



Vol. V. No. 21.

November 27th, 1926.

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Vol. V. No. 21.

NOVEMBER 27, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE



Military Terms Illustrated:

No. 25

"COMBAT FORMATION."

An t-Oglach

NOVEMBER 27, 1926.

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

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

CÓMHRÁD AS AN EASARCIÓN.

OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION.

IN our issue of February 27th last we advocated editorially the appointment of a Financial Agent for Army Officers. We pointed out that practically every Army of repute enjoyed the services of a Financial Agent for its Officer personnel and we said we could see no reason why the principle should not be extended to our own Army. It was explained that a Bank usually acted as Army Financial Agent and that the Paymaster, instead of sending the Officer his monthly or quarterly Paying Order direct, simply placed the payment with the Financial Agent, who recorded it to the Officer's credit. The many advantages of this arrangement were detailed and we expressed the opinion that the time had come to put it into practice.

* * *

Since then we have not been idle in the matter. Our suggestion was most cordially received by the Officer personnel and the idea of forming an Officers' Association to develop the project was taken up with enthusiasm. The process of organising this Association is going ahead satisfactorily. We have communicated with the leading Irish banks and their replies indicate that

they all favour the appointment of a Financial Agent to act for the Officers. They have also been good enough to favour us with valuable suggestions which will be acted upon. We have also taken up with the leading traders and merchants all over Ireland the question of allowing trade discounts to members of the Association as has been done for many years in the case of the Civil Service Guild. So far, the replies we have received are most gratifying, the firms in question cheerfully agreeing to the proposal and wishing the Association every success.

* * *

Obviously the organisation of such an Association must proceed with comparative slowness. All proposals must be very carefully examined before being rejected or adopted, and the constitution must be very carefully drafted. Properly organised and conducted, as it will be, the Association should prove of great value to all the Officer personnel and should have the whole-hearted support of everyone holding commissioned rank. Meanwhile any suggestion which our readers may care to put forward for the advancement of the project will be gratefully received by the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

POPE'S JUBILEE.

Celebration by Cork Troops.

On Sunday, 14th inst., the troops of Collins Barracks, Cork, paraded under Commandant D. Allis, Adjutant, No. 3 Brigade, to fulfil the conditions prescribed by the Church for the Holy Jubilee Year.

The procession moved off at 14.30 hours and headed by No. 2 Army Band playing hymns marched in slow time to the Garrison Chapel, where the prayers necessary to obtain the indulgences were recited by the Brigade Chaplain Rev. Father Hugh O'Neill. The procession re-formed and marched to St. Patrick's Parochial Church, and from there to the North Cathedral, prayers being again offered in each by the Chaplain; the parade subsequently returning to Barracks to attend Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in the Garrison Chapel. About 600 troops participated, including Command and Brigade Headquarters, 16th and 18th Battalions, and all Special Services units stationed in Cork.

The march through the principal streets of the city was very impressive; the 18th Battalion Pipers and No. 2 Army Band rendering martial music. On approaching and leaving each Chapel No. 2 Band played hymns appropriate to the occasion and the parade broke into slow march.

The conclusion of the ceremony—the Solemn Benediction in the Garrison Chapel—was the most impressive scene of all. During the service and after the prayers the Army Band played a selection of sacred music, and was accompanied by some 600 voices. The altar was ablaze with lights and adorned with flowers.

At the Cathedral the military were received by the Very Rev. M. Canon O'Sullivan, Adm., and at St. Patrick's by the Rev. J. F. Sexton, C.C., who were both very pleased at the spirit shown by the troops.

ARMY DIRECTORY.

Wide Circulation—Order from Gold Coast.

Since the Army List and Directory was first published we have received orders for it from many strange and distant centres. This week we received an order for it from a very out-of-the-way corner of the world, namely, the Gold Coast Colony, West Africa. It is no exaggeration to say that copies of this publication have now reached practically every country in the world; and orders and queries are still coming in. From two sources already we have received orders for the 1927 Directory. We felt that the need for such a publication was very real; and we appreciate this concrete evidence of the correctness of our views. The work of compiling the 1927 Directory will be taken in hands almost immediately, and we can assure all our readers and supporters that the edition will mark a very big advance upon the first issue.

IN CAPTIVITY

From "WITH THE IRISH IN FRONGOCH."

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

(Being the Forty-first 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 XXIX.

WHEN the fifteen Hut Leaders were picked out and remanded for trial by a Military Court, and it thus became evident that prisoners were liable to be punished because they held responsible positions, we decided amongst ourselves not to inform the authorities whom we had promoted in their places. Thus when we were invited to appoint a Head Leader for the South Camp, we flatly refused to do so. The same policy was followed with regard to room leaders and corporals in charge of fatigues.

So a day or two after, as we were formed up in the outer compound for "Buckshot's" inspection, he called out Captain James Walsh, of Bandon, Co. Cork. He did not call him by name, but—

"Come here, that tall man in the rear ranks."

Captain Walsh was one of the tallest men I have ever seen. In outward appearance he looked to be a soft, rather uninformed country man; but in reality he was a most shrewd, and well-read Irishman. None of us had any doubt but it was Captain Walsh's "innocent appearance" that largely influenced "Buckshot" in his selection. As Captain Walsh came to the halt in front of him "Buckshot" said in his most pompous and imperial manner:—"I appoint you Head Leader of this Camp."

The incident was so ludicrous that everybody, including the Staff and sentries, burst out laughing. Captain Walsh declined the honour, but "Buckshot" affected not to hear, and at once stalked off to inspect the premises.

Thus every morning when "Buckshot" came to the halt in front of us he called for the "Head Leader." But Captain Walsh remained stationary in the ranks until brought forward by "Jack-knives."

Then "Buckshot" would ask "if

there were any complaints; any requests?"

Captain Walsh would reply that the men had any amount of complaints, but that they would not make them through him, as they did not recognise him as Head Leader. But the Colonel would immediately turn on his heel and stalk off.

No one was better liked or more popular than Captain James Walsh; and ordinarily we would have been quite satisfied with him as Head Leader if his seniority entitled him to it. But under the circumstances, and in accordance with our plan of campaign we could not now recognise him as such. No one understood this or appreciated it more than Captain Walsh.

As the weather grew more severe, we gave up turning out for "Buckshot's" inspection; and during that period of the day disposed of ourselves just as the mood took us. If we liked going to bed at 11 a.m., well—we went to bed. If we felt like kicking a rag ball around the inner compound, well—we kicked the rag ball. At first there was an effort made to make us fall in; but we simply stood to attention if we were up, or covered up our heads if we were in bed. And the effort had of necessity to be given up.

One morning after a heavy fall of snow some of the "play-boys" built a snow-man. It was as fine a piece of craftsmanship as ever I saw. He had a slouch Volunteer hat on, with the right hand up at the salute. A Sam-Brown sword belt formed of stones stuck into the figure gave a highly finished appearance to the whole structure.

With few exceptions the prisoners turned out that morning when the steam horn announced "Buckshot." One of the exceptions was Captain Walsh, who remained in the dormitory. The men fell in behind the snow man, or, more properly speaking, the snow "Head Leader."

Owing to the supercilious tilt which the Colonel always gave his head whenever he was coming in amongst us he failed to see the snow-man; and, coming to a halt in front of us, called: "Head Leader." A titter went round the ranks. The Colonel looked to see the cause of it, and espying the snow "Head Leader," the red blood of anger surged up into his face. He made a motion as if to speak; but the Adjutant touched him on the arm and together they stalked off to inspect the premises.

Coming into the dormitory where Captain Walsh was standing, "Buckshot" went straight up to him and asked:

"Why were you not outside to receive me this morning?"

"Oh, it was too cold to go and stand outside," replied Captain Walsh in his soft, southern drawl.

It was naturally a very trying time on all the prisoners, and especially so upon the "refugees." It was bad enough in all conscience to be cooped up in such quarters, and cut off from communication with our fellow-creatures, and everything that made life worth living. But in addition to have a Sword of Damocles in the form of a Military Service Act hanging over your head was infinitely worse. It was no wonder that men's nerves should give way under the strain. One of our comrades named Tierney was unable to bear up under the tremendous tension of those weary months; and at last, when we were then incarcerated in the South Camp, his mind gave way. His delusion took the form of imagining that he was going to be conscripted. The sight of a khaki uniform sent him into paroxysms of rage and struggling. A comrade named Diarmuid O'Leary was the only one whom he recognised, and when the paroxysms died down he used to cling to him and implore him not to let them take him away. It was a pitiable sight to see a fine young life so blighted; and, as we helped to con-

vey him to the isolation hut, there was not rage in our hearts against the government and politicians whose scheme of demeanment blighted such lives.

The most hideous feature of the punishment to which we were subject in the South Camp was that of prohibiting the doctors to give medical treatment to any of us unless we first revealed our name and number. Under such conditions Tierney and other "refugees" dare not go sick, no matter how ill they happened to be for fear of drawing too much attention to themselves, and being thus easily recognised later on. It was the lack of proper medical attendance when he was suffering from colds, etc., which contributed (most largely) to poor Tierney's collapse.

Some short time after this incident a perfect epidemic of colds and slight fevers broke out in the South Camp. As the doctors declined to treat the patients unless they gave their name and number the situation was getting serious. In the endeavour to smash this horrible state of affairs I reported sick at the hospital door one morning. There were a number of prisoners along with me.

The dispenser came to the door and told him I desired to see the doctor. He answered all right, and going back returned with the prescription book. He then asked me for my name and number. I replied that he knew very well that I could not give him either. He retorted that I would not be treated if I did not do so. I pointed out that I was not asking for treatment; but for examination and a diagnosis. He said that I would not have either unless I gave my name and number. I then told him I would be quite satisfied if I had that statement from the doctor himself; and he replied he was speaking with the doctor's authority. He then warned the armed sentry on the hospital door not to permit me to enter. Each of my comrades presented themselves and asked to see the doctor. They met with a like reception. I then ordered my comrades to go to their dormitory, and to get into bed. I wrote an account of the incident and despatched it to London. Then I went to bed. It was 10.30 a.m.

The next morning, at about the same hour, the senior medical officer, Dr. Peters, accompanied by the R.A.M.C. corporal, entered the dormitory in great haste and came down to my bed. The corporal essayed to pull down the bed clothes; but I told him to leave them alone. Dr. Peters then stooped down and asked me if I wished to see him. I told him that I wished to see him yesterday morning; but was informed by his dispenser that he would not see me unless I revealed my name and number. I asked Dr. Peters if that were true. He did not reply. Taking his silence for consent, I said that I could not reveal my identity without informing upon certain of my comrades; and that I was prepared to endure any bodily suffering before I would be guilty of such moral turpitude.

I challenged Doctor Peters to deny that he did not know that we refused to

reveal our identity only because to do so would be informing upon certain of our comrades. But still he kept silent.

I then added, having been refused medical aid under such circumstances I could only conclude that Dr. Peters was biased and prejudiced; and that I could not humanly be expected to now resign myself into the hands of such a practitioner. After staring at me for a moment Doctor Peters again asked if I wished to see him. I replied that I wished to see him yesterday morning, but he refused to see me.

"Do you wish to see me now?" he asked.

"No, sir," I replied, "I do not."

He then left me. But in a few minutes the corporal returned with Dr. Roberts. He attempted to examine me in quite an independent fashion. I stopped him, and asked him if it were true that he had refused to see or attend sick prisoners unless they first gave their names and numbers. He seated himself on the bed beside mine before he replied:

"When the prisoners were sent down here, the Colonel gave orders that no prisoner was to be treated unless he gave his name and number. But Dr. Peters and I," he added, "pointed out to him that if a man's life was in danger we would have to treat him irrespective of whether he gave his name or not."

"Then the situation is this," I questioned, "a man's life must be actually in danger before you or Doctor Peters will so much as condescend to examine him?"

(To be Continued).

OFFICER ATHLETES.

Question of Active Participation in Sports.

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

A Chara,—During the recent International Army Boxing tournament at Dublin and the Curragh the absence of officer boxers from our Forces was so noticeable that the thought occurred to many that some steps should be taken to bring our officer personnel to a realisation of the strange hiatus caused by the absence of even one representative of our class from the list of participants and to do something to ensure that this state of affairs would be remedied at forthcoming contests.

The omission of officers from active participation in our sports generally must be well known. We have no runners (if we except one notable runner who is a Lieutenant), no jumpers, no weight throwers, no hurdlers, no discus or javelin throwers, and no pole jumpers. Our sporting activities are confined almost exclusively to the collective games such as football and hurling, and even here we are represented altogether too lightly even on a basis of proportionate strength. And yet we are all young men, active, strong, and

not generally overworked. We organise, arrange and prepare all sorts of sports functions and then we content ourselves with the role—not strikingly honourable—of the mere spectator. There is something wrong, not with our physical capacity, but with our psychology. In other words, we have permitted ourselves to drift into an attitude of dignified aloofness to the stern work of the track and the ropes. This mentality must be challenged and beaten if we are to maintain the sporting tradition even amongst the other rank personnel, for it is becoming increasingly evident to our subordinates that they are being asked to take a hand in the games which we ourselves, in our aloofness, decline. Some day they will say to us, as they must now think, that we who are their exemplars must abandon our masterly inactivity and lead them in their games.

As we have pointed out, our absence was more noticeable at the boxing tournament, where our adversaries had as their active leader, practical adviser and fighting comrade a commissioned officer.

It appears to us that the proper procedure to end this state of affairs in the roped arena is to start an Officers' Boxing Association at once. The membership need not and should not be limited to those who have ambitions for Lonsdale belts or who even consider themselves capable of overcoming with their fists a street rowdy. It should be open to all personnel who would have us represented by even two or three officers in the ring. We could from their subscriptions find the money to pay an instructor and equip a gymnasium for boxing, and whether we are strong men or weaklings we could try our hand (or both of them!) in the gloves.

We are convinced that the talent is there. Who, looking at the fine physique of some of our comrades, would have the hardihood to deny it? The job is to get them going. Who will make the start. What has the A.A.A. to say?

E. MOONEY, Capt.

F. J. TULLY, Lieut.

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THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

GEOGRAPHY.

Lesson No. 30.

CO. WICKLOW.

1. This County is bordered on the East by the Irish Sea, on the North by County Dublin, on the West by the Counties Carlow and Kildare, and on the South by County Wexford. Its approximate area is 500,000 acres, while the population approximates 61,000 people. Wicklow is one of the most mountainous counties in Ireland and contains the greater portion of the Leinster chain. Lugnaquilla, 3,047 feet high, is the highest peak in the province. The great natural beauty of the county has earned for it the title of "Garden of Ireland," and the combination of mountain, valley, wood, lake and stream is certainly magnificent.

2. The principal towns of the county are situated on or near the coastline on the East. Wicklow, the capital, is a small seaport principally engaged in coasting trade. Bray, Enniskerry, Arklow and Rathdrum are the only other towns of importance in the county. Bray is a very popular seaside resort situated on the coast near the borders of Wicklow and Dublin. Arklow is a fishing town situated at the mouth of the Avoca river. Enniskerry is beautifully situated among the mountains a few miles inland from Bray. Rathdrum, a small town situated on the Avoca river some miles inland, is the starting point for tourists to Glendalough.

3. The principal rivers of the county are:—The Avonmore, rising in Glendalough, and the Avonbeg in Glenmalure, which unite and form "The Meeting of the Waters" in the vicinity of Rathdrum. The combined rivers from the Avoca, which enters the sea at Arklow. This particular portion of the county has been made famous through the medium of Tom Moore's poem, "The Meeting of the Waters," of which the first two lines are:—

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

At Roundwood the waters of the Vartry river are collected in a great reservoir which supplies the City of Dublin with its supply of pure water.

4. The principal beauty spots in the county are Glendalough (The Glen of the two Lakes), which is also referred to as the "Seven Churches," is remarkable for its natural beauty and its ancient ruins. It was here that St. Kevin towards the close of the fifth century founded a monastic retreat, and the ruins of several churches still remain, as well as two ancient round towers, one of which is still in a fair state of preservation. The Valley of

the Avoca, the Dargle Glen, and Powerscourt Waterfall are also worthy of note.

Lead, copper and tin have been found and worked in small quantities among the Wicklow Hills, while the county also has the proud distinction of being the only place in Ireland where gold has been found. It is more than probable that it was gold from the Glens of Wicklow which was so largely used in ancient Ireland for the manufacture of ornaments, drinking cups, etc. The county is well wooded, and timber is exported through the Port of Dublin. In the main, however, the county is essentially an agricultural one, and supplies the City of Dublin with a considerable amount of agricultural produce, such as milk, butter, potatoes, eggs, etc.

The Wicklow Hills have always been famous in history as a rendezvous and hiding place for Irish patriots who fought against Saxon invasion, oppression and tyranny. The names of Fiach McHugh O'Byrne, Michael Dwyer and several other prominent Irish leaders are closely associated with the County Wicklow. So great was the menace of the fastnesses of this county to the northern low-lying lands of the English settlement known as "The Pale" that a great road known as the Military Road was built by the British Garrison so as to command in a small way this turbulent section of the country. This road, running from Dublin through Enniskerry, Roundwood and Rathdrum, still forms a great highway for travel through the county.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Lesson No. 28.

CONTOURS OR FORM LINES.

The conventional methods by which hill and mountain features are shown in a map or sketch will be difficult to understand unless the student fully

visualises the fundamental principles underlying them. They undoubtedly present the greatest difficulty in the reading of maps. We have in a previous lesson pointed out that to be proficient in map reading one must be able to obtain a clear impression (i.e., form a mental picture) of the ground features. To read a map or sketch without taking into full consideration all surface inequalities is useless and even dangerous from a military view point. The position of hills, their varying heights, degree of slope, nature of slope, etc., are all important items as those of our students who have taken part in active service or manœuvre operations will readily understand.

In the succeeding lessons we will endeavour to explain by means of diagrams and explanatory detail how Contour or Form Lines are to be studied.

We select the Contour or Form Line system of showing hill features for the following reasons:—

- (i) They are quickly and easily drawn.
- (ii) They show the form or shape of the hill with a degree of exactness not found in other systems.
- (iii) They can be easily read.
- (iv) They can be easily copied or reproduced.

In this connection it is desirable to point out that the other systems referred to are:—

- (a) Shading or hachuring (see Ordnance Survey Maps).
- (b) Colouring, i.e., deepening of tint for every given distance of altitude (see Ordnance Survey Maps).

To point the difference between the accurate **Map** and the approximately accurate **Sketch** the lines on the map are known as **Contours**, while those on the sketch are simply referred to as **Form Lines**. In sketches these lines are drawn without having recourse to detailed survey (the eye is the determining factor) and consequently they can only at best be regarded as a rough approximation of the Map Contours.

The student is strongly advised to perform the following practical experiment, which fully illustrates the principle of Contouring:—

Build a miniature model of a hill with putty, plasticene or ordinary clay.

(Continued on Page 6).

TEXT BOOKS

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IV.—TYRRELLPASS AND DRUM-FLUICH.

In 1597, after the capture of Armagh, Red Hugh O'Donnell and a number of Irish chieftains entered Connaught with their troops, ravaging and burning the hostile towns. In Leinster, the great Wicklow chief, Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, was betrayed into the hands of the English by some of his kinsmen, and killed in the wilds of Ballinacor, near Rathdrum. Lord Thomas Borough was appointed Deputy this year, and one of his first acts was to deprive Sir Thomas Norris of his command, and then send him to govern Munster with his brother. Borough was a much more able and determined man than his predecessor Russell, and had orders to prosecute the war vigorously against the Irish.

After some fruitless attempts at a conference between the belligerents, a truce of one month was agreed to, though the object in view by both parties was to rest and collect their forces. The month having expired, the Deputy set out for Ulster in command of a powerful army, and directed his course towards Armagh, while Sir Conyers Clifford, governor of Connaught, simultaneously advanced with his troops to Boyle, and thence marching by the western shores of Lough Erne he was to effect a junction with the Deputy in the North.

The Anglo-Irish of Meath, being anxious to distinguish themselves in service against O'Neill, assembled at Mullingar to the number of 1,000 men, also to join the Deputy in the North. They were commanded by young Barnewell,

a son of Lord Trimbleston. O'Neill, in Ulster, hearing of all these preparations against him, saw that something should be done at once to create a diversion and check the flow of troops to the North. For this purpose he chose an officer in his army named Richard Tyrrell, Lord of Fertullagh, in Meath, an Englishman by descent, and one of his own personal friends and ablest commanders. His capabilities for sustaining fatigue and peculiar talents eminently fitted him to command a flying expedition, for there was not a mountain pass, bog, or wood in all the country-side with which he was not thoroughly acquainted. O'Neill accordingly despatched him with 400 light infantry to march by a circuitous route through Leinster and get the assistance of the Wicklow clans. Tyrrell marched through the whole of Meath without meeting an enemy, and now, having reached Fertullagh, his own territory, lying south of Mullingar, he rested a while. While reposing his little army here in the woods around the beautiful Lough Ennel, news reached Mullingar of his whereabouts, on which young Barnewell, confident of success from his superiority of numbers, sallied out to attack him. Tyrrell then retired to Tyrrellspass.

Tyrrellspass is a village prettily situated in a softly-rolling country, about twelve miles south of Mullingar. There is no "pass" here in the ordinary signification of the word, but at that time there were impassable bogs at each side of the narrow road, and at the western extremity of the village the castle of the Tyrrells guarded the only road to Athlone. Its crumbling

heights of 2, 3 and 4 inches, respectively.

Cut out the outlines on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th sheets and place them in their respective order within the first outline, the margins conforming to the distances on the actual model. When satisfied that the placing is accurate, mark the positions by gumming the strips together or drawing the outlines in sequence on the first sheet.

We now have a series of outlines showing the different shapes at definite heights and equal intervals.

These lines are **Contours** of the model.

If the scale of the model is taken as 1 inch to 100 feet we have the contours of a hill 600 feet by 350 feet at the base and 450 feet high.

A diagram to illustrate will appear in next issue.

TOPOGRAPHY

(Continued from page 5).

The model should be about 6 inches long at the base by about $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and about $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep at its highest point.

Taking measurements from the base cut the model horizontally into slices 1 inch in thickness. If the measurements given above are taken we will have four slices 1 inch thick and the top slice $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick.

Take the lower slice, **invert** it on a sheet of white paper and draw in the outline on the paper. Deal similarly with the next **three** slices, using separate sheets of paper at first.

Now the outline on the first sheet of paper gives the exact shape of the model at a height of 1 inch. The outlines in the second, third and fourth sheets are the shapes of the model at

ruins are still to be seen beside the road.

Immediately westward of Tyrrellspass is the small hamlet of Killavalley, meaning "the church of the way or pass," so that it is evident that the pass extended from the old castle along by the site of this village.

The name of Tyrrellspass is merely a translation of the original name—"Ballagh-an-treely," meaning "the road or way of the family of Tyrrell," and so called because they owned the castle that commanded the passage of the adjacent road. Most writers unacquainted with the locality, in describing this battle, have consequently fallen into the very natural error of supposing that it was fought in a mountain pass. The "pass," however, must have been then a very awkward place to be caught in ambuscade, for there was no escape at the sides, one should either advance or retreat.

When Tyrrell, who was some distance north of this, became aware of Barnewell's approach he fell back till he gained the pass, which he made still more dangerous by placing felled trees and other obstructions along the sides of the road. He then at dawn secreted half his little army, under Owny O'Connor, in some brushwood near the entrance to the "pass," while he himself boldly marched forward as if to meet the enemy. When the English came in sight he appeared to hesitate, then slowly retreated, so as to draw them after him into the pass. They followed impetuously, hoping to annihilate his little band, but the moment they had all defiled past the ambuscade the shrill notes of the pipes from O'Connor's party resounded through the morning air to the tune of "The Tyrrell's March." This being the preconcerted signal, Tyrrell turned about, faced his pursuers, and assailed them in front, while Owny O'Connor and his men stepped forth from their hiding-place and attacked them in the rear.

The English entirely hemmed in and unable to deploy, on account of the bogs and obstructions at the sides, fought with the energy of despair, but were completely defeated and annihilated. Young Barnewell was the only prisoner, and of the thousand who had set out from Mullingar but three days before, only one other escaped by plunging up to his neck in a quagmire, where he lay concealed by the reeds and sedge till night. He brought news of the disaster to Mullingar.

O'Connor fought with such fury that day that his hand swelled within the guard of his sword, and had to be released after the battle by the aid of a file.

TYRRELLSPASS, A.D. 1597.

By Robert Dwyer Joyce.

By the flowery banks of Inny the burning sunset fell,
In many a stream and golden gleam,
on hill, and mead, and dell,
And from thy shores, bright Ennel, to
the far-off mountain crest,
O'er plain and leafy wildwood there
was peace and quiet rest.

Oh! sunset is the sweetest of all the
hours that be
For musing lone, or tale of love, by
glen or forest tree;
But its radiance bringeth saddening
thoughts to him whose good right
hand
Must guard his life in the coming strife
'gainst the foe of his fatherland;
For he knows, when thinking lonely
by his small tent on the plain,
The glories of the sinking sun he ne'er
may see again.

Brave Tyrrell sat that summer eve
amid the forest hills,
With bold O'Connor at his side, by
Inny's fountain rills—
Brave Tyrrell of the flying camps, and
Owen Oge of Cong—
And round them lay their warriors wild
the forest glade along.
Four hundred men of proof they were,
these warriors free and bold;
In many a group they sat around the
green skirts of the wold;
Some telling of their early loves, and
some of mighty deeds,
In regions wide by Shannon side, in
Galien of the steeds—
Some cursing the Invader's steps, and
wishing for the fray,
That they might state their burning
hate ere the close of that bright day.

Now up the woody mountain-side the
battle rolls along;
Now down into the valley's womb the
tugging warriors throng;
As hounds around a hunfed wolf some
forest rock beneath,
Whence comes no sound save the mortal
rush and the gnash of many
teeth,
Their charging shouts have died away
—no sound rolls upward save
The volley of the murderous sun and
the crash of axe and glaive!
Oh! life, it is a precious gem, yet many
there will throw
The gem away in the mortal fray for
vengeance on the foe,
And thus they tug more silent still, till
the glen is covered wide
With war-steed strong, and sabred
corse, and many a gory tide.

Hurrah! that shout it rolleth up with
cadence wild and stern;
'Tis the triumph roar of the gallowglass
and the sharp yell of the kern!
The foeman flies before their steel—
not far, not far he flies;
In the gorge's mouth, in the valley's
womb, by the mountain foot he
dies;
Where'er he speeds, death follows him
like a shadow in his tracks—

He meets the gleam of the fearful pike
and the sharp and gory axe!
Their leader of the boasting words,
young Trimbleson, was ta'en,
And his champions all, save one weak
man, in that bloody gorge were
slain;
He sped him on, unchased by kern, un-
smote by gallowglass,
That he might tell how his comrades
fell that morn in Tyrrell's Pass.

Meanwhile Sir Conyers Clifford had
marched from Boyle to Sligo, and
thence to the Erne, which he crossed
after a severe struggle at the Ford of
Ath-Cooloon, half-a-mile west of Bel-
leek. In this engagement he lost one
of his principal officers, Murrough
O'Brien, Baron of Inchiquin, who was
shot when midway across the field. Clif-
ford having been sent some cannon by
sea from Galway, next laid siege to Bal-
lyshannon Castle, which was defended
with great obstinacy by the Irish and
Spanish garrison. After the cannon
had been playing on the castle for three
days without any satisfactory result,
the English under cover of a testudo
made a determined effort to sap the
foundations, but the garrison hurled
such a tremendous shower of rocks
and missiles of every description on
them as broke the testudo, and forced
them to retire, leaving some dead be-
hind them. Next morning Red Hugh
O'Donnell unexpectedly arrived with a
large force, and besieged the English
in their own camp. Clifford, now over-
matched, resolved to retire, and accord-
ingly, in the grey dawn of morning, he
silently and stealthily recrossed the
Erne at a dangerous ford immediately
above the cataract of Assaroe, over
which several of his men were washed
by the swiftness of the current. O'Don-
nell, annoyed that they had so easily
escaped him, pursued them across the
river, but the powder of the Irish hav-
ing got wet, they had to abandon the
pursuit and the English reached Sligo
in safety.

Borough, the Deputy, having reached
Ulster in safety with all his forces, took
possession of Armagh, which had been
abandoned by O'Neill after he had de-
stroyed the fortifications. A few miles
northward was Portmore, a fort erected
by the English on the banks of the
Blackwater, commanding the ford
across which lay the road to Dun-
gannon, O'Neill's stronghold. The
modern Blackwatertown is supposed to
be near the site of Portmore. After the
capture of Armagh the Irish took this
fort and expelled the small garrison
from it, and now Borough was march-
ing on it with 1,500 men, to place it
once more in the hands of the English.
He met with some slight resistance on
the way, but ultimately forced a pas-
sage across the river and took the fort
by storm, the Irish garrison, however,
numbering only forty men. The official
despatches on the subject mention that
the rampart was so high, the ditch so
deep, and the hedge before both so
plashed (interwoven) that the 1,000
English had enough to do, without re-
sistance of any enemy, to break
through the one and scramble up the
other. It is also mentioned that the
embrasures of the fort were so badly
constructed that the cannon could only
sweep the slopes of the opposite hill,
while the ford was left unguarded ex-
cept by musketeers.

While they were engaged in prayers
and thanksgivings for this success, the
English were interrupted by the reap-
pearance of the Irish in an unexpected
quarter, commanded by O'Neill in per-
son. The Deputy ordered an advance
against them, but it was repulsed by the

masterly tactics of O'Neill, who had
divided his force into two parties suffi-
ciently near to assist each other. When
the attack was made the two divisions
coalesced to meet it, and in the engage-
ment which ensued the Deputy was
severely wounded. He died at Newry
shortly afterwards, it is supposed, of
his injuries. The Earl of Kildare was
also dangerously wounded, and twice
thrown from his horse in the heat of
battle. His two foster-brothers, in
attempting to lift him on his horse
again, were slain by his side, and he
died in a few days afterwards, whether
of grief or of his wounds it is not
certain.

Among the slain were Sir Francis
Vaughan, the Deputy's brother-in-law,
Thomas Waller, Robert Turner, and
many other officers of distinction.

This battle was fought at a place
called Drumfinch, between Blackwater-
town and Benburb.

After this reverse the English built
some additions to the fort, in which
they placed a garrison of 300 men
under a brave officer named Williams.
They then retreated to Newry, whence
they marched southward into the Pale,
leaving Portmore and its garrison to
defend themselves singlehanded against
the Irish. No sooner had the English
retired than O'Neill attacked the fort
with a storming party and scaling lad-
ders which, however, proved too short,
but the heroic garrison met his as-
saults with such determination and
bravery that 34 of his men were left
dead in the ditch, and O'Neill had to
give up all hope of taking the place
by force.

On the death of Lord Borough, the
Government appointed Archbishop Lof-
tus and Sir Robert Gardiner Lords Jus-
tices, and made Lord Ormonde com-
mander-in-chief of the army. About
Christmas the Earls of Ormonde and
Thomond, having been authorised by
the Queen to treat with O'Neill, pro-
ceeded to the north and remained for
three days in conference with him and
O'Donnell, endeavouring to come to
terms with them. In consequence of
an arrangement then made, a truce was
to be observed for eight weeks, while
the Government communicated his de-
mands to Queen Elizabeth.

(To be continued.)

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only appreciate but treasure one of
these volumes.

ARMY TO STAY. President's Emphatic Declaration.

Mr. BLYTHE AGREES.

Three years ago Professor Micheal O hAodha, Ceann Comhairle of Dáil Éireann, addressing a Dublin meeting, declared amidst ringing cheers:

"There is one thing in the country securing life and property and that is our National Army—and, only for them there would be no property left in the country to secure."

But when the "piping times of peace" came again, all that the Army had done was forgotten in some quarters, and people who had thanked God for its existence a few months earlier, began to clamour for its abolition. Their principal argument was that it bore too heavily upon their purses—the soundest argument that the commercial mind can imagine. However, they received scant support, most of the people possessing a greater breadth of vision. As we stated editorially last week the agitation was purely artificial and the statistics adduced were utterly fallacious. In view of the recent recrudescence of armed raids one would have thought that the last voice in favour of the abolition of the Defence Forces had been effectually stilled, but we noticed that during the President's visit to Carrickmacross, on Friday, 19th inst., a Mr. Conlon, P.C., "made a strong appeal for reduced taxation," suggesting, amongst other means to that end, "the abolition of the Army."

"I am not going to disband the Army," declared the President. "If and so long as I have any responsibility of the Government of this country I am going to tell the people to keep their Army, and I venture to assert that, in the face of invasion, it will render as good an account of itself as any other army in the world."

At the same meeting Mr. Ernest Blythe, Minister of Finance, admitted that "at a future date" one aim should be to have a militia type of Defence Force, but

He did not agree with anybody who said we should not have a Defence Force—that we should depend on another country for defence. If we had no Defence Force and became involved in a war the position would be that officers of another army, over whom the Saorstát Government would have no control, would be running the country.

The Minister of Finance was even more emphatic at a Castleblayney meeting on Saturday last. Speaking on the question of economy, he said they heard people say that there was no need for the Army. The public should not give way to irresponsible catches.

If they abolished the Army to-morrow the result would be that in six months or less they would be trying to replace twelve thousand men by an army of thirty or forty thousand, because the anarchial spirit that was beaten down would immediately as-

MEAGHER'S BRIGADE.

Flag Returned to the U.S. Army.

SIXTY YEARS MISSING.

After what is described as an unauthorised absence from duty, covering a period of 60 years, the flag of the old 88th New York Regiment of Volunteers in the famous Meagher's Irish Brigade, was returned recently to the official custody of the American Army.

The frayed and riddled flag had been in the possession of the late First Lieutenant E. Dowdall, who was the last surviving officer of the regiment. There are many versions of how the 88th's battle colours in the American Civil War disappeared on the day the regiment was disbanded, but according to Lieut. H. G. Dowdall, now on duty at the Army recruiting offices in New York, his father alone was in possession of the flag from the moment it was withdrawn from service until his death.

In presenting the flag, on behalf of his deceased father, to Col. J. J. Phelan, Commandant of the 69th, which was the companion regiment of the 88th in Meagher's Irish Brigade, Lieut. H. G. Dowdall said:

"I consider it an honour and privilege to present this remnant of the battle flag of the 88th New York Volunteers to the State of New York in the name of my father, who was a member of that famous regiment from the day it was organised in this city in 1861 until it was mustered out in 1865.

"If the old flag could speak for itself it would tell you that it saw many battles, much hard fighting with the famous Irish Brigade side by side with the standards of the 63rd and 69th New York Volunteers, its sister organisation.

"It would relate that it was presented by the Irish people of New York to the 88th before that regiment left for the front. It would recall the enthusiastic farewell it received as that regiment marched down Broadway to the battery behind Gen. Francis Meagher, on that balmy Indian summer day in 1861. It would tell you of witnessing the training of the regiment on the bank of the Potomac near Alexandria, Va., and of its first battle before Yorktown. And then it could relate a story not surpassed by any other organisation of its day in military valour. It could trace

sert itself, and all the expense and all the destruction of the civil war would have to come on again.

There would come a time when they could have a much less expensive type of army on a volunteer or militia basis, sufficient to meet the needs of any external or internal emergency that might arise.

Continuing, Mr. Blythe said that the people who wanted the Army abolished were the people who wanted the country plunged into chaos, and were the people who would take advantage of the absence of an army to rob banks quietly?

its participation in the Peninsula campaign, where the Irish Brigade was called upon to fight a glorious rearguard action to save the retreating Union Army, and then on down through these four years of fighting in which it participated in no less than 25 important battles, including Antietam, Gettysburg, Cold Harbour, Fredericksburg, Petersburg, and the Wilderness. Yes, it could tell you about that wild scene—that never-to-be-forgotten rejoicing among the troops of the Irish Brigade when it witnessed the surrender of Gen. Lee, for it was there on the spot.

"But here is the sad part of its history. After having passed through these years of strenuous campaigning for the Union; after having witnessed thousands of brave men fall in battle under its brilliant folds, this old battle-scarred flag, this standard of the glorious 88th Volunteers, tattered and torn by its long campaign in the field, was deprived of the honour of receiving its battle streamers and of participation in the grand review before the President of the United States in Washington at the close of the war.

"The regiment was furnished a brand new silk flag with battle streamers, and this flag was carried in that memorable parade down Pennsylvania Avenue.

"The old battle-scarred flag was turned into my father as quartermaster of the regiment. Just why he kept it for himself and did not turn it in, I do not know. He never told me. Naturally, to him it was one of his most cherished possessions, but I think I can guess what was in his mind. This is the thought—If the old flag was not good enough to participate in the grand review, then high authority did not think much of its value and so he kept it, and the old flag has been in the possession of one who loved it for the past 60 years.

"And now that its custodian has passed away to join the great majority of his comrades on the other side of the grave, I could think of no better thing to do with the old relic of that flag than to return it to its native state where it can take its place among the battle flags of its companion regiment of the famous Irish Brigade.

"Col. Phelan, I present to you all that is left of the battle flag of the 88th New York Volunteers."

In reply, Col. Phelan said that the regiment was honoured to be appointed custodian of the old standard and would guard and preserve it for future generations.

Return of this historic flag to its home State recalls the part the flag and the brave men who fought under its folds played in preserving the Union of the States. Few regiments saw heavier service or participated in more battles.

During the Civil War it served as an inspiration to the gallant Irishmen of Meagher's great Irish Brigade in such notable battles as Fair Oaks, Antietam, Gettysburg, Spotsylvania, Gaines' Mill, Savage Station, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, The Wilderness, White Oak Swamp, Cold Harbour, Petersburg, Strawberry Plains, and Deep Bottom.

ARMY NEWS.

Major General Sean MacEoin, General Officer Commanding, Curragh Training Camp, has proceeded on leave as from Thursday, 18th November, 1926.

Colonel S. McGoran, No. 1 Bureau, Chief of Staff's Branch granted leave from 22/11/26 to 11/12/26, inclusive.

Colonel T. Higgins, Director Medical Services, Adjutant-General's Branch, returned to G.H.Q. from temporary duty in Western Command 16/11/26.

Major J. Cotter, Officer Commanding Army Transport Corps, reported to General Headquarters from temporary duty in London on 15th instant.

The Chief of Staff has nominated the following Officers (entitled to Charges under D.F.R. 15/1925) to attend a course in Equitation and Swordsmanship commencing on Monday 22nd instant :—

Major A. T. Lawlor, Chief Staff Officer's Branch.

Major S. McKenna, Administration Branch.

Major B. McMahon, Supplies and Ordnance Branch.

Major J. Furlong, Chief of Staff's Branch.

Major J. Cotter, Commanding Army Transport Corps.

Major R. McCorley, Provost Marshal.

Capt. Eamonn De Buitlear, Branch of Chief of Staff is granted leave of absence, 24/11/26 to 30/11/26.

Lieut. B. Donegan, 2nd Bureau, Branch of Chief of Staff is granted leave as from 22/11/26 to 29/11/26.

Comdt. Francis Davis has been posted to the Branch of D.J.A.G., Western Command for temporary duty with effect from 11/10/26.

Comdt. P. Ennis, Chief of Staff's Branch is granted leave from 16/11/26 to 29/11/26, inclusive.

Comdt. M. Duffy, Deputy Provost Marshal, Adjutant-General's Branch, returned off leave 20th instant.

Lieut. F. J. O'Driscoll, Military Police Corps, reported his arrival at McKee Barracks, from Collins Barracks Dublin, for duty with Depot Company, Military Police Corps on 22nd instant.

Lieut. Jas. Clear and Lieut. John Murphy, Chief of Staff's Branch, returned off leave on 21st instant.

Lieut. Pierce Wall, Western Command is transferred to Military Police Corps, McKee Barracks, with effect as from 22/11/26.

2nd Lieut. James Duffy, Western Command Coy., Military Police Corps, is transferred to Eastern Command Coy., Military Police Corps with effect as from 22nd December.

A/Lieut. Laurence McGrath, Western Command is transferred to Supplies and Barrack Services, Western Command, as from 22/11/26.

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The additional pay of 1s. 6d. per diem granted to 41629, Sgt. John Boylan (late of Adjutant General's Branch) is cancelled from 1/11/26.

41629, Sgt. John Boylan, Chief of Staff's Branch is granted additional pay at rate of 1s. 6d. per diem as from 1/11/26.

64250, Pte. Owen Greegan, No. 2 Bureau, Chief of Staff's Branch is granted additional pay at rate of 3s. per diem as from 1/10/26.

43064, Sgt. M. Boylan, Camp Staff, Curragh Camp is taken on the strength of Quartermaster General's Branch (Store Accountancy) and posted to Staff of Camp Quartermaster, Curragh Camp as from 8/9/26.

66532, Pte. John O'Mahony, 20th Battalion, who reported his arrival at General Headquarters on 16/11/26, is posted to Adjutant General's Branch and taken on strength of G.H.Q. and McKee Barracks as from 17/11/26.

The following have been selected to represent No. 5 group in the Hurling replay at Kilkenny for the Chaplain's Cup :— Major McGrath, Captain Hawe, Lieut. G. Foley, Lieut. C. S. Doyle, Cpl. Hendrick, Ptes. M. Hayes, Stapleton, Finn, Ryan, Coolly, Fitzpatrick, Sullivan (G.H.Q. Staff), Pte. Hayes (Remounts) and Ptes. Lannigan, Leeson, Murphy (Signal Corps) A/Cpls. Kenealy, Kelly, Costigan, Kelly and McMahon.

The Resignation of Lieut. John R. Hill, 12th Battalion, Templemore, having been accepted by the Executive Council, his pay and duties cease as from 16/11/26.

A course of Instruction in Scouting commenced on 22/11/26 in 10th Infantry Battalion at Ballymullen Barracks, Tralee. Lieut. J. P. Lyons is in charge of the course.

46652, Cpl. Myles McDonagh, 25th Battalion, temporarily attached to G.H.Q. Coy., was granted special leave from 29/8/26 until 9/9/26 to take part in Boxing Tournament in Copenhagen.

65117, Pte. Thomas Coyle, C. Coy., 16th Battalion was transferred to the Army Signal Corps, McKee Barracks, Dublin, on 12/11/26.

No. 28150, Sgt. Jeremiah Clancy, No. 4 Brigade H.Q. Unit, was granted leave of absence from 19/11/26 to 26/11/26.

The following reported arrival for duty at Southern Command School of Instruction on 20/11/26 :—28232 C.Q.M.S. R. Manley, Attd. No. 3 Bde.; 245 4, Sgt. M. Butler, Attd. No. 3 Bde.; 17912, Sgt. W. Dower, 18th Inf. Battalion; 87139, Cpl. T. Fagan, 15th Inf. Battalion; 18972, Pte. M. O'Dwyer, 18th Inf. Battalion; 3535, Pte. J. Brereton, 18th Inf. Battalion; 23637, Cpl. A. Jewell, 16th Inf. Battalion; 64628, Pte. W. Brady, 16th Inf. Battalion; 18117, Cpl. J. Daly, 18th Inf. Battalion; 28356, C./S. T. Butler, 10th Inf. Battalion; 51098, Cpl. J. Trehy, 10th Inf. Battalion; 64127, Pte. J. Herron, 18th Inf. Battalion; 64154, Pte. D. Sullivan, 15th Inf. Battalion; 27766, C./S. J. McFadden, 12th Inf. Battalion; 44481, Pte. C. Sait, 12th Inf. Battalion; 65081, Pte. F. Grogan, 12th Inf. Battalion.

**THE
SWORD
OF
O'MALLEY**
BY
JUSTIN MITCHELL.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

But the Duke hung back. He was aware—all were aware—that, of the two poor swordsmen, Ulmo was the better, and the mannikin knew that the fight would end, certainly and soon, with Karl's weapon—the sword of O'Malley—transfixing the heart of Karl's boon companion. Therefore Ungvar sought to temporise further.

Was there no possibility of help arriving? The innkeeper and his menials—where were they? The Ulmo troopers, the mercenaries of Ungvar, some casual traveller, even Sergius and his officers? Somebody—anybody—might come and put an end to the grotesque pranks of this insane Goliath who boasted mastery over his betters.

The Duke felt that he must gain time, and therefore he hung back.

But O'Malley marked his hesitancy with cold disapproval. He was master, and he would have none of it.

"Lotz," he said, "if, when I have counted up to five, the Duke still shirk the combat, you shall use his Grace's own bullet to rid the world of a cowardly poltroon. I am master here, and I mean to be obeyed. Are you ready? One—two—three—"

Lotz levelled his pistol. With a grating snarl of satanic malignity the little man fell to fighting.

The battle lacked fire, for the swordsmen lacked skill, and, at the outset, each sought to gauge the other's power. Uncaring, almost bored, Edmund lolled negligently on the stool, occasionally dropping some withering criticism on the poverty of the display.

Soon it became apparent that the Duke was doomed. Ungvar, fighting with the vicious energy of a spitfire, was no match for Karl, who had strength and reach and some skill in his favour. As the combat deepened, Edmund urged the rivals to renewed efforts by reminding them of the stake at issue.

The Duke, fighting a losing battle, and stung to fury by O'Malley's biting sarcasms, abandoned himself to a par-

oxysm of rage, battered furiously at Karl's long weapon, and spat bitter blasphemies at his tall opponent. He presented such a pitiful spectacle that the Irishman leaned back on his stool and laughed loud and long.

This forced a climax. Ungvar's wrath boiled up into a fury which he could no longer control. Sweeping the Prince's weapon aside, he leapt with uplifted sword at the laughing Irishman. Edmund was caught off his guard and off his balance. Ungvar's weapon swung in a desperate, shearing stroke at his enemy's unprotected head, and for a moment it seemed that the Guardsman's hour had come.

But a sudden deafening report rang through the room, and Thaddeus, Duke of Ungvar, drunkenly sank to his knees and then collapsed, face downward, on the floor, a bullet buried in his brain. O'Malley had proved master to the end.

Lotz lowered his smoking pistol and sternly regarded the corpse at his feet. Silence reigned in the room above the river; but, eerily, through the hush, the ceaseless roar of the whirlpool rose ever clamorous, calling, calling.

Edmund placed a hand behind his ear and stood with bent head, as though listening to a voice from afar.

"I hear you," he said; "I remember."

There was a pause, and the Prince's eyes wandered to the door. Had he not carried out his part in the compact? Had he not earned his release?

Not quite. There yet was work to be done.

O'Malley addressed the Prince. "Faith," he said laughingly, "that was a narrow shave! Had it not been for the Duke's foresight in providing a loaded pistol, there was, I fear, an end of Edmund O'Malley."

"Sir," said Ulmo, gloomily obsequious, "I have obeyed your behest, and the Duke is dead. Have I your permission to go?"

"Not yet," Edmund answered. "There are the Duke's obsequies to be seen to. After all, you know, he was a Duke, though a bad one! He died a murderer's death and he shall have a murderer's burial. His sepulchre lies in the waters beneath, and thither he goes as Coqueran went, by the rogues' road—by the window. Can't you hear the merman calling? For long and long he has waited. Now he has his Duke at last!"

He pushed the broad table beneath the window, and, reaching up, he threw the casement open.

"Now, sir," said Edmund, in a tone of quiet authority, "take up this body and consign it to the river."

Karl stooped and shouldered his gruesome burden. The task was easy, for the Duke's mannikin frame was no more than a feather in Ulmo's strong arms. Presently the Prince had the corpse balanced on the sill.

"Now that he is dead," Edmund said, "I forgive him. Speed you, Duke, and good-night."

He nodded, and a touch from Ulmo's hand sent Thaddeus hasting on his last journey.

Ulmo leaped to the floor, and, for an instant, the group of three stood like carved statues listening to the hideous uproar which hailed Ungvar's plunge into the wrangling waters. Then—God in Heaven! What was that?

What sound, ringing shrilly above the torrent's clamour, echoed in their ears and froze their hearts in a palsy of fear?

A voice from the grave! Was it possible?

Could it be that Ungvar's diabolical wrath had found final utterance in that blood-curdling shriek? Or was it that the merman welcomed his guest with one strident scream of malignant triumph?

Pale-lipped and wild-eyed, Lotz and Ulmo regarded each other questioningly, enmity forgotten for the moment. Suddenly they awoke to the fact that O'Malley was no longer with them.

As in a dream, Lotz was dimly conscious that, at the sound of that dreadful cry, his master had flung up his head, like a hound or a horse scenting danger; had grasped his blood-stained sword and for a moment regarded it dazedly, only to hurl it clattering to the floor and to dash like a madman from the room.

Karl collected his scattered wits and prepared to depart. Never again in life would he put foot inside the door of this accursed chamber wherein Coqueran and Ungvar perished. Never again would he set foot in Rhonberg, dominated, as it was, by an insolent Irish adventurer. To his strong place in the mountain fastnesses he would retire, and, secure in Ulmo, he could breathe freely once more.

The Prince completed his mental picture of a peaceful future and turned to quit the room.

Lotz had shut the door and placed his back against it. Sword in hand he guarded the exit.

Karl uttered an impatient grunt and frowned thunderously. Lotz laughed joyously.

"Not this way," he said, with a backward nod towards the stairway. "If your Highness wishes to quit the room you must go as the Duke went—the rogues' way."

He raised his sword and pointed to the window.

(To be continued.)

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.

KEEP YOUR COPIES OF

"An τ-ὄζιλᾶς."



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

DEPARTMENTAL DOINGS : PORTOBELLO.

Overheard at the Pillar (as a soldier passes by):—

First Appleseller: "Oh, what a grand upright, manly young soldier."

Second do.: "Sure he's a Corporal."

First do.: "A Corpolar! Oh, the grey-haired old blackguard!"

DON'T KNOW WHY.

I am somehow feeling glad
Don't know why.
Cannot understand being sad,

Don't know why.
Everything appears "O.K.,"

Including debts I've yet to pay,
Do not ask me why I'm gay—

Don't know why.

Yes, I'm feeling very good,
Don't know why.

And I'm in a gay old mood,
Don't know why.

Yet I've tons of work to do,
Kit inspection on at two,

If you ask why I'm not blue—
Don't know why.

Yes, although I'm feeling bright,
Don't know why.

My pockets are a trifle light,
Don't know why.

I've been chirping all the day,
Why I'm chirping I can't say,

Oh, I forgot—this is Pay Day,
That's the why.

(A millionaire for a moment—I know the feeling—Ned.)

One half of the Army doesn't know how the other half shoot. (Otherwise there would be less heroism on "Field Day"—Ned.)

We are all anxiously looking forward to our Cinderella, which promises to be a big success. Everything is in perfect order and a great night's fun is anticipated.

An up-to-date Clerk from Brigade At the Wednesday night Dance was dismayed

When the "M.C." said "Stop That Charleston Hop,"
"Charleston—dance? Silly prance; please be staid."

We were all pleased to see our colleagues from the other Barracks at our

weekly Dance last Wednesday night. Owen Creegan and Bill Walshe and the other boys from G.H.Q., Jack Bracken and a lot of the P.A. lads were also much in evidence, the Remounts were well represented, Peter Kearns and quite a host of Signallers were well to the fore, Joe O'Shea (of Football fame) brought quite a number from Collins, and, of course, Paddy Doherty had the Pay and Accounts and the other services from Griffith Barracks well in the "Spot-light." The 'Bello Dance has proved an unqualified success and the Committee are to be clapped on the back.

A little shooting is a dangerous learning.

We extend to our new scribe "Ixion" from Headquarters a hundred thousand welcomes and fully appreciated his notes last week. I blushed at his kind appreciation of my humble efforts as G.H.Q. scribe in the past, and, Ned, appreciation from G.H.Q. is something to blush at—my previous "appreciations" usually were displayed a trifle prominently in Part II. Orders.

A pull through a day wears your rifle away. (Gauze and effect—Ned.)

It is observed in your Gramophone Notes in the last issue that you head the article "Will Irish be taught by Records?" Well, Ned, I don't know whether you are pulling a quick one or not, but *en passant*, and leaving the "waxy!" point the one side, Irish was taught by Records, and, as far as I am aware, Records were the pioneers of teaching Irish as a voluntary class in the Army, the Irish Class under the auspices of the 7th Brigade Area Institute Committee being the first in the field. G.H.Q. classes under—if my memory serves me correctly—S.M. Partridge were a close second. (You seem to have got the needle—Ned.)

Constant tipping wears away your oil bottle. (All putt—Ned.)

The decorative scheme in the gymnasium with the numerous multi-coloured lights, the masses of palms, the landscape scenery, and the general colour scheme was greatly appreciated and admired at the Officers' Ball, which was held there on last Saturday, and which was a huge success. A special word of praise and congratulation is

due to the designer of the Cap Badge, which came in for a lot of admiration.

Rifle cleaning each day wears your pull through away. (But that won't get you out of it—Ned.)

Congratulations to our old colleague Jimmy Keyes on winning the razor last week. I hope he will not be caught napping on the 9 o'clock parade with an imaginary shave some morning.

Gink: "I'm goin' sick, Sargin'."
Sergeant: "What's wrong with you?"

Gink: "Pains in my body."
Sergeant: "Where the heck do you expect to have them—in your kit-bag!"

We are all pleased to learn that the one and only Jimmy Redmond from Records is recuperating nicely, thank ye kindly. No; I didn't expect Jimmy to hibernate in dock during the Christmas.

Dirty rifle at morning,
Instructor's warning,
Clean rifle at night,
Wind-up—Foresight!

Overheard:—"Does this tram stop at the Eastern Command Hospital?"

"It should—it's a No. 9."

I am looking forward to the article, Ned, in the Christmas number "On 'Active Service' at the Curragh" with eagerness. The memory lingers of my experience there, and I believe some of the sports from the No. 3 Band and the A.M.C. boys (of the Curragh) have a recollection of Punchestown and a few other buckshee joints adjacent to the wild, windy Curragh. (I can assure you the article in question is written from the 'eart—Ned.)

This weeks impossible story:—Pioneer's paid by piecework.

"What's wrong with Mac?"

"Seizure."

"Heart?"

"No, P.A."

Oh, me bold Sergeant-Major your voice is the death of me,

And your roars—like a bullock—knock the breath of me.

Your words of Command sure they often well razzle me,

On the square sure your eloquence often has dazzled me.

I'd rather be forty miles running away
from you
Than be marching the square or
fatiguing one day for you;
Yet I've punched on for One and six in
the Reserve for you,
You've such a way with you, bold
B.S.M.

Apropos of the cross-country running
in the 'Bello, we are all pleased to
learn that the matter is being taken up
by some of the powers that be. Per-
sonally I am of the opinion that a
Brigade team from the 'Bello would
take some beating. We are all fully
cognisant of the capabilities of such
well-known runners as Rory, Jimmy
Cox, Birmingham and a lot of others,
but there is some excellent talent
amongst the novices. Kit Kearney,
Clinton, Kenneth Campion are but a
few to be reckoned with in the novices'
class.

"Generally speaking, N.C.O.'s
are"

"Are what?"

"Generally speaking."

The early bird gets the worm, and
the sporty worm gets the "bird."

This week's Fairy Tale:—Tennis
courts at Kilbride for the Records.

The Debating Society in the 'Bello is
making rapid progress. At the recent
meeting of the Society the opening
paper was read by the Auditor, Corpl.
Tom McCormick. In the rather inter-
esting debate that ensued such well-
known speakers as Barney McKenna,
John Joe, J. Comerford and P. Flan-
nery spoke for the affirmative. The
Society—though in its infancy—augurs
well for the future. (But what the
deuce was it all about—Ned.)

"Hi, Mac, I got a bit of onion in
my sweet."

Mess Orderly: "Yes, it's a trifle
early for asparagus."

BEYOND IN THE BILLET.

We live in a world all on our own,
Beyond in the Billet.
And many's the good time in it we've
known,

Beyond in the Billet.
It's Utopia there,
No wind-up or scare,
And sorra the care,

Beyond in the Billet.
Thing's happen there Part 2 Orders
don't see,

Beyond in the Billet.
And it's a good job for us—between
you and me,

Beyond in the Billet.
B.S.M.'s pass it by,
C.S.M.'s sure fight shy,
And P.A.'s from it fly,

Beyond in the Billet.
Our sorrows are lulled and "quick
ones" are pulled,

Beyond in the Billet.
Many a battle's been won, without
firing a gun,

Beyond in the Billet.
Smart tales are told there
(Some a trifle bizarre),
Ancestors laid bare,

Beyond in the Billet.

The S.M.'s palm is read and nice things
are said,

Beyond in the Billet.
N.C.O.'s fates are foretold and their
palms crossed with gold,

Beyond in the Billet.
We line up in a queue
For the things that we'll do

When our tickets come through,
Beyond in the Billet.

The Boxing Tournament promoted by
the Brigade Area Institute promises to
be one of the biggest Boxing "draws"
yet held in the 'Bello. The primary
object of the tournament is to augment
funds for the Christmas Tree Fund
and the Boxing fans will have rare
value for their money. For initiative,
enterprise and sheer hard thinking the
Institute Committee take some beating.
Not alone are they the pioneers of in-
door Barrack amusement and leading
the way, but they have set an example
of what can be accomplished in cater-
ing for the welfare of the men in Bar-
racks.

"Oh, Sargin', me bed's broken and
I fell out in the Billet."

"Well, where did you expect to fall
out—in the Officers' Mess?"

It's easy enough to be pleasant
With a rifle new and clean four-by-
two,

But the gink worth while
Is your man who'll smile
When he's late—with a broken pull-
through.

Runner: "There's a gent named
Green at the Rathmines Gate to see
you."

Percy: "Green? Are you sure?"

Runner: "Yes, certain."

Percy: "It can't be for me—I know
no tailor of that name."

We are all anxiously looking forward
to the new supply of books for the
Library. The present Library is a
trifle depleted of anything really worth
reading, unless you are keen on read-
ing "The life and times of Cock
Robin" and trifles of that nature. I
wonder could we again intrude on the
good nature and influence of the one
and only Father Casey?

This week's Slogan:—"Mugs."

"ME LARKIE."

DON'TS for Correspondents.

DON'T write if you can get it
typewritten.

DON'T crowd the lines together.

DON'T write on both sides of the
paper.

DON'T use a worn-out typewriter
ribbon.

DON'T indulge in personal jokes.

DON'T write in pencil.

DON'T forget to mention dates.

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

A RAMBLER'S DIARY.

On 15th inst., in Griffith Barracks,
the third of the series of games in No.
4 Group Billiard Tournament was
played by the Records (No. 1) team
and A.C.E. (No. 2) team. As was ex-
pected the Records team won easily by
three games to one. Lieut. Kavanagh,
C.S.M. Kennedy, Pte. O'Brien for
Records beat Sergt. McShane, Corpl.
Maher, and Pte. Kennedy respectively,
and Pte. Ford of the Engineers won
the only game for his team by defeat-
ing Sergt. Milne of the 'Bello in a
very closely contested game.

The fourth and final game of the first
round of the Tournament was between
A.C.E. (No. 1) team and Marriage
Allowance. This game was also
brought off in Griffith Barracks and
resulted in a win for the tradesmen by
four games to nil. Capt. Irwin, Sergt.
Gilham, Sergt. Gallagher and Pte.
Ryan won for the A.C.E., whilst Ptes.
Sheedy, Grimley, Fenn and Hoare re-
presented the 'Bello.

The draw for the second round will
be made before this appears in print
and there is much speculation as to
the result. The Engineers, be it noted,
have still two teams in the running.

The first Inter-Group Cross-country
run organised by the G.H.Q. Command
A.A.A. takes place on Wednesday, 24th
inst., at Baldonnel. Naturally the
event will be in the nature of an ex-
periment and it is hoped will be as suc-
cessful as it deserves for the sake of
the maintenance of this branch of
sport during the ensuing season.

The following has been handed to me
for insertion in these Minutes:—

There's an engine in this Barracks
Used for putting out a fire,
And on more than one occasion
It has fairly raised my ire,
For I think it first saw daylight
In the prehistoric days,
Perhaps—for carting rations
At Clontarf and Ramillies,
Some say "your man" Cuchullian,
Got it cast, 'cause 'twas annoyin',
Whilst others say "King Billy"
Had that engine at the Boyne.
But whichever of them used it,
I am certain 'twas a scream,
For I hear our poor old engine
Is now booked for the Museum.

The weekly practice dance held in
the Gymnasium, Portobello, seems to
be as successful as ever judging by the
large number that assembled there on
Wednesday, 17th inst. However, there
is room for improvement. (List of sug-
gested improvements reluctantly de-
leted owing to the law of libel—Ned.)

Talking about the 'Bello Dance, we
noticed "Me Larkie" at that func-
tion, and would you believe it, he was
sporting an "engagement" ring of
which he was inordinately proud.
"Well wear, me ould man," but "Who
is the lady?" (R.S.V.P.).

"RAMBLER."

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

Our No. 3 Billiards team went under to the Records (Portobello) team by three games to one on Monday, the 15th instant. All the members of the winning team gave a splendid display and well deserved their victory. (And "Me Larkie" hasn't even mentioned it!—Ned.)

We were more fortunate on Thursday, the 18th instant, when our No. 1 team met and defeated the Marriage Allowance team by four-games to nil.

We can still score one on "Me Larkie," despite the fact that some of the 'Bello ginks get up early to meet the Sergeant-Major on his return off leave, as I am told that our Sergeant-Major was met by a deputation on his return to Barracks one night recently and presented with a sandwich. I refuse to disclose what the donor is alleged to have had in his other hand.

With rumours of a new organisation afloat it is not surprising that quite a number of "horsey" men are putting forward their claims as champion roughriders. The possession of certificates for proficiency in the art is claimed by more than one prospective candidate for a certain "appointment," but as none of them possess a certificate for "cold shoeing" it is hardly likely their applications will be considered. "2 L.O." alleges that the remaining candidates (he being one) would "fall out of a cab," so it is scarcely likely they could "sit a horse," and in any case they cannot do "short rein driving." It is suggested that an easy method of solving the difficulty would be the substitution of camels for horses. That would give them all the "hump," and at the same time would get over the trouble of having to find a new staff for the cookhouse.

"Peter" is taking a great interest in the "waiting room" which has been provided for the reception of visitors to the Barracks. It certainly is well equipped with appointment forms, but wouldn't it be advisable that "Peter" should also keep "something" in the press for the entertainment of callers.

This week's Slogan:—"What do you know about Horses?"

"CAT'S WHISKER."



G.H.Q. CALLING.

We noticed that a recent issue of "An t-Oglach" was very popular with the members of the Sergeants' Mess. Are the said members thinking of entering a beauty competition?

We notice that certain members of the Clerical unit are sporting "tashes" lately. The only thing we cannot discern is whether they are growing inwards or outwards.

We also very much regret the departure of Corpls. Doyle, Cassidy and

Douglas 'on a course to the "Hib." School. When Dougie comes back it will be a case of "And still they looked, and still the wonder grew, that one small head could contain all he knew."

Now that "Douggie" is away the "Fire Picquet" will settle down in the "Mansion" and sleep it out, and as regards the "Board of Keys" in the Orderly Room, better ask "Me Larkie."

Our Encyclopædia (continued):—

Sergeants' Mess—A place of which all Junior N.C.O.'s and men are considered honorary members and where they are cordially welcomed.

Pride—An ecstatic condition of mind which varies according to temperament. With some it is acquired on attaining the rank of "Corplar."

Exaggeration—The normal way of making statements about the amount of time one has put in and the amount of money one has in the bank.

Conservative—A fellow who really believes in looking after your overcoat if you lend it to him.

Liberal—The gentleman next you in the Mess who sweeps his "hash" underneath your seat when you are out to wash your plate.

Egg—An oblate farinaceous substance laid by a hen, picked up by a farmer, who sells it to the market people, who raise its price and sell it to the shopkeeper, who raises its price, sells it to the Army, who give it to "Cookie," who mucks it up for ever and ever. Amen.

Things we would like to know:—

What does Val think of John's pull through?

How did Tommy Allen get mixed up with Paddy's Inventory Boards?

What "your man" Tom did when the train broke down?

What the boys thought of the Fire Alarm on the 13th and how did "your man" Walsh manage to be first out?

Where did "Cressie" get his web equipment, and did he think he was in the Foreign Legion?

Are "Spence" and "Dudley" on the track of the missing "D"?

How is the "Gink" in Store Accountancy who "did away" with the fire kitchen?

Are all the boys "windy" of the half-inch on top?

Was J—B—going to "turn out" the fire picquet, and what did Harry Connolly think of it?

Who is the "Gink" who wanted to know why "gentlemen prefer blondes"? Was he told because they were lighter and easier to pick up?

What Johnny Stapleton thinks of No. 4 Group?

What is the necessity of a fire picquet in the absence of coal?

What St. Paul(es) said to the Corinthians ('nuff said)?

What is the age of Cpl. H.'s eye tooth?

Who is the "Gink" in No. 2 Section Musketry Class who asked what was meant by the "Bayonet Stop," and did he think it was a French traffic signal?

This week's Puzzle:—

If the consumption of 1 cubic foot of gas together with mantles and fittings costs approximately 1s. 10d. per hour, what is the cost for one half-hour of a naked light?

We want the naked truth.

This week's War Cry:—"I'll put wheels under you laddie!"

"IXION."



SPECIAL SERVICES, CURRAGH.

We regret to announce the departure of Pte. Jas. Walsh (Jimmie) of Beresford Barracks into civilian life. The best wishes of all his pals accompany him.

We hope that some of the Billiards invitations sent out by us in your last week's issue will be taken up by everyone concerned, as we are looking forward to some real good matches.

Writing about amusements, we take this opportunity of congratulating the committee of the Beresford Recreation Hall on the efficient manner in which they are carrying out their duties. They deserve the height of credit from everyone concerned and we sincerely hope they will score their ideal and reap the reward they deserve.

Whilst soldiering in Beresford Barracks and listening to the "warlike" airs of our Pipers and the "martial" strains of the Brass and Reed Band I was at once inspired and methought to write the following few lines:—

The Scribe, he sat at the barrack-room door

Giving his rifle a rub,

When across the square came a martial air,

With a rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, dub-dub.

"Oh, why didn't I join the band?" mused he,

As the oil rag stuck in a lug,

And the instruments laughed at his hard day's graft,

With a rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, dub-dub.

"But I thought I was doing my best when as a lad,

"In a soft job I soon got dug,"

"But of hard old drill I got my fill,

"With a rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, dub-dub.

"I've taught all the 'rooks' who have joined these years

"How to polish, clean and scrub,

"Now that they are dug-in at old soldiers they grin,

"With a rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, dub-dub.

"But why regret, I've played my part

"(I'm the spoke outside the hub),

"And I'll show the way on Patrick's Day,

"With a rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, dub-dub."

With his shoulders squared and his
head held high,
For him they'd get no sub,
The youths they stared as their instru-
ments blared,
With a rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, dub-dub.

In reply to the scribe whose belated
welcome I appreciate and whose poem
I have read with interest I quote:

"For love of you not hate until my
fried hath made be publisher of this
pretense." ("As You Like It.")

"PERCIVAL."



SPECIAL SERVICES, KILKENNY.

An Amusements Committee has at
last been established in Barracks
thanks to the untiring efforts of the
ever "Genial George." Lieut. Quinn,
who is an able President, is assisted by
the "Hard Cox," C.Q.M.S. Phelan,
and Sergt Stephens, to mention but a
few.

On Thursday, 18th inst., we had our
opening concert in the Gym. Hall.
Allowing for the fact that the "artists"
had such short time in which to pre-
pare they certainly showed by their
performance that they are capable of
doing great things in the future. I
am sure that all who witnessed the
programme (judging by the amount of
applause) were really delighted.

Now that the time is ripe for sugges-
tions I hope to see a good sprinkling of
"Irish" items in our programmes.
Those staged on the 18th seemed to be
thoroughly appreciated, and rightly so,
as the Army of Ireland should lead in
the fostering of our Irish games, songs
and dances.

I hope to be able to say more about
our Amusements later, as rumour has
it great things are forthcoming.

Things we want to know:—

Was there much scrounging for the
recent Kit inspection on the part of
"H.Q. Coy." and where did "X" get
all the button-sticks?

When is Jock to start "mending the
door"?

What does "Soapex" think of "Pro-
tection"?

When is Peter to visit the "Tank,"
and will he take "Pawny"?

"Are "Crosswords" more interest-
ing than patrol to some P.A.'s?

Will Walter win the Billiards Handi-
cap—or is it George?

"THE SPECIALS."

The sun was shining somewhere else as
we marched across the square,
The time (on our clock) was ten past
seven,

The Guard turned out, presented arms,
We gave "eyes right," of course,
The gate clanged, too, behind us,
It was Heaven.

(Hi! Is this Free Verse, or what?—
Ned.)

As we swung into the suburbs we were
told to "March at ease"
In case we'd lose the "Chip" cart in
the rear;
It carried ammunition and an N.C.O.
or two,
Except for which we didn't have a
care.

(It is Free Verse—very free and
easy—Ned.)

If the female on the window stool
looked awestruck at the sound
Of our singing, which to us was rather
strange,

There's not a man to blame her how
the Hades was she to know
'Twas the "Services" a padding to
"the range."

(Otherwise known as *Vers Libre*—
Ned.)

The flag was less than half-mast when
we got down to the butts,
Them targets we'll remember all our
days,

Odd ones of them were steady, the rest
moved up and down,
They fairly put them marksmen in a
maze.

(With your kind permission, gents
all, we will now skip two luscious
stanzas and come to the kick—Ned.)

Some say the crows that used to flit
around our Barrack square
Have all "Vamoosed" to live upon the
range,

I can't say just how true it is, or if
it's true at all.

Perhaps they think they're safer,
which is strange

"A. F. 117."



GARRISON SERGEANTS' MESS, ATHLONE.

A most enjoyable social function,
their Second Annual Dance, was given
by the Amusements Committee of the
Garrison Sergeants' Mess, Athlone, in
the Gymnasium, Custume Barracks, on
Friday, 12th inst.

The Officer Commanding, Colonel
O'Connor and several of the Garrison
officers kindly attended for some time.

The Dance proved a huge success, in
fact the most successful yet held in the
Garrison, being largely attended by
civilian friends from Athlone and sur-
rounding districts, together with al-
most all the N.C.O.'s in Barracks.

The arrangements left nothing to be
desired, catering, music, etc., being of
the highest order, and the Committee
are to be congratulated on the success
of their untiring efforts.

All the Committee deserve praise, but
special mention should be made of S.M.
Kelly, Brigade H.Q., to whom much of
the success was due and who toiled
night and day with this object in view.
(Steady, steady; you are threatened
with rhyme—Ned.)

The music was by the Athlone Har-
monic Band and the programme played
was excellent. A novelty "Spot"
Dance was introduced, the successful
partners being Sergt. Murphy, A.C.C.,
and Mrs. Coffey.

The outstanding success of the Dance
will be more readily appreciated when
it is understood that it was restricted
to admittance by invitation only, no
advertising of any kind being carried
out. It is hoped, in view of its suc-
cess, that this Dance will not be the
last to be held by the Committee and
that more entertainments will follow,
considering how much they do to
brightening the winter and promoting
social relations with the civilian popu-
lation.

"X."



EASTERN COMMAND H.Q. COMPANY.

Things are beginning to hum again
in Eastern Command H.Q. Coy. lines.
A Command Headquarters Gaelic Foot-
ball League has been formed. It con-
sists of twelve teams of seven men
each. Twenty-two matches have to be
played out by each team, and as each
team wins it goes up two points. The
team with the most points at the final
wins the League and incidentally a
beautiful set of gold medals. The fact
that we have in our midst a number
of County and All-Army Football
Champions, including Sergt. Jack Hig-
gins, Corpl. Bates, Pte. O'Shea, Corpl.
Goff, the genial "Cocker," and several
others who have distinguished them-
selves in Dublin and throughout the
country, gives an added zest to our
seven-a-side games. The fixtures for
each week are published in Command
Orders on the previous Saturday.

The formation of a Command Head-
quarters Hurling League is also under
consideration.

A Gaelic Football match between
teams representing No. 1 Command
Coy., A.T.C., and Eastern Command
H.Q. Coy. was played on Wednesday,
17th inst., at the Esplanade, Collins
Barracks, under ideal weather condi-
tions. The game was strenuous and
fast throughout and showed great
ability on both sides, but the Command
team proved a better combination and
secured a well-deserved victory.
Scores:—Command H.Q., 2 goals 3
points; A.T.C., 2 points.

While outdoor games are getting a
fair recognition, indoor games, now
that the long winter nights are with
us, are getting well into swing also.
A Billiards Tournament is being played
off in the men's Billiards Room, where
two splendid Billiards tables and a
Bagatelle table are carefully looked
after by popular "Bill" Roy. Some
of the Command boys expect to be
amongst the chosen at the final.

"Skittles" are fairly popular, and
as the correspondent from the 21st Bat-
talion says, "Would be worth broad-
casting." I never knew "the nigger"
was so unpopular until I witnessed a
game. At his downfall all the players
and onlookers cheered, and pandemo-
nium reigned until another "X" was
chalked down opposite the unfortunate
one's name. Finnegan and Smith are
comedians in a class of their own;

they'd draw tears of mirth from the proverbial stone, especially when they engage in a game of skittles.

A splendid Reading Room is provided here for the comfort of the troops—wireless, loud speaker, gramophone and all complete, together with bookcases filled with the works, fictional and otherwise, of all the best writers. When augmented by the new official Library, particulars of which were published in "An t-Oglach" a few weeks ago, the troops will become veritable bookworms. (Query—Ned.)

We wish all success to Sergt. Murray, Corpl. Kelly and "Snowy" McHugh, who have left us for a short period to undergo a course of training at Command N.C.O.'s Schools.

Congratulations to Lieut. Clear on his appointment in G.H.Q.

Pte. McGowan receives our commendation on being successful in winning two "An t-Oglach" razors. Truly it is a jocular win. Can any other unit beat it? It is a well-known fact that he is busy constructing another joke. The javelin champion may give him some assistance this time.

"Ginger" says the fellows' names are hard to read now since they put them over their beds in Irish.

Who was the "Gink" who spent three weeks buying a new hat and lost it immediately afterwards?

Why does not the "Bobagee" catch the early worm?

An impromptu rag-time band, with "Ginger" as big drummer, gave the "Brigade" a bit of a "start" on a Sunday evening recently.

Who was the "Gink" who asked the Sergeant-Major for a light while his name was being taken?

When will "the powers that be" think fit to issue permanent civilian passes? Will it be for a six-year period only?

"Me Larkie's" rendering of "The Old Billet Fire" aptly describes the coal situation here.

This week's Slogan:—"Stäun up, mon; ye'll fall; ye'll fall."

"ARD AIRGID."

S.O.I., WESTERN COMMAND.

The first day of November, 1926, marked the opening of the first Western Command School of Instruction. The previous day saw the arrival of many weary students from throughout the Command area, many of whom had just evacuated the chair of zealous pen-pushing for the occasion to embark on a new sphere of activity for eight weeks with no optimistic views. (They have my sympathy—I've "been there"—Ned.) Nevertheless Revellie the following morning brought the dawn of a new day (It usually does—Ned) and with it the adoption of a new spirit—"Get down to it." And so the less optimistic and the more seasoned student found the situation after all only a change of routine.

Captain F. Magee, the School O/C., with the assistance of Lieuts. L. O'Meara, T. Fitzgerald and H. O'Neill spared no effort to cater for the comforts of all and to make easy the commencement of what seemed a difficult task.

STUDENTS' "DEFINITIONS."

A "Square" is a large space (too large if any) surrounded by blocks of buildings provided with "look-outs."

"Fix" is the position you find yourself in if you happen to be right or left-hand man and don't know very much about what you are supposed to do.

"Taking your time from the right or left-hand man" does not actually mean taking your time, for if you do you are liable to become detached.

"P.T."—"P" is for the exclusive use of the instructor and means "Put them through through it." "T" is the fervent "thanks" of the students when the half-hour is over.

"R.F."—A representative fraction is the relationship the appearance of the students after three weeks in the school bear to their appearance before they started.

"Communication Drill" is drill in which everyone is in favour of adopting the slogan, "Say it by telephone."

The "first catch" was the second part of the second question on the first Drill examination paper.

A "Party" on the square bears no relation to a party in Bundoran, Boyle, Castlebar or Galway.

"THE TUMBLE DOWN SHACK."

I have found it alack, the tumble down shack, but no rose twines its leaves round the door;

On the first night in bed with a pillow of lead instead of a prayer sure I swore;

There is only one light where I write out at night of my drill o'er the old cobble-stone;

With a hump on my back and no mercy from "Mac" in that tumble down shack in Athlone.

(All rights reserved for duration of first course. Special rates to candidates for the next.)

First week's Slogan:—"Aiming off for Wind."

"BALANCE STEP."

(Pleased to meet you, dear old sufferer in arms. Keep it up—Ned.)

4th BATTALION, CASTLEBAR.

At the meeting of the Executive Council of the A.A.A. held at McKee Barracks on Monday, 15th inst., the objection from the 16th Battalion to the personnel of our hurling team in the Chaplains' Cup Competition was ably opposed by Lieut. Clancy, Asst. Battn. Adjutant and Lieut. Cowan of No. 2 Brigade Staff. Although Col. Byrne, representing the 16th Battn., brought two witnesses all the way from Cork to uphold his objection it was

unanimously overruled by the meeting. We are now for the final of the competition. It is to be hoped that our team will retain its unbeaten 1926 record and so bring the honours to Mayo.

The final of the Mayo Senior Hurling Championship for 1926 will be played on Sunday, 21st inst., at the Asylum Grounds, Castlebar, between Ballyheare and the Major McBrides (4th Battn.). Confident of holding the championship, which they now hold for three years, the boys from the 4th are leaving nothing undone to secure victory.

With the formation of a new Garrison Amusements Committee at Castlebar big things are expected in way of comfort and entertainment for the winter months.

Rumours which appear to be very well founded are afloat regarding an important event which it is believed will come off shortly, and I hope to be in a position next week to offer our heartiest congratulations and good wishes to one of our officers.

"SPARKS."

5th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

The Curragh Command cross-country championship was run off on Wednesday, 10th inst. The weather was not what could be termed "ideal," nevertheless the boys of the 5th put up a fine performance, winning in gallant style.

Congratulations to Lieut. Dalton on being the first man home and the winner of the gold medal. Pte. Jimmy O'Dea and Cpl. Jimmy Cuffe kept "A" Coy.'s colours flying, being second and third respectively. Cpl. Banks represented "D" Coy. and came in fourth, no mean achievement, considering the large number taking part in the run. Well done, Banks.

The Camp Library opens on Monday, 22nd inst., and will be greatly appreciated by all ranks. The necessity of this institution has long been felt in the Camp, and now that it has at last functioned I am sure that all ranks will do their best to make it a success.

We understand that the Sergeants' Mess Amusements Committee are making a start in the right direction at last and we may expect a Whist Drive and Dance in the near future.

The members of the Shoofing Club had a big "Grouse" drive on Saturday, 13th inst. The weather was very bad and spoiled what otherwise would have been a good day's sport. "Grouse" and "Big Bags" was the order of the day. With such crack shots in our midst we feel confident in expecting a good Christmas dinner. (I wonder is there anything sinister in that paragraph?—Ned.)

We wonder if our Roughrider will be allowed to enter for next year's Rodeo and what old "Sparkplug" thinks about it.

"WATCHMAN."

8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

We are indeed pleased to hear that arrangements are being set on foot towards brighter winter evenings as regards indoor recreation for the men of the Battalion. This proposal, I am sure, will meet with the approval of all who have the welfare of the men at heart. The outdoor recreation for this Battalion is well catered for, but much is needed as regards indoor games. Those of us who have experienced a winter on the Curragh know what it is like to be in a dreary cold Barrack room, with nothing to look forward to but next day's routine. A Committee of one man per Company has been appointed, and it is up to this Committee to make the winter evenings bright and cheerful for their comrades. Much credit is due to our Adjutant, Capt. Devine, for the arduous way he has worked to make this a success. (Anything "An t-Oglach" can do to help?—Ned.)

A Brigade Inter-Company Cross-Country run is billed for 24th inst., the distance to be six miles. A Silver Challenge Cup is to go to the winning Company, and four gold medals to the first four men home. Four silver medals to go to the second four men home. The conditions are that each team is to consist of six men, one of whom must be an officer who has done duty with his Company from the 1st October. Men eligible to run with their Company must be on the Pay List of the Company they represent on 1st October. The announcement of this notice in Battalion Orders caused much excitement throughout the Battalion. Men were observed donning their running kit and making off towards the racecourse with the hope of outpacing "Game Hen" or some of the well-known racing gee-gees. It is hard to forecast which Company will carry off the trophy, but "B" Coy. of ours have some great sprinters, and Garrett, no doubt, will make a great bid for it.

A Grand Concert organised by the Curragh Choral Society is to be staged at the Gymnasium on Sunday, 28th inst. We look forward to this date.

The Sergeants are contemplating throwing out a Billiards challenge to the Officers. We hope the proposal will materialize and that the Officers will be able to send forward as good a team as they did last year.

The Sergeants' Mess are to have another Whist Drive and Dance on or about 10th December.

Excitement was rife in "A" Coy.'s lines on the evening of 14th inst. when it became known that "Pivot" had failed to turn up by the excursion which was due in from the West. It afterwards leaked out that he had a forced landing near Geashill, where he was hospitably entertained by friendly inhabitants.

Wedding bells are to be heard very shortly, Cupid having cast his arrow into the heart of Corpl. John Flaherty

of "C" Coy. We all wish John the very best of good luck.

The departure of Capt. M. Higgins, O.C. "C" Coy., to Camp Commandants Staff, Beresford, is very much regretted by the Battalion. This popular officer, who came to us from the 26th Battalion, was beloved by all. We all know how hard he worked for the welfare of his Company to make them worthy of the name of Premier Company of the Battalion. To him we wish the best of good luck.

In the meantime we extend a hearty welcome to his successor, Capt. J. Clinton from Beresford, who takes over Command of "C" Coy. It is not necessary to emphasise all the good work this officer has done to make the life of the soldier a happy one in this Camp. Beresford's Notes told us of all he did to make his men comfortable and I am sure we will find in him the same spirit.

The curtain was rung down on this year's Brigade Inter-Company Football tourney on the 16th inst., when "A" Coy. and "H.Q." Coy. of ours met in the final. "H.Q." Coy. having emerged from their combat with "A" Coy. of the 14th Battn., whom they disposed of by 10 points to 4 points, and as anticipated by me in previous notes, the old men and "A" clashed for the final. The game was played in a downpour, which made the going very heavy, and no doubt very much handicapped "A" Coy., whose team were much lighter than the selection of the two Companies which the old men had the pick from. The betting at the start was slightly in favour of the veterans, who had a few All-Army players in their team, but this did not weaken the faith of "A" Coy.'s supporters, who were ever willing to give odds on their team. It was anyone's game for the first twenty minutes, both defenders being called upon to render aid, but a costly slip made by "A" Coy.'s defence enabled Lang to get through and with judgment and alacrity he scored a beautiful goal. This no doubt shattered "A" Coy.'s hopes and it could be plainly seen they were a beaten team. The crowd yelled and roared to pass it to "Milo," who was "A" Coy.'s only hope, but "Milo," like his team, was a beaten man. The star of "A," Denny Holland, did not come up to expectations. We congratulate the old men's Company, who won by the magnificent score of 13 points to nil, thus winning the cup and set of medals for this year.

After the match both teams were entertained by "H.Q." Coy. Cpl. Forde, "H.Q." Coy.'s trainer and director, made a very fitting speech on the necessity of Gaelic games in our Army. He congratulated both winners and losers on the great game they had played. "Milo" replied on behalf of "A" Coy.'s team. Both teams participated in a sing song and a very enjoyable evening was brought to a close with the "Soldiers' Song."

"GRAVEL CRUSHER."

12th BATTALION, TEMPLEMORE.

After a long lapse, due on the one hand to the absence of part of the Garrison from Battalion Headquarters, and on the other to the renovating of the Chapel, Divine Service was held in the Garrison Chapel on Sunday, the 14th inst.

Rev. Fr. O'Brien (Celebrant), who is now our Chaplain, said he could not let the opportunity pass without complimenting his congregation on their fine appearance and on the successful way in which the renovation of the Chapel had been carried out. He hoped to make some presentation in the near future for the decoration of the Chapel. He reminded the soldiers that they were apt to forget or overlook how their behaviour for good or evil was regarded by the civilian population. The people, he said, looked upon those wearing the green uniform as their protectors, and if any one soldier proved unworthy of that uniform it was sufficient to bring discredit on the Army as a whole.

We hope some copies of "The Life of General Michael Collins and the Making of a New Ireland" will find their way into our Barracks. (It is supplied by the Publishers for six shillings down and six shillings per month—Ned.)

Captain J. C. Byrne has lately been transferred from this Battalion. He was an officer who displayed great strength of purpose in all things and had the reputation of dispensing strict justice in all matters coming to his notice.

Lieut. John R. Hill, an officer of education and culture has resigned. (Once upon a time he was a valued member of "An t-Oglach" staff—Ned.) We wish him success in civilian life.

"C" Coy. were on Saturday, the 13th inst., awarded a w.o. in the Football match against "B" Coy., as the latter were unable to field a team at full strength.

It is thought that "A" Coy. will easily top the list for Hurling honours.

Some few weeks ago I was profuse in my praises in this journal of No. 5a College Street Soldiers' Club. Readers ought not be hard on me if I now advocate the newly-launched "Corkmen's Club." (That's all right: I'm forming a non-Corkmen's Protection Association—Ned.)

Lieut. Sullivan has recently left Battalion Headquarters for Limerick. He had a prolonged stay in Kilworth Camp as Musketry Instructor and is again looking forward to a very busy time.

"ROS CAIRBRE."

KEEP YOUR COPIES OF

"An t-Oglach."

15th BATTALION, LIMERICK.

"The school, has started to operate," writes one of the boys, "and the able pedagogue insists that I sit down and write an Essay on 'Swinging the Lead.' The fact is that I am more capable of 'Swinging the Lead,' than writing of the art. 'Dodging the Column' is my only hobby. From the first notes of Reveille to the last notes of Tattoo I do as little as I can to make sure to keep out of sight. The few times I do justice to myself are at breakfast, dinner and tea—but then one must let people see that he at least does something. I am a pioneer (save the mark) but it's a gift to have six other stalwarts, branded with the same name working with you, whose motto is 'Keep away from the waxed floor.' I will close now teacher, and if you want any extra tips on the art of 'Lead Swinging' just 'scorch' me up. Yours truly, Jess."
(What was the name of that cocktail, Ned.)

The Indoor Amusements Committee has had several meetings and it is rumoured that it will make its first "breakaway" by running a Whist Drive and Dance in the Gym. on the night of Friday the 26th inst. Roll on Friday night, till we "Trip it as we go on the light fantastic toe."

We are looking forward with interest to the issue of the Christmas Number of "An t-Oglach." It will no doubt contain many articles and abundance of useful reading, that will interest the boys, especially those of us that will not have the pleasure of visiting our homes for the Christmastide. At present the sale of "An t-Oglach" is going on well in this Battalion. (Is it?—Ned.) A new system is in vogue, and now each Company has its own Distributing Agent, who sends in the requisition every week for the number required for their respective Companies. The Distributing Agents appointed are as follows:—

"A" Coy. Private Thomas Danaher
"B" Coy. Corporal John O'Connor,
"C" Coy. Sergt. William Evans.
"D" Coy. Private James O'Rourke.
"H.Q." Coy. Private Richard Collier.
Battalion Agent. Private Gerald Flaherty

The different Agents are deserving of great laudation for the enthusiastic way they first of all advertised, and then sold the number of copies allotted to them. We hope that not only will they merely help to sell "An t-Oglach" but also help to swell its pages, by submitting to the Battalion Scribe, useful notes concerning their own Companies. (Hear, hear, Ned.) With "B" Company into the swing of things, we will soon be able to boast of not having even one unsold copy. (There seems to have been a record sale for October—Ned.)

Private Socks.—(who has obliged the audience in the Federation Dance with a song). By-the-way Miss Drifter, did you er-notice the bird-like quality of my voice?"

Miss Drifter.—"Yes, but there are many kinds of birds."

We wish to announce that every week hence forward, there will be a prize given to the Soldier that will submit the best joke for publication in the Battalion Notes. Something better than Ned's Safety Razor

—you bet. (But it isn't a safety razor—Ned).

Suggested Christmas present from the Quartermaster to the C.Q.M.S.'s:—A bound volume of Army Forms, with the following embossed thereon:—"Many happy Returns."

The following are quotations from Prose and Poetry, that have a remarkable bearing on the daily routine of a Soldier:—

Reveille.—"Sleep on beloved."

Breakfast.—"Meekly wait, and murmur not."

Kit Inspection.—"All things bright and beautiful."

Dinner.—"Haste thee nymph and bring with thee," Stew, and a "buckshee" mug o' tea.

Rifle drill.—"Go. labour on."

Tea.—"What means this eager anxious queue."

Last Post.—"Are ye safely gathered in?"

Lights out.—"Come forth to-night."

(There are a few others, but I forget them at the moment.—Ned).

The Battalion Inter-Coy. Football Competition has reached the highest rung, and shortly we will be able to describe the final try for superiority. "H.Q." Coy. getting a bye are into the final, and their prospects of being the victors are very high. "D" Coy. who won out in the semi-final are to be their opponents, and a great game is anticipated. The semi-final took place on Wednesday the 17th inst., between "D" Coy. and "B" Coy. It was an amazing struggle throughout, and it was noticed that great excitement reigned amongst the supporters of both Companies. During the match "B" Coy. had very hard luck, and missed many a good opportunity near the goal mouth. It was no one-sided affair and with "B" pressing at the final stages, no one could determine who was to be the winner. On the whole, "D" had a better team and there was better combination, but again it was plainly obvious that "B" were determined to win. Amongst the spectators were Col. J. E. Vize, the Bde. Commander, together with the Battn. Commander and Adjutant and all the other Coy. Officers of the Battalion. A "salient" figure in the side line was the Coy/Sgt. of "D" Coy. spurring his men on to victory with shouts of: Come on "D." At the finish the scores were:—"D" Coy. 1 goal, and "B" Coy. 2 points. Lieut. O'Connell, Ptes. Grimes, Kenny, Taylor and Arthurs (goalie) of "D" Coy. and Sergt. McCormack, Ptes. Doherty (goalie), Whelan, Kinihan, and Cpl. Fegan of "B" Coy. are deserving of special mention for their good play. We are anxiously looking forward to the final.

The permanent "Chats" were marked "Civies."

But now they are called in—Ochone! No more will we saunter in mufti, 'Bout the City of gay Garryowen.

"GARRYOWEN."

**23rd BATTALION.**

With apologies for my lapse of last week, I hasten to make amends, and ensure all the boys of the Batt., that the like will never happen again "Misther O'Dowd."

It gives us great pleasure to hear of "Me Larkie's" interest in our Cross-Country team, and we beg to assure him that when the time comes, we will be hoppin' along "Dead Cush," headed by the redoubtable "Rory." Everyone will be glad to see Rory out of "Dock," hale and hearty as ever. We wish him the best of luck on his "Fourteen of the best" with R.A. I am told that when he returns, things will look up in the spiked-shoe Department, so mayhap, we will repeat our last year's performance and carry off the Brigade Championship.

By the time these notes are in print, our match with Beresford will have been decided. Contrary to expectations, Croke Park is the venue, and not Newbridge, so our "Bit of an Excursion" is off for the present. Hard luck, isn't it? But we have hopes of the final.

Our sincere good wishes accompany Lieutenant H. Barry on his departure to civil life. We lose a most popular Officer. During his period of duty with the Batt. in the capacity of Asst. Q.M., he endeared himself to all ranks.

We wish Lieutenant D. J. Farrell every success in his new appointment as Q.M., Eastern Command N.C.O.'s School of Instruction. General regret is felt on this Officer's departure (temporary, we trust), and all ranks hope for his speedy return to the Batt.

We seek enlightenment on the following:

If a twelve inch nose makes a foot?

If fifteen footballers make a score?

Is a fisherman's fortune "Nett" profit?

Can an All-round sportsman play square?

Are musicians men of note?

Is "Sacks" "Squee-gee" on the inventory Board?

The Amusements Committee are not allowing the grass to grow under their feet, as arrangements are already under way for the launching of another concert. The Dramatic Class are hard at work on a new play and judging by the energetic efforts of all concerned, the forthcoming event will surpass anything yet attempted.

What has become of "Kay" 22nd Battalion? We miss his chatty article this past few weeks. (He is disguised—Ned).

This week's Slogan: It must be seven o'clock, Sa-a-argint.

"COLLAR-BADGE."

**24th BATTALION, DUNDALK.**

By the time these notes are in print, the Battalion Hurling Championship will be nearing the end. It is intended to play two matches on Saturday, the 20th inst., and to play off the semi-final during the coming week.

The final arrangements in connection with the Boxing Tournament on December 6th, are completed. Ten fights are down for decision and embrace some of the recent Army Champions. Will any of the Dublin readers think of coming to Dundalk on the occasion? (They certainly should. Easy to arrange parties.—Ned).

It is rumoured that the Drogheda Garrison propose entering Stirling of the Medical Service for the next Handball Competition. We believe he is the "last

word." What say you, Mick? Likewise we hear that the same Garrison intend carrying off everything at Kilbride next year. At any rate the Range has been going great guns lately.

What prevented some of the boys returning from Cavan after witnessing the Ulster—Munster match, and what did McCabe say to McEntee when the train steamed out of Clones station?

Our ever popular visitor, the Dentist, paid us another flying visit during the week. Once the list appears, from all parts of the Barrack you hear: "Say, Mac, is my name on that list?"

With dismay we have to announce to our readers that all letters emanating from this part relative to Marriage Allowance, have been lost in the post.

OUR SHORT STORY.

Once upon a time a certain Coy. Sgt. took unto himself the responsibilities of a C.Q.M.S. But when he came as far as the Gas Meter, the Water Meter and the 288 B's, he resigned. He has now resumed duty as Coy. Sgt.

"NORTHERN LIGHTS."



ATHLONE GARRISON NOTES.

Rumour hath it that the Amusements Committee are to stage a big treat for the boys on 24th inst. The Programme, which is an ambitious one, will include a one act play, entitled "Postal Orders," to be followed by a Farce. I understand that, since the last Concert, a lot of new Talent has been unearthed, so we can be sure of being treated to some good vocal items.

Owing to the big expense incurred by the Committee, they have reluctantly decided to charge a small fee to their next Concert. As every member of the Garrison is aware of the good work done by the Committee in providing entertainments, I'm sure they will have no hesitation in paying this little entrance fee.

Last week over 140 couples attended the weekly dance for N.C.O.'s and men of the Garrison—sufficient guarantee of the popularity of this function.

Arrangements are now complete for the holding of Whist Drives once every fortnight. The first one will be held on Thursday the 18th inst. The prizes are very valuable, and should draw a good attendance from among the garrison.

The Committee are also arranging a Billiards Tournament, each unit in Barracks to provide one team consisting of four players, irrespective of rank. The winning team will be presented with a set of gold medals. This is a step in the right direction, and I hope that every unit O/C will cooperate with the Committee in making it a success.

The Engineers are hard at work getting the Library ready. There is no need for me to dwell on the advantages to be gained by members of the Garrison who patronise this Institution. Everybody's taste is catered for, and I only hope that it will meet with the success it deserves. Full report of the forthcoming entertainment will be published in the next issue of "An t-Oglach." (But send in your notes earlier. This lot reached us only on Tuesday morning and only secured publication in this issue by the merest chance.—Ned).

"SPECTATOR."



No. 1 BRIGADE H.Q.

This Scribe has no claim to literary fame,
But hopes to become a Free-Lancer,
So don't look so frowny, "Me
Larkie's" a Towny,
And forgive me if I'm a Chancer.

Well, it is about time we woke up, Ned, what say you? (Sure, but you're asking for trouble in that quatrain.—Ned).

A meeting of No. 1 Brigade Sports Committee was held on 10th instant, Lieut. D. Roache presiding. Various suggestions for Indoor amusement were adopted. At the time of writing several of these suggestions have already materialised, viz., Ring Boards, Dart Boards, Draughts and Chess.

The President, Lieut. Roche, read a Circular re the Finner Library which is being instituted during the present month. The Library will be an extensive one, and the President expressed the hope that all N.C.O.'s and Men of No. 1 Brigade and Special Services, would avail themselves of this valuable asset to the Camp.

A suggestion that a Billiard Table be purchased for No. 1 Brigade and Special Services caused a lengthy and somewhat spirited debate, concluding with the President's ruling that a special meeting would have to be called for this subject.

It is to be hoped that this suggestion will not be allowed to drop, as a Billiards Table is the only essential thing in the way of Indoor amusement that the Camp now lacks.

A Brigade Headquarters Football Team was formed, and a match has already been arranged with Ballyshannon town (as "your man says, 'Town' is right") to take place on the first Sunday that the Ballyshannon boys are free.

These "Doings" won't go into the waste paper basket anyhow, Ned—that is if you're as short of Coal as we are.

Before concluding, may I—er—a—call again? (Just pull the latch and make yourself at home.—Ned).

"ENABARTS."

20th BATT., KILKENNY.

As we predicted in our last contribution, the Amusements Committee lost no time in arranging several enjoyable evenings by way of Boxing contests. Each Company Competition was fought out in a very sporting manner. It was pleasing to note that even some of the losers fought so well as to win, if not their fights, the admiration of the onlookers. A proof of which is that no less than three of the losers received 100 cigarettes each from anonymous sources. This week the semi-finals of each company were fought out, and the final bouts are expected to take place during the coming week, when we hope to let you have the names of the winners for publication. (Earlier than this week's notes, laddie—Monday morning next at latest.—Ned.)

The first Concert was held on Monday night before a crowded house. The Committee deserve praise, but they should strive for greater punctuality. The Concert on the whole was very good. The outstanding feature being the "Nigger Boys" of "B" Company ably marshalled by C/Sergt. Cummins, while Sergt. Stephens and "Cox" excelled themselves in a laughable sketch entitled "Recruiting." The other items of the programme we pass without remark, as we had the assurance of the M.C., that the management was handicapped by the absence of the best artists. (Looks as if the Committee had been "let down." If anyone promises to contribute he should attend. Nothing but "clink" should prevent him.—Ned.)

Great interest is centred in our meeting with General Headquarters in the Chaplains' Cup next Thursday. The result remains to be seen, but we can assure our rivals that we intend to be wider awake this time. A half-holiday for the occasion is generally expected and it is hoped that this privilege will be granted, as undoubtedly G.H.Q. will bring their supporters.

It is understood a great number of books have been received for the opening of a library for N.C.O.'s and men, most, if not all, of whom will hail with delight a lending library. Certainly a long-felt need has now been supplied.

Who is the favourite for the Billiard Tournament about to start?

When will breeches be issued again?

Were the Brigade Staff shocked or merely surprised when issued with rubber shoes?

Will there be Christmas Tree for the Children this year? (And if not, why not.—Ned).

THE PREMIER."

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

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Orders for EXTRA supplies of our ENLARGED CHRISTMAS NUMBER MUST reach this Office not later than MONDAY, 29th NOVEMBER, 1926.

25th BATTALION, ATHLONE.

On Sunday, 14th inst., before a small crowd at Streamstown, Athlone (25th Battalion) met Collinstown in the final of the Westmeath Senior Hurling Championship. The weather was inclined to be showery and the previous night's heavy rain left the field in bad order for a fast game.

Our lads in spite of adverse conditions gave a finished display and were deserving winners. It would be hard to pick out one or two of the team for special merit. Suffice to say that all of the fifteen were masters of their positions all the time.

From the throw in Collinstown broke away, but were held by Nugent, who returned to midfield; play continued even for about ten minutes when Long centred nicely for Keane to open the scoring by a goal for Athlone. From the puck out Collinstown worked down but Hogan cleared well. Cuddihy got possession and shot inches wide. The puck out was returned by O'Higgins and Kelly sent wide. Collinstown worked down but could not pass Crowley on the left wing. Lenehan got possession on the left wing and beat the goalie for Athlone's second goal. The puck out was returned by Long and Keane registered a minor. From the puck out Collinstown made a desperate onslaught, but it was successfully held by Power and McMahon on the last line of defence. Maher got possession and put Cuddihy to score a minor.

Half-time went leaving the score:—Athlone, 2 goals 2 points; Collinstown, nil.

From the throw in Sullivan worked up and Lenihan scored a nice goal. The puck out saw Collinstown attack, but O'Connor held them and the return went to Kelly, who got Athlone's fourth goal. O'Higgins sent back the puck out for Lenihan to find the net for Athlone's fifth goal. Nugent again held up a rush and Kelly got possession to score a minor. Long got the puck out and

Keane had an open goal as Collinstown left the field in face of a shower.

Mr. H. Sherin refereed with all satisfaction. Final score, 5 goals 3 points; nil.

Athlone's Fifteen were:—Captains O h-Uiginn, Nuinsean, agus O h-Ogáin; Lieutenant Ceallaigh, C.Q.M.S. O Cruadhlaioich, Cpl. O Conchobhair, S/S. O Longaigh (capt.), Ford (goal), de Paor, Mac Mathghamhna, O Meachair, O Suilleabhain, O Cuidighigh, O Leanachain agus O Cathain.

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

Overheard at the Ration Stand:—

Orderly Corporal to Orderly Officer: "Sir, I wish to make a complaint about the meat."

Orderly Officer: "Well, what's wrong with the meat?"

Orderly Corporal: "There is too much bone in it, sir."

Orderly Officer: "Well, my man, you don't expect to buy a field without stones in it."

Orderly Corporal: "You are quite right, sir, but I didn't bargain for a quarry."

Prize of Solingen razor awarded to Private M. Flynn, Command H.Q. Coy., Athlone.

A group of workmen at lunch hour were discussing evolution and the origin of man. One of the party remained silent, when a companion turned on him and demanded his opinion. "I ain't goin' to say," he replied doggedly. "I remember as how Henry Green and me threshed that all out once before an' it's settled, s'far's I'm concerned.

"But what conclusion did you arrive at?"

"Well, we didn't arrive at the same conclusion. Henry, he arrived at the hospital an' I at the police station."

A scientist has invented a process for restoring old mackintoshes. We wish some one would devise a means of restoring new umbrellas.

She: "Don't you ever speak of love?"

He (tactfully): "Er—yes. Lovely weather, isn't it?"

Field-worker in Sociology 103—"But have you no religious convictions, my good man?"

Convict—"Yes, mum; I was caught breaking into a church collection box."

When Greek Meets Greek.—A grinning crowd stood around the two unconscious men lying on the sidewalk. "What's the matter here?" demanded a policeman who had rushed up, attracted by the crowd. "Oh, nothing," replied one of the bystanders. "A real-estate man was trying to sell a lot to the motor-car salesman who was trying to sell him a car. They were pretty evenly matched, for they both dropped from exhaustion at the same moment.

The following appears in Routine Orders issued by a certain Battalion on 12th inst. :—

"Shores should be cleaned of mud at regular intervals to prevent blockage of drains." Some job for a Coastal Pioneer Squad.

Sensitive Soul (on street-car)—"Hey, boy, wake up!"

Boy—"I ain't asleep. I just got my eyes closed. I can't bear to see women standing in a crowded street-car."

"Miss Ponder," said the O/C., "you are a very handsome young woman."

"Oh!" said the typist, blushing.

"You dress neatly and you have a well-modulated voice. Your deportment is also above reproach."

"You shouldn't pay me so many compliments."

"Oh, that's all right," said the O/C. "I merely wanted to put you in a cheerful frame of mind before taking up the matter of punctuation and spelling."

"The modern girl's hair looks like a mop," says a critic. But that doesn't worry her. She doesn't know what a mop looks like.

Vocal Shorthand.—"Use the word dimension in a sentence."

"Dimension me in his last letter."

The Old Method.—Aunt—"But your fiancé has such a small income, dear. How are you going to live on it?"

Annette (brightly)—"Oh, we're going to economize. We're going to do without such a lot of things that Geoffrey really needs."

"And how have you been getting on, Mrs. Mumble?"

"Ah, miss, not too well. My poor husband 'ad a parallel stroke, and we've 'ad a 'ard time to make both ends meet."

The passengers in the big car speeding towards the railroad crossing began arguing whether or not they could beat the train.

"Don't get excited," said the driver, "I can easily make it."

"And I say you can't," shouted the front-seat passenger. "The train will beat us by twenty seconds."

"Gwan!" said the driver, who kept increasing his speed while the argument continued.

Finally a passenger in the rear seat, who had said nothing so far, remarked as he clutched the sides of the rushing car. "For my part, I don't care a hang who wins this race, but I hope it won't be a tie."

The doctor had just been visiting a patient, and as the man's wife was showing him out he said to her, "Your husbands not so well to-day, Mrs. Maloney. Is he sticking to the simple diet I prescribed?"

"He is not, sorr," came the reply. "He says he'll not be after starvin' himself to death just for the sake of livin' a few years longer."

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