

Vol. V. No. 15

October 16th, 1926.

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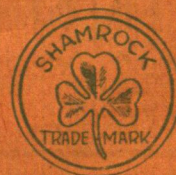
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# An t-Ógláic

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# An t-Ógláic

OCTOBER 16, 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 EAGARÉOIR.

### CHEMICAL WARFARE.

A FEW days ago a paragraph strayed into the Dublin daily press, per Reuter's Agency, announcing that the American Legion of ex-Servicemen was emphatically in favour of poison gas in warfare and opposed to the ratification of the Geneva protocol prohibiting its use. The Legion is convinced of "the humanitarianism of gas as compared with other weapons," and bases its conviction on the experiences of hundreds of thousands of its men in warfare. The lay press seems to be somewhat astounded at this declaration, but it should not have been if it had taken any interest in armies save to denounce them as an unnecessary expense when it suited the political book of a particular journal. But then the lay press is under the impression that chemical warfare is an entirely new idea which first came to light during the European War, whereas it was first thought of in 1812 and was again mooted during the Crimean War—by the British! The use of lethal gas as a weapon was forbidden by the Hague Tribunal in 1899 and this served to give Germany in 1915 a superior weapon to any wielded by her enemies. Taken unawares and possessing no protection against it the Allies suffered

accordingly and anathematized the new weapon, not only because it was new, as Colonel J. F. C. Fuller points out in his "Reformation of War," but because it was extremely powerful and because Germany held the whip hand as regards its production.

\* \* \*

The evil name then given to gas has clung to it since in the popular imagination, "for the people do not reason, because what their eyes have read their lips repeat," as the Colonel caustically puts it—a remark that has a particular significance in this country. Gas warfare even drew thunders of denunciation from the President of the great "British Association" in 1921. It also received a sweeping denunciation at the Washington Disarmament Conference in the same year. But year by year since then the opinion of the soldier has been making itself heard with growing distinctness, and this declaration of the American Legion is likely to force matters to an issue, compelling all responsible bodies to acquire a knowledge of what they are talking about before they proceed to pass resolutions denouncing the new weapon.

\* \* \*

We unconsciously anticipated the Legion's move by quoting in the

issue before last the considered opinion on the subject of Lieutenant-Colonel E. B. Vedder, of the United States Army Medical Corps. As he points out, the statistics proving the relative humanity of chemical warfare have been published several times and there is no reason to doubt their essential accuracy. "Chemical warfare is responsible for fewer deaths and fewer permanent disabilities than result from firearms, but produces a much greater number of temporary disabilities." It has also the merit of being vastly more economical than the older method of fighting. The Chief of the U.S.A. Chemical Warfare Service has stated:

"Chemical warfare cost the United States in the World War just about 150,000,000 dollars. The total cost of that war to the United States is estimated at 30,000,000,000 dollars, or two hundred times the cost of Chemical Warfare, and yet Chemical Warfare had a profound influence in causing the Germans to surrender. Briefly Chemical Warfare was as cheap as it was effective and humane. If the United States wants economy in peace while at the same time being prepared for any emergency, gas is the weapon above all others."

\* \* \*

The spokesman of the American Legion asserts—and all the evidence is on his side—that chemical warfare "makes for shorter war with far less loss of life and subsequent misery than where masses of men must be killed or permanently disabled." It seems, in fact, to be the ideal weapon for achieving what should be the true object of war—the protection of peaceful prosperity, not slaughter. The Malthusian doctrine seems to be the strongest, if not the only, argument against its universal adoption.

Fretting most of us call a minor fault and not a vice; but there is no vice except drunkenness which can so utterly destroy the happiness of a home.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Learn to know your betters. Don't try to outwit them. See what you can learn from them. Everyone is your better at something.

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# IN CAPTIVITY

From "WITH THE IRISH IN FRONGOCH."

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

*(Being the Thirty-Fifth 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 XXII.

AFTER the incident of the King brothers we were naturally very much on the alert for fresh attempts at conscription. The idea of using a clothing list for the purpose of picking out the prisoners required under the Military Service Act was a clever idea; but the great drawback to it was that it could only be played once successfully.

So on Thursday, 2nd November, another method was attempted. Sergeant Phillips came into our compound in the North Camp, and told the Leaders that Fintan and Michael Murphy were required by the Adjutant. He was asked what the Adjutant wanted them for; and replied that Fintan Murphy was to be released and that Michael Murphy's wife was dead and that he was granted seven days' parole. He was told straight out he was a liar, because whatever chance there might be of Fintan Murphy being released, by no possibility could Michael's wife be dead, for the very good reason that he had never been married. So Phillips at once returned to the Adjutant.

Now, it had been arranged that the Camp Leader would let the men know when they were to answer their names to a general roll-call and when they were not. He proceeded immediately to let the men know that the Military were again looking for two prisoners under the Military Service Act. But the North Camp is rather a scattered conglomeration of huts, and at this hour of the morning some of the prisoners were in the recreation field and others were scattered around on various fatigues, and warning them all would be a question of some time. The military, on the other hand, anticipating the difficulty before them, were ready beforehand; consequently before one-third of the men could be warned every available soldier was placed under arms and marched into our compound.

We were all ordered to form up in

Military formation on the open space at the bottom of the Camp. Fatigues had to cease and the prisoners in the recreation field were brought back. Before calling over the Camp Register the Adjutant called aloud for Fintan and Michael Murphy. There was no response. The ex-policeman soldier who examined the prisoners' parcels in the Censor's office was sent for and stationed beside the Adjutant. It was only then we realized the full significance of this individual's position. The Adjutant then issued the instruction that as each prisoner's number and name were called he was to answer "Here, sir," step out of the ranks, and, passing in review before the Adjutant and the ex-peeler, was to proceed to the field.

As a result of all the men not being warned in time as to what was about to take place, nearly one hundred of them answered their names in all innocence and proceeded to the field before the Adjutant reached the general run of those who had been warned and received no response.

At the first non-responses efforts were made to seek out the men and make them respond. "Jack-knives," "Jelly-belly" and Phillips passed through the ranks trying to spy out the men who refused to answer, but without any great success.

The morning was heavy and cloudy, and during the roll-call it threatened to rain. There was no single hutment in the North Camp big enough to hold all the prisoners together, so the Adjutant gave the order that both prisoners and escort were to proceed to the South Camp. The ex-peeler took up his post at the entrance gate, to pass through which the prisoners would have to re-form in file.

Now it so happened that Fintan Murphy's people, who resided in Brixton, I believe, were fairly well off, as a result of which Fintan had been receiving parcels very nearly every day in

the week. He was, as a result, well known to the ex-peeler. So, as he essayed to pass through the gate, he was spotted and arrested. That left only Michael Murphy to be secured. But the rub lay in the fact that there were several Michael Murphys in Camp and the individual in requisition was a fairly unknown personage, despite his membership of the well-known, practical joking "Black-hand Gang."

As the party swung through the gate they at once struck up the "Soldiers' Song." It was then that those in the field realized their mistake, and did their best instantly to retrieve it. Rushing to the bounds ditch they raised a cheer, and yelled to their passing comrades not to answer their names. A party of six visitors had arrived by train and reached the Guardroom about the same time as the prisoners. They looked completely bewildered and even dismayed as they gazed from the crowd in the field yelling out: "Don't answer your names" to the singing party being marched under heavy escort, with fixed bayonets, into the dismal distillery buildings.

Poor visitors! Some of them could ill afford the long, expensive journey they had come from Ireland to see their sons, and now they would have to return without seeing them, for their sons were in the midst of that singing army of heroes, and they had refused to help the conscription of their comrades by concealing their identity; and they would not reveal it even for the joy of being clasped again in the embrace of father or mother. Oh, Eire! Eire! Mother of Martyrs, what poignant sorrows have not been borne for your sweet sake!!! What must have been the minds of these poor people as they returned home from their fruitless mission of love, not knowing what horrors they were leaving behind them in that rain-sodden, wind-swept valley of the Welsh Hills!

The prisoners, still singing, were



placed in the dining-hall and the guard ranged around them. When the song was finished and a little silence ensued, a strident voice rang out: "Are we afraid of 'Buckshot?'" and the reply rattled the windows—"No!" "Are we afraid of the Adjutant and his bayonets?" "No." "Will we fight for England?" "No." After a moment's pause the strident voice broke out in song again and "God Save Ireland," re-echoed all over the buildings.

"Who is this hero who is kicking up all the infernal row?" asked the Adjutant. After a little while he spotted him, and had him dragged out and placed, still singing, in cells. After this incident the singing and shouting became more boisterous, and every effort on the part of the authorities to restore order being unavailing the Adjutant at last pathetically appealed to Commandant Staines.

"Staines," he asked, "get them to keep quiet; they will obey you, but they won't heed me."

Our Commandant at once stepped up on a form and called for order, instantly there was absolute quiet. The Adjutant then delivered a little homily on the futility of their action. He admired their attitude, he said, and he regretted having to follow the line he was going on; but he was a soldier and had no option but to obey orders. He then began calling over the Register and kept at it until he was hoarse. Lieut. Bruity ("Rubber-neck") then took a turn at calling the names; but there was never a response. Then they adjourned for luncheon. For an Englishman can never forget his stomach in any situation.

After lunch an effort was made to pick out the required man with the aid of the Identification Forms, but without success. A really clever expedient was then resorted to. The Adjutant and his staff went through the ranks, and as they came to a prisoner whom they recognised they named and ordered him to step out and form up on the opposite side. When this was done they ordered all the men whom they had thus picked out to return to the North Camp. But there still remained 201 men in the South Camp for whose identity the authorities could not account!

At last, driven to desperation, Sergeant Philips went over and laid his hand on a prisoner's shoulder.

"You are Michael Murphy," said Philips, "the man we want. Come along."

"I am not the man you want," replied the prisoner, moving out of the ranks. Philips maintained that he was; so he was placed in cells. The Adjutant now had the other man who was placed in cells for singing brought out, and after admonishing him to be a good boy in the future sent him back to the North Camp. How unlike the action of "Buckshot," who was then away on a few days' leave! Had "Buckshot" being in authority then poor Carbery would have received 14 days' bread and water for his songs.

Now the man whom Philips had picked out as Michael Murphy, of London, was in reality a Galway youth named Barrett. Had Philips been endeavouring to pick out a man to suit our purpose he could not have succeeded better. Barrett was quite a different man altogether from Murphy so far as physical make-up was concerned; and besides which, he was full of determination and grit.

That evening word went speeding to Mr. Gavan Duffy informing him of the whole proceeding, and instructing him to appear on behalf of both Barrett and Fintan Murphy. Needless to say, the latter did not pass through the channels which the authorities were so kind as to erect for our convenience.

When Barrett was removed from the rest and placed in cells the remaining 200 prisoners were informed that they would be kept in the South Camp and deprived of all privileges "until such time as they learned sense and answered their names and numbers." "That," they replied, "will be never."

Word was now sent up to the Camp Leaders in the North Camp to send down the beds and blankets belonging to the 200 men in the South Camp. This we flatly declined to do. We pointed out that we did not know the whereabouts of all these beds; even if we did we would not know one man's bed from another; and that when they would be tied up in bundles the prisoners themselves would not know their own beds. We urged that the proper thing to do under the circumstances was to send the men up to the North Camp to pick out their own beds. The authorities had no option but to submit to this suggestion. It was now the gloaming and night was fast approaching.

There were some men in the South Camp we wanted to get out of it—aged men, and delicate men. We had to depend solely on Irish wit and resource to achieve that end. The prisoners were sent up in batches of six with six soldiers as escort. Then began a performance the like of which I never dreamed of in my wildest moments, and which I certainly would never have believed had I not lived through it.

When the first batch arrived in Camp they were asked by the escort what huts they belonged to.

"Ochone, ochone," wailed one of them. "What a terrible place is Frongoch! I'm hanged if I haven't forgotten me name an' number, an' now bless me if I haven't forgotten the number of the hut I belonged to! Ochone, but it's terrible, boys, to suffer from loss of memory." The others instantly took their cue and declared that they couldn't remember their hut. We gathered round and enjoyed the acting.

The poor guard, who were mostly old men, appealed to the prisoners not to be punishing them for doing their duty, and pointed out that they only had come off quarter-guard that morning, and were then 36 hours on their feet. So, with the tacit understanding between them, the prisoners went and got

their beds and returned whence they came.

When a prisoner we wanted arrived in a batch we clustered round in a big group of congratulators, and before the bewildered sentry knew where he was the prisoner had disappeared.

"By —, I've lost my — prisoner," the escort would exclaim. "Did any of you blokes see my prisoner? I'll be court-martialled and ruined." A prisoner present would at once volunteer to take the other's place, and Tommy went on with his new charge, quite relieved. Others, quite lusty individuals, who would just as soon be in the South Camp in a good cause, as on a picnic (sic) in the North Camp, would watch their opportunity to slip away from the sentries in the confusion, and going privately to their huts would pack up their beds, and coming out with their big bundles, would march up and down shouting:

"Anybody seen my soldier? I've lost my escort and am afraid to go home in the dark. For heaven's sake will somebody find my soldier-boy?"

This extraordinary scene lasted for over two hours, and can be better imagined than described in this short volume.

"Leather-Jaws" happened to be Orderly Officer of the Day. We determined that if he came in amongst us that night he would certainly receive the ragging he so richly deserved. The North Camp was lit throughout with electric light, same as the South Camp. We mobilized our electricians, and told them we wanted the lights put out without damaging them. These divided and examined the lighting system and found that the huts were grouped in fours and governed by a pilot light. The electricians again divided themselves so that each one would enter a group of four huts simultaneously. Here the pilot light was removed, a piece of lead paper from a cigarette package placed on the end, and the bulb screwed back. This caused a short circuit and all the lights in the huts went out instantly.

We next got out the two pipers who were in Camp, and forming up behind them and marching up and down "Pearse" and "Connolly" streets, as the two roads in the Camp had been called, we sang the songs of holy Ireland, whilst the surrounding hills echoed with the melancholy droning of the Irish war pipes.

I shall never forget that night. Here and there a big pilot light gleamed in the compound. Not a cloud was to be seen in the clear, frosty sky; and a thin wreath of smoke curled upwards from each of the hut chimneys, and all the while the melancholy droning, and the lustily-sung songs went echoing amongst the hills. It was strange; it was weird; it was hideous. Contrary to all regulations, we were not counted that night. "Leather-Jaws" courage had dismally failed before that unmistakable evidence of the reality, and the effectiveness of Irish wit and resource.

(To be continued.)



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(g) She is the oldest of the family.

This is correct, but it is better to use *elder* and *eldest* when referring to persons.

(h) The price of this car is lesser than that of the red car.

There is no such word as *lesser*. *Less*, the comparative form of *little*, should be used.

(i) He is handsomer than she is.

*Handsome* is incorrect. The sentence should read:—

He is more handsome than she is.

(j) None of the two would tell on the other.

*Neither* (not either) is used for two, and *none* (not one) for more than two. The sentence should read:—Neither of the two would tell on the other.

(k) This sphere is rounder than that one. Since the two objects are round, there can be no degree of comparison.

(l) Jacques is Frencher than Jean. Since both are French there can be no comparison.

## A.E.F. HUMOUR. Stories of "Dough-boys" in France.

Major J. M. Scammell, O.R.C., U.S. Army, contributes some amusing examples of "Doughboy" humour to the October issue of the "Army Quarterly." From his crop of good stories we venture to take the following:—

The old soldier has his views, and he expounds them passing well. The following critique of the medical department is attributed to an old veteran; to his batch of recruits he explained:

"Things is gettin' great. Nowadays when you take on, the doctors round you up and scratch your arm—no more smallpox; then they shoot some bugs into you—no more typhoid fever; then they shoot some more bugs into you—no more pneumonia. By-an'-by they'll tattoo a pork chop and a fried egg on your arm, and there you are—rationed for your hitch."

One of the stories that was told at every post during the war concerns a recruit doing his first tour of guard duty. Late at night an officer returned to camp. "Halt!" came the challenge. The officer halted. A long, painful silence ensued. The officer impatiently began to advance. "Halt!" came the order once more. Another pause. Again the officer began to advance. A rifle bolt rattled—"Halt!" The officer, now thoroughly exasperated, demanded, "Sentry, what are your orders?" In a trembling voice came the answer, "To say 'halt' three times and then shoot."

There is another sentry story told about a tremendously tall officer, standing six feet four inches in his stockinged feet. One dark night he was challenged, "Halt! Who's there?" "Officer of the camp," he replied.

"Dismount, officer of the camp, and advance to be recognized," came the order.

The following story is told of a sentry in the Toul sector. It was one of the raw, foggy days not uncommon in some parts of "Sunny France." Through the fog the sentry saw a figure approaching. "Halt!" he challenged. "Who's there?" "Colonel Blank," was the response. "Welcome to our mist, Colonel," came the unconventional reply.

Perhaps the following is not, strictly speaking, an example of soldier humour, but it is a good war story. It concerns a Jewish soldier who was mustered out. His friend said to him, "So you was in the Army, Ikey?" "Sure, I was in the Army." "Did you get a commission?" "No; straight salary."

The story is told of an American unit which had been ordered to dig in. The earth was flying industriously except at one point, where blue cigarette smoke curled lazily into the air. The lieutenant ran over in that direction. "Dig in! Dig in!" he cried. "Hush," came a reproachful voice, "you'll disturb my contractor." Closer inspection disclosed a German turning up the sacred soil of France as only a German could do. He was only a few inches from the muzzle of the recumbent doughboy's rifle.

Another story of digging in is told in which the soldier stopped his labour to draw a fag from the package in a pouch of his ammunition belt—a favourite and convenient place for cigarettes. Seeing a khaki-clad figure passing he called out, "Hey, buddie, gimme a light." The other obligingly held out a burning match. The doughboy, looking up to thank his "buddie," discovered to his amazement the star of a brigadier. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "I didn't mean any disrespect. I didn't notice you was a general." "That's all right, buddie," said the general, who apparently was a "regular guy," "but you should thank God I wasn't a second lieutenant."

My own "outfit" provided considerable amusement. It was the "Wild West" division. In my company was a long, rangy corporal—an ex-cowboy. At halts I used to like to repose behind a hedge or some other screen and listen to his picturesque comments. I recall one apt description. He was telling about a tall, thin friend. "Bill was so thin," said the corporal, "that when he went to put his pants on in the mornin' it looked like a rat-tail goin' into a bar'l."

The coloured soldiers were amazingly frank in their discussion concerning their fears. They generally managed to express themselves in vivid and picturesque terms. A story is told of two soldiers in a coloured division sent into the line in the Argonne. They were told that they would attack the next day, and that 60,000 white troops were back of them in support. "Sam," said one to the other, "what yo'all reckon them there papahs back home gwine ter say 'bout us termorrow?" "Ah don't zacky know, niggah," replied Sam,

"but ef yo'all feels lak Ah does, dey's gwine ter have big black headlines right across de page, 'Sixty Thousand White Troops Tromped to Death.'"

A coloured division when whizz-bangs began to come over broke and streamed to the rear. One of the divisions in support was the "All American," composed of men from every section of the Union. Among them were some Southerners. As the dusky warriors swarmed past one called out, "Hey, there, nigger! weren't there any trees up there?" "Trees, white man?" the ebony soldier instantly called back, "there wasn't enough trees fo' de officahs."

Another coloured soldier was halted by a colonel. "What are you retreatin' for?" asked the officer. "Retreatin', boss? Ah ain't retreatin'! But Ah sure has passed a lot what is."

Another was legging it past division headquarters. The Major-General stepped out to stop him. "I'm your general," he announced. "Golly, boss, is I back that far?"

In the Army of Occupation in Germany there was a corporal who was interested in history. He learned that the town in which he was billeted had once been the home of Martin Luther, and he decided to make a pilgrimage to the house if he could find it. In his squad there was a private who spoke German, so to him the corporal applied for help. That evening the private came in convulsed with merriment. "By gosh, corporal," he said, "that's a good one on you. You know that bird, Luther, you been askin' about? Say, that baby's been dead for three hundred years."

But, to my mind, the most brilliant piece of wit in the American Army during the war came to pass in the spring of 1919. Two years before Pershing had landed and had supposedly made the historic remark, "Lafayette, we are here!" Two years later the "Stars and Stripes," the newspaper of the A.E.F., came out with this bold headline, "Lafayette, we are here yet!"

### WELCOME LITTLE STRANGER!

Meet the latest new word—motorcade. It has found its way into print and is doubtless already knocking impatiently at the door of Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls. Motorcade on first acquaintance has a way of staggering the innocent bystander. Certainly any one who attempts to get in the way of motorcade is likely to be more than staggered, for motorcade means a procession of motor-cars. The Past had its cavalcade; the Present has its motorcade. In the bright lexicon of the future we shall doubtless have to make way for aircade. Or will it be aerocade or perhaps avicade? Whichever it may be, its advent seems certain, and those of us who don't make way for aircade (or aerocade or avicade) will make just so many fewer jay-flyers for the world to conjure with.—F. W. in Life.



## ARMY NEWS.

### MARRIED ESTABLISHMENT.

#### Details of Quota of Units.

It has been decided that the married establishment Quota of Units of the Forces shall be as set out hereunder:—

Sergeant-Majors, Battalion Quartermaster Sergeants, Company Sergeants, and Company Quartermaster Sergeants—100 per cent.

Sergeants, Corporals and Privates in the Military Police Corps—50 per cent. N.C.O.'s and Men, Army School of Music—100 per cent.

Sergeants (other than Military Police Corps and School of Music)—50 per cent.

Corporals (ditto)—25 per cent.

Privates (ditto)—10 per cent.

The percentage in each rank is to be calculated on the establishment of that rank in the unit concerned (including the Reserve).

When a fraction arises the next higher whole number will be allowed.

When the number of the men allowed falls below the quota any addition that may be made thereto must conform to the full requirements.

(a) The N.C.O. or Private must be at least 20 years of age, as proved by certificate of birth, and must have rendered two years' continual service.

(b) The soldier and his wife must be suitable to occupy Government quarters.

(c) The soldier must have the prior approval of his Commanding Officer to the marriage.

#### RATES OF PAY FOR PRIVATES

The following rates of pay for Privates became operative in respect of enlistments on or after 14th inst:—

Private, Class IV.	1s. 6d. per day.
Private, Class III.	2s. 0d. „
Private, Class II.	2s. 3d. „

Soldiers serving before 14th October will continue to be entitled to the rate of pay obtaining prior to that date.

#### TRANSFERS OF OFFICERS.

Capt. P. J. Walsh, late Asst. Adjt., Southern Command, to G.H.Q. (Adjutant-General's Department).

Capt. Daly, 27th Inf. Battn., to G.H.Q. (Adjutant-General's Department).

Col. F. MacHenri to Curragh Command as Administrative Officer.

Lieut. Jas. Clear, Eastern Command, to G.H.Q.

#### MANŒUVRES REPORT.

The official report of the recent manœuvres is being prepared and is expected to be ready for publication very soon.

(Continued in next column).

## = WIRELESS NOTES =

CONDUCTED BY

Commandant J. SMYTH

ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

#### DEFINITIONS—continued.

*Selectivity*—Sharpness in tuning. A receiver tuned definitely or sharply to a particular wavelength is said to be selective. Such a circuit will not respond readily to other unwanted wavelengths.

*Self-Induction (Inductance)*—That property of a circuit in which a magnetic field is varying in virtue of which this variation tends to stop or retard the current producing the magnetic field.

*Static Transformer*—A transformer having no moving parts.

*Synchronous*—Movement at the same rate and time simultaneous.

*Synthesis*—The combining of elements which have a chemical affinity to form a compound.

*Tangent Galvanometer*—A galvanometer in which the current is proportional to the tangent of the angle of deflection.

*Tesla Transformer*—An oil insulated high frequency transformer.

*Thermionic Detector*—A valve used as a detector.

*Thermions*—Ionised gas in a valve or vacuum tube through which a current is flowing.

*Transformer*—An apparatus consisting of two or more coupled coils by means of which alternating current is transferred from one coil to another with an increase or decrease in voltage

according to the ratio of turns in the primary and secondary coils.

*Triode*—A three electrode valve.

*Tuning*—Bringing a circuit into tune or resonance with another circuit by a variation of inductance or capacity (or a variation of both inductance and capacity).

*Thermopile*—Current and voltage effects are produced by the heating of the junction of two dissimilar metals. A group of such combinations in series constitutes a thermopile, the resultant voltage being the sum of the voltages of the individual pairs.

*Undamped Waves (C.W.)*—Waves of uniform amplitude as in the case of a carrier wave as distinct from waves produced by spark transmission. The latter waves vary from a maximum at the moment of each spark to a minimum or zero between the spark periods.

*Volt*—The practical unit of electric pressure. That pressure or E.M.F. which forces a current of one ampere through a resistance of one ohm. Two amperes through half an ohm and so on.

*Velocity*—The relation of motion to time.

*Velocity of Wireless Waves*—300,000,000 metres (187,000 miles) per second.

*Waves (Wireless)*—Pressures in aether of a frequency depending on the wavelength and following one another in space at the above defined speed.

*Wave Meter*—A self-contained receiver with variable capacity and inductance. Settings of the capacity and inductance pointers indicate the wavelength.

#### ARMY NEWS—continued from col. 1

##### WIRELESS.

Major Archer, O.C., Signal Corps, and Commandant Smyth are at present in London in connection with the development of wireless and matters appertaining thereto.

##### A.C.C. AND VICKERS' GUNS.

The Armoured Car Corps is at present experimenting with a device for the development of the Vickers Gun in Armoured Cars.

##### RECENT TESTS.

Tests have been carried out recently with the new Thompson automatic rifle and with mechanical tractors for the haulage of artillery. We hope shortly to publish a report on the last-named experiments.

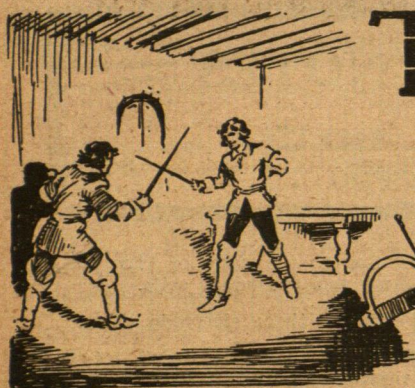
##### HANDBALL CHALLENGE.

(To the Editor of "An t-Oglach.")

Sir,—I beg to issue a challenge through "An t-Oglach" to Private Hegarty, Army Corps of Engineers, Collins Barracks, Cork, to play me best out of seven games (21) aces each, handball (soft) in Collins Barracks, Cork, on any date to suit himself.—Your obedient servant,

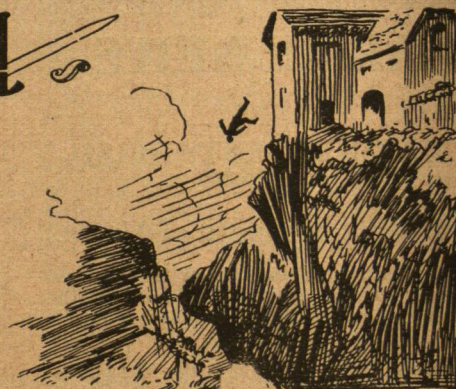
No. 57664, PTE. DELANEY, JAMES,  
Army Medical Corps,  
Haulbowline.





# The Sword of O'Malley

By  
Justin Mitchell



## CHAPTER XXIV.

Irene's eyes, uplifted to meet Edmund's, remarked a sudden change in her lover's expressive countenance, and she read, as in a book, the emotions mirrored in his hazel eyes as his gaze fell upon the new-comers. Surprise, annoyance, a challenging flash of haughty defiance, and then a moment's vivid introspection and the shame-blanching realization of what he had done.

The Irishman's brain had suddenly shaken itself free of Karpal's opiate. He saw things readjusted to their true values; and he knew that, in his comrades' estimation, and in his own, he was guilty of blackest treachery and worthy of a traitor's doom.

Minutes passed, and not a word was spoken. But no word was needed to give form to the drama. The silence seemed to vibrate with a clamour of accusing tongues crying: "Traitor! Backslider! Poltroon! False-hearted, cowardly knave!" All this, and more, the Princess read in the scornful, accusing eyes of the officers. Then she saw on Edmund's cheek a vivid rush of colour and in his eye a fixed look of cold defiance, while on his square-set jaw and grimly curling lip she read his thought as plainly as though the words were shouted in her ear: "Traitor I am, and thrice forsworn; but I stand by what I have done! Damn you, do your worst!"

Into this zone of tragedy there suddenly noisily, blundered young Bartolome. It didn't seem to occur to the smiling officer that the atmosphere was tensely charged with crisis, that the bearing of Sergius and Grupp was unwontedly stern, or that the Princess nestled in the encircling clasp of O'Malley's left arm.

"Your Highness," he said, "I have been sent by his Majesty to inform you that he awaits the pleasure of your company at the Palace. In compliance with the desire you expressed this morning, a party has been formed to explore the rocky shores of the Blume beyond the River Gate. May I have the honour to be your escort?"

He bowed courteously and, with cheery bonhomie, proffered an arm to the lady.

The Princess gave him a little sad smile and placed a friendly finger on his sleeve. He, at least, had no sour frowns of dramatic accusation for the man whose arm encircled her, the man she loved.

"Dear friend, I thank you," she said. "Please say to his Majesty that I am detained by—by service to a friend who has been grievously ill."

Something in the lady's tone brought Bartolome to a sense of the realities. He suddenly became aware of astounding things, and he gasped and paled. At an utter loss for words, he bowed repeatedly and backed towards the curtained exit. From the sheltering haven of O'Malley's arm, the Princess, in a graceful little speech of dismissal, came to the rescue of the confused Guardsman.

"If the exploring-party can wait for an hour I may be able to join them," she said.

Blushing furiously, Bartolome took his leave. Glancing up, her Highness caught a twinkle of amusement in O'Malley's eye, and her answering smile had something of approval for the Irish buoyancy of his nature, which, even in this moment of crisis, could rise to the humour of the Guardsman's awkward exit.

But Sergius and Grupp showed no trace of relenting purpose. Sternly, coldly, they regarded the twain by the window.

Presently the Duke found speech.

"Lady," he said, "perhaps, after all, you had better return to the Palace. We have that to say to Captain O'Malley which had best be said to him alone."

Edmund felt the little form in his clasp suddenly stiffen and draw itself erect. Irene's dark orbs blazed in a moment's fierce gipsy anger, and then shot looks of withering disdain at the officers. The tameless spirit of old Hildebrand boldly faced the foe.

"Sir," she said, with a royal lift of her curl-crowned head, "you forget yourself. You trespass upon our patience. Have the goodness to remember who you are, and who I am. The comings and goings of the Princess of Caronia are regulated by her own impulse and desire, not by the bidding of presumptuous underlings. What you

have to say to Captain O'Malley must be said in my presence—or not at all."

Sergius became suddenly aware that the Princess of Caronia was a lady eminently capable, when she pleased, of lowering the temperature of any room she honoured with her regal presence. He felt chilled. Kings he knew and could handle. At their worst they were snappy or mulish. But this Queen in prospective had a temper which was not quite so tractable.

Grupp stirred uneasily and glanced towards the curtained doorway. He awaited a lead from his colleague. But the Duke was shrivelled into helpless silence. There was a moment's awkward pause. Irene maintained her pose of frigid displeasure.

"Gentlemen," she said presently, "I perceive that you are ill at ease. Doubtless you have urgent duty which claims your presence elsewhere. I will not further detain you. Give you good day," and she dignified them a cold imperious gesture of dismissal.

Irresolutely the Guardsmen moved towards the draped exit, but, as Sergius's hand touched the silken curtains, his smouldering wrath overflowed in a torrent of fierce accusation. His wonted suavity deserted him.

"Before we go," he cried, "I wish to say that Captain O'Malley knows full well the penalty attaching to his treachery. That penalty we mean to extract to the uttermost farthing. If your Highness has decided to reject King Rudolf's suit and throw yourself away upon a recreant, remember that your behaviour will certainly bring fresh disaster to this long-vexed realm. How, think you, will the King act when he learns that his love has been scornfully cast aside—the love which prompted him to noble aims and a kingly ambition? He, himself, told you, not an hour ago, that, for your sake, he would—"

Irene's light-hearted laugh interrupted the Duke's stormy eloquence.

"If the King was, indeed, a bidder, he called too low," she said. "I have had a better offer." She smiled up into Edmund's burning eyes.

"It may interest the King's successful rival to learn that his treachery occurs at a peculiarly opportune moment," Sergius said quietly. "His







## MEDICAL SERVICES' AND CHAPLAINS' CUPS.

### Exciting Contests—G.H.Q. Hurlers Surprise 20th Battalion—23rd Battalion's Fine Victory over Artillery.

By "FOAM."

At Croke Park on Wednesday, 6th inst., there was a good attendance to witness the first round of the Medical Services and Chaplains' Cups, but with the exception of the followers of the 23rd Batt., the Army teams engaged had little or no support to cheer them on. Nevertheless keen and exciting contests were witnessed, and the Battalion status in these competitions is a big improvement on the Command system. Considering that this year gold medals are added to the Cups, it is little wonder that the interest in the competitions has increased amongst the Battalions. The games provided thrills throughout, and whilst the 23rd Batt. were expected to win against the "Gunners" in football, the 20th Batt. had, previous to the hurling match, every reason to hope for success. G.H.Q. hurlers, however, never gave a better display, and there was not a weak spot on the team. The 20th men did not seem to find their usual level, and after the first ten minutes cracked under the terrific pace set by the G.H.Q. team. They went out of the Cup, however, fighting to the end, and they will be the first to admit that a stubborn defence, coupled with a forward line using every available opportunity, was the cause of their downfall. The games were played in a spirit creditable to the Army Athletic Association, and in Capt. O'Beirne and Mr. Tommy Moore, very capable referees, had charge of the games.

#### THE FOOTBALL GAME.

Sharp to time Capt. O'Beirne started the game, and Martin Walsh made headway for Artillery, until Lambert was hurt. From the "hop" Hall, for Artillery, fielded well, but 23rd defence were on the alert and Lusk relieved. The Portobello men soon made tracks for the Gunners' goal, and a splendid pass from Bagnell let **Keogh** in for a great goal. The 23rd kept up the pressure, but after Walsh cleared for Artillery, Brannigan had a good run on the wing, which ended in Lusk clearing. **Keogh** received again and in a flash fastened on to a pass from Higgins to score a point. After Tummon had cleared from Artillery forwards, Kelly was called upon to save from O'Connell and Matthews. Artillery next had a free, and from the kick **M. Walsh** sent over for Artillery's first point. In an Artillery raid O'Connell, Brannigan and Rice were prominent, but Lusk relieved. There was little between the teams at this stage. **Higgins** got over again for 23rd, and later Cummins saved several shots from the 23rd for-

wards. Ryan and Winters, in the back division, held their end up well, and a "50" by "Darkie" Ryan for 23rd went wide. After a great attack by 23rd **Murrihy** shot straight for goal and Cummins was forced to tip over the bar for another point. Both sets of backs were now pressed in turn, and a free for Artillery saved them near goal. A long spell of even play followed, but Artillery forwards missed many chances. The 23rd now made better use of opportunities and **Keogh** got a great point from well out. Play now became fast and exciting, and, although the 23rd did all the pressure a stiff defence kept down the score. A fine combination run by **Keogh**, **Higgins** and **Matthews** ended in the latter scoring a point. Artillery improved now and a fine run by Walsh ended in **J. McCormack** securing and beating Kelly all out for a good goal. Another Artillery attack was cleared by Tummon, and Higgins receiving sent narrowly past. A free by "Darkie" Ryan was well cleared by O'Connell, and Cummins in the next minute saved from Higgins. A free for 23rd ended in **McAlister** sending over a point for the Portobello men. A great Artillery attack was stemmed by Heaney, but later 23rd added a point per **Higgins**. Artillery now had an innings, and from a free taken by Walsh, **Brannigan** scored a point, leaving the half-time score:—

23rd Batt.—1 goal 7 points.

Artillery Corps—1 goal 2 points.

In the first minute of the second half Cummins saved a great shot close in from **Murrihy**. Artillery then made a short-lived rally, the "Gunners" being unable with many opportunities to find the target. The 23rd forwards played fast and loose with the Artillery defence, and a point from **Matthews** was soon augmented by another from the same player. The 23rd had now a prolonged period of attack, and their energetic and opportunist forwards harassed the Artillery defence. A free for the "Corps" was easily cleared, and at the other end Cummins saved a hot shot from **Keogh** at the expense of a "50." The Artillery defence now gave of their best, and there were few incursions into their territory. They fought doggedly against the 23rd forwards, and Winters, Quinn, and O'Neill bore the brunt of the attack. A fine try by Higgins went narrowly past for 23rd. There was a perfect understanding between **Murrihy** and **Keogh**, and the latter tested Cummins with some stiff shots. The 23rd kept up the pressure and **Matthews** added another point. In the next minute **Murrihy**

gave Cummins a hot handful, which he got rid of cleverly. Artillery improved and a "pick up" spoiled them near goal. A fine cross by Walsh was missed by McCormack, and later a free for 23rd spoiled a good chance for Artillery. Walsh then had a good run, but failed in his final effort. Lusk next cleared splendidly, when O'Connell was almost through for a goal. There was some "heat" in the game now, and, with 23rd pressing, **Matthews** gained his fourth score of this half without reply, leaving the full-time score:—

23rd Batt.—1 goal 11 points.

Artillery Corps—1 goal 2 points.

#### GREAT HURLING CONTEST.

The hurling provided a thrilling contest, and Mr. Tommy Moore handled a fast and exciting game in a very creditable manner. The most optimistic G.H.Q. supporter did not expect that the team would oust such a strongly fancied combination as the 20th from the Cup. The team settled down right from the start, after Martin Power had a long shot, cleared by Stapleton. Saunders, Meagher, and Geoghegan were all prominent for 20th, but in Foley, Stapleton, and Hayes, G.H.Q. had a strong back division. After Leeson sent well up, McGrath tested Scully, and the latter saved from Henrick under the bar. Costigan stopped Meagher when about to shoot, and Scully was next applauded for a great save from the G.H.Q. newcomer, Sullivan, a former Co. Cork Junior player, at the expense of a "70." Hawe took the puck and sent narrowly past. The hurling soon became exciting, and a rare pace maintained. Martin Hayes cleared in the nick of time from Connie Keane, and, after Scully had saved well from a bunch of G.H.Q. forwards, **Doyle** ran in to score the first point for G.H.Q. In the next minute Meagher muffed a great chance of obtaining the lead. Next Power saved well from Saunders and Geoghegan, and, although Henrick fed the forwards well, Culleton and Lennon stemmed a great G.H.Q. attack. Play was evenly distributed until an injury to Leeson stopped play. Meagher had a great run to G.H.Q. goal, and a wonderful clearance by Martin Hayes saved G.H.Q. Then Lennon cleared from Finn and McGrath, and Martin Power sent well up to Meagher, whose shot went past the upright. The 20th came again and from a pass by Keane, **Meagher** equalised with a great point. There was plenty of keen tackling, and Henrick gave a brilliant display, repeatedly getting the better of long tussles with Keane. After McGrath and Henrick both had shots saved by Scully, Fitzpatrick stopped Geoghegan near the line. G.H.Q. now went further ahead, as a swift drive from **McGrath** from well out completely deceived Scully for a goal. Next a great shot from Leeson just failed. Both defences were now superb and scoring consequently low. G.H.Q. forwards were slightly the better, and Culleton made a timely clearance from Leeson, before **Stephen Hayes** sent over a splendid point for G.H.Q. Meagher was again prominent for 20th, but several good



# ARMY HURLING AND FOOTBALL AT CROKE PARK.



(1). Murrihy (23rd Batt.) sends narrowly past. (2). Martin Hayes successfully tackles H. Meagher  
(3). Cummins hard pressed by the 23rd's forwards. (4). Walsh (Artillery) and Murrihy (23rd) struggle for possession at the start of the football game.



chances went abegging by the 20th front line. McGrath had a long run for G.H.Q., and his final effort was diverted by Scully giving a "70," which went past. Costigan now fielded well and G.H.Q. backs had a lively time. M. Hayes was in fine fettle, and, with Stapleton and Power, the G.H.Q. defence held the lively Kilkenny forwards at bay. A long shot from T. Kelly was cleared by Cullen, and in the next minute a free taken by Costigan was cleared on the goal line by Scully. One of the best shots of the match came from Gray, and an equally good save was made by Power in G.H.Q. goal. G.H.Q. forwards now got away, and, from a pass by Finn, Sullivan added another point. In the next minute Scully brought off a magnificent save from McGrath close in. Meagher again made a raid and Stapleton lifted the ball from his hurley. Connolly and Henrick now had many tussle, and Sullivan receiving placed to Doyle, who scored a grand point. Costigan was now the pick of the mid-field players, and Connolly dallied to allow McGrath to rob him and sent wide by inches. A great run by Saunders, Geoghegan, and Meagher was spoiled by a foul on Henrick. The conclusion of the half was marked by spirited hurling, and a free by M. Hayes was well cleared by Connolly. Kelly robbed Meagher when placed, and with 20th pressing half-time arrived with the score—

G.H.Q.—1 goal 4 points.  
20th Batt.—1 point.

Hennessy stopped a G.H.Q. forward movement on resumption, and a free by T. Kelly for G.H.Q. went past. Henrick sent well up, but Cullen sent to touch. Coming again G.H.Q. were dangerous, and a long shot by Kelly lobbed near goal for Scully to save. Leeson caught the puck and sent over a fine point. Kelly was again prominent for G.H.Q. and sent well into goal. Scully cleared but Finn secured and put G.H.Q. further ahead with a minor. After Foley had cleared from Hennessy, Scully brought off a lucky save from Sullivan, whilst at the other end a great shot by Lennon was cleared by Power. The hurling continued without a dull moment, and 20th had now the better of the exchanges. Lennon, Saunders, and Meagher now made an onslaught on Power, who seemed to have cleared, but the goal allowed was well earned on the play. G.H.Q. now livened up matters, and a stubborn defence by 20th prevented a score. There was now a battle royal between 20th defence and G.H.Q. forwards, and a nice pass across goal by Sullivan was saved by Scully, who conceded a "70." Kelly took the puck, but Keane cleared and later Burke, for 20th, had hard luck with a good effort. 20th improved and were rewarded by a good point from Geoghegan. In the next minute, Doyle sent up to the goal area, and McGrath completely non-plussed Scully with a rasping shot, which entered the net. A great rally by G.H.Q. ended in Doyle forcing Scully to run out and clear. Martin

(Continued on page 18).

## ALL-ARMY BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

### Special Descriptive Report of Portobello Tourney by "Foam."

The 1926 All Army Championships were held at Portobello Barracks on the 7th and 8th inst., and the spacious gymnasium was filled each night. During the competitions it was evident that the boxers who have been in the limelight for the past few seasons would have little difficulty in gaining victories, but in the case of Joynt and Dwyer this was not so. There was a paucity of class as well as entries in some of the divisions, and much might be written as to the causes of this, were not a detailed report of the fights to follow in this issue. However, an opportunity may again arise when these questions may be gone into.

Two boxers were not in luck's way during the championships, viz., Pte. O'Shea and Pte. Burns, but each gave such a convincing display that their services will be required frequently during the coming season. Details:—

#### FLYWEIGHT.

**1st Round.**—Pte. Joynt (Southern) beat Pte. Harte (Western).

Both mixed matters from the start, and, plying a good left, Harte gathered points early. Joynt put in some smart two-handed work, and before the end of the round shook Harte up with a left to the ribs.

Harte again commenced well in the second, but a right swing to the head steadied him, but later by good ringcraft levelled up the round.

In the 3rd Joynt forced the pace, and a right uppercut almost found its billet. Harte slipped to the boards for two, and on rising got well to Joynt's body frequently. A spell of in-fighting followed in which matters were even, and an extra round was ordered between the pair.

In the extra round, after a good left to the head by Harte, he again got the right across. Joynt's best contribution to the round was a terrific right to the head which weakened Harte and allowed Joynt to follow up and gain the verdict by a narrow margin.

**1st Semi-Final.**—Pte. Joynt (S.) beat Pte. Barrett (C.) on points.

In the opening round Joynt carried the fight, but there was little boxing seen, and Joynt was slightly ahead at the end. There was little between them at the beginning of the second. Joynt again forced the fight, and Barrett missed frequently, before Joynt got in a left to the jaw which staggered Barrett. Although Barrett fought better at close quarters, Joynt had easily the better of the round.

In the final meeting Joynt had little difficulty in getting under Barrett's guard and scoring freely on his opponent's body was a clear winner at the end.

**2nd Semi-Final.**—Pte. Metcalfe (E.) beat Pte. Green (Curragh).

Metcalfe was the cleverer at the start, proving a good two-handed boxer. As the round progressed, wild hitting by both was indulged in, and a useful right by Green left him little behind at the close. Green opened well at the second meeting, but a succession of rights and lefts to the ribs by Metcalfe forced him to retire before the end of the round.

**Final.**—Pte. Joynt beat Pte. Metcalfe on points.

At the opening Metcalfe proved a hard hitting boxer who caused Joynt to wince often from blows to the body. Joynt succeeded in getting the left across to the head frequently, and coming to close quarters the pair put up a good display. Joynt was cautioned for holding, and Metcalfe countered a scoring left by better ringcraft. They were level at the end of the round. Metcalfe was the aggressor at the beginning of the second, but Joynt cleverly side-stepped well directed efforts by Metcalfe's right. Metcalfe again played for the body, scoring frequently with both hands, and seemed to have the better of the round. Joynt depended on left-hand work to gain the verdict, and several times crossed well. Metcalfe, however, was wary and retaliated with good work at close quarters. In the closing stages Metcalfe was superior and seemed to have a slight lead at the finish. The judges disagreed, and the referee awarded the fight to Joynt.

#### BANTAM WEIGHTS.

**1st Semi-Final.**—Pte. Lacy (S.) beat Pte. Tolton (W.) on points.

The opening provided a fierce mill and Tolton missed several uppercuts. Both were too eager and little science was seen. Lacy scored twice

with a good left, but Tolton carried the stronger punch and shared the round. There was plenty of give and take in the next. Tolton forced his opponent to the ropes, but was unable to follow up a good opening. Lacy replied gamely and did all the boxing to the end of the round, when Tolton seemed tired, and Lacy was cautious and, showing plenty of grit, carried the fight cleverly and was a good winner at the finish.

**2nd Semi-Final.**—Cpl. McDonagh (W.) beat Pte. O'Donnell (S.) on points.

Both sparred cautiously, and O'Donnell, who had the longer reach, was early in the picture with a useful right. McDonagh proved a crafty opponent and was the more scientific boxer against a game opponent. The champion had a slight lead at the end of the round. O'Donnell seemed anxious for close fighting, which McDonagh cleverly evaded at the start. He however awaited his opportunity and carried the fight to give the spectators a glimpse of the real McDonagh. He was easily ahead in this round. In the final round O'Donnell boxed wildly, McDonagh making him miss frequently. McDonagh crossed the right to his opponent's jaw and dropped him for eight. O'Donnell rose gamely, but was no match for the champion at the end.

**Final.**—Cpl. McDonagh beat Pte. Lacy.

Lacy was clever at the start and forcing matters carried the fight well to McDonagh. The latter, however, fought back cleverly, and at in-fighting did most of the work. Although Lacy used the few opportunities given him to advantage, it was clearly evident that McDonagh's experience would carry him through. McDonagh made his man miss frequently and replied to a left to the head with a right uppercut which almost ended the fight. Lacy fought gamely, but was outpointed in every round.

#### FEATHERWEIGHTS.

**1st Round.**—Pte. Brennan (S.) beat Pte. Cullen (G.H.Q.) on points.

A clever opening in which Brennan got home frequently to the body. Cullen put in some good work with the left before Brennan, with a right to the ribs, shook him up. Brennan was the stronger at the end of the round. The second round was even, both showing a good knowledge of the game. Brennan got to close quarters at the start of the final round, but Cullen fought gamely and a great right scored often for him. At out-fighting Cullen was the better and cleverly ducked Brennan's efforts at finishing the fight. Cullen had the better of the round, but delayed his efforts, leaving too much leeway to gain the verdict.

Pte. Flynn (S.) k.o. Pte. O'Connor (E.) in 1st round.

The opening provided an amusing turn in which both men vied with each other in wild slogging. A right to the point finished the fight, O'Connor being the victim.

Pte. Leslie (G.H.Q.) k.o. Pte. Nagle (E.) in 2nd round.

It was a rare mill at the start, in which Nagle was dropped for a short count. He boxed better on rising, but Leslie, who did most of the fighting, was well in front at the bell. Nagle started the second well, but a right to the "plexus" put him out for the full count.

Pte. O'Shea (W.) beat Pte. Downey (C.) on points.

Downey forced at the start, but a splendid guard by O'Shea coupled by a useful right, gave him the first session. Downey showed improvement in the second, but a piston-like left of O'Shea's scored at will. Downey did useful work at in-fighting, but in this and the concluding round O'Shea was the cleverer and a good winner at the end.

**1st Semi-Final.**—Pte. O'Shea beat Pte. Brennan on points.

A left to the head from O'Shea sent his opponent down for four at the start. He continued the aggressor throughout the round, and was well ahead at the bell. In the second round Brennan tried to mix matters, but clever ringcraft enabled O'Shea to increase his lead. The final round proved a gruelling affair, in which both men provided a good exhibition. O'Shea, however, did enough in the earlier rounds to gain the verdict.

**2nd Semi-Final.**—Pte. Leslie k.o. Pte. Flynn in 3rd round.

There was little difference between them in the opening round. Flynn did most of the attacking, but Leslie was the better boxer. A right





**WINNERS AT PORTOBELLO TOURNEY**—Left to Right—Pte. Kidley, Command H.Q., Curragh Training Camp (Cruiser-weight); Corporal McDonagh, 25th Batt. (Bantam); Pte. Morgan, 23rd Batt. (Middle); Pte. Doyle, 16th Batt. (Light); Sgt. Dwyer, 16th Batt. (Welter); Pte. Joynt, 15th Batt. (Fly). [An t-Oglach Photo.]

straight from the shoulder was Flynn's best effort in the next, whilst Leslie got home frequently to the body and showed much better footwork than his opponent. At the final meeting Flynn sought to finish matters, but after cleverly evading a left hook Leslie got in a right uppercut which sent Flynn down for the full count.

**Final.**—Pte. Leslie beat Pte. O'Shea on points. At the opening there was more danger in Leslie's right than in O'Shea's left. Both showed splendid grit, and at the end of the round O'Shea had a slight lead. Both fought doggedly in the 2nd round, and Leslie missed a beautiful uppercut. After a period of even exchanges, Leslie chased O'Shea about the ring, but he steadied up and soon made up the arrears. Leslie was the attacker in the final round and forced O'Shea to the ropes. The latter replied with a left swing to the head which staggered Leslie. There was a fierce ending, in which Leslie's work was more finished and he gained a narrow verdict over the pluckiest boxer of the championships.

#### LIGHTWEIGHTS.

**1st Round.**—Pte. McQuade (W.) beat Sgt. Blackmore (E.).

Both showed a good knowledge of the game, but Blackmore, who put in good work at the start, had to retire with a dislocated elbow. It promised to be a good bout.

Pte. Mossy Doyle beat Pte. Devine (W.) on points.

Doyle got a great reception on entering the ring. In an in-fighting 1st round Doyle was the cleverer, but his opponent's ringcraft earned the plaudits of the crowd. The second meeting did not please the spectators. There was no serious effort at fighting by either, and the referee (Major Hunt) promptly entered the ring to end a continual "maul." Devine then improved, but Doyle warmed to his task and, giving a clever exhibition, earned the verdict.

Pte. T. Doyle (G.H.Q.) beat Sgt. Tobin (S.). Both missed frequently at the start, until Doyle countered well with a strong left which opened up his opponent's cheek. In the second round blows were freely exchanged with no advantage to either. Tobin's cheek bled profusely, and the referee awarded the fight to Doyle, a decision which Tobin resented.

**1st Semi-Final.**—Pte. Doyle k.o. Pte. Hegarty in the 1st round.

Hegarty, who received a bye in the 1st round, started well, but a right hook to the jaw half way through the round ended his interest in the fight.

**2nd Semi-Final.**—Pte. McQuade (W.) k.o. Pte. Doyle (G.H.Q.).

An even first round saw Doyle scoring often with left and right swings to the head. McQuade

countered well with a right to the head and body. In the 2nd round Doyle had the better of in-fighting, but McQuade possessed a dangerous left. In the beginning of the final round a left swing to the body put Doyle out.

**Final.**—Pte. "Mossy" Doyle beat Pte. McQuade.

Doyle immediately attacked, and with left and right swings to the head forced McQuade to his corner. After a severe pasting, McQuade retired in the 1st round.

#### WELTER-WEIGHTS.

**1st Round.**—Pte. Healy (S.) k.o. Pte. Dignam (E.) in 2nd round.

Neither possessed much knowledge of boxing, and the first round was spoiled by holding. In the 2nd heavy in-fighting was the order, and a right to the point put Dignam out.

Pte. Harrington (W.) beat Pte. Kelly (E.).

The first round consisted of aimless boxing. Harrington was the better in the next, which proved a scrambling affair, and Kelly retired.

Sgt. Dwyer (S.) beat Pte. Holian (C.) on points.

Dwyer got home frequently with the right at the start, and a right to the head from Holian rocked the Southern man. In the second Dwyer used both hands with effect, but failed to get under Holian's guard. Holian showed up better now and stopped O'Dwyer's well directed lefts. It was easily Holian's round. Holian landed a right cross safely and proved a hard hitting boxer. With a terrific left he shook up Dwyer, but failed to follow up a great chance of finishing the fight. Dwyer got the verdict.

**1st Semi-Final.**—Pte. Burns (G.H.Q.) beat Pte. Harrington (W.).

Burns, who received a bye, started to work at once, and a severe pummeling caused Harrington to retire.

**2nd Semi-Final.**—Sgt. Dwyer w.o., Pte. Healy, scratch.

**Final.**—Sgt. O'Dwyer k.o. Pte. Burns.

Both sparred cautiously for an opening, and a left from Burns dropped O'Dwyer for one. O'Dwyer came to close quarters at once, and after landing to the ribs twice he failed to connect a left hook. Burns countered well, and using both hands with effect on O'Dwyer's body, had the better of the round. At the opening of the second Burns cleverly evaded O'Dwyer's attempts to mix matters. He fought cleverly against a dangerous opponent, who now shot home frequently to Burns' head and gained some lost ground. Burns, however, got through O'Dwyer's guard, and forcing matters, played on his opponent's ribs. O'Dwyer, however, replied with a terrific jolt which put Burns down for 8. The judges failed to agree, and an extra round was ordered.

#### MIDDLE-WEIGHTS.

**1st Round.**—Pte. Gough (C.) beat Pte. Doyle (G.H.Q.) on points.

The first round consisted of unorthodox methods by both. After Doyle had been down for 3 in the concluding round, Gough proved the better and won an uninteresting bout on points.

Pte. Duggan (S.) k.o. Pte. Mostyn (W.).

Mostyn, who was expected to make a good show, was down for 5 at the start. He proved the stronger at the opening of the second, but little science was shown by either. Duggan got home a right to the point and finished a poor exhibition.

Pte. Morgan (E.) w.o.; Pte. Hayes (G.H.Q.) scratch.

**1st Semi-Final.**—Pte. Morgan beat Sgt. Duggan. Morgan, who received a bye, had slightly the better of the opening round. Duggan forced the pace in the next and sent Morgan to the ropes after even exchanges. A great right swing to the head by Duggan was his best contribution to the round. Morgan fought back, and the bell saved Duggan. Both mixed it in the next, and although Duggan fought gamely he was out-pointed at the finish.

**2nd Semi-Final.**—Pte. Gough (C.) k.o. Pte. Wilson.

A scrambling affair in which Gough connected with the right to the point in the 1st round and put Wilson out.

**Final.**—Pte. Morgan k.o. Pte. Gough.

Gough opened cleverly, but Morgan proved too good, and Gough's retirement in the 1st round ended a disappointing final.

#### CRUISER-WEIGHT.

**Final.**—Pte. Kidley (Curragh) beat Pte. Ward (S.) on points.

It was a fast first round, in which Ward connected well with lefts and rights to the head. Kidley was forced about the ring. He seized a good opening, however, and had Ward down for one. Ward sought the k.o. route home, and with a left swing to the head had Kidley down for five. Kidley was down again early in the second, but he fought gamely on rising, and in a severe slog he had the better of the mill and forced Wilson to retire.

**6 2-min. Round Bout.**—In a special bout Pte. Leadon (G.H.Q.) and Pte. Walsh (Signals), Collins Barracks, gave a grand display in a six-round draw.



**RUNNERS-UP AT PORTOBELLO BOXING TOURNEY**—Left to Right—Pte. M. Ward, 18th Batt. (Cruiser); Pte. W. O'Shea, 25th Batt. (Feather); Pte. W. Metcalfe, 27th Batt. (Fly); Pte. R. McQuade, 3rd Batt. (Light); Pte. P. Gough, Horse Transport, Curragh (Middle). [An t-Oglach Photo.]





### DEPARTMENTAL DOINGS FROM THE 'BELLO.

She—"Are they fearfully hard on you in Portobello?"

Percy—"Frightfully—why they expect me in to breakfast every morning."

Congratulations to the ever-popular 23rd on their victory over the Tillery boys at Croke Park on last Wednesday. "Lave it till me" and the 'Bello boys deserve great praise, and "your man" that carried the 23rd flag deserves a medal—for his biceps.

#### THE PIONEER.

In his suit of overalls

On the Square,

In his mind he overhauls

All the Square,

Brushing things that don't exist,

Shovelling dirt that's only mist,  
Disturbing worms that can't resist

The Pioneer.

Oh, you'll find him late and early

On the Square,

With his brush and robes of office,

On the Square,

Watching life revolving round,

Watching work with gaze profound,

Killing time—on his own ground,

The Pioneer.

Watch him gaze with knowing eyes

On the Square,

If the Sergeant comes he flies

Off the Square,

But if the coast be somewhat clear

He'll anchor till the Corporal's near,

Then to a safer harbour clear,

The Pioneer.

Papers, butts and cig'rette ends

On the Square,

On these pests he sure descends

On the Square,

A wise old soldier in his own way,

All is sunshine—making hay,

Studying "form" in "The Mid Day,"

The Pioneer.

As he rests upon his pick

On the Square,

You can bet he knows each trick,

On the Square,

He's an optimist sublime,

Pulling quick-ones, killing time,

Sure he's in a foreign clime,

On the Square.

(Now, then, Pioneers! What about

a biting ballad on "Me Larkie?"—Ned.)

An army razor gathers no moss. (But he has not got our prize Solingen yet—Ned.)

Old soldiers never die, they simply "Blem" away.

Heartiest congratulations to the G.H.Q. hurlers on their meritorious victory over the 20th Battalion. Oh, if only they'd played that way against the Southern Command—however, no post-mortems.

I must pay a tribute to Pte. Paddy Burns and Bugler Leadon from G.H.Q. on their more than plucky display at the A.A.A. Boxing Championships. Paddy Burns will yet fulfil my prophecy—the Army champion at his weight.

Mick Melia and Denny Moran played a great game the other evening against the Headquarters. The "Battery boys" are some, as your man, young Gray, hath it.

Owing to the rain on last Saturday the 23rd had to postpone their Sports. Paddy Murlihy's suggestion was a good one—to hold a regatta instead.

#### MILITARY TERMS UNILLUS- TRATED.

(Not from the School of the Soldier "A," of glorious memories):—

A PRIVATE—One who has magnitude without latitude.

A SQUARE—A four-sided figure bounded by barracks and surrounded by N.C.O.'s.

A LEAD-SWINGER—A soldier proficient in getting out of everything except bed.

A COOK-SERGEANT—A figure of large dimensions and a larger capacity.

A QUARTER-MASTER—A many-sided figure bounded by rations and surrounded by indents.

A DEFAULTER—A "solitary" figure encompassed by fatigues and surrounded by P.A.'s.

A CELL—A small space surrounded by bars (Wrong sort of bars—Ned) whose capacity is not always suited to its contents.

A CORPORAL—A soldier who has climbed the ladder of promotion. Walk-

ing under ladders in the Army is considered unlucky. This superstition is probably due to the number of accidents caused to those walking under ladders by the shower of Corporals falling off.

CORPORAL'S STRIPES—A red band worn on the right arm by an ex-soldier to denote that he has been inoculated with the N.C.O. serum. Corporal's stripes should never be sewn on too securely, a safety pin is sufficient—it saves time afterwards.

A SERGEANT—An N.C.O. provided with a "Mess" to start practising on.

A SERGEANT-MAJOR—Well, you all know the answer to that one (and the same to you, Mac).

THE TRAJECTORY OF A BULLET is a line terminated at one end by a soldier and at the other end by a hump up to Kilbride—or the Curragh.

The Christmas entertainment and tree for the children in barracks promises to be a great success. The part of Father Christmas is, I understand, to be played by the ever-popular John Kennedy. (Mananan Mac Lir, otherwise known as Father Neptune, would be more in your line, John—Ned.) It would be hard to make a better choice. John, who has had previous experience, should not experience much difficulty in sliding down a few buckshee chimneys and driving reindeer. The reindeer will be ably played by Barney McKenna, and Bill Holloway should make an enticing Fairy Queen. The part of the step-sisters will be enacted by B.S.M. Jones and Phelan.

Paddy Murlihy's Football Slogan: "Lave it till me, lads."

Bill Holloway's Slogan:—"A smile will carry you a long, long way."

#### THE OLD BILLET FIRE.

(With, I suppose, apologies to the Coal Strike—Ned.)

It is nice, sure, at night when the boys gather

Round the Old Billet Fire,  
For true camaraderie will always be found

Round the Old Billet Fire,  
With laughter and wit, as round it we sit, the time sure does flit,

Round the Old Billet Fire.

**GILLETTE BLADES**

Genuine U.S.A., 10 for 3/2  
5 for 1/8, post free.

**GORE**

17 MOORE STREET  
DUBLIN.



We've men from the North, from the East, South and West.

Round the Old Billet Fire,  
And the different accents give talking a zest,

Round the Old Billet Fire,  
The toils of the day seem to all fade away; we're contented and gay,

Round the Old Billet Fire.  
Good songs are sung, and good tales are told,

Round the Old Billet Fire,  
Our hearts (and our feet) are never found cold

Round the Old Billet Fire,  
Our troubles are lulled, old time is gulled, and "quick ones" are pulled  
Round the Old Billet Fire.

A stitch in time saves a clink' or a fine.

The Cook-house slogan:—None but the brave deserve the fare and none but the brave can eat it.

New tablecloths are been provided for the Sergeants' Mess—Sheet-changing cancelled this week. (I think you had that one before, "Me Larkie"—Ned.)

Gink—"These wads are as hard as rocks."

Canteen-hand—"Well, I told you to have your pick."

What promises to be one of the most successful and enjoyable dances yet held in military circles is to take place in Portobello on Friday, the 26th November. The Sergeants attached to the 7th Brigade have organised an All-Night Dance in aid of the Christmas Tree and Entertainment under the auspices of the Brigade Institute Committee. With an enterprising committee comprising B.S.M. Farrell (President), S.M. Lawlor (Vice-President), B.S.M. Jones and Phelan, and Sergt Hanlon and S.M. Murphy as capable and competent Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, the success of the function is assured. Special catering and a first-class dance orchestra. Get ready, boys!

This week's Slogan:—"Mind you I'll only warn you *once*."

"ME LARKIE."

### FINNER CAMP.

Congratulations to our Seven-a-side Football team, who journeyed to Kinlough on Sunday, 26th ult., and "lifted" the set of medals from the best in or around the district.

The Finner team are the winners of this District Section in the "Donegal Democrat" Cup Competition. They are now due to meet the winners of the Northern Section. We hope to see the cup in Finner shortly.

Whilst at Kinlough Sports the committee there prevailed upon our footballers to muster a team to meet the Civic Guards team in a Tug-o'-War pull, as other teams which had entered for the event had failed to appear. The captain—Captain B. Whelan, said he would oblige them, which he did in more senses than one. They made a good job of it by pulling the Guards'

team over in two clear pulls. This speaks well for the Finner team. They must be fit.

"FINN."

### ATHLONE SIGNAL COMPANY.

Sounds of lamentation and great woe are upon the place. The Company of the Irish-speaking Battalion has returned to Galway, carrying with them the best wishes of all who are stationed in Custume Barracks and the best wishes of all who are stationed outside Custume Barracks—I mean the civilian population. It is the lot of the men of any "Special Services Unit" to wander amongst and to be attached to various Battalions in the course of their military career, and when one mixes freely with men of those Battalions "their joys are your joys and their sorrows your sorrows," and then the time of parting comes hard. But never has a Battalion or a Company of a Battalion left so many behind who wished the parting "ne'er had been."

A Billiard Tournament is coming off in Athlone shortly. Teams of six are competing and an invitation was sent to the barracks to send along their six. The invitation was acknowledged with thanks, and the kindly thought that prompted the invitation will be acknowledged in another form later on. (It is to be hoped no "long rest" will intervene—Ned.)

At the time of writing there is keen competition on the rifle range for premier honours with the rifle. Never were rifles so well oiled.

A certain gentleman (not in the Company, of course) had the "wind up" the other morning. He woke up to find the barracks full of Civic Guards and vainly tried to remember his wanderings of the night before. But they were only in for an examination in the Gymnasium here.

Who is the distinguished expert who in a fit of temporary insanity endeavoured to tune in to Daventry on a poor harmless gramophone?

Who is the author of the "Cruel Dawn"?

Who is going to win the individual shooting competition?

Who was it who tried to outrival Sir Alan Cobham on a push bike? And where did he crash?

This week's Slogan:—Again that joke!

"GRID-LEAK."

### GAY BIRDS OF GORMANSTON.

(Note—This heading has been perpetrated by our correspondent—not by—Ned.)

The newly-formed Gormanston Dramatic Society gave their first entertainment in the Cinema, Gormanston Camp, on Thursday evening, 7th inst., when they staged "Seeking Promotion," a two-act play, and a one-act farce, entitled "The Tin-Can Fusiliers," as

well as providing some very interesting concert items. The programme took 2½ hours to run through, and the large audience showed their appreciation of the various pieces by their sustained applause after each item.

The acting was without flaw or slip, and when it is considered that this was in the case of all the players their first appearance before an audience their display can only be described as wonderful. The names of the artistes in play and farce are Pte. J. Ennis, Pte. J. Lawless, Pte. J. Loughrey, Pte. M. Brown, Pte. Cox, Pte. J. Moran, Cpl. J. Hanna, Cpl. H. O'Brien, Pte. T. Bryan, Pte. M. Molyneaux, Cpl. Laffin.

The concert items included: "The Coon from the Coombe," Pte. Wade; "The lost Scot," Pte. Nugent; "Burlington Bertie," Pte. Molyneaux; "The Laughing Coon," Pte. J. Munday; songs by Cpl. Hanna, baritone, and Cpl. Maguire, tenor; song and dance by Pte. Whelan; recitations by Cpl. Laffin, and violin solos by Pte. M. Meegan.

The whole entertainment was well organized, well carried out, and a great success, and the Dramatic Society should be greatly encouraged by the splendid reception which their efforts received and should go on to something more ambitious. We could do with more entertainments in the Army like the clean, wholesome and enjoyable show which the "Gormanston Dramatic Society" gave on their initial appearance.

(Glad to see the boys enjoying themselves—especially in Gormanston, where the "Brighter Barracks for the Winter" movement is badly needed owing to its airy isolation. But the Gaelic element seems to have been conspicuous by its absence. We think good Irish substitutes could have been found for, say, "Burlington Bertie" and some of the other songs—Ned.)

### No. 2 BRIGADE H.Q., ATHLONE.

Congratulations to the 1st and 25th Battalions on their successes at the Brigade Shooting Competition. Our team was unfortunate, but we will win that cup and shield next year. ("Hope springs eternal"—Ned.)

Our dance, which will be over by the time these notes appear in print, promises to be a huge success. The organising committee have spared neither time nor energy in trying to make it surpass even last year's one. (Onward, ever onward, Christian soldiers—Ned.)

What incident in the shooting competition reminded the B.Q.M.S. of "the day we shelled Collooney"? Was it the bullet holes in the target?

The expression on some faces as they received their "personal letters" on the 1st inst. reminded one of Shakespeare's:

"So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come

Discomfort swells."

"BULL'S EYE."



## No. 1 COMMAND CO., A.T.C., COLLINS BARRACKS.

Over the Brittas mountains the light of morning broke,  
From all field-kitchens curled thin wreaths of smoke,  
When we, the boys of the Transport, with a hard day's work to do,  
Heard Cunningham shouting "Fall in" from bivouac we flew.  
The wings of war enfolded us, but Fatty remained in bed,  
Then we saw the Adjutant, for it was he at our head.

With the glow of battle in their face—eyes filled with fiery light,  
The horses dragged their forage from Tallaght to the fight;  
Oh! how our hearts were beating at the dawn of day,  
We saw the Army Transport brought drawn out in long array;  
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a gliding star  
Followed our men of efficiency bringing every car.

Exult, ye proud Transport, the hard-fought fight is o'er,  
Crossleys, Fords, Leylands, all helped to win the war;  
They never went that well this many months I declare,  
Thanks to the driver's enthusiasm they wanted no repair;  
We strove for honour—'twas in vain, for freedom 'tis no more;  
On returning back to barracks we got sentenced "C.B." go leor.

(The above is published in all its pristine horror as received. Claims for compensation need not be sent to—Ned.)

We read many listening-in grievances, but we have no such redress listening-in to our Musketry Instructor each morn.

Re new Reorganisation, will our section of "School of Music" sign for 12 years or return to the farm?

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW:—

Who captured the poem from the Detail Office, and what was thought of it?

When are the Mess Committee going to call a general meeting?

Is it a coincidence the A.C.C., A.C.S. and Engineers use the same pattern of mug we bought, or has Jacko ceased his vigilance?

Who was the man who rehearsed on a Ford and was tested on a Crossley?

"THE SHEIK."

## 3rd BATTALION, BOYLE.

The Football team has added another victory to its unbeaten record this year by defeating Tubbercurry at Bal-laghaderreen on Sunday, the 3rd inst., in the semi-final for the Dr. Coen Silver Cup and Set of Gold Medals. The final on a date yet unfixed is causing some interest amongst both the team and followers, but from its form there should be no fears.

The Hurling team is drawn against Elphin on the 10th inst. in the Ros-

common County League, and a close finish in this match is looked forward to.

Best wishes are extended to Capt. Feely and other officers who have proceeded to the School of Instruction. No doubt Capt. Feely will be missed in sporting circles of the 3rd during his temporary absence.

We noticed some good fitting packs going to the train on the 9th inst. also for the Curragh.

Many will be glad to hear of the success of the Scouts on the recent manoeuvres. These, who were trained by Sergt. Hewitt, prove conclusively his abilities in that respect.

Sergt. Hewitt, who has also proceeded to the School of Instruction, will be missed by his Boxing Class at Longford. One of his most successful students now coming into the limelight is Coy.-Sergt. Younge, who the trainer says after a little more training can challenge any of his weight in the Command.

The Battalion Hurling team met Elphin at Boyle on Sunday, the 10th inst., in the Roscommon County League. A good crowd gathered to see what turned out to be a splendid match. The military, who throughout were superior, continuously pressed the Elphin backs, but owing to the very bad state of the field missed several scores, the ball on two occasions sticking in the mud in the goal mouth. However, with the splendid efforts of the 3rd the long whistle showed the scores at:—

3rd Battalion, 5-3 Elphin, 1-0

The outstanding players for the military were Moran, Duff, Healy, Williams, O'Leary, and Maloney, while the remainder at all times showed their superiority to the heretofore best team in County Roscommon.

The Junior Football team also met Elphin at the same venue on the 10th and a very fast game was witnessed, some of the Elphin players collapsing on the field during the game. This game was more evenly contested than the Hurling, and frees on both sides were frequent. During the second half the result was quite apparent and the result showed:—

3rd Battalion, 2-1 Elphin, 1-0

We wonder how the N.C.O.'s at Longford like their "School," and we expect to see some graduates with all the letters of the alphabet after their names at the end of the session.

"BROADCASTER."

## 8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

Now that the manoeuvres and the more austere part of military training has concluded it is hoped that we have settled down to a term of tranquillity for the coming winter season, and nothing would exhilarate us better than to see the restoration of that half-day for recreational training which we were deprived of some time ago. In the

leading article of "An t-Oglach," dated September 18th, much stress was laid on the necessity of recreational training for the soldier, and one paragraph said, "It might with aptness be described as the safety valve in the soldier's dull and monotonous life." I am sure we soldiers will agree with all the Editor has said in that article. Recreation is as essential to the soldier as is military training. It teaches the young soldier control of temper and a respect for his weaker opponents, and it enables him to become proficient and chivalrous for a more strenuous field event when called upon.

By the time these notes are chronicled the results of the All-Army Boxing Tournament will be made known. The representatives from our Battalion, who comprised "Nobby" Clarke, "Ginger" Holian and "Young" Downey will, I am confident, leave nothing undone to bring the laurels of victory home to us in the various weights which they represent. It was indeed regretted that we lost the services of "Yank" Little (who is at present with the Pipers' Band) from the square ring. All of us know what the "Yank" can do with the mits, and only for his adoption of the vocation of musician he would no doubt be one of the selected at the All-Army Boxing Tournament. We hope to hear of his return to our midst very soon.

This month is going to be a real festivity to all lovers of the "noble art." No less than five big tournaments are to be staged between Dublin and here, and those of us who are so fortunate to be domiciled here are looking forward to October 29th to witness the clash between the representatives of the British Army and a selected team representing our own country. As mentioned in my last notes, I assured you of a full house for the occasion, and I am willing to back up that statement.

Heartiest congratulations and best wishes to Lieut. Denis O'Leary on the occasion of his marriage, which took place on Saturday, 9th October, at Dun Laoghaire.

Great rejoicing was felt in "A" Coy. when it became known that "Pivot" had auctioned the old road "crock." Those of us who had his welfare at heart had many a sleepless night when he journeyed to the neighbouring villages and returned in the "wee sma' hours." The conquest of the air is still his ambition.

Excitement was prevalent in barracks one morning of last week when a large touring car was observed moving from the Sergeants' Mess towards H.Q. Coy.'s lines. It afterwards leaked out that the car was specially requisitioned to convey "Christy" Carroll on a well-earned holiday. "Christy," we understand, travelled incognito.

The Sergeants' Mess are about to hold their initial Whist Drive in the course of a few days. It is hoped that this is only the beginning of a good many such social functions.

"GRAVEL-CRUSHER."





## 12th BATTALION, TEMPLE-MORE.

In season and out of season, within the past two years, I advocated in the columns of this journal the necessity of educational classes in our Army. The argument may be put forward that such a step is voluntary. Be that as it may, I am sure that, on the other hand, compulsory classes would serve a much more useful purpose.

It was not the establishment of educational classes alone that I advocated in "An t-Oglach." I often mentioned the necessity of obtaining the services of a competent Irish teacher to give lessons in the native language. In connection with this subject we have the practical sympathy of no less an authority than the Chief of Staff himself, who said on one occasion when addressing the officers of G.H.Q. that, "far from a knowledge of Irish being a hindrance to them it would prove a decided asset," or words to that effect. We should see what we can do in that direction for the winter. (And, at least, see that your entertainments are as Irish as possible in character—Ned.)

The Army authorities are thoroughly aware of what athletics can do for the Army and of what the Army can do for athletics. Although the season that is now upon us is not particularly suited for athletics on an exhaustive scale (especially outdoor exercise), physical training, etc., in gymnasias can play a great part towards the desired end.

Many of our officers and N.C.O.'s have proceeded to the Curragh on training courses.

"C" Coy., which was stationed at Limerick since the completion of the annual training at Kilworth is with us in "McCann" again.

The Corporals' Mess is again in working order and the Committee hope to make it an even better success than hitherto.

All Corkmen in barracks are jubilant over their county's victory over Tipp. in the Munster Hurling Final. Yet not satisfied with the result of Sunday's match they insist on playing the match themselves in barracks, even at meal hours.

And they all smoke Cork-Tipp. cigarettes.

(Help!—Ned.)

"ROS CAIRE." 

## 15th BATTALION, LIMERICK.

Prior to the manoeuvres rumours had it that we were shortly to take our departure from the Curragh Camp and make Garryowen our station, and as long-threatening comes at last we found out that Tuesday, 28th ultimo, was the date fixed for our departure. For over two years the majority of us knew no other station save the Cur-

ragh Camp and the anticipation of leaving same filled us with joy.

On the morning of the 28th ult. we fell in on the square of Ponsonby Barracks and to the strain of martial music marched through the Camp on our way to the Curragh Siding. At the Water Tower Barrier we looked longingly back to gaze perhaps for the last time on scenes we were leaving behind. (Thought you said you were glad to leave?—Ned.)

As we were seated in the train that was to bring us away from those familiar surroundings No. 3 Army Band rendered that delightful music which we so often listened to as our lads legged it in the three-mile and other events in the Camp Sports. The music brought back old reminiscences of our struggles in the sporting field.

The whistle blew, we steamed out, and the band poured forth the musical strains of "Shall Auld Acquaintance," while the 15th lads gave one universal shout that shook the foundations of the station and reverberated over the plains of Kildare.

On our arrival at Limerick station Garryowen turned out to bid us a hearty welcome. No. 2 Pipers' Band met us at the station and we marched to the New Barracks to the strains of the war pipes. The doors and windows as well as the streets were lined with people gazing at us as we marched along. The clouds overshadowing our spirits in the morning had long since cleared and we felt like the Israelites of old entering the Promised Land. (Oh, mamma!—Ned.) The "Limerick Leader" gave a great account of the 15th Battalion's march through the streets. The gates of our new home opened to receive us and our Brigade Commander, Col. Joseph E. Vize, was present to bid us welcome.

For the past few weeks we have been on guard in the various outposts of the City of the Violated Treaty—outposts haunted by the undying spirits of the men who fell around them before the Wild Geese took their flight.

We just happened to be in time for the Southern Command Sports, which were held in the Markets Field on Thursday, the 7th inst. There were few or no entries from the Battalion, as the lads had no time to train. Nevertheless our Tug-o'-War team entered and brought home the honours, having beaten three teams in seven pulls. They were each presented with a beautiful gold medal. They will soon not be able to count the number they possess. We one and all congratulate them on their success.

Another great addition to the Sports was the clown. We brought him all the way from the Curragh and he "did his stuff" remarkably well.


Pte. Joynt had great success in the All-Army Boxing Competitions, which were staged in Portobello Barracks, Dublin. He left New Barracks on the 29th ult. to undergo training at Cork. The first night he encountered a very stiff opponent in Pte. Harte, but gained

the verdict after an extra two-minute round. The second night he met and defeated Pte. Barrett of the A.M.C., Curragh, and Pte. Metcalf of the Western Command, thus gaining the Fly-weight Championship of the Army. Good old Joe, we knew you'd do it.

Since our arrival "D" Coy. has been detached to the Castle Barracks to take over all duties there, and a squad of "B" Coy. under 2/Lieut. Michael O'Rourke has taken over the duties of the Doonass Outpost. The latter report that they need no bugle to get them up at Reveille; the blasting at the Shannon Scheme will do that.

We are very thankful to the 8th Battalion for the kind farewell they gave us on our departure from the Curragh. The good old 8th always gave us what we wanted, and we admit that of late we stood a very poor chance against them in many sporting events.

Well, "Gravel-Crusher," I presume the Whelan-Clarke controversy has terminated. However, I shall hold my opinion as to who is the better man.

"EX-PREMIER," 

## 25th BATTALION, ATHLONE.

We regret to announce the departure from our Battalion of our esteemed and very popular Commanding Officer, Commandant Michael McHugh. He has been with the Battalion since December, 1923, and during that time has endeared himself to officers and men by his kindly administration and keen appreciation of sport. The officers and men all join in wishing him every success in his new sphere and are glad that his appointment to the Command does not remove him from their midst.

Whilst regretting the departure of Commandant McHugh, we accord a hearty welcome to our new Commanding Officer, Commandant Sean Mitchell.

Pte. Ml. O'Halloran of Headquarters Company, better known as "Murty," has been awarded a certificate of efficiency in life saving. He has also won the perpetual cup and gold medal presented by No. 2 Brigade for the best individual shot in the Brigade.

We are glad to have the remainder of the Battalion back again from their sojourn in the West. The athletes of these Companies who go in for pushing the wheel cannot say that they need practice for the Sports which are to be held on Wednesday next, the 13th inst. They will have no excuse if they lose to the stay-at-home members of the Battalion.

Our Senior Football team had a very good game on Sunday, the 3rd inst., against Kilbeggan, in Moate. Our lads played a very good game and won a well-deserved victory by 2 goals and 3 points to 2 points. For our side Captain Lohan and Pte. Broder gave a finished display, while the defence of McGuinness at full was a feature of the losing side's display.



Our boxers appear to be doing well in Dublin, but we will wait until the contests are finished before commenting on them.

We have recently sent a large contingent in the shape of 7 officers and 4 N.C.O.'s to assist in keeping the grass from growing on Keane Barrack Square for the next three months.

"J. P. K."



## No. 2 BRIGADE RIFLE MEETING.

The Commanding Officer and officers of No. 2 Brigade are to be congratulated on the very successful rifle meeting that they have just brought to a conclusion.

To get through such a big entry from Wednesday morning, 6th, and be finished by noon on Friday, the 8th inst., was in itself no mean achievement. The marking arrangements and liaison between the butts and the firing point were indeed all that could be desired.

The prizes were:—A large silver cup for the best individual shot, N.C.O. or man; a very handsome shield for the best team of 1 N.C.O. and 7 men. There were also 2 gold medals, 2 silver medals (gold centred), and 10 silver medals for competitions as set out hereunder. The collection as a whole would do justice to a Command or Inter-Command event.

The first item was individual shooting for officers of the Brigade. There was an entry of 30 officers for this event and the competition was very keen. The final results were:—1st, Lt. Sean O'Connor (1st Bn.), gold medal; 2nd, Comdt. Mackey (Bde. Hqrs.), silver medal (gold centred); 3rd, Capt. Daniel Kelly (25th Bn.), silver medal.

On Wednesday evening the N.C.O.'s and men started the shoot for the handsome silver cup and the gold medal that went with it. Needless to remark excitement was intense. Speculation was rife that evening as to the fortunes of the leaders. Would they hold their lead on the morrow? However, Thursday forenoon saw the results definitely published. 1st, Pte. Ml. O'Halloran (25th Bn.), cup and gold medal; 2nd, Pte. Walsh (1st Bn.), silver medal (gold centred); 3rd, Sergt. Kegan (A.C.C.), silver medal.

Thursday evening saw the start of the team shoot and in this event the competition was very keen. The results, like the other competitions, were in doubt until the last moment. The 1st Battalion secured a narrow victory of 6 points over the 4th Battalion, who filled the next three places. 1st, 1st Battalion, shield and medals; 2nd, 4th Battalion; 3rd, 4th Battalion.

The competition has been, for an initial attempt, an unqualified success. It has opened up a great field of ambition for the shots of the Brigade for the coming year. There is no doubt that during the next year great attention will be paid to the musketry lessons and practices with a view to dis-

possessing the present holders of their coveted trophies. The scheme is one that should commend itself to all Commands and Brigades, and with proper management should be as successful as this has proved.

"J. P. K."

## SOUTHERN COMMAND ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The Southern Command Athletic Council brought their "1926" programme to a successful conclusion on Thursday, the 8th instant, when the Annual Athletic Championships were decided at the Markets Fields, Limerick. The proceedings were favoured with fine weather and were well attended.

No. 2 Army Band, under the baton of Lieut. Arthur Duff, contributed a special musical programme, and a gymnastic display by the Army Tailteann team, who made a first appearance in Limerick, was one of the features of a very pleasant afternoon, and earned unstinted praise from the spectators.

The athletic events were competed in by representatives of all Battalions stationed in the Command and some good performances were witnessed, an outstanding feature being the running of Private J. McCarthy, Special Services.

The representatives of the Special Services stationed in Collins Barracks, Cork, obtained premier honours, scoring 20 points. Next in order being the 10th Battalion (14 points), 16th Battalion (10 points), 12th Battalion (9 points), 18th Battalion (5 points), and the 15th Battalion (2 points).

Details:—

100 Yards—Sergt. McMahon, 12th Bn., 1st; Cpl. Horgan, 18th Bn., and Sergt. McVeigh, S.S. (dead heat), 2nd.

220 Yards—Sergt. McMahon, 12th Bn., 1st; Pte. J. McCarthy, S.S., 2nd.

440 Yards—Pte. J. McCarthy, S.S., 1st; Sergt. McMahon, 12th Bn., 2nd.

880 Yards—Pte. J. McCarthy, S.S., 1st; Pte. J. Whelan, 16th Bn., 2nd.

1 Mile Flat—Pte. J. Holohan, S.S., 1st; Pte. J. Whelan, 16th Bn., 2nd.

3 Miles Flat—Pte. J. Whelan, 16th Bn., 1st; Pte. J. Holohan, S.S., 2nd.

120 Yards Hurdles—Pte. J. McCarthy, S.S., 1st; Cpl. W. Kelly, 12th Bn., 2nd.

Half-Mile Cycle—Cpl. Hilliard, 10th Bn., 1st; Pte. B. Connery, 16th Bn., 2nd.

One Mile Cycle—Cpl. Hilliard, 10th Bn., 1st; Pte. B. Connery, 16th Bn., 2nd.

High Jump—Lieut. R. Cotter, S.S., 1st; Sergt. Holohan, 12th Bn., 2nd.

Pole Vault—Pte. G. Joyce, 16th Bn., 1st; Lieut. R. Cotter, S.S., 2nd.

Hop, Step, Jump—Lieut. T. McMahon, 10th Bn., 1st; Cpl. Horgan, 18th Bn., 2nd.

Long Jump—Lieut. T. McMahon, 10th Bn., 1st; Pte. Barron, 18th, 2nd.

Throwing Discus—Lieut. R. Cotter, S.S., 1st; Pte. Bermingham, 12th Bn., 2nd.

Throwing Javelin—Cpl. Hilliard, 10th Bn., 1st; Lieut. R. Cotter, S.S., 2nd.

Putting 16lb. Shot—Lieut. R. Cotter, S.S., 1st; Comdt. Hannon, 10th Bn., 2nd.

Throwing 56lbs. over Bar—Cpl. A. Murphy, 10th Bn., 1st; Pte. B. Connery, 16th Bn., 2nd.

Throwing 56lbs. with Follow—Pte. Power 18th Bn., 1st; Cpl. A. Murphy, 10th Bn., 2nd.

Relay Race: 220, 440, 880, 220—Special Services, 1st; 12th Battalion, 2nd.

Winning team: Lieut. Griffin, Sergt. McVeigh, Pte. McCarthy, Pte. Neary.

Tug-o'-War (6 teams competed)—Final—15th Battalion beat 16th Battalion.

On the conclusion of the Sports the prizes were presented to the successful competitors by Colonel Liam Hayes, Acting General Officer Commanding, Southern Command.

## MEDICAL SERVICES' AND CHAPLAINS' CUPS

(Concluded from page 12).

Power was a hard worker for 20th, but G.H.Q. defence was wonderful, and a sustained attack by 20th was eventually disposed of by Power clearing. Keane secured for 20th, and put over a point. G.H.Q. returned again, and, from a pass by Hawe, McGrath added another goal. Hayes and Stapleton were the better defenders, and little headway could be made by 20th forwards. There was no slackening off in the pace set and a good run by 20th ended in Meagher beating Power for a good goal. Doyle and McGrath had a good understanding, and the latter sent over again for a minor. After Power saved from Saunders, Keane, from a "70," reduced the lead with a point. G.H.Q. broke away again, and a good shot by Sullivan put the issue beyond doubt. A period of pressure, near the end by 20th ended in Keane adding a fine goal, but G.H.Q. were good winners on the score—

G.H.Q.—4 goals 7 points.

20th Batt.—3 goals 4 points.

The following were the teams:—

**Artillery Corps**—Lambert, Cummins, Brannigan, McCormack (2), Rice, Hall, Cody, Walsh, Heary, O'Connell, Ryan, Winters, Quinn, and O'Neill.

**23rd Batt.**—Tummon, McCann, Murrihy, McAlister, Kelly, Lusk, McCaffrey, Heavey, Sheridan, Bagnall, Ryan, Higgins, Matthews (2), Keogh.

**20th Batt.**—Lennon (2), Connolly, Culleton (2), Kealy, Gray, Scully, Meagher, Keane, Saunders, Burke, Power, Hennessy, Geoghegan.

**G.H.Q.**—Power, Hayes (2), Stapleton, Hawe, Fitzpatrick, McGrath, Kelly, Leeson, Doyle, Henrick, Finn, Sullivan, Foley, and Costigan.



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*—Goldsmith.*

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Pte. Murphy was walking down the street when he was stopped by a beggar.

"Don't refuse a trifle, son," said the latter, "I'm an old soldier."

"An old soldier, eh?" said Murphy. "Then I'll give you a test. 'Shun! Eyes right! Eyes front! Stand at ease! Now what comes next?"

"Present Alms," retorted the beggar. He "clicked."

*Prize of Solingen razor awarded to No. 61602, Pte. Joseph McWilliams, "B" Coy., 2nd Inf. Battn., Finner Camp, Co. Donegal.*

An old Scotsman was threatened with blindness if he did not give up drinking.

"Now, M'Tavish," said the doctor, "it's like this. You've got to stop the whiskey or lose your eyesight, and you must choose."

"Aye, weel, doctor," said M'Tavish, "I'm an auld man noo, an' I was thinkin' I hae seen aboot everything worth seein'."

Justice—"What have you got to say to the charge of drunkenness?"

Defendant—"I was very unnerved. I was held up by two men."

Justice (to Sergeant)—"Did you hear anything about this?"

Sergeant—"No, your worship."

Defendant—"I thought he knew all about it."

Justice—"Was anything taken from you?"

Defendant—"Nothing."

Justice—"Under the circumstances the case will be dismissed."

Friend, outside, to defendant—"Do you know the people who held you up?"

Defendant—"I do."

Friend—"Who were they?"

Defendant—"The two Civic Guards. They held me up the whole way home."

Mabel (just engaged): "George said if I refused him he would never propose to any other girl."

Her Dear Friend: "Yes, I thought you were the last on the list."

Sergeant: "What is the first thing you do, Murphy, when cleaning your rifle?"

Murphy: "Look at the number, sir."

Sergeant: "And what the deuce has that got to do with it?"

Murphy: "To make sure I'm not cleaning some other gink's, sir."

A New Yorker met a Scotsman just back from the Florida golf courses struggling up Broadway dragging an alligator.

"What are you doing with the alligator?" he asked.

"The son of a gun has got my ball," replied the Scotsman.

First Golfer—"I say, how do you address the ball?"

Second Golfer—"Do you mean before I hit it, or after I lose it?"

Irate Parent: "Am I to understand that there is some idiotic affair between you and that impecunious young ass, Flatly?"

Fair Daughter: "Only you, papa."

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Some fellows marry poor girls to settle down; others marry rich girls to settle up.

A Scotsman became engaged to a girl who got so fat that he wanted to break off the engagement. But the girl couldn't get the ring off so he had to marry her.

Extract from evening paper—"A sixpence was found in a herring caught today by the south coast fishing fleet." Next morning's paper—"The Scotch fishing fleet sailed for the south coast during the night."

She: "I wonder if you remember me? Years ago you asked me to marry you."

Absent-minded Professor: "Ah, yes, and did you?"

Bill wanted to slip out of camp—unofficially—to see his girl, and he went to the sentry and stated the case.

"Well," said the sentry, "I'll be off duty when you come back, so you ought to have the password for to-night. It's 'Idiosyncrasy.'"

"Idio what?"

"Idiosyncrasy."

"I'll stay in camp," said Bill.

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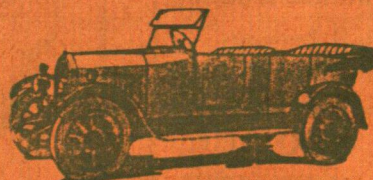
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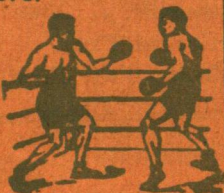
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