to stand aside nearly all of one morning because he couldn't keep step with the rest.

But he wasn't half as discouraged as Sergt. Watt. After drill he said to the sergeant:

"I am as clumsy as a cow now, but I'll learn or die."

#### Man of the Right Stuff.

That afternoon, when the rest of us were enjoying an hour off, he was outside the barracks with a couple of pals practising with dogged perseverance.

"He'll make it," said Sergt. Watt. "He's got good stuff in him."

What's the use of all this drilling? My answer would be that there never was a machine that would do perfect work unless every part worked smoothly and with absolute precision. And that goes for the war machine.

There's no doubt, too, that drilling gives one a wonderful "set up" feeling.

It made me realise for the first time in my life that I had a backbone.

#### Braces a Man Up.

After drills I would find myself walking around with my shoulders thrown back, head up, stomach drawn in, and hitting the ground on the balls of my feet.

There's no room in the United States Army for the slouch.

There's another thing that distinguishes the Army man, and drill and discipline does it; he snaps off his physical movements and his mind soon comes to work just as briskly.

Army life makes real men out of some mighty poor specimens.

Sergt. Mike Garvey pointed out to me one day a young fellow of 20 who

looked as if he might have had previous training in a military academy.

#### Awakened his Ambition.

"He came to me just 12 days ago," said the sergeant. "He was all bent over, carried his head on one side, had no ambition, and couldn't concentrate his mind on the simplest commands. I wondered how he ever got past the receiving station."

"How did you transform him?" I asked.

"Drill and exercises. He woke up when he found he was holding the entire platoon back. Now, he's a comer."

It now takes Uncle Sam about 25 drill days to whip the recruit into shape so he can be assigned to a regiment and sent away from the Columbus Barracks.

At my breakfast in the Columbus Barracks mess hall a 20-year-old recruit from West Virginia, sitting next to me, ate six fried eggs, as many slices of bacon, a grape-fruit three cups of coffee, a plateful of potatoes, and I don't know how many slices of bread and butter.

A sergeant who presided at the head of the table, which seated 11 besides myself, called a waiter and ordered all the platters replenished from the kitchen.

"Don't be backward, boys," he encouraged. "Wade right into the grub. It's a rich country you're fighting for."

I'd often heard Uncle Sam's fighters are the best fed in all the world. I know from personal experience now that everything served is of the very best quality, and there is plenty of it.

#### Points of a Soldier.

In developing a recruit into a real soldier, Army officials lay stress on three things—drilling, eating, and recreation. I've told about the first two. Now, something about Army recreation.

Right after dinner every day, except Sunday, we would change from our soldier uniforms into our "recreation clothes," which consisted of pants and blouses made of overall material.

They marched hundreds of us to the big drill hall. There we found boxing gloves, medicine balls, and a lot of other gymnasium paraphernalia.

They divided us into four groups. A big, fat, jolly sergeant led the bunch I was in.

"I've seen 28 years in the service, am fat, and no longer a spring chicken," he told us the first day. "If I can stand these stunts you young fellows ought to."

#### Have Strenuous Exercises.

He ran us around for 15 minutes, passed the medicine ball for another quarter hour, and then showed us all sorts of indoor games and leg and arm exercises, all fun, but carefully designed to strengthen our bodies.

"Now for the boxing gloves," he said, and a shout of approval went up from all of us.

(Continued on page 18).







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

### 23rd BATT., PORTOBELLO BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

It is refreshing to note, that we will have the pleasure of seeing our Battalion Team in action once again. Considering the reputation of our opponents, and our own little achievements, a tough struggle should ensue, which should worthily uphold the traditions of the famous arena. I believe that the date fixed for the opening match of the Medical Services Cup is October 6th. The venue is Croke Park, and the teams 23rd Battalion versus the Artillery Corps. We are expecting to go "Great Guns," and with a little luck, will field the same team which won the Eastern Command Final. Should the powers that sit on Olympus, decide on sending one of the Army Bands for the occasion, I'm sure it would add considerably to the enjoyment of the day.

Since my last epistle, we have taken on the strength a new arrival, and I am happy to state, that the aforementioned arrival is now safely "Dug-In," permanently, I hope. I refer, of course to the Eastern Command Cup. One and all, we extend a hearty welcome, and hope that many, many moons may pass ere it deserts the wigmans of the 23rd. Stone O' Melodeons, says, that all it wants now is a "Butty." Did he mean the Medical Services Cup. I wonder?

What has become of the Brigade Rounders Competition? So far only one match has been played, and the long bright evenings are fast waning. What about a match with the Brigade Staff? I am setting out the Company Football League to date, and it will be observed, at a glance that "D" Company are well away. I am informed that a challenge has been issued by "B" Company to the League Leaders. A football is the trophy.

#### LEAGUE TABLE.

Company	P.	W.	L.	D.	P.
"D"	6	6	0	0	12
HQ.	6	3	3	0	6
"B"	6	3	3	0	6
"C"	7	3	4	0	6
"A"	7	1	6	0	2

We are supplying our quota of men

to this year's manoeuvres, and bade farewell to a right smart contingent of the "Battery" who marched out on the 16th inst., to win fame and renown in the Tactical Arena. A safe and speedy return is the wish of the boys who are left to do twenty-four on and twenty-four off. Reason for good wishes obvious, i.e., Forty-eight off.

We join with his numerous friends, in wishing "Me Larkie" the best of luck on his departure to "fresh fields and pastures new." Let us hope that Ned's proclamation "all hail" does not refer to the weather. (No: it approximated now to "Hail, fellow: well met" —Ned).

This week's Slogan: "One penny per second."

"COLLAR BADGE."

### 4th BATTALION.

On Sunday, 12th inst., a large contingent of competitors and spectators from the Battalion travelled from Castlebar to Westport by car to participate in the Westport Carnival Sports.

The Marathon Race from Castlebar to Westport, 11 statute miles, was well contested. Pte. Fanning of the 4th Batt. was beaten by inches for first place by "Reilly," Galway, the famous International Marathon runner, who completed the run in record time. In addition to Pte. Fanning getting second place, Pte. Kinnins secured 4th, and Cpl. McGown 5th in this great race.

In the Pole Vaulting, Cpl. Butler (P.A.), obtained 1st place, his opponent being Pte. Lynch, the All-Army Champion. Butler easily cleared 10 ft. 2 ins. in an exhibition jump, amid great applause from over 1,000 spectators.

In the Flat race Pte. James secured 3rd place in the 3 miles, and Pte. McPike obtained 3rd place in the 880 yards.

The Connaught Tug-o-war championship carried with it a silver cup and a set of gold medals, and was won by the 4th Battalion, who defeated their opponents, a very heavy team from

Westport Quay by 2 pulls to nil. The Westport team had previously challenged any team in Connaught.

On the 14th October, the Battalion will meet the 16th Battalion from Cork in the first round of the Chaplains' Cup. A great game is anticipated and we are confident of victory.

"MAYO OBSERVER."



### 3rd BATTALION, BOYLE.

The Army No. 1 Band paid its return visit to this area during the week and were quite satisfied at reception given in Longford, Boyle and Sligo.

Visiting Longford on Friday, the 17th inst., a large crowd gathered to hear this splendid combination. At Boyle, on Saturday, considering the unsuitability of the night, the attendance of the public was very good. At Sligo on Sunday, the 19th, the gathering was unparalleled in the history of the town. The spacious Town Hall was packed. We all hope to hear the strains of the No. 1 Band against next season, if not sooner.

The Football team travelled to Bal-laghaderreen on Sunday, the 19th inst., to meet Collooney in the first round for the Dr. Coen Silver Cup and set of gold medals. Both teams were strangers to each other, but when the 3rd ran out victorious by 20 points to "nil" familiarity was a little more impressive. The team is now drawn to meet Tubercurry in the semi-final, and it is hoped to add those valuable trophies to the victories of the 3rd.

We understand the team is drawn to meet the 18th Battn., Cork, at Athlone on the 14th October in the semi-final for the Chaplains' Cup. Great interest is centred in this coming event and the team is leaving little to chance.

The Barber paid an official visit to Ballaghaderreen on Sunday, the 19th.

Congratulations are extended to Sergt. McLoone on his success as a violinist. We hope to see him in the coming orchestra of the 3rd.

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There is an epidemic of "potes" here just now—an aggravated form of *cacoethes scribendi*. Somebody ought to give them the cold water cure.

"BROADCASTER."



### FINNER CAMP.

Since the period of collective training we at Finner Camp have been quiet in more senses than one—in fact nothing doing.

Lieut. Henry Brolly, who has been with us for so long, has left to take up civilian life once again. We all wish him the best of good luck.

The 2nd Battalion have again taken over Buncrana as an outpost. Several of the transfers from the late 9th Battalion were really pleased when they found that they had to make the journey back to Buncrana—I wonder why?

A change, some say, is as good as a rest, and that reminds me that there is a big rumour that the 2nd are about to be sent back to the Curragh Training Camp. Wouldn't the boys dance for mere joy if this was so; everyone would be glad of a change of air after almost three years amongst the Donegal Hills.

Overheard on the rifle range—(Private examining a clip of .303)—"Gee, if one of them hit you in the waist-belt you'd be dead for the remainder of your life."

Quite a number of American letters arrive in camp for boys of the 2nd Battalion bearing the American post mark (that's a habit American letters have—Ned), but there should be even more if all those "sisters" and "aunts" whom the boys have been to see before they sailed for America write on their arrival on the other side.

"FINN."

### RATHER LATE.

"Who gave you the black eye?"

"A bridegroom, for kissing the bride after the ceremony."

"But surely he didn't object to that ancient custom?"

"No, but this was two years after the ceremony."

### DON'TS for Correspondents.

DON'T write if you can get it typewritten.

DON'T crowd the lines together.

DON'T write on both sides of the paper.

DON'T use a worn-out typewriter ribbon.

DON'T indulge in personal jokes.

DON'T write in pencil.

DON'T forget to mention dates.

DON'T send in your contribution later than the Saturday of the week before it is to appear.

### EXPERIENCES OF A U.S. RECRUIT

(Continued from page 15).

In the Army they teach you to fight with your hands as well as with a gun.

I was fairly itching to put the gloves on, but the scramble was so great I didn't get a chance until a big six-footer took the centre of the ring.

He looked like a white hope, every inch of him.

"He's the post champion," a recruit whispered to me. "He's got a punch like a mule kick."

"Now's your chance, Lyon," the sergeant called out.

But just at that moment my vaccinated arm began hurting me something terrible.

### They all Have Alibis.

"My arm's too sore to-day, sergeant," I said. "I can hardly lift it."

I looked around and nearly everybody else in the big circle was likewise nursing a sore arm.

Later, I took on a fellow as inexperienced as myself. The post doctors are confident he will recover.

While a mass of us were thus enjoying ourselves, non-commissioned officers had scores of other young fellows in another part of the reservation training them for the coming baseball season.

Some of the best amateur teams in the country are to be found in the Army.

Whenever a good baseball, football, or basket ball player enlists there's always a good deal of wirepulling among companies to land him. I'm told that often high Army officers take part in this good-natured wirepulling.

### Have Athletic Trophies.

The Tenth Company, my own organization, has a number of beautiful silver cups won in post athletic contests.

A good baseball or football player is seldom sent away from the post to join a regiment during the baseball or football season.

The Columbus Barracks has free bowling alleys and all recruits are urged to use them. A big pool and billiard room is also provided, where they can play at half the cost outside the post.

A well-stocked library and reading room is also maintained for the men.

### Never Talk of Death.

In all my time at the Columbus Barracks I never heard any soldier—private, non-commissioned, or commissioned—speak of the possibility of getting killed.

Sergt. Watt, my drillmaster, in a lecture one day had this to say:

"Disease, you'll find, kills more soldiers than bullets. That's why the Government is so determined that every soldier shall have a sound body and know how to take care of it."

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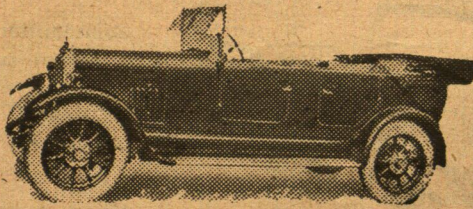
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Write on only one side of the paper. Postcards preferred.

Soldier—"How far is it to the next village, sir?"

Native—"About five miles as the crow flies."

Soldier—"Well, how far is it if the bloomin' crow has to walk and carry a rifle and kit?"

*Prize of Solingen razor awarded to 2671 A/Cpl. Hughes, G., M.P.O., Beresford Barracks, Curragh Camp.*

\* \* \*

Remounts Recruit (about to take his first lesson in horsemanship)—"Sergeant, pick me out a nice gentle horse."

Sergeant—"Have you ever ridden a horse before?"

Recruit—"No."

Sergeant—"Ah! Here's just the animal for you. Never been ridden before. You can start out together."

\* \* \*

The new B.S.U. who was both inquisitive and irritable, visited the battalion barber's shop and, after sundry uncomplimentary remarks about the condition of the premises, demanded a haircut and shave. While the operation was in progress the barber's dog took up a position beside the chair and appeared to take a deep interest in the work.

"What's that half-starved mongrel watching?" asked the B.S.U.

"Well!" replied the barber, "About three years ago that dog was here one day while I was shaving the B.S.U. The razor happened to slip and cut off a piece of the man's lip. Ever since then the dog always hangs round when he sees a B.S.U. in the chair."

\* \* \*

Little Willie's father took him to Sunday School for the first time one Sunday, and on the way home, in order to see if the youngster had learned anything he asked:—

"Who was it killed Goliath?"

"I dunno," said Willie. "I was sittin' on a back seat and couldn't see!"

"James," said his wife, "I found some very queer-looking tickets in your desk to-day. One said: 'Razor, six to one.' What does it all mean?"

"My archaeological studies, dear," he answered. "Relics of a lost race."

\* \* \*

Corporal—"I'm sorry I played such a rotten game of billiards last night. I think I must have had rather too many drinks."

Sergeant—"It might have been that, but I think you'd have played better if you'd taken the cue out of its case!"

\* \* \*

Did you ever  
Go to a party  
Not feeling especially well,  
But when you got there  
Everyone greeted you  
With a smile  
And you felt better,  
And made wise cracks,  
And everybody laughed  
So you pulled all your good ones  
Together with some  
Not so good,  
And they laughed heartily  
Till you found yourself  
To be the life of the party;  
And your cranium  
Expanded  
And continued expanding  
Till you reached home  
And found  
You had not  
Tucked in all your shirt?

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6. Renewed Heaven adjusted the stars and cleaned the moon	2	0	0
7. Reanimated the Flames of Purgatory and restored souls	6	7	0
8. Revived the Flames of Hell, put a new tail on the Devil, mended his hoof, and did odd jobs for the damned	1	15	0
9. Re-bordered the Robe of Herod, and adjusted his wig	1	0	0
10. Put new spotted dashes on the Son of Tobias and washed his feet	0	17	0
11. Cleaned the ears of Balaam's Ass, and shod him	0	9	0
12. Put bar rings in the ears of Sarah	0	10	0
13. Put a new stone in David's sling, enlarged the hand of Goliath, and extended his legs	0	13	0
14. Decorated Noah's Ark	0	16	0
15. Mended the shirt of the Prodigal Son, and washed his ears	0	15	0

\* \* \*

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