

Vol. V. No. 18.

November 6th, 1926.

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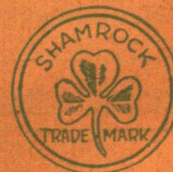
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See page 20.



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An t-Ógláic

Vol. V. No. 18.

NOVEMBER 6, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE



Military Terms Illustrated :

No. 22

"MUSCLE EXERCISE" (MUSKETRY).

An t-Oglach

NOVEMBER 6, 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 EASARCIÓN.

ESPRIT DE CORPS.

IN a recent editorial, when writing on the forthcoming international boxing contests, we pointed out at considerable length the responsibility which rested upon the boxers who were selected to uphold the honour of the Army. It gives us unfeigned pleasure now to testify to the excellent services which they rendered in this sphere of sport, and the added prestige which they have brought to the Defence Forces.

* * *

We have been speaking to all sorts and conditions of people anent these boxing contests, which were held in Portobello and the Curragh, and they have all been loud in their praise, not only of the fine display of boxing given by all contestants, but especially of the high spirit of sportsmanship which was maintained throughout. Victory is not always possible, but a high standard of sportsmanship is; defeat is not necessarily dishonourable, but poor sportsmanship always is. All the world loves a game loser. It is therefore good to know that in the opinion of all those present, both civilians and military, in the contests which they won, and in the contests which they lost, the Irish Army representatives gave a fine exhibition of true sportsmanship. That their opponents, representing the British Army possessed the

same high standard of true sportsmanship contributed to what has been described as "the finest exhibition of boxing ever held in Dublin." We believe that this compliment is well deserved, and we congratulated the representatives of both the Irish and British Armies.

* * *

It is now beyond dispute that the Defence Forces has developed a magnificent *esprit de corps*. There is abundant evidence of it. There is the remarkable success of the Irish team in the international horse-jumping competitions; the large percentage of military players in the G.A.A. semi-finals and finals; there is the test—an unusually hard one—of the recent Army manoeuvres (and especially those of the Inter-Commands) in which the endurance and keenness of the troops were tested very severely. The members of the Defence Forces may well be proud of their splendid progress.

We think the events of the year, now rapidly drawing to a close, justifies a strong plea for greater consideration and latitude in the matter of sport and athletics. Our boxers were trained on the ordinary soldier's rations; even when in training they had to take their turn for guard duties. The same is true, pretty generally, through the Army. It is not a healthy state of affairs. It is

to the advantage of the Army, and to the credit of the country, that its members should not only be encouraged but facilitated in developing a high skill in the realms of sport and athletics.

THE ORIGIN OF "GINK."

To the Editor, "An t-Oglach."

Your esteemed scribe, "Enquire" seeks elucidation re "Nom-de-guerre" Of the origin and the meaning of a "Gink."

Well, there's an Arabic word called gin,

Which translated means "queer within."

(Hence "gin-ger" in the Army means you're barmy).

But that quaint old word called Gink, Which has made "Enquirer" think,

Is but a slang corruption of the Arab slang called "Gin."

And the "hard-chaws" 'way out East Are termed "Ginks" there by their priest,

As they're more or less a crowd of devil-may-care;

But in our Army here

A chap need not be queer

If he is termed "a funny sort of gink,"

For in "An t-Oglach" you will see,

And with your humble you'll agree

That a gink is just a fellow

With a pay-book that was yellow

And a crime sheet that once was virgin white.

And to Part 2 Orders was a stranger

And of the clink was ne'er in danger,

But now his yellow pay-book with red ink entries is a sight.

And his name is Copy-righted,

And in Part 2 oft is cited;

And the Digger and your man are now old friends.

Perhaps that old gink, Kayham,

Made him what you or I am,

So sans red ink, sans black clink, sans Gink, and sans end.

"ME LARKIE."

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IN CAPTIVITY

From "WITH THE IRISH IN FRONGOCH."

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

(Being the Thirty-Eighth 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 XXV.—continued.

"An' is it because I told you that me name was Lynch when I came here that it must be so?" queried Mical. "Run away, man, and play skittles. Sure for all ye know I'm maybe Mick McQuaid."

We had gathered round in a little group, and a roar of laughter greeting this retort, Phillips got a bit ratty.

"I don't care a monkey's — wot your name is," he said shortly, "but the Adjutant wants you. So you had better come along, and tell him any damned thing you like."

"Oh, if it's me, an' not Mical Lynch, he wants, I'll go out to him." So saying he put away his harp and his tools, and went out.

He was brought before "Buckshot," who told him a relative was ill, and that a seven days' parole was granted to him. Mical stubbornly refused to acknowledge his identity. At last "Buckshot" said they were sufficiently certain of his identity, that they had decided to send him to the North Camp, and to give him his parole from there.

"Well," retorted Mical, "if ye are going to send me to the North Camp you will have to carry me to it."

"Then you shall be carried," snapped "Buckshot."

Two sentries were sent into the Hospital for a stretcher. A little group of us had congregated near the entrance to the compound to watch the result. This stretcher business puzzled us. But! when we saw four "Tom-mies" carry Mical's stalwart body we understood and raised a cheer. He yelled out in Irish to remove his kit. We understood at once, and rushing in we seized his kit and divided it up amongst us. We had no sooner done so when Phillips came in looking for his kit. It was hoped to conclusively prove his identity by his books, etc. They were, however, not to be found.

When the stretcher was borne inside of the North Camp gate Mical told the soldiers to leave it down. Then, getting up, he gravely thanked them for their kindness, and went off to report his arrival to Comdt. Staines. He still refused to acknowledge that he was Mical Lynch, and as a result they could not risk letting him go on parole. He did not refuse the parole, but, of course, without an admission on his part they dare not risk it.

In this way, then, the authorities were unable to reduce the number in the South Camp.

The great drawback to our situation, however, was the fact that we were cut off from all communication with those in the North Camp. To carry out our schemes and plans successfully it was necessary to establish a line of communication between both Camps. We had only our Irish wit and resource with which to solve the problem. This is how we did it.

A wooden telegraph sounder key was made. At first we tried to supply the necessary spring with elastic out of a stocking suspender. This proved too weak for our purpose. After a good deal of searching we found a short piece of copper wire. This was made into two short spiral springs. Two small wooden uprights were then fixed on the working arm of the sounder key, and a small, round shaving mirror fixed between them. When this was got working to our satisfaction, a table was placed under one of the electric bulbs opposite one of the dormitory windows which faced the North Camp. As I have already explained, the roof was very low in the ground floor dormitory. This now served our purposes very well indeed. The strange-looking heliograph was then mounted on a box underneath the globe. Thus, when the sounder key was worked, the moving mirror made a series of Morse code dots and dashes of reflected light. It

was a bit difficult to get it working right at first, but patience achieved its end. The following night answering dots and dashes gleamed in the window of the North Camp cook-house. Victory was ours!

We could, of course, very easily have hung a blanket with a hole in it before one of the windows, and by uncovering and covering the hole could have sent messages. But it would have been a clumsy device and easily discovered. We had opportunities enough of sending messages during the day.

We now felt that we were ready for all emergencies. The postal system was working smoothly and daily bulletins were going out to the propaganda committee. Very conflicting reports were now going the rounds concerning the Camp. We decided to issue a brief but complete history of the Camp entitled: "The Truth About Frongoch." This was what the *Manchester Guardian* called "a formidable-looking list of detailed charges against the conditions and administration of the Camp have been drawn up and published." A copy of this essay was given to the late Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick. Having satisfied himself as to its authenticity, his lordship sent it down to one of the Mission Houses, with instructions that a sermon was to be preached on it. The following Sunday one of the Fathers preached a powerful sermon on "The Horrors of Frongoch." It was reported verbatim in one of the local papers. Later on one of the Cork journals took the responsibility of issuing our essay as a pamphlet. Thus our "publicity campaign" worked out.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE best way to deceive is, very often, to tell the truth. The Head Cook had given a very fair and accurate representation of our case to "Jelly-belly,"

who repeated it to the Adjutant. In spite of this, or perhaps on account of it—for truth is sometimes stranger than fiction—"Buckshot" decided that he now had succeeded in splitting us into two sections. So he proceeded to make the breach complete and unbridgeable. He followed the time-honoured expedient which for seven centuries had succeeded in keeping Irishmen at home at variance and disunited.

The roll was now called every day in the North Camp, but no attempt was made to call it in the South. "Buckshot" made his usual daily inspection of both camps. On the second day of our revolt he delivered an address to the men in the North Camp. He praised them for their bravery, and said they had the courage of their convictions, and were not ashamed of their names like the cowards in the South Camp. Had his intention been to influence the men of the North Camp with feelings of hatred against himself, and desires of hot revolt, he could not have chosen better words for the purpose.

He told Commandant Staines that "the men were to be fed like turkey cocks." He also obtained the following special concessions from the Home Office for them:

To receive one visit each week, instead of one each fortnight.

To send out four letters each week instead of the usual two.

It was also intimated that a special supply of Christmas cards was being obtained, and would be on sale in the canteen. The prisoners would be permitted to send as many of these cards to their friends as they wished; and provided that the cards carried no communication beyond the sender's name and address they would not be counted amongst the number of letters allowed each week.

It was well that Commandant Staines was in the North Camp. Only his authority compelled the prisoners to answer the roll-call. "Buckshot's" address and special concession were flashed down to us that night, as well as the men's disaffection. We replied that we counted on them to faithfully carry out their part of the arrangements. We advised them to get all the concessions they possibly could, and asked them to use one of their four weekly letters to write home to our people informing them that we were quite well. The men complied with our wishes and Comdt. Staines' orders, and remained on answering the roll.

But "Buckshot's" address had considerably enraged them. And as a consequence they were ready to go to the death to help to circumvent the authorities in getting supplies of food, tobacco, etc., down to us.

The spirit of self-reliance and self-respect which the doctrine of Sinn Féin had inculcated into these young men, coupled with the stern discipline received in the ranks of the Irish Republican Army, was bearing wonderful and astonishing fruit.

It was on Tuesday, the 7th November, that we had been ordered into this punishment in the South Camp. As the last batch moved down, Commandant Staines overheard the Adjutant apologise to the Senior Officer of the Cheshires for the inconvenience and trouble which he had been needlessly put to. He said he had told the Colonel that a reinforcement was unnecessary; but the Colonel thought otherwise. He concluded by saying that the prisoners were a fine body of fellows and were only following out a policy of passive resistance against the conscription of a comrade; and in his opinion if they stuck it long enough the prisoners would win. When this tit-bit of news reached us we naturally gathered much comfort from it.

Three days later, on Wednesday, the 10th, at the mid-day Colonel's inspection, as we were all drawn up in the outer compound, the Adjutant, "Jackknives," and Phillips passed down along the ranks. They named several prisoners and bade them form up on the flank. The prisoners did so. It was evident that they were picking out the Hut Leaders. One prisoner—Lieut. W. Tannam—who was so named and ordered to step out protested that he was not a Hut Leader. He was ordered out peremptorily.

Out of the fifteen Hut Leaders then in the South Camp they could only recognise and order out twelve. "Jackknives" then called out:

"Come on here, those other three 'ut Leaders."

They showed a reluctance to do so, and he repeated:

"Come on, come on. No use of waiting 'ere the whole day."

The three Hut Leaders then stepped out and formed up with their comrades. The general body were dismissed; and the Hut Leaders were marched into "Buckshot's" office. Here, to their astonishment, very serious charges were preferred against them; and they were "remanded until Monday." It was understood that they would be tried by Court-martial.

Captains P. Lennon, R. J. Mulcahy, T. D. Sinnott, R. Cotter, P. Murphy, C. Murphy, M. J. Moriarty, J. O'Neill, W. Tannam, and F. Shouldice were charged with "That the accused was definitely ordered by the Commandant on the 7th November to form up in his hut the particular men belonging to it and to warn them that the Commandant was coming around to call the roll, and that when the roll was called by Adjutant Burns the accused failed to answer to his name and number."

Captains J. Murphy, J. MacMahon, and J. O'Brien had the same charge plus "and that a number of others followed his example" preferred against them.

Captains J. Stanley and P. Scollan had the main charge, plus "and that others were thus influenced not to answer to their names and numbers."

As soon as we got to know that these men were going to be Court-martialled we despatched a long letter detailing the circumstances to Mr. Gavan Duffy

and engaging him to defend the prisoners.

This Military Court which was to try these fifteen Leaders was convened on Saturday, the 25th November, 1916, under authority of the Royal Warrant for the "Maintenance of Discipline among Prisoners of War" by order of Lieut.-General Sir Pitcairn Campbell K.C.B., General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Western Command, and was composed as follows:—President: Major E. E. Hussey, Cheshire Regiment. Members: Captain C. C. H. Doran, R.E.; Captain T. Fanning Evans, R.E. Waiting Member: Captain J. Stott, S. Lancs. Regiment. Prosecutor: Lieut. W. Llewellyn Jones, R.D.C. Judge-Advocate: Lieut.-Col. Ivor Bowen, 63rd T.R. Bn.

Before the proceedings commenced in the North Camp, Mr. Gavan Duffy pointed out that the Press representatives were entitled to admission, but would not be allowed into the Camp. The Judge-Advocate advised the Court that the Press should be admitted, the proceedings being public. The Commandant emphatically refused admission to the Press on the grounds that he had Orders from the Home Office to admit no strangers. The Court thereupon removed its sittings outside the Camp where accommodation was provided for the Press.

Lieutenant W. Tannam was the first prisoner charged, which was a bad beginning for the authorities. Tannam was not a Hut Leader, but had been acting temporarily while the Hut Leader was in hospital. On the morning on which the offence took place he was not a Hut Leader, and was not before the Commandant. This was proved at the trial, and Tannam was subsequently discharged.

It would be impossible to give a full report of all the fifteen trials in the limits of this monograph. I shall give the two most important ones—those of Captains Mulcahy and Sinnott; but even these I cannot give in full.

Captain R. Mulcahy (344) was tried on the charge already specified. Evidence as to his being a Hut Leader and being present at the Commandant's office and afterwards failing to answer roll-call was given by Lieut. and Adjutant Burns and Sergeant-Major Newstead.

Mr. Gavan Duffy said it was essential that the prosecution prove the Royal Warrant under which the Court was constituted, because if it was not proved the whole cases fell to the ground. The Court was not sitting by virtue of any Act of Parliament, and was *ultra-vires*. The Judge-Advocate said the Court was held by virtue of his Majesty's Commissioners and under the authority of Commander-in-Chief General Sir Pitcairn Campbell.

Mr. Gavan Duffy also submitted that the Court failed to produce an essential averment that the accused was a prisoner of war—they should have produced proper legal evidence, the Home Office Order of Internment.

(To be continued.)

THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

GEOGRAPHY.

Lesson No. 29.

COUNTY DUBLIN.

(continued.)

The table given hereunder shows the population of Dublin City proper, and also that of the various suburban townships which with the City form what is known as the Metropolitan Area. For the purpose of comparison we give the respective populations for 1841, 1911 and 1926.

	1841	1911	1926
Dublin City	245,826	304,802	316,471
Rathmines & Rathgar ...	10,376	37,840	40,367
Pembroke ...	12,090	29,294	33,395
Blackrock ...	6,352	9,080	9,931
Dun Laoghaire ...	10,355	16,941	18,992
Totals ...	284,999	397,957	419,156

This shows a total increase since 1841 of 134 thousand and since 1911 of 21 thousand. While the City proper has been and is increasing steadily, the most marked increase has been in the townships of Rathmines, Rathgar and Pembroke, which districts are mostly favoured by those who seek private suburban residences. During the past few years hundreds of houses have been built by private and public bodies and this building is encouraged and financially aided by the State. The City area is rapidly spreading Southwards, while on the Northern side the peninsula of Howth is gradually assuming all the appearances of a similar extension.

The principal Irish Railway Lines have termini in Dublin. The termini of the Great Southern Railways are at Kingsbridge (Southern District), Broadstone (Western District), Westland Row and Harcourt Street (Eastern District). The terminus of the Great Northern Railway is at Amiens Street. A Loop Line Railway connects all these termini with one another and with the Steam Boat Quay at the North Wall. A fine electric tram system serves the City and its suburbs, including Dalkey and Howth. A recently established and effective motor bus service links the City with the surrounding towns and villages, and even with towns as far distant as Dundalk and Newbridge. Both the Royal and Grand Canals pass through the City area, the Royal, on the North side between the rivers Tolka and Liffey, and entering the Liffey at the North Wall, while the Grand, south of and parallel to the river, joins it at the mouth of the Dodder. The Royal has a short branch to the Broadstone Station, while the Grand is connected with the City Basin at the rear of Guinness's Brewery. Motor traffic in the City has increased considerably in recent years, while the streets are main-

tained in excellent condition and much cleaner than they were in former times when the City earned for itself the opprobrious title of "Dirty."

The principal industries of the City are, Brewing, Distilling, Manufacture of aerated waters, biscuit making, tanning, soap and candle making, brush making, manufacture of poplin, ship-building, iron and steel works, coach and carriage building and numerous other industries on a small scale. Of these the most important is the brewing of stout and porter by Messrs. A. Guinness and Sons, whose brewery covers an area of about 50 acres, and is the largest of its kind in the world. The extensive works of the Great Southern Railways are at Inchicore.

Dublin is famous for its buildings, principal of which are the Custom House, Four Courts, General Post Office (all three now being rebuilt), Bank of Ireland, formerly the Irish House of Parliament, Trinity College, the City Hall, Dublin Castle, the Cathedrals of Christ Church and St. Patrick, the National University and the Government Buildings comprising Leinster House, the National Art Gallery, National Library, Museum of Science and Art and the Museum of Natural History.

Other places of note in the City are, the Phoenix Park comprising 1,760 acres, and regarded as one of the finest public parks in the world, the Zoological Gardens, situate in the Phoenix Park, Glasnevin Cemetery, the Botanic Gardens, Stephen's Green and the Royal Dublin Society's Show Grounds at Ballsbridge. Dun Laoghaire, which for several years was commonly known as Kingstown, has one of the finest artificial harbours in the world, and is the Mail Packet Station for Holyhead. There is a morning and evening service both ways.

At Balbriggan there is a fine factory for the manufacture of hosiery and woollen goods. Skerries has a shirt factory, Clondalkin has a fine Paper Mills, while Howth is actively engaged in the fishing industry. Skerries, Malahide, Howth, Blackrock, Dun Laoghaire and Dalkey are very popular seaside resorts.

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GRAMMAR.

"LESSER" or "LESS."

To the Editor, "An t-Oglach."

Dear Sir,—The first sentence, second paragraph and the eighth paragraph of your contributor's reply satisfy me completely, and by referring to the finding of the word in Nesfield's Grammar, he unconsciously, perhaps, argues against himself. Whether the word "Lesser" should or should not exist did not interest me when I took up the matter. What did interest me is the fact that the word is in existence; and a fact is not deniable.

"Though admitting the existence of the word, we do not admit its use in any but a very restricted sense and never in such sentences as that which has given rise to Bede's criticism." I would ask your contributor to re-read carefully my original communication. I did not criticise any sentence in the grammar lesson. I refuted the statement, "There is no such word as Lesser." I said nought of its use in the examples given in the lesson. As a matter of fact I was kind enough to suggest in the last paragraph of my letter that the statement was due to an oversight on the part of the supervisor.

I object to the simile of the boom-erang. I dislike that particular weapon, and, in the light of the information hereunder, it cannot be maintained that my statement acts in a similar manner to the homing propensities of the weapon mentioned. I have never heard "Of two evils choose the less." I have heard, quite frequently, in colloquial speech, "Of two evils choose the lesser." I have heard just as frequently, "He has chosen the lesser of two evils." To satisfy your contributor, however, I will oblige him by quoting the source whence, it would appear, the proverb is derived. He will find it in Book III., Chap. XII., of C. Paul Kegan's English translation of the "Imitatio Cristi," and it reads: "Of two evils we ought always to choose the lesser." My only regret is that I have not had time to look in earlier and other translations of this work. Kegan's was the only one I could conveniently lay my hands on.

It might appear rather lame for me to say now that I had noticed the other points mentioned in the last paragraph of your contributor's reply, but it is true that I did. I mentioned them to an acquaintance here when writing my first letter, but I considered it would suffice to draw attention to the statement about "each," which was contradicted in the author's lesson on "Practice" on the same page.

Yours, Etc.,

G.H.Q., 2. 11. '26.

"BEDE."

IRELAND'S BATTLES AND BATTLEFIELDS

THE CAREER AND BATTLES OF THE BRUCES.

By WESTON ST. J. JOYCE.

From the time of the Anglo-Norman invasions the history of Ireland is occupied by a tedious succession of aimless civil wars without any battles of note till the era of the Bruces in 1315.

The Battle of Bannockburn placed Robert Bruce on the throne of Scotland, but in the wars with the English his brother Edward had shown such vigour and ability that it became desirable to find some fitting position for him. Ireland seemed to offer a likely field, and accordingly, an arrangement having been concluded with some of the Irish chieftains, on 25th May, 1315, Edward Bruce landed near Carrickfergus with an army of 6,000 men and a number of Scottish officers of distinction. They then sent home their ships determined, like the Dedannans of old, to leave no means of retreat. The colonists of eastern Ulster, under the great De Burgh, known as the Red Earl, encountered Bruce shortly after landing, but were utterly defeated by him at a place called Connor, near Ballymena, upon which a party of them retreated to Carrickfergus and shut themselves up in the strong castle there. Bruce now marched on and took possession of Carrickfergus, at that time an important town and especially valuable to him on account of its proximity to Scotland. Its great castle, however, held out, and as he had no adequate means of attacking it he left a portion of his army there to maintain a blockade. He was by this time sorely in want of provisions, and, marching southwards, he drew up his army in array before Dundalk, which was garrisoned by a powerful English force. A reconnoitring party sent out from the town returned with the cheering news that the Scots would be but half a dinner to them." But the Scotch attack was so vigorous that the place was captured in one assault, and Bruce's army triumphantly entered the town, where they found abundance of stores and provisions.

After this great victory Bruce was

crowned King of Ireland on the Hill of Knocknamelin, near Dundalk. Hearing now that the Viceroy was on the march against him with an army of 20,000 men, he left Dundalk, and, moving westward, reached a great forest which then lay south of Lough Ross in Monaghan. Here he remained in concealment for a month with his army, awaiting the coming of various Irish chieftains who had promised him assistance. While sheltering in this forest his scouts saw a large army moving past in command of the Red Earl. Bruce, however, did not show himself, as his army was greatly inferior in numbers, but retreated slowly northwards and renewed the siege of Carrickfergus Castle. After about two months the garrison showing no signs of surrender, he was again obliged in December to suspend active operations till the following spring on account of the severity of the weather.

On 10th April, 1316, Lord Thomas Mandeville, in command of a strong body of troops marched to the assistance of the Castle, and succeeded in obtaining an entrance after a struggle with the besiegers. Early next morning at daybreak he made a sudden and desperate sortie on the Scots, who were lying in camp utterly unprepared for the attack. They had only sixty men on guard, commanded by one Neil Fleming, a brave old warrior who had won his spurs on many a bloody field. He, seeing how matters stood, resolved to sacrifice himself and his party in engaging the assailants, so as to give the Scots time to get ready. Having sent a messenger to Bruce he rushed forward, sword in hand, shouting, "Now they shall see how we can die for our king." He received a mortal wound in the combat, and nearly all his men were killed, but his heroic conduct checked the onset of the English. Mandeville, temporarily victorious, now marched in triumph through the streets of Carrickfergus till he was met by Bruce and his men.

Gilbert Harper, a renowned Scottish officer of gigantic stature and strength, recognising Mandeville by the richness of his armour, singled him out, and felled him to the ground with a blow of his battle-axe, where he was immediately despatched by Bruce with a dagger. The English, disheartened by the death of their leader, turned and fled back to the Castle, whither they were so closely pursued by the Scots that the garrison had to raise the drawbridge and abandon their comrades to the mercy of their ruthless enemies.

Bruce now closely invested the Castle, knowing that their provisions were nearly exhausted, and about this time his brother Robert arrived from Scotland with reinforcements, and assisted in the siege.

The garrison, now seeing their hopeless plight, offered to surrender on 31st May, unless relieved in the meantime. This was agreed to by the Scots, and, when that time arrived, Bruce sent 30 of his men to the Castle to demand surrender. They were admitted, but immediately made prisoners by the garrison, who then raised the drawbridge and announced their intention to hold out to the last. Bruce accordingly kept up the blockade, and by the end of August the besieged were reduced to such desperate straits for provisions that they ate their shoes, boots, and horses, and ended, as the annalists (*Cox, Stanyhurst*, etc.) gravely inform us, by eating the 30 Scottish prisoners, after which they were good enough to surrender unconditionally.

Having left a strong garrison in the Castle, Bruce now proceeded southwards, and took up his quarters at Lough Sewdy, now Lough Sunderlin, at Ballymore, in Westmeath; thence he marched into the heart of the Pale by Rathangan, Kildare, Athy, and Naas, where he was joined by a number of the wild clans from the fastnesses of the Wicklow mountains.

Meanwhile Felim O'Connor, a powerful Connaught chieftain, who had been fighting on the side of the English, seceded from his alliance with De Burgh, and openly declared for Bruce. Having secured the assistance of the chief tribes of the West he mustered an immense army in Connaught and marched on Athenry, then the fortified stronghold of the De Burghs and De Berminghams. On 10th Aug., 1317, was fought the battle of Athenry, said to have been one of the most bloody

and decisive ever fought on Irish soil. It was contested with heroic obstinacy, but the armour-clad Norman hosts under William De Burgh and Richard De Bermingham ultimately prevailed over the linen coated clansmen of the West, 10,000 of whom were left dead upon the field. The trained English archers contributed largely to the issue of this battle, the Irish being no more able to stand against them than the French were in after years at Crecy and Poitiers. It was a sad and disastrous day for the Irish arms, and almost extinguished the hopes of the Bruces in the South. A great number of the Irish nobility fell, and tradition states that, like the Fabian family of old, the once powerful sept of the O'Conors were all but exterminated. Felim's brother alone surviving. De Bermingham after this was made Baron of Athenry.

The English, emboldened by this success, now adopted more vigorous measures. The Mayor of Dublin, in command of a band of citizens, went to Mary's Abbey, then outside the city, and after a conflict, arrested the Red Earl on a charge of complicity with Bruce, to whom he was closely related by marriage. The Bruces were now marching on Dublin, and took Castleknock, where they encamped. That night the citizens of Dublin, frantic with terror, burnt the western suburbs of the city, and adopted such other defensive measures as deterred the Scots from attacking the place. The Bruces, now foiled, marched along the green banks of the Liffey till they reached the pleasantly-situated waterfall at Leixlip (Salmon Leap), where they rested for four days. They now commenced a career of plunder and destruction, and passing on to Naas reduced the ancient town to ashes. They next plundered Castledermot Friary, and marched on to Kilkenny, devastating and burning the whole country through which they passed. Their course could be tracked by the fire and smoke of burning towns and houses, and the unfortunate inhabitants were reduced to such distress that great numbers died by starvation.

The closing act in the career of this unhappy prince was now fast approaching. Robert had returned to Scotland to look after his own kingdom, and Edward, apprehensive of an attack from Mortimer (Earl of March) again retired northwards. John De Bermingham had assembled an immense

army in the Pale, whence he was advancing on Dundalk, where Bruce was encamped. Notwithstanding the great numerical inferiority of his army, Bruce resolved to risk the issue of battle, contrary to the advice of all his officers, who wished him to wait for reinforcements hourly expected from Scotland.

It is stated that before the battle the English commander, De Bermingham, who was anxious to see Bruce so as to identify him afterwards, disguised himself as a mendicant friar and obtained admission into the Scottish camp, where Mass was being celebrated. He made his way to Bruce, who was on his knees praying, and never ceased asking him for alms till the King looked up from his missal and ordered his attendants to give something to the troublesome mendicant. But Bruce discovered the identity of this strange visitor after his departure, and at once divining the object of the visit, he changed clothes with Gilbert Harper.

On Sunday, 14th October, 1318, the two armies met on the grassy slopes of the Hill of Faughart, near Dundalk. Sir John De Bermingham commanded the English and Lord Alan Stewart the Scotch. Bruce, anxious to personally secure the credit of the expected victory, prematurely ordered a charge, which was repulsed with considerable loss. The English then made a rapid charge upon the Scots, portion of whom stood firm, but were quickly hewn down; the remainder fled back to the Irish contingent. De Bermingham, notwithstanding his having seen Bruce, mistook Stewart for him, and slew him in single combat, on which the Scots fled in disorder. Bruce was, however, subsequently recognised by one John Mapas, who struck him down with a leaden plummet or slung-shot, and after the battle his body was found lying across that of Bruce. It is said by some that Mapas had previously made himself acquainted with the King's appearance, and, knowing that the fortunes of the day depended on it, determined to kill him in battle, even at the cost of his own life.

Faughart Hill is situated about two miles from Dundalk, and on its summit are the ruins of St. Brigid's church and churchyard, about a quarter of a mile to the left of the old road from Dundalk to Newry. The churchyard is still used as a burial-ground. About four yards from the western corner, in a neglected grave, lie the mutilated

remains of the unfortunate and chivalrous Edward Bruce. His head was sent to England, a ghastly present for the King. At the western end of his grave is an uninscribed, or at least illegible, tombstone, nearly horizontal, of which but little now remains above the soil. The hollow space known as Carrickbroad, between Faughart Hill and the Moiry Pass, is still pointed out as the spot where Bruce, having gone out from his camp unguarded, was killed by Mapas.

Taking a brief retrospective view of Bruce's career it is difficult to see how it could have been otherwise, and, except for the number of Irishmen who fell in his cause, it is hard to regret his discomfiture. Though chivalrous and brave, his hasty and impetuous disposition pre-eminently unfitted him for a position of authority, and his horrible sacrileges, wanton cruelties, and inexplicable spirit of destruction alienated the sympathies of those he undertook to emancipate. He possessed but few of those great qualities which made his illustrious brother the victor of Bannockburn. It is a remarkable fact that Faughart Hill was the scene of another great battle in far earlier times—732 A.D.—between Hugh Allen, King of Ireland, and Hugh Roin, King of Ulidia, or Eastern Ulster. The King of Ulidia was defeated, and beheaded on a stone called in Irish "The Stone of Decapitation," which is still pointed out by tradition in the doorway of St. Brigid's church on the summit of the hill. The cause of this battle was the profanation of Kilcooney church, in county Tyrone, by King Roin.

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THE SWORD OF O'MALLEY

BY
JUSTIN MITCHELL.

CHAPTER XXV.—continued.

As they circled round in the narrow limits of their fencing-ground, O'Malley's elbow, drawn back for a thrust, struck sharply against the pointed angle of one of the stalls, and, for a fraction of a second, he was thrown out of poise and was practically defenceless.

Lotz saw the opening, but forbore to thrust.

O'Malley lowered his point and smiled down at his adversary. "You make it very hard for me to kill you," he laughed.

The weapons crossed again, and Edmund, as he fenced, conversed in low, friendly tones with his opponent.

"Lotz," he said, "you should have spitted me when the chance offered. Your generosity was really a piece of incredible folly. I could almost believe you an Irishman."

Lotz was fighting stoutly, but to little purpose. O'Malley's matchless skill—so easily, jauntily graceful, yet so deadly—was telling the inevitable tale. The end was in sight. Lotz hammered desperately at the green-tasselled weapon which glinted and flickered around him like a wavering sunbeam.

"What, think you, would your employers say if they heard that you had me at your mercy and forbore to strike home?" Edmund queried, driving Lotz into the remotest corner of the stable.

"I am no longer their servant," the trooper growled sullenly. "Brant babbled boastfully of his share in the burning of the lodge. I am a poor man, but my hands are clean. I have no truck with murderers."

On the word, Lotz felt his sword torn from his grasp. It seemed as though a snaky tongue of silvery flame curled itself round his blade and, with an effortless but resistless wrench, plucked it away.

O'Malley placed his foot upon the fallen weapon and smiled coldly at the panting trooper. "You hate me, Lotz?" he said questioningly.

Lotz passed his hand across his dripping brow, and from his dazed mind extracted the truthful answer. It was a short, sharp "No!"

"Oh, come!" laughed Edmund, sceptical.

"Why should I hate you?" Lotz continued, introspectively, as though reasoning the matter out. "You have never done me wrong. Fate has placed

us on opposite sides; but my only feeling towards you is one of respect. I admit and admire your prowess and your heroism. No! I do *not* hate you."

O'Malley swung his sword menacingly.

"You fear me, Lotz," he said, in a tone of pained reproach.

"By heaven, no!" snapped the trooper, with a defiant snort.

"I am about to kill you," Edmund said slowly, and with an affectation of relentless purpose.

"Say that you fear me, and you may go unhurt."

"You don't mean that," Lotz asserted firmly.

"Indeed I do," O'Malley assured him.

Lotz had a moment's reflection. Then he shook his head.

"I won't buy my life at the sacrifice of my self-respect," he said stiffly. "Kill me if you will. But give me back my sword and let me die fighting. I am not afraid."

Edmund lifted the weapon and handed it to its owner. The blades crossed in what promised to be a final bout.

"Lotz," said O'Malley, fencing with the easy elegance of the expert, "I cannot understand how a man of your spirit took service with such treason hatchers and scoundrels as Ungvar and Ulmo."

"Needs must" has sent many a man to hell," Lotz murmured sullenly.

"Needs must will send the Duke there inside the hour," said Edmund grimly.

For a space they fought in silence. Then, as before, the long sword seemed

to twist in a sheeny spiral, and Lotz again stood weaponless. He folded his arms resolutely, and, not without a certain rude grace and dignity, he unflinchingly faced the death-stroke. But the blow did not fall. O'Malley sheathed his blade and placed a friendly hand on the trooper's shoulder.

"Lotz," he said smilingly, "I have an Irish prejudice against being out-done in generosity. You had me at your mercy and forbore to strike. I cannot do less. Take up your sword and go."

He stood aside and pointed to the door.

Lotz, dazed and panting after his

fight for life, stared incredulously at his conqueror, and paused for a moment as though he failed to gather the meaning of O'Malley's words. Then, very slowly, he lifted and sheathed his weapon and hesitatingly turned away. Once or twice he stopped as if to return. Edmund watched him drift irresolutely towards the door. On the threshold he halted. Then, with glistening eyes and many a hoarse sob and inarticulate cry, he cast himself



"Master," he pleaded, "let me be your servant—now and always."

on his knees at O'Malley's feet and bowed his head in supplication. "Needs must" had driven him to seek favour from his adversary.

"Master," he pleaded, "let me be your servant—now and always."

(To be continued).

KEEP YOUR COPIES OF
"An t-Óglách."

ENGLISH AND IRISH ARMY BOXERS AT THE CURRAGH: IRISHMEN WIN.

The International Army Boxing Tournament at Portobello was followed by an equally exciting contest at the Curragh Gymnasium on Friday night, 29th ult., when the representatives of the Saorstát beat the British Army boxers by four contests to three.

The Gymnasium was crowded from an early hour, and as at Portobello two nights previously admission had to be refused to hundreds of people.

Major-General McKeown, G.O.C., Curragh Training Camp, who recently underwent a serious operation, arrived during the first bout and was accorded a tremendous ovation.

The arrangements were all that could be desired and the crowd received all the decisions in a thoroughly sporting spirit, distributing their applause equally between the victors and the vanquished.

At the conclusion of the contests Major-General Cronin, Quartermaster-General, paid tribute to the sporting spirit which prevailed and congratulated the Irish team on their success. He also thanked the British Army team and hoped that this would be but the first of many such sporty and enjoyable meetings.

Col. Cowey, Chairman, British Association, in reply thanked the Army for the splendid warm reception they had received and hoped that when the Irish Army team visited England they would be able to show some practical manifestation of their gratitude. He also reiterated the wish expressed at Portobello that the event should become an annual one.

Three cheers were then given by the Irish team for the visitors, which was lustily responded to by the Englishmen themselves.

The distribution of souvenirs in the form of silver cigarette cases with a gold centre and suitably inscribed was proceeded with by the Quartermaster-General, who shook hands and spoke to each of the recipients.

Similar souvenirs were also presented to Colonel Cowey, D.S.O., President, British Army Association, Capt. Chamberlain, M.B.E., Treasurer, British

Army Association, and the trainer of the British Army team—Sergt.-Major McGowran.

When receiving his souvenir Guardsman Harrison was accorded a particularly warm ovation for the plucky manner in which he continued his fight against Garda Flanagan after having fallen through the ropes in the initial round and injuring his shoulder.

The visiting team were afterwards entertained at Supper in Beresford Barracks.

Details of the fight:—

FLYWEIGHT.

Cpl. Connell (B.A.) beat Pte. Joynt (F.S.A.) on points. Both men were rather wild in the opening stages, but Connell soon settled down, and, evading Joynt's rushes, scored cleverly with left counters. Joynt depended chiefly on right hooks and swings, but was clearly out-manoeuvred by Connell, who won easily.

FEATHERWEIGHT.

Pte. Devine (F.S.A.) beat Sgt. Beale (B.A.) on points. Devine scored well with lefts to the head and right crosses in the first round, but the Englishman was very strong, and, coming to close quarters, punished Devine with right hooks in the next two sessions. Devine held his own better in the fourth and fifth rounds, and ended the latter with a series of straight lefts which shook Beale. Fighting strongly in the last round the Irishman lasted the better and won a popular verdict.

LIGHTWEIGHT.

W. Wright (Phoenix B.C.) beat Pte. Grimes (B.A.) on points. Wright was faster and beat Grimes to the lead, scoring also with right swings to the body. Grimes improved in the second round, showing cleverness in stalling and scoring in in-fighting. Wright was the stronger fighter, however, and, hitting hard to the body with both hands, won on points.

WELTERWEIGHT.

Cpl. A. Watts (B.A.) beat Guard Cooper (G.S.) on points. Cooper was plainly seeking for a knock-out, for he attacked from the start, but found the Englishman's left glove an impassable

barrier. The boxing was of a sparkling nature, and Watts's cleverness clearly outbalanced Cooper's aggressiveness. Cooper's continuous attack gradually wore his man down, but though he scored freely in the last round Watts had clearly won the fight on points.

MIDDLEWEIGHT.

Sergt. Crawley (B.A.) beat Guard Chase (G.S.) on points. Chase showed great speed with the punch, landing several snappy counters for each of Crawley's left leads to the face. Chase had what little there was in it in the first two rounds, but Crawley's superior skill in in-fighting enabled him to score well in clinches in the third round. Crawley seemed to tire as the fight proceeded, and Chase still kept his initial speed, but the Englishman was immeasurably his superior at close quarters, and made up all his lost ground in the last two rounds to win on points.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS.

Guard Murphy (G.S.) beat Lieut. Courtis (B.A.) on points. Murphy commenced by endeavouring to get to close quarters with his man, but found Courtis too fast, and was forced to rely on right hooks to the body when the Englishman led with his left. Courtis's left-hand work earned him the first two rounds, but when he began to slow down somewhat Murphy caught him in the ribs frequently with heavy rights. Courtis was inclined to hold in the last two rounds, in which there was little between the men, and at the finish Murphy got the verdict on a referee's decision.

Guard Flanagan (G.S.) beat Guardsman Harrison (B.A.) on points. In a terrific first round Harrison twice went through the ropes, the second time falling to the floor and being badly shaken. Heavy punching was exchanged in the subsequent rounds, which were bitterly contested from bell to bell. Harrison was a shade the cleverer, but Flanagan's incessant attack earned him the decision.

OTHER CONTESTS.

Six 2-min. Rounds—H. McDermott (Phoenix B.C.) beat Cpl. Connor (F.S.A.) who retired at the end of the second round. Pte. Lacy (Westerns) beat Pte. Barrett (Curragh) on points.

BRITISH BOXING TEAM ENTERTAINED AT MCKEE BARRACKS.

FITTING TERMINATION TO SPORTING WEEK.

(By "FOAM.")

The N.C.O.'s and men of the British Army Boxing team were, together with the Irish Army Boxing team, entertained by the members of the Sergeants' Mess, McKee Barracks, at a smoking concert on Saturday night, 30th ult. The night proved a most enjoyable one, and our visitors expressed themselves as very well pleased

with the genuine welcome accorded them wherever they went. What little time left at their disposal during the intervals between their boxing arrangements was filled in by rounds of sight-seeing, which they thoroughly enjoyed, but the concluding portion of the programme on Saturday night was probably the most enjoyable of all, and the

sergeants of G.H.Q. and McKee are to be congratulated on the success of the night's entertainment. It was not only a triumph for them, but also a triumph for sport. During the night each of the visitors at one time or other made reference to the hospitality and kindness of the Army Athletic Association, and as stated later by their trainer,



Members of Sergeants' Mess, McKee Barracks, who entertained British Army Boxers to a Smoker and Concert on Saturday, 30th October. (Names read from left to right).

Back Row—Sgt. Beale (B.A.), 1; Sgt. Mallon (I.A.), 2; Pte. Kidley (Boxer, I.A.); Pte. Joynt (Boxer, I.A.), 3; Corpl. McDonagh (I.A.B.), 4; Pte. Morgan (I.A.B.), 5; Pte. Clarke (I.A.B.), Sgt. Dooley (I.A.), 6; Pte. Leslie (I.A.B.), Pte. Houlihan (I.A.B.), Pte. O'Shea.

2nd Row—C.Q.M.S. McDonnell (I.A.), Sgt. Anthony (I.A.), 7; Pte. Grimes (B.A.), 8; Pte. "Mossy" Doyle (I.A.B.), Sgt. Myers, 9; Sgt. Dwyer (I.A.B.), 10; Cpl. Watts (B.A.), Sgt. Collins (I.A.), Pte. Ward (I.A.), Pte. Burns (I.A.), Sgt. Llewellyn (I.A.), Sgt. Early (I.A.).

3rd Row—Guardsmen Harrison (B.A.), 11; Corporal Connell (B.A.), B.S.M. Woods (I.A.), Sgt. McCormack, 12; Lt. Curtiss (B.A.), 13; Sgt. Crawley (B.A.), Coy.-Sgt. Kean, 14; Sgt.-Major McGowran (B.A.), Coy.-Sgt. Brown (I.A.), Pte. Devine (I.A.B.).

Front Row—Pte. Lacey (I.A.), Coy.-Sgt. McMullan (I.A.), B.S.M. Quinn (I.A.), Sgt. Connelly (I.A.), Sgt. Keyes (I.A.), 15; Cpl. Aguzzi (B.A.), Mr. O'Reilly, Sgt. Colman (I.A.).

[Photo "An t-Oglach."]

C.S.M. McGowran, the visit was one long to be remembered. During their stay here Sgt.-Major J. T. Reaper and Sgt. Jimmy Keyes accompanied the N.C.O.'s and men of the team on an enjoyable tour of sight-seeing. They returned to England on Monday morning and were accompanied to the boat by Comdt. Ennis, Sec., and Capt. L. O'Brien, Asst. Sec., A.A.A., Capt. J. P. Hawe, Sec., G.H.Q. Command Council, Lieut. F. I. Tully, Sgt.-Major J. T. Reaper, and Sgt. J. Keyes, Sec., No. 5 Group (Sports), G.H.Q.

At Saturday night's function Coy.-Sgt. Keane, Mess President, was ably assisted by the Mess Chairman, Sgt.-Major Reaper and an energetic committee in catering for a large attendance, including all the English and Irish Army boxers.

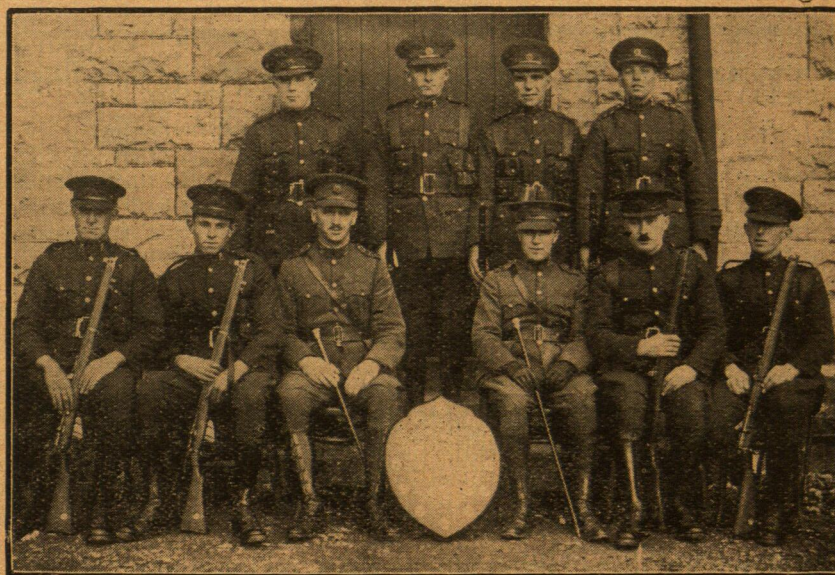
The President, in welcoming the guests, said that he was glad to see there that night such fine sports as those of the British and our own Army boxers. They had all seen during the past week true sportsmanship, in which both vanquished and victors knew the meaning of the word sport, and it was, he assured them, a great pleasure to have them there that night to do honour to them. On behalf of the Mess members he wished to give them a hearty Cead míle fáilte (applause).

C.S.M. McGowran in reply said, "I thank you all very much for the way we have been received by you, not only here to-night, but during our stay in Dublin. We could not indeed have been treated better on any of our boxing tours. Our visit to Ireland shall always live in our memories wherever we go. It indeed gives me great pleasure to propose a toast of prosperity to Ireland, prosperity to those here to-night, and last but not least prosperity to the Irish Army Boxing team" (applause).

Other members of the British team spoke in a similar strain.

After supper a musical programme was gone through, to which the following contributed:—C.S.M. McGowran (British Army), Sgt. Crawley (do.), Sgt. Beale (do.), Cpl. Aguzzi (do.), Cpl. Watts (do.), Cpl. Connell (do.), Sgt. P. Dwyer (National Army Boxing team), Sgt. M. Duggan (do.), Ptes. Joynt, O'Shea, and Mossy Doyle (do.), B.Q.M.S. Birch (Curragh), Coy.-Sgt. John Coffey (G.H.Q.), Coy.-Sgt. J. Browne (do.), Sgt. O'Donohoe (Signal Corps), Sgt. Singleton (Curragh),

(Concluded in next column.)



Fuineann lámaí an lae Caite, do buairt Sciath Síor-iomairdeacht an 2ú Uimhíoch, 1926. As fuirde.—S.T. Ó Muineacháin p., S.S. Ó Conaile S., Capt. R. Ó Foghlúda, Congantóir an Caite, Leipt. S. Ó Conchubhair, Congantóir, Sár. Ó Raighnigh D., S.S. Ó Fíolainn p. As fearaí.—S.S. Breaclnagh p., S.S. Mac Cormac p., S.S. De Tread h., S.S. De Béal S.

nótaí ó'n lae Caite.

Ní raib don reo aet an lá bí aghainn pé'n stuait le véanaí, 'cuile tuine aghur a "capall iarrainn" aise.

* * *

O'ghus linn go h-iongantac aet go raib neart de rna capallib céatona go raib uíil mór aca beir 'mí iteac pa uis gar pé noiméac! Ir uis gurb amlaio nac raib an bótar rátae leatán?

* * *

Cualar fear gá ráo go mba brearra leir iarrac tuabairt ar míul Malluie tharfuioet ná an capall iarrainn suagac do tugac do. Bío a éuair péin as gac doinne paol an éirte reo.

* * *

Do péir gac neallraí acá Coirte Spóirt an Caite tréir a gcoraib éir ráta; aghur ir léir uíinn fheirín go oearcuig-tear na cora beir go rcaoilte as 'cuile tuine aghainn ó cuireac túir ar an iomairdeacht nuas reo iomr complaet gac

BOXERS ENTERTAINED

(Continued from column 1).

Messrs. J. Murphy, Sherlock and M. J. Ryan.

The music for the evening was supplied by the Cullen-O'Neill orchestra.

The Commanding Officer, Comdt. M. J. McCormack, accompanied by the Camp Adjutant, Capt. J. McMonagle, paid a visit during the proceedings and chatted with the different boxers.

Céatoinn. Maíoir leir an móo nuasac éatam aimphe reo, pí an móo ir fearr cuireac i breirom go uir ro, mar tugtar caoi an mheir baite de bream airtio; aghur a gcuir ioracac a bogac!

* * *

Tá molaó móir as uil do'n Rúnaí (Capt. Liam Ó Conaill) do éomgilear na gcomplaet i gcóir na h-oirhe.

* * *

Traorluigimí uil go éairtin aghur bean uí mhuirceairis paol ócáio a bpoac le goim. Go n-éirioir nbur bpoac lib; aghur gac pa aghur ponar go mbeac oiaib beirte i gcomnuirde.

* * *

Tá ana átar oirraínn uil 'feiceáil go bfuil an leipt. Seán Ó Maolcáca 'nár mearc airtio go plán poláin tréir a éatoin breioteacac cuir de.

FIOSRUIGTE.

Cartin 'mberó "néirí an éhann uáin" as uil éun farraige?

* * *

Cé h-iaio luét marbuite cpoac?

* * *

Cé h-é an t-O.N.C. nac péir leir eirige ar maroin san porc 'éoirint ar an gcóir airtio?

* * *

Cá bfuil halla Rinne an Caite?

* * *

An fíor gur le ceirín éomartar an gual le uéirdeanaige?

scriobáituirde.

ARMY NEWS.

Following on his recent success in being called to the Bar, Comdt. Richard J. Feely, A.R.C., Sc.I., has been transferred from Legal Office, Eastern Command, as Legal Officer to Western Command, with effect as from November 1st.

* * *

Acting Comdt. Leo A. King, Legal Officer, Western Command, is transferred as Legal Officer to Curragh Training Camp, with effect as from November 1st.

* * *

Lieut. Joseph Francis O'Rourke, general list, Eastern Command (attached to 27th Battalion) is transferred to Records Branch, Adjutant-General's Branch, as from October 30th.

* * *

Corrigendum.

Capt. Peadar O'Meara, 7th Batt., etc., should read to General List, Eastern Command, attached No. 27 Inf. Batt.

* * *

Special arrangements have been made for the continuation of the weekly recreational half-holiday in the Army School of Instruction.

* * *

It is understood that the examination for the officers at present undergoing a course in the A.S.I. will be held during the week commencing 13th prox.

STAMPS

are all right in their way, but please don't pay us in stamps for any account above 2s. 6d.

Do not stick more than 5d. in stamps on a Postal Order, and don't have any half-pennies in your P.O. total.

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—BY—

C. DONNELLY SWIFT

Photographer,

Kildare and Curragh Camp.

SOLDIERS' CLUB, 5a COLLEGE STREET, DUBLIN.

The extensive improvements undertaken at the Soldiers' Club, 5a College Street (near College Green), Dublin, are nearing completion. Patrons will now find that the inconveniences necessarily connected with building operations are removed. Already the Reading, Recreation, and Games Rooms are available. The Billiard Table has been renovated by Burroughs and Watts. A new series of books have been added to the Library. Every soldier will be interested in General Beaslai's much discussed "Life of Our Great Commander-in-Chief." The committee, with their usual forethought, in providing for the instruction as well as the recreation of its patrons, have made arrangements for copies of this work to be added to the Library. For the present, of course, this work cannot be put into the Lending section.

The committee take this opportunity of requesting "An t-Oglach" readers to put forward suggestions as to additions to the list of daily, weekly newspapers and periodicals already at the disposal of club patrons. Suggestions

**IT IS TO YOUR INTEREST
—AND OURS—THAT YOU
SHOULD SUPPORT OUR
ADVERTISERS.**

will be noted in the book kept for that purpose by the Superintendent.

Those who have been out of Dublin for some time will find a very seasonable bill of fare in the Restaurant. Hot suppers are provided every evening up to 9.30 p.m. A special hot meal is being provided during the football season on Saturday evenings from 5 p.m. Sunday dinners, which have become so popular with local patrons, are served from 1 p.m. These dinners were highly appreciated by the large numbers who came to the City in connection with the recent hurling and football finals.

Week-ends have become a feature of the club. The committee regret that during renovations, the sleeping accommodation was restricted, but are now in a position to provide for patrons better than heretofore. To prevent disappointment a postcard to the Superintendent reserving accommodation is desirable.



Lieut. Denis O'Leary, 8th Infantry Battalion, whose marriage took place on October 9th at St. Michael's Church, Dun Laoghaire, to Miss Mary A. Kinsella, eldest daughter of the late Thomas and Mary Kinsella, Arklow. Capt. J. Flynn, 9th Brigade, acted as best man, and Miss Julia Kinsella was bridesmaid. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Fr. Lyons, C.C.

The bride, who was a teacher at Holycross School, Liverpool, took an active part in the Sinn Féin movement there. The happy couple spent their honeymoon in London.

PHOTOGRAPHS

WHICH WE PUBLISHED

have been cut down, owing to exigencies of space, but untrimmed copies, giving all the individuals photographed in each case, can be had from this office—

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GOSSIP OF THE BARRACKS

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

DEPARTMENTAL DOINGS: PORTOBELLO.

1st Pioneer—"What are you on, Mac?"

2nd Pioneer—"Nothing! What are you on?"

1st Pioneer—"I'm on nothing, too!"
2nd Pioneer—"Well, let's have a smoke—I hate being idle!"

ALL HAIL!

All hail! the Sergeants and their ways,
For them the laurels and the Bays,
Tho' some may grouse and fret
As they've done in bygone days,
We've now got school of the soldier
ways
And are not likely to forget

The Sergeants still the "hard-cha" sways
With Curragh words and fearsome ways
And make us try forget
Civilian stunts and civvy ways,
Learning School of the Soldier "A's,"
We're smiling yet.

They just say "laugh" and laughs we raise,
They just say "Stop" and each obeys,
They hold us all with their fierce gaze,
Pals of the School of the Soldier "A's,"
We don't think.

So here's to stripes and cushier days,
Half section of the Soldier "A's,"
Let Reveille blow and Lights-out blaze,
We hail them all with their quaint ways,
Yes, we should smile.

Heartiest congratulations to B.S.M. Jones. A B.S.M.'s a man "fur a' that."

Graveyards and funeral marches were invented for "Indispensables."

The Pioneer Pessimist—Two pair of braces and a buckshee belt!

The Pioneer Optimist—A bob and the "Mid-day Special."

Unlikely Events:—

The gink was on the Fire Drill and had all the various spasms explained and was showed how the hookum

worked and why the old Fire Engine was so misnamed. The B.S.M. elaborated on its benefits and asked the gink did he "tigum." The gink did and said, "It's a good job we's the rain left."

It was with much regret that we learned that B.Q.M.S. J. Hurley (of the gallant 27th) was about to leave the service and re-enter civilian life. "Jock," as the deservedly popular Quarter is called, was always one of the best, in drill, doings, or dishing-out, and should he go his departure will be regretted by all.

The weekly dance continues to be the great attraction in Barracks, and needless to remark is a huge success. Look out for the big Cinderella!

The popular Dan Jordan ("D" Coy.) of the 27th has been transferred to the Armourers' Shop. Since the Records staff has started musketry the armourers have started thinking.

There was a smart gink so perfectory That he doubted the bullets trajectory,
But his pal with a snigger
Just pressed home the trigger,
And they's now got a job at the Rectory.

Sergeant—"Back No. 3 in the front rank and keep those feet in."

Mac—"They aren't mine, Sargin', they're Mick Murphy's in the rere rank."

Hallow-een was a trifle too hallow for some of the "knuts" in the 'Bello—though the Barm Brack got a rather sudden death.

The departure of Tommy Hempen-stall of the Barrack Police on transfer to the P.A.'s will be regretted by the boys. Tommy had the knack of doing his job in a manner satisfactory to all parties—and that takes some doing on the Rathmines gate!

Our man, "Collar-Badge," of the 23rd, is still going strong and working assiduously for the welfare of the boys in Barracks both by his pen, personality and popularity, with his able half-section, "Kay," who scored such a success in the recent theatricals, boxing and Institute doings in the 'Bello.

Horses to follow:—Coal Horses!

Your man Louis Lynch ("D" Coy., of course), 27th Battn., has gained quite a heap of friends since the Records became attached to the 27th for the grub stakes. It's now a case of Tea-he, Louis—but don't blame Louis!

SAY, MAC, SMILE!

Feeling fed-up? Things going wrong? Sun ain't shining? Can't chirp song? No one loves you? Feeling blue? Clicked for C.B.? Orders Part 2.

Say, Mac, Smile!

Has your Pay Book that red ink daub? "In-and-that-you" stunt—fined ten bob,
'Accused and escort, right turn, 'shun,'
Got the "bird" and all that hookum,
Say, Mac, Smile!

No coal in billet—no buckshee wood? Bed-boards scarce and cupboards nude, Can't pull quick-ones on coalyard gink, Things look blue—perhaps they ain't,
Say, Mac, Smile!

The Brigade Institute Committee are again to be congratulated on their ever progressive enterprise, energy and enthusiasm. Certainly through their unceasing activities Barrack life in Portobello has now become—well, it has become well worth living in. With the well-equipped library, reading and writing rooms, recreational rooms, theatre, gymn. and sports fields, their weekly dances for the boys and their outside friends, surely there is little cause for a moan. The Amusements Committee have a bumper programme on for Monday and Tuesday, the 8th and 9th inst. The company are producing "The Young Man from Rathmines" and will be ably supported by such well-known artists as Miss Joan Burke, Miss Terry Owens, Miss Lisha Mann, Miss Norrie Finn, etc.

Keen regret was felt in Records Office at the departure of Capt. P. Murray to 14th Battn. on transfer. During his sojourn in Records Capt. Murray endeared himself to all by his sporting qualities and his engaging personality. The Records Sports Club will feel the

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loss of one of its most popular members. We all sincerely wish him every success and prosperity in his new field of activity.

Gink—"Hello, Mac, didn't I see you on manoeuvres?"

Mac—"No; it wasn't me—I was never on manoeuvres."

Gink—"Neither was I—it must have been two other blokes."

Ned—"You need not send on a 'Solingen' for that one. (No; it is worth six months—Ned.)"

All preparations are now nearly completed in connection with the Sergeants' Dance which is to be held in Portobello on Friday, the 26th inst., in aid of the Christmas Tree Fund. The dance promises to eclipse anything of its kind yet held, and the demand for tickets has been more than brisk already.

The Records Cross-Country team is hard at it and nocturnal practices are being indulged in. It is observed with pleasure that the G.H.Q. boys have already started under the able direction of Lieut. P. J. McNally. (Ned—What about our able sporting colleague "Foam" writing up a few descriptive runs in his unsurpassable style?) (He can't see in the dark—Ned.)

This week's Slogan:—"Nix, boys, get up; here's the Orderly Officer."

"ME LARKIE."



15th BATTALION, LIMERICK.

There is a desperate commotion up and down the Battalion parade ground of late. One of those commotions one would scarcely meet in a lifetime. All arising from the fact that the sergeant and his sanitary squad are on the war-path. Punctually at 9 o'clock every morning they can be seen in extended formation with brooms and hard scrubbers at the slope, all ready to battle the mud and woodbine packets on the Battalion square. The rest is the usual Fatigue Party "Hookan," i.e., work, but be sure and do as little as possible. The sanitary squad comprises seven stalwart men, each called for short after one of the "Seven Deadly Sins," but refraining from self-opinionativeness, the last-named becomes them better than any of the others.

Miss Drifter (out town): "How is it that you always wear civies?"

Pte. Socks: "Oh! well, I'm 'Dug-in.'"

Miss Drifter: "Another one of the sanitary squad, I suppose."

Pte. Socks: "No, room orderly."

We are entering with a better spirit than usual into all kinds of sports here and oftener than usual the Battalion are seen pitting their worth against other teams. Saturday afternoon has now new interest for the boys as practically every Saturday sees a Battalion or Inter-Coy. Football or Hurling match in the sports field. Every evening the gymnasium is full of eager aspirants after the boxing and gymnastic art. A new gymnastic team has been formed, and by observation and according to report they are doing famously and

will soon be able to prove their worth in public. The team has been recruited from the three Battalions, namely—the 10th, 12th, and 15th Battalions—and are being trained by two able gymnasts, Cpls. Fegan and Cassidy, both of the 15th Battalion. Again the Companies can boast of having a far better boxing team than usual. The lads are eager to learn the art, and are not shy to come forward and train. A grand programme of Inter-Coy. boxing has been scheduled for the 3rd and 4th, and the different Coy. teams are training hard to bring home as many laurels as possible to their respective Companies. By the time these notes are published we will no doubt have witnessed some fine bouts.

On Wednesday, the 27th ult., there was a replay between the Battalion team and the Schools' team. There were a few changes in the Battalion team to the team they fielded on the former occasion. C.Q.M.S. Murphy replaced Pte. Lennon in the goal, and Pte. McDonald replaced Pte. Neville in the left wing. The ground was somewhat heavy and wet after the rain of the morning, which was in favour of the lighter team. The game was like the former one, clean and well contested. However several goals went in on the Battalion side that should have been stopped. The Battalion, it was obvious, benefited little from the change of players. Pte. Dowling, on the Battalion side, played a great game and showed himself sure throughout the game. The match was ably refereed by Capt. O'Brien, and on his blowing the final whistle, the scores were—

Battalion Team—2 goals 1 point.

Schools' Team—4 goals.

For some time past the old canteen has been shut down and the Recreation Rooms have been opened. They are big elaborate rooms, with billiard table, etc., that afford the lads much enjoyment during the long, cold, winter evenings. We are very thankful to Rev. Father McCarthy and all that have been instrumental in providing such great means of enjoyment for us.

"X-PREMIER."

DON'TS for Correspondents.

- DON'T write if you can get it typewritten.
- DON'T crowd the lines together.
- DON'T write on both sides of the paper.
- DON'T use a worn-out typewriter ribbon.
- DON'T indulge in personal jokes.
- DON'T write in pencil.
- DON'T forget to mention dates.
- DON'T send in your contribution later than the Saturday of the week before it is to appear.

12th BATTALION, TEMPLE-MORE.

Corporal Christie was recently transferred from the Battalion to the Western Command as P.T. Instructor. He was selected here to fill that appointment, and rightly so. He was one of the best "characters" that the 12th Battalion Dramatic Class could boast of, and, in addition, displayed tact and taste in the painting and arrangement of stage scenery. We feel sure he will get on as well in his new Unit—the 25th Battalion—as he did in the 12th.

Another meeting of the A.A.A. was held here on Thursday, 28/10/26. The agenda was a big one, and much good work was done. It was decided to purchase a complete set of new jerseys, knickers, and socks, on conditions that they be Irish manufactured throughout and the product of Irish labour.

In the course of the meeting the Battalion O.C. (Commandant Liam Walsh) stressed the necessity for the purchase of the home-made article wherever possible. (Hear, hear.—Ned.)

The initial meet of the Clay Pigeon Shooting Club took place on last Recreational Half-holiday. Good results are reported.

Every social project undertaken by the Whist Drive Committee is a decided success. Would that we had members like them in the Dramatic Class!

The first of the fortnightly dances was held in the Gymnasium Hall on Tuesday night, 26/10/26. It was patronised by a large number of the civilian population, as well as the Garrison. All expressed themselves well pleased.

The cross-country runners are again getting into training for this season.

Pte. R.: "Corporal, will you give me the key of the Sports Field, if you please?"

Any members of the Army stationed in provincial towns who may happen to travel to Dublin need have no hesitation in calling at No. 5a College Street. I happened to visit it myself on the Sunday of the Cork-Kilkenny match. Here you get served without undue delay. The prices charged are remarkably small, while the refreshments you get leave nothing to be desired. I had a glimpse at the book-cases, and I noticed that they contained several historical works and a goodly number of volumes of Anglo-Irish literature. On the top floor there is a billiard room, and during my stay my companion played me my favourite air on the piano, "Caith nic Duibhir." Yes the soldiers in Dublin are fortunate to have such a place as No. 5a College Street.

"ROS CAIRBRE."

KEEP YOUR COPIES OF

"An t-Ógláic."

24th BATTALION, DUNDALK.

Hello, Ned; so we have not done as hitherto; you see we are writing again. This is probably due to the reorganisation of our office staff and on this account we wish to warn all our readers that they would want to be more careful in their sayings and doings in future, otherwise to quote the legal phraseology "it may be used in evidence against them." (A menacing start, liddle—Ned.)

Our correspondent from one of the Companies forming left half of Battalion sends the following:—

Who is the Squad Commander who meets the men of his Squad at the railway station when returning off leave? Is it not more profitable to make their acquaintance when going on leave?

The Battalion is lucky; they have found a man in "D" Coy. who fittingly replaces "Con," O'C. Lights.

Seen on C/O's Inspection lately:— One pair of new boots issued in 1922 to Pte. — (Apparently this soldier has never heard of the Flogging Bill.)

It's not often that a whole Company turns out to bid farewell to a soldier going on leave, but it happened. We wonder if it was the man or the new tunic that received the farewell?

D.F.R. 25 has at last reached this outpost of the nation and with it the glad tidings became known that those who joined the ranks of the Benedicts since November, 1923, have a chance of increasing the family coffers. Judging by the numbers who visited the Pay Office after the terms of the Order became known it will be necessary to establish an enquiry office without delay. In the meantime the Pay Clerk has advised all and sundry, including Ginger of the Transport, to comply with the following conditions: Applications must be made in writing to the Head Office in quadruplicate on Army Form M.A. 146820 (copies of which can be had from Pte. Jim Hughes). Applicants must state their age, sex, Army number, and give a short description of the present war in China.

Consequent on the coming into force of the new Betting Tax a popular Corporal of "A" Company has kindly consented to give us an insight into the

intricacies of racing and how "the bookies survive." This will be given in ordinary everyday language on the evening of the Cambridgeshire at 7.30 p.m.

The Sergeants' Mess has suffered another reorganisation and great things are to be done in future; in fact we are led to believe that it will soon become a land of milk and honey. A new cook has been appointed and writes as to the proper method of cooking a chicken. We would remind our readers that the office staff have not yet undergone a course of cookery, but at considerable expense to ourselves we have been able to get in touch with a former Mess Sergeant of the Officers' Mess, who was on one occasion mentioned in despatches for good work done, and he has advised the following method:—

"Having shorn the bird of its hirsute adornments and tucked its legs up underneath its wings you place the finished product in a pot in which you have previously poured some water. After a lapse of about four hours the bird is fit for eating. If, however, you are boiling the said bird on a fire of anthracite coal, such as is lately served out in the Barracks, the process of boiling will take about forty-eight hours. When you think the bird is ready for devouring hop into the kitchen and eat away from the pot, inviting in at the same time all the Orderly Sergeants and the bugler on duty. Fowl partaken of in this manner gives you an appetite such that you lose taste for the many and various dancing halls and hanker after the Point Road and the Park."

Weather Forecast:—

The sun will rise this week as per Battalion Orders.

There will be a considerable heat when the bugler sounds.

Orderly Room followed by a chill when the C.B. is awarded.

The week will be characterised by brilliant sunshine; if not it will be wet.

The westerly breeze will be from the south-west or perhaps the north-east.

Lighting up time—see the Guard Commander.

We hear that a certain Corporal in the Battalion will have trouble saving the price of the issue of "An t-Oglach." We hope he has not to make a draw on his bank reserve.

There has been a large influx of American visitors to town lately. This seems to spell more trouble for at least one of our well-known Coy.-Sergeants.

Everyone wishes success to Capt. Lyons, Lieut. Donnellan and Lieut. Coffey in their present course on the Curragh.

This week's Slogan:—"On Parade, John."

"NORTHERN LIGHTS."

CURRAGH SPECIAL SERVICES.

A DITTY OF THE "PAY AND ACCOUNTS."

I.

I'll sing you a lay of the "Pay and Accounts"
All ye belligerent men,
We care not for Squares, or "Fiery"
Remounts,
We are Monarchs at wielding the pen.

II.

In strength we number half a score,
Non-commissioned and men,
We're negligible, a non est Corps,
But we're "dabs" at flashing the pen.

III.

There's "P. J. C.," the man with the grudge,
And the "Hero" of Vinegar Hill,
"Pierpoint" bold never will fudge
While the canteen sells a jill.

IV.

"Tricky Mickey" who hails from Belcoo,
And "Killer" the author bold;
"Larry" who joined for the stew,
And the "Sargin" who loves the cold.

V.

"Johnny Tay" and "Dickey the Duke"
Would sooner a glass than a mug,
While "J.J.K." could write a book
On the exploits of "Commander Bug."

VI.

"Flag Waggon" Kin who's so fond of leave,
That he forgets just when it's due,
And the Orderly man who awaits a reprieve,
Or six months on weak "Burgoo."

VII.

That's the yarn of the Pen Pushers' Clan;
Oh, readers, please be kind;
Don't send a razor to the "Fan,"
Who to "Poetry" is inclined.

Why a shortage of fuel? Didn't we cut enough turf at our last "Shoot?"

"PERCIVAL."

PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED

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experienced in procuring "An t-Oglach" should be immediately reported to this Office.

ALL

newsagents can supply copies if ordered, or the paper will be sent direct from G.H.Q., post free, at 3d. per copy.

BACK NUMBERS can be obtained at same rates.

21st BATTALION, COLLINS BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

The 21st, with the assistance of some of their friends of the 19th, were at Baldonnel on 27th ult., and succeeded in making a scoreless draw with the "Sky" representatives. As usual they were well looked after by the Baldonnel Unit at the conclusion of the game. Some of the 21st at present with the Air Force shone to advantage in this game.

Our Recreation Corporal has his hands full since the winter weather made its appearance, but he did not let the scribe have that list of winners for the weekly game of whist.

The big noise of indoor games at present is skittles and pool. Oh, for a wireless connection, while some of the games are in progress!

Congratulations go out to the Battalion Q.M. on his latest success, which we hope may be but the forerunner of many more, and so say all of us.

On Saturday next a grand dance is being held at the Officers' Mess, and if one is to judge from the amount of tickets already disposed of, all previous dances will be put in the shade. It will be a bumper night.

All are pleased to see the Commanding Officer of the 19th about again. He was indisposed recently.

C.Q.M.S. Fahey was much in the limelight one day recently with that big flower. Where was the wedding?

Cpl. Jas. O'Donnell has the sympathy of all in his recent sad bereavement. A cordial welcome is extended to Capt. Carey, who recently arrived to take Command of the A.C.C., and the same to Lt. Corrigan, Police Corps.

Capt. O'Brien and Lt. Aherne recently arrived to swell the ranks of the 21st.

Like their 24th friends, the 21st and other Units at Collins Barracks wish Comdt. T. Ryan a speedy recovery. While speaking of the 24th it is pleasing to note that their scribe was once more to the fore in last week's issue. Keep it up, "Northern Lights."



23rd BATT., PORTOBELLO.

The "Irish-British Night," like all earthly things, has come and gone, and, faking all points into consideration, everyone will admit that our reputation was splendidly upheld. I do not intend to deal extensively with a subject requiring a more worthy pen than mine; but this I will say, well done! Tommy Morgan. Opposed to an opponent of the calibre of Sergeant Crawley, whose boxing record is formidable, Morgan put up a very fine performance, and finished the six rounds, losing on points.

On Wednesday, the 27th ult., our Battalion Football team played a friendly with Command Headquarters. The game resulted in a win by two points for us, and was productive of some

good play. The veteran Sergeant Daly, of the "P.A.'s," was, as usual, well in the picture from start to finish. (This is not a "tee-hee," Ned, as I keep good hours). (Your explanation is satisfactory and is marked P.A.—Ned).

Who was the Mess Orderly who addressed the "Gink" that tried to rush the queue at dinner time something like this:—

"Hey, Mac! You clear out of that; all these fellows behind you are in front of you!"

Things are going strong in the Dramatic section in Portobello, and I am informed that an entertainment is shortly to be produced. The dates fixed, I believe, are November 6th and 7th. "The Young Man from Rathmines" is the title of the play to be staged on the first night, and that old favourite, "The Resurrection of Dinny O'Dowd," on the second. A very attractive concert has also been arranged, and several well-known artists have kindly consented to place their services at the disposal of the committee. A really first-class programme is guaranteed; so book your seats in advance.

Congratulations to Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Jones on their latest addition to the Ration Indent.

This week's slogan: "Your twist for Orderly man."

"COLLAR-BADGE."



ATHLONE SIGNAL COMPANY.

Athlone in summer is certainly hard to beat in the way of sport. The Shannon, with its boats, its rowing and fishing, satisfies all the craving for amusement natural to healthy young soldiers. Then "When winter comes" there comes with it a wondering what to do when the day's work is done. With the idea of supplying that deficiency four or five very energetic gentlemen in the Barracks have started a Dramatic Class, Choral Class, and numerous other classes. The initial venture of the Dramatic Class starts on Sunday next, and it is to be hoped that the energy of those responsible for organising these plays and dances will be rewarded amply. It is also to be hoped that our new amateur band will respond well to the baton of the conductor. By the way, it is hoped that anyone who has any gift in the musical line will come forward and "do his bit."

We had an outbreak of fire in Athlone last week and some of the troops distinguished themselves in extinguishing it. It is invidious to single out any special men for praise, but we cannot help mentioning the Brigade Sergeant-Major and the Coy. Sergeant of the Engineers in this connection. (The hose connection of course, and how fortunate in having the engine near.—Ned).

This week's thought:—Oh! to be in Finner, now that the winter's there!

"GRID LEAK."

25th BATTALION, ATHLONE.

Our first duty this week is to congratulate "Little Mac." We are told by a few of the lucky ones of the Battalion, whose good fortune it was to witness a great night's sport in the 'Bello Gym., on the 27th, that Mac's was the fight of the night. However I am sure that in other parts of this journal, if not in an earlier edition, due credit will be done to each and everyone of the contestants.

Well the Barracks was treated to the first game of Rounders in the Barrack League on Saturday, the 23rd. The teams were "C" Company and the A.C.E. The Engineers won the toss and decided to take first bat. Play was opened by Coyle, who treated the spectators to a rare exhibition. He hit boundaries to all parts. However, after hitting three successive boundaries, he rested and let in some of his partners who did not do quite so well, with the result that they were all out for the score of 31.

"C" Company then went in and play was average till their last man, "Jerry" Long, went in. We were then treated to some long pucks until we began to wonder if it was a hurl or a bat he had. Halpin and himself did such good work that the first innings read 71.

Engineers went in again and Coyle did even better this time. Were it not for a splendid catch by Doyle he would in all probability be in there yet. In this period the Engineers showed up much better and made 51 for the second innings.

"C" Coy. were all out for the small score of 22 for their second innings. The feature of it was Long's four boundaries in succession, the last of which was caught by Coyle in splendid fashion. First score—"C," 93; A.C.E., 82.

The game was played on the Cavalry Square and was followed throughout by the Commanding Officer and a large number of enthusiastic followers. It is to be hoped that all the other Units will show as keen interest in the game, which does not lack excitement.

A goodly number left the Barracks on Sunday last to witness the final in Dublin. As we have supporters of both sides in our midst, all we can say is, that Kilkenny, a fine lot of hurlers, were beaten by a better team.

J. P. K.



5th BATTALION.

Here we are again after our long silence.

I take this opportunity of congratulating the Irish boxers on their success at the Curragh Gymnasium, and wish them every success in their future contests.

The B.A. team took their defeat in a very sportsmanlike manner. They are certainly a well-trained team of boxers, and better still—a team of sports.

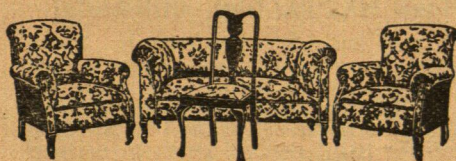


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So far we have had no notes from B.C. or H.Q. Companies. May we threaten Garda Flanagan right on them?

The weekly Curragh-Balivor Road reconnaissance has so far borne no fruit, nor is it likely to, as I believe its abandonment is contemplated for the coming month.

"A" Coy. once again goes on outpost duty. This time it is a triangular affair. Coy. Headquarters remains in Ponsonby, our right flank being at "Spooks Den" and our left "resting" on Kildare.

Our representatives on the Shooting Club are meeting with every success on their outings—Killquik and Sure Death being their motto. By the same token Killquik and Sure Death are a good brand of cartridge, but we believe that it would be much more advantageous if the shot was made magnetic.

In the Brigade Inter-Coy. Football Competition "C" Coy. are making great progress. They defeated the 8th Battn. specialists during the week by a big margin. (Was that a special concession?—Ned).

On Tuesday, the 26th October, "A" Coy. played the 9th Brigade and 8th Battn. Headquarters team. Our lads were up against a team consisting of some All-Ireland men, and were defeated by 1 goal and 3 points. Still we are not satisfied and hope to have the pleasure of meeting the same team again. "D" Coy. seems to have fallen away from their Hurling and Football enthusiasm, since the Recreational Half-holiday "went west." Wake up, "D"!

It is strongly rumoured that the Pension Board are about to form a Football Club. May we have the pleasure of "kicking them"? (Not for a pension.—Ned).

All ranks of "D" Coy. welcome back their Coy. Commander, Capt. J. F. Grincell, after his serious illness, and are glad to know he has made a complete recovery. With his return we are losing his able substitute, Capt. P. Dunne, who has taken over Command of "B" Coy.

Overheard in "D" Coy's lines:—

N.C.O.: Are you there, bugler?

(Echo answers why—Ned).

N.C.O. (louder): Are you there, bugler?

Bugler: Yes.

N.C.O.: If you are there why don't you say "Yes, sir," and if you are not there say, "Not here, sir."

The following spasm is attributed to "D" Coy's comedian:

I don't want a transfer to "A" Coy. or to "B."

Nor yet to Headquarters or the Special Coy. "C."

Nor to any other Coy. no matter where it be;

I'll soldier on for ever in my dear old Coy. "D."

I love "D."

Take cover, "Bradley," Machine Gun Fire.

We would like to know:—

Where is the Kildare Harriers' Ration Store?

Is Athy out of bounds?

What Coy. is detailed for the Hobby Horse Fatigue?

Who rode "Spark-plug," the kicking mule?

What does our correspondent do in his spare time?

"WATCHMAN."



8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

The Brigade Inter-Company Football Tournament is now nearing a conclusion, and by the time my notes are published we shall know who the lucky finalists are to be. So far "A" Coy. and "HQ" Coy. of ours are making great headway for this distinction. None of us will be surprised to see "HQ" Coy. carry the coveted honour off, but I can assure you that "A" Coy. is going to be a thorny opposition.

"HQ" Coy. met and defeated "A" Coy., 5th Battn., on 25th October, by 12 points to 3 points, and on the same afternoon "A" Coy. beat "B" Coy., 14th Battn., by 16 points to 4 points. This game was full of exciting events, for both goals were subjected to a fierce bombardment. "A" Coy.'s custodian (Lt. Guy) covered himself with glory for the repeated and marvellous saves he brought off. One other player of "A" is deserving of special mention—Cpl. "Denny" Holland. I am sure all who witness the game will agree that the renowned "Denny" was the inspiration of his side. I am giving the "Old Men's Coy." timely warning that they will have to watch this star of stars when they meet.

"C" Coy. were surprisingly defeated by their namesakes of the 5th Battn. to the tune of 10 points to 5 points.

We are now all anxiously awaiting the draw for the semi-final.

The Command Cross-Country run is to take place very shortly and it is hoped that we will be able to field a pack that will be worthy of the sporting tradition of our Battalion. Now then, boys, come along and try what you can do at Cross-Country running.

We have lost two very popular officers who were attached to our Battalion—Capt. Cunningham, who is gone to the 14th Battn., and Capt. Hannon, who is attached to A.S.I. for duty. Both officers were keen sportsmen and we wish them the very best of good luck in their new spheres.

The meeting of the British and our own Army Boxing teams has concluded and all of us feel justly proud for the creditable way the representatives of our little Army acquitted themselves. Those of us who were privileged to witness the exhibitions of boxing skill which was presented to such a vast audience at Portobello Barracks, on the 27th October will not forget it for many a day. It was grand to see the bitterness of the past entirely obliterated and that fine sporting spirit predominating everywhere inside that packed hall.

Our Battalion representative—"Nobby" Clarke—was matched against a powerful and elusive opponent in Sergt. Beale, 2nd Buffs. We all feel proud of you "Nobby" for the show you put up, and it goes without saying—all honour to the Sergeant of the Buffs.

The Army should well feel proud of their boxers, and more time should be devoted to sport. Boxing should be encouraged in every unit and certain privileges should be given to the men who are called on to represent their units. We have the youth and the best sinew the country can produce and all it requires is encouragement and development, and if only some of the necessary privileges are given to our sporting soldiers we will be able to produce sportsmen which without doubt will be incomparable.

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

Orderly Officer (to first soldier
loitering in Barrack Room): "What
are you doing here?"

1st Soldier: "Nothing, sir."

Orderly Officer (to second soldier):
"And what are you doing?"

2nd Soldier: "Giving him a hand,
sir."

*Prize of Solingen razor awarded to
61042 Pte. Edward McGowan, Command
HQ. Coy., Eastern Command.*

Dad: "My dear girl, has he given
you any encouragement?"

Dot: "Well, last night he asked if
you and mother were pleasant people to
live with."

His Unlucky Port.—A sailor was
killed at Gulfport when he came into
contact with a live wife.

A Duck of a Girl in a Duck of a
Hat.—New York, Aug. 27 (A. P.)—Miss
Gertrude Ederle was very smartly clad
as the metropolis acclaimed her. . . .
Her sturdy, but not overly large figure,
was clad in an orchid-coloured felt hat.

A Timely Warning.—The Manage-
ment of the Portage County Fair has
designated Wednesday, August 25, as
Politicians' Day. Extra police will be
provided this day, but the management
will not be responsible for anything
taken from the pockets of the patrons
of the fair.

A Line that Moves.—"Customers
push my goods for me," said the manu-
facturer.

"What line are you in, anyway?"
asked the hardware jobber.

"Baby carriages," was the reply.

Thanks for the Tip.—To Whom It
May Concern—Jennie Oates, having
left my bed and board, I am not re-
sponsible for any debts contracted only
by myself.

Tropical Taste.—He—"Did you say
I was no gentleman?"

She—"No; I merely remarked that
you preferred brunettes."

* * *

Night Club Realism.—Savouring of
the days when bold pirates ruled the
high seas, the café will be fitted with
the trappings of buccaneer ships, the
pirate idea being carried out in all of
its decorations and arrangements.

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Prima Facie Evidence.—Mrs. Carney
rushed into her living-room. "Oh,
Walter," she cried, as she panted for
breath, "I dropped my diamond ring
off my finger and I can't find it any-
where."

"It's all right, Olive," said Walter;
"I came across it in my trousers
pocket."

* * *

No Further Inducement.—A promi-
nent New Orleans man aboard a ship
leaving New York for Europe called the
steward and asked:

"Are we outside the twelve-mile
limit?"

The steward said they were.

"Can I get anything I want—cock-
tails, whiskey, wine—anything without
violating the law?"

He was told that he could.

"Then bring me a lemonade."

* * *

Sam—"Do you refuse to pay me
dat two dollahs I lent you?"

Rastus—Oh, no, sah. Ah don't re-
fuse, Ah jes' refrains."

* * *

Gather round and hear Annabelle rave:
She is one you might call fashion's
slave.

In a bobber shop chair

She dozed off, I declare,

And the bobber man gave her a shave.

Go on and let Annabelle rave—
Your deeper compassion I crave:

When I took a nap

In his chair, the poor sap

Went and gave me a permanent wave!

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