

Vol. V. No. 20.

November 20th, 1926.

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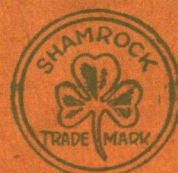
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Vol. V. No. 20.

NOVEMBER 20, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE



Military Terms Illustrated:

No. 24—"TACTICS."

An t-Óglách

NOVEMBER 20, 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 EASARÉDOR.

"ON GUARD!"

"AN t-OGlach" has no part in politics as such, and it is, therefore, not our province to investigate the political origin of the armed raids on Tallaght Camp and several stations of the Garda Síochana during last Saturday evening. What we are concerned with are the facts that one of our comrades was seriously wounded and two Gardai fatally shot. The Amateur Terrorist who flourishes an empty revolver in a pure spirit of braggadacio is one affair, but when he has overcome his own nervousness in handling the weapon and proceeds to wantonly slay unarmed servants of the people it is a very different matter. And when a military post is attacked by persons of this type it is bringing the matter home to all ranks in the Army.

* * *

The week-end occurrence provided a bitterly sardonic commentary on the clamour in certain quarters for the abolition of the Army. It has been shown that the agitation against the cost of the Army is purely artificial, and that the statistics marshalled in serried array to prove the case are utterly fallacious. It is now being made clear that the agitation is

dangerous—or would be if it gathered any force behind it—dangerous from the national point of view, dangerous from the commercial point of view, dangerous from the point of view of all who have a stake in the country. A thoroughly organised, thoroughly disciplined, adequately equipped and efficiently officered Army means a bulwark against armed lawlessness. Our friends of the Garda Síochana have repeatedly given wonderful proof of their courage and ability in dealing with armed marauders, but if armed violence is to be prevented from developing on a large scale it is to the Army that the people must look, not to the unarmed Gardai.

* * *

Another point that is brought home to us in the Army by these raids is the necessity of eternal vigilance. We cannot consider that we are living under peace time conditions when any moment may see an armed attack upon a military post. It cannot be too clearly impressed upon all ranks that the slightest slackness may prove fatal, and it is therefore imperative that discipline should be rigidly maintained and all orders strictly enforced. We are honoured by being the custodians of the nation's security—the Defence Forces of the Saorstát—and we must see to it that we do not betray our trust by allowing our preparedness to be diminished through any carelessness on our part.

NEW TYPES OF TANK.

Irish Army Chiefs Witness Display.

Major-General M. Brennan, Adjutant-General, Colonel P. O'Higgins, Chief Staff Officer, and Major Cotter, Officer i/c Transport, were present with the Prime Ministers of the various Dominions, the Ministers for the Fighting Forces, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and military authorities from the British War Office and elsewhere at a military tank and motor display at Camberley on 13th inst.

The display opened with a march past of tanks and armoured cars of various models, and after the lighter model of tanks followed the latest and heaviest tank, which is described as the finest model of heavy fighting machine in the world. It resembles a miniature battleship and carries four revolving turrets for machine-guns and one central one for a three-pounder gun and its commander.

Another interesting type of tank is one which runs along the road like an ordinary armoured car and on pressure on a lever the wheels are raised off the ground and replaced by caterpillar tracks. The armoured car thus becomes a tank and the transformation takes only 30 seconds.

A display of mechanically-drawn field pieces was followed by a bridging display. In an incredibly short time bridges were erected across rivers and huge heavy tanks ambled over them with perfect ease and safety.

INFANTRY STILL THE POTENTIAL BATTLE WINNERS.

The new British Infantry Training Manual just issued is, says the "Times," a studied teaching in the military preparation of the individual, the development of morale and the true making of leaders, eliminating the idea that all leaders are born and not made by instruction. Rapid movement combined with powerful fire is the main principle towards which the infantry soldier must be trained, and the flexibility of manœuvre is allied with the constant search for surprise tactics as a decisive element.

There is a balanced appreciation of training towards field service requirements in both fire and movement.

In the main the book implies that infantry is still to be trained as the potential battle winner and the principle of co-operation with cavalry, engineers, tanks and aircraft remains unaltered. It has obviously been decided that the time is not ripe for changes in infantry training based on mechanical power, and modification is left to the developments of the future.

IN CAPTIVITY

From "WITH THE IRISH IN FRONGOCH."

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

(Being the Fortieth 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 XXVI.—continued.

"I am sure the Court accepts the statements of the men that it was against their conscience. It was not to defy the authorities, it was a matter of principle and conscience.

"I submit, in the first place, that no offence has been committed, because the Order was an unreasonable one, which the Commandant knew could not be carried out, and secondly, if it is an offence, it is a technical one.

"I desire, in conclusion, to draw attention to Section 86b. 2, of the Appendix "C" of the Royal Warrant, in pursuance of which I specially ask the Court that they should record two things:

"(1) I should like the Court, if they would see their way to do so, specially to report to the confirming authority, that the sole reason of the trouble here is the attempt to conscript for military service men who have been interned 'for the Defence of the Realm and the public safety,' who have been 'reasonably suspected,' in the words of the Order, 'of having favoured, assisted, or promoted an insurrection against His Majesty.'

"(2) That the Head Leader for the time being of this Camp should be given a copy of the Royal Warrant, which contains many peculiar things which one would not arrive at without seeing them in print, and which I think, in common fairness, the men are entitled to have, which they have not seen, and to show what are their liabilities."

"To the Editor, *Irish Independent*.

"SIR,—The proceedings of the Military Court held upon 15 Irish prisoners have resulted as follows:—

"Mr. Wm. Tannam has been ac-

quitted on the grounds of mistaken identity.

"Mr. Richard Mulcahy was sentenced to 28 days' hard labour, but the sentence has not been confirmed, and he has accordingly been released from detention.

"Mr. Sinnott has been dealt with in exactly the same manner as Mr. Mulcahy.

"The other 12 prisoners have each been sentenced to 28 days' hard labour, which they will serve in a civil prison, their sentences having been confirmed by the Officer Commanding-in-Chief of the Western Command.

This result is an eloquent indication of the Court's opinion as to the inflammatory conduct of the Commandant. It is understood that, in the circumstances, it is not proposed to take the matter to the High Court.

"G. GAVAN DUFFY.

"4 Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn,
"London, Dec. 14, 1916."

The twelve prisoners whose sentences were confirmed were not, however, removed to a civil prison. As they had been in detention from the 10th to the 25th November, and as their sentences were not promulgated for a week after date of trial, the prisoners had really only six days to serve, so that the Court's opinion was really a more eloquent testimony than appears from Mr. Duffy's letter. Having put up their six days in the cells of the Guard-room they were released, and sent into the North Camp and all their privileges restored to them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The following extract is from the *Morning Post*, August 15, 1916:—

"PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY.

"PENALTIES FOR REFUSING TO WORK.

"Further correspondence which has passed between Viscount Grey, Foreign Secretary, and the United States Am-

bassador, respecting the treatment of British prisoners of war and interned civilians in Germany, was published yesterday as a White Paper. The correspondence covers the period between March 29 last and July 3, and deals with detailed reports on camps in various parts of Germany which have been visited by representatives of the American Embassy.

"In his report of an inspection of the camp at Langersalza, under date May 19, Dr. Taylor states that in the north division there were 575 prisoners of war, of whom sixty-one were British. These were lined up for inspection, and Dr. Taylor writes: The ranking non-commissioned officer was Jos. H. Sherry, 1st West Kent Regiment. He reported to us that the men had been recently transferred to this camp from other camps, Erfurt, etc. That shortly after arriving at this camp they had been asked to go out to work, and all those who had not volunteered were transferred from the south division of the camp to the north division, and certain liberties withdrawn. They were not permitted to smoke, play cards, they could not have hot water for tea, and were not permitted to attend or play games, football, etc.; that they were locked up in this sense of the term for refusing to volunteer for work. He further stated that they had difficulty in getting drinking water at night. In the enclosure was a water tap, over which had previously hung a card warning against the use of water as it was under suspicion of being typhoidal. From 9 p.m. to 6 a.m. there was no other water available for the men, who, if they felt thirsty during the night, were thus compelled to wait until the morning or risk taking the suspected water. After an examination of the water the sign had been removed, but that nevertheless the men were afraid to use the water on account of the previous notice. The men

were well clothed, but the shoes of some of the men were in poor condition.

"The two other sergeants then complained of the fact that they should not be confined in 'Strafbaracken' for refusing to work, because there was no obligation on their part, as non-commissioned officers, to work unless they volunteered; that they had broken no rules of the camp, and could not understand why they should be so treated. When requests or complaints were asked of the other men lined up, ten men stepped out of line and stated that they were ill or unfit for work on account of various complaints. One corporal stated he had been roughly handled and kicked by a German under-officer. The man stated he had been given an order to place open his blanket, and that while he was proceeding to do so as he had been told he was kicked by the under-officer. He stated that he had not refused to obey, that he had made no disrespectful reply, and that his obedience to the order was not dilatory. Packages had arrived regularly, but they had no letters for the last six weeks. They complained that the food was poor and not fit to eat.

"Dr. Taylor adds: 'Before leaving the camp we called the Commandant's attention to the complaints of the men. He stated that the men in the north division barracks were not punished for refusing to volunteer to work; that merely certain privileges permitted prisoners were withdrawn. We then called his attention that, notwithstanding this, these barracks had been referred to repeatedly throughout our inspection by the Staff Officer who accompanied us as "Strafbaracken." We particularly called his attention to the case of the non-commissioned officers and the men, who stated that they, on account of their wounds or illness, were unfit for work. The Commandant stated that he had only been in charge of the camp for a few days and was not as yet conversant with all the details; he promised to give the matter his serious attention.'"

With a change of names this extract could very well stand as a description of Frongoch Camp. Considering the treatment which "Buckshot" was meting out to the Irish Prisoners of War, this "shriek" of the *Morning Post* was typical of British hypocrisy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE weather had now become bitterly cold, and a keen, piercing wind whistled down from the black Welsh hills. There was a rapid succession of rain, and snow, and frost. With the coming of the short, overcast winter days the distillery buildings became correspondingly more dreary and depressing. Instead of being locked in our dormitories at 8 p.m., we were now locked up at six.

The dormitories were heated by hot-water pipes laid on the floor and ranged round the walls—one pipe to each dormitory. As the windows, owing to the lowness of the ceiling, and the over-

crowding had to be kept open day and night, these pipes were utterly inadequate for heating the whole dormitory. Those who slept round the walls had their toes delightfully warm, whilst the draughts chased over the rest of their bodies. Those lying out along the floor shivered all over.

The greatest service derived from these pipes was in connection with the suppers of tea or cocoa. When the steam-horn sounded at 6 p.m. special men repaired to the cook-house, and drew cans of boiling water; these were then placed on top of the pipe, and blankets draped closely round both. In this way the water was kept hot, and at 9 p.m., or thereabout, tea or cocoa was brewed for supper. Of course, all this was *sub-rosa*, because according to the order of our punishment we were strictly confined to the Government ration, the meagreness of which would not allow of any kind of supper. We might be said to sup off our Irish wit and resource.

Being denied access to the recreation field, and having no route-march, and having to keep to our quarters during the rain and snow, we suffered acutely from lack of exercise. That "tired Frongoch feeling" had us in a grip of steel. A dazed kind of lethargy seemed to have settled down upon most of the prisoners. Study and concentration became impossible. Only a few of the most determined and strong-willed kept up attendance at the classes, and the days shortened in length and grew worse in coldness. The majority of the prisoners fell back on such occupation as the making of ladies' macramé hand-bags, the carving of rings, crosses, harps, etc., out of the meat bones. They were occupations that required no great energy of thought, and yet were sufficient to keep the mind occupied. Only the most pronouncedly non-studious seemed able to keep their animal spirits at par. A number of these, particularly from the West, were continually indulging in rather fierce horse-play, and by their antics kept us highly amused.

Unlike the British prisoners in the "Strafbaracken," whose parcels of food arrived every day, ours were held up in the Censor's Office by order of "Buckshot." Each day when "Buckshot" had passed by on his tour of inspection the Censor came along with a list of those prisoners in the South Camp for whom there were parcels. Before he began calling over the list he said: "Pay attention, and answer your names."

No one ever answered. It was undoubtedly tantalising to hear your name called out, and to know that a parcel of dainty food-stuffs was to be had by simply saying "Here" and stepping out of the ranks. But to do so would mean revealing your identity, instant transference to the North Camp, and a lessening of the number of prisoners from amongst whom the authorities eventually hoped to be able to pick Michael Murphy of London town.

As there was a considerable number of parcels for us each day, it will

readily be understood that they began to embarrass the Censor after a very short time. They were filling up his whole office, and those of a perishable nature were rapidly becoming bad, and some had to be destroyed. As the senders but seldom placed their name and address on parcels there was no possibility of returning them.

Then "Buckshot" thought of a way out. But he reckoned without the prisoners. A large sheet of foolscap bore the instruction at its head:—"Prisoners in the South Camp for whom there are parcels may designate a prisoner or prisoners in the North Camp who may draw his parcels." The sheet was then divided into two columns, one for the prisoners in the South Camp, for whom there were parcels in the Censor's Office, and the other for the North Camp nominees.

This document was given to "Jelly-belly" to post up in our quarters. He showed it to Matt, the cook, and sagely remarked:

"If I put this 'ere up in a conspicuous place nobody will sign it for fear a sentry or a provost might see them signing it, and thus identify them. So I'll post it up where they can sign it without anybody seeing them."

He posted it up on the notice-board in the big archway. That suited us very well. When "Jelly-belly" had cleared off a number of wags gathered round the notice-board and filled up the sheet with such witticisms as these: "Sell mine and buy a bit of principle." "Paddy wills his to Rumanioh! oh!" "Give mine to Falken-hayne, he takes the biscuit." "Give mine to the girl outside the gate with the glad eye."

"Next morning when he came round on his inspection, "Buckshot" stalked over to the notice-board. When he saw the inscriptions his face became scarlet, and he angrily told "Jack-knives" to tear down the notice.

Thus we turned our punishment into a jest.

(To be continued).

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A.A.A. NOTES.

FOOTBALL, HURLING AND BOXING FIXTURES.

At a meeting of the Army Athletic Council held on 15th inst. the following fixtures were made:—

Chaplains' Cup (Hurling).

No. 5 Group v. 20th Battalion at St. James's Park, Kilkenny, on Thursday, 25th November, at 2.30 p.m. Referee, Cpl. D. O'Neill, Eastern Command. In the event of this contest being won by No. 5 Group they will meet the 15th Battalion in the semi-final at Maryboro' on December 9th, at 2.30 p.m., and should the 20th Battalion be the victors the venue against the 15th Battalion will be Templemore on the same date. The referee will be Cpl. D. O'Neill.

The winner of the semi-final will meet the 4th Battalion for the final.

Medical Services Cup (Football).

The 23rd Battalion meet Beresford Barracks, Curragh, at Croke Park on Wednesday, 24th November, at 2.30 p.m. Referee, Lt. J. J. Fitzgerald, G.H.Q.

The winner will meet the 18th Battalion (Cork) for the final at a date and venue which have yet to be fixed.

16th Battalion's Objection.

An objection lodged by the 16th Battalion against the 4th Battalion in the hurling for the Chaplains' Cup was lost on the grounds that the evidence produced did not prove the alleged illegal constitution of the 4th Battalion team.

Annual Convention.

The date of the Annual Convention of the A.A.A. will be fixed at a meeting of the Council to be held in December. It is therefore desired that Commands should arrange their Conventions immediately so that proposals may be ready in good time.

British Army v. Irish Army.

It is hoped to have return boxing contests with the British Army at Aldershot and London during the month of April, 1927, and in the meantime every effort should be made to supply boxers for the heavier weights and thus afford the Army an opportunity of fielding a full team of light-weights on this occasion.

Boxing at Portobello.

A Boxing Tournament is arranged for Portobello Barracks on Friday, December 3rd, in aid of the 7th Brigade Christmas Fund. Ten first-class contests have been arranged, in which will figure all the best Army, Garda and civilian boxers.

Boxing at Dundalk and Sligo.

At Dundalk on Monday, 6th December, under the auspices of 24th Battalion, what promises to be a first-class Boxing Tournament will be held, and at Sligo Town Hall, on December 18th, a Boxing Tournament will be held by No. 1 Brigade.

THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

ARITHMETIC.—Lesson No. 31.

COMPOUND PRACTICE.

Example No. 1.

Find the cost of 5 tons 7 cwt. 3 qrs. of coal at £3 12s. 6d. per ton.

1st Method.—As in Simple Practice we must first find the cost of the entire quantity at £1 per ton. This cost is calculated as follows:—

	T.	c.	q.		£	s.	d.
(1 cwt. = $\frac{1}{20}$ of 1 ton)	1	0	0	costs	1	0	0
(1 qr. = $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1 cwt.)		1	0	„		1	0 (i.e. $\frac{1}{20}$).
			1	„		3	(i.e. $\frac{1}{4}$).

Now

	T.	c.	q.		£	s.	d.
	5	0	0	costs	5	0	0
		7	0	„		7	0
			3	„			9

Hence

	£	s.	d.	
	5	7	9	= cost of quantity at £1 per ton.
			3	

$$10/- = \frac{1}{2} \text{ of } £1$$

$$2/6 = \frac{1}{4} \text{ of } 10/-$$

16	3	3	= cost at £3 per ton.
2	13	10½	= cost at 10/- „
	13	5½	= cost at 2/6 „

$$19 \ 10 \ 7\frac{1}{2} = \text{cost at } £3 \ 12s. \ 6d. \text{ per ton.}$$

Answer—£19 10s. 7½d.

The initial stages of the work may be combined as follows:—

Per ton.	Per cwt.	Per qr.	
£1	1/-	3d.	
5	7	3	
<hr/>			
5	7	9	= cost at £1 per ton.

Here we multiply (1) the price of a quarter by the number of quarters; (2) the price of 1 cwt. by the number of cwts., and (3) the price of 1 ton by the number of tons.

The final stage of the work is the same as for Simple Practice.

Alternative Method.—Instead of taking fractions of the price, we take fractional parts of the quantity as follows:—

	£	s.	d.	
	3	12	6	= cost of 1 ton.
			5	
	<hr/>			
	£18	2	6	= cost of 5 tons.
cwts.				
5 = $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1 ton	18	1½	= cost of 5 cwts.	
2 = $\frac{1}{10}$ of 1 ton	7	3	= „ 2 cwts.	
qrs.				
2 = $\frac{1}{2}$ of 2 cwts.	1	9½	= „ 2 qrs.	
1 = $\frac{1}{2}$ of 2 qrs.	10½		= „ 1 qr.	
	<hr/>			
	£19	10	7½	

Answer—£19 10s. 7½d.

For the information of students we give hereunder the principal fractional parts of 1 ton.

PARTS OF 1 TON.

(1 ton = 20 cwts. 1 cwt. = 4 qrs)

10 cwt.	=	$\frac{1}{2}$		
5 cwt.	=	$\frac{1}{4}$	15 cwt.	= $\frac{3}{4}$
4 cwt.	=	$\frac{1}{5}$	12 cwt.	= $\frac{3}{5}$
2 cwts. 2 qrs.	=	$\frac{1}{10}$	7 cwt. 2 qrs.	= $\frac{7}{10}$
2 cwt.	=	$\frac{1}{10}$		
1 cwt. 1 qr.	=	$\frac{1}{20}$		
1 cwt.	=	$\frac{1}{20}$		

From above it can be seen that the following fractional parts could have been taken in the example given :—

	5 cwt.	=	$\frac{1}{4}$ of 1 ton.
	2 cwt. 2 qrs.	=	$\frac{1}{2}$ of 5 cwt.
	1 qr.	=	$\frac{1}{10}$ of 2 cwt. 2 qrs.
Total	7 cwt. 3 qrs.		

EXERCISES.

- Find the cost of 17 tons. 12 cwt. 1 qr. of timber at £2 16s. 3d. per ton.
- Find the cost of 2 tons 9 cwt. 2 qrs. of cement at £6 12s. 9d. per ton.
- If it costs £1 17s. 6d. to carry 1 ton for a distance of 50 miles by rail, what would be the charge for 25 tons 16 cwt. 3 qrs. for same distance?

Work all three exercises by both methods.

GRAMMAR.

Lesson No. 11.

VERBS.

1. The verb which is the most important word in a sentence may be regarded as the most important of all the parts of speech. No sentence can be complete unless it contains a finite or complete verb.

2. We have, in a previous lesson defined the verb as a stating or action word. With the exception of the parts of the verb "to be" (8 in all), all verbs imply action or the doing of something. Hence the verb may simply be defined as a word which implies action.

3. Verbs are classified in accordance with the work they do in a sentence.

(a) If the action which the verb signifies passes over from the subject or doer to some other person or thing known as the object, the verb is said to be *Transitive*.

(b) If, however, the action stops with the doer and no other person or thing is directly affected by the action, the verb is said to be *Intransitive*.

(c) If a verb helps to form a mood or tense of some other verb, it is called an *Auxiliary* or *Helping Verb*.

4. The following are examples of Transitive Verbs :—

- Seamus *cleaned* his rifle.
- The Mason *built* a wall.
- The Bugler *sounded* the alarm.

In these examples we have the action of cleaning, building and sounding passing over from the respective doers—Seamus, Mason, and Bugler to the respective objects—rifle, wall and alarm. The object of the verb is easily distinguished by asking ourselves the question who? or what? as for example: What did Seamus clean? Answer—His rifle.

5. The following are examples of Intransitive Verbs :—

- Still waters *run* deep.
- He *spoke* at great length.
- Dogs *bark*.

Here the actions of running, speaking and barking stop with the doers and do not pass over to an object.

6. It must be clearly understood that when we say a verb is *Transitive* or *Intransitive*, we simply mean that it is used Transitive or Intransitive as the case may be. A verb may be of a transitive or

intransitive nature, but nevertheless it may be transitive in one sentence and intransitive in another, and *vice versa*, as the following examples shew :—

- Transitive Verb: We *eat* meat.
- Intransitive Verb: We *eat* to live.
- Transitive Verb: She *wrote* a letter.
- Intransitive Verb: She *wrote* every week.
- Transitive Verb: He *shook* a branch.
- Intransitive Verb: He *shook* with fear.

7. Some Verbs which are regarded as properly Intransitive, change their forms when used in a Transitive sense, as in the following examples :—

Intransitive Form.	Transitive Form.
Lie.	Lay.
Rise.	Raise.
Falls.	Fell.
Sit.	Set.

8. The following are examples of Auxiliary Verbs :—

- He *has* lost his money.
We *are* eating our dinner.
The men *were* paid yesterday.
I *shall* have gone before you arrive.

Here the Verbs *has*, *are*, *were* and *shall* have, respectively, help the Verbs lost, eat, paid, and gone to form certain tenses.

EXERCISES.

1. Pick out and write down in separate lists, the Transitive, Intransitive and Auxiliary Verbs used in the following sentences :—

The Guard is mounted every day at 9.30 a.m.

- He mounted his horse and rode away.
It never rains but it pours.
Where did you see him?
Have you finished your letter?
He may have gone by now.
I saw him when he arrived.

2. Give sentences containing each of the following Verbs (a) Used transitively; (b) Used intransitively :—

- Sprang.
Walked.
Stole.
Rolls.
Opens.

3. What is meant by a Transitive Verb, and why is it so called.

CHRISTMAS PAY ORDERS.

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

A Chara,—With the approach of Christmas there is much anxious speculation on the issue as to whether or not the impecunious commissioned personnel will receive their December drafts before or after the Yuletide festivities! Last year we were raked by a cross fire of hopes and disappointments, and the Army Finance Officer's final fiat almost broke our hearts and certainly stunted both our generosity and our joviality.

Publicity exercises strange and subtle influence on men and things. It overthrows governments and builds them up again—sometimes nearer to the heart's desire, sometimes nearer to the devil's wish, but the influence is not deniable. Is "An t-Oglach" possessed of the secret of this alchemy?

May I appeal to it to mobilise its forces in an effort to soften the metallic heart of the pay ogre? What kudos would it not gain, what thanks, if it were able to insert the following announcement in an early issue :—

"We are in a position to state that it has been decided to issue December pay drafts to officers on December 23rd this year."

But seriously, Mr. Editor, this question is of vital importance. We were in a serious predicament last Christmas, and really it is not asking too much to request the issue in advance of our December cheque. I understand that the argument against the procedure is that there are accounting difficulties in the way, and also the problem of the interest which accrues on State funds, but surely these objections would be met by the issue of post-dated drafts, which it could be arranged on our part would not be lodged with any bank until the date on which it would be due for realization. Could you bring the matter and the suggestion to the notice of the proper authority?

E. ROONEY, Capt.

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

A Chara,—With the approach of the Yuletide festival one's thoughts naturally turn to the procurement of the necessary finance to meet the monetary commitments which are essentially incidental to the proper celebration of this time-honoured festival. In former years a contretemps arose with regard to the issue of pay prior to the end of the month of December with the result that many of us found ourselves considerably embarrassed.

There appears to be some financial difficulty regarding the issue of pay prior to the 31st December, but in this connection I would suggest that cheques might be dated for December 31st and in this way the objection could be easily overcome. The officers to whom the cheques are issued could arrange that same would not be lodged in Bank before the 31st December. In the interests of the many officers concerned it is to be hoped that this reasonable proposal will receive favourable consideration.—Mise le meas,

F. J. TULLY, Captain.

ARMY NEWS.

Major-General M. Brennan, Adjutant-General, and Colonel S. O'Higgins, Chief Staff Officer, proceeded to London on 10th inst. in connection with the military defence aspect at the Imperial Conference.

Lieut. Gerard Carroll, Army Air Corps, has been promoted Acting Captain.

Captain R. Foley, 1st Battalion, reported to General Headquarters on 11/11/26 and is attached temporarily to Branch of Adjutant-General (Records). Comdt. J. J. Hancock, Q.M.G.'s Branch (Contracts) returned to G.H.Q. from temporary duty in Dundalk on 9/11/26.

Major Barra O'Briain, Military Secretary, Chief of Staff, is granted leave from 10/11/26 until 9/12/26, inclusive.

Colonel T. F. Higgins, Director, Medical Services, Dept. of Adjutant-General, proceeded on Inspection to Western Command, 9/11/26.

41662, Cpl. James Douglas, G.H.Q. Company, proceeded on N.C.O.'s General Course at Hibernian Military Schools.

5455, Pte. Michael Farrell, Dept. of Adjutant-General (Records), attached on probation, transferred to Army Signal Corps, McKee Barracks, as from 3/11/26.

57745, Pte. T. Danagher, having reported his arrival from Cork on 9/11/26, is accordingly taken on the ration strength of 15th Battalion.

Company Commanders in 15th Battalion, Limerick, have instructions to appoint a distributing and collecting agent within their Companies for the sale of "An t-Oglach." Returns of unsold copies and cash are to be rendered to the Battalion Orderly Room on or before the 1st of the month. Indents for the number of copies required will be forwarded to Battalion Headquarters on or before the 13th instant, ensuring that every endeavour is made to obtain a maximum sale.

64672, Pte. John Kavanagh, "H.Q." Coy., 15th Battalion, proceeded to Island Bridge Barracks, Dublin, for Trade Test on 11/11/26.

The following, attached to "D" Coy., 16th Battalion, having completed twelve months' satisfactory service, have been promoted to Class II. Privates and are entitled to grade pay as such:—

64904, Pte. Peter Black; 64958, Pte. Thomas Daly; 67041, Pte. John Kavanagh; 67070, Pte. Henry Keenan; 67092, Pte. Denis Keyes; 65328, Pte. Michael Killian; 65791, Pte. Francis King; 65334, Pte. John Lacey; 64974, Pte. James Larkin; 67046, Pte. John Murphy; 67050, Pte. James O'Connor; 66996, Pte. George O'Neill; 67071, Pte. Joseph Sweeney; 65597, Pte. James Murphy.

25917, C/Sgt. M. Wheeler, "B" Coy., 18th Battalion, Cork, proceeded to No. 3 Brigade Headquarters on 10/11/26.

24133, C/Sgt. D. Galvin reported his arrival from No. 3 Brigade Headquarters on 10/11/26, and is taken on the strength of the 18th Battalion with effect from that date (Army Southern Command Headquarters, No. 3357/53, dated 3/11/26).

2 Officers and 59 other ranks, comprising "C" Coy., 12th Battalion, proceeded to Templemore on the 6/10/26. 8 other ranks of "A" Coy., 12th Battalion, proceeded to Templemore on the 6/10/26. Lieut. A. J. Spain, 12th Battalion, having reported from Ennis Post on the 5/10/26 is taken on ration strength of 15th Battalion, Limerick, as from the 6/10/26.

27564, Sergt. P. Barry, "C" Coy., 10th Battalion, is granted leave of absence as from 11/11/26 to 24/11/26.

2 N.C.O.'s and 21 men from "D" Coy., 16th Battalion, have reported their arrival from "attachment" to 18th Battalion.

Comdt. S. Clancy, Army Transport Corps, proceeded on temporary duty to Cork, 15/11/26.

Captain M. Kirwan, Curragh Training Camp, reported his arrival at General Headquarters on 9/11/26 and attached to Camp Staff for duty.

42847, Sgt. R. F. Hegarty, Quartermaster-General's Branch (Store Accountancy), on strength of Eastern Command Quartermaster's Staff, is granted additional pay at 1/6 per diem as from 17/9/26.

Comdt. Liam Walsh, 12th Battalion, has been granted leave from 15/11/26 to 28/11/26 (inclusive).

59425, Pte. Roache, "A" Coy., 15th Battalion, proceeded on transfer to the Camp Commandant's Staff, Curragh Training Camp, on the 15/11/26.

Their friends in the Forces will be glad to know that the officers transferred recently to the Army Air Corps are making satisfactory progress. One pupil officer has already made successful solo flights.

During the absence of Major J. V. Joyce, No. 1 Bureau, G.H.Q., who is convalescent in St. Brigid's Hospital, Commandant C. J. O'Donohue, Eastern Command, is functioning as Secretary to the Organisation Board.

Arrangements are being made for the holding of an examination to test the efficiency of gunner-drivers in the Armoured Car Corps. It is understood that the syllabus will include practical and theoretical tests with the Vickers and Lewis gun and ability to drive cars and do running repairs.

The explosion of a mine in Custume Barracks, Athlone, on March 30th, 1925, when two soldiers and a civilian employee were killed, was recalled at Athlone Circuit Court last week during the hearing of a claim for compensation by John J. Dykes, Sligo, against the Ministry of Defence.

The applicant in his evidence stated that he was repairing the roof of a shed in the Barracks. A mine exploded in the building and he was blown 30 yards off the roof, receiving severe injuries. Two soldiers and a civilian who were working in the shed at the time of the explosion were blown to pieces.

The applicant was awarded £14 10s. and £1 15s. per week as compensation.

Comdt. M. Duffy, Provost Staff, McKee Barracks, is granted leave from 15/11/26 to 20/11/26.

(Continued on page 8, column 1).

IRELAND'S BATTLES AND BATTLEFIELDS

THE WARS OF HUGH O'NEILL.

By WESTON ST. J. JOYCE.

II.—CLONTIBRET.

In 1595 both Armagh and Monaghan, held by English garrisons, were closely invested by the Irish under Hugh O'Neill, who had now thrown off all disguise and was in open war with the Government. General Norris, who was commanded by the Deputy to march to the relief of the beleagured garrisons, attempted to victual Armagh, but was repulsed after a severe struggle, in which he was wounded. Soon afterwards, however, he succeeded in throwing provisions into Monaghan over the walls of a monastery in which the English had fortified themselves. O'Neill, hearing of this, resolved to intercept Norris on his return march, and choosing his ground at Clontibret, a small village six miles south-east of Monaghan, he drew up his troops in battle array on the left bank of a small stream which runs northward through a valley enclosed by low hills. Here he awaited the approach of the English.

When Norris arrived he attempted to force a passage, but was driven back.

ARMY NEWS

(Concluded from page 7).

Captain P. J. O'Rourke, Quartermaster-General's Branch, returned off leave on 15/11/26.

* * *

50872, Pte. Herbert Buck, "B" Coy., 12th Battalion, has been granted leave from Reveille, 16/11/26, to Tattoo, 25/11/26.

* * *

59183, Cpl. Wm. Cassidy, Chief of Staff Branch, 56977, Cpl. Daniel Doyle, Adjutant-General's Branch, and 35625, Cpl. John McGrane, Adjutant-General's Branch (Records), proceeded on a course of instruction at the Hibernian Military Schools on 15th inst.

* * *

Resignations of Officers.

The following officers have tendered their resignations:—Lieut. (Acting Captain) Patrick W. O'Connor, Lieut. Morgan Portley, Lieut. John R. Hill, Lieut. Patrick Langan, Lieut. Michael Quinn, 2nd Lieut. Humphrey J. Barry, 2nd Lieut. Mark Furlong.

The resignations have been accepted with effect as from 17th inst.

Again and again he tried, but was as often beaten back, each time he himself bravely charging at the head of his men, and being the last to retire. Both he and his brother, Sir Thomas Norris, were now wounded, and the day seemed apparently won by the Irish, when a body of English cavalry, led by a gigantic Meathian officer named Seagrave, dashed across the stream and fiercely charged the Irish horsemen led by O'Neill in person. Seagrave singled out O'Neill, and rushing to meet him, these two doughty warriors shivered their lances on each other's corselets. The single combat became so exciting that the opposing troops on either side, as by common accord, grounded arms and awaited the result in silence. Seagrave now attempted to drag O'Neill from his horse by main force, and O'Neill grappling with his gigantic adversary the two rolled on the ground together in deadly struggle. The Irish chieftain, though the smaller, was much the more active of the two, and drawing his sword he buried it deep in Seagrave's body, beneath his armour. Bounding up victorious, O'Neill now quickly remounted his horse, and leading his cavalry to the charge, swept like a whirlwind down upon the English, who turned and fled headlong across the stream, leaving their standard and 700 dead behind them. Norris hastily retreated to Newry, whence a detachment of the English, who had learned of the disaster, came to meet him, and in a few days Monaghan was surrendered to the victorious Irish arms.

III.—ARMAGH.

In 1596 Armagh was still held by the English. The garrison was strong, and was protected by an army under Norris, which lay encamped at Killoter, in the neighbourhood. The town being an important one, O'Neill was anxious to expel the English from it; but not having the materials for a siege, he attacked Norris and drove him from his encampment till he took refuge in the town. Here Norris left 500 men to reinforce the garrison, retiring with the remainder of his army to Dundalk. O'Neill did not seek to molest him, but when he was gone, sat down before Armagh and intercepted all the supplies for the garrison, so that famine ensued. The English in Dundalk hearing of the sore distress of their comrades, sent a convoy of provisions to their relief under escort of three companies of infantry and a troop of horse. O'Neill, tired of the monotony of the blockade, now bethought him of a stratagem by which he might capture the town at once.

Hearing of the approach of the convoy, he made preparations to meet it on the way, and succeeded in capturing it, and making prisoners of the escort. He now ordered a number of his men to strip the English prisoners of their uniform and attire themselves in them, and at daybreak marched them towards Armagh with English colours flying, as if coming to the relief of the place. The previous night he had stationed an ambuscade in a ruined monastery a little to the south-east of the town. O'Neill now pursued the supposed English up to near the ruin, upon which commenced a fierce sham battle between them, the party in the ruin remaining hidden all the time.

The garrison of Armagh, aroused by the tumult and firing, rushed to their battlements, from which they saw what appeared to be a detachment of their countrymen in full march to relieve them with provisions; then they saw the Irish make an onslaught on them, and a furious battle seemed to proceed. Both parties kept up a tremendous fire with their muskets loaded with powder only, and the quasi-combatants fell on every side according to instructions. After a while the English seemed to be over-matched; the Irish were pressing fiercely upon them, pouring in a terrible fire, brandishing their battle-axes, and shouting ferociously the while. This was more than the hungry garrison could bear. Stafford, the commander, gave orders that half of them should take up arms and advance rapidly to the relief of their countrymen on the battlefield.

When they arrived they found to their amazement that both English and Irish united in attacking them—nay, even the dead and wounded on the battlefield marvellously revived and assisted in the attack. So dumbfounded were they by these extraordinary proceedings that they had scarcely the strength to defend themselves. After a brief though gallant struggle they were worsted and attempted to return to Armagh. But now the party in the monastery, sallying forth from their ambuscade, cut off their retreat, and thus, surrounded on all sides, they were speedily killed or taken prisoners. Stafford, who commanded the remainder of the garrison in Armagh, seeing the futility of further resistance, surrendered to O'Neill, and was permitted by him to retire with the survivors to Dundalk. The Irish then entered Armagh in triumph; but O'Neill, who preferred offensive to defensive measures, and was unwilling to garrison it, dismantled the fortifications and evacuated the town.

Soon afterwards the English, under the Deputy again entering the town, restored the fortifications and held them till the Battle of the Yellow Ford.

The monastery in which the ambuscade was stationed, though a very extensive ruin in the 16th century, has since been gradually dilapidated and removed for building purposes, and but little of it now remains.

THE TAKING OF ARMAGH, 1596.

'Twas fast by grey Killoter we made
the Saxons run;
We hewed them with the claymore and
smote them with the gun.
"Armagh! Armagh!" cried Norris, as
wild he spurred away,
And sore beset and scattered they
reached its walls that day.

Alas, we had no cannon to batter down
the gate,
To level fosse and rampart; so we
were forced to wait,
And 'leaguer late and early that place
of old renown,
By dint of plague and famine to bring
the foeman down.

We camped amid the vâlleys and bon-
nie woods about,
But spite of all our watching one gal-
lant wight got out,
Till far Dundalk he entered, by spur-
ring day and night,
And told them of our 'leaguer, and all
their woful plight.

'Twas on a stormy twilight, when
wildly roared the blast,
Up to our prince's standard a scout
came spurring fast,
And told him how that convoy—four
hundred stalwart men—
Had pitched their camp at sunset by
Gartan's woody glen.

We swept upon their vanguard, we
rushed on rear and flank;
Like corn before the sickle, we mowed
them rank on rank,
And ere the ghostly midnight we'd
slain them every one—
I trow they slept far sounder before the
morrow's dawn.

"Now don the convoy's garments, and
take their standard, too—"
'Twas thus at break of morning out
spake our gallant Hugh;
"And march ye toward the city, with
baggage, arms, and all,
With all their promised succour, and
see what shall befall."

We donned their blood-red garments,
and shook their banner free,
We marched us towards the city, a gal-
lant sight to see;
Upon their drums we rattled the Saxon
point of war,
And soon the foemen heard us, and
answered from afar.

With all his rushing troopers, out from
the wood he sped,
Their matchlocks filled with powder—
they did not want the lead—
And well they feigned the onset, with
shot and sabre stroke,
And deftly, too, we met them with
clouds of harmless smoke.

Some tossed them from their saddles, to
imitate the slain;
Whole ranks fell at each volley, along
the bloodless plain;
And groans and hollow murmurs of
well-feigned woe and fear
From that strange fight rang mourn-
fully upon the foeman's ear.

Up heaved the huge portcullis, round
swang the ponderous gate,
Out rushed the foe to rescue or share
their comrades' fate;
And fiercely waved their banners, and
bright their lances shone,
And "George for Merrie England!"
they cried as they fell on.

Saint Columb! the storm of laughter
that from our ranks arose,
As up the corpses started and fell upon
our foes;
As we, the routed convoy, closed up
our thick ranks well,
And met the foe with claymore, red
pike, and petronel!

Yet stout retired the Saxon, though he
was sore distraught,
Till, with his ranks commingled, in
burst we through the gate;
Then soon the Red Hand fluttered upon
their highest towers,
And wild we raised our triumph shout,
for old Armagh was ours!

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

(To be continued.)

GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

Will Irish be Taught by
Records?

AND, IF NOT, WHY NOT?

In the issue of October 9th I referred to the suggestion that the gramophone might be an invaluable aid in restoring the Irish language to its proper position in the country, and, incidentally mentioned Mr. Compton Mackenzie's efforts in this direction. Further details of the famous novelist's experiences with the Linguaphone Company are published in this month's issue of "The Gramophone," from which I make the following extracts as likely to be of especial interest to the readers of "An t-Oglach":—

"I am getting a new pleasure (which might easily develop into something very like a vice) out of my gramophone. For some months I had been reading in various advertisements, including those in our own paper, of the Linguaphone records for teaching languages. Vaguely I said to myself, 'Now that might be quite a good idea,' but as with so many things one reads about in advertisements I made no attempt to find out if it really was not merely a good idea, but the practical embodiment of a good idea. Had I stopped to think I might have known that Mr. H. G. Wells would not have allowed his approval to be quoted unless there really was something in it.

"So I wrote off to the manager of the Linguaphone Company and asked if there was any likelihood of their issuing a Gaelic course in the near future. I received a most cordial reply informing me that the Company was anxious to issue any set of records of the demand for which they could feel

assured. At the same time they sent me complete sets of their German, Spanish, and French courses, together with specimens of the other courses they have already published. These are English, Italian, Afrikaans, and Esperanto. The next course to be issued will be Russian . . .

"I am one of those tiresome people who think that the more languages a man can speak the better state of mind he will be in. I loathe the idea of one universal language, whether it be English or that soulless nightmare, Esperanto. I would employ masons to mend the least crack in the Tower of Babel, and I hope that the dear old building will be *monumentum aere perennius*—the brass of the squalid commercial intercourse that now passes for culture. Not merely would I preserve all languages, but I would foster every dialect and patois. That detestable *olla podrida* of a government in France is trying to suppress Breton. Anathema upon it. The English Board of Education has destroyed the noble English dialects one after another and substituted a castrated Cockney throughout the land. Anathema upon it, too. . .

"I received this morning, from Mr. J. Tobeen, of Cork, a little book called 'Irish for All,' published by the Talbot Press, which is a model of what such a work ought to be, because it communicates the spirit of the language and the people who speak it as well as the letters and the way they pronounce them. It is like reading a good play, which is what a conversational manual ought to be. I sincerely hope that Irish readers who are interested in the spread of their own language will agitate to create a large enough demand and so make it worth while for the Linguaphone Company to produce an Irish course as soon as possible. Lessons by wireless are of no value at all at present, except to those who already speak Irish. It's little use working ourselves up into a frenzy over the danger to our Celtic language unless we do something practical, and I venture to think that Linguaphone courses in Scots and Irish Gaelic, in Welsh, and in Breton, would help their revival as much as anything."

A horde of comments could be made upon the suggestion to teach Irish Gaelic by gramophone—and some of them might be helpful. So far, however, our authorities on the language have maintained a chaste aloofness from the newspaper correspondence on the subject. Perhaps somebody might mention it at the Mansion House "Save the Gaeltacht" meeting which is being held (17th inst.) as these lines go to press. But I do not think any speaker will mention it at that meeting despite the fact that it is an eminently practical proposal.

"TONE ARM."

KEEP YOUR COPIES OF
"AN t-ÓSLÁC."

GARDA HEROES.

Impressive Funeral of Raid Victims.

ARMY CHIEFS ATTEND.

The remains of Garda Hugh Ward and Sergt. James Fitzsimons, the two victims of Raids by armed men on Hollyford Barracks, Tipperary, and St. Luke's Garda Barracks, Cork, were accorded a public funeral in Dublin on 17th inst.

After Mass at Aughrim Street the remains of Garda Ward were taken to Kingsbridge Railway Station, where those of Sergt. Fitzsimons, which arrived from St. Patrick's Church, Cork, were met and a most impressive funeral procession proceeded via the South Quays, Parliament Street, Dame Street, College Green, Westmoreland Street and O'Connell Bridge to Prospect Cemetery, Glasnevin, where the interment of Sergt. Fitzsimons took place; the remains of Garda Ward being afterwards removed by motor-hearse for interment at Nobber, Co. Meath.

The order of the funeral was as follows:—

Band of Garda Metropolitan Division, the remains of the deceased Gardai and pallbearers, relatives of deceased men, President Cosgrave and Ministers of the Executive Council, Members of the Seanad and Dail, General Officers of the Army, Officers of G.H.Q. Staff and Officers of the Garda Síochána, Band of the Garda Síochána, Colour Party, consisting of Supt. MacNeill and Supt. O'Carroll, No. 1 and 2 Companies, Depot Garda, 1 Company Garda Metropolitan Division, Army No. 1 Band, 2 Companies from 21st Infantry Battalion, Eastern Command, under Comdt. Sean Cunningham, members of Detective Division and general public.

Lieut.-General P. MacMahon, Chief of Staff, and General O'Duffy, Chief Commissioner of the Civic Guard, walked together, leading the contingent of Army and Gardai Officers. The Minister for Defence also was present.

In the different city barracks the Tricolour hung at half-mast, and as the procession passed Collins Barracks the guard turned out and saluted the heroic dead. Huge crowds lined the streets and the utmost respect was shown.

When the body of Sergeant Fitzsimons had been lowered into the grave President Cosgrave delivered the funeral oration.

He said—"At the graveside of this brave officer, Sergeant Fitzsimons, and his gallant comrade, Garda Ward, we ponder for a moment, after having commended their souls to God, to thank



"C" Company, Winners of the 24th Battalion Football Championship this year.

Him from our hearts for His goodness in giving us such men—great, gallant souls. May they rest in peace.

"This age in which we live has taken toll of many a good citizen and of many a faithful servant of the State. In that glorious and select band who have sealed their devotion to duty and country by the supreme sacrifice these two heroes occupy a high place. During life members of one of the most gallant institutions of our country—an unarmed force—ready at all times to face death and endure pain in protecting the lives, liberties and property of the people; conscious only of the obligations of their citizenship and the great tradition that they are creating. In death remembered for the splendid gifts which marked their short lives. They were the guardians of all, ready to protect the rights of their slayers as of every other citizen of the State. Their devotion to duty knew of no distinction of persons.

"In the name of this State and on behalf of the people of this State, I pray God to have mercy on the souls of Sergeant Fitzsimons and Garda Ward." A bugler then sounded the "Last Post," and the mourners left the cemetery.

SOLDIER BOXERS AT THE DEPOT.

On Wednesday evening, 10th inst., St. Paul's Boxing Club ran a tournament in the Garda Síochána Depot, Phoenix Park, and several Army boxers took part in the proceedings. The attendance was sparse, but we noticed Comdt. Ennis, Capt. Liam O'Brien and Capt. Sean O'Beirne amongst the officers present, and amongst other well-known followers of Army boxing our friends "Kay," Paddy Shanahan and Sgt. McAlinden from the Curragh.

Pte. Tommy Morgan, 23rd Battn., boxed six rounds with Garda Cooper (the Irish Welterweight Champion), and

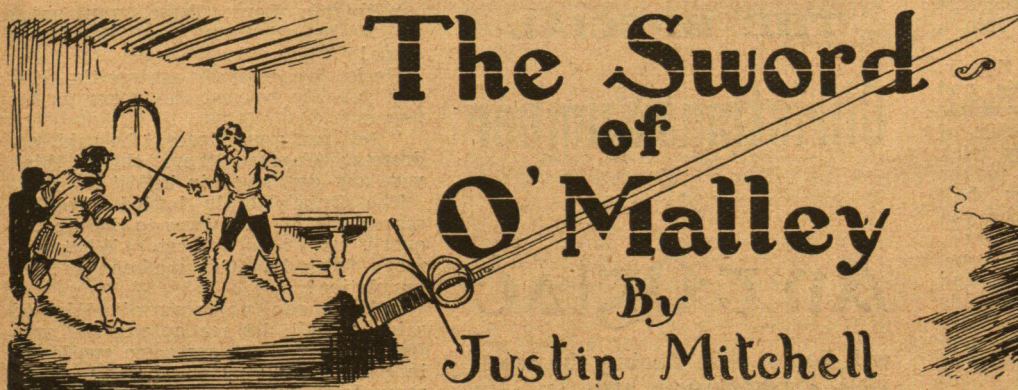
though he did not win it must have been a very near thing, as the judges disagreed and the verdict was the decision of the referee (Dr. Hannigan). Morgan during the first three rounds kept that famous left of his going and had the better of the argument up to that period, but from that on Cooper was allowed to "get in close," and everyone knows what happens then. Had Morgan kept up the game he started he would have "brought home the bacon." However, there is no doubt that Morgan fought well, and after all "Sure he's only a boy yet." His recent achievement in beating Garda Chase (the Irish Middleweight Champion) will be fresh in the memories of your readers. Cheer up, Tommy, but don't forget your "old kiltogue."

Pte. "Ginger" Hoolian from the Curragh beat Finn of St. Paul's Club on points in six rounds. Candidly we have seen "Ginger" box much better than he did on this occasion, and would advise him to follow that left hook of his with a good dig "in under." He seemed to forget all about this that night. Anyway he won—and that's that.

Pte. O'Donnell, 23rd Battn., who only went to the show to see if he could get a fight (as he said himself) put up a great performance against Moone of St. Andrew's Club. O'Donnell, who was giving a great deal of weight away, carried the fight to his opponent all the time and we were much surprised when the judges disagreeing the referee awarded a drawn verdict. He will be able to get his own back soon, as we hear that his name will appear in the programmes of several coming tournaments.

Tracey (St. Kevin's Club), an old 22nd Battn. man, beat Hickey (Phoenix B.C.) on points in six rounds.

"RAMBLER."



The Sword of O'Malley By Justin Mitchell

CHAPTER XXVI.—continued.

Sourly Ungvar bowed to the inevitable. He took up the sword and the weapons crossed.

The Duke's sword-play was of poor quality, and, after a pass or two, Edmund sneered at him contemptuously. The little man felt constrained to offer some sort of apology for his indifferent show.

"I am out of condition," he bleated. "You will beat me in the second five minutes."

"There shall be no second five minutes," O'Malley said grimly. "Ere two minutes have flown, Coqueran will be welcoming his master."

For a space of perhaps half a minute Ungvar made some show of resistance. Then it became apparent that he was absolutely at the Irishman's mercy.

Great beads of sweat glistened on the Duke's brow. His face and neck streamed with perspiration and his breathing was laboured.

"The room is stifling," he complained gaspingly. "I have never been in a hotter place."

"But you shall be presently," said Edmund, affable and gracious.

Ungvar scowled darkly and fell to fighting with very great earnestness. O'Malley was merely toying with his enemy, now flashing a smile to Lotz, now flinging a jibe at Ulmo, as the Duke made some grotesquely maladroitness to circumvent the long sword.

The struggle was absurdly unequal—a battle in burlesque. Presently Edmund wearied of it.

"Lotz," he said, "this is a dreary, dismal business. True, his Grace's sword-play is ridiculous; but, somehow, it doesn't entertain me a bit. I'm bored, Lotz, hideously bored."

The Duke, catching some subtle suggestion in O'Malley's tone, saw a glimmer of hope, hope of respite if not of release. With a gesture of abject surrender, he flung his sword on the table and stood defenceless.

Lotz and Ulmo expected to see the mannikin's head swept from his shoulders by one shearing stroke of the Guardsman's blade. To their amazement O'Malley also threw his weapon on the table, and stretched his one available arm in a weary gesture of

boredom. There was silence in the room while Edmund's glance roamed to the fire-place as if in search of something.

"Lotz," he said, "on the hearth in the guest-room below there is, I think, a slender steel poker—a friend in need, as I once clearly proved to M'sieu Jules Coqueran. A mere spit, Lotz but, in the hand of a swordsman who knows his business, as effective almost as the blades of Damascus or Toledo. Fetch it."

There was a moment's pause as four men's brains surveyed and appraised the chances. O'Malley was at his old game of toying with danger. Lotz noted that the two swords lay within easy reach of the plotters, while his master, totally unarmed, lounged carelessly against the mantelpiece. For a moment, the servitor was prompted to offer the loaded pistol to the Guardsman; but something, some subtle telepathy, seemed to warn him that such an act would strike a jarring note—would, as it were, spoil the game. And he observed that a heavy stool stood beside the fire-place. All was well. In silence Lotz quitted the chamber.

Then, indeed, were there busy brains in the room above the river. The plotters saw the weapons within their reach and the door unguarded. In a flash of intuition Ungvar read Ulmo's unspoken query, and the Prince divined the Duke's wordless reply.

"Shall we?"

"Yes."

Each hastily grabbed a weapon and dashed towards the door. But, even in that supreme moment, Ungvar's habitual caution asserted itself. He hesitated, just for an instant, to allow Karl to take the lead.

That instant meant everything. The Prince made good his exit, but, when the Duke reached the threshold, O'Malley's oaken stool was thrust in his face, and O'Malley's giant form blocked the doorway.

As though it were a fairy wand, Edmund swung his clumsy weapon, and Ungvar retreated snarling before the murderous swish of the heavy stool.

With a sidelong glance, O'Malley followed Ulmo's headlong flight. When he saw how the Prince had fared on the stairway, the humour of the situa-

tion irresistibly tickled him, and he burst into laughter. For Prince Karl, bounding headlong down the stairs, had stopped dead, and almost collapsed with terror, when he found himself gazing into the muzzle of Lotz's levelled pistol.

It was a great game!

Louder rang the Irishman's laughter, greyer grew the venomous visage of the baffled Duke, and blacker frowned the beetling brows of the swart Ulmo, as, step by step, he retreated before the menace of the trooper's pistol. Up the stairs, over the threshold, back to his place by Ungvar's side, Karl was driven by the relentless Lotz. Edmund stood aside and bowed profoundly as the Prince re-entered the room. But his laughter rang unchecked.

It was a great game!

CHAPTER XXVII.

His Grace of Ungvar was furiously angry. Not only was his life threatened, but he had been perforce driven into making an undignified bolt for freedom, only to be thwarted by a low-born adventurer armed with a ridiculous stool. Prince and Duke had been humiliated under the eyes of their quondam hireling, turned traitor.

The Irishman's mocking laughter suddenly ceased, and his tone, when he spoke, was cold and hard as tempered steel.

"It is unkind of your Grace to seek to deprive us of the light of your gracious countenance. But why on earth did you lag behind in the dash for liberty? Had you kept abreast of his Highness, one must have escaped, for Lotz couldn't have shot both of you. I gave you a chance, Duke, and you threw it away."

Ungvar bared his pallid gums to snarl a retort. Coqueran and Brant, twin failures, ranked in his memory. He was a sponsor of fiascos.

"My purgatory," he said, "will consist of the contemplation of wasted opportunities."

"Your Grace hugs a false hope," Edmund corrected affably. "You aren't going to purgatory. Your journey will take you one stage further. Are you quite ready to start?"

He possessed himself of Lotz's poker and confronted the two swordsmen.

He then pushed the table back against the wall and kicked the stool into a remote corner.

"Now, gentlemen," he said lightly. "My poker against your swords, and may St. Patrick make strong my single arm! Ringmaster Lotz, if either of these men attempt to play any trick contrary to knightly usage or to the rules of honourable duello, you shall shoot him dead on the spot. Fight, you rascals! Fight!"

In Ulmo's dull brain there was some glimmering of an idea that the mad Irishman was at their mercy, that his absurd poker would be no match for their swords. But the idea was rudely dispelled at the very first contact of the striving weapons.

The attackers found themselves attacked. O'Malley set about them with a vigour that first dismayed and then appalled the pair. He leapt at them with the ferocity of a demon. Lotz's eyes danced with delight as he marked the easy mastery which his idol established over his foes. The poker seemed light as a feather and mobile as a needle, yet its blows fell with sledge-hammer power. The Irishman's quickness of hand and foot were amazing in a man of his bulk. Now he would drive the pair before him as a breeze drives vagrant wisps of straw. Anon he would affect to give way, laughing, as they rained a furious hail of blows on the slender spit. Just so had Coqueran battered blindly at O'Malley's poker, and with just as little effect. The pair realised that they were helpless as children before the skill and strength of this marvellous man. Fear chilled their hearts and palsied their limbs. His Highness, Prince Kar, cowered in dread that his skull would presently be split open. His Grace, the Duke, felt that, ere many minutes, his eyes would be gouged out.

Lotz, noting the utter discomfiture of the swordsmen and the sweeping triumph of his new master, felt an impulse to rise up and cheer.

Presently the combat lagged; the clash of weapons died away. O'Malley was visibly disgusted by the impotency of his foes. He grumbled.

"For months," he said, "I have looked forward to this encounter with the certainty that it would provide some stimulating moments. You gentlemen have entirely failed to put up even a tolerably interesting fight. I'm weary of the business. Tell me, Lotz, with what weapon must I tackle these fellows so as to equalize matters and lend a spice of devilment to the combat? Answer me."

But Lotz held his peace.

"A quill pen or a ship's anchor?" O'Malley suggested mockingly. "Anything for a fight?"

"Why fight at all?" the Duke ventured in a tentative whisper.

O'Malley stared straight at his enemy and kept silence for a space as a new idea dawned in his brain. Some novel scheme suggested itself and rapidly dispelled his moody discontent. His eyes danced mischievously and his manner became breezy and animated.

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"By the Lord, Duke, you speak well!" he cried. "Come, Lotz! A game! A game!"

He leant negligently against the table and jauntily twirled the poker in his fingers.

"Tell me, your Grace," he said, addressing Ungvar; "are there, think you, any gentlemen in hell?"

The Duke's brain busied itself in search, not of an answer to the strange query, but of its purport. What new fool's freak had this madman in contemplation?

"You made no answer," Edmund said. "Well, let me answer for you. Undoubtedly there are some gentlemen in Satan's roasting clutch; it may be, some Irish gentlemen; though that is rather unlikely. For a man may make wreck of the whole Decalogue and still remain a gentleman. Picture the dismay and wrath of these noble souls to find such a crawling sneak as my Lord of Ungvar pitchforked into their midst. Picture their blazing resentment against me if I forced upon them the hideous insult of your society. I cannot have my gentlemen squirming on their grids and vowing that Hades has been made trebly intolerable by the intrusion of a grovelling mongrel. Cowardice, my Lord, is deemed a thing contemptible—even in Hell!"

With bowed head and twitching features Thaddeus listened in silence to this amazing harangue.

"If you died by my hand, Duke," the Guardsman continued, "every decent man in Hell would rise from his hob to invoke bitter curses on the head of Edmund O'Malley. I cannot incur such a responsibility. I cannot kill a blackguardly monstrosity, unfit for earth, and unworthy even of a place among the damned. Of set purpose, your Grace, I came here to slay you; but I cannot do it; upon my soul, I cannot! I pray you, hold me excused!"

Ungvar's gimlet eyes met Ulmo's in a glance of startled interrogation. Had they heard aright? Was it possible, after all, that they were to be allowed to go free? Possible! Anything was possible to this incredible Irish idiot!

With easy nonchalance O'Malley moved towards the door. The Duke's craven heart leapt within him. But the Irishman did not quit the chamber. He merely retrieved the stool from its remote corner, planted it beside Lotz's chair, and calmly sat down.

It was late evening, and, though daylight reigned outside, dun shadows were beginning to gather in the room above the river.

"There is a candle on the mantel, Lotz," the Guardsman said. "Light it and place it on the table. These men are about to play a game which cannot very well be played in darkness. We take no part in this game—you and I. We are spectators merely, and the play is being given for our entertainment. These good men shall, as it were, perform for our amusement. Your Highness and your Grace will, I trust, make the game worth the candle.

The plotters eyed each other ques-

tioningly. A game? What new freak was this? The dice still littered the table, and apparently the Irishman proposed that his victims should gamble. But for what?

O'Malley read their glances and answered their unspoken queries.

"You gentlemen shall fight each other for your lives," he said quietly.

"For our lives?" shrieked the pair in a breath.

"Yes," Edmund answered affably.

"The stakes are trivial; but we'll waive that point. Come, sirs. You have a sword apiece. Have at it, and devil take the hindmost! Remember, this is a duel to the death. Though the battle be prolonged till sunrise, you must fight until the loser lies dead at the victor's feet. So far as I am concerned, the winner may then go free. I say, so far as I am concerned."

With his elbow he lightly touched Lotz's arm. The trooper looked into his master's eyes and nodded comprehendingly. Lotz understood.

Ungvar realized that the end had come. He played his last desperate card.

"Lotz," he cried, "you are a poor man. Twenty thousand crowns if you shoot that madman!"

Lotz appeared to hesitate as though he were considering the offer. Ulmo believed it was merely a matter of terms.

"Thirty thousand!" he shouted.

"Fifty thousand!" screamed the Duke, quite certain now that Lotz was purchaseable.

The servant moved his lips as if to answer.

"No! don't speak," Edmund interposed. "Hold out stiffly, Lotz, and you may achieve incredible wealth. Go ahead, gentlemen! Bid up! Bid up! Any advance on fifty thousand? Do you really expect to purchase an Irishman's life for such an absurdly inadequate sum?"

He seized Lotz's wrist and raised the man's hand until the muzzle of the pistol was thrust against his own breast. The least little pressure of Lotz's forefinger and there would be an end for ever of O'Malley of the Brigade.

"Don't be stingy, Duke," he bantered. "Make it a hundred thousand. Hawk-like, Ungvar strove to read Lotz's face. The man smiled up into his master's eyes and said very quietly: "These scoundrels owe me some reparation for this insult."

Edmund regarded the Duke with sympathetic air.

"Your Grace's blood-money has again failed," he said. "Your Grace has my commiseration. How maddening is the pitiful impotence of gold."

But the Duke's seared soul needed no taunts to goad it to unbearable bitterness. Coqueran and Brant, and now Lotz! This swaggering Irishman has bested him all along the line. Well, though beaten, he had one sting left for the arrogant braggart.

"The Princess Irene—" he began.

But he got no further. O'Malley's long arm shot out like lightning, and

the Guardsman's strong fingers met in Ungvar's stringy throat.

"That lady's name is a thing too sacred for utterance by your reptile tongue," Edmund said. "I have some drift of what your Grace would say; but you mustn't say it. I am master here, Duke; and your master I have been since our first encounter at the Pool of St. Bruno. Now, mark me assert my mastery for the last time. Lotz, cover his Grace's heart with your pistol—his own sneaking, covert, cowardly weapon. If his Grace attempts to open his lips to anyone, or to utter one syllable of any description, shoot him dead on the spot."

He released the writhing mannikin and resumed his seat beside Lotz whose pistol covered Ungvar with steady aim.

There was a pause.

"I find," Edmund said presently, "that you two gentlemen show a despicable tendency to shirk the issue; to procrastinate; in plain, to dodge. I quitted a sick-bed at the Barracks and fared hither in quest of a little entertainment, and I don't propose to leave this chamber until I have enjoyed the moving spectacle of you puissant warriors fighting for your lives. The stakes, as I have remarked, are paltry, but Lotz and I don't expect too much in the way of thrilling sword-play. *A la mort, messieurs!* Have at it!"

(To be Continued).

MESS DECORATION.

However well furnished and expensively decorated the several apartments of the Mess may be, without the addition of flowers they are bleak, barren, and uninviting. Flowers add the finishing touch of refinement. We would invite the attention of all Mess Presidents throughout the Army to the new artificial flower industry started by "Mac"—the well-known Irish caricaturist. They are extraordinarily real in appearance, and are perfumed, and lasting, besides being reasonably cheap. They are now being regularly supplied to the Hotel Russel, Gaiety, Royal, and Abbey Theatres, Dublin, Regent Ballroom, Bray, Rathmines Town Hall, McKee Barracks, Officers' Mess, etc. We would recommend all those interested to pay a visit to the Studio at 37 Lower Baggot Street, Dublin, and see for themselves what a remarkable achievement "Mac" has to her credit.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED

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AIR MARVEL.

Army Chiefs Inspect New Airship.

HOTEL IN THE SKY.

Major-General Michael Brennan, Adjutant-General; Colonel Seumas O'Higgins, Chief Staff Officer, and Mr. Diarmuid O'Hegarty were the only members of the Saorstát Delegation who made the journey from London to Cardington on Wednesday last to inspect R 101, the new mystery airship, which is likely to revolutionise travel in the skies. It will not be ready until next year, when it will be sent on trial trips to the Dominions in preparation for its real work, which will be to carry on a regular air service between Great Britain and India.

The peeps which the Dominion visitors had at bits of the new model were sufficient to convince them that R 101 will eclipse Jules Verne in its wonders. It will stand to the old airship of the Zeppelin type in much the same relationship as the Berengaria stands at present to Noah's Ark, and will be something completely new in the way of aircraft.

The new airship will carry one hundred passengers, as well as ten tons of mails. It will have a dining saloon, capable of seating fifty persons at a time, and kitchens, in which five-course dinners will be prepared and hoisted to the saloon in lifts. There will be a ballroom, rooms for games of every kind, lounges, smoke rooms and promenade decks, access to which will be gained by electric elevators.

The sleeping cabins will have two or four bunks, just like an ocean liner; there will be shower baths for the passengers, and continuous wireless reception will be maintained for the travellers' amusement and information.

Even a daily newspaper is contemplated, and the journey to India will be made in circumstances of the greatest luxury. Just think of it. No seasickness, no pitching or tossing—travel will be as smooth as a trip on a river steamer, and as comfortable as life in a first-class hotel. And it will come to pass before any of us is a year older.

R 101 will be capable of seventy miles an hour at an altitude of five thousand feet—a mile above the earth—it will have a cruising speed of more than a mile a minute, and a range of no less than four thousand miles.

The length over all will be 730 feet, with a diameter of 130 feet and a height of 140 feet.

There will be five 600 h.p. engines, every one of which will be housed in a separate car slung from the body of the airship, and they will burn not ordinary petrol, which is too expensive, but the cheaper heavy gas oil fuel.



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

DEPARTMENTAL DOINGS : PORTOBELLO.

Gink to Quarterbloke's Clerk: The tunic you issued me with is all moths. Quarterbloke's Clerk: Yes, it's a trifle cold for butterflies.

"WE'RE SCHOOL OF THE SOLDIER "C,"
MY LADS."

Oh, we're school of the soldier "C,"
my lads,

We're school of the soldier "C."
We've done a portion of "A"—pulled
a quick one on "B"

("A's" memory lingers—'twas done in
McKee).

We're "Half-bent" at "C," we'll be
"Full-bent" at "D."

And the Lord only knows what'll hap-
pen at "G."

Monkey-glands will be issued when we
get to "T,"

And "Z" will finish us, then R. I. P.

Oh, we're school of the soldier "C,"
my lads,

We're school of the soldier "C,"
And the birds can now sing in the

Bello, you see,
As they did in the spring in McKee.

But now we've rifles and bayonets, oil-
bottles, pull-throughs,

And Russian petroleum and striped
"Four-by-two's."

And we're taught about spare parts,
and umpteen spare screws,

Half-bents and Full-bents and "How-
do-ye-does."

And new rifle slogans of "One-one-
and twos."

With our fix and unfix, three sharp
paces in front

("Tis a good job for us all our bayonets
are blunt.)

And our doing it by numbers or judg-
ing-the-time,

Our feats with the bayonet are some-
thing sublime.

Oh, we're school of the soldier "C,"
my lads,

We're school of the soldier "C."

We are all anxiously awaiting the Christmas number of "An t-Oglach," especially the article on "Barrack Room Tricks." Well, Ned, if it can show the Records any New Barrack Room Tricks I'll eat my cap. Why, they've diploma and certificates for quick ones.

"THE LAMBS"

("D" Coy., 27th Battn.).

At my two-on and four-off dug-in Wal-
lahs may scoff,

With their jobs on the Staff and Head-
quarters;

At "seventeen-and-a-kick" and my
chance of "The stick"

I can smile, chance the ducks and de-
faulters.

At Guard mounting or Drill, in the
"Clink" or "The Hill"

We're known from Hib. Schools to
the Bello;

We're "D," "D," double-barreled
"D,"

And there's never a gink that is yellow,
Yes, we're "D," "D," double-barreled
"D,"

And our home is "pro tem." in the
Bello.

We were all pleased at the recent
visit of Captain McMonagle (G.H.Q.)
to the Bello—especially the men of his
old Company (The Lambs). The boys
turned out en masse to greet him.

Double Tapper: I've got 15 savings
certificates, now; how many certificates
have you?

Mac: One

Double Tapper: Only one.

Mac: Aye, and it's a birth certificate
at that.

The new slogan:—"There's no fuel
like the old fuel."

The new decorative scheme in the
Gymnasium was greatly admired at our
weekly dance last week, which was one
of the jolliest and most successful held
this season. Whoever was responsible
for thinking out the original idea, the
colour harmony and the trellis scheme
deserves congratulations. It certainly
is a chef-d'oeuvre as regards sympho-
netic colouring. (And what the heck
is "symphonic" colouring?—Ned.)

O, wad some pauer

The giftie gi'e us

To see the Sargin'

Before he sees us!

Privates Jim Brennan and Charlie
Walsh are the latest additions to the
musical elite of "The Lambs." At an im-
promptu violin recital held in the Com-
pany lines they gave excellent interpre-
tations from De Bussy, Saint-Saens,
and the modern school. Yes, the 27th
has talent.

But the Bello is full of talent. A
dance poster—hand-painted—recently
displayed deserves special praise. The
technique and craftsmanship displayed
was of a very high order and the colour
scheme, though a trifle bizarre from a
terpischorean point of view, was ad-
mirable. (Try a No. 9 for that artistic
spasm of yours—Ned.)

We all extend to the ever-popular
Pte. "Don" Jordan, 27th Battn., our
sincerest sympathy on his recent be-
reavement.

What is wrong with the 23rd Harrier
Club this season? Surely with all the
cross-country talent that the 23rd have
at their disposal some one in authority
should take the matter up and look
after the interests of the cross-country
fraternity. It is a pity if the lads who
are eager to indulge in a few nocturnal
spins are to be deprived of the plea-
sure. With Bugler Tommy Duffy,
young Gray and a lot of others a first-
class team could be formed. Perhaps
the popular B.S.M. Jones or B.Q.M.S.
Murrihy might be instrumental.

There was an old timer you see,
Who flashed round his rifle so free,
That when called to attention
He went through a declension
Of one-and-two-and-three.

That promising young Army swim-
mer, Peter Kearns of the "Idy-
umpteens," has been transferred to the
Bello and the boys have all extended
him a very hearty welcome. Tommy,
who is a keen sportsman, is a welcome
addition to the Bello. We could do
with a few more of Peter's calibre—if
"Woodie" could spare them.

We all wish the one, and only Jimmie
Redmond of Montreal fame a speedy re-
covery from his illness. Jimmie is in
No. 8 Ward, E.C.H., and with Johnnie
Young, Dan, Mac and all the boys doing
the "Ministering Angel" stunt he is
dead cushy.

We were all pleased to see our old
friend and colleague, Pte. Ned Collins
from G.H.Q., the other day in the
Bello. Ned has been transferred to the
Q.M. Stores, McKee, and the change
obviously agrees with him.

"Bull" of Bugle fame was on a win-
ner again last week, although not quite
so keen on warrants.

The best wishes of the Records Staff
go with Cpl. Sean McGrane, who has

proceeded to the Hib. School on an N.C.O. course.

The demand is still growing for a two-nights-weekly dance for the boys in the Bello. Nothing succeeds like success, and the starting of a second dance night would be a "consummation devoutly to be wished." Surely the Pioneer of Indoor Barrack Amusements would agree?

The Institute slogan:—Portobello still leads.

Delighted to learn from my old colleague "Cat's Whisker" that the boys in Griffith Barracks gave their popular B.S.M. such a great reception. But "Cat's Whisker" that's nothing. We have a B.S.M. and even when he comes back off week-end leave our boys get up early to greet him.

We extend a welcome to your new scribe, "Form 117," Special Services, Kilkenny. I think he must be a man after my own heart judging from his nom-de-guerre. However, I've nearly forgotten the look of a "117" since I came to the Bello. Of course, Ned, there is plenty of time yet. (I expect, Ned, your afterthought at this will be a trifle clever—as per usual.) (No, I couldn't be merely "a trifle" clever—Ned.)

Mick Melia's War-cry:—Swing it or Hop it.

Jose Mathew's ditto:—Jazz it or Stop it.

The boy stood on the Barrack square When all but he had fled,
You bet there were old soldiers there When they left that gink instead.

This week's slogan:—It's all Bull.

"ME LARKIE."



G.H.Q. CALLING.

Owing to the necessity for a mechanical adjustment we have been forced to close down for a while. The adjustment has now been made and we can continue with the programme. (With apologies to the Announcer, 2 RN.)

We all very much regretted the departure of "Me Larkie" to "pastures new" some months ago, but time heals all sorrows, and thus we will proceed with "the doings" as best as we can in the absence of our esteemed friend.

Between Fire Picquets, Musketry parades, and 07.15 hours parades, the warriors of the pen are finding their hands full at the moment. However, the extras at tea-time relieve the monotony and that empty feeling one gets after dinner.

A great deal of thanks is due to both Comdt. McCormack and Capt. McMonagle for the interest they have shown in our welfare since they took up their appointments here. They are now helping to organize a Recreation Room in McKee Barracks for the long winter evenings. Let's hope the boys will co-operate and make it a success.

The runners are at it again under the leadership of Capt. McMonagle, Lieut. McNally, and Sergt. Price. Some of the boys are so enthusiastic that you sometimes find them running in their sleep.

The rumour that a watch tower is about to be erected at Island Bridge in

order to keep a look-out for the G.H.Q. and McKee runners is hereby contradicted.

Some "doings" from our Encyclopædia:—

Soldier—A defender of the State who never has any money.

Pessimist—The "gink" who is obliged to write home for money and finds he hasn't the price of a stamp.

Lead Swingers—Gentlemen unaccustomed to daily routine and possessed of that mystic gift of melting into a psychic trance during "coal-drawing" on Saturdays.

Diplomat—One of those "ginks" who borrows 5/- from you and if he pays you back is under the impression he is doing you a darned good turn.

Socialism—The theory that one soldier is as good as another.

Billet-Quake—An eruption caused by a box or bed-board being violently banged on the billet table. It usually occurs when you are writing a letter. (And, I presume, the atmosphere becomes very hot immediately—Ned.)

We would like to know:—

What Tom Hayes thinks of blank ammunition?

Who is the "gink" who turns to the right or left on both heels?

Who got his horse shot from under him at the battle of the Skager Rak?

Whether "Corinthians" are trained on lemons or grape-fruit?

What J—K— and D—D— think of coal deliveries?

Who is "Ixon"? (Ah, ha!—Ned.)

This week's war-cry:—Lefta-Right, Lefta-Right. Come on, pick them up!

"IXION."



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

A meeting of the Sports and Amusements Committee was held on Tuesday, the 9th instant, when the subject of organising indoor sports during the winter months was discussed. Suggestions were put forward regarding the advisability of running a weekly dance and also occasional whist drives. It was decided to seek the sanction of the C.O. in these matters and also to make certain recommendations regarding the Barrack Library. More of this anon.

The No. 1 Team of the Army School of Music met the No. 2 Team, A.C.E., in the first round of the Billiard Tournament organised by the No. 4 Group at Griffith Barracks on Friday, 12th instant. The A.C.E. ran out easy winners by the score of 800 to 536. Details:—

A.C.E. No. 2.		A.S.M. No. 1.	
Lieut. Walsh	200	Lieut. Flynn	100
C/S. Shaw	200	Corpl. Davis	141
Sergt. Hill	200	S/M. Cork	128
Pte. Hamill	200	Pte. Cullen	167
800		536	

The visitors were suitably entertained by the members of the Sergeants' Mess, through the kindness of the C.O., and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

We note with pleasure that our old friend "Davy" is still making his presence felt and heard in the Western Command. His latest achievement, as recorded by the scribe of the 25th Battalion, being the manning of the fire appliances recently. More power, "Davy."

We are all glad to hear that "2 RN." is doing so well and enjoying his stay at the A.S.I. It might interest him to know that the H.T. Batteries of the Wireless have had to be renewed since his departure, and that the Sergeants' Mess have installed a new wireless gadget. The "Ref" is becoming quite an expert in these matters, but nevertheless we would like to see the "Station Director" back at his post.

"CAT'S WHISKER."



20th BATT., KILKENNY.

Having settled down in Kilkenny again we thought it time you heard from us.

After so much strenuous duty we are glad to say that no time is being lost in catering for amusements in Barracks during the winter months. The Commanding Officer has selected an energetic Amusements Committee, which includes Lieutenants Quinn, Lennon and Kelly, B.S.M. Howlett, Sergts. Stephens, Mahon and "Jeanie Mac," while the irresistible "Georgie" is representing the Special Services. So that the troops may look forward to a happy time during the next few months.

It is to be hoped that some excellent talent will be discovered for the concerts, and the Whist Drives are sure to be popular, while a great number of entries are expected for the Boxing and Billiards Tournaments—the former for N.C.O.'s and men who never fought before. Together with all this there are Inter-Company competitions being arranged in Hurling, Football, Handball and Tug-of-War. A Shield will be presented to the Company scoring the highest number of points in both indoor and outdoor games.

There is a strong inclination to hold a weekly practice dance for N.C.O.'s and men in the Desart Hall, and it is expected that the "Powers that be" will approve.

We regret that some of the greatest Gaelic enthusiasts in the Garrison have resorted to Rugby.

Are the Brigade Staff and Special Services entering for the Premier Cup or going to Bisley next year?

Which of the official languages should be used when lighting "Comer coal?"

"THE PREMIER."

SPECIAL SERVICES, CURRAGH.

Would some kind readers oblige by giving title of some manual or text-book wherein the intricacies and subtle crafts of that royal and ancient game of "Skiboo" will be found.

A present of the copy would be much appreciated, owing to the applicant requiring all the "ready" he can accumulate to instruct a class at present under his kind and efficient tuition in a manner fitting and proper to enable them to acquit themselves with credit at the forthcoming International Skiboo Championships at Solo-head-beg.

Has our football team retired from strife?

Are they resting on honours won?
We long to see the orange togs
Flash by to work well done.

We would like to know when the Inter-Staffs Football League for 1926 will be brought to a conclusion, or when the Basket Ball competitions will be started? We seem to be undergoing our hibernating periods as regards athletics. Wake up, Beresford; we can show them how all we need is a bit of "Pep."

We are looking forward to the Camp Choral Union's Concert. From "Quick ones" received it promises to be a big success.

We're shooting "Magpies" all the day,
"Clay pipes" we kill by night,
Till not a 'bird' of any hue
Remains in "range" of sight.

Have the 8th Battn. forgotten that they accepted the challenge issued by the Beresford Billiard team?

We would like a return match with the Army Medical Corps "Knights of the Cue."

We take the opportunity of congratulating the 5th Battn. on their win in the Camp Cross-Country Championships.

We regret departure of B.Q.M.S. Birch, who has returned to civic life. We wish him every success in his new sphere.

"PERCIVAL."



No. 3 BRIGADE H.Q., CORK.

As there is nothing eventful to record at present our notes are rather short this week. The great question of the moment is "How are you fixed for coal"? It is a long time since our married friends studied any Order or Circular as carefully as they have studied Circulars Nos. 172 and 174. The few of our Coy. Serpts and C.Q.M.S's. who are not married are, in the words of the song, "All looking for a girl" to assist them in joining the ranks of the Benedicts. It is reported that great excitement exists amongst the fair maids of Cork since they heard the news.

Irish classes were started in the Recreation Room last week and under the tutorship of Mr. Twomey, a local Gaelic teacher, are proving a great success. Everywhere we go in Barracks Irish words and phrases are heard.

A certain N.C.O. would like to know what kind of a horse is "Anthony." Will someone oblige by telling him?

I can't. I know too much about A.F. 117. Anyway I hope he does not get the betting craze.

An entertainment is occasionally held at night in one of H.Q. Coy.'s rooms. The principal artists are as follows:—Sgt. Mac—In yarns long and short (he has some good ones, too). Jerry M.—My week-end experiences. The Small Boy—Big towns I have been in. Dunne—Songs from his repertoire. Murphy and Pte. T.—Debate on athletics. The performance is usually brought to a close by Cpl. F. interrupting and requesting that the debate be continued at Reveille.

"APEX."



4th BATTALION, CASTLEBAR.

The silence of "The Fighting Fourth" in the pages of the Army journal for some time past is not due in any way to lack of interest in "An t-Oglach" or to slackness in the progress of sport and athletics. It is simply due to lack of time on the part of our correspondent, who, owing to our unsettled life during the past few months found it very difficult to forward his usual notes. With this humble explanation and with a promise to be more regular with our contributions in future, I hope Ned and all his readers will extend to us the hand of friendship and forgiveness. (Speaking on behalf of myself and the other 100,000 readers I'm sure you're heartily welcome—Ned.)

A number of our best athletes—and our best soldiers—have recently gone back to civilian life. Our latest departures are Keogh, O'Connor and Harney, all outstanding members of our Battalion football team. "Sixteen" Lynch, the All-Army pole jump champion, was also within a hair's breadth of taking his ticket, but there is such a bond of good fellowship between "Sixteen" and H.Q. Company that it was ascertained at the eleventh hour that they were destined not to part.

An Officers' Billiard Handicap was started recently in the Officers' Mess, and from latest reports to hand it will be an exciting finish. Many hot favourites have already gone down, while a number of "dark horses" have given such an unanticipated exhibition that "anything may happen."

By the time those notes appear in print the objection of the 16th Battalion to the personnel of our team which defeated them in the Chaplains' Cup Competition will have been decided. They have lodged an objection on the grounds that a Private Walsh of the

3rd Battalion and A/Cpl. O'Boyle of Military Police Corps played on our team. I say emphatically as a member of the victorious team that no such individuals played with us, and no matter what will be the decision of the Executive Council I say we won the match with a legal and properly constituted team.

An important meeting of the Battalion Council, A.A.A., was held on 10th inst., Comdt. Haughey presiding. Lieut. Clancy was unanimously appointed delegate to the A.A.A. meeting in Dublin in order to defend our team in the above-mentioned objection.

Arrangements were made for the holding of the Battalion Cross-Country Championships at Castlebar on 6th January and the Battalion Inter-Company Boxing Contests at Ballina on 18th December. Other arrangements were made for indoor winter amusements and other matters that will lead to the comforts and welfare of all ranks.

The huts at the old Military Barracks are being erected with remarkable quickness and everything points to the fact that those who have dug themselves into the old dug-outs in the jail will be digging themselves out very soon. We have been promised our Christmas dinner in the new huts! What a Paradise when compared with the conditions under which we suffered and soldiered in the jail for the past two years.

In order to distinguish between the old Military Barracks and the Cavalry Barracks (Battn. H.Q.) I would respectfully suggest that they should be re-named as are Barracks all over the country. I remember some months ago "Ros Cairbre" making a similar suggestion about Templemore Barracks and his request was acceded to. The time has now come for re-naming Castlebar Barracks and I would suggest that the old Barracks be called "Ring" Barracks in memory of the late Brigadier Joe Ring, who commanded the old West Mayo flying column and who was imprisoned there for some time. I would also suggest that the Cavalry Barracks be re-named McBride Barracks in memory of that fearless Mayo patriot—Major John McBride—who made the supreme sacrifice as a result of Easter Week, 1916.

"SPARKS."

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12th BATTALION, TEMPLE-MORE.

At length we are at full strength again in MacCann Barracks and expect to do great things in indoor and outdoor sports.

It was a fine idea on the part of the Brigade Chaplain, No. 4 Brigade, to institute what he calls a Purgatorial Society in his Brigade area whereby serving soldiers can have Masses offered on behalf of departed relatives, friends and comrades.

It is good to learn that supplies of books are reaching the various stations. We could do with some here just now, as time-tables and ready reckoners make but dismal reading. (And the stories in the dictionary are all too short—Ned.)

Cork hurler meeting a Kilkenny hurler in O'Connell Street, Dublin, after the match: "Are you from the Marble City?"

Kilkenny hurler: "I am, why so?"

Corkman: "Faith 'n if you are you had a right to sthlay playing marbles."

(Order, Order! None of these inter-county feuds allowed here, please!—Ned.)

The Adjutant-General has kindly granted the necessary permission to the local G.A.A. Club for the holding of a dance in the Garrison Gymnasium Hall and a night of nights is expected.

A senior N.C.O. who was unfortunate enough of late to lose his Post Office Savings' Book hit upon the plan of getting a comrade N.C.O. to write to the P.M.G. in a Cork accent about the book. The book was received within 24 hours! (We'll let that go to balance the other story—Ned.)

"ROS CAIRBRE."



15th BATTALION, LIMERICK.

A retreat by one of the Franciscan Fathers began here in New Barracks on Friday, 4th inst., and closed with Benediction and Papal Blessing on the following Monday night. All ranks attended and the little chapel was packed to the door. These three days being also the occasion of the Jubilee the several authorised churches of the city were visited by the Battalion in a body. It was no doubt a source of great edification to the civilians to see the lads marching through the streets on their way to the different chapels. During the Benediction service the singing was ably rendered by the 15th Battalion Choir, which was started here by Rev. Father McCarthy shortly after our arrival.

On Sunday morning we were highly honoured by the visit of His Lordship the Bishop of Limerick. His Lordship was met at the Barrack entrance by a guard of honour of "A" Coy. and the General Salute was sounded by four buglers. The Bishop celebrated Mass, during which there was a guard of honour of officers within the Sanctuary. On Monday night as the Retreat was terminating both the Franciscan Father and the Rev. Chaplain congratulated us on the way we attended the different services, and especially the large numbers that received the Blessed Sacrament.

The Inter-Company Boxing Tournament was postponed owing to the Barrack Gymnasium being at present without lights. However, we hope to see that remedied in the near future.

According to report we have been nicknamed "The Proud Fifteenth" by the city people.

Inter-Coy. Football matches are again in full swing and "D" Coy. met and defeated "A" Coy. on Wednesday, 10th inst. The game was remarkably fast in spite of the wet and heavy ground. "A" Coy. seemed to be away with it in the first half, but "D" Coy. lacks are to be complimented on the stubborn defence they put up. At half time the scores were:—"A" Company, 1 point. "D" Company, nil.

It was in the second half that the spirit of old "D" was exhibited and repeated bouts were staged at "A" Coy.'s goal. Pte. Bill Rowland played a stirring game for "A" Coy. and Ptes. Fagan and Somers played well for "D" Battery. At full time the scores ran:—"A" Company, 1 point. "D" Company, 1 goal 2 points.

"H.Q." Company hopes to meet "D" Company in the near future.

"Ginger" Kavanagh has departed from our midst during the past week en route for Island Bridge Barracks on a trade test. We wish him every success in it. Think of St. Mary's, "Ginger."

"EX-PREMIER."

ANY DIFFICULTY

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 usual weekly "Whist" game took place at the Men's Recreation Room during the week and the following were the winners:—Pte. Roche, A.C.C.; Pte. O'Byrne, M.T.C.; Cpl. Rodgers, 19th Batt.; Pte. Gibson, M.T.C.; Pte. Geoghan, M.T.C.; Pte. McAvoy, 21st Batt.; Pte. McCarron, 19th Batt.; Pte. Salmon, 19th Batt.; Pte. Lambert, M.T.C. Pte. Sheehan, 19th Batt.; Pte. Ryan, 19th Batt., and Pte. Power, A.C.C., also Pte. Strahan.

Preparations are well in hand in connection with the Boxing tournament which is to take place at Collins shortly and already a big number of entries have been received, the famous "Cocker" being well in the limelight.

The seven-a-side football games are proving a great weekly boon at the Esplanade, and already "Kit" looks like having the material to be in at the death. Fine sets of medals are being put up.

Cross-word puzzles are certainly a puzzle if one is to judge from the time spent on them in this Barracks.

Has anyone heard of a garage for a caravan?

The Billiards Handicap at the Men's Recreation Room is well under way. "Scully" is now in the 4th round. His last game caused some excitement, which apparently got the best of him, as he was noticed to "Spot" the chalk instead of the ball during the game.

"Can anyone compare a Tin Whistle to a Tinsmith?" "Paddy" is anxious to know.

T.D. and "Bill" were busy recently arranging for a Billiard match. Did it come off?

"Dan" has now joined the syndicate of cross-word puzzlers.

Did "Paddy's" team win that Cup match on Sunday last?

A special "Whist" night is due on 19th inst. at the Men's Recreation Room. Many valuable prizes are being offered.

Rumour has it that the 19th have appointed a Scribe, and the party mentioned is certainly capable of exploiting the "doings."

"Joe" is now back to look after the interests of the men at the "Shanty" up the steps.

The representative team of the 21st that visited Drogheda on 13th inst. left behind them a good impression of their capabilities.

A small error made by one of the Clerks in Parade State, "Demonstrators" for "Denominations."

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24th BATTALION, DUNDALK.

Many thanks to the Scribe of the 21st Battalion on the nice compliments paid us. John, of course, was a popular figure in Dundalk whilst here.

The recent attempts of some scientists to get into communication with Mars may soon become a success, probably when the flying column under instruction by Corporal Taaffe at Dundalk have finished their local Signal Course. At least they have succeeded in discovering a language which we think can only be interpreted by the inhabitants of the warlike planet.

A number of soldiers, principally from "B" Coy., are, we hear, attending the local Technical School and devoting their attentions mostly to the course of motoring. It is hoped that when the course is finished it will not be found necessary to increase the numbers of the Civic Guard (or Coroners—Ned).

The famous Fire Picquet from "A" Coy. turned out at a fire in town recently and rendered valuable assistance. Quinn, fully equipped with a hose at the top of the burning building, caused some amusement to the numerous onlookers by asking for a "flashlight" to see where the fire started. Brady helped considerably in extinguishing the flames by his tremendous overflow of language when looking for more hose.

We learn that Bob of "D" Coy. is about to join the ranks of the Benedicts. We wish him every luck and happiness.

Where has the "bookie" gone? Rumour has it that he is dead. (We don't wonder, because the limb of the law has pressed heavily on him during the week.) His resurrection, however, may be anticipated.

We saw Ned of "Beauty" fame on Sunday night. (Not me—the other fellow—Ned.)

"C" Coy.'s funds have suffered their first reverse. This time in the form of paying for two cameras. Was it the operator or the faces of the football team opposing the camera that caused the first one to break.

The Battalion Hurling Championship has not yet commenced although the first match should have been played last week. "D" Coy. are now in a position to field a good team, seeing that Pte. M— has returned off leave, so let us hope that the championship will be decided at an early date.

It is intended to hold a Boxing Tournament in the Town Hall on December 6th. The necessary arrangements are completed and a good night is assured. Ten cups are presented by the Battalion.

"NORTHERN LIGHTS."

INFORMATION BUREAU.

Travelling Vouchers.

"I have applied to the O/C. of my Battalion for a free travelling voucher to my home in Lancashire and have been refused. I lived in Offaly up to February, 1923, and upon change of address I notified my O/C. Change of address appeared in Battalion Routine Orders here. The plea put forward for refusal is that since 1924 the Army authorities have cancelled the issue of free vouchers upon change of address. Is there any order existent to govern this? Hoping you will notify me through the medium of your paper."—
"CURIOUS."

Answer—While Adjutant-General's memoranda which were issued till towards the end of 1925 are not now regarded as official directions, they have still the force of established custom in so far as they have not been modified or amended in D.F.R.'s or G.R.O.'s.

A.G. Memo. 65, para (c), says:—
"The authority of General Officers Commanding or Officers Commanding Corps or Services concerned must be obtained before a voucher can be issued to any N.C.O. or man who has changed his home address since attestation, where such change involves an increased expenditure from public funds. Before giving authority for such issue the G.O.C. or O/C. Corps or Services must satisfy himself as to the bona fides of a man's address. The onus of providing proof as to bona fides will rest with the applicant for the voucher."

No new regulations on this subject have since been issued and this paragraph may be regarded as establishing a definite custom. The C/O. concerned should in the circumstances as stated have referred the matter to the G.O.C. for his decision. So far as we can judge you would certainly have secured a favourable decision from that authority. By the way, it may be mentioned that new regulations on this subject are in preparation and will be published in the near future.

Cadetships in the Army.

"Will you kindly furnish me with the following information I seek in view of cadetships in the Army:—What doctor must be interviewed for medical inspection; state name and address? What is the maximum length of service that can be done by an officer serving in the Artillery Corps?"

Answer—The medical examination of cadets for the Forces is conducted by a Medical Board constituted by the Adjutant-General through the Director of Medical Services and composed of medical officers of the Forces. Two years is the usual period of cadet training. On the termination of cadet training an

examination is held, on the result of which the Minister for Defence considers the issue of a commission. The special conditions attaching to cadetships for the Artillery Corps are not available, but cadets who during training display any special qualities establishing a capacity for this particular branch of the service would likely be transferred to that Corps. However, preparations are being made for the holding of an examination in the near future for the admission of further cadets for general service, and all particulars will be published in "An t-Oglach" and the daily Press as soon as the scheme has been completed.

Saluting.

"CATO."—When two officers of equal rank are saluted the officer nearest the soldier saluting acknowledges—not the officer on the right. When, however, two officers of different rank are saluted the officer on the right (and the senior officer always keeps on the right) will acknowledge. Saluting by raising the hat while in civilian attire is not in order—the military salute must be used just as in uniform.

REMEMBER DATES.

PLEASE GIVE DATES of all happenings. What is "last Friday" when you are writing may be "last Friday fortnight" when the date of the issue containing your notes is taken into account.

No. 4 GROUP, G.H.Q.

The draw for the No. 4 Group G.H.Q. Command, A.A.A., resulted as follows:—

- A.C.E. (2) v. School of Music (1).
- O.P.A. v. Records (2).
- A.C.E. (3) v. Records (1).
- A.C.E. (1) v. Marriage Allowance.
- School of Music (2) a bye.

The teams consist of four players and the competition is being run on the knock-out system. A prize valued at about ten shillings will be awarded to each member of the winning team.

The results to date are:—

A.C.E. (2) beat School of Music (1) by four games to nil. Lieut. Walsh, C/Sgt. Shaw, Sgt. Hill and Pte. Hamill for the tradesmen against Lieut. Flynn, B.S.M. Cork, Cpl. Davis and Pte. Cullen for the musicians.

Officers' Pay Section beat Records (2) by three games to one. Sgts. O'Neill and Holloway and Pte. Dillon winning against B.S.M. Murphy, Pte. Whitty and Sgt. O'Brien respectively. Pte. Cowell, the only winner for Records, beat Pte. P. Doherty.

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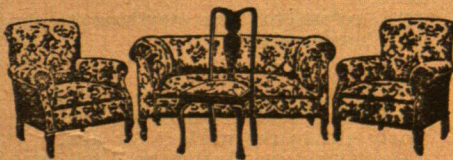
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THAT MUSKETRY COURSE.

Musketry Instructor: Tell me, Sergeant, how would you clean the axis of the bore of the rifle?

Sergeant: With an imaginary "pull-through," of course.

Prize of Solingen razor awarded to Sergeant James Keyes, Store Accountancy, G.H.Q.

"The man who wins," she said, "is the man who is prompt in embracing an opportunity."

"Well," he whispered, after he had slipped his arm around her, "how do I strike you as a winner?"

"Only fair," she answered. "This could have happened a month ago."

Invisible Finery.—"Is it impolite for men to make fun of women's clothes?"

"Unquestionably," answered Miss Cayenne. "A really polite man would pretend not to see them."

"Talking of nerve, O'Grady is about the limit."

"What's he done?"

"He called yesterday morning to borrow my gun, saying he wanted to shoot a dog that kept him awake at night."

"Well?"

"My dog's been shot!"

The angler with an elastic imagination was spinning his usual yarn at the club.

"Yes," he said, "it was the biggest fish I have ever hooked—and before I realized it I was pulled right out of the boat."

"You must have got a nasty wetting," declared one of his listeners.

"Oh, not a bit of it," replied the angler. "You see, I fell on the fish!"

A farmer was told by his doctor to count sheep jumping over a fence in an effort to cure insomnia.

The next day the farmer came back and said:—

"It didn't work, doctor. I counted enough to pay off the mortgage, and got so mad because they were not real that I stayed awake all night."

During an examination Jimmy came across a question that absolutely floored him.

"If one horse," it ran, "can run a mile in a minute and a half, and another is able to do the same distance in two minutes, how far ahead would the first horse be if the two horses ran a race of two miles at their respective speeds?"

At last a bright idea struck him. He returned the paper with the query unanswered, but with the following comment:—

"I refuse to have anything to do with horse-racing."

They had met at a dance, and from the first moment he knew she was the "only girl in the world" for him.

He thought he might as well tell her. "I could face death dancing with you," he whispered.

"You probably will if my husband sees you," she answered, sweetly.

"Fall in!" sounded the silvery notes of the bugle, and the men rushed to take their places.

"Dress by the right!" roared the sergeant.

The men moved into a straight line. But the sergeant was not satisfied.

"Come, forward, Mugge!" he roared.

"Mugge's not here," said a voice. The sergeant frowned, but was undaunted.

"Come forward, the man next to him, and sharp's the word!" he commanded.

This is a true story of what happened at the London station of the British Broadcasting Company recently.

Soon after a certain group of high-brow literary celebrities had said their little piece, the telephone bell rang.

"Hello, is that the B.B.C.?" said a voice.

"Yes!"

"Well, this is Colney Hatch speaking. Will you put the —s in a taxi, or shall we send the ambulance for them?"

He was a kind-hearted old gentleman, and it upset him to see the poor little chap crying.

"What's the matter, my little man?"

he asked, sympathetically.

"I'm lost. Boo-hoo!"

"Lost? Nonsense. You mustn't give up hope so soon. Where do you live?"

"Don't know," whined the youngster. "W-we've just moved, and I can't remember the address."

"Well, what's your name?"

"D-don't know."

"Don't know?" exclaimed the old gentlemen.

"No," sobbed the boy. "M-mother got married again this morning."

Prima Facie Evidence.—"I'm a power in dis community. I kin ride anywheres on my face."

"Kinda looks like you been doin' it."

Papa was deep in a book when his wife called, "Dan, baby has swallowed the ink. Whatever shall I do?"

"Write with pencil," was the reply.

Jack—"How did you like the football game?"

Doris—"Oh, they didn't play. Just as they started one man got the ball and started to run away with it and they all began to jump on each other."

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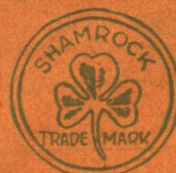
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