

Vol. V. No. 14.

October 9th, 1926.

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See page 20.



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An t-Ógláic

Vol. V. No. 14.

OCTOBER 9, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE.



Military Terms Illustrated:

No. 18—
"FRIENDLY NATIVES."

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Óglaigh
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DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

An t-Oglach

OCTOBER 9, 1926.

Literary contributions are requested from all Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men. Contributions should be written on one side of the paper only; and whilst every reasonable care will be taken of MS., no responsibility is accepted. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the MS. is desired. Reports of the doings of Units are particularly requested from all Commands. These should reach the Editorial Office not later than the Saturday previous to the date of publication.

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

CÓMHRÁD AS AN EAGARCIÓN.

WINTER IN BARRACKS.

DESPITE the fact that scores of fair weather swimmers are still disporting themselves at the Forty Foot and elsewhere round the coast Summer Time has come to an end and the long nights are with us. It may be a bit brighter at Reveille, but that doesn't help much; the great idea is to make the evenings brighter. In fact the various Mess Committees and Recreation Committees throughout the Army might straightway adopt as their slogan, "Brighter Barracks for the Winter!"

* * *

We hope there will be no delay in getting into action. If a successful programme of entertainments is to be carried through the promoters should get busy immediately. We note that Portobello is leading the way with an entertainment tomorrow, and it is good to see that they have given a thought to the children, for whose special benefit a matinee performance is being staged. Portobello did pretty well last winter, but should have little difficulty in doing very much better during the coming season. We are glad to notice also that down at the Curragh the members of the Beresford Men's Recreation Room have held a meeting to see about putting that insti-

tution on a better footing. Captain J. J. Clinton, the Barrack Adjutant, who presided, spoke very plainly and to the point, and his words should produce a good effect. He made it clear that he was also speaking for the Commanding Officer, and assured those present of the cordial co-operation of the officers. But in Beresford and elsewhere it is with the men themselves that success or failure rests in the long run and they must not lose sight of this fact. Everybody should put his shoulder to the wheel for mutual benefit and "Scroungers," as Captain Clinton said, should in no circumstances be tolerated. That there is plenty of talent in the Army has been repeatedly demonstrated at entertainments in the different barracks, and if all cannot hope for such an ambitious affair as the pantomime produced last winter in McKee, they can at least provide good concerts and dances.

* * *

In this connection we would like to see the consciousness of nationality more clearly evident at Army entertainments. Some of the concerts last season were distinctly un-Irish, not to say West British, and in one or two instances English music-hall vulgarities were not only permitted, but applauded. There is no excuse for such occurrences and

we hope that will not be repeated this winter. We will be pleased to publish reports of all entertainments if forwarded to us without delay, but in cases where the vulgar inanities of the Cross-Channel variety theatre are permitted we shall not hesitate to express our views pretty clearly. There is absolutely no excuse for polluting Army entertainments in such a fashion, and so far as we are concerned it will not be tolerated.

* * *

As regards other winter amusements we hope to publish in the near future some hints which may be of use. Wireless and the gramophone have done much to brighten up barrack life, even in the most remote outposts, but the entertainment and value to be derived from books should not be forgotten. It must not be overlooked that the long winter evenings provide splendid opportunity for study. That is a point which should be borne in mind by all ranks who wish to advance themselves while in the Army or subsequently in civilian life.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Parcels of "An t-Oglach" despatched last week did not reach our friends outside Dublin as promptly as should have been the case. In some instances there was an inexplicable 24 hours' delay. For example, parcels handed in at Kingsbridge railway station at 11 a.m. for despatch by the 12.30 p.m. train did not reach the Curragh until 1.30 p.m. on the following day. Parcels which should have reached Cork on the afternoon of the day of despatch did not turn up until the first passenger train ex Dublin the next morning.

We are determined to put an end to this sort of thing and have already taken action in the matter. It will assist us if all voluntary agents who receive their parcels of "An t-Oglach" later than Friday will immediately communicate with this office, stating what steps they took to have the parcels collected as soon as possible after arrival at the railway station.

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IN CAPTIVITY

From "WITH THE IRISH IN FRONGOCH."

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

(Being the Thirty-Fourth 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 XIX.

DALY's courtmartial did not take place until the 17th October. He was charged with "refusing to clean his cell when ordered to do so by Sergeant J. Phillips, his superior officer, in execution of his duty." No mention was made in the charge sheet that he had also refused to eat his food. Mr. Gavan Duffy defended.

Counsel put in a plea of "not guilty," and then addressed the court on the plea, submitting that the accused was not a Prisoner of War, and therefore not liable to be tried by court-martial; that the prisoner could not be tried under Royal Warrant, and also that he was under the Home Office.

The Court over-ruled the plea.

Counsel then put in a plea in bar of trial on the grounds that the offence had been condoned by competent authority. The letter from the Home Secretary relieving the prisoners of the work was put in as evidence in support of the plea. Commandant Staines was called in as a witness; and gave evidence in support of the condonation.

The Court over-ruled this plea also.

The trial then proceeded, Lieut. and Adjutant J. T. Burns acting as prosecutor.

Sergeant John Phillips, 58th Training Reserve Battalion, then swore: "At Frongoch Internment Camp on the morning of the 6th October, 1916, about a.m., I ordered W.O. 1816, No. 1557c, Irish Prisoner, Patrick Daly, to sweep his cell floor, he being at the time a prisoner in close confinement undergoing a sentence of fourteen days' close confinement. The accused refused to obey the order, saying: 'I shall not break my word. I told the Commandant yesterday I would sooner die than do anything under such a tyrant.'"

Cross-examined by Mr. Gavan Duffy—"Did you say: 'Come, Daly, no use your going on like that. Don't you

know you cannot go against the Commandant; he could kill you if he liked?"

Sergeant Phillips—No.

Sergeant H. Rose, 113 Protection Company Royal Defence Corps, swore that on the date mentioned he was sergeant in charge of the guard who had the custody of the prisoners undergoing close confinement. He corroborated Sergeant Phillips' evidence.

Daly declined to give evidence; but volunteered the following statement in his defence:—

"I did this as a protest against what I considered an unjust sentence; my reason being that I considered the Commandant, in passing sentence on me, had exceeded his authority. I believed that the heaviest sentence the Commandant could pass was 14 days' close confinement. The sentence passed on me was 14 days' close confinement, afterwards to be interned in the North Camp and all my correspondence stopped for a month; none of the other prisoners who were convicted along with me were punished by having their correspondence stopped. I did this simply as a protest—what I said about the Commandant I said in a temper, and I am sorry for it."

Daly was tried under the Royal Warrant for "Maintenance of Discipline among Prisoners of War" dated St. James's Court, 3rd day of August, 1914.

The plea of accused not being a Prisoner of War was put in for the purpose of obtaining a definite ruling to the contrary by a Military Court properly convened by the competent Military authority. The device was eminently successful.

The plea of condonation was, of course, a most proper one to have put in, as obviously Daly and his fatigue party should have been released along with the general body in view of the very definite instructions to that effect

received from the Secretary of State for Home Affairs. The insistence on his trial by court-martial was simply due to a vindictive desire to punish him for having initiated the "Hunger-strike" weapon into the Camp.

The Court found Daly "Guilty," and to the best of my recollection he was sentenced to 56 days' imprisonment without hard labour. He had been a long time awaiting trial, and nearly a fortnight elapsed before the sentence was promulgated; so that only about six weeks or so remained to be served. He was removed to a prison in Liverpool to complete his sentence.

CHAPTER XX.

THE schemes of the politicians to bring us into public contempt by engaging us in work of a demeaning nature having so signally failed their tactics were immediately changed. They were quite determined to make political capital out of us by hook or by crook. The new device was to pose before the world as our benefactors and protectors—as if we would deign to accept either one or the other from the degraded wretches who cheered the announcement of the execution of our brother-officers in the British House of Commons.

Through the medium of "our postal system" very effective steps were taken to combat these nefarious plans; and to expose their authors to the contempt they so richly deserved. The following extracts from newspapers will make the point quite clear:—

From *The Southern Star*, dated September 23rd, 1916:—

"TO THE EDITOR.

"SIR,—Our attention has been drawn to a paragraph in your issue of the 2nd inst. stating that Mr. John Griffin, Chairman of the Bandon Town Commissioners, was organising and circulating for signature a petition beseeching the Government to release us, and

the remaining Prisoners of War of the Ballinadee Corps of Irish Volunteers now interned here in Frongoch. Will you kindly do us the favour and the justice of saying we have never given permission to any one to petition on our behalf for our release from internment or from prison, and while sincerely thanking Mr. Griffin for his interest on our behalf, any release other than that of a total amnesty of all Irish Prisoners will not be acceptable to us, even though we dearly love to return to our own dear land. All Ireland should demand the immediate release of her prisoners, whether in Internment Camps or in penal servitude, through her public boards or from her platforms at public meetings. This form of action would be far more desirable from a national standpoint than merely petitioning for the release of local prisoners.

"(Signed) John Hales, Patrick, Con, and Daniel O'Donoghue, and Edward Barrett."

However much in earnest the local party creatures might be in their inspired activities we could not allow the Frongoch publicity campaign to be used as a means of turning the eyes and the minds of the Irish people from the sad condition of our comrades who were undergoing sentences of penal servitude in company with English criminals. We in our condition were bad enough; but how much worse was the condition of the men in Portland and Dartmoor?

The next extract is from the *Irish Independent* dated August 28th:—

"Messrs. J. J. Scallan, M. Staines, and J. J. Neeson, as treasurer, leader, and secretary, respectively, of the Irish Prisoners interned at Frongoch, Bala, N. Wales, write stating that a report published in the *Freeman's Journal* would convey the impression that the Liverpool District Nationalists' Committee was keeping the life in the prisoners. At a generous estimate £10 would cover all that has been given by that Committee, including gifts to personal friends. Its labours of which the Camp Leaders had no cognisance, contrasted unfavourably with the work unostentatiously performed without any advertising by the Liverpool Aid Society, the Manchester N.A. Association, the London Relief Fund, and the Cork and Tipperary Committees. The prisoners regard the puff in the *Freeman* as inspired by political motives, and the interned men refuse to be made pawns in the game of politics. They request that any money collected by the Committee be handed over to the Dublin Aid Funds. They have sent a letter to Mr. Jas Faulkner, one of the secretaries to the Committee in question, stating that the general body of prisoners repudiate the tone of the report in the *Freeman*. They are of opinion that the principal care of the Committee was self-advertisement, and further assistance from it would be declined. Any complaints received by Mr. Faulkner on his visit to the Camp were to be treated as those of the individuals making them and not of the general body of prisoners."

Naturally, after such an effective rebuke the machinations of these opportunists came to an abrupt end.

Through our intelligence section we had been making inquiries into the antecedents of all those connected with our internment; and amongst a variety of strange information we were informed that Lieut. and Adjutant J. T. Burns had been connected with Army canteen scandals some years ago. This was a fortunate piece of news for us at the time. We were not at all satisfied with the working of our canteen, which was run by an English contractor. We had made several complaints of overcharging, and of short weight. But the point on which we laid the fullest stress was the question of the rebate. We were supposed to be allowed a rebate of 10 per cent. on all our purchases. It was drawn monthly in kind, and took the form of rice, sugar, margarine, or tinned milk. We were not at all satisfied with the amount we were allowed to draw, and the continued refusal to allow our auditor to see the canteen accounts confirmed our suspicion that we were not receiving our rights.

The following letter was accordingly forwarded to L. J. Ginnell, Esq., B.A., B.L., M.P.:—

"We, the undersigned, being the duly elected Leaders of the above Camp would feel very much indebted to you if you see your way clear to have the following questions raised in Parliament* at the earliest convenience:—

"(1) What is the percentage of the rebate allowed to the Irish Prisoners in Frongoch on their purchase in the Camp Canteen? (2) Is the percentage of the rebate allowed supposed to be fixed at 10 per cent.? And if so, are the Camp Leaders or Prisoners' Auditor allowed to see the Canteen Accounts each month? If not, why not, considering that it is solely the Prisoners' money that is being dealt with? (3) How are the Prisoners to know that they are receiving a rebate of 10 per cent. other than the system of merely letting the Leaders know that they can draw on the Canteen Fund up to £10 per month? (4) Is it a fact that when there were 1,800 prisoners in the Camp in July they were only allowed £4 10s., while with an average of 900 men in August they received £10, and with 545 men in September they also received £10? (5) Why are not the Camp Leaders allowed to purchase such goods as they think most suitable for the prisoners in the way of food, tobacco, cigarettes, etc., considering that it is solely the Prisoners' money?"

"P.S.—We would be glad if you would make inquiries into the alleged connection of the Adjutant of this Camp—Lieut. J. T. Burns (who has charge of the Canteen Fund)—with the officer of that name connected with the scandal some few years ago. There are strong rumours concerning this; and certainly the Adjutant is obviously an officer of much service and experience for a mere lieutenant. If this

*Vide Hansard, Vol. 86, No. 102, Col. 1,546.

alleged connection is correct it may have a pertinent bearing on the above questions."

In his reply* the Home Secretary admitted the Adjutant's connection with the previous canteen scandals. This reply caused a sensation in Camp. We had taken the measure of the Adjutant; and all our previous fear of his bonhomie influence passed away. Of course, after such a revelation of Irish wit and resource strong efforts should be made to discover and stop the leakage of correspondence. Messrs. Scallan and Neeson—two of the most innocent and most inoffensive men in Camp—were seized and sent to Reading Gaol for internment "in the interest of the discipline of the Camp."*

The direct result of Mr. Samuel's reply was that the Adjutant informed us on the 11th inst. that we could draw on the Canteen Fund up to £25 for that month. We would not, however, be allowed to check the accounts; and it is a fact that up to the present day (30th September, 1917) negotiations are in progress between the Camp Leaders and the War Office on the subject of the Camp Funds.

CHAPTER XXI.

OUR publicity campaign was realising all our expectations; and on the 21st October we were all transferred to the North Camp for internment. Here the accommodation was in wooden huts, which were made to hold about thirty men each.

All matters of contention now ceased, and we settled down in our new quarters in perfect peace with all and sundry. Many of us thought that after the experience of the past two months that the authorities would leave us unmolested; and surely it was the deduction of common sense. But not so; nothing evidently would teach those having the oversight of the prisoners that they were pledged to the death to uphold certain principles; and that every effort to smash them on these principles would only sow additional hatred and discord amongst the two countries. And so it came to pass that what we had been through in the past two months was only a preliminary interlude to that which was to follow.

On Tuesday, 31st October, a Prisoners' clothing list was handed to the Camp Leader; and the various prisoners concerned were warned to parade for drawing clothing after dinner. When the party arrived at the stores on the railway three brothers named King, who were "refugees," were taken off by Sergeant Phillips. They were subsequently tried as absentees under the Army Service Act.* One of them was rejected for Army service and sent back to the Camp. The other two refused to soldier, and were tried by court-martial and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

*Vide Hansard, Vol. 86, No. 102, Col. 1,546.

*Vide Hansard, Vol. 87, No. 110, Col. 995.

*Vide Hansard, Vol. 87, No. 110, Col. 950.



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About this time also considerable efforts were made to get us to accept a conditional offer of liberty. The Adjutant interested himself very much in this project, especially concerning the men from the South and West.

I unfortunately mislaid the copy of this conditional offer of liberty, but it was to the effect that we gave a written guarantee to keep the peace in future and to do nothing to imperil the safety of the realm. Two sponsors were also required.

The Adjutant said that there was nothing in this condition and that any man could sign it. One man from the West humorously retorted that the only judges as to whether the prisoners kept the conditions or not were the local peelers; and as a result "if a signee only winked at a peeler's girl" he would find himself back in internment again. When the Adjutant saw that his efforts failed to get men from the South and West to sign this offer, he became very angry; and said that they were refusing solely because they were influenced by Dublin men. These men, he added, had no prospect of release, and had lost good jobs which they had no prospect of getting back, and consequently they were reckless and heedless of the consequences to others.

Strange to say, of the three men who did sign the conditional offer of liberty the first man was a Dublin man, the second was a "refugee" who only signed when he had been given a specific order to that effect by the Military Staff, and the third was a country man whose home affairs were known to be one of the saddest and most pathetic in Ireland.

When the first hint of this offer of conditional liberty leaked out the *Irish Independent* published a comment upon it to the effect that in 1881 and 1882 several Irish prisoners—agrarian agitation—were offered the same conditions and, out of 2,000, there were only one or two who would agree to such proposals for their liberation. This comment was ordered by the Military Staff to be read in each of the dormitories. When it was read in No. III, a veteran Irish Prisoner of War named Mr. Reardon, of Millstreet, Co. Cork, agreeably astonished us by stating that he was one of the 2,000. That night he regaled us with stories of that stormy time.

Mr. Reardon, although, I believe, nearly 70 years of age, was the most staunch and light-hearted of the Irish Prisoners of War; and flatly refused to allow his advanced age to be used as an excuse for keeping him out of the fights of passive resistance. He was certainly a die-hard. And whether in punishment or out of it, if he could have either his beloved fiddle or flute he was perfectly happy. When either of these instruments were taken from him he resorted to whistling, jigging, or singing. He was never known to bicker or complain, and was always smiling. We all learned to love him greatly, and felt the better for having come in touch with his clean, unostentatious sincerity.

= WIRELESS NOTES =

CONDUCTED BY

Commandant J. SMYTH

ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

DEFINITIONS—Continued.

Resistance—That quality of a substance in virtue of which it is a poor conductor of electric current.

Rhumkorff Coil—A coil invented by Father Callan of Maynooth College and subsequently put on the market by the firm of Rhumkorff. It is a step-up transformer of very high ratio, in the primary coil of which is placed an interrupter in series with a low voltage. Very high voltages sufficient to give a spark of many inches may be obtained from the secondary coil.

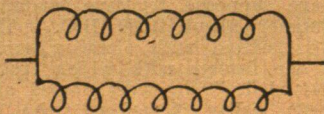
Röntgen Rays (X-Rays)—Radiation from a metallic plate which is bombarded with electrons in a highly exhausted tube.

Series—Coils or wires are said to be in series when they are joined end-on to one another.

COILS IN SERIES



COILS IN PARALLEL



IN CAPTIVITY (continued from col. 1).

It was only to be expected, of course, that this conditional offer of liberty should give rise to a question in Parliament* as to whether there was any precedent for any such course being adopted by any other nation; and equally, of course, the reply was a masterly avoidance of the question at issue.

This refusal of the general body of prisoners to accept the conditional offer of liberty was an eloquent testimony of the soundness as well as the unanimity of the prisoners on various questions and definitions at issue between the authorities and the responsible military leaders of the Camp. And, moreover, was a very complete and effective refutation of the base insinuation of the politicians and their hacks that the main body of the Irish Republican Army had been innocently seduced into hostile acts by a few reckless leaders.

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

(To be continued.)

Short Circuit—A fault in the nature of a contact between two portions of circuit. The contact may be completed through one or more other conductors.

Shunt—Additional parallel path for current in a circuit.

Self-Heterodyne—A valve circuit employing reaction. The local frequency in the set itself may be superimposed on an incoming frequency, the resultant being a heterodyne or beat frequency as in C.W. Telegraphy.

Solenoid—A hollow coil of insulated wire. When a current flows through such a coil it exhibits magnetic properties and will suck into it a magnet or a magnetic substance.

Space Charge—The charge constituted by the electrons on their way from the filament to the anode in a valve. This charge exerts a repelling influence on the electrons being projected from the filament. It exerts a similar repelling influence on the electrons which have passed the densely charged space area and hastens their journey to the anode.

Specific Gravity—The weight of a substance compared with an equal volume of water.

Specific Inductive Capacity—The relative capacity value of a condenser the plates of which are separated by any particular insulator as compared with a similar condenser in which air is used as an insulator or di-electric.

You can't fell trees without some chips,
You can't achieve without some slips.
Unless you try you wonder why
Good fortune seems to pass you by.
Success is not for those who quail—
She gives her best to those who fail,
And then with courage twice as great,
Take issue once again with fate,
'Tis better far to risk a fall
Than not to make attempt at all.

When you can look into a mud puddle and see something besides mud,
and into the heart of a man and see more good than bad, you will never again be able to catalogue your friends.

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane,
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheek will tan,
You'll grow rugged and weary and swarthy,
But you'll walk like a



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DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

GEOGRAPHY.

Lesson No. 27.

IRELAND.

Meath (Co. na Mide).—1. This county is bordered on the north by Louth and Cavan, on the west by Westmeath, on the south by Offaly and Kildare, on the east by Co. Dublin and a small stretch of coast (about 8 miles) between Gormanstown and the Boyne.

2. The population of Meath is practically 65,000. The area of the county allows about nine acres to each person, while the estimated value of the land amounts to about £480,000.

3. The chief towns are Trim, Navan and Kells. The G.S.Rly. line from Dublin to Kingscourt passes from south to north across the county, with a branch from Kilmessan to Trim and Athboy. The G.N.Rly. branch line from Drogheda runs from east to west across the county, linking Beauparc, Navan, Kells, and Oldcastle.

4. There is no town of importance on the coast, and shipping traffic from the county is handled at Dublin, Belfast, or Drogheda. There are flour and woolen mills at Navan. The chief industry of the county is cattle-raising. Tobacco-growing on experimental lines has been started on the boglands around Navan.

5. The River Boyne and its tributary, the Blackwater, are the only rivers of note in the county. A small canal joins the Boyne River at Slane with Navan.

6. This county has many places of historical interest. Tara Hill, situate about six miles from Navan, is the site of the ancient residence of the High Kings of Ireland. The place is generally known as "Tara of the Kings." There is still to be seen a mound and some ruins on this once famous Hill. Ruins of an old Norman Castle may be seen at Trim. The Hill of Slane brings our minds back to the days of St. Patrick and to the Easter Fire kindled by him here in A.D. 433. Kells is famous for its Celtic Cross and the ruins of the old school founded here by St. Columbcille. The famous "Book of Kells," a Latin manuscript copy of the Four Gospels, derives its name from the fact that it was kept at Kells for many centuries. In the year 1152 an Ecclesiastical Synod was held at Kells, and at this meeting Dublin and Tuam were constituted Arch-Episcopal Sees. The Bishop of Armagh was then made Primate over Dublin, Tuam, and Cashel. In 1315 Edward Bruce, who had been invited to help the Irish, landed in Ireland with about 6,000 of Scotland's best soldiers. He defeated Roger Mortimer at Kells in 1316. St. Patrick founded a school at Slane, and St. Finian established another at Clonard.

7. The Valley of the Boyne is the beauty spot of the county, and is the venue of many tourists from Dublin during the holiday season.

IRISH HISTORY.

Lesson No. 1.

Though practically certain that Ireland was inhabited as far back as 2,500 B.C., we are unfortunately unable to determine the extent of such habitation or to form any idea of the origin of its earliest inhabitants. The earliest historians vaguely refer to it as a large island to the north and west of Britain. In the absence of authentic history, and having few, if any, surviving monuments of this early habitation, we must be forever content with the faint and shadowy glimpses into Ireland's remote past which have been accorded us by tradition and legend. To distinguish fact from fiction is impossible, but we may reasonably assume that Ireland was peopled by successive tribes of seafaring races, of which the following are recorded in historical legend:—

- (i) The Partholonians—said to have come from Greece and named after their leader Partholan. This race is supposed to have perished of a plague.
- (ii) The Nemedians—also from Greece—are supposed to have landed in Munster about 2,000 B.C. They are credited with clearing several of the forests with which Ireland abounded. They were named after their leader Nemedins, who was supposed to be a direct descendant of Noah.
- (iii) The Formorians—a piratical race on whose origin opinions appear to differ and who apparently invaded the country time after time during its occupation by the Nemedians. They ultimately prevailed and the great bulk of the conquered Nemedians fled to Greece, where as the legend goes they were employed as slaves in carrying the fertile clay of the valleys to form a top soil on the rugged and barren mountain uplands. From this servile occupation they came to be known as Firbolgs or bag men (they carried the clay in leather bags).
- (iv) The Firbolgs—who after years of servitude in Greece eventually escaped and returned to Ireland, which they reconquered, only to be subdued soon afterwards by
- (v) The Tuatha-De-Danaun—another branch of the Nemedians who had travelled north to Denmark and returned to Ireland via Scotland. These drove the Firbolgs into the

almost inaccessible fastnesses and islands of the western seaboard. The old fort of Dun-Angus which still stands in the Island of Arran is, according to tradition, the work of the Firbolgs.

- (vi) The Milisians—said to be descendants of a tribe of Scythians driven from Egypt by Pharaoh, whose daughter Scotia was married to their leader Niall. It is said that Niall attempted to help Moses and his brethren and thereby incurred the enmity of his father-in-law. From Egypt they travelled along the shores of the Mediterranean, finally settling in Spain, where they lived for some considerable time. One of their leaders, Milisius, gained for himself considerable military renown and eventually under his leadership the Scythians or, as they now became known, the Milisians, left Spain and set out in quest of a Western Isle which an ancient prophecy led them to believe they should one day become masters of.

"They came from a land beyond the sea
And now o'er the Western Main
Set sail in their good ships gallantly
From the sunny land of Spain."

Milisius, however, did not live to reach Ireland, and his widow Scotia fell in the battle of Slieve Mish in Kerry, where she and her followers first encountered the Tuatha-De-Danaun. Another battle was fought at Tailteann, in which the Danauns were beaten and their Kings slain. The Milisians became masters of the country and the two sons of Milisius—Heber and Heremon—were made Kings, and the island divided between them. After the lapse of a few years Heremon defeated Heber at the battle of Geashill in Offaly. Heber was slain and Heremon became king of all Ireland, and first of that line of kings of which King Roderic O'Connor was last.

The name Scotia, by which Ireland was known to the end of the eleventh century, is supposed to have originated with the coming of the Milisians, among whom, as we have seen, the name Scotia appears to have been common. The poetical name of Inisfail, or Isle of Destiny, may also be taken as being of Milisian origin. For many years the kings of Ireland were crowned on the Lia Fail or Stone of Destiny which was subsequently taken to Scotland and now rests beneath the seat of the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey. The name Hibernia may be derived from the more ancient names of Ierna and Iernia, but it is attributed by some to be derived from Heber, son of Milisius. The name Irelandia or Ireland is supposed to mean the land of Ir, who was the eldest son of Milisius.



THE GENTLE ART OF STRETCHER-BEARING.

"Me Larkie's" Adventures During the Recent Manœuvres.

Prior to the manœuvres stretcher-bearing seemed a trifle foreign to well dug-in penpushers, but now that we have accomplished the "Veni, Vidi, Vici" stunt it has become a little more natural, and the memory lingers. So do the blisters.

At the outset, however, our feelings were a trifle mixed when eight of the hardy annuals were detailed to proceed to the Curragh to act as stretcher-bearers during the manœuvres.

Stretcher-bearing certainly conveyed visions of doing the "minist'ring-angel-thou-go-break-the-news-to-mother" stunt which caused us to display a certain amount of "pep" and the "Here-we-go-gathering-nuts-in-May" feeling en route for the Curragh carefully chaperoned by an obliging and deep-voiced N.C.O. It is a merciful dispensation of Providence that hides the future from our human ken.

The Curragh.

Oh, the Curragh! The windy Curragh! Decidedly windy. Windy from both a physiological and an atmospheric point of view.

The Curragh is a wide plain surrounded by wind and wire and two-on-and-four-offs. It is inhabited by sheep, soldiers, P.A.'s and profiteers (the sheep being the only ones not in possession of passes). The sheep live on the grass, the soldiers live on the Curragh, and the profiteers live on the soldiers!

There are one or two villages in the vicinity, Newbridge and Brownstown, for instance. They are naturally out of bounds. Local tradition has it that they were placed there as a kind of milestone to see how far a soldier could carry a pack without losing his Mess-tin or shifting his kicking straps; and also to indicate the bob-a-head limit for local jarveys. If you have a keen sense of humour and a good pair of binoculars you can appreciate the beauties of Newbridge and Brownstown from the top of a Water Tower on a fine day—thank ye kindly!

Medical Services.

After we had been efficiently and officially humped around the Habeas Corpus stunt was duly performed and our bodies were handed over to the tender care of the local branch of the Medical Services. *En passant*, I must pay a tribute to the personnel of the Medical Services. With detachments from the No. 3 Band and other units we were possibly, as an old and well-tattooed poultice wallpaper described us, "A rare handful of trouble," but under

the able guidance, kind advice and sage counsel of the "regular guys" I think we did not let the Service down.

After billeting arrangements had been seen to and we had polished off some grub stakes we were initiated into the mysteries of the gentle art of stretcher-bearing. Our worthy Company Sergeant described what we were to do and what we weren't to do, but when he told us that the distance from the Battalion First Aid post was "in or about five miles" from the dressing station, and that casualties had to be humped in or about that distance—well, to put it mildly, a lot of the romance of the gentle art of stretcher-bearing died a sudden death.

After the lecture we spent a few hours in riotous living on "cha" and "wads" in the local Soldier's Home, not quite Montmartre or the Latin quarter it is admitted, but stomach satisfaction withal.

After our "nocturnal revels" we got down to it. Our beds were O.K., but you should have seen the pillow slip away. Before saying "nighty-nighty" the Sergeant in charge told us that the next morning being Sunday we could lie on a little longer as breakfast would not be ready until 5.30 a.m. That has a distorted sense of humour.

Well, Sunday passed. We all know what Sunday on the Curragh is like—it never varies and never will—so I will leave Sunday alone.

Off to the War.

Monday—and, Active Service. Oh! it was active all right—more gildy it was. It was about the most active thing I struck for some time. Everything was active. It was either giving orders or receiving orders, and after a time I found out that it was much cushier to give than receive, so I joined the givers' section. Oh, yes; it is ever so much cushier to give orders as to the packing of lorries, etc., than do the actual packing and mucking about, and it was marvellous the number of umpires we had on that job. I don't mean the umpires who decided whether you had to jump the stretcher about fifteen miles over the mountains from Punchestown to Newtownmount-kennedy. Oh, no; I mean those ginks that appoint themselves umpire on wagon loading, water fatigues, etc. You know the type I mean—the gink that walks behind the bunch and tells you the way it should be done.

Yes, manœuvres give you an extensive military training and learn you the gentle art of how it's done—and how to dodge it. The idea of coming the

old soldier is now obsolete. The old soldier is now a back number in dodging. Some of the "young" soldiers that I met must have taken a course on dodging at a correspondence school before coming down for the manœuvres. It was a case of "before you came up," as the crow said to the aeroplane. Take, for instance, the Army Transport. It is scarcely conceivable the amount of stuff that can be packed into a three-ton lorry. To fully appreciate a "three tonner" three things are required. (1) You've got to load one, and (2) unload one, and (3) you've got to wait for one—especially if it has your rations in it.

The Fine Arts.

When you have succeeded in packing about half-a-dozen marquees, umpteen tents, innumerable bivvies, a few stray bivouacs, one or two unchaperoned field kitchens (including their accompanying satellites, the cum-cha-cum-stew dixies, a dozen or so medical panniers, a few hundredweight of coal and rations—well, when you have succeeded in packing about thirteen tons of this stuff into a three-ton lorry you begin to appreciate the three-tonner. When you have finished packing you begin to understand why a Transport Driver's vocabulary is so extensive and varied. Generally when you have the job finished and you are soliloquising as to why it was named a three-tonner an obliging N.C.O. gently persuades you to "get down to hell over that" and courteously inquires if you are "on a blinken Cook's tour or a pioneer's picnic." A pioneer's picnic is rather like it.

We eventually got to the scene of operations and the seat of "War." There were three contending parties:—

(1) the Red Army, (2) the Blue Army, and (3) the Blackberries, and I must own up to being in the "Blues" after a scrap with the "Reds" and a feed of the "Blacks." Oh! those blackberries; it needed no umpire to tell me that I was "counted out" after a cargo of blackberries.

Too Much Scenery.

Then we had the mountainy hills, and the mountainy streams in fact everything seemed to me mountainy. I was once under the impression that Kildare was a flat county, but I have since been disillusioned. If the gink that humped up the Alps warbling "Excelsior" and bearing a banner "with a strange device" had to hump over the Kildare hills with a full pack and a stretcher he would soon chuck his warbling, and put his banner at half-mast. And those mountainy streams—mountainy streams how are you. I like what the maps describe as a mountainy stream, those sylvan abodes of gentle zephyrs with the babbling brooks and their "man-may-come-and-man-may-go, but-I-go-on-for-ever" atmosphere. You cross daintily from stepping stone to stepping stone (moss clad and all that bunkum, of course) and if perchance you miss one of those stepping stones, voila!—you and your

stretcher are into about three feet of mud and slush that would delight the most intricate mechanism of a Liffey dredger. Mountainy streams are all right on picture postcards or tourist posters, but try them with an eight-foot stretcher and a full pack.

However, we were a merry party, and taking the rough with the smooth we thoroughly enjoyed our experience—even if we were humped round, sat on, yelled at, and a few other buckshee trifles. The days were gloriously warm, and the nights—well, the nights were ingloriously cold.

Those Fatigues.

Dawn! Zero hour!!! Stand-to!!! It sounds great conjuring up visions of war and conveying pictures of Mars and his hordes. All "Bull"—it didn't. It was a Sergeant-Major's dawn. With a tug at your overcoat and ground-sheet, a glimpse of a blackish-blue sky with piercingly shining stars, frost on the grass that would remind you of a tuppenny Christmas card and sent a cold shiver down your spine that made you appreciate and understand why there is no fishing in Lapland in winter.

Then there were the "Mother-may-I-go-out-to-play-and-fetch-a-pail-of-water" fatigues. The spring water was usually about three miles away. That's why they call it "spring" water. You had got to do a three-mile spring to get it. Then there were the field fires. They looked alluring and inviting in the cold early dawn—but nothing doin'! I was caught that way the first morning, and since that capture I have religiously avoided early morning camp fires. The weather was cold and the fires were inviting, and naturally the boys gathered around. From a safe distance the Sergeant-Major watched and waited, and when he had enough round the camp fire he swooped down and collared the bunch for fatigue party. So that was that.

After breakfast you started the old game of hide and seek, or pocket the "Red"—for I wore a bit of blue ribbon round the rim of my cap-O, and so the game went on over mountain, hill and stream. I think that there is only one hill in Kildare that I have not been humped over, and that one was submerged a long while ago in a moving bog, and only one stream that I didn't fall into, and that stream's course was diverted into County Wicklow years ago.

So Tempus Fugit, and "quick ones" were pulled, and if perchance rations were left in mistake at your post, and if, soldier-like, you quickly disposed of them even if it did entail a nocturnal lecture and a choke-off and threats of having a lost dixie entered in your pay book, sure the fun was worth it—even if we were captured by the "Reds" and pulled a quick one up the boreen and got away, look at the fun we were having.

Pleasant Memories.

But all good things come to an end. I like to look back on the good spirit that existed between all, the cama-

THE WHEELS OF CHANCE.

A.S.I. Cyclist Coy. Enjoy Manœuvres Despite Cold and Grub Shortage.

When word first came that all of us, batmen, waiters and other employees of the Army School of Instruction were to participate in the annual manœuvres we were by no means delighted. We had previously tasted the hardships of manœuvres, and rumour having it that we were to be used for completing the ranks of other units, corps, and services, things did not promise too well for "nobody's darlings." But later on when it was definitely known that we were going as a special unit—a cyclist company in fact—our delight knew no bounds. For as a unit we would be under our own officers and N.C.O.'s, and whatever good results we would obtain would go to the credit of our unit—the A.S.I. Cyclist Company. We were told that our work was cut out for us, and that the tactical duties of cyclists would be as hard and even harder than those of infantry. For where infantry might have to march but 20 miles we might easily have to cycle over sixty. But cycling—why cycling is our recreation. Most of us possess bicycles of our own, and those that do not are saving up for them.

From that onwards our time was fully occupied, because as well as performing our routine tasks we were receiving musketry instruction and firing our course on the range. In between times we managed to have a few tactical exercises and to receive some lectures on scouting and map-reading, in which latter subject our evening classes of the previous winter under S. C. Connor's stood us well.

Soon it was the Saturday before the manœuvres and parading with our cycles—in most cases but just issued—we demonstrated our skill before Major Lawlor and other senior officers. The

raderle and the soothe any little trials or difficulties that beset our paths in the manœuvres.

We took a fond and admittedly a sad farewell of the boys we had met, and the mountainy streams, the hills and the haws, the blackberries and the briars, carrying away with us fond recollections of the friendship which had existed between our colleagues in the Curragh Medical Services, the sportsmen of the No. 3 Band, and of the other lads we had the good fortune to meet.

And having inscribed the battle honours of Punchestown, Rathmore, Rathkeel, and umpteen other Raths on our tattooed forearm (most of us having had the honour of being vaccinated with the Curragh serum) we set our face homewards to Records, Portobello, and memories.

rest of the week-end was employed in completing the final preparations, and on Monday morning we were ready to move off, confident in ourselves and in our capability of doing our best for the Blue Army.

On reaching the Camp limit, however, we were disappointed to find that the three-platoon company divided, two platoons (Capt. Fulham's and Lt. Doyle's) heading for the left flank and the third (Lt. Kennelly's) for the right, followed in rear by the Company Commander, Capt. Hoey, and his little Headquarters group of specialists. I was with the third platoon, so let us follow their activities.

Cycling to Blessington we pushed on to assist the platoon of infantry which was at that time holding the whole right flank. Scouting along with it, supported by two armoured cars, we drove in the Reds' advance post until we had arrived at Hempstown, three miles north of Blessington, where strong opposition was encountered, in spite of which, however, we advanced another 400 yards, beyond which our weak force could push no further.

Here the Reds had a little surprise for us—a brilliant little coup indeed. Just as we were gaining ground again to our front our motor cyclist, Sergt. Partridge, sped up with the news that our Coy. O/C., two miles in rear, had been captured. Following that came word that the party which had effected this capture was only a Red Squad which was flying about in rear. But there was more serious news. The Reds having discovered our weakness were pushing in on our right flank against a small patrol we had left there. Leaving enough to support the determined infantry platoon (and having safeguarded it from hostile cars by mining the road in front) we scouted back. One Squad was detached in pursuit of the Red Flying Squad and the remainder sent off to the right to strengthen the weak patrol there. It was well this was done, for a Blue plane dropped us a warning of Reds advancing in that direction. Soon contact was gained with Reds at Liffey Cottage, and we had succeeded in pushing these back as far as Ballyward Cross Roads when the "Cease fire" sounded.

The day was not over however. Having re-assembled we waited patiently for the first meal since leaving the Curragh. None came, the fog descended, and the chilly pall of night closed around us as we paced up and down the road hungry, cold, and fatigued.

The Assistant Director, Colonel J. J. O'Connell, arrived and waited with us in the chilly fog. About ten o'clock a cheer was heard from our scouts down the road and instantaneously around the corner steaming and emitting red sparks trotted a ^{gold kitchen} ^{The}

"ME LARKIE."



Óglaigh
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

rations at last. It was surrounded immediately, but imagine our consternation when the driver told us sleepily that he had nothing but hot water! It was a fact indeed, a cruel, bitter fact. Nothing daunted our officers put their money together and receiving a contribution from the Assistant Director a foraging party headed by the Company captain set out for Blessington, returning within an hour with the last scraps of bread, cheese and tea that Blessington could provide.

You can bet your stars that the water had been kept hot and in no time tea was ready. As each man received his little quota he was bundled off to his bivouac and told to eat and sleep. There was no favouritism and the Assistant Director, who had decided to stay with us, cheerfully ate his small ration and retired with the other two officers to their bivouac.

In the morning we were up at six, washed and ready for our second day, when our breakfast arrived, for which the Coy. O/C. had been travelling most of the night. But it had travelled over eight miles on a Crossley and was cold. The rashers were frozen together, but were the nicest I have ever tasted. Not a crumb was left. No, nor even a tea-leaf.

At nine o'clock we were off again, this time pushing towards Ballyward, with the promise of reinforcements being sent to hold any ground we gained. Back over the ford and from the Castle we pushed the Reds' advance posts and thence back to Ballyward Cross Roads, where a Red Peerless prevented further progress. On our left was Golden Hill, where a Red battalion was in position, to our front was the formidable Peerless, and on our right was the Liffey, and all we had was one platoon of cyclists. Had we pushed on further we would have left the enemy in our rear and so have allowed him to turn the right flank of the Blues. But we held on, too weak to attack—even too weak to hold—endeavouring to deceive the enemy. Of the promised reinforcements only a Lancia turned up, and the Reds seeing our weakness attacked us from this flank and from that all day. Yet we held that mile and a half of a front until three in the afternoon, when at last an infantry platoon turned up to relieve us, with orders for us to retire and on having a meal to cycle to another place.

We waited for our dinner for nearly an hour and before it arrived disconcerting news came from the infantry platoon. It had been compelled to give ground and abandon most of the positions we had gained in the morning. Back to assist them we went, regaining the Castle and ford, and with the promise of every assistance from Lt. Aherne in the Lancia, up the hill to counter-attack the Reds. Slowly the Lancia progressed through the fields backed up by us. Along three-quarters of mile of the left of the Reds on Golden Hill we attacked, advancing from hedge to hedge, our Lancia with us. Half-way we halted for a fresh supply of ammunition. Then at it again, this

time with reinforcements in view until we arrived 150 yards from the enemy's main position, which with fresh infantry companies on our left we were preparing to assault when the "Cease fire" sounded.

This time as we reassembled we found that the Assistant Director had ensured no repetition of the previous day's lack of meals, and sitting down to our plates of Irish Stew we felt satisfied with our day's work.

The third day was our busiest. We were to cover the retirement of all the forces which had arrived in position on our flank towards the evening of the second day. Parties were detailed off to prepare the roads in our vicinity

and the remainder reoccupied the position of the previous day, so that it was not long before we were ready for the retirement. But there was no sign of the infantry retiring. Hours passed and yet the infantry held on. During all this time we could see the Reds advancing by Oldcourt to cut us off in rear at Blessington. Time after time was this news sent on, but still the infantry did not abandon their positions. One N.C.O. and six men—all that could be spared—were despatched to assist the Lancia in holding up this outflanking movement and through field glasses this meagre force could be seen being pushed rapidly back over Woodend Bridge and through Butterhill.

SNAPSHOTS AT THE MANŒUVRES.



TOP—Machine Gun Outpost at Larch Hill. CENTRE—A well-known N.C.O. from the A.S.I., and some comrades enjoy a respite. BOTTOM—"A" Coy., 20th Batt., feel kindly disposed towards the cook.

(An t-Oglach Photos.)

The remainder of our spare men, another five, were despatched to assist them and then the infantry commenced their withdrawal. As they passed through Liffey Cottage we blew up our mines and felled the last trees. Then, leaving the infantry to look after themselves, we cycled into Blessington at breakneck speed just in time. Our small party with the Lancia were being chased hurriedly across the river, having done their work well, for they had gained time for us. Then the air resounded the rattle of musketry and the Reds were brought to a halt. With the bridge barricaded and our Thompsons commanding the river stretch, we held the key to the rear until ordered to withdraw and destroy Burgage and Baltyboy Bridges.

Obtaining fictitious explosives from the supply wagons we proceeded to these bridges and destroyed them. One squad was then detached to work backwards with the Lancia and the remainder stayed in position near these bridges. As the squad arrived a mile from Blessington they discovered two Blue and two Red armoured cars engaged outside the town and scouting around further discovered a Red company in position. Reporting this information we kept the Reds under observation and our Lancia went to the help of its threatened comrades. Such was the position with us when the "Cease fire" marked the close of the third day's operations.

On the fourth day, the manœuvres over, we re-assembled at Beggar's End and the cyclist company marched back to the Curragh at the head of the Brigade.

Back to routine work again. Back to the monotonous humdrum of camp life. We were sorry the manœuvres were over, for in spite of the hardships of insufficiency of food on the first day those four days will remain as pleasant memories.

"Q.M., CURRAGH."

All men are worth knowing—some that we may emulate the good in them, and others that we may avoid the mistakes they make.

Drive and your friends ride with you; walk and they run over you. This is a one-way street anyway.

Don't look for flaws
As you go through life,
And even when you find them,
It's wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.

Let us be kind;
The way is long and lonely.
And human hearts are asking for this blessing only—
That we be kind!
We cannot know the grief that folk may borrow,
We cannot see the souls storm-swept by sorrow.
But love may shine along the way to-morrow.
Let us be kind!

ARMY SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION. Junior Officers' Course—October to December, 1926.

The undermentioned Officers are appointed to attend the forthcoming General Course for Junior Officers to be held at the Army School of Instruction, Curragh Training Camp, October to December, 1926:—

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

Capt. David McGuinness, No. 2 Bureau.
Capt. James Johnston, Personal Staff, Adjutant-General.
Captain Joseph Cullen, Supplies and Ordnance Sub-Department.

WESTERN COMMAND.

Lieut. James Mulcahy, Asst. Q.M., No. 1 Battalion.
Lieut. James Timoney, "A" Coy., do.
Capt. James McCole, "D" Coy., do.
Lieut. Anthony Swan, Asst. Q.M., No. 2 Battalion.
Lieut. James O'Neill, "A" Coy., do.
Lieut. Owen O'Donnell, "C" Coy., do.
Capt. John Smart, "D" Coy., do.
Lieut. Michael Higgins, "D" Coy., do.
Capt. Thomas Feeley, Adjutant, No. 3 Battalion.
Capt. Daniel Gallagher, "B" Coy., do.
Capt. Charles O'Doherty, "D" Coy., do.
Capt. Arthur Fitzpatrick, Q.M., No. 4 Battalion.
Lieut. Michael Quinn, Asst. Adjut., do.
Lieut. Henry Grier, "A" Coy., do.
Capt. John Joseph Flynn, "B" Coy., do.
Capt. Richd. O'Doherty, "C" Coy., do.
Lieut. Joseph Galvin, "C" Coy., do.
Capt. James Brennan, "D" Coy., do.
Capt. Michael Ballesty, late Adjut., No. 9 Battalion.
Capt. Liam Collins, Q.M., No. 25 Battalion.
Lieut. David Richards, "A" Coy., do.
Lieut. Patrick J. Hayes, "B" Coy., do.
Capt. Hugh Gribbon, "C" Coy., do.
Lieut. G. N. Coughlan, "C" Coy., do.
Capt. Cathal O'Shannon, "D" Coy., do.
Lieut. Michael Doyle, "D" Coy., do.

SOUTHERN COMMAND.

Lieut. Patrick Joseph Hession, "A" Coy., No. 10 Battalion.
Lieut. P. Fitzpatrick, "B" Coy., do.
Capt. Patrick Butler, Q.M., No. 12 Battn.
Capt. Sean O'Halloran, "C" Coy., do.
Lieut. William J. Spain, "C" Coy., do.
Capt. Sean Hynes, "D" Coy., do.
Lieut. Morgan Portley, Q.M., No. 14 Batt.
Lieut. Thomas Young, "A" Coy., do.
Lieut. Thomas Harpur, "B" Coy., do.
Lieut. Patrick Kearney, "C" Coy., do.
Capt. Neil O'Duffy, "D" Coy., do.
Lieut. P. J. Murphy, Asst. Q.M., No. 16 Battalion.
Lieut. William Fennessy, "C" Coy., do.
Capt. Sean Purcell, "D" Coy., do.
Lieut. J. J. Maloney, Asst. Adjut., No. 18 Battalion.
Lieut. John Lewis, Asst. Q.M., do.
Lieut. Sean Brett, "C" Coy., do.
Capt. John James Tynan, "D" Coy., do.

EASTERN COMMAND.

Capt. Michael O'Carroll, Adjutant, No. 7 Battalion.
Lieut. Daniel O'Grady, Asst. Q.M., do.

Lieut. C. E. McGoochan, "A" Coy., do.
Capt. Brendan Barry, "C" Coy., do.
Capt. Joseph Connolly, "D" Coy., do.
Lieut. Fredk. A. Aherne, "D" Coy., do.
Capt. Joseph Farrell, "A" Coy., No. 19 Battalion.
Lieut. Michael Gough, "B" Coy., do.
Lieut. Henry Kennedy, "D" Coy., do.
Lieut. Sean O'Sullivan, Asst. Q.M., No. 20 Battalion.
Lieut. Michael Connolly, "B" Coy., do.
Lieut. Joseph McPeake, "C" Coy., do.
Lieut. Thomas Quinn, "D" Coy., do.
Lieut. Michl. O'Brien, Asst. Q.M., No. 21 Battalion.
Lieut. Matthew Ledwith, "A" Coy., do.
Lieut. William Murray, "B" Coy., do.
Capt. Thomas H. Finn, "C" Coy., do.
Lieut. Bernard McCaul, "C" Coy., do.
Capt. Matthew Barry, "D" Coy., do.
Lieut. Daniel Lenihan, "D" Coy., do.
Capt. Joseph Brannigan, Adjutant, No. 22 Battalion.
Capt. David Smith, Q.M., do.
Capt. Patrick McCarron, "A" Coy., do.
Lieut. George Malone, "A" Coy., do.
Lieut. Peter Larkin, "B" Coy., do.
Lieut. P. L. Kenny, Att. "B" Coy., do.
Capt. Nicholas Corrigan, "C" Coy., do.
Lieut. Joseph McNally, "C" Coy., do.
Lieut. James Keenan, "D" Coy., do.
Capt. Michael Flynn, "A" Coy., No. 23 Battalion.
Lieut. Joseph McCarville, "A" Coy., do.
Capt. Terence Magee, "D" Coy., do.
Lieut. Francis Tummon, "D" Coy., do.
Lieut. Thomas Coffey, "B" Coy., No. 24 Battalion.
Lieut. John Donnellan, "D" Coy., do.
2/Lieut. D. Phelan, Asst. Adjut., No. 27 Battalion.
Lieut. Michael Brophy, Asst. Q.M., do.
Lieut. Vincent Staines, "A" Coy., do.
Lieut. Henry Moore, "B" Coy., do.
Lieut. John Duane, "C" Coy., do.
Lieut. Michael J. Gray, "D" Coy., do.

CURRAGH TRAINING CAMP.

Lieut. James A. Duffy, Asst. Adjut., No. 5 Battalion.
Capt. Patrick Sheehan, "A" Coy., No. 8 Battalion.
Lieut. Kevin Lord, Asst. Q.M., do.
Lieut. Michl. O'Connell, "D" Coy., No. 15 Battalion.
Capt. James J. Harpur, General List.

ARMOURED CAR CORPS.

Lieut. Thomas Joseph O'Hanlon, Western Command Company.
Lieut. John Griffin, Southern Command Company.
Lieut. Matthew Breslin, Curragh Training Camp Company.
Lieut. Michael Tierney, Curragh Training Camp Company.

ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS.

Lieut. Dermot Hampton, Corps Headquarters.
Capt. John McGurrell, Curragh Training Camp Company.

(Continued on page 12).



MORE ARTISTIC IMPRESSIONS OF THE MANŒUVRES.



ARMY SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION

(Continued from page 10).

MILITARY POLICE CORPS.

Lieut. Isaac Foley, Headquarters Company.

ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

Lieut. Matthew Quigley, Headquarters Company.

ARMY TRANSPORT CORPS.

Lieut. Michael Croasdell, Brigade Coy., No. 7, Southern Command.

Lieut. Murtagh Patrick Mullen, Brigade Coy., No. 2, Eastern Command.

Lieut. Patrick John Coughlan, Brigade Coy., No. 6, Western Command.

SPECIAL MUSKETRY COURSE, OCT. TO DEC., 1926.

The undermentioned Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers are appointed to attend the forthcoming Musketry Course to be held at the Army School of Instruction, Curragh Training Camp, October to December, 1926:—

WESTERN COMMAND.

Commandant Thomas Fox, Command Training Officer; Captain Denis Houston, "A" Coy., No. 1 Battalion; Captain Michael Murphy, "A" Coy., No. 2 Battalion; Captain John Patrick McCann, 2nd i/c No. 3 Battalion; Captain Liam Gaffney, "A" Coy., No. 4 Battalion; Captain Daniel Kelly, 2nd i/c No. 25 Battalion. 6395, Sergt. Duffy, Owen, 1st Battalion; 32163, Sergt. Skillen, Henry, 2nd Battalion; 55597, Sergt. Hewitt, Thomas, 3rd Battalion; 54559, Sergt. Jennings, Michael, 4th Battalion; 24969, Sergt. Gimblette, Denis, No. 25 Battalion.

SOUTHERN COMMAND.

Commandant Patrick Joseph Paul, Command Training Officer; Captain Patrick McCormack, 2nd i/c No. 10 Battalion; Captain Michael Tuohy, 2nd i/c No. 12 Battalion; Captain James Mullane, "A" Coy., No. 14 Battalion; Captain Joseph P. Aherne, 2nd i/c No. 16 Battalion; Captain Thomas Halpin, 2nd i/c No. 18 Battalion. 28346, Sergt. Ryan, Patrick, No. 10 Battalion; 5263, Sergt. O'Brien, Patrick, No. 12 Battalion; 45854, Sergt. Hogarty, Patrick, No. 14 Battalion; 37864, Sergt. Collins, Patrick, No. 16 Battalion; 53199, Sergt. Hayes, Michael, No. 18 Battalion.

EASTERN COMMAND.

Commandant Robert Daly, Command Training Officer; Captain Peadar O'Mara, "A" Coy., No. 7 Battalion; Captain James McNulty, 2nd i/c No. 17 Battalion; Captain Joseph Fitzpatrick, "B" Coy., No. 19 Battalion; Captain Martin Cassidy, "A" Coy., No. 20 Battalion; Captain Peter Duffy, 2nd i/c No. 21 Battalion; Captain Patrick Tuite, 2nd i/c No. 22 Battalion; Captain Thomas Cullen, "B" Coy., No. 23 Battalion; Captain Michael Thomas Lyons, "A" Coy., No. 24 Battalion; Captain Thomas Bernard Gunn, "A" Coy., No. 27 Battalion.

16961, Sergt. Johnston, Frank, No. 7 Battalion; 24139, Sergt. O'Higgins, James, No. 17 Battalion; 43883, Sergt. Floyd, Edward, No. 19 Battalion; 18631, Sergt., Duff, John, No. 20 Battalion; 40061, Sergt. Dunne, Michael, No. 21 Battalion; 47644, Sergt. Mills, Joseph, No. 22 Battalion;

13229, Sergt. Devine, William, No. 23 Battalion; 55272, Sergt. McKeown, Patrick, No. 24 Battalion; 15478, Sergt. Flynn, James, No. 27 Battalion.

CURRAGH TRAINING CAMP.

Captain Sean Robinson, "B" Coy., No. 5 Battalion; Captain Sean Sexton, "B" Coy., No. 8 Battalion; Captain John O'Meara, "A" Coy., No. 15 Battalion.

32281, Sergt. Warne, Percy, No. 5 Battalion; R.679, Sergt. Curran, James, No. 8 Battalion; 42548, Sergt. Canavan, Cors., No. 15 Battalion.

ARMoured CAR CORPS.

Captain Daniel Corry, Corps Quartermaster.

14825, C/Sergt. Hargrove, W.

ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS.

Captain Patrick J. O'Brien-Malone, Headquarters Maintenance Coy.

49432, Sergt. Higgins, Michael.

ARTILLERY CORPS.

2/Lieut. Peter P. O'Farrell, Left Section Commander, Battery Staff No. 1;

2/Lieut. Eugene Kilkenny, Left Section Commander, Battery Staff No. 2.

54038, Sergt. Boles, J.

ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

Captain Sean Neligan, Chief Inspector.

57630, A/Sergt. Hensey, M.

ARMY AIR CORPS.

16110, Sergt. Cummins, V.

MILITARY POLICE CORPS.

Captain Michael Lennon, Officer Commanding, Depot Coy.

32731, Sergt. Steadman, John T.

ARMY TRANSPORT CORPS.

Captain John Hayes, Adjutant, Mechanical Transport Depot.

R.463, Sergt. Keegan, John.

SUCCESSFUL SMOKER AT McKEE BARRACKS.

On Saturday night, 2nd inst., the Annual Smoker was held at the Sergeants' Mess, McKee Barracks, Dublin, when a thoroughly enjoyable night was spent. Over 80 guests were present and the function may be put down as the most successful of its kind yet held. To an energetic Committee is due the thanks of those present. Sergt.-Major Reaper and Coy.-Sergt. Keane proved very efficient M.C.'s, and the proceedings were carried through without a dull moment. The musical end of the programme is specially deserving of mention. The Committee were fortunate in securing the services of a splendid trio in Messrs. Norman O'Neill (piano), Billy Tighe (effects), and Mr. Cullen (violinist). Others who contributed to the night's programme were Mr. O'Shea, Mr. Hanley, Mr. Willie Byrne, and the inimitable Johnny Wilson, better known as "Scawler," who proved a host in himself. The military end was well in the limelight, and in Company-Sergeant Browne and Company-Sergeant Keane two very capable artists were repeatedly encored. Others who contributed were Sergt. J. Harten, Sergt. Steadman, C.Q.M.S. O'Donohoe, Sergt. Jimmy Keyes, and Sergt. M. A. O'Farrell.

Capt. J. McMonagle, Camp Adjutant, who paid a visit at the close of the proceedings, in a neat little speech said that it was indeed very creditable to those concerned that such a fine night's enjoyment was gone through in a creditable manner. He was glad to know that their civilian friends as well as the sergeants themselves were pleased with the satisfactory manner in which every portion of the night's programme had been carried out. There was no doubt that the Annual Smoker at McKee was a thing to be looked forward to.

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things but above all, the power of going out of one's self and seeing and appreciating what is noble and loving in another.—Thomas Hughes.

If you are contented, go upstairs and wake up your ambition.

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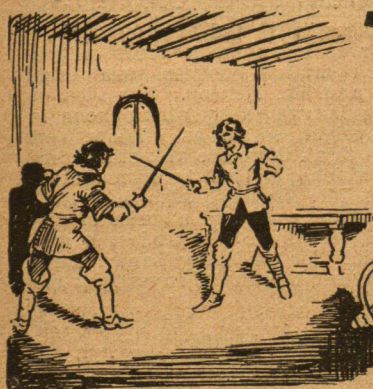
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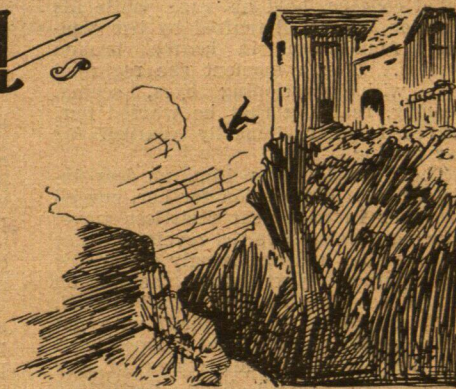
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The Sword of O'Malley

By
Justin Mitchell



CHAPTER XXIII.—continued.

"And now, assist me to reach the chair by the window," O'Malley said in a gentler tone. Very carefully the journey was made. Edmund astonished both himself and his nurse by the ease with which he moved. Except for his injured arm, which was tightly bound and swathed, he appeared to have almost complete control of his limbs. With quickening pulses the Irishman feasted his eyes on the bustling animation of the scene below. "They appear to be very busy down there," he remarked.

Karpal craned his neck over Edmund's shoulder to survey the scene. "Yes," he said, "since the King discovered himself as a great military organizer, the Royal Guard has had few restful days."

"The King?" Edmund murmured in puzzled tone.

"Of course, you have been lying ill and haven't heard," Karpal explained. "Since the coming of the Princess of Caronia his Majesty is a new man. The old-time dawdling, book-grubbing dreamer has been transformed into an alert, chivalrous, inspiring leader of men, a captain of true kingly quality. Rhonstadt has a ruler at last."

Edmund's incredulity increased. "The King!" he repeated, with creased brow.

"Of course everybody sees the cause of his Majesty's awakening from ignoble lethargy," said Karpal. "The Princess did it. And the gossips now will have nothing else than that the Princess shall marry the King."

As one dazed, O'Malley passed his hand across his forehead. Then he raised questioning eyes to Karpal's face. "Do you speak of King Sebastian?" he queried.

"Of King Rudolf," Karpal corrected gently.

"Which of us is mad—you or I?" the Irishman asked.

Karpal, in deep concern, reached for the green phial. His patient was drifting back into delirium. Suddenly the veteran took thought and laughed quietly. "Of course, I should have remembered," he said. "Since you took to your bed, Captain, there has been a famous making of history in Rhonstadt."

"What mean you?" Edmund demanded.

"On the night of the storm," Karpal explained, "when you came by your grievous mishap, a wandering lightning-shaft took the life of the old King. Sebastian is dead. King Rudolf reigns."

Long and intently Edmund pondered the amazing news, surveying it from every point of view; gauging its influences and effect upon the enterprise in which, above all else, he was interested. She was farther from him than ever now. She would marry the King. To this end had the Vow of Five been made; and the scheme, then outlined by himself, had astonishingly grown to fulfilment.

Certainly she would marry the King. Every gossiping tongue in Rhonberg had it so. O'Malley saw his plan on the verge of fruition, and, resting his throbbing forehead on his hand, he groaned in agony.

Karpal hastily poured the contents of the phial into a small drinking-glass and gave his patient to drink. It was a soothing opiate. Obediently Edmund drained the measure.

"Better lie down again," Karpal suggested gently. He thought his patient had a reflux of physical pain. O'Malley made a gesture of utter weariness.

"I pray you, leave me for a while. I wish to be alone," he said listlessly.

From the bed, Karpal brought pillows and a rug, and bestowed his patient comfortably in the great chair. Then with many a backward, anxious glance and murmur of misgiving, he quitted the room.

With bowed head and closed eyes Edmund sat in the silent chamber and surveyed the wreck of his life. Long and long ago he brooded on the cruel mischance, the monstrous injustice, which decreed that his Rose-Maiden, his Dream-Lady, should, through his instrumentality, be made the bride of another, and that other a King. Why had he ever lent himself to such colossal wrong-doing? Why had he not boldly asserted his claim—the highest and noblest claim, the claim of Love—and broken the infamous compact which, in blindness and error, he had entered into?

As Karpal's opiate slowly numbed his

senses, Edmund's logic became grotesquely disjointed and his perspective all awry. Presently he found himself marvelling why he had ever accepted the impossible situation. And why had the Princess accepted it? Why had she so readily surrendered to his arguments, and so gaily embarked upon the wooing of a Prince to whom her heart was utterly indifferent? With a jolt, O'Malley came back to realities as the answer to his own questions flashed upon his brain. Because she loved him! Therefore had she bent to his purpose and given herself to Rudolf.

A thousand little incidents crowded to his mind in proof of his thesis. On the journey from Zurst, in the Lane of the Lilacs, on their midnight adventure in the Gorge of Ulmo, Irene had again and again betrayed the fact that she loved her Irish cavalier. Her eyes had told him so.

Then, as in a vision, he saw her as old Karpal had seen her—full of womanly sympathy and sweet tenderness, bending over the sleeping form of the poor sufferer who had saved her life, and lovingly touching his cheek with her rose-bud lips. The thought of her kisses drove him wild; it lashed his frenzied mind to an impassioned clamour for the possession of her. She was his beyond all cavil or doubt; his, despite the cold cunning of Dukes and diplomats; his, although a King's arms already were stretched to embrace her, and a queenly diadem glittered above her dusky curls. Hungrily he craved for the honeyed balm of her kisses. Greedily his soul thirsted for the beauty of her, and his poor, wounded body was filled and thrilled with Love's tameless, overmastering desire.

As one blind, he groped piteously around him with quivering, outflung hand, and his heart's load of misery surged to his lips and found utterance in one wild, wailing cry—"Irene! Beloved! Come! Oh—come!"

Great Heaven! could he believe, his eyes? or was this a vision, a mirage, a mere figment of his agonized brain?

She stood before him.

There, in the doorway, her lissom figure gownned in myrtle green with touches of dusky gold, she appeared as if in answer to his call. Clearly outlined against the amber draperies, her

familiar form, swaying slightly in agitated concern, held his gaze, while his emotion, increased tenfold by her coming, found vent in hoarse, broken plaints. For a moment she regarded him with questioning eyes, seeing, hearing, realizing that he wanted her, craved for her, hungrily yearned for her coming.

Then her love for him, no less insistent than his passion for her, surged over her in one great resistless wave, effacing all else save the revelation that he loved her and agonizingly craved for her embrace. Next instant she was on her knees at his feet. His hand, clasped in hers, was covered with impassioned kisses; his head drooped until his lips touched the tresses of her dusky hair. With little, incoherent cries and phrases of endearment, she lovingly caressed his hand and his cheek, and tenderly touched his hair, and the bandages which swathed his injured arm and shoulder. Piteously she wept over him, reproaching her own petulance and wayward folly which had exposed a brave man to death in its most dreadful form.

Edmund smiled down at the dainty, curl-wreathed head, and his eager eyes feasted to the full on her wonderful gipsy beauty. Then he disengaged his hand, and raised her face to his. She met his impassioned regard with a glance of utter tenderness, and perfect, trustful contentment. In the other's eyes, each saw a wealth of love, limitless, undying.

Her arms were around his neck; her lips were very close to his.

"Lady," he said, and his eyes burned into her soul, "I love you. Now and for ever—I love you. All ties are dissolved; all barriers swept away. By right of Love, supreme and divine, I claim you for mine own. Nothing shall come between us now. I love you."

He bent his head and kissed her lips.

A sound, as of a startled exclamation, came from near the curtained doorway. Edmund raised his eyes to meet the piercing glance of Marshal Grupp, and the cold, accusing regard of the Duke of Doorn.

(To be continued).

"FOAM" FEATURES IN NEXT ISSUE.

In view of the great interest which is being taken this year in the Chaplains' Cup (Hurling) and the Medical Services Cup (Football) the First Round of which takes place at Croke Park as we go to press, we have arranged with our contributor, "Foam," to supply special and exclusive reports of the matches to our next issue.

"Foam" will also contribute to the same issue special detailed reports of the All-Army Boxing Championships.

Where extra supplies are required they should be ordered well in advance.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

Discs to Aid Study of Irish Language.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie, I see, has replied to my letter in the "Irish Independent," in which (*a propos* of a correspondent's suggestion that the Irish language should be taught through the medium of the gramophone), I expressed the hope that he might be able to use his influence with the Linguaphone Company. The well-known novelist, writing from his fortress on the Isle of Jethou, states that he has already approached the Linguaphone people and that they are perfectly prepared to undertake the issue of lessons in the Irish language if assured of the financial success of the venture.

The fact remains that when I put the matter before the Linguaphone Company about a year ago, giving them concrete arguments in favour of the idea, they had not the courtesy to acknowledge receipt of my letter. As I said in my letter to the daily Press, there should be at least as good financial support for the Irish lessons as for the lessons in Afrikaans which they issue.

But is it absolutely necessary that we should await the pleasure of this English firm? Months ago Mr. Henecy, of Dame Street, commenced investigations as to the possibility of making gramophone records in Ireland, and I have just secured the three first discs issued by him. The first thing that strikes me about them is the remarkably high quality of the recording. The voices are wonderfully clear and distinct without any of the "tunnel" effect noticeable in some of the best advertised English records, and it is this clearness

of utterance that prompts the query—Why should we not make our language discs in Ireland?

As far as I can see it needs only a little co-operation between some Irish teacher and Mr. Henecy. The idea of teaching languages by gramophone is not copyright, so far as I know, and I do not think there are any other difficulties which could not be surmounted. Perhaps Mr. Henecy, who has long cherished the notion of a series of distinctively Irish records (and who was responsible for the Army Band recording) may see his way to investigate the possibilities.

The three 10-inch half-crown records to which I referred point the way to better things. That inimitable portrayer of Dublin comedy types, Jimmy O'Dea, is responsible for five sides of the three discs, and I would urge all readers who possess a gramophone to possess themselves without delay of "The Medical Student," "A Bargee's Barcarolle," "Parody on Dublin Bay," and "Miss Maher's Little Shop." The first three are the best. A good duologue between Miss Fay Sargent and Jimmy O'Dea would make a first-class humorous record—and really humorous records are conspicuous by their absence from cross-Channel catalogues.

By the way, the piano recording is so good in these, that I hope Mr. Henecy will give us some purely instrumental records in the very near future. In the meantime I beg to congratulate him heartily upon the success which has attended his initial venture.

"TONE ARM."

Look in your mirror—there is your enemy.

Prosperity makes friends. Poverty tests them.

You don't need to be a blockhead to be square.

The great thing in life is to learn to learn and to keep on learning to learn.

"Harold, I told you not to fight."

"Yes, but you did not tell that kid across the street."

There were just as many careless drivers in the old days, but you see the horses had sense.

Take this home yourself: Haven't the best things and the worst things said about you been expressed by the same person?

If you don't want people to think you are a jackass stop kicking. Cheer up, there's lots of joy in life, and, boy, there's a lot for you.

What are you, soldier? A life preserver or a sinker? Be honest. Don't you think the man who invented work ought to have finished it?

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JIMMY O'DEA AND HENECEY

Messrs. HENECEY'S have had the well-known Irish Humorist JIMMY O'DEA and FAY SARGENT specially recorded.

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"THE MEDICAL STUDENT" (Jimmy O'Dea) and "A BARGE'S BARCAROLE" (Jimmy O'Dea).

"THE NINEPENNY FIDDLE" (Fay Sargent) and "LAD AND LASSIES" (Jimmy O'Dea).

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IRISH BOXERS IN DENMARK.

By a Representative of the A.A.A.

"Glorious time; most considerate, facilitating and genuine sportsmen!" Such are the sentiments of the representatives of the Irish Amateur Boxing Association on their return from their tour in Denmark as guests of the 1899 Club and the D.A.B.U.

The good impressions gathered from the sincerity and warmth of the reception extended on arrival at Copenhagen were magnified as acquaintance grew and developed into affection when farewells were exchanged prior to the departure for home.

The fact that we arrived at Copenhagen on August 30th and were not due to engage in contests until the following Wednesday night allowed ample time for rest and a spell of training at the splendidly appointed gymnasium attached to the Stadium of the Danish Federation of Amateur Sport, which was placed at our disposal. At suitable intervals very enjoyable recreation was provided.

The boxing arena attached to the Stadium was packed when the Irish contingent made their appearance. Perfect organisation was apparent. The arrangements worked with machine-like regularity, a fact that sheds great credit on the 1899 Club and their co-operatives, the D.A.B.U.

The appearance in the ring of the Irish team was the signal for a prolonged outburst of applause, punctuated only with brief pauses for the individual introduction of each of its members. O'Driscoll, in whom great interest centred, came in for a special ovation, his battle in London in May last with Thyge Petersen in the final of the A.B.A. Championships being remembered by all. It was a matter for general regret that Petersen was not present on this occasion to re-engage his former opponent, business appointments making it impossible. In response to clamorous calls, however, Petersen stepped into the ring and exchanged greetings with O'Driscoll amid scenes of great enthusiasm.

This was followed by the presentation of a large laurel wreath to the Irish representatives, who in turn presented their hosts with a silken Tricolour flag.

Additional interest was lent to the proceedings by the fact of some members from the crew of the "U.S.S. Memphis" took part in the contests.

The opening series saw all the visiting team victorious, with the exception of Cooper. The decision in the latter's case did not receive unanimous approval. The spirit in which the visitors' pronounced victory was received reflected the very essence of sportsmanship. The Irish team's splendid display endeared them to all, and the manner in which their opponents accepted defeat laid a solid foundation of mutual admiration.

The visitors' second appearance at

Copenhagen was largely a repetition of the first. McDonagh, Chase, Cooper and O'Driscoll continued the winning sequence, but Doyle and Wright were defeated, the latter sustaining injuries that prevented further boxing during the visit.

All boxing engagements in Copenhagen having been fulfilled a round of entertainments was provided, special features being cycling events on an outdoor track lighted by electricity, and the wonderful Tivoli. The departure for Horsens, Jutland, brought regrets. Of the reception committee at Copenhagen, Messrs. Albrechtsen, K. and A. Jensen and H. Petersen worked untiringly for the comfort of the team and earned the deep gratitude of the Irish contingent. The associations so created will long be remembered.

In view of the victories at Copenhagen great interest was aroused at

Horsens. Here again the reception was wonderful and further victories were registered, all with the exception of Cooper gaining a success. Doyle in deputising for Wright had the unique distinction of winning both of his contests, the final result being:—Ireland, 14; Denmark, 4.

Apart from the actual victory an amount of satisfaction is felt in the forging of such an important link in the chain of connection with other nations in this branch of sport. Ireland can review its international engagements with an element of pride when the Danish victory is coupled with the 9 to 7 victory over Germany.

The matter of home internationals with Germany and Denmark will be considered by the Irish Amateur Boxing Association when the opportune time arrives.

ARMY MANŒUVRES.



Why the Attack was Delayed.

NO PLACE TO HIDE.

Mrs. Snap.—"Do I look all right in my new dress, dear?"

Mr. Snap.—Better get in a little farther, if there's room."

LOGICAL.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the summary court officer.

"Sure," said the soldier, "what are you here for but to find out."

The place for the knocker is outside the door.

BAIT.

Small Boy.—"Dad, how do they catch lunatics?"

Father.—"With face powder, beautiful dresses, and pretty smiles, my son."

SIGHT AND SMELL.

"I say, who was here with you last night?"

"Only Myrtle, father."

"Well, tell Myrtle that she left her pipe on the piano."

Give a boaster a chance to make good and watch him fade out.



PORTOBELLO BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

Orders to read—Routine Orders.
Orders to heed—All orders.
Orders to dodge—Part 2 Orders.
Orders to lodge—Postal Orders.
Horses to watch—Transport Horses,
and
Horses to follow—Remounts.

A silent Sergt.-Major is well worth listening to!

To our colleagues in the Curragh Medical Corps and the boys in the No. 3 Band the Record Stretcher-bearers send fraternal greetings.

Congratulations to Mick Melia on his quick one at Reveille the other morning. It was what Joner would describe as "a dem guid yen."

Thanks to "Collar-Badge" of the 23rd for his well wishes. Yes, I think "Ned" meant "All Hall" all right, though "All Ale" would have been a trifle more appropriate.

We were all pleased to see Jack Munster of the 22nd up and well again. Jack is deservingly popular—both in the field and on the square.

"DOPEY."

He's a funny kind of fellow, with a funny kind of way,
Yet he isn't half a bad sport all the while.
He thinks life is a joke though he's nearly always broke,
And the Sergeants simply call him "The Spare File."
He somehow shovels through the job he's got to do,
And he never makes a murmur or a moan,
He's a smile for every one as though duty was but fun,
And his sorrows (and he's plenty) are his own,
Though he's never got "the Stick" and the "Digger" oft did click,
And his crime sheet, well, it isn't none too clean,
Yet in Billet or on Square his pals who soldiered there
Know and love the gink that never was found mean.

Soldiering's a queer thing, that we'll all admit,
The soldier boy is seldom plaster saint,
And though "Dopey" is a gink, yet if you pause and think,
It's "Dopey" leads forlorn hopes and proves "as right as paint."

Guilt edge security—The Digger!

A morning paper asks "Is there milk in milk chocolate?" But what our latest addition wants to know is "Bees there Bees in Beeswax."

We all wish Pte. Dan Jordan of the 27th, who is at present in hospital, a speedy recovery and an early return to activities.

Medical authorities state that the pulse beats over 92,000 beats in the day. But you should see the 22nd Pipers' Side Drummers in action.

Great preparations are being made in the 'Bello for the Children's Christmas Tree. The Institute Committee are going to give the youngsters Christmas Stocks, etc., and Father Casey is going to give the boys "Socks."

A propos of the Institute Committee a special word of appreciation is due to their zealous endeavours to make Barrack life in Portobello as pleasant as possible for the boys "living in." Father Casey and Colonel McGuinness have, with the assistance of a well-chosen committee of earnest workers, succeeded in doing wonders for the welfare of the 'Bello boys, who are to be envied for their reading rooms, writing rooms, billiards and recreational rooms, their spacious gym., open for all healthy indoor sport and dances, and their two well equipped recreational sports field and tennis courts. The 'Bello dwellers, to use a barrack aphorism, are "Dead Cush."

The Institute Committee are holding their first concert and entertainment on next Sunday, 10th October, at 7.30 p.m. The programme includes two sketches: "The Duplicity of David" and "On the Run." There will be a show for children on the previous evening. A first-class evening's amusement is being eagerly looked forward to.

Overheard at our Manœuvres.
Stretcher-bearer to "Casualty":
"Do you suffer from thirst?"
"Casualty" (hopefully): "Oh, yes. Thank you."
Stretcher-bearer (pathetically): "That makes two of us."

The early bird catches the worm. The Records N.C.O.'s evidently are preparing for the fishing season.

The Medical Corps Slogan: "All patients comfortable—and the Night Orderly slept well."

A Quarter-bloke worth doing is worth doing well.

A quid in your hand is worth three in your crime sheet.

The 'Bello is now rivalling the Lido in popularity as a winter resort. Amongst recent distinguished visitors arrived (and there were some) is the ever popular Jeff O'Donohoe, who accomplished a non-stop flight in record time.

Our old friend "Isaac" from the 27th is at present wintering at Island Bridge. Congratulations are due him on his meritorious win at the boxing contest last Saturday.

It might be opportune to comment on the fact that the Loud Speaker which is at present hibernating gracefully in the Cha and Wad shop would, I think, speak ever so much louder if it would be placed in either the tea room or in the reading room. At present its croak is scarcely discernible, being slightly mixed up with "Two-chas-and-a-florrie-cake and a-pair-of-laces-and-a-mash-and-sausage!"

The Portobello Dances, which were such a huge success last winter, will be resumed on Thursday, the 14th inst. The services of the famous Sonna Dance Band have been specially secured for the season, and devotees of the Terpsichorean art will be well catered for. There will be sport in the 'Bello. Tra la.

This week's Slogan:—"Better get up or you'll click for a trip to Headquarters."

"ME LARKIE."

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na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

23rd BATT., PORTOBELLO BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

By the time these notes appear numerous and quick changes will have taken place in the 'Bello. Foremost, comes the departure of our old friends, "A" Company, to Baldonnell, where they will keep watch and ward over the Air Force. It is rumoured that the change is looked on with disfavour by those who have a penchant for the society of the alleged fair sex. Boys, oh! boys, but it's a long step from Baldonnell to Rathmines.

The principal event of the week is, of course, the match with the "Gunners," but we must possess our souls in patience until next issue for a full account of the game, as these notes will have gone to press too early to include the result.

Our Sports Committee have again got busy and have decided to hold the Annual Sports on October 9th. A very practical programme is already drawn up, and as it will include a round of the Inter-Company Shield Competition keen competition is anticipated. The committee is to be congratulated on the encouragement given to novices to compete. A very capable body has been appointed to supervise the handicapping. Granted fine weather a most enjoyable afternoon should ensue.

We are witnessing a most unusual occurrence these days in fact, seeing old friends in new roles, to wit, our horse and mechanical transport in the full panoply of infantry men, busily preparing to fire their course. A goodly supply of patching paper has been requisitioned in anticipation of a furious onslaught on the targets. From horses to bulls is a far cry.

On 29th ult. "B" Company beat "D" Company in the League by 10 points to 4 points.

On 1st instant "D" Company again suffered defeat at the hands of "C" Company. It is to be deplored that the League leaders displayed decided apathy in recent matches. Their football is decidedly below their usual standard, and the fact of their having succumbed to both "B" and "C" proves this. "C" Company thoroughly deserved their win, the score reading "C" Company, 4 points; "D" Company, 3 points.

"COLLAR-BADGE."



8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

We have said au revoir to the 15th Battalion, who took their departure for Limerick on the morning of 28th September. They marched away to the strains of martial music rendered by No. 3 Army Band. In saying good-bye and good luck to this fine sporting unit we would like to place on record our great appreciation of all they did to foster the good name of sport during their term at the Curragh, and although we were very keen rivals in various forms of sport, we must say of them that they took victory and defeat in a true sporting spirit, and it was that

grand spirit which enabled them to become one of the best sporting units in the Army. As regards sporting events the Curragh Command will be the poorer by their departure. We wish them the very best of good luck, and hope they will enjoy the same distinction in "the City of the Violated Treaty" as they did at the Curragh.

We welcome into our fold the 14th Battalion, who arrived here from Limerick previous to the Army manoeuvres. We hope they will like their change of air. I am given to believe that they have a very good Hurling Team. When they get acclimatised we will try their mettle on the Sports field, and if they are as good as their predecessors a warm welcome awaits them.

The Garrison duties have fallen to our lot for this month. A detachment from "A" Coy. under Lieut. Cordial has gone to Kildare, and the "Riffs" have occupied Newbridge.

We are all pleased to hear that our G.O.C., Maj.-Gen. Sean MacEoin, has practically recovered from his recent illness. We hope he soon will be fully restored to normal health again.

All ranks of the Battalion send heartiest congratulations to Capt. J. M. MacCarthy, 14th Battalion, late Adjutant of our Battalion, on the occasion of his marriage.

The departure of Corporal Paddy Hannon, "C" Company, transferred to 15th Battalion, was deeply regretted by his colleagues in the Corporals' Mess and in fact by all those with whom he came in contact during his term with the Battalion. We all wish Paddy a very pleasant time with the 15th, and we know he will be happy in his native Limerick.

We are very glad to have the following officers united to our Battalion once more:—Capt. D. Hannon, Lieut. R. Collins, and Lieut. J. J. Hogan.

We are looking forward to the All-Army Boxing Tournament and I will be very much disappointed if some of the "laurels" do not come back to our Battalion.

We were very pleased to read in "An t-Oglach," dated 25th September, that at the meeting of the Executive Council of the A.A.A. a suggestion was brought up to arrange for a further Tournament if possible between the

British Army team and a selected side of civilians and Army boxers to take place at the Curragh on October 29th. We give this suggestion our full approval and we guarantee a bumper house for the occasion.

"GRAVEL-CRUSHER."



12th BATTALION, TEMPLE-MORE.

We are singularly favoured with beautiful weather just now. Those of us who are anxious for field games cannot complain of the weather at all events, and we regret that all the Battalion is not together to enable us to complete the League Ties for those much coveted medals.

We had a goodly number of entrants from the Battalion for the Southern Command Championships held in Limerick on 7th inst., but circumstances did not permit of the number being available that would normally represent the Battalion.

The platoon of "B" Coy. that was temporarily detached from this Headquarters, and doing duty at Collins Barracks, Cork, has again reported here. The sergeants of that platoon have asked me to return thanks through the medium of "An t-Oglach" to B.S.M. McGrath and the other senior N.C.O.'s of the 18th Battalion for the kindness which the latter extended to them in the Sergeants' Mess and elsewhere during their period of duty in Cork.

We welcome the 15th Battalion to No. 4 Brigade area. In the realms of sport and military efficiency this unit has already made a name for itself.

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Oglagh
na hEireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

22nd BATT., PORTOBELLO.

Back once more "under the slates." We only came in on Monday, the 27th ult., and after our many weeks under canvas we can regard with equanimity the increasing coldness in the evenings and the frosty tang in the morning air. As Karachi says, "You can't beat the old bed."

The boys are, of course, fighting the manoeuvres battles all over again. The third day's advance is the chief topic of conversation, as in that particular phase the old Battalion did extra well.

It was only on the first night of the manoeuvres that any deviation from usual "grub time" was evident. After that, thanks to the splendid organisation of the Q.M. Staff under Lieut. Lanigan, the old rations were "on deck" as regular as the clock and at usual times. Yes, sir, the men fared excellently well, and Jerry in charge of the cooking department excelled himself.

Leave it to the redoubtable "Barney," who fixed up the Battalion lines in great style. His appropriation of the spring well was a veritable gift from the Gods for thirsty lads until we left it in the great advance on Wednesday.

After a few days' rest in barracks the Battalion Football Championship was started and the first match took place on Wednesday, 29th ult., between "A" and "C" Coys. After a hotly contested game the victory went to "A" Coy. by the narrow margin of 2 points.

The match between "B" and "D" Coys. was rather one-sided, and consequently before half-time much of the interest was lost, as it was apparent that "B" Coy. would easily win, which they did by 6 clear goals. The "H.Q." Coy. byed into the semi-final.

On Thursday evening, 30th ult., the semi-final was played between "H.Q." and "A" Coy. When the draw was announced the football "fans" knew a great match was in store and exceptionally keen interest was manifested owing to the fact that "A" Coy. had, as shown above, emerged victors over "C" Coy. by 2 points, and the latter were the very much fancied favourites. Accordingly everyone turned out to witness the match.

The game opened in brisk fashion, "C" forcing matters during the first few minutes. Capt. Brannigan saved the situation by punting the ball to mid-field. Then "H.Q." Coy. pressed and Furlong opened their account with a point, and within the next five minutes the same player added two more minors. "A" then got extra busy and sweeping along in fine combination a cross shot from Maginnis was fisted into goal by Dowling. Scores now being even each side strove hard to obtain the lead, and eventually Furlong again came to "H.Q." assistance by kicking a point. From the kick-off the duty men forced the play, and from a melee in front of H.Q. goal Sergt. Morrissey fisted a goal. Just before half-time Holmes of "H.Q." scored a goal. Half-time Scores:—

"H.Q." Coy. 1 goal 4 points
"A" Coy. 2 goals.

On resuming both teams got a great ovation for their strenuous and clean display so far. Excitement was intense and speculation was rife as to which team would eventually emerge victors. From the throw-in "A" started strongly organised rushing tactics and after a great tussle succeeded in scoring a point. Then cries and counter-cries rent the air. Nothing daunted, however, "H.Q." took up the running and their excellent combination led to their assuming virtual command of the game, and Holmes, Furlong and Lieut. Condon scored a goal each in quick succession. This series of reverses seemed to take the wind out of the sails of "A" Coy., as instead of their usual rushing tactics being adhered to wild kicks were indulged in, which resulted in "H.Q." team obtaining several more minors. At five minutes to time the leeway was apparently too much to make up, but "A" managed to notch another minor. Final scores:—

"H.Q." Coy. 4 goals 7 points
"A" Coy. 2 goals 2 points

Captain Brannigan, Furlong, and Holmes were the outstanding players for "H.Q." Coy., and C.Q.M.S. Lynch, Maginnis and Dowling played a great game for "A." Lieut. Kenny, "B" Coy., handled the game very capably.

We regret we have no boxers who are likely to make a stir in the All-Army Championships, but we are given to understand that the Middle and Welter Weights Championships are more than likely to be won by Morgan of the 23rd and Duignan of the 27th, respectively, and as they are both "Bello-ites" we shall all be bellowing for them in rare old style.

The Minstrel Troupe are going strong and their shows on Sunday and Monday (10th and 11th inst.) are being looked forward to with the keenest anticipation. Several members of this Battalion are in the troupe, notably De Butte and others of the Pipers' Band. It has been definitely decided that the show for the "kiddies" mentioned by "Collar-Badge" of the 23rd Battalion will take place on Saturday evening, 9th inst., owing to the impracticability of getting the whole troupe together on the Sunday afternoon mentioned.

We are all looking forward to reading "Me Larkie's" manoeuvres experiences. Let us hope that it was not his squad of stretcher-bearers that inspired your artist in this week's cartoons.

"Kay."

TRIBUTE TO THE ARMY.

The "Irish Statesman" says:—Nervous sleepers awakened last week by the rattle of machine-gun fire on the Dublin hills were relieved to learn from the papers next morning that nothing more desperate was afoot than Army manoeuvres. . . . Unlike other armies, our soldiers, generals and privates alike, began with the practice of war and are now picking up the theory. All the professionals agree that they are showing no little aptitude, and even to laymen it was obvious that the manoeuvres revealed a big advance inside the last twelve months. The troops, particularly the infantry, were trained to the last ounce, and gruelling marches, which were the rule during the operations, did not take the edge off their keenness. Co-operation between various arms was better than in the past, though it is not yet as good as it ought to be. Not a little of the general's art lies in ability to divine what is happening on the other side of the hill, and under modern fighting conditions the gift is even more of a necessity than it was in the past. Like other qualities it requires practice for its full development, and though lack of such practice excuses shortcomings good critics complain that on both sides in these manoeuvres the fog of war was thicker at times than it should have been. Possibly the operations will not placate the people who regard the army as an expensive luxury, but they show at least that if the taxpayer does not get value for his money it is not through slackness on the part of officers and men.

Another contributor to the "Irish Statesman" says:—It is of good omen that the first invention to the credit of the Free State Army is of a kind to rejoice the hearts of pacifists. Until Commandant Stapleton and Lieutenant Boyle, of Island Bridge Barracks, solved the problem and demonstrated their success at last week's manoeuvres the ingenuity of inventors had failed to find a satisfactory way of enabling a machine-gun to fire blank cartridges. . . . Hitherto the nearest approach to success was made by the Japanese, who used a kind of Morris-tube arrangement, but in practice the device was found to be too dangerous. . . . It is a feather in the cap of the Saorstát Army that it has done something that the armament experts have so far failed to do.

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**EXAMINATIONS FOR
DEFENCE FORCE CADETS.**

Arrangements have been made for the holding of examinations for the admission of Cadets to the Defence Forces, and it is believed that a certain number of vacancies will be allotted to N.C.O. personnel.

Irish will be an important factor in the examination.

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

1st Young Lady (proudly): "My young man is a second-class soldier in Portobello."

2nd Young Lady (whose "young man" isn't)—"Influence!"

Prize of Solingen razor awarded to Corporal Francis Kelly, Records Office, Portobello Barracks, Dublin.

* * *

They say that someone has discovered a winged insect that lives on tin. It is undoubtedly the evolution of the horsefly. (Try that on your Ford.)

* * *

"Some day the lion and the lamb will lie down together."

"Yes! and the lion will be the one to get up!"

* * *

Wedding rings seem to last longer when soaked in dishwater.

* * *

HELP!

"Are you hungry?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Then lemme Russia to the table and I'll Fiji."

"All right, Sweden my coffee and Denmark my bill."

"And if there's too much Greece on the Turkey tell the waiter to call the Bosphorous because we won't Rumania."

* * *

"Since I bought my car I don't walk to the Savings Bank to make deposits any more."

"Ah, you ride now."

"Wrong again. I don't go there any more. I go to the repair shop."

* * *

Some guys play cards for money. Others just play cards with money.

* * *

Man has some advantages, but he cannot slip fourteen ounces of cloth over his head and call himself dressed.

Boys will be boys, but the girls are giving them a hot contest for the privilege.

* * *

A highbrow girl at the N.C.O.'s dance was putting on airs for the benefit of a soldier.

"I clean all of my diamonds with Bordeaux wine, my emeralds with choice brandies, and my sapphires with champagne," said she.

"When my diamonds get dirty I throw 'em away and buy new ones," replied the soldier.

* * *

An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman ordered beers. They all found flies in their glass. The Englishman fished his fly out with his finger, the Irishman blew his out, and the Scotchman wrung his out.

* * *

Goofrey Saunders was taking advantage of the special grammar school course for those who had been to public school ten minutes or less.

The teacher was trying to explain how a question marked on the end of a sentence automatically calls for a rising inflection of the voice. To illustrate his point he wrote on the black board:—Where are you going.

"What does that read?" he asked the pupil.

Goofrey replied, "It reads 'Where are you going?'"

Then the teacher added the question mark, making the sentence read:—Where are you going?

"Now read the sentence," said the teacher.

And Goofrey read:—"Where are you going, little button hook."

* * *

Women are all right in public affairs if you do not mind the affairs being made public.

* * *

When a lawyer writes a "brief" he uses a sheet of paper two inches longer than a business man uses to write a letter.

Being an angel is something that everybody puts off as long as possible.

* * *

It takes twenty years for a mother to make a man out of her son, and twenty minutes for another woman to make a fool out of him.

* * *

"Don't you think she is older than she makes out?"

"Well, anyhow, she's not so young as she makes up."

* * *

Foreman—"Now, Murphy, what about carrying some more bricks?"

Murphy—"I ain't feeling well, gov'nor; I'm trembling all over."

"Well, then, get busy with the sieve."

* * *

Anderson, returning home from a journey, read his own obituary notice in the local paper. He telephoned at once to his friend Peters:—

"Have you seen the notice of my death in the paper?"

"Yes. Where are you speaking from now?"

* * *

They were off to the races and O'Grady was surprised to find his friend O'Reilly carrying a camera.

"What's that for?" he asked, "to photograph the horses?"

"No," said O'Reilly, "the bookie!"

* * *

Auntie: "Well, how did you like the ride on uncle's knee?"

Nephew: "Nice. But I had a ride on a real donkey yesterday."

* * *

"Do you remember the time your father drove a donkey cart?"

The candidate for election fixed his glasses and gazed thoughtfully at the interrupter. Then he replied—"As a matter of fact I had quite forgotten the cart. But I am thankful to see the donkey is still alive."

* * *

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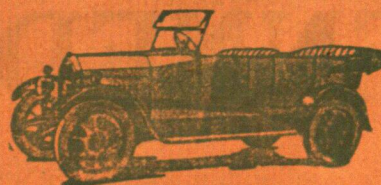
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