



Vol. V. No. 23.

December 11th, 1926.

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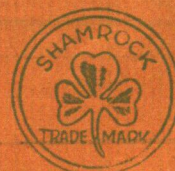
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Vol. V. No. 23.

DECEMBER 11, 1926.

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No. 27
" BUTT DUTY."

An t-ÓgláC

DECEMBER 11, 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 AG AN EASARCTÓIR.

OFFICERS' EDUCATION.

WE would like all our Officer readers to study carefully the excellent article from the U.S.A. "Coast Artillery Journal" which appears in page 9 of this issue. It is, perhaps, somewhat beyond the stage at which the greater number of our Officer personnel have arrived, but it indicates with brevity and lucidity the path to be followed by those who have definitely chosen the military profession and who have adopted the mottoes of "Progress" and "Efficiency"—without which few people will arrive anywhere, nowadays. As most of our readers are doubtless aware, plans are afoot for the higher training of our Officer personnel, and when these plans have matured there will be no difficulty in following the course outlined by our American contemporary. In the meantime, however, there is no reason why the military education of any zealous Officer should be brought to a halt. The necessary text-books, etc., can be procured from various sources (including the Carnegie Students' Library to which we referred some months ago), and all that is required is a reasonable measure of diligent application.

It is particularly desirable that all available sources of military education should be taken advantage of by those successful in obtaining posts in connection with the recently advertised vacancies for Cadets in the Air Force and the Army Corps of Engineers. Those who have joined as Cadets have definitely adopted a military career: they are young men, mostly from Universities and High Schools, and it is to men of this type that the Army must look for the Irish military leaders of the future. We have been a race of soldiers since the days of the Red Branch, to go no further back, and as the researches of the Marquess MacSwiney of Mashanaglass and others have clearly proved we have won to distinguished positions in almost all the armies of the world. Even at the moment, as is shown by another article in this issue, the members of our Military Mission to America are making such rapid progress in the instructional camps over there as to merit special comment from the Service journals. It is earnestly to be hoped that every Officer at home will strive continually to be worthy of our soldier ancestors and of our brilliant comrades at present undergoing instruction in the United States.

CHRISTMAS LEAVE AND PAY.

In connection with the Christmas season it has been decided that the holiday period will extend from 13.00 hours on the 24th December to 09.30 hours on the 28th December.

General Officers Commanding Commands, Curragh Training Camp, and Officers Commanding Corps and Services are empowered to use their own discretion in dealing with applications for leave subject to retaining the necessary strength of personnel in barracks consistent with safety.

Officers will be pleased to learn that the Q.M.G. has agreed, as far as possible, to facilitate them in the matter of financial arrangement to meet the abnormal commitments of the Christmas period. Details will be obtained on application to the Chief Pay and Accounts Officer by those desirous of obtaining this privilege.

XMAS AT THE SOLDIERS' CLUB.

The coming festive season promises to be an exceptionally busy one at the Soldiers' Club, 5a College Street, Dublin (near College Green). The Committee in anticipation of the wishes of the Club's patrons are leaving nothing undone to make the Club as attractive and as comfortable as possible during Christmastide. The renovation operations are now completed and the Club is very much improved. It is gratifying to find that the institution is so well patronised and the coming holidays should find the sleeping facilities available, booked well in advance. Already applications to reserve sleeping accommodation are reaching the Superintendent from many centres and patrons will be well advised to send a postcard as soon as they ascertain that Christmas leave will be given. In sending the postcard it is essential to state the date on which you expect to arrive.

The Library has been augmented considerably and new books are being added to the list constantly. One of the latest publications, "Michael Collins and the Making of a New Ireland," will be found available for patrons on request. The Lending Library facilities are much availed of and appreciated. In addition, the Reading Room contains a generous supply of daily, weekly and monthly periodicals which cover practically every interest and cater for the tastes of all.

In the Writing Room writing paper and materials are provided free on request.

Probably the Christmas "atmosphere" will manifest itself most conspicuously in the Restaurant, where plum puddings, mince pies and other seasonable fare will be provided.

IN CAPTIVITY

From "WITH THE IRISH IN FRONGOCH."

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

(Being the Forty-third 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 XXX.—Continued.

But before many days had elapsed, we understood the keen anxiety of the authorities to have us properly re-clothed at once.

On the morning of the 7th December "Jack-knives" came into the dormitory.

"Come now, lads," he yelled in his stentorian voice, "urry hup and get this place washed out. There's two — generals from the War Office coming round at 11 o'clock; so don't have the place so that it can be complained abaht."

We did not hurry any more than usual, for the simple reason that there was no necessity. We always did a thorough job in the cleaning up line; and did not require any unnecessary urging thereto.

At 11 o'clock when "Jack-knives" entered again and called the dormitory to attention for the Colonel and his staff, and the two *Generals* from the War Office, we could not suppress a slight guffaw. Anything more unlike "two Generals" than the two gentlemen accompanying "Buckshot" could not well be imagined.

One of them had a white beard, and was bent on a walking stick, and had the appearance of an immensely old man. Yet for all that his sharp, intelligent face, and keen, piercing eyes gave indications of a mental alertness and acumen far beyond the ordinary. The other gentleman, though quite upright, was still well advanced in years, and of a spare figure. He had the appearance of attending upon his companion.

Nothing seemed to escape the eagle eye of the old gentleman. Entering the dormitory he went straight over to the two latrines in the corner. Although his voice was sharp and strong we could not distinguish what it was he was saying; but we gathered that he

was not quite satisfied with the arrangement. He also made down one of the beds and got into it. He looked a most comical sight in the bed with his tall silk hat still on his head; and the whiteness of his beard accentuated by the dark coloured tweed blankets.

"Buckshot" called his attention to the fact that each of the prisoners had three blankets each. But the old gentleman retorted that in reality they only had two, as having no bed sheets they would have to use one of them as an under blanket. He was certainly very shrewd.

I concluded that they were two inspectors from the Home Office; and although I had complaints to make that morning I decided to ignore them, and lodge them with the adjutant. It was seldom worth while making a complaint to a Home Office official. They were always most courteous and considerate; but their replies, which smacked strongly of a Parliamentary answer, were seldom remedies.

As they perambulated round the dormitory the Adjutant was the last of the party. When they were passing my bed, at which I was standing to attention, I stepped up to the Adjutant and told him I wished to make a complaint. Instantly he was all attention. I complained that I was not given my medicine the previous evening when I went for it. He promised to attend to it at once. I then complained of the condition of the latrine in the dormitory. He linked his arm in mine and brought me up to the latrine in a most fraternal manner. Little I dreamed how neatly he was hoodwinking me. I pointed out all the faults of the place; and he promised to have them remedied at the earliest possible moment. He then engaged me in conversation as to my future prospects in life; and gave me a lot of nice fraternal advice concerning looking after my health. In this way he held me with silken cords

at the head of the room until the others had got clear of the premises. Then he bid me a somewhat hasty good-morning.

The men in the dormitory crowded round in a little group, and some of the Dublins told me that the little old gentleman was Sir Charles Cameron. I could have kicked myself there and then for my stupidity. Instantly I recognised why the Adjutant was so anxious to get me to the head of the room and to hold me in conversation there until they had cleared off. He did not want me to lodge the complaint concerning the lack of medical attention to Sir Charles.

I had always feared the effect on the men of the Adjutant's plausibility; and had always striven to combat it. Yet here I had let him outwit me, by the very same means; and, too, at a moment when a golden opportunity presented itself. I do not think I ever felt smaller in my life.

However, the defeat was only a temporary one.

When Sir Charles had entered the compound the majority of the men were drawn up in the outer compound. Having overlooked the men, Sir Charles passed on to an inspection of the premises. Whilst he was thus engaged the prisoners deputed four of their officers to wait upon him and lay a series of complaints before him. Thus as he emerged from the inner compound and went to inspect the cells the four officers advanced out of the ranks. The Adjutant tried to get them to go back to their places, but they would not do so. Sir Charles hearing the wrangle came to the door of the cells, and asked the prisoners if they wished to see him. They replied that they wished to lay some complaints before him. He told them that he would see them the following morning.

When the four prisoners entered the office where Sir Charles was accommo-

dated, "Buckshot" entered almost immediately.

"Do you think am I quite safe with them?" asked Sir Charles, looking at the prisoners with a humorous twinkle in his eyes.

"Oh, yes," replied "Buckshot" pompously, "they are not so blood-thirsty as that."

"Then I shall not want your protection," replied Sir Charles suavely; and bowed the Colonel out.

The prisoners then laid a detailed series of complaints before Sir Charles. When they came to the part detailing the insufficiency of the official rations, Sir Charles asked:

"Is there anything which you get enough of?"

"Oh, yes," replied Collins. "We get enough salt."

Commandant Staines had asked to see Sir Charles Cameron as soon as he heard he was in the Camp; but the authorities would not allow him to do so. According to the Camp Regulations Commandant Staines was the proper person to have lodged the complaints on behalf of the prisoners. That the authorities would not allow him to do so was a subtle compliment to his ability.

We did not see Sir Charles Cameron's report, but were told on very good authority that it was almost wholly in favour of the prisoners. And there is no doubt but that a report of such a nature coming from so eminent an authority, and following hot-foot upon the effects of our publicity campaign, was one of the chief factors which decided the authorities to liberate us. As an illustration of the impotence to which we had reduced the Camp authorities I quote the following incident.

The Land Commissioners had decided to dismiss two of their clerks named Sheppard and Lynch, both of whom were interned in Frongoch. It was essential that the documents be personally served upon them. "Jelly-belly" was sent into the compound to find them and bring them out to the Adjutant's office. He searched the whole place up and down; and questioned practically every prisoner he came across. But all to no purpose.

At last he was giving it up as a bad job, and when crossing the inner compound on his way out to the Adjutant's office he met two prisoners in the middle of the yard.

"Did either of you see Sheppard or Lynch?" he asked.

"No," they replied; "but we expect they're knocking around somewhere."

"The Adjutant wants them at once," continued "Jelly-belly," "and I've been searching for them all over the place; but can't find them. I know them as well as I know my own brother; but I expect that they've heard I'm looking for 'em and are 'iding somewhere."

"What does the Adjutant want them for," asked the prisoners.

"Blessed if I know."

"We haven't seen them," they replied. And then "Jelly-belly" went on his way. The two prisoners were the very men he was looking for.

(To be continued.)

OFFICER ATHLETES.

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

[Note.—By a printer's error one of the signatures to the letter which appeared under this heading in our last issue was given as "E. Mooney." It should have read "E. Rooney"—Ed.]

A Chara.—I have read with interest the joint contribution of Capt. Rooney and Lieut. Tully in last week's "An t-Oglach."

While agreeing that something should be done to promote boxing competitions amongst the Officers, I cannot see "eye to eye" with some of their statements regarding Officers in general. "The omission of Officers from active participation in sports generally" is not a well known fact, but such may be the belief of people who rely for their information upon daily newspapers, aided by an occasional visit to the sports field. Anyone actively associated with the A.A.A. must think differently if we are to judge by some of the performances given by Officers at present serving in the Army.

I can reasonably assume that the Officer referred to as a notable runner is Lieut. G. N. Coughlan. Capt. Rooney and Lieut. Tully must have followed athletics very closely to secure this piece of information which is common knowledge to almost everyone in Ireland.

In what category would those gentlemen place the following if they are not notable runners and athletes?

Lieut. J. O'Flaherty:—100 Yds. Champion of Ireland, 1922; winner of Clonliffe Sprint, 1922 and 1924.

100 Yds. and 220 All-Army Champion, 1925—(our pride)—and Champion of United Services, 1926.

Capt. P. McKenna:—440 Yds. Army Champion and 440 Yds. Kildare Champion, beaten in the Services Sports by Ireland's second best 440 man, M. Greagan, fully extended.

Lieut. Dalton:—Secured a win from George Megan in the Mile Championship of Kildare, is unbeaten over any distance from five to ten miles, and has admirably defied all opposition in cross-country running this season.

Lieut. Cotter:—Munster Champion High Jumper, three times undefeated Army Champion.

Capt. Lohan:—One of the most versatile athletes in Ireland, acquitted himself with honour at all games, as can be seen from his chain of championship medals (football, hurdles, high jump, long jump, weights, etc., etc.).

Major O'Connor's performances are known even to the hurler off the ditch.

Comdt. O'Neill—Army Champion Life-saver.

Lieut. Griffen—Munster Champion and Army Champion; has the honour of having beaten J. J. Ryan over a mile scratch, when Ryan was at his best.

Capt. F. O'Doherty—Army Discus Champion, 1923, '24, '25.

Capt. O'Riordan—Army Champion Weights, 1924.

Lieut. O'Doherty—Half-Mile Army Champion, 1925.

Lieut. McMahon—Army Champion Hop-Step-Jump, 1926.

Those are but a few of the performances by Officers in the Army, and how Capt. Rooney and Lieut. Tully can reconcile the statement that we have no runners, no jumpers, no weight-throwers, etc., with the above I fail to see.

The only conclusion I can come to is that those two gentlemen have not even gone so far as to take an active interest in the A.A.A., much less an active part where it is most needed on the sports field.

J. J. HOGAN, Lieut.,

8th Battalion, Curragh Camp.

RETREAT AT THE CURRAGH TRAINING CAMP.

Fr. Lawrence and Fr. Angelus, S.F.C., opened a week's Retreat in preparation for the Feast of the Nativity at St. Paul's Church on Sunday, Nov. 28th. The services were attended by immense congregations morning and evening during the week. At the conclusion of the evening service the exercises prescribed for the Jubilee by our Holy Father the Pope were carried out.

At the General Communion on Friday, Saturday and Sunday over 1,000 Officers, N.C.O.'s and men approached the altar.

In his concluding discourse Fr. Lawrence paid a tribute to the spirit of Catholicity shown by the officers and men of the Army. It was his privilege to have conducted several missions for members of Oglagh na hEireann, and on each occasion was noticeable a deeper spirit of devotion to religion and duty and a closer co-operation between officers and men in the responsibility entrusted to them—the preservation of that grand tradition of Ireland, crystallized in the motto "Faith and Fatherland." He congratulated the Chaplains of the Camp upon their untiring zeal, the general body of troops for their magnificent attendance and attention, and the Headquarters Staff for the facilities afforded, without which the Retreat could not have been such a remarkably great success. With pleasure he would look back on his association with the Army and hoped that in the future Fr. Angelus and himself would have opportunities of extending that Christian friendship which had united them to the officers and men of the Defence Forces.

The Retreat was solemnly closed on Sunday evening, December 5th, with the renewal of Baptismal Vows and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by the Very Rev. Fr. Ryan, Head Chaplain.

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THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

ARITHMETIC.—Lesson No. 32.

COMPOUND PRACTICE—Continued.

ACRES, ROODS AND PERCHES.

Example No. 1.

Find the cost of 81 acres 3 roods and 25 perches at £2 2s. 0d. per acre.

First Method.—Proceed to find the cost of the total area at £1 per acre as in Simple Practice, as follows:—

ows :—

1 acre	costs	£	s.	d.
1 rood = $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1 acre	"	1	0	0
1 perch = $\frac{1}{40}$ th of 1 rood	"		5	0
				1 $\frac{1}{2}$

acres roods perches £ s. d.

Now	81	0	0	costs	81	0	0	at £1 acre.
		3	0	"		15	0	"
			25	"		3	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	"

Therefore	81	3	25	"	81	18	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
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At £2 per acre	81	3	25	"	163	16	3	
At 2s. per acre	81	3	25	"	8	3	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	(2s. = 1-10th).
					£172	0	0 $\frac{1}{2}$	

£172 0s. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Answer.

Second Method.

	£	s.	d.	
	2	2	0	cost of 1 acre.
	10			
	21	0	0	cost of 10 acres.
	8			
	168	0	0	cost of 80 acres.
	2	2	0	cost of 1 acre.
	170	2	0	cost of 81 acres.
	1	1	0	
2 roods = $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 acre				
1 rood = $\frac{1}{4}$ of 2 roods				
20 perches = $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 rood				
5 perches = $\frac{1}{4}$ of 20 perches				
81 acres 3 roods 25 perches	£172	0	0	Answer.

MILES, FURLONGS AND PERCHES.

Example 2.

Find the cost of 12 miles 6 furlongs and 20 perches of fencing at £8 10s. 8d. per mile.

First Method.

Take the cost at £1 per mile		£	s.	d.	cost of 1 mile.			
1 furlong=1.8th of 1 mile		=	0	2	6 cost of 1 furlong.			
1 perch=1.40th of 1 furlong		=		¾	cost of 1 perch.			
Now	miles	furs.	pers.	£	s.	d.		
	12	0	0	costs	12	0	0	
		6	0	"		15	0	
			20	"		0	1	3
Therefore	12	6	20	"	<hr/>			
					12	16	3	at £1 per mile.
					102	10	0	at £8
	10s.	= ½ of £1	=	6	8	1½	at 10s.	"
	8d.	= 1.15th of 10s.	=	8	6½	at 8d.	"	"
					£109	6	8	

Second Method.—This is as explained in Example 1.

We give hereunder the principal fractional parts of (a) an acre, (b) a mile.

(A) Fractional Parts of an Acre.

2 roods	=	$\frac{1}{2}$
1 rood	=	$\frac{1}{4}$
32 sq. per.	=	1-5th
20 sq. pers.	=	1-8th
16 sq. pers.	=	1-10th
10 sq. pers.	=	1-16th
8 sq. pers.	=	1-20th

(B) Fractional Parts of a Mile.

4 furs.	=	$\frac{1}{4}$
2 furs.	=	$\frac{1}{2}$
1 fur.	=	$\frac{1}{4}$
32 pers.	=	1-8th
20 pers.	=	1-10th
16 pers.	=	1-16th
16 pers.	=	1-20th

EXERCISES.

- Find the cost of 518 acres 3 roods 20 perches at £236 15s. 0d. per acre.
- Find the cost of 15 acres 3 roods 17 perches at £15 13s. 4d. per acre.
- Find the cost of 47 miles 3 furlongs and 30 perches at £38 2s. 8d. per mile.
- What is the cost of fencing 2 miles 3 furlongs and 36 perches at £671 per mile?

GEOGRAPHY.

Lesson No. 31.

WEXFORD (Condae Riabhac). This county occupies the south-east corner of Ireland. Its shores on the east and south are washed by the Irish Sea and Saint George's Channel. On the west it is bordered by the Counties of Kilkenny and Carlow, and on the north by County Wicklow.

The total acreage of the county is approximately 580,950, and it has a population of almost 100,000.

The chief towns of the county are Wexford, New Ross and Enniscorthy. Other towns of note are Ferns, Gorey, Taghmon, Duncormick and Newtownbarry.

The Eastern section of the Great Southern Railways serves the county. The Southern sections from Carlow and Kilkenny join at Palace East and connect with the Eastern section at Macmine Junction, midway between Wexford and Enniscorthy. The Southern portion of the County is served by a branch which runs from Waterford to Wexford.

The River Slaney (70 miles long) rises in the Wicklow Hills and flows south by Newtownbarry and Enniscorthy into Wexford Harbour. On the east coast we have Courtown Harbour, Wexford Harbour and Rosslare Harbour. The Tuskar Rock Lighthouse is east of Carnsore Point. Between Wexford and Carlow we have the Blackstairs Mountains—the highest point being Mount Leinster, 2,618 feet.

Wexford town is situated on the mouth of the Slaney River. The manufacture of agricultural machinery and bicycles provides employment for many. Barley is malted in the town and some fishing is done. Wexford was invaded by the Danes, who called it Weisford. Cromwell captured this town in 1649. In 1798 the Insurgents captured Wexford from the Militia and Yeomanry and held it for over three weeks against the troops of Generals Lake and Moore.

The town has many quaint houses, old castles and ruins. St. Selskar's Church stands on the site of an old Abbey, and tradition says this Abbey was built by the Danes in the ninth century on the site of the temple of their God, "Woden," whom they renounced on embracing Christianity. The first treaty with the English was signed here in 1169. The old West Gate Tower is worthy of note, as old records say that this gate and the one at New Ross were the most beautiful in Ireland. About eight miles south of Wexford is Rosslare. This town has risen in importance during the last few years as it is now the Irish port for Cross-Channel passenger traffic with the south of England. Two Express steamers ply daily between Rosslare and Fishguard in South Wales. It has a fine strand and is patronised by holiday makers in the summer season.

(Continued on page 10, column 1).

IRELAND'S BATTLES AND BATTLEFIELDS

THE WARS OF HUGH O'NEILL.

By WESTON ST. J. JOYCE.

V.—BELLINABOY, OR THE YELLOW FORD.

About Christmas, 1597, the conference mentioned in our last article took place with Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, after which his demands were submitted to Queen Elizabeth. About the middle of the following March her answer was received, and another conference was held to communicate it to him. Her Majesty was willing to pardon him upon certain specified conditions, some of which were fair enough, but others were entirely unreasonable, and these latter he objected to. An arrangement of some kind seems to have been concluded, for the pardon was actually drawn up, bearing date 11th April, 1598, and sealed with the Great Seal of Ireland. O'Neill, however, now refused to accept it, whether in consequence of any further disagreement it is difficult to say, but it is certain that he never acknowledged it.

On the 7th June the last truce expired, and two days afterwards O'Neill appeared with an army before the fort of Portmore "swearing by his barbarous hand that he would not depart till he had carried it." The brave Williams and his men inside the fort were by this time nearly famished with hunger; they had eaten all their horses, every blade of grass, and every bit of weed and herbage that grew upon the walls; and each morning they anxiously strained their eyes over the southern hills, hoping to see the English flag fluttering in the breeze or their spears glinting in the morning sun.

They still managed to subsist a while by making sallies out of the fort and capturing some of the Irish troop horses; but even that forlorn hope was now cut off, for O'Neill surrounded the fort with immense trenches more than a mile in length, several feet deep, with a great thorny hedge over it. Every approach to that unhappy fort was "plashed" (rendered impassable with felled trees and interwoven boughs), and the Irish army were so scientifically distributed that it was impossible for a relieving force to approach from any quarter without fighting a battle under every disadvantage.

When messengers brought this news to Dublin it caused great anxiety; frequent and prolonged meetings of the Council were held in the Castle, and opinions were divided as to the course to be pursued. Some would have Williams make the best terms he could and surrender the fort, but this proposal was overruled by the military element. Marshal Bagenal urged that an expedition should at once start for the relief of Portmore under his own command,

and ultimately this suggestion was adopted. Now, it happened that O'Neill and Bagenal were bitter personal enemies, for Tyrone had married the Marshal's sister much against her brother's wishes, and out of this grew a deadly feud between them; so that the Government thought no fitter man could be chosen to crush this proud northern rebel than his brother-in-law and mortal enemy, Marshal Sir Harry Bagenal.

Accordingly, early in August the expedition, consisting of 4,000 foot, 400 horse, and some field artillery, started from Dublin in command of the Marshal and Sir Thomas Wingfield, bringing with them supplies and ammunition for Portmore. The Government had nearly double that number of troops available, but by an unaccountable act of stupidity, instead of despatching their whole forces against O'Neill, they divided them, sending half under Ormonde against the Cavenaghs of Leinster. Bagenal and his army marched by Drogheda, Dundalk and Newry to Armagh, where they pitched their camp immediately outside the city walls. From here they could see O'Neill with his army preparing to contest their passage across the Callan river, which they must cross on their way to Portmore, five miles distant.

On Monday, 14th August, 1598, the English marched from Armagh with bands playing and colours flying. They advanced in six regiments formed into three divisions, about half a mile distant from each other, the van being commanded by Colonel Cosby, the middle or main body by Sir Thomas Wingfield, and the rear by Colonel Cunie. Marshal Bagenal rode in the van. The horse was divided into two bodies, and commanded by Sir Calisthenes Brooke. When they had marched about half a mile from Armagh their course lay between a bog on the one side and a wood at the other, and here the Irish sharpshooters, who had concealed themselves in the brushwood at the sides, opened a heavy fire upon them, which was maintained the whole way to the trench. This trench was a formidable obstacle; it was five feet wide, four feet deep, and plashed with thorn bushes. The vanguard had a large field-piece, which stuck fast in the boggy ground as they approached the trench; but, being exposed to a heavy fire, they had to leave it behind them. They then charged the Irish, and forced their way across the trench. The main body, under Sir Thomas Wingfield, next coming up, endeavoured to extricate the gun, but the Irish crowding around them, killed the oxen that drew it, and one of the wheels

breaking the main body had likewise to abandon it. The despatches say that it caused serious obstruction to the troops from lying right in the line of march. Meanwhile the vanguard, having passed the trench, were advancing, and, having crossed some rising ground, were lost to view from the remainder of the army. The main body having been considerably delayed by the field-piece, Marshal Bagenal sent a message to the vanguard to return and wait for the rest. All this time heavy firing was heard from the rear, and the Marshal, fearing that the last division was hard beset, sent Wingfield to its assistance, while he himself went forward to the van. Just then Wingfield saw the rear coming up, and spurred forward to tell the Marshal, who raised his vizor to look. At that same instant a bullet from an unknown marksman pierced his brain, and the brave Bagenal fell dead at Wingfield's feet.

When the vanguard, already nearly overpowered by the Irish, received the order to return, it appears to have alarmed them considerably, for they wheeled about in so disorderly a fashion that the Irish instantly fell upon them, broke their ranks, and drove them back in a confused body to the trench, where they were nearly all slain, and their colours captured. The survivors, retreating, wildly rushed into the ranks of the advancing main body, causing considerable confusion. At the same time a soldier, carelessly replenishing his pouch, let fall a spark into one of the barrels of powder, exploding it and several others beside it. The explosion was tremendous, and the surrounding hilly ground was enveloped in a dense smoke for the rest of the day. By this accident many of the English were killed; and another of their pieces disabled; and before they could recover from their confusion they were charged by the Irish cavalry, led by O'Neill in person. The result was utter rout and slaughter—the English retreating in a disorderly mass to Armagh, pursued by the Irish the whole way, "in couples, in scores, in thirties, and in hundreds." The English loss was about 2,000, and the Irish about 400.

The survivors retreated to Armagh and shut themselves up in the town. They found, however, on taking count of the provisions, that they had not more than would suffice for ten days at the utmost, and that there was no provender at all for the horses. It was therefore proposed by some that they should retreat to Newry. But as Newry was twenty miles off, and the road lay through a broken and difficult country, the chances were that, pursued and harassed by the enemy the whole way, few would ever reach the friendly shelter of its walls. In this perplexity the officers conferred long together and decided that the best plan was for Captain Montague, in command of the horse, to attempt to cut his way that very night through the cordon of Irish that environed the walls and then ride with all possible speed to Newry and southwards to alarm the Pale and bring relief. Captain Montague assented to

this arrangement, stating that he was willing to risk his life in so good a cause, and he and his party succeeded that night in escaping with trifling loss, though he was pursued for several miles towards Newry.

Meanwhile the Irish continued to besiege Armagh, and both parties kept up a fire at each other for three days, at the expiration of which time the English ceased hostilities and sent messengers to the Irish to say that Portmore would be surrendered if its garrison were permitted to come to Armagh unmolested, after which they engaged to surrender Armagh itself if given quarter and escorted to their own territory. The Irish then held a council to consider this offer; some were for putting all the garrison to the sword, but they finally agreed to the conditions proposed, and sent a message back to that effect. A number of Irish and English officers then proceeded to Portmore, and, on their telling the garrison how the case stood, Williams surrendered the fort, and he and his famished companions came to Armagh to join the rest. They were then all escorted into English territory.

It should be mentioned that it was not a usual proceeding in these days to allow a garrison to surrender on such easy terms—in fact it was the almost universal practice of English commanders to put them all to the sword, so that this act of O'Neill shows that he was a man of humane and generous disposition.

The Battle of the Yellow Ford was undoubtedly the greatest defeat ever received by the English upon Irish soil—it was the climax of a long series of successes achieved by O'Neill, and nearly severed the slender connection between the two countries. Camden says of it—"Tyrone triumphed to his heart's desire over his adversary, and obtained a remarkable victory over the English; and doubtless, since the time they first set foot in Ireland they never received a greater overthrow—thirteen stout captains being slain and 1,500 of the common soldiers, who, being scattered by a shameful flight all the fields over, were slain and vanquished by the enemy. This was a glorious victory for the rebels, and of special advantage, for hereby they got both arms and provisions, and Tyrone's name was cried up all over Ireland as the author of their liberty."

Why, it may be asked, did not O'Neill follow up the victory by marching on Dublin? Why did he permit the garrison of Armagh to march southwards and swell the ranks of the attenuated army of the Pale? There was then, apparently, no garrison in Dublin, and a thousand men would have captured the Castle without difficulty—indeed, its terror-stricken warders would probably have surrendered it without a struggle. The only explanation of this apparent remissness is that O'Neill probably knew that even if he secured possession of the capital he could not hope to hold it long against the myriads that would be despatched against him,

so that in this respect he perhaps only showed his sound judgment.

The battle was essentially a scientific one—a game of skill between two brave commanders and consummate tacticians, and is most interesting to analyse in detail. Both sides fought with great valour, and there has been no accusation of cowardice made by either. Briefly summarised, the proximate causes of the defeat may be said to be—(1) The superior generalship of O'Neill, who completely out-maneuvred his adversary. (2) The excessive distance which intervened between the English vanguard, main body, and rear guard respectively, whereby each of these divisions were cut to pieces before the others could come to its assistance; and (3) the disastrous explosion of the powder magazine, which disranked and disorganised the English lines, so that they fell easy victims to the impetuous charge of the Irish cavalry.

Two miles due north of Armagh, not far from the Callan river, is a small well-defined marsh or bog, which still retains the historic name of "Bellanaboy." The thickest of the fight took place upon this spot; and a quarter of a mile north of it stands a whitethorn bush called "Great Man's Thorn Tree," under which, according to tradition, sleeps the brave Marshal Sir Harry Bagenal, who fell as befitted a soldier. Near the battlefield is "the Yellow Ford" across the Callan River. On the 6-inch Ordnance Survey map of the district the battlefield is marked by crossed swords above the words "Beale-atha-buidhe, 1598."

A strange variety of weapons were used in this battle—guns, matchlocks, cross-bows, long bows, battle-axes, swords, spears, and lances. The English wore armour, but the Irish fought as usual in their linen tunics.

The lengthy despatches and State correspondence on "The Journey of the Blackwater," as this campaign was called, leave no doubt that the blockade of Portmore and the subsequent defeat of the relieving force inspired the Government with the greatest terror. One of the letters (which, however, was never delivered) is from the Lords Justices to Tyrone, begging of him to spare the survivors of the army cooped up in Armagh and Portmore, lest he should further incense her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, who seems to have had more courage than all her Irish councillors, was furious when she read this communication, and wrote back a seathing letter to the Lords Justices reproaching them for their meanness and cowardice. The letters from the Lords Justices to the English Privy Council are couched in the most abject and suppliant language, praying for assistance to save them from the Irish "rebells."

The following spirited lines by Drennan are perhaps the best on the subject:—

By O'Neill close beleaguered, the spirits
might droop
Of the Saxon three hundred shut up in
the coop,

Till Bagnal drew forth his Toledo, and
swore
On the sword of a soldier to succour
Portmore.

His veteran troops in the foreign wars
tried,
Their features how bronzed, and how
haughty their stride,
Stepped steadily on; it was thrilling to
see
That thunder-cloud brooding o'er Beal-
an-a-bui!

The flash of their armour, inlaid with
fine gold,
Gleaming matchlocks and cannons that
mutteringly rolled,
With the tramp and the clank of those
stern cuirassiers,
Dyed in blood of the Flemish and
French cavaliers.

Land of Owen Aboo! and the Irish
rushed on:
The foe fired but one volley—their gun-
ners are gone.
Before the bare bosoms the steel coats
have fled,
Or despite casque or corselet, lie dying
or dead.

And brave Harry Bagnal, he fell while
he fought,
With many gay gallants: they slept as
men ought,
Their faces to Heaven: there were
others, alack!
By pikes overtaken, and taken aback.

And the Irish got clothing, coin, colours,
great store,
Arms, forage, and provender—plunder
galore.
They munched the white manchets, they
champed the brown chine,
Fulfinah for that day, how the natives
did dine!

The chieftain looked on, when O'Shan-
aghan rose,
And cried: "Hearken, O'Neill, I've a
health to propose—
To our Sassenach hosts," and all
quaffed in huge glee,
With *Cead mille failthe go! BEAL-AN-A-
BUI!*

BILLIARD FINALS AT SOLDIERS' CLUB.

The Committee of Cumann Sugraídh an Airm have invited the finalists in the Billiard Championship of No. 4 Group, G.H.Q., to play their matches on the Club table, which has been renovated recently by Messrs. Burroughs and Watts. The competing teams in this Billiard Championship are Records No. 1 Team and Army Corps of Engineers No. 1 Team. The date fixed is Monday evening, December 13th, and a large attendance is expected to witness what promises to be a very keenly contested event. Hon. Secretaries of Army Billiard Teams or others interested can have similar arrangements made at any time by writing the Hon. Secretary, Soldiers' Club, 5a College Street, Dublin.

"ALWAYS AND EVERYWHERE FAITHFUL." The Irish Brigades in the Services of the Continent.

RESEARCHES OF THE MARQUESS MACSWINEY, M.R.I.A.

Following on the reading of his very interesting paper, entitled "Notes on Some Irish Regiments in the Service of Spain and of Naples in the 18th Century," at the stated general meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, as briefly reported in last week's issue, a representative of "An t-Oglach" interviewed the Marquess MacSwiney of Mashanaglass at his residence, 39 Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin, with a view of presenting to our readers some idea of the extensive research work which has enabled him to throw new light on the history of Irish regiments in the service of Continental Powers.

"How did I come to take up the study of Irish military history?" said the Marquess, repeating my opening query, as he ushered me to a comfortable armchair. "Well! to be quite candid, I must say it was almost entirely by accident. In the autumn of 1921, after a long period of very hard work in Rome—work of a kind which could hardly be described as scientific—I went for a rest to Sorrento, one of the loveliest spots on the beautiful Bay of Naples. I had not been there more than a couple of weeks when I got desperately sick of *dolce far niente* and began to wonder what I could possibly do to employ agreeably the rest of the time which I had decided to spend on the shores of the Mediterranean. An idea suddenly came to my mind—Why should I not call at the Neapolitan Record Office and try to find there the explanation of a riddle which had greatly puzzled me a few years before? In a document communicated to me by Mr. James Riordan, the well-known Dublin solicitor, I had found a reference to various Irish officers residing in Naples about the middle of the 18th century, and I had always wondered what those countrymen of ours could have been doing there at that time. So off I went to Pizzofalcone, where the military records of the late Kingdom of the Two Sicilies are preserved and, having made myself known to Dr. Ritondale Spano, the obliging official in charge of those archives, immediately began, with his assistance, a search which was soon crowned with the most unexpected success. Having discovered a collection of papers relating to the 'Regimiento de Infanteria del Rey,' a corps almost entirely officered by Irishmen, I was not slow in making up my mind to do all that might be necessary to trace the vicissitudes of that corps and eventually to write its history."

"And what sort of a document was this," I asked, "which by exciting your curiosity, brought you to make a discovery, the importance of which was revealed to the Royal Irish Academy, when you read your paper there last week?"

"A letter written in 1774," said the Marquess, "by one Patrick Riordan, who occupied a prominent position in the Neapolitan civil service, to his brother, Simon Riordan, in Killarney.

These Riordans belonged to the family of Derryroe and Kilberriherth, in the County of Cork; they were closely connected with my own family, their mother being a sister of Owen MacSwiney, my direct ancestor."

"Besides those serving in the 'Regimiento del Rey,' which, as you have conclusively proved, was none other than the Regiment of Limerick, transferred from the Spanish to the Neapolitan service, you appear to have found Irish officers in other corps," I reminded him.

"Oh, quite so," he said; "not only were there Irishmen in some of the Spanish, Swiss, and Walloon corps bestowed by Phillip the Fifth on his son after the conquest of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, but quite a number of them were posted to the new regiments which were raised there by Charles the Third in Southern Italy. Many of these officers reached the highest positions in the Neapolitan Army, and most of them did very well indeed."

When the Marquess was questioned as to his intentions regarding the great mass of documents which he showed me and which he personally collected in the course of his visits to Naples, he said: "Of course I contemplate writing a history of the Regiment of Limerick from the time it was formed in Spain in 1711, till it was disbanded in 1788, but, before that, I intend writing a series of biographical and genealogical notices of officers who particularly distinguished themselves in Spain, and in Italy, and whose names have long since been forgotten in their own country. I wonder whether many of them remained in touch with their people at home, and whether I have any chance of securing letters written by them to their relatives in Ireland, such as those kindly communicated to me by my honoured friend, Senator Sir Nugent Everard, three of whose ancestors served with great distinction in the 'Regimiento del Rey.'"

"But what of the Irish Brigade in the service of Spain, in which you seem to be particularly interested?" I asked.

"How could I fail to be interested in the Irish troops in the Spanish service," said the Marquess with enthusiasm, "when my own grandfather, Dr. Valentine MacSwiney, fought with the 'Queen's Own Irish Lancers' under her Catholic Majesty's colours in the first Carlist war? But the subject is a very big one indeed, even if one does not attempt to go any further back than the beginning of the 18th century. Just think, there were, at that time, no less than eight Irish Regiments in commission in the Spanish Army. Practically nothing more is known about them than what is to be found in O'Connor's and O'Callaghan's antiquated works, and that is neither much nor accurate. As a matter of fact, I have found it almost impossible to make head or tail of the scraps of information given here

and there by these two authors with regard to the few Irish Regiments they mention as having taken part in the war of the Spanish Succession. Of course, you know, O'Connor's book, which served very well its purpose at the time it appeared, has long since been completely out of date. It lost at least 50 per cent. of its value when, one half-a-century ago, J. C. O'Callaghan published his famous 'History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France.' As to O'Callaghan's work, although it is full of inaccuracies, it must needs continue to occupy a foremost place in the library of every student of Irish military history, so long as something better, more complete, and especially more scientific, shall not have been produced on the subject. How long shall that be? I have not the slightest idea, nor do I think Monsieur Depreaux, the distinguished French writer, who is busily engaged at present in collecting material for such a work, could venture to say himself, even approximately."

"And you, Marquess," I questioned, "have you definitely made up your mind whether you shall do for the Irish troops in the service of Spain what you are already doing for those in the service of Naples and Parma?"

"Without the slightest doubt, Captain. As soon as circumstances permit, it is my intention to carry my investigations into the great Spanish depositories at Madrid, Simancas, Segovia and Alcala de Henares, and gather all the materials which are still preserved there. But, although I have not as yet been able to go to Spain, I have already quite a good collection of documents concerning Irish officers in that service, such as the Comerfords, O'Callaghans, MacAuliffes, and Sherlocks of Gracedieu, and I hope soon to publish short notices on some of these."

"I trust a day may come, in a none too remote future, when a cenotaph shall be raised in this the capital city of Ireland, to the memory of the thousands and thousands of Irish soldiers, who, in centuries gone by, fought, suffered, and died abroad. I hope to live long enough to see deeply chiselled on snow-white stone the battle honours of all the Irish Regiments, whether in the service of Spain, of France, of Naples, or of Austria, and to see the heads of our own splendid and promising young Army placing upon that cenotaph a tribute—a very much overdue tribute—of the Irish people's gratitude and admiration to those forgotten heroes."

"If this dream of mine is ever to become true," said the Marquess, "it shall only be when the Irish people shall know a great deal more than they do at present about their countrymen who made the name of Erin so universally admired and so highly respected from one end of the Continent of Europe to the other. It behoves us, therefore, the historians of Ireland, to do all that may be in our power, and without further delay, to place duly on record, and under the eyes of the general public, the splendid achievements of our gallant 'Wild Geese,' proved well worthy of the motto bestowed upon them by Louis the Eighteenth of France: 'Semper et ubique fideles.'"

THE EDUCATION OF AN OFFICER.

Importance of Voluntary Studies in Military Art.

[We make no apology for taking the following editorial article from the United States "Coast Artillery Journal." It is the fault of that excellent service magazine for publishing an article the sound reasoning and profound truth of which must appeal to the officer personnel of every Army.]

The military education of an officer in the Army begins with the receipt of his first commission, or even earlier, and continues, essentially without interruption, until he doffs permanently the uniform of his country. That he should be a student to the very end of his career is essential, for, as he climbs the ladder of military hierarchy, his duties change, his responsibilities enlarge, and his field expands. The details of his earlier days are, one by one, transferred to other and younger officers, and he slowly, perhaps laboriously, advances to a higher command.

During the long years of his service the officer of necessity, reads and studies a tremendous number of books on military and technical subjects. In the schools he attends, in his recurring periods as a teacher, in the routine of his daily duties, books are everywhere thrust upon him. Regulations and manuals and text-books and reference works and technical volumes, almost without end, virtually surround him. It is with hesitation that one suggests that he should voluntarily add more books to his already long list, and yet, since most of us seem to require a stimulus to study, such a suggestion appears necessary.

The reading normally required of an officer to enable him to keep abreast of his routine duties and of the requirements of his special and general service schools is restricted almost entirely to the field of military science and its technical application. He may make occasional slight excursions into the field of military art, but these are infrequent and unordered. Following a natural tendency, he postpones the study of military art until he reaches his high command or, perhaps, enters the War College. It is then too late to take up the subject in a logical, well-ordered manner. The best he can hope to do is to consider, in a limited and probably hurried fashion, a few of the many phases of military art.

Military science, unlike military art, begins with the minutiae of military service. Its foundation is laid in the smallest of details. Drill of the soldier without arms lays the way for instruction in tactics; routine duties in company supply introduce the subject of logistics; and the details of company and garrison duty constitute a preliminary training in technique. From these basic details the system gradually broadens and gathers together the

various phases of military science until they all unite to form the field of combined tactics, wherein the officer completes his training in the use of the tools—men, animals, and material—with which he is furnished for the purpose of waging war.

At this stage the officer is primarily a technician. He has acquired skill in the employment of his tools and he has the grounding in science that will enable him to use his tools to best advantage. He can manoeuvre his troops, he can lead them to combat, he can even fight battles, but not yet can he wage wars or conduct campaigns. His education is unbalanced. He is in the position of the musician who has developed his technique but who has not studied composition, or of the painter who has learned the application of paint to canvas but does not yet know how to conceive a complete picture. He is not yet an artist.

All great military leaders were, first and foremost great artists. Many were also great technicians, but it is as unnecessary for a military commander to attend to all the details of technique as it is for an artist himself to paint all the details of a large picture. In both the result is derived from their artistic ability to conceive the complete picture. Without imagination, without a creative instinct, they would not have been artists; and without artistry they would not have been great.

The study of strategy, one may say, following logically upon the study of combined tactics and so taught in our system, will furnish the deficit, will complete the education. But will it? Strategy is merely the medium through which the military leader expresses his creative ability—the paint of the artist. Back of it is a long course of study. The painter must study pictures and their setting, their spirit, and their theme. He must know the careers of other painters, and he must learn the secrets of their success. Similarly, the military leader must study wars and campaigns, and from them derive an understanding of the principles of war. He must learn how and with what success other military leaders applied these principles that he too may become successful.

Unlike military science, military art rests on the broadest of foundations—upon the history of the whole world. Long before we take up the study of strategy we should pave the way with history, for it is from history that the principles of strategy are derived. Passing quickly from world history and pausing briefly on the history of a few of the most successful nations, we soon reach military history. As we progress our studies become more and more detailed, and thus from wars we are enabled to derive the principles of war.

The field now narrows to the study of campaigns, wherein the application of the principles of war may be illustrated and whence the details of strategy are learned, after which battles may be taken up from a strategic viewpoint. All through military art the personal equation is a factor of greatest importance and can best be studied in the lives of individual leaders. At this stage, if ever, the technician becomes an artist; but there still remains the perfection of his education, its rounding out in fine points. In military geography, military biology, economics of war, international relations, causes and consequences of war, he can keep occupied to the very end of his career.

If then an officer is to so arrange his studies that strategy is to follow naturally upon combined tactics he must begin military art early in his military life. Military art and military science must run parallel for a time, and for the most part research in military art will have to be voluntary and in addition to the pressure of routine studies and duties. Only so will an officer enable himself to develop to the fullest extent his capacity to lead armies in the field.

All great military leaders were close students of military history, but all students of military history did not become great leaders. So it will be with us. Some of us will remain technicians to the end, for not everyone can become an artist. Nevertheless, all can improve upon whatever ability they may possess, and at the very least one can develop an appreciation of artistry, which in itself is far from futile.

BLOOD TRANSFUSION.



Corporal Edward McEvoy (No. 49687), Depot Company, Military Police Corps, McKee Barracks, who gave a transfusion of blood at Mercer's Hospital, Dublin, on 3rd inst., to save the life of Mr. Black, Co. Wexford.

When Capt. Lennon, Company O/C., asked for volunteers the whole company on parade stepped forward, but only six men were ordered to report to the hospital, and of these Corporal McEvoy was selected.

ARMY WEEK-END RETREATS.

The Week-end Retreat movement, mentioned in our columns some weeks ago, has become very popular with all ranks in the Army. We mentioned that a large group of N.C.O.'s and men had attended a week-end Retreat conducted by Fr. Barrett, S.J., at Rathfarnham Castle. This group was comprised of the N.C.O.'s and men of the M.T. Corps of Portobello Barracks and Gormanston Camp.

A far larger contingent of the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of Portobello Barracks have expressed a desire to attend a week-end Retreat at Rathfarnham during January next year. Father Casey, Brigade Chaplain, has made arrangements to have the last week-end in January reserved exclusively for Officers, N.C.O.'s and men and has secured all available accommodation for 45 members of the Army at Rathfarnham Castle. It is now found that one week-end will not be sufficient, as already over 70 have expressed a wish to be present for the Retreat and names are coming in every day. An additional week-end has been applied for and the date will be announced later. The Records Staff of the Adjutant-General's Department, Mechanical Transport Corps of Portobello and Gormanston, and the various Battalions in Portobello are sending groups of the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men. Other Barracks interested are invited to communicate with the Rev. Father Barrett, S.J., Rathfarnham Castle, Dublin, who will give all particulars.

GEOGRAPHY

(Concluded from page 5).

New Ross is on the River Barrow—its ancient name was Ros-mic-Treoin—Ros being a wooded point running out into a river—and Treoin the name of a Leinster prince.

In the 12th century Dermott MacMorrough built a large town here. The present bridge across the Barrow is the fourth built at this point. This town has also many historical associations. The "Three Bullet Gate" got its name from the three cannon shot fired by Cromwell when he called on the Duke of Ormond to surrender. Lord Mountjoy was killed near this gate in June, 1798, when the Irish captured the town.

Enniscorthy is situated on the River Slaney. In the centre of the town is an old Norman Castle founded in 1174. This town was given to Raymond le Gros by Strongbow as his sister's wedding portion. During the rising of 1798 the Irish encamped outside Enniscorthy on Vinegar Hill until 21st June, when troops under General Lake forced them to retire on Wexford.

The county on the whole is mainly agricultural—farm produce and bacon are sent in large quantities to Dublin for home consumption and export, as also timber and stone for road making and repairing.

MILITARY MISSION IN U.S.A.

American Tribute to Irish Officers' Remarkable Progress.

Some details of the progress and activities of the officers of the American Military Mission will no doubt be of interest to our readers. Colonel MacNeill and Capt. Costello are undergoing a course of study at the General Service Schools, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and a brief summary of the syllabus that has been gone through to date will give a general idea of the line of studies which these officers are pursuing.

The syllabus includes the study of tactics in relation to Infantry, Field Artillery, Air Corps, Chemical Warfare, Medical Services, Cavalry, Field Engineering, Topography, Fortifications, Combat Orders, Troop Leading, Military Organisation, Command Staff and logistics.

During the month of October a course in Combat Orders was completed, and Col. MacNeill and Capt. Costello then entered into the study of Command Staff, logistics, and the tactical functions of larger units.

Captains Dunne and Berry and Lieut. Trodden, who had been detailed to attend the Infantry School, were allotted to the basic course, but on making a study of the syllabus it appeared ob-

vious that it was really only of a standard similar to that of the Junior Officers' Course at the Curragh, and as Captains Dunne and Berry had got somewhat beyond that stage their transfer was arranged to the Advanced Course at these schools.

Their present course covers from the organisation and tactics of the larger units to the reinforced war strength of the Brigade.

Referring to the progress made by Captains Dunne and Berry at the Infantry School the "Infantry School News" says:—

"These two Officers were first started in the Company Officers' Class, but, due to their exceptional military ability, and also due to the fact that they held sufficient rank, they were transferred to the Advanced Class. The difficulties which an Officer meets when attending a foreign Military School are very well known and pronounced; the newness and the strange surroundings of the curriculum are factors which are sometimes almost insurmountable difficulties. Notwithstanding these things, Captain Berry and Captain Dunne are numbered among the superiors of the class.

"Captain Berry was born in Durrrow, Tullamore, Offaly, Ireland, in October, 1896. He was educated at the



This photograph of the members of the Irish Military Mission to the United States was taken in Washington and shows:—Front Row (left to right)—Capt. Costello, Col. MacNeill, Capt. Dunne. Back Row—Lieut. Trodden, Lieut. Collins-Powell, Capt. Berry.



In this Group of American Officer Students at Fort Leavenworth Camp, Kansas, Captain Costello (left) and Colonel MacNeill are marked with crosses.

Durrow National School, St. Finnian's College, and the University College at Dublin. He was awarded a B.A. Degree at the National University in 1917. Captain Berry joined the Irish Volunteers in 1917, and prior to the Anglo-Irish Truce on July 11, 1921, he commanded the Second Battalion of Engineers. He was appointed to the Saorstad Regular Army in 1922, and was transferred to the Quartermaster-General's Department in 1924. He attended the Officers' School at the Curragh in 1925.

"Captain Dunne was born in Portlaoighise, Leix, Ireland, in 1898. He attended the Christian Brothers'

Schools at Portlaoighaise, and also University College, Dublin. He was awarded a B.Sc. Degree at the National University in 1919 and the M.Sc. Degree at the same school in 1920. Captain Dunne joined the Irish Volunteers in 1917 and served with the Second Battalion, 1st Dublin Brigade. He was commissioned in the Saorstad Army in 1922, being detailed in the Munitions Branch. Captain Dunne served in the Anglo-Irish War in 1919-21, and also in the subsequent civil conflicts in 1922-23. Captain Dunne also took the Course at the Officers' Training School at the Curragh."

At the Artillery School Lieut. Trod-

den is studying tactics, gunnery, transport, and equitation.

So far the members of the Mission have not met with any insurmountable difficulties in connection with any of the various courses. In fact they have succeeded in reaching quite creditable standards in marked problems and exercises. Returns to date show that all the officers of the Mission have qualified with 75 per cent. or 85 per cent. marks in the problems submitted in spite of the fact that they are, and must for some time continue to, suffer under severe handicaps in view of the strangeness of the system and organization of the American Army.

THE
SWORD
OF
O'MALLEY
BY
JUSTIN MITCHELL.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—*continued.*

She spoke with intense earnestness, as though obsessed by the memory of those sunlit days of dear, dead May.

"The Guardsmen went to Zurst on a certain mission. You know its purpose?" the old man said gravely.

"I learnt it from Captain O'Malley himself," she answered. "He was pledged to encompass my espousal with the unkingly recluse, Rudolf, and with true knightly fidelity he urged the Prince's claim. Because I loved him I hearkened to his pleadings and set myself to thaw your Princeling's frigid heart. It seems that I succeeded. Rudolf has revealed himself in a new character. All Rhonberg knows the story; and all attribute the King's awakening to me."

She paused. The Cardinal drummed reflectively with his fingers on the rock ledge and waited. Thus far, he had heard nothing new.

"All went well until this morning," Irene resumed. "Sternly and scrupulously my monitor observed the terms of his vow; sedulously I sought to bring Rudolf to my feet. The Duke and his colleagues were visibly delighted."

"In my own hearing they expressed their delight," his Eminence interpolated; "and they set off hotfoot for the Barracks to applaud O'Malley and congratulate him on the fruition of his amazing scheme."

"They arrived at an inopportune moment," the Princess said coldly. "Edmund craved for my coming, and I came. Our hearts overflowed. In a flash we saw the truth, clear and insistent. The overwhelming supremacy of the claim of love was made convincingly evident. King Rudolf and his officers suddenly became so many shadowy puppets—paltry, remote, negligible. Sergius and Grupp entered the room to surprise two lovers in the act of plighting passionate vows."

"There was a scene?" the Cardinal queried.

"A painful scene," she said. "The Guardsmen believe that the King, soured and embittered by my behaviour, will relapse into his erstwhile hermit life, leaving Rhonstadt at the mercy of the Karlist clique. Sergius apprehends that, the last state of this

Rudolf will be worse than the first. Therefore, say the vengeful Guardsmen, O'Malley's life is forfeit."

The Cardinal's drumming fingers had ceased their idle tapping. His eyes and his pose had taken on an appearance of intense interest in something—someone—some incident happening on the pathway beyond the boulder. What little drama was being enacted behind the rocky screen? And why should an illuminating smile of glad assurance suddenly chase from his features all trace of puzzled misgiving? What had he seen?

"A pretty tangle, isn't it?" the Princess queried ruefully, contemplating a sorry picture of troublous days in store.

"Sorrier tangles have been straightened out ere now," his Eminence cried smilingly. "Dear Lady, I bid you have hope and courage. Be of good cheer. The problem seems difficult, but there is a way out."

"Except through blood and tears, I see no other way," she said hopelessly. "The Duke and his colleagues are bent on vengeance."

"Dukes and Guardsmen are not everybody," the Cardinal assured her. "There is a power in the land higher than the Guard and its officers. The puzzle is not so perplexing after all."

"But where lies the solution?" she queried in wonder.

"In the hands of the King," was the reply. His Eminence spoke with an air of calm finality which indicated that he was very sure of his ground.

Irene pondered over the old man's answer, and, for a space, no word was spoken. Her heart was full of wild, clamant questions.

Presently she shot an arrow at a venture.

"Do you mean," she said "that Rudolf does not love me after all?"

The Cardinal turned the shaft aside. "Recollect," he said, "the King owes his life to your Irishman."

Irene's dusky brows arched in amaze. "How? When?" she cried, incredulous, yet glad.

His Eminence told the story of the Ungvar plot and the fate of Jules Coqueran. Joyously she heard the tale. Edmund had not told her of this. Of course he wouldn't! It would savour of boastfulness. But she remembered how and when he had mentioned the Inn of the Green Dragon as the place where Ungvar should make final expiation.

So Rudolf owed his life to the Irishman. Well, he couldn't do less than intervene between the vengeful Guardsmen and their victim. Certainly the solution lay in the King's hands, and to the King she should appeal.

Twilight, blue-grey and mysterious, had swathed the city in dim, drifting veils as Princess and Cardinal set out to rejoin the exploring party.

As they rounded the rocky wall the full-voiced clamour of cataract and whirlpool smote their ears. It was as though someone had opened a door admitting a deafening volume of sound. To make himself heard, the Cardinal

had to bend his head and shout into the lady's ear.

"Yonder," he said, pointing upwards into the gathering shadows, "is the Inn of the Green Dragon."

Irene raised her eyes to where, frowning and mysterious, the inn gable gloomed against the darkening sky, its single window showing yellowly.

Even as her gaze rested on the glimmering casement she saw a sudden gleam of white flash across its amber panes, as though a lightning-shaft had illumined the chamber within. Above the raging tumult of the racing river she heard a sound, brief and faint, but quite unmistakable.

His Eminence also caught the sound, and his protecting touch on the lady's arm tightened into a grip.

"Fire-arms!" the Princess cried, wondering.

"There isn't such a thing in Rhonberg," her escort replied; but he knew the sound for what it really was.

Irene's gaze was held by the stupendous wall of rock, above which beetled the house of gloom with its single window. The Princess suddenly awoke to the awesomeness of her surroundings. She felt that she was at the bottom of an abyss, with demons of the whirlpool snarling around her and nameless horrors poised in the darkness overhead. That dreadful beetling cliff seemed to threaten annihilation. That sombre gable with its wicked-looking window seemed to suggest some evil tragedy. Of what ghastly events was that forbidding inn the theatre? What vague, unthinkable terrors lurked in the churning waters bellowing frantically at her feet? Eerie darkness filled the gorge as with the shadow of doom. The place seemed accursed!

The Cardinal felt the little figure at his side shiver violently and nestle closer as if for shelter and protection.

Then, suddenly—Merciful Heaven! What appalling horror was this? What night-black monster, shapeless, gruesome, shot downward from the over-arching gloom and struck the raging maelstrom at the very feet of the terrified onlookers.

The Cardinal's hair bristled and his heart stood still. Could such things be? What Goblin of the Pit, speeding from those shadowy heights, had dived triumphantly to join the demonic carnival of the whirlpool?

As the Thing hurtled past their startled vision and plunged into the shrieking waves, the Princess, benumbed to the last extremity of fear, slid from the old man's grasp, and, with a little shuddering moan of terror, sank to her knees on the very brink of the chasm.

With fatherly solicitude the Cardinal raised the almost lifeless figure of the terrified Princess, and for a moment her eyes opened in a glance of consciousness and recognition.

But in that moment the tragedy was consummated.

(To be continued).

CHRISTMAS
NUMBERREADY
NEXT
WEEKCHRISTMAS
NUMBERREADY
NEXT
WEEK

ARMY NEWS.

The resignation of his commission in the Saorstát Defence Forces by Captain Farquaharson, Army Corps of Engineers, has been accepted as from 8th December.

The resignation of his commission also has been accepted from 2nd Lieutenant Wm. Squires, General List, Southern Command, with effect as from 8th inst.

The G.H.Q. Annual Dance will be held in Clery's Ballroom on Friday, February 11th, 1927.

Major T. McKinney, A.M.S., Adjutant-General's Branch, proceeded on temporary duty to Cork, 1/12/26.

Lieut. Thomas McMahon, 10th Infantry Battalion, is granted leave of absence from 23/12/26 to 13/1/27.

Lieut. John A. Flynn, 10th Infantry Battalion, is granted leave from 24/12/26 to 20/1/27.

Capt. "Jerry" O'Dwyer, Transport and Remount Depot, McKee Barracks, was married recently to Miss B. O'Brien, Cairn Lodge, Fermoy, at SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Cork.

A course of instruction in Signalling commenced on 29th ult. in the 10th Infantry Battalion.

The following men of 18th Battalion have completed 12 months' satisfactory service and are promoted from Class III. to Class II. privates with pay accordingly:—65292, Pte. Patrick Walsh, "A" Coy.; 66984, Pte. P. O'Brien, "B" Coy.; 64925, Pte. B. McNamara, "C" Coy.; 67090, Pte. Ed. Moore, "C" Coy.

"A" Company, 21st Infantry Battalion, beat "H.Q." Company in the Inter-Brigade Football Championship at Phoenix Park on 30th ult. by 2-4 to 1-1.

55944, Pte. Robert Manley, having reported his arrival from Army Corps of Engineers, Collins Barracks, Corks, on 3/12/26, is taken on the Ration Strength of the 16th Infantry Battalion with effect from Reville, 4/12/26.

23739, Corpl. Fredk. Brennan, "B" Coy., 18th Battn., proceeded to Portobello Barracks, Dublin, on 2/12/26.

43064, Sergt. M. Boylan, Quartermaster-General's Branch (Store Accountancy), Barrack Accountant, Beresford Barracks, Curragh Camp, is granted additional pay at 1/6 per diem as from 8/9/26.

57745, Pte. Thomas Danagher, "A" Coy., 15th Battalion, is transferred to "H.Q." with effect from 1st inst.



GOSSIP OF THE BARRACKS

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

DEPARTMENTAL DOINGS : PORTOBELLO.

THE ORDERLY SERGEANT.

Oh, it's Sargin' this and Sargin' that,
from the Cookhouse to the Gym,
From Reveille call to even' fall, it is
the Soldier's hymn,
From the Colonel to "your man" last
up it's all you'll hear them say,
They're queer hawks in the 'Bello—
'Tis a Portobello way.

"Oh, where's the Ord'ly Sergeant? Is
that gink alive at all?

That dopey Ord'ly Sergeant"—yes,
that's the Barrack call.

From Guard Mounting until Bath
Parade, from Breakfast hour till "Tay,"
Yes, it is "all edge" and heel ball—
'Tis a Portobello way.

Oh, it's Sargin' this and Sargin' that,
did anybody see

The dopey one, the soapy one, oh,
where the heck is he.

They'll hunt for you, and grunt for
you, morning, night and day,

They're giddy guys and all-blemmed up
—'Tis a Portobello way.

And from the snifty Roll Call till the
Orderly Room at ten

You'll hump around for they "can't
be found" the slippery "Duty" men.

The Quarter Bloke want "Fat-i-gues" and
the Captain has his say,

You'd want double hands and monkey
glands—'Tis the Portobello way.

It's Sargin' this and Sargin' that,
"you're wanted in the Gym,

The Major and the Colonel are plan-
ning schemes within."

The "Institute" is mighty cute, for
blinking well it may,

When the Orderly Sargin' gildies—"Tis
a Portobello way.

Since they've started "Country Run-
ning," I have been running, too,

Running after "Duty" men, and they
are scarce and few,

When you want them for a stunt like
that, sure all that they need say,

With a look and laugh, "I'm on the
Staff"—'Tis a Portobello way.

Oh, it's Sargin' this and Sargin' that,
from Records to Brigade,

From the merry morning Roll Call to
the Picquet Boys' Parade,

*Pronounced, for this occasion only, "Fatty-
gues."—Ned.

From the Transport to the Dining Hall
that lies across the way,
You're giddy—yes, more sharper, 'Tis
the Portobello way.

Though you'd nearly need have wheels
on, and a pair of wings as well,
And a bit of Job's famed patience and
things I shouldn't tell,
They'd nearly have your heart broke,
but sure I'm glad to say
They're great sports in the 'Bello—'Tis
a Portobello way.

Again heartiest congratulations to the
Brigade Area Institute Committee on
the phenomenal success of the Opera-
tic and Variety entertainment held in
the Recreation Hall on Sunday night,
the 5th instant. The artists and the
personnel of the variety entertainment
excelled themselves and the Committee
should feel justly proud. The Recrea-
tion Hall was packed to overflowing
and the audience thoroughly appreci-
ated the elaborate programme, which
easily eclipsed anything of the kind
yet attempted in similar circumstances.
Colonel McGuinness, Rev. Father
Casey, and Major Cranny were zealous
in the interests of the patrons, etc. I
will leave the descriptive part to the
worthy pen of my old colleague
"Foam" to describe. (Thanks But
your notes are late and his look like
being a darned sight later—Ned.) The
audience, which included, in addition
to the civilian representatives, a large
number of G.H.Q. officers, N.C.O.'s and
men and representatives from all the
other Barracks, were more than de-
lighted (How do you know? They
may have been concealing their suffer-
ings with military stoicism—Ned), and
as for the lads from the 'Bello, they
were delighted (That word is working
overtime in this section—Ned), and
what is more—they were proud! When
I say that such a modest bunch as the
'Bello boys were proud, well, you
tigm! That's that.

The Pioneers' Slogan: Half a loaf is
better than no bed. (Sinister mystery
about this—Ned.)

This week's fairy tale:—

When the Sergeant says do this or that
Don't say "What for?" or "Why."
But let him hear your gentle voice
Say "Sargin', dear, I'll try."

Frank Timoney (Records) has re-
turned to the 'Bello from Dundalk.
Carry on with the snapping.

Never oil to-day what you can pull-
through to-morrow. (This Musketry
Course is beginning to tell on some
folks—Ed.)

The one and only Father Casey is to
be congratulated on the success of his
endeavours in connection with the
week-end Retreat which, through his
kind influence, was arranged for any of
the Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers
and men in the Barracks. The oppor-
tunity of availing themselves of the
privileges of the Retreat, which is to
be held in January in Rathfarnham
Castle was at once seized by the per-
sonnel in Portobello, with the result
that the quota was immediately filled.
Father Casey, with his wonderful way
with him, however, is in negotiation
for another quota at a later date.
"Finem respice" evidently is the
slogan of those who have the good for-
tune to be able to participate in the
Retreat. (Cheery thought, translated
with infinite labour from the original
Latin "Look to the end"—Ned.)

Greetings to our old friend Sergt.
Ned McMullen, of the "Lambs," who
is at present on a course at the Cur-
ragh. Yes, Ned, I expect the ginks
are a trifle giddy in No. 6 Squad. (But
why drag me into it?—Ned.)

He who lubricates in "Moist."

The 'Bello B.S.M.'s are certainly, to
put it mildly, versatile. The other
night I was admiring B.S.M. Joner,
Jimmie Lawlor, and Phelan doing
seconds, etc., at our Boxing Tourna-
ment, a few nights ago they were
doing the "M.C." stunt at the dances,
on Sunday night they were a la
operatic at "Maritana," and they were
leading their Battalion packs at the
Cross-country trot the other day. The
Quarterblokes are equally as cosmo-
politan: Q.M.S. Murphy, Fitzgerald,
Munster, and, of course, our Paddy
Murlihy are versatile in more senses
than one.

The 23rd Football team are hard at
it under the able direction of Paddy
Murlihy. "Lave it to me" assures
me that the Cup's there already. Well,
Paddy, here's luck.

Mac: These wads are stale.
Gink: Well, why don't you get "current" buns.

'Tis better to be a budding gink than a bloomin' nuisance.

Greetings to my old colleague "117," Special Services, Kilkenny. Yes, I'm fully cognisant of the pseudonym and can recall many rather pleasant days spent together.

Sergeant-Major (to boy recruit for Army Band): "What can you play, sonnie?"

Young Hopeful: "Soccer, sir."

"Betty" did not get the "stick" on Saturday. The betting was fairly even. "Records" were all on, but "The Lambs" fluctuated slightly over "evens." However, better luck next time, Dan.

There was a young clerk from H.Q., To the 'Bello, our Dance, came to view, With a sigh, "Oh," said he, "I'd forego my 'high' tea For this Dance, jolly prance. Wouldn't you?"

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DUBLIN.

The boys in the 'Bello will be delighted to know that there will be a Monster Cinderella held in the Gym. on St. Stephen's Night. The last one—the memory lingers—was great, but I can assure you that the Stephen's Night one will be the biggest yet. I can picture "The Snake Charmer's," "The Lambs" and "The Joner's Own" getting their "Mickey Dazzler" glad rags ready.

Congrats. to Bugler Maurice McGarr from "Joner's Own" on his melodeon selection on Sunday night. Now, Amusements Committee, what about a practise Irish Dance Class some nights for beginners? Maurice will oblige.

There's many a pull-through broken in zest.

There was a jazz-soldier-like fellow Who was learning to shoot in the 'Bello.

When he got "Kneeling Load" He forgot the explode, He don't jazz now at our Dance in the 'Bello.

The Boxing Tournament under the auspices of the 7th Brigade Institute was a huge success, and the Committee responsible have just reason to be proud. Organised in aid of the Christmas Tree Fund it was a huge success both from a financial and a fistic point of view. The innovation of the attendance of an Army Band was greatly appreciated and it is a lead that boxing promoters should note for future occasions. All the Army boxers did remarkably well. The absence of the popular Paddy Burns from McKee bar racks was much regretted.

Oil it with waste and pull through at your leisure.

Gink (going out on a message): Can I wear slack out?

N.C.O.: Yes; if you wear them long enough.

The Cross-country spasm has caught on in the 'Bello. Competition is keen and our worthy padre, Rev. Father Casey, has promised a set of medals for the best team in the Brigade.

The 27th in the 'Bello are now running you see,

Titty fo la, Titty fo lee,
Led by B.S.M. Lawlor and your man "Jeff" from "D."

Titty fo la, Titty fo lee,
There'll be sport in the 'Bello when the Batt. 23,

And our friends the "Two-twos" all start for to flee

For the medals presented by Father Casey,

Titty fo la, Titty fo lee.

"ME LARKIE."

REMEMBER DATES.

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

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G.H.Q. CALLING.

OVERHEARD ON THAT MUSKETRY COURSE.
Gink—"Aim that rifle of yours in some other direction."

Guy—"If ye don't get out of the light you'll be studying astronomy with daisies on your chest."

The modern method of giving commands:—On the cautionary word, the right arm is bent at the elbow, and the right hand is carried up in line with the face and embraces the moustache. Where were ye then?

The Recreation Room in McKee is now in full swing. The boys, so far as one can see, appreciate it. However, I think that a few visits, even if only passing ones, from the Clerical Unit would do no harm. As your man Jimmy says: "They are conspicuous by their absence."

Who compared "Hector" of the "Coy. Stores" to the "coy main" in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village"?

Who said that the Flying Finn of the Transport (with "Me Larkie's" kind permission) was the cross-country runners' mascot?

We all very much appreciate the canter round the Square at 07.30 hours every morning. It is rumoured that probable starters, etc., will be mentioned from now on in the "Mid-day Special." Anyway, "Dadelums" was always a sporting individual. (Wheel him out).

This week's puzzle:—Who is on Fire Picquet for Christmas?

The Musketry Course still continues despite hail, rain, or snow. Next week it is rumoured that we will be firing our course. The Medical Corps has been notified.

As regards the Hurling match between Kilkenny and G.H.Q.—no post mortem, please, and also no "return" if we have to hit the Marble City for it.

Vide "An t-Oglach," dated 27th November. "Me Larkie's" Notes, page 11, Sec. 2, Sub-sec. 2, add:

"Caps off" every day wear the lining away." If you don't believe it meet us or any of the boys at 09.00 hours any morning.

This week's fairy tale:—"Ten men volunteered for Fire Picquet during Christmas week."

We hear that the Fire Picquet are to be "dished out" with one-piece uniforms? We wonder if it is true.

BEDTIME STORIES, No. 2.

Soldier (detailed N.C.O. for fatigues): "There is no use, Sargent, sending out the entire Company in that hot sun to sweep the Square. I'll do it myself."
N.C.O.: "Sure! But why not let me help?"

Who is the guy who upon being asked what a hill was said "a field with its back up." (And if the late Paul Cinquevalli could raise a valley, what would he be? A hollow ground raiser, of course! Prize of Solingen razor awarded to myself—Ned.)

It was our turn to blush at "Me Larkie's" note re our humble selves

in last week's issue. So you really enjoyed the Sergeants' Mess one—wait till I tell you the remainder of it the next time I see you. Ned "strafed" the half of it, not "chafed" it. (I must have seen only half of it—Ned.)

We had the pleasure of meeting some of our old friends who are on course in the Hib. Schools the other night. We came away with a feeling of awe—"And still we looked and still our wonder grew,

"That such small mouths could utter all they knew."

From the time we met until we parted it was nothing but "axis of the barrel"—"tactics"—"mad minutes"—"topographical survey"—"line of fire" and a host of things we know all—I mean, nothing—about.

Lukewarm water in lieu of tea,

Two carbon bread slices for two-and-three;

The skin of a pig, "tender and rare," Which died of old age at Donnybrook Fair.

Things we should like to know:—

What Jimmy Stapleton said to the two P(i) As(tres) in the Marble City?

Was "Josie" attached to G.H.Q. during their stay in Kilkenny?

If Martin Hayes is convinced that "all capable min should be appreciated?"

The "gink" who said that Emmet was born in Limerick and Napoleon in Dublin.

When the "Food Control Prices" become operative in Kilkenny?

What does Peadar Fagan think of "dud" ammunition and superficial cleaning?

What happened to the "timber guy's head"?

If certain N.C.O.'s find the foresight embarrassing in the fixing of bayonets, and why does the standard boss the stop.

If Slim No. 1 and 2 will shave Nelson's (Column) Billet (Mac of the Cabe, etc.).

Mac—"I believe we are to be instructed in the Lewis Gun on Monday."

Mick—"Yes, thank goodness. The rifle is so boring."

This week's War Cry:—"Keep looking at your right hand—until you get the right wheel!"

"IXION."

SPECIAL SERVICES, KILKENNY

On Thursday, 2nd inst., Sergt. Parselle met and defeated C.Q.M.S. Phelan in the fourth round of the Billiard Handicap. I am sorry to have to comment on the unsportsmanlike attitude of some members of the audience.

On the 2nd the "Services" again visited the range, for the last time, we are informed. The shooting competition, which ended in a win for the P.A.'s, was afterwards declared void by their "Friends." Now that the course is over, at least as far as prac-

tical work is concerned, I would like to inform "Premier" that at least some of us would be able to go to Bisley. (Aye—and come back—Ned.)

Yes, Ned, it was the other way about when you were in the Curragh, but you should see the S.S. at target practice in Kilkenny.

Some of our transport men have taken to horseback recently. Does "Mick" think it's easier to jump the Ford than to drive one? (Have you heard about the issue of rubber wheels for horses? But perhaps you have never seen a tyred horse—Ned.)

Mull wants to know "Who is Ned, anyway? (Ah, ha! The answer is "wrapt in misty"—Ned.)

Did somebody say at Ord. Room that "these things are becoming too frivolous."

What does Mick White of P.A. fame think of "Military Terms" as illustrated in "An t-Oglach"?

I see by "Ard Airgid's" notes that "Cocker" is still in the limelight in Gaelic circles. Was "Joe" playing and what about "Peter" of Tug-of-war fame?

This week's true story:—"Kilkenny is a place of mud-covered streets where some soldiers suffer for a time before they go to Dublin. "A.F. 117."



S.O.I., WESTERN COMMAND.

According to reports received from different Battalion Headquarters the "Shock of Discharge" is taken mutually by some of the N.C.O.'s who have not yet signed A.F. 87.

Some of the Non-Coms. here on reading result of the weekly exam. are inclined to think (pending the result of the Final) that they are at "Half Cock."

If a man walking up a hill on going 200 yards finds he is 50 feet up, what size would he take in a "Martin Henri," and would the contours be regular?

Was the N.C.O. whose rifle fires 2,440 rounds per second sacrificing accuracy for rapidity?

What was the average degree of the "slopes" on returning from the two hours' Platoon Drill?

Who was the N.C.O. who during the zig-zag in P.T. met himself coming back?

Which of the students stated the role of the Squad Commander to be his No., Rank and Name.

We are glad to relate that our Billiard team have survived the first round, and, according to students of form, will go farther.

While regretting the admission to hospital of our School O/C., we are glad to learn that he is making a speedy recovery.

Many thanks, Ned, for your kindly expression of welcome to our appearance in the columns.

"BALANCE STEP."

ISLANDBRIDGE BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

It is with some little lack of interest that we open the pages of "An t-Oglach" and find that "the Bridge" has not been mentioned in despatches for some time past.

"Ahoy" is certainly not ashore, and if he is ploughing the watery main we must look to the landsmen.

"The Bridge" has undergone a few little changes since our last notes appeared and a few of them are worthy of mention.

Pte. Pat McDaid has retired to civilian life and as good a sportsman and as fine a chap you could not find in a year of Sundays. Best wishes, Pat, from everybody in the Bridge. I am sure "Sean" will miss you.

A dance was held here recently by the Sergeants of this Barracks and indeed it was a renowned success. The Gym. Hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The civil attendance were enthusiastic in their praises of the arrangements, great credit being due to B.S.M. McAteer, Serjts. Whelan, Keegan, Crowley, Byrne and Flinter for the organisation of same. Sergt. Whelan, the well-known baritone, treated the assembly to a song, and Sergt. Flinter performed some comic turns which would make the greatest comedian of the day green with envy. (Moderate these transports, laddie—Ned.)

When is the next dance going to be held—in the very near future we hope.

When is the Men's Mess Committee going to be formed and when shall we have a library? Perhaps those interested might bustle up when they are reminded through the medium of "An t-Oglach."

"PEACEMAKER."



21st BATTALION, COLLINS BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

In the 6th Brigade Inter-Coy. Football League "H.Q." Coy. beat "A" Coy. in the replay by 4 points, and "C" Coy. defeated "D" Coy. by one point, which left "H.Q." Coy. and "C" Coy. for the final, the result of same being a win for "H.Q." Coy., who therefore qualify to represent the 21st Battn. in the competition proper. (Very pithily put—Ned.)

Draws have been made for the Hurling Competition under the same auspices, but owing to the inclemency of the weather many matches had to be put back. The tit-bit of the draws should be "H.Q." Coy. and "B" Coy., which is due to take place before this issue is published.

Some new stars appeared on the "H.Q." side against "C" Coy. in the final, and the goalkeeper who appeared against "A" Coy. for "H.Q." side in the "Blazer" acquitted himself well, and only having two shots to deal with (which unfortunately entered the net) he decided to take up another position on the field of play where abilities could be shown to more advantage.

The first Boxing Tournament of the season turned out a success and some likely talent have been spotted.

The Committee to look after the big "Do" for the men has now been appointed and all are looking forward to a pleasant "Tuck In."

Just as these notes are being prepared "Paddy" arrives with bag on shoulder and from appearance seems to have got sufficient Coal for the Orderly Room for some weeks to come.

Corpl. D. says that a certain party is the "Richest" in Dublin, but P.H. thinks same party is the "Tallest" in the land.

"Paddy" opened the eyes of all the boys with the long-haired animal recently in the Billet. Was it a hedgehog?

What does P.H. think of the recent wire?

"Rock" is now a familiar figure diverting traffic. "Are you all right?" "Brady" has given up the Football "Come Back."

"Busty" is also busy diverting traffic.

Under what category of Boxing Rules would "Big Peter" and "Big Bill" come? If a contest could be fixed up a bird whispers "Paper Weights."



23rd BATT., PORTOBELLO.

Regarding the excursion alluded to in these notes of some weeks ago it now chances that the opportunity presents itself in conjunction with our friendly match with the 8th Battalion at Naas on Sunday, December the 12th. Granted that the "Clerk of the Weather" and the "Chancellor of the Exchequer" (not to mention the Orderly Sergeant) work in perfect harmony an enjoyable outing should ensue. "But of this, more anon."

Eleven o'clock passes are much appreciated in the Battalion at present and competition is remarkably keen to avoid relegation to the 10.30 p.m. roll.

Passes late are simply great;

"Civvies," too, are splendid,

In the gate a minute late,

That's your pass suspended;

Softly whispers the Provost,

Dulcet, sweet, melodious now,

"It's now eleven past you know,

"I'll have your pass amended."

On Friday morning, December 3rd, a most enjoyable programme was put up in the Gym. The tournament, under the auspices of the I.A.B.A. consisted of ten contests, which were thoroughly appreciated by a large audience. Congratulations to young "Tommy" O'Donnell of the Battalion on his victory.

Regarding our match with Beresford on November the 24th, we wish to thank "Percival" for his warm congratulations and to heartily endorse Ned's opinions.

Things we should like to know:—

What the "Grazy man" thinks of the "Portobello Barmen."

Who was it that oiled the inside of the Butt-trap.

How many copies of "An t-Oglach" "B" Company sells.

Did "Jimmy Malone" enjoy his drive.

What became of last week's notes. (Lost in transit, I expect. They never reached me—Ned.)

This week's Slogan:—"Get up, me man; you're for 'Stand To.'"

"COLLAR-BADGE."



4th BATTALION, CASTLEBAR.

On Tuesday, November 30th the whole Garrison at Castlebar took part in a Cross-country run. The race was timed to start at 2 p.m. sharp. Each individual was supplied with a singlet (muscle cracker), a pair of knicks and shoes. However, owing to sizes of shoes, etc., having to be selected for various individuals the run did not take place until long after the appointed hour. It was a glorious sight, one not easily forgotten, to see big, small, long and short hitting the road for Croagh Patrick. Great excitement prevailed for about a mile of the road, oh, but then the wind gave way, then the legs, and last of all the arms. A great number completed the run of four miles, but a number I was told lost the trail and did not report until 10 p.m. the same night (no charge preferred). Oh! but the following morning. "Doctor, doctor." Our scouts are now on the look-out for the person or person responsible for the issue of this running gear, and do they think that this is a pigmy Battalion? Some managed to squeeze into their knicks, and others when in could not get out.

"C" Company's Band has now procured many more instruments and Pte. McLeary bids fair to become an expert in the manipulation of the various instruments.

Indoor games are forging ahead in Castlebar and many more requisites for the Recreational Room have been obtained.

"D" Company, Ballina, must have gone on foreign service as no news has been received from that direction. The same remarks may apply to "A" in Westport.

We join in the remarks from "Dauntless" of the 16th Battalion in last week's issue. We also hope to have the opportunity of meeting the 16th again, and we are sure it would be a great game.

Definitions by one who knows:—

Rude Awakening—Orderly Officer and assistant over your bed having sword drawn at 06.45 hours.

First Catch—As above.

Line of Departure—From Billet to Company Office.

Line of Sight—Four witnesses plus Company Officer.

Line of Fire—That which is ejected from members of No. 4.

Dangerous Space—Prisoner between Escort.

Culminating Point—Commanding Officers' Orders.

Explanation—No Good. Severe Reprimand. "SPARKS."

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

Our Nos. 1 and 2 teams met in the semi-final of the No. 4 Group Billiard Tournament on Tuesday, the 30th ult., and, as was generally expected, the first team ran out winners by three games to one. The victors are now due to meet Records, Portobello, in the final, which, I understand, will be played in the Soldiers' Club, College Street, at a date to be fixed later. Both teams are fairly evenly matched, and some good play and exciting finishes should be witnessed. No doubt our old friend "Me Larkie," who, up to the present has been silent regarding the doings of Records team, will be there to do justice with his pen to the "Recording Angels."

The A.C.E. will be represented by Capt. Irwin, Sergt. Gilham, Sergt. Gallagher and Pte. Ryan, and we feel sure they will render a good account of themselves.

Three prizes—1st, 2nd, and Biggest Break—are being presented, through the kindness of the C.O., for a Barrack Tournament which is about to commence. A large number of entries have been received and keen competition is expected.

The two volumes entitled "Michael Collins and the Making of a New Ireland," by Piaras Beaslai, will shortly be added to the bookshelves in the Barrack Library.

The C.O. having given his approval, Weekly Whist Drives will shortly be started.

A COUPLE OF DEFINITIONS OMITTED BY "ME LARKIE."

Line of Departure—The direction taken by a soldier when he leaves the Barracks. On pay night this is generally towards the nearest-ice-cream shop.

Line of Sight—A straight line from "2 L.O.'s" eye through the cookhouse window to the door of the main block.

"The Ref" has now adopted the role of furniture remover and could be seen on a recent afternoon struggling with a large press. Was it he or "Mac" that conceived the nutty idea of using rulers as rollers?

Have the said rulers been since tried up?

Is there any truth in the rumour that "2 RN." hatched a plot to evict the "Little Man" from his bunk?

What was "2 RN.'s" motive?

What did "2 L.O." say about "Cat's Whisker"?

Does he really intend writing up all that "Cat's Whisker" doesn't know about horses and sending it to "An t-Oglach"?

Is it a fact that "2 L.O." is on the wrong scent?

This week's Slogan:—"When are you Shifting?"

"Cat's Whisker."

BRISK BOXING BOUTS. Successful Portobello Tournament.

(By FOAM).

The programme served up at Portobello Barracks on Friday, 3rd inst., and organised by the 7th Brigade Institute, in aid of Christmas Tree Fund, was certainly one of the best seen for a considerable time at Dublin's most popular boxing venue. The hall was comfortably filled, and a very welcome part of the programme was the musical selections by the band; under Bandmaster Student Doyle. Naturally an extra item was supplied when Cullen, from the School of Music, was declared the winner.

In all ten bouts were decided, and we had 45 rounds of good boxing.

The programme opened with a Flyweight contest, in which Kelly (North City) gave a marvellous display of scientific boxing against Pte. Metcalfe, of the 27th Batt. It was seen early in the fight that, although the soldier was putting in occasionally some clever work, he had not the reserve of his opponent who was a clear winner in a spirited bout throughout.

We had three fights in the Bantam division. And of these the best was that between Pte. Walshe (Signals) and Pte. O'Connell (8th Batt.). After two fights in the one night at Collins Barracks tourney, on the previous Wednesday, it was thought that Walshe might not be at his best, but despite slight arrears at the start he got into his stride, and by splendid ringcraft and a snappy left-hand gained a good verdict.

O'Connor (Phoenix) started well against the champion, Leslie, but near the end of the third round the towel was thrown in from O'Connor's corner and an old defeat thus wiped out by Leslie.

Higgins (St. Paul's), although game, was no match for Kearns (Phoenix), who administered the k.o. in the 2nd round.

There was much better boxing in the Featherweight series, all of the bouts being well contested.

O'Donnell (23rd Batt.) had plenty to do in the opening stages with Behan (Phoenix). Both mixed matters freely throughout the contest, with O'Donnell a shade the better at infighting. After the judges disagreed, the referee decided in favour of O'Donnell.

O'Shea, in his contest with Clarke, boxed even better than in the championship, which says much in his favour. He found the popular "Nobby" very difficult to get at, but kept sending left-hand punches to the face which quickly gathered points. There was nothing between them at half the distance, but a constant body attack in the concluding rounds won the verdict for Clarke.

The struggle between Cullen (A.S.M.) and Brennan (18th Batt.) might be styled the best of the night, and here again an old defeat added interest to the fight for the ultimate winner.

Brennan got the better of his opponent in the championships when many thought Cullen had won. On this oc-

casion both were cautious and neither showed any inclination to get to close quarters. As the fight progressed, however, Brennan landed many powerful blows to the head and body, but Cullen came back and gave as much as he received. It was only in the fourth round that Cullen took up the attack, and from this to the end held a majority of the points. Brennan was, however, fit to the final bell.

There were two contests in the Lightweight division, in the first of which Devine (A.C.E.), who is probably "Mossy" Doyle's successor in this division, put paid to the pretensions of Sgt. Tobin (16th Batt.) before a second bell was sounded, the latter dropping his guard and leaving a fine opening which Devine promptly availed of to finish the fight.

Wright (Phoenix) was clever at the start against Finn (St. Paul's), but after the third round the latter, who is improving rapidly, gained a point's victory.

The only fight in the Welterweights was that between Holian (8th Batt.) and Boland (St. Paul's).

After his defeat of Guard McCabe by Boland, and Holian's good show against Dwyer in the championships, this promised a rattling good contest, and so it was for four rounds. Holian did some leading at the start, and despite many attempts by Boland to break down a safe guard, the soldier was wary. In the second meeting Boland sought the aid of the ropes, but Holian quickly sized up the situation and landed flush on the jaw a blow which, having little effect, proved the tough opponent with whom he had to contend. Boland now gave a very polished display of boxing, and besides good ringcraft, carried a punch in either hand capable of finishing the fight. He got his chance in the fourth round and, after sending both across, connected with the right to send Holian to the canvas for the full count. It is not an easy task to find a suitable opponent for Boland at the moment, although he seems to lose energy as the fight progresses. Details:

Flyweights—J. Kelly (N. City B.C.) beat Pte. Metcalfe (27th Batt.), on points.

Bantamweights—Pte. Leslie (A.S.C.) beat J. O'Connor (Phoenix), on points; Pte. Walsh (Signals) beat Pte. O'Connell (8th Batt.), on points; J. Kearns (Phoenix), k.o. J. Higgins (St. Paul's).

Featherweights—Pte. O'Donnell (23rd Batt.) beat D. Behan (Phoenix), on points; Pte. Clarke (8th Batt.) beat Pte. O'Shea (25th Batt.), on points; Pte. Cullen (A.S.M.) beat Cpl. Brennan (18th Batt.), on points.

Lightweights—Pte. Devine (A.C.E.) k.o. Sgt. Tobin (16th Batt.); T. Finn (St. Paul's) beat W. Wright (Phoenix), on points.

Welters—J. Boland (St. Paul's) k.o. Pte. Holian (8th), in fourth round.

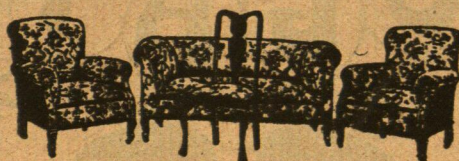
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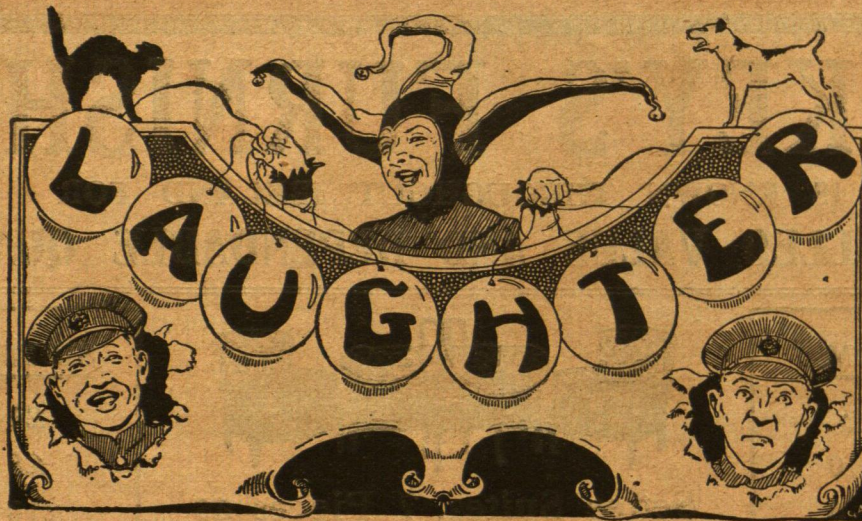
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Óubrad leir go raib m.p. agur p.m. marí cinn litheada as an mbeirte a bí as clampar agur go raibadair beirte a páo gur leó péin an ball ina raib m.p. marí cinn litheada air. San ampar tugad an ball a bí ra ceirte den t-raigóirí ina raib—m.p. marí cinn-litheada aise, agur ar glacaó an baill ro, punne pé saipe móir agur dubairte pé le (p.m.) "bí tú as cur an éairte noim an scapall," aic t-éirdeasair p.m. m.p. agur dubairte pé. "Na bac leir an scapall anoir agur dá mbeir mipe éom glie leatra agur "m.p." a beir marí cinn litheada asam beinn éall i-sarana m-éirdeac leir an scuro eite ro na "m.p."

Prize of Solingen Razor awarded to Sean O'Domhnaill, Ceatru Sair Catha, Iadh Cath, Roinnmor, Gaillimh.

The motor-bus was proceeding in a rather jerky manner when a young woman passenger inquired: "What's wrong with the car?"

"The engine misses," replied the conductor.

The young woman smiled.

"How did you know I was married?" she asked.

A young corporal was drilling some men when one of them stepped out from the ranks and remarked in an angry voice: "You couldn't drill a company of ducks!"

Next morning he was brought before the O.C., who ordered him to be taken out and given ten minutes in which to change his mind.

When the time was up the man was brought in again and asked if he had altered his opinion. He replied in the affirmative, and was then asked:—

"And what conclusion have you come to?"

"That he could not drill one duck, sir," was the quick, if somewhat astonishing, reply.

In Peking they are executing editors without a trial. Well, most editors have trials enough.

Drowning Man—"Uh—blub—elp—lub—ublubs."

Drowsy Bystander—"You said a mouthful, brother."

Young Knut—"I say, waitah, nevah bring me a steak like that again."

Waiter—"Why not, sir?"

Young Knut—"It simply isn't done, old thing!"

Mother—"I think you'd be happier, Doreen, if you married a man with less money."

Doreen—"Don't worry, mother; Gerald will soon have less."

"Porter," said an old lady at a country station, "what time is there a train to Greystones?"

"Six-thirty," replied the porter sharply.

"What?" exclaimed the old lady, who was rather deaf.

"Six-thirty," repeated the porter, angrily, and turned away.

Not being satisfied she approached another porter and asked him the same question.

"There's a train at half-past six, ma'am," replied the porter, politely.

"That'll do very very well," said the old lady. "I just asked that other fellow, and he said next Thursday."

He was of the stern, lean variety, but, having reached years of discretion and acquired a substantial bank balance, he fell in love.

She was very beautiful—but a poor scholar.

How eagerly he waited for the first love-letter, and with what frenzy of anticipation he tore it open.

"My darling angle face," he read.

That was too much for him. Even she made fun of his infirmity! So a promising romance was ended.

In the dictionary "invest" comes before "investigate"—but in practise reverse the order.

One thing the discovery of the North Pole proved is that there's no one sitting on top of the world.

The only trouble with doing your Christmas shopping early is getting the wherewithal on the same schedule.

Mars is being blamed for the unusually bad weather that Europe is suffering. Even so, Mars is not causing Europe the suffering that he caused in 1914-1918.

"What was George Washington noted for?"

"His memory."

"What makes you think his memory was so great?"

"They erected a monument to it."

Maud—"As soon as your holiday's over you'll forget all about me, I know."

Bert—"Don't be silly, darling. Haven't I told you I've just completed a Memory Training course?"

Attendant—"There's a man outside who wants to know if any of the patients have escaped lately."

Director of the Asylum—"Why does he ask?"

Attendant—"He says someone has run away with his wife."

She—"I won't even consider marrying you. You are the most stupid, asinine, idiotic creature on earth. You are repulsive, abhorrent, miserable. I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth. I hate you. You are despicable."

He—"Do I understand that you are rejecting my proposal?"

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