



Vol. V. No. 25.

December 25th, 1926.

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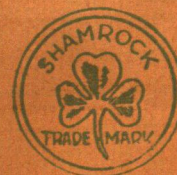
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Vol. V. No. 25.

DECEMBER 25, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE



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"TRAJECTORY."



# AN T-ÓGLÁC

DECEMBER 25, 1926.

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

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

## CÓMHRÁD AS AN EASLAIRÉIR.

### MICHAEL COLLINS.\*

WE have been frequently told by Irish savants that the history of Ireland has yet to be written. Most, if not all, of such written history as we possess is unreliable. That is so because most of the history which has come down to us has been compiled at third and fourth hand. Even historians whom for generations we have been taught to regard as the true custodians of Irish historical truth have in the light of modern research been proved to be very unreliable torch-bearers indeed.

Such first hand accounts as we have of the epoch of Irish history are marred in a majority of cases by a distinct partisan flavour—a damning quality in any work professing to be historical.

For a long time it appeared to us that the achievements of this generation—and no generation of Irishmen has greater martial glory to its credit—were going to be allowed to pass into the womb of time. Such accounts of our time as have hitherto appeared are without question either violently partisan, or definitely hostile. These works, to-

gether with the bare facts—and censored facts at that—of the day to day happenings, were the only sources of contemporary history available alike to the student and the writer.

We, therefore, welcome Piaras Beaslai's great work. It is by no means such a biography of Michael Collins, nor as complete a history of the times as we would like to possess. None the less it is a great work. We prophesy that this generation will have passed away, and the next generation, too, before a greater combined work on these two subjects will be presented to the Irish nation.

As a biography we are presented with a living, palpitating "Big Fellow" as we all knew him in the days when the one thought, the one desire, the one unselfish ambition stirred our hearts and nerved our courage. It is the true "Mick"—the embodiment of the spirit of youth, the will to do and dare. Despite many eminent critics to the contrary, that is a very good and very true form of biography. It is as good a biography, having regard to the nature of the whole work, as could have been written by any fellow-craftsman.

As a history of our own times we have—again despite many eminent critics—no fault to find with it.

Contemporary history cannot in its entirety be written. That is a task for other times and other men. Piaras Beaslai has told everything of contemporary history that could reasonably be written. As a red-blooded participant he has told it with admirable restraint and wonderful impartiality. He paints for us a very true picture of the times. The stress and strain, the blood and tears, the doubts and hopes, the vain ambitions and bitter jealousies, the plots and insinuations that tore and rent the entire nation. He has painted them calmly and uncritically—as becomes a participant.

The book will disappoint many people in Ireland. That is their fault, not Beaslai's. They lived in the heart of things and knew too much of affairs. They expect too much. What these people want is an eight-volume work. Nothing less will satisfy their craving for detail—and yet more detail. For political reasons it will displease very many people. But that is only in the nature of things.

To other people it must prove a fascinating work. It will bring to them a picture of Ireland such as they have never had before. Living outside the direct influence of the turbulence and passion of the times their appreciation of Beaslai's work will be in much truer perspective than ours.

Piaras Beaslai has done much for Ireland in his time. He has never done his country a better service than the production of this work. The fact that it has already run into the second edition is a fitting reply to the very many criticisms of the work which have appeared in various journals.

We are glad indeed that the publishers had enterprise enough to offer it to the public on the instalment plan. That brings it within the reach of every pocket. It certainly deserves a place in every Irish home.

W.J.B.-W.

\*MICHAEL COLLINS AND THE MAKING OF THE NEW IRELAND. By Piaras Beaslai. The Phoenix Publishing Co. Two Volumes. Price 45/-.



# IN CAPTIVITY

From "WITH THE IRISH IN FRONGOCH."

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

(Being the Forty-Fifth instalment of the History of the Anglo-Irish War.)

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[NOTE—After the Rising in 1916, all the Volunteers who took part in it, and very many who did not, were "swept up" by the R.I.C. and British Military, and hastily conveyed to various English jails. From these they were later concentrated in an Internment Camp, at Frongoch, Wales.—EDITOR.]

## CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

"Whitmore," said Bevan, stopping in front of me, "instructions have been received from the Home Office that a proportional distribution of all Christmas foodstuffs received from the National Aid Committee is to be made to the men in the South Camp. I am sending down to you the proportion due to you of the quantity already received. I want you to receive the stuff, to check it with the invoice, and sign the receipt."

"Sir," I replied, "I do not admit that I am Whitmore. But I am quite willing to assist you in this matter if you will pledge me your word of honour that I will not be punished for doing so by being sent back to the North Camp."

"But, good gracious," he exclaimed, in astonishment, "you surely would not consider it a punishment to be sent back to the North Camp?"

"If I did not," I retorted, "I should not be preparing to spend Christmas here. And I can only assist by being given a guarantee of protection."

"Well," he answered in the tone of one who felt convinced that these "Irishry" were a mad lot, "I give you my word that you shall not be removed."

About an hour afterwards a large hand-cart loaded with boxes of foodstuffs arrived. One of the men wheeling the cart handed me a private note. It was from one of our trusted leaders in the North Camp. I gave it in full:—

"A Chara,—I am sending 2 boxes of food-stuffs, containing 5 sweet cakes, 12 soda cakes, 4 cooked hams, and about 2 lbs. of butter, as part of the National Aid consignment. The boxes have my name on them. I received them from Cahirciveen for D. Daly, J. O'Shea, T. D. Ring and myself. As the two former are in the South Camp I decided to send as much as possible to D. Daly. I am writing to Denis Daly, so he will see you about the boxes. Best wishes

for a merry Christmas to all.—Mise do chara,

"MORTIMER O'CONNELL."

A Merry Christmas! That epitomised the great-hearted spirit of the men.

I have given this note in full, because it constitutes the best possible evidence of the complete harmony that existed between the men of the North and South Camps. The italics were put in to warn me that this food-stuff was not part of the National Aid consignment, but a private contribution, and was to be given to Daly. That was typical of the attitude of the men in the North Camp. They were sending down nearly all their own private supplies under pretence that they were part of the official consignment.

When I sent for Daly he would only take the 2lbs. of butter for himself and O'Shea, insisting that the rest was to go with the National Aid contribution for general distribution amongst the prisoners. Such was the unselfish nature of the men. Throughout Thursday and Friday car-loads of food-stuffs continued to arrive in the South Camp, and I was kept going, receiving, checking, and distributing.

On Friday morning I sent for the Censor, and pleaded with him to allow the prisoners in the South Camp who had parcels in his office to receive them without revealing their identity. I urged the congested nature of his office, the Christmas times, the relaxation of the restrictions, and finally I offered to sign *in loco* for the parcels myself. He expressed his regret that he could not comply with my request. He said that specific instructions had been received from the Home Office to the effect that we were to receive only a proportional share of the National Aid consignment, and that he could not exceed those instructions.

I smiled when I reflected on the extent to which those instructions had already been exceeded. But I had an ulterior motive in putting the request.

Rumour was persistent that we would be released before Christmas, and as a result of this rumour a certain amount of suppressed excitement, expectancy, and discontent was prevalent, despite the vigour of the measures taken for a jovial celebration of Christmastide. I naturally concluded from the nature of his reply that the prospects of immediate release were nil, and I lost no time in communicating the news to the men. I would have been very pleased to have been able to kill the release idea altogether.

Just after tea on Friday night, when most of the prisoners were taking a last exercise round the yards before locking-up, and when I, after the labours of the past two days, was lying down resting on my bed, word came in that the Adjutant was looking for me in the compound. With considerable reluctance I got up and went out to him. I met him just at the door of the passage leading into the inner compound.

"Well, Whitmore," he said, "I have just received the order of release for you all."

"What?" I asked in amazement.

"I've just got a telegram from the Home Office," he continued, "ordering the release of all the prisoners."

"Do you mean an unconditional release of everybody?" I queried, not yet able to grasp the full significance of his remarks.

"The telegram simply says that I am to have the Camps cleared of all Irish prisoners by eight o'clock on Saturday night. No mention is made of any condition or reservation whatever. The idea is to have you all home in time for Christmas. Men from the North, West, and South of Ireland will leave the Camp at 5 A.M. to-morrow morning; those for Dublin and the midlands will leave at eight o'clock to-morrow night. Now I will have to telegraph the name and address of every prisoner to the Home Office and Dublin Castle before he leaves the Camp. It will be an all-night job for



me, and unless you help me I will not be able to get through in time.

"Well," I replied, "since it's an unconditional release all round I will help you out."

I then rushed round the dormitories and announced:

"Everybody to the dining-hall. An important statement will be made by the Adjutant." I did not pause to explain anything, but passed on to the yards, where I issued the same order. In a few minutes everybody was crowded into the hall, and the Adjutant was electrifying them with this announcement.

"So now," he concluded, "unless you help Whitmore and me we will not be able to get through in time. I want the men of Dublin and the midlands to go back to their dormitories. I want the men from the West, North and South of Ireland to group themselves into separate corners. Whitmore will then make out a list of your names and addresses and the stations to which you are travelling. Hurry up now, lads."

Not a man moved. After a few seconds' silence—

"What about Michael Murphy?" asked M. Collins. "Are you still looking for him? Because if you are we won't give you any names and addresses."

"What the hell do I want with Michael Murphy!" exclaimed the Adjutant, somewhat angrily. "I never wanted Murphy, and I told you so."

"We can't believe a word you tell us," retorted Collins.

"Well, I don't care a damn whether you believe me or not. I've got an order from the Home Secretary for the unconditional release of every prisoner, and you can believe me or not just as you choose."

"Will you give me your word," I asked, "that no attempt will be made to identify the prisoners?"

"Most certainly," he replied.

"Then," I said, "if you will kindly retire to your office I will undertake to get the work through."

So the Adjutant took himself off, and the men shook themselves out in groups according to their several localities. I selected a prisoner from each group and put him taking down the names and addresses. When this was done I collected the list and dismissed the men whilst I settled down to make out the lists in alphabetical order as required. I shall not attempt to describe the scene that followed when the men reached their dormitories. There was simply an orgy of feasting, singing, packing, and writing in autograph albums. The barbers were kept going all night hair-cutting and shaving.

As I finished each county I took the list out to the Adjutant's office; here I found himself and his entire staff working away for dear life on lists and railway vouchers. The telegraph key clattered incessantly as names and addresses went flying to London and Dublin.

Whilst I was thus engaged, Mat the cook and several of the Wexford men came down to me.

"What about —?" asked Mat. "Is he coming home with us?"

D. D—— was a County Wexford prisoner who had been admitted to the isolation hut suffering from a slight eczema on his wrist.

"No," I replied, "he is not travelling with us in the morning. He must be seen and certified by the doctor before he can leave Camp. He will travel with the Dublin men in the evening."

"Then if that's the way none of the Wexford men are going home to-morrow morning," retorted Mat. "We're not going till he comes with us."

I went out to the Adjutant and explained the matter to him.

"Well, Whitmore," he retorted, "if the Wexford men won't take their release they can stay. You know the Camp regulations as well as I do. And I'm going on seven days' leave to-morrow night, and the Wexford men will have to live without any rations until I return."

"That all sounds very well here in your office," I pointed out, "but wait until it gets into the papers and it will look like a typical piece of Prussianism on your part."

I suggested that he telephone for the doctor in Bala. A clerk called up every possible place in Bala, but Doctor Roberts could not be found. At last he exclaimed in exasperation:

"Put his name down with the rest and let him go home along with them." Thus we got our way in everything.

With such a lot of work to attend to I did not get a chance to attend to the packing of my own kit until near morning, and I was still engaged at it when "Jelly-belly" entered at 4.15 A.M. and called for the men going home to form up outside. I was tying up the last box when a prisoner came in and told me I was wanted outside immediately. I found the men congregated under the archway, practically in a state of mutiny. "Jelly-belly" had tried to tick off the men going home by calling the roll-call. The men had refused to answer.

I took the list from the sergeant and sent him and one of the prisoner-officers up to the entrance gate with instructions to form the men up in column of fours as I sent them up. I then called over the list, and the men stepped out in turn and were formed up at the gate. Just as I was finishing the Adjutant entered and handed me a telegram, remarking:

"Read that for yourself."

The telegram announced that there would be no mid-day boat on Saturday, and that the morning departure of the prisoners was cancelled, the whole party to leave at night, all possible travelling facilities to be utilised in order to get the men home by Christmas morning.

I announced the contents of the telegram to the men and dismissed them. They broke up and went towards the dormitories, muttering: "It's all a damn cod!" "It's humbugging us they were; we're not going to be released at all." One of them remarked to me as he passed by: "The devil a bit of me will believe I'm released at

all until I'm knocking at the door of the old home."

But the Adjutant was even angrier than the prisoners. He had slaved during the night, and all largely for nothing now. In vivid language he cursed the blundering that had let him in for such an amount of over-night work.

A fresh brew of tea was made, and having regaled ourselves we knocked up the Dublin boys and bade them go down for some tea. When they got out of the beds we got into them.

The next day the Camp gates were opened wide. We were free men. Uninterrupted passage was allowed between the Camps, and along all the roads except the road leading to Bala. A soldier was stationed on this to turn us back. Men explained to me with almost bated breath the intoxication of going about the roads without any escort or restraint. It was certainly delightful.

That night when we were ready to leave the Camp one of the huts in the outer compound was opened up and "Jelly-belly" placed inside. Here he called the roll while two of us stood on the steps and checked the men as they answered and stepped up to the entrance gate. It was bitterly cold. Some inches of snow lay on the frost-bound ground, and a thin sleet of snow was falling. Yet our spirits were so high that we heeded it not.

We were then marched up to the square outside the railway station, where we were drawn up in company-column. It was almost pitch dark. The Adjutant and a little group of officers were standing at the entrance gate. When we were settled he began calling the travelling warrant list. As the North Camp men had joined us now it was a long proceeding. It began like this:

"No. —, Michael Flannigan and nineteen others for Galway City," yelled the Adjutant.

No one stirred.

The Adjutant again called out the above order.

Yet no one stirred. It resembled another roll-call, and fearing an attempt at identification they stood shivering in the cold, but refused to answer.

I slipped over to the Adjutant and told him that the men feared it was an attempt at identification, and would not answer. Then he yelled:

"The travelling warrant is made out in the name of Michael Flannigan, and on behalf of nineteen others travelling to Galway City; so for —'s sake let somebody come forward as Michael Flannigan for the warrant and let the rest come along with him."

I went along the ranks and explained to the men the procedure, and assured them that no attempt at identification would be made. There was no further difficulty.

After about half-an-hour the five hundred odd of us were safely packed into the special train with drawn blinds, and were speeding towards Holyhead.

The Irish in Frongoch had ceased to be.



# IRELAND'S BATTLES AND BATTLEFIELDS

## THE WARS OF HUGH O'NEILL.

By WESTON ST. J. JOYCE.

### THE DISASTROUS CAMPAIGN OF ESSEX.

Bagenal's death and the signal disaster at the Yellow Ford caused great consternation in England. The military prowess of O'Neill, great as it was, was exaggerated, and Moryson says of him—"The generall voyce was of Tyrone amongst the English after the defeat of Blackwater, as of Hannibal among the Romans after the defeat of Cannæ."

Elizabeth was greatly exasperated at the catastrophe and wrote indignant letters to the Irish Government, upbraiding them for dividing and wasting their forces in petty contentions with the rebels of Leinster. To replace Bagenal, who was an honourable man, she sent Sir Richard Bingham, an officer who had distinguished himself by the most savage acts of brutal butchery in Connaught. He died, however, almost immediately on landing in Dublin, so that he had not time to repeat his exploits. Sir Samuel Bagenal, brother of the late Marshal, was then sent to Ireland with 2,000 men to replace the losses at the Yellow Ford.

England's best generals—De Burgh, Kildare, Norris, and Bagenal—had now been successively hurled back in ignominious defeat from the frontiers of Ulster, and Elizabeth felt that if Ireland were to be retained at all it would be only by a supreme effort of all the powers of the empire. By some strange infatuation she appointed as Lord Lieutenant her Court favourite, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, a young man only 22 years of age, with little experience and absolutely devoid of prudence and judgment. She invested him with plenary powers—almost those of a king—and entrusted to his command a vast army of 20,000 foot and 2,000 horse, one of the largest ever sent into Ireland. His instructions were to neglect all the insurgents of lesser note, and on landing to march at once with all his forces to reduce rebellious Ulster. With this splendid army he landed in Dublin on the 15th April, 1599, and was sworn in the same day.

But now his ineptitude became manifest. In direct violation of his instructions he divided his army, sending 3,500 men, under Sir Henry Harrington, to Wicklow to check the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles, 3,000 more to Sir Conyers Clifford in Connaught, and he also sent garrisons to Dundalk, Drogheda, and Naas. Thus his fine army was soon scattered all over the country, and he had now but 7,000 left. With these he marched against the Munster Geraldines, instead of proceeding against O'Neill, as he had been ordered. Having reached Athy he seized a fortified

bridge across the Barrow, by which he advanced with his force into the Queen's County. He then proceeded by the Castle of Rheban on to the English fortress of Maryborough, which he victualled, and next encamped on the slopes of a high hill called Croshy Duff, about three miles farther southward. From the summit of this hill, which commanded an extensive view, he surveyed the surrounding country, and directed his march accordingly. But he was not unobserved. Owney O'More hung on his flank, and, with his scouts securely posted on the Dysart hills, was kept apprised of every movement.

At Croshy Duff, Essex marched his ranks and advanced by the Ballyknockan cross-roads towards Ballyroan, knowing that the enemy were somewhere in that direction. His course lay through almost impenetrable woods, which afforded secure cover for the Irish, and enabled them to form an ambushade. The road here traversed a narrow winding defile, and this place Owney O'More selected for the attack. The engagement which ensued has been minutely described by Sir John Harrington, an English officer who fought on the occasion. His account is published in "*Tracts Relative to Ireland*," Vol. II.

The road passed for a mile through a dense wood, and was plashed at the sides with trees and boughs, behind which the Irish maintained an intermittent fire, and at one place they had dug a deep trench across the road to delay the passage of the English. Adjoining the wood were bogs, quite safe to the lightly-equipped Irish, but which the English dared not attempt, and in a small village between the wood and the bog the Irish were massed in considerable numbers.

To force a passage through this dangerous defile Essex divided his army into three divisions. Before the vanguard marched the forlorn hope, consisting of "forty shot and twenty short weapons," and they were ordered not to discharge them "until they presented them at the rebels' breasts in the trenches," and were to suddenly enter the trench at either side of the vanguard. The baggage and part of the horse preceded the main body, and in front of the last division were placed the remainder of the horse, except thirty, who in command of an officer completed the rear.

The Irish apparently allowed the first division to pass unmolested and then fiercely attacked the middle and rear, throwing them into partial confusion. Meanwhile the vanguard had hurried on till they emerged from the pass into the open plain, where they halted for the rest to come up. The

English of course greatly outnumbered their assailants, and would have easily defeated them in the open, but, being unable to fight to advantage in the pass, the battle partook of the nature of a running attack by the Irish and a hurried march by the English to gain the open country.

About fifty years ago, when the foundations of an old building near Ballyknockan House were being excavated, cartloads of human remains were exhumed and removed by the workmen. Considerable quantities of these remains also lie in the high gravelly ground between Ballyknockan cross-roads and the Castle. The tradition of a great battle having been fought here is still quite vivid among the peasantry of the neighbourhood, who say that the fight raged for about half a mile along the road, which was strewn with dead bodies. The battle terminated at a bog called "Moneenna-fulla," meaning "the little bog of the blood" in which skulls, human remains, and arms have been found from time to time.

On account of the great number of plumed helmets found in the pass after the battle it got the name of Barnaglitte or "The Pass of the Plumés." This name is, however, now obsolete and forgotten.

It should be mentioned that the site of this battle was unknown until it was satisfactorily identified and all controversy set at rest by the investigations of the Rev. John Cañon O'Hanlon, M.R.I.A., to whose paper on the subject in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy I am indebted for my local details.

This was the first reverse experienced by Essex, and from the letters he wrote to the Privy Council subsequently it seems to have impressed him with a greater respect for the fighting powers of the Irish than he previously had.

After this engagement Essex marched to Ballyragget, and thence to Kilkenny, "a citty where the Earl of Ormond is resident." Here he was received with great demonstrations by the English inhabitants. He next proceeded by Clonmel to Cahir, where "in the midst of the ryver Suyre lyeth an Iland, the same a naturall rocke, and upon yt a castle which, although it may be not built with any great arte, yet is the scite such by nature that yt may be said to be inexpugnable." ("*Tracts Relative to Ireland*."). When he reached the castle he sent officers to parley with the garrison, but failing to induce them to surrender he made preparations for a siege. Accordingly he planted cannon in position, and, having sent 300 men to take possession of the bawn who expelled "these beastes," as the Irish are here elegantly designated, he commenced a vigorous cannonade which soon breached the walls. Hearing that some reinforcements were advancing from Mitchelstown to the relief of the castle, he sent Sir Christopher St. Lawrence, with 300 men, to break down a bridge over which the relieving force would have to pass.

The garrison, seeing themselves thus



cut off from this expected relief, endeavoured to leave the castle under cover of the night, but they were discovered by the English, who fell upon them and killed about eighty of them. The English then took possession of the castle and placed a strong garrison in it, and Essex advanced to Limerick, leaving the wounded at Clonmel.

While the English were storming Cahir Castle, Sir Thomas Norris, Governor of Munster, came to Kilmallock to meet Essex, as he knew he would pass that way. He had been nearly a fortnight in the town before the Earl arrived, and in the interval was in the habit of daily scouring the surrounding mountains accompanied by his soldiers to try if he could not capture or kill some of the "Irish rebels." He happened one day to meet a well-known rebel, one of the Burkes of Castleconnell, with about 100 Irish soldiers; a sharp conflict ensued in which some 20 of the Irish were killed, but Norris received his death wound, and was carried to Kilmallock, where he died six weeks later.

Meanwhile bad news began to arrive from other parts of the country, and ill luck appeared to attend all the expeditions. Sir Henry Harrington sustained a serious reverse at Ranelagh, near Baltinglass, in County Wicklow, of which a most detailed account is given by himself. According to this narrative he set out with his troops from Wicklow and marched to Ranelagh, but ascertaining that the Irish were massed in great force in the neighbourhood he attempted to return next day. The Irish followed and soon overtook him, keeping up a running fight for some miles. Another party of the Irish took a short cut to a ford, across which the English were to pass, and intercepted their van. The main body of the English were some distance behind, and before they could come up the vanguard fired off their pieces recklessly, and then, throwing them away, turned and fled. One of the officers who had charge of the colours also ran away, and a large number of pikemen in the main body broke from the ranks and followed his example, throwing away their arms, and even stripping themselves of their clothes! Harrington writes—"All that I or their captains could do could never make one of them once to turn his face towards the rebels."

Another officer, Captain Atherton writes, "When we came to the rear we found some of the rebels killing our men, they making no resistance, nor once turning their faces towards their enemies"—"never offered to turn or speak, but as men without sense or feeling, ran upon one another's back, it being not possible to break, by reason of the captains, who endeavoured by all means to stay them, but in vain."

Essex, on hearing of this disgraceful defeat, hastened to Dublin, and held a courtmartial on those responsible, and the lieutenant, who had charge of the colours, with one out of every ten soldiers were executed. Sir Henry Harrington was also suspended for a time, though he was not to blame in the matter.

# THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

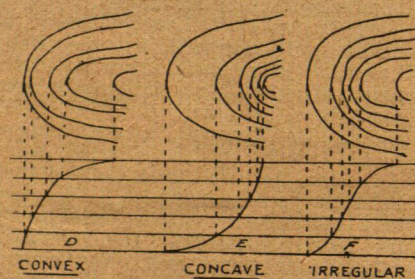
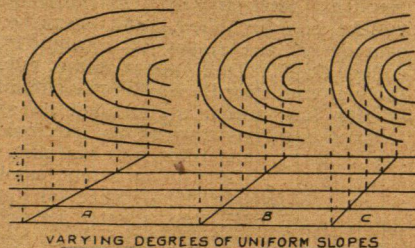
UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

## TOPOGRAPHY.

### Lesson No. 29.

#### Contours.—Continued.

**Uniform Slopes.**—When the contours are equal distances apart the slope is uniform. The angle or degree of slope is determined by the distances between the contours, i.e., the nearer the contours to one another the steeper the slope. In diagrams a, b, and c we have examples of uniform slopes, while



the varying degrees of slope are clearly shown in the sections. In a the contours are further apart than those of b, while those of c are closer together than either a or b. The corresponding sections shew that the degree of slope a is less than that of b, while c shews the greatest degree of slope.

**Convex Slope.**—When one point on a slope is not visible from another which is in direct line with the first point and the summit (top of hill), i.e., when the line of sight is interrupted by the intervening ground surface, the slope is **convex** as in diagram d. It will be noted that the distances between contours **increase** as we go from the lowest contour to the highest.

**Concave Slope.**—When one point is visible from another point, which is in direct line with the first point and the summit, and when all the ground surface between is visible (or would be visible if free of vegetation) the slope is **concave**, as in diagram marked e.

In this case the distances between the contours **decrease** as we go from the lowest to the highest.

**Irregular Slope.**—When a slope cannot be classed as uniform, concave, or convex it is **irregular**, as in diagram marked f. In such cases the spacing between contours varies with the degree of slope.

In connection with the foregoing it is well to bear in mind that in slopes, as represented by diagrams a, b c and e (uniform and concave slopes), there is no "dead ground." There will always be some "dead ground" in convex and irregular slopes. "Dead ground" may be simply defined as ground which cannot be controlled by rifle fire, and in which parties of troops are not visible from a certain direction.

In determining nature of slopes and visibility of points a knowledge of section drawing, as shown in diagram, is essential. In the drawing of sections heights are much exaggerated. For rough calculations and section drawing the horizontal lines may be  $\frac{1}{4}$  1-10, or  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch apart. For accurate calculation, however, the spacing between these lines is generally at a scale six times the scale of the map. In other words, height is exaggerated six times. This exaggeration is necessary to clearly define the outline of slope, for, if drawn to actual scale, heights would be almost negligible in proportion to distance.

## APOLOGY.

### TUTTY v. COLLINS.

I, the undersigned, Maurice J. Collins, of 8 Iona Drive, Glasnevin, Milk Contractor, hereby apologise to Mr. Alfred T. Tutty, Inspector of Food and Drugs for the Corporation of Dublin, for having uttered slanders (which I then believed to be true) alleging dishonesty against him in the discharge of his duties as such Inspector, and I hereby admit that said slanders were without foundation and untrue and I unreservedly withdraw same.

I also agree to pay the costs of the said Alfred T. Tutty as between Solicitor and Client and that this apology shall be published in the *Irish Times*, the *Irish Independent*, and *An t-Oglach*.

Dated this 2nd day of December, 1926.

Signed, M. COLLINS.

Witnessed—Joseph L. Meehan,  
Solicitor's Assistant.

16 Dawson Street, Dublin.

Gerald Byrne & Co.,

Solicitors for the said Alfred T. Tutty.

## TEXT BOOKS

All the books required for the work conducted in the Students' Page and any other aids to study can be obtained by return of post from

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## ARMY NEWS.

Major T. Killeen, No. 2 Bureau, Chief of Staff's Branch, was granted leave from 6/12/26 to 21/12/26.

Their colleagues in the Defence Forces extend their sympathy to Lieut. Jack Kelly, No. 1 Bureau, G.H.Q., and Lieut. Kelly, 12th Battalion, Templemore, on the death of their youngest sister, which took place recently at her residence, St. Peter's, Puckstown Road, Drumcondra.

Capt. Joseph Whelan, Pay Officer, Special Services, No. 1, is transferred to Marriage Allowance Section as from 8th inst.

A/Captain Patrick J. Redmond, Pay Officer, No. 6 Brigade, is transferred to Pay and Accounts, Sub-Detachment, G.H.Q., with effect from 8th inst.

Captain Robert Dayell, Pay Officer, No. 7 Brigade, is transferred as Pay Officer, Special Services, No. 1, Staff, Pay and Accounts Sub-Detachment, with effect from 8th inst.

A/Capt. Francis Kirwan, Pay Officer, Special Services, No. 2, is transferred as Pay Officer, No. 6 Brigade.

Lieut. Brian Kennedy, Staff, Pay and Accounts Sub-Detachment, G.H.Q., is transferred as Pay Officer, No. 7 Brigade.

Captain Herbert M. Dallaghan, Officers' Pay Section, is transferred as Pay Officer to Special Services, No. 2.

Capt. Brendan Barry, Quartermaster, 20th Battalion, is transferred as Quartermaster, 22nd Battalion.

Capt. Patrick Farrell, Quartermaster, 22nd Battalion, is transferred as Quartermaster to 20th Battalion.

Captain H. Dallaghan, Quartermaster-General's Branch (Special Services, No. 2), returned off leave 7/12/26.

Colonel S. McGoran, No. 1 Bureau, Chief of Staff's Branch, returned off leave 11/12/26.

Comdt. P. Scott, No. 1 Bureau, Chief of Staff's Branch, is granted leave from 18/12/26 to 31/12/26, inclusive.

Capt. D. McGuinness, Chief of Staff's Branch, No. 2 Bureau, granted leave from 17/12/26 to 15/1/27, inclusive.

Captain Michael J. Leamy, having reported his arrival from Army School of Instruction, Curragh Training Camp, on 9/12/26, is taken on the strength of the Battalion, and resumes duty as second in command, 16th Infantry Battalion.

Captain Thomas Halpin, having reported his arrival from the Army School of Instruction, Curragh Training Camp, on 8/12/26, assumes the duties of Second-in-Command of 18th Battalion, with effect from 9/12/26.

66014, Pte. J. Slevin; 66024, Pte. E. J. Costello and 66027, Pte. J. Diack, of Quartermaster-General Branch (Portobello Barracks), were transferred to Adjutant-General's Branch on 13/12/26.

61513, Pte. F. McCauley, 14th Infantry Battalion, and 59773, Pte. J. Brady, and

65997, Pte. G. McCarthy, 27th Battalion, are taken on the strength of attached personnel of the Depot Company, Military Police, McKee Barracks, Dublin.

32731, Sergt. J. Steadman, having reported arrival from Army School of Instruction on 8/12/26, is taken on Strength of Depot Company, McKee Barracks, accordingly.

15178, A/Cpl. H. Casey, and 42377, A/Cpl. T. McDonnell reported their arrival from Eastern Command Company on 6/12/26, and are taken on strength of Depot Company.

10390, A/Cpl. R. Sweetman proceeded on transfer to 22nd Infy. Battalion, on 4/12/26, and is struck off strength of Military Police Corps accordingly.

52911, A/Cpl. D. Manning, having proceeded on transfer to Southern Command on 9/12/26, is struck off strength of Depot Company.

Lieut. H. J. O'Flanagan, Army Signal Corps, having completed a course of instruction at the Army School of Instruction, Curragh Training Camp, reported his arrival at Headquarters, 8/12/26.

57638, A/Sergeant M. Hensey, Army Signal Corps, having completed a course of instruction at the Army School of Instruction, Curragh Training Camp, reported his arrival at Headquarters, 8/12/26.

### OUR COMRADES IN THE U.S.A.

#### CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO THE TROOPS AT HOME.

The following cablegram has been received by the Chief of Staff from Major-General MacNeill, who is at present a Student Officer, with Colonel Costello, at the United States Military School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas:—

"Officers of Military Mission extend hearty Christmas greetings to comrades in the Army at home.

"MACNEILL."

The other Officers of the Mission on whose behalf Major-General MacNeill has cabled Christmas greetings are:—Capt. Joseph Dunne, Capt. Patrick Berry, and Lieut. Sean Collins-Powell, Infantry School, Fort Benning, Georgia, and Lieut. Charles Trodden, Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

36005, Pte. M. Fadden, Army Signal Corps, is posted from Headquarters' Company to Southern Command Signal Company, Cork, for duty, with effect from 10/12/26.

63383, Pte. F. Donnelly, Horse Transport and Remount Depot, McKee Barracks, was discharged from the Defence Forces (time expired) on the 6/12/26.

The following of Horse Transport and Remount Depot (School of Motor-ing) were posted to Command Companies, Army Transport Corps, on 9/12/26:—To No. 1 Command Co., A.T.C., Dublin—65977, Pte. James Giffney; 64931, Pte. Thomas Moore; 64617, Pte. Thomas McEvoy; 64559, Pte. Thomas Shiels. To No. 2 Command Co., A.T.C., Athlone—65537, Pte. John Burke; 61062, Pte. Andrew Clarke; 64535, Pte. Charles Delaney; 63580, Pte. Fras. Hen-

derson; 61329, Pte. Fras. McKenna; 64778, Pte. Tim Quinlisk. To No. 3 Command Coy., A.T.C., Cork—64834, Pte. Patk. Coleman; 65195, Pte. Patk. Welsh.

No. 27501, Private T. Byrnes, No. 4 Brigade, having been posted to 13th Infantry Battalion, on 3/12/26, ceases to be entitled to additional pay with effect from that date.

Sergt. John Blake, "A" Coy., and Sergt. Jas. McCarthy, "C" Coy., 10th Infantry Battalion, have been permitted to revert to the rank of Corporal as from 2nd inst.

Coy-Sergt. Martin Wheeler reported his arrival from No. 3 Brigade Headquarters, Collins Barracks, Cork, and is posted to "D" Company, 16th Infantry Battalion. He is replaced at No. 3 Brigade Headquarters by Coy-Sergt. George McKenna, "D" Coy., 16th Battalion.

Sergt. Brian O'Connor and Pte. John Cassidy, Western Command, are granted additional pay of 1/6 and 9d. per day, respectively, as from 9/9/26.

Sergt.-Major Stanley Last and Sergt. William Coffey, Western Command, have voluntarily reverted to the ranks of Private and Corporal respectively.

Pte. William McCullagh, "B" Coy., 15th Battalion, is granted additional pay at the rate of 9d. per diem, with effect from 8/9/26.

Capt. Michael Tuohy and Sergt. Patk. O'Brien reported for duty with the 12th Battalion from the Army School of Instruction on 9th inst.

C.Q.M.S. John Murphy, "A" Coy., 15th Battalion, reverts to the rank of Sergeant at his own request.

Capt. Sean O'Meara and Sergt. Canavan, 15th Battalion, returned on 8/12/26 from the Army School of Instruction.

Sergt. Peter Thornton, H.Q. Coy., 16th Battalion, reverted to the rank of Corporal on 24th ult., at his own request.

Ptes. James Daly, "A" Coy., and Denis Murphy, "C" Coy., 16th Battalion, proceeded on attachment to Army Corps of Engineers, Griffith Barracks, Dublin, on 14/12/26.

23952, Pte. William O'Brien, H.Q. Coy., 18th Infantry Battalion, is granted additional pay of 3/- per day as cycle mechanic, with effect from 27/9/26.

A/Cpl. L. Shanahan, Depot Company, Military Police Corps, McKee Barracks, Dublin, is transferred to Southern Command since 2/12/26.

Pte. R. McMullen, Depot Company, Military Police, proceeded on transfer to Adjutant's Staff, Curragh Training Camp on 6/12/26.

Kingswood Rugby Club, which is composed chiefly of players from the Army Air Corps, beat Wanderers, "A" by 13 points to 10 points, at Lansdowne Road, on 15th inst.

### ARMY BOXERS

#### To Visit Aldershot and London.

The Army Athletic Council have decided to accept the invitation of the British Army Boxing Association to send a team of Irish Army Boxers to Aldershot and London in April next.



# AN IRISH CHRISTMAS IN 1602.

Elizabethan Officers' Rollicking Time in Downpatrick.

GLOWING ENGLISH TRIBUTE TO CELTIC HOSPITALITY.

(Translation of Unique Latin MS. :: :: Special to "AN t-UGLACH.")

The following unique document is a translation of an MS. in Latin in the British Museum. Bodley, the author, was a brother of the founder of the famous Bodleian Library at Oxford, and was a famous engineer. He fought at the Battle of Kinsale, and the "itinerary" given here was undertaken at the invitation of Sir Richard Moryson, Governor of Lecale in Co. Down, to spend Christmas with him at his headquarters. It throws a curious light on barrack or mess-room life at the period. The six officers were all of very high rank under Elizabeth, and one of them (Caulfield) was the ancestor of the famous Earls of Charlemont, one of whom achieved so much fame in connection with the Irish Volunteers of 1782:—

## "An Account of a Journey of Captain Josias Bodley \* into Lecale, in Ulster, in the Year 1602."

"We set out from that city (Armagh) for the town commonly called Newry, which was one day's journey. There, to speak the truth, we were not very well entertained, nor according to our qualities; for that town produces nothing but lean beef, and very rarely mutton; the very worst wine; nor was there any bread, except biscuits, even in the Governor's house. However, we did our best to be merry and jocund with the bad wine, putting sugar in it (as the senior lawyers are used to do with Canary wine)—with toasted bread, which in English is called 'a lawyer's night-cap.' There we found Captain Adderton, an honest fellow and a friend of ours, who, having nothing to do, was easily persuaded to accompany us to Lecale.

"So the next morning we four take horse and set out. We had no guide except Captain Caulfield, who promised he would lead us very well. But before we had ridden three miles we lost our way and were compelled to go on foot, leading our horses through bogs and marshes, which was very troublesome; and some of us were not wanting who swore silently between our teeth, and wished our guide a thousand devils. At length we came to some village of obscure name, where for two brass shillings we brought with us a countryman who might lead us to the island of Magennis, ten miles distant from the town of Newry: for Master Morrison had promised he would meet us there.

\* Bodley was accompanied by Captains Caulfield and Jephson.

"The weather was very cold, and it began to roar dreadfully with a strong wind in our faces, when we were on the mountains, where there was neither tree nor house; but there was no remedy save patience. Captain Bodley alone had a long cloak, with a hood, into which he prudently thrust his head, and laughed somewhat into himself to see the others so badly armed against the storm.

"We now came to the island of Magennis, where, alighting from our horses, we met Master Morrison and Captain Constable; with many others, whom, for the sake of brevity, I pass by. They had tarried there at least three hours, expecting our arrival; and in the meantime drank ale and usquebaugh with the Lady Sara, the daughter of Tyrone, and wife of the aforesaid Magennis; a truly beautiful woman; so that I can well believe these three hours did not appear to them more than a minute, especially to Master Constable, who is by his nature very fond, not of women only, but likewise of dogs and horses. We also drank twice or thrice, and after we had duly kissed her, we each prepared for our journey.

"It was ten or twelve miles from that island to Downpatrick, where Master Morrison dwelt; and the way seemed much longer on account of our wish to be there. At length, as all things have an end, and a black pudding too (as the proverb hath it), we came by little and little to the said house. . . . When we had approached within a stone's throw of the house—or rather palace—of the said Master Morrison—behold! forthwith innumerable servants! Some light us with pine-wood lights and torches because it is dark; others, as soon as we alight, take our horses and lead them into a handsome and spacious stable, where neither hay nor oats are wanting. Master Morrison himself leads us by wide stairs into a large hall, where a fire is burning the height of our chins, as the saying is, and afterwards into a bed-chamber, prepared in the Irish fashion.

"Here, having taken off our boots, we all sit down and converse on various matters; Captain Caulfield about supper and food, for he was very hungry; Captain Constable about hounds, of which he had some excellent ones, as he himself asserted; and the rest about other things. Master Morrison ordered a cup of Spanish wine to be brought, with burnt sugar, nutmeg, and ginger; and made us all drink a good draught

of it, which was very grateful to the palate, and also good for procuring an appetite for supper, if any one needed such.

"In an hour we heard some one down in the kitchen calling with a loud voice, 'To the dresser.' Forthwith we see a long row of servants, decently dressed, each with dishes of the most select meats, which they place on the table in the most select style. One presents to us a silver basin with the most limpid water; another hands us a very white towel; others arrange chairs and seats in their proper places. 'What need of words, let us be seen in action' (as Ajax says in 'Ovid'). Grace having been said, we begin to fix our eyes intently on the dishes, whilst handling our knives; and here you might have plainly seen those Belgian feasts, where, 'at the beginning is silence,' in the middle, the cranching of teeth, and at the end the chattering of the people. For at first we sat as if rapt and astounded by the variety of meats and dainties—like a German I once saw depicted, standing between two jars, the one of white wine, the other of claret, with his motto: 'I know not which way to turn.'

"But after a short time we fall to roundly on every dish, calling now and then for wine, now and then for attendance, everyone according to his whim. In the midst of supper Master Morrison ordered to be given to him a glass goblet full of claret, which measured (as I conjecture) ten or eleven inches round about, and drank to the health of all and to our happy arrival. We freely received it from him, thanking him, and drinking, one after the other, as much as he drank before us. He then gave four or five healths of the chief men, and of our absent friends, just as the most illustrious lord, now Treasurer of Ireland, is used to do at his dinners. And it is a very praiseworthy thing, and has perhaps more in than anyone would believe; and there was not one among us who did pledge him and each other without any scruple or gain-say, which I was very glad to see; for it was a proof of unanimity and assured friendship.

"For there are many (a thing I can't mention without great and extreme sorrow), who won't drink healths with others; sitting, nevertheless, in the company of those who do drink, and not doing as they do; which is of all things, the most shameful. And since I have now happened upon this discourse on drinking, I will say some-



thing, by way of digression, on the subject."

[Here follows a long and rather amusing discourse on drink, in which the following among many other similar expressions of opinion occur: 'If any such person think he should go excused because he cannot bear wine, owing to the weakness of his brain, he may depend that it happens through his own fault; to wit, because he does not sufficiently accustom himself to wine.' . . . I maintain that being drunk is nothing else than being sometimes rationally mad'; just as if one should take any medicine that intoxicates the brain, or produces, perhaps, nausea, vomiting, or sleep," etc.]

"Let us now return to Lecale, where the supper (which, as I have said, was most elegant) being ended, we again enter our bedroom, in which was a large fire (for at the time it was exceedingly cold out of doors) and benches for sitting on; and plenty of tobacco, with nice pipes, was set before us. The wine also had begun to operate a little on us, and everyone's wits had become somewhat sharper; all were gabbling at once, and all sought a hearing at once: like what Sir Roger Williams, of worthy memory, used to call 'his academy,' to wit, where all were speakers, and no listeners. And it is not true, what some say: 'When wine is in, wit is out,' unless they mean thereby, when anyone is full of wine, then his wit, which was previously hidden and unknown, exhibits itself openly and plainly. For if any sober person had been present at that time, in any corner of the room, I doubt not that he would have heard very remarkable and witty things, which I cannot now recollect.

"I remember, however, that we conversed profoundly on things political, economical, philosophical, and much else; and amongst other things, we said that the time was now happily different from when we were before Kinsale at Christmas of last year, when we suffered intolerable cold, dreadful labour, and a want of almost everything; drinking the very worst. We compared events, till lately un hoped for, with the past, and with those now hoped for. Lastly, reasoning on everything, we conclude that the verse of Horace squares excellently well with the present time; namely, 'that now is the time for drinking, and now is the time for thumping the floor with a loose foot.' Therefore, after a little, Captain Jephson calls for usquebaugh, and we all immediately second him with one consent, calling out 'Usquebaugh, usquebaugh!'—for we could make as free there as in our own quarters.

"Besides it was not without reason we drank usquebaugh; for it was the best remedy against the cold of the night and good for dispersing the crude vapours of the French wine; and pre-eminently wholesome in these regions where men and women of every rank pour usquebaugh down their throats by day and by night; and not for hilarity only (which would be praiseworthy), but for constant drunkenness, which is detestable.

"Therefore, after everyone had drunk two or three healths, still discoursing, between each health, on grave affairs

relating to the State . . . we all at once agree to go to bed. For, what because of the assailing fumes of the wine which now sought our heads, and by reason of the coolness of our brains, diffused themselves over our eyes—what because of the fatigue from the previous day's journey—and what because of the hour itself, when the sun had advanced to the east from the meridian line of the other hemisphere, 15 degrees, 6 minutes, 5 seconds, and four thirds, we thought it right (as I have said) to rest for some hours. And behold now, the great kindness that Master Morrison shows towards us! He gives up to us his own good and soft bed, and throws himself upon a pallet in the same chamber, and would not be persuaded by anything we could say, to lie in his own bed; and the pallet was very hard and thin, such as they are wont to have who are called 'Palatine' of great heroes.

"I need not tell how soundly we slept till morning, for that is easily understood, all things considered; at least if the old syllogism be true: 'He who drinks well, sleeps well.' We did not, however, pass the night altogether without annoyance: for Captain Constable's dogs, which were very badly educated, were always jumping on the beds, and would not let us alone, although we beat them ever so often, which the said Constable took in dudgeon, especially when he heard his dogs howling; but it was all as one for that; for it is not right that dogs, who are of the beasts, should sleep with men who are reasoning and laughing animals, according to the philosophers."

[Here follows a description of the position of the sun, etc., when they awoke in the morning.] 'Before we got out of bed they bring to us a certain aromatic of strong ale, compounded with sugar and eggs, to comfort and strengthen the stomach; they also bring beer (if any prefer it) with toasted bread and nutmeg, to allay thirst, steady the head, and cool the liver; they also bring pipes of the best tobacco to drive away rheums and catarrhs.'

"We now all jump quickly out of bed, put on our clothes, approach the fire, and, when all are ready, walk abroad together to take the air, which in that region is most salubrious and delightful, so that if I wished to enumerate all the advantages of the place, not only powers (of description) but time itself would be wanting. I shall therefore omit that, as being already known, and revert to ourselves, who, having now had a sufficient walk, returned to our lodging as dinner-time was at hand." [The menu, etc., of the dinner is then described in detail, as was the supper of the previous night.] He continues: "And lest any one might think that God had sent us the meat, but the Devil the cook (as the proverb says), there was a cook there so expert in his art that his equal could scarcely be found; and I shall now say one big word—I believe that Master Robert, the cook who presides over the kitchen of the Lord Deputy (with pardon be it spoken), is not a much better cook, or more skilled in his art than he—and his name is Philip. And truly

this may suffice as to the dishes and dainties—for a word to the wise is enough.

"If you now enquire whether there were any other amusements, besides those I have related, I say an infinite number, and the very best. For if we wished to ride after dinner, you would have seen forthwith ten or twelve handsome steeds with good equipments and other ornaments, ready for the road. We quickly mount, we visit the Well and Chair of St. Patrick, the ancient Fort, or any other place according to our fancy; and at length returning home, cards, tables, and dice are set before us, and, amongst other things, that Indian tobacco (of which I shall never be able to make sufficient mention), and of which I cannot speak otherwise."

[Here follows a discourse on tobacco, for which the writer expresses a great fondness for, and belief in. Referring to those who dislike tobacco he says: "Almost all have but one argument, that would make a dog laugh, and a horse break his halter, saying that neither our sires, nor grandsires took tobacco, yet they lived I know not how long. So indeed they lived until they died, in spite of tobacco; but who knows if they might not have lived longer had they used tobacco?" Again he says: "Nor hath it ever had an enemy, except the ignorant, who either on account of the cost (for it is sold dear), or because he imagined himself awkward in properly or skilfully imbibing it, was deterred, as it were, on the very threshold."

"From my experience, I have so much in view its innumerable and unspeakable benefits, that I might even venture to say (with the poet), 'Why dies the man whose mouth tobacco smokes.'"

"And now once more to our Lecale—where, amongst other things that contributed to hilarity, there came one night after supper certain maskers of the Irish people, four in number (if I rightly remember). They first sent in to us a letter marked with 'The greatest haste,' and 'after our hearty commendations,' according to the old style, saying that they were strangers, just arrived in these parts, and very desirous of spending one or two hours with us; and, leave being given, they entered in this order: first a boy, with a lighted torch; then two, beating drums; then the maskers, two and two; then another torch. One of the maskers carried a pocket-handkerchief, with ten pounds in it, not of bullion, but of the new money lately coined, which has the harp on one side and the royal arms on the other.

"They were dressed in shirts, with many ivy leaves sewed on here and there over them; and had over their faces masks of dogskin, with holes to see out of, and noses made of paper; their caps were high and peaked (in the Persian fashion), and were also of paper, ornamented with the same (ivy) leaves.

"I may briefly say we play at dice. At one time the drums sound on their side; at another the trumpet on ours. We fight a long time a doubtful game;

(Continued on Page 14.)



# THE SWORD OF O'MALLEY

BY  
JUSTIN MITCHELL.

## CHAPTER XXVIII. —continued.

At her very feet, almost touching the hem of her garment, she caught a glimpse of an awful Something which sent an overpowering thrill of terror through her heart and brain. Perched on the summit of the climbing wave was a bat-black Shape, with evil visage, corpse-pale, crabbed and twisted in a hideous leer, and horribly dabbled with streaks of blood and foam.

The spectral Thing moved in a sort of deathly dance on the ridge of waters and suddenly disappeared in a smother of churning foam.

But not before it had been recognized. That grisly apparition, with its grin of venom, showed the well-known features of the Duke of Ungvar.

It was too much!

Irene's piercing shriek of terror rent the darkness above and around. On the very brink of the whirlpool she tottered blindly, and, but for the Cardinal's protecting arms, she must have been engulfed. Well it was that the old man's soul was fearless and his grasp unflinching. Otherwise Ungvar, even in death, might have claimed the final victory over O'Malley—the Duke might have won his Princess after all!

There came the patter of hurrying footsteps, and presently the old priest and his lifeless burden were the centre of a little group, solicitous and sympathetic.

"There have been inexplicable happenings hereabout," the Cardinal explained. "Her Highness has had a dreadful shock."

The ladies uttered little distressful cries of pity and concern. But it was no time for explanations.

"If you will, Duke," said the King, and relinquished Monica to the care of Sergius. "Captain Bartolome," he added, "you are familiar with the path leading to the River Gate. Show the way."

From the Cardinal's supporting arms Rudolf took the unconscious Princess and strode along the narrow track in the wake of the young Guardsman.

The party reached higher ground, and were, indeed, within sight of the Guard-house at the bridge, when from the darkness came a scurry of rushing footsteps, and O'Malley, wild-eyed, bare-

headed, and swordless, dashed into their midst.

Without a word, without a moment's pause, he extended his left arm in masterful demand; and in silence the King yielded up his burden to the Irishman. Edmund assumed custodianship of the Princess with the air of one who asserts an incontestable right and receives what is merely his due.

Then there were fluttered bosoms and questioning eyes in the little group. The Princess snatched from the King's very embrace by the Irish Guardsman! The King quietly acquiescing in the audacious act. What could this strange thing portend?

Perhaps the Cardinal knew. His eyebrows remained unlifted and he showed no desire to ask questions.

Now the King, with Irene in his arms, had shaped a course for the Guard-house. But when O'Malley imperiously deprived Rudolf of his burden, the party saw the Irishman turn his back on the Guard-room door and march off into the gathering gloom. They had no choice but to follow.

"Whither is he going?" Wanda queried unrestfully.

It was the Cardinal who replied, and his answer had the note of perfect certainty.

"To the Inn of the Green Dragon," he said.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

The night had grown very dark, and the guest-room of the Inn was wrapt in rayless gloom. No logs glowed on the hearth; no lantern burned above the fire-place. The chamber was abandoned to silence and shadow.

At the foot of the staircase O'Malley paused in his march, and, for the first time, addressed the attendant group. Irene's slender form nestled in the crook of his strong arm, and her curled head was pillowed on his shoulder. His bearing and his voice were those of a man who possesses all that the world has to give.

"There is light in the chamber above," he said; and the party followed him upstairs to the room above the river.

In a chair by the fire-place Edmund placed his unconscious burden and surrendered her to the gentle ministrations of the ladies. The men of the party, numbering seven, seemed, in such a small room, to form quite a crowd. They moved away from the hearth and turned to the table beneath the window.

Then they became aware of a singular thing.

On the table lay a sword, the tasselled weapon of the Irishman, its steely sheen mottled with blood-gouts. On the edge of the board, heated and perspiring, but with a dogged, uncaring air, a man sat wiping a gory blade. The floor beneath his feet was a welter of crimson stains.

Who was the fellow? And what desperate drama had been enacted in this blood-bespattered room?

There was a startled pause. Lotz raised his eyes to meet a battery of

astonished questioning glances, and then calmly resumed his task.

Edmund broke the strained silence.

"Prince Karl has gone?" he queried.

"The rogues' way," Lotz answered, raising a crimsoned finger to the window overhead. He sheathed his sword, and, lifting O'Malley's weapon, he handed it to its owner.

"Why, what is this?" the King demanded. "Who have been fighting here?"

O'Malley answered, but his reply evoked a gasp of incredulity.

"The Prince of Ulmo has been fighting the Duke of Ungvar," he said.

There was a general upraising of eyebrows. Young Bartolome laughed.

"You do but jest, O'Malley," he bantered.

"The Duke found the jest a bitter one," the Irishman answered; "yet he rose to the occasion in truly astonishing fashion. Gentlemen, Ungvar possessed a quality for which none of us gave him credit. He had a sense of humour."

"How mean you?" Bartolome queried.

"In detail the story might prove lengthy and tiresome," Edmund explained.

"Let me be brief. Ungvar and Ulmo owed to me a debt which could only be paid by forfeit of their lives. That debt they have discharged—fully, if not willingly. Ungvar is bereaved of its Duke, Ulmo is princeless. The realm is well rid of a brace of pestilent ruffians, and the merman in the pool below is, even now, entertaining two guests."

"Two?" the Cardinal breathed softly. He had seen only one.

"You slew the twain?" Bartolome cried excitedly.

A slow smile flitted across O'Malley's visage, and for a moment he held his peace.

In that moment each listener put to himself the query, "How will the King take this?" But Grupp remembered that Rudolf had himself foreshadowed the plotters' fate. Had not the King once said: "Leave them to O'Malley!"

"At my hands," said Edmund, "the pair suffered not so much as a single scratch. I set them to fight each other for their lives, but they signally failed to show any aptitude for the duel. Suddenly some mischievous sprite tempted the Duke to venture upon a joke. He dropped his battle with Ulmo and turned his sword upon me. I was unbalanced and utterly unprepared. But Lotz here had tactfully possessed himself of the Duke's pistol, and Ungvar's own bullet was the means of saving my life I' faith, 'twas a narrow shave!"

"So the Duke died," King Rudolf said quietly, in the tone of one who has little interest in his question.

"Died and was buried," Edmund added, nodding towards the window. His own hidden weapon trapped him in the end."

"But what of Ulmo?" young Bartolome questioned.

"My servant, Lotz, had a little score of his own to settle with the Prince."



O'Malley explained. "I had knowledge of Lotz's skill and complete confidence in his mettle. Gentlemen, Lotz has done his duty like a man. Lotz is wonderful."

The King placed a friendly hand on the Irishman's uninjured shoulder. His eyes shone with a warmth of feeling.

"Edmund," he said, "Lotz may be wonderful, but you are a marvel and a nonpareil. That you have rid Rhonstadt of a brace of pestilent traitors is not your only service to this realm. Gentlemen,"—he turned to address the Guardsmen—"you may recall the day, not yet far distant, when the Prince-Royal was a graceless, undutiful shirker. As King, you may have noted in him some slight change. What say you?"

Sergius answered for the group.

"The whole nation," he said, "has learned to speak with delight of what they call 'The King's Awakening.'"

"So," Rudolf continued. "And to whom, think you, belongs the credit of this miracle?"

The Duke opened his lips to reply; but the Cardinal forestalled him.

"Your subjects with one voice award the credit to the Princess of Caronia," his Eminence said.

"My subjects are wrong, doubly, trebly wrong," was the King's amazing rejoinder. "The change was wrought—"

"By Captain O'Malley," a voice from the background intervened.

It was the voice of the Princess Irene. In the growing excitement of their conversation the men had forgotten the group by the fire-place. Her Highness, recovering consciousness under the kindly offices of the ladies, had caught the drift of the King's remarkable declaration. She rose, and, on Allegra's arm, she moved across the room and confronted Rudolf with a little wan smile, as though challenging him to controvert her words.

The King bent low before her.

"Lady," he said, "you speak truly. To the manifold example of Captain O'Malley, to his stimulating personality, I owe my regeneration. He seemed to infect me with something of his own virility."

"He has given Rhonstadt a King," murmured Irene, her eyes lovingly dwelling on Edmund's face.

"And a Queen," added the Cardinal.

Not a man in the company—not a woman either—whose heart did not bound at the old priest's words. Some would have broken out in a babble of amazed queries, but a little movement of the Cardinal's hand stayed their tongues. His Eminence held the floor.

"Your Majesty," he said, "in rehearsing the cause of your regeneration, have you not told only half the tale?"

"What mean you?" Rudolf asked in puzzled tone.

"Your subjects delight in telling each other that the King's awakening coincided with the arrival in this city of the Princess of Caronia and her suite," the Cardinal explained.

The King laughed heartily.

"The rogues!" he cried. "There have been keen eyes about."

"It is common gossip in the squares and market-place," the Cardinal continued, "that the lady who roused the sleeping knight will presently become his bride."

Was the Cardinal angling for a declaration, Irene asked herself. Was he trying to force the King's hand?

"For once gossip speaks truly," Rudolf said smilingly. "In the presence of dear friends, and in this chamber where history has recently been made, I have pride and pleasure in announcing my betrothal."

There was a little pause filled with breathless interest. Most of the listeners believed that Rudolf was about to present Irene as his bride-elect, and all eyes turned to the Princess of Caronia.

"How will the Irishman take it?" was their thought.

"Gentlemen," the King continued, addressing his Guardsmen, "I present to you this gracious lady as your future Queen."

He took a little hand within his own, and bent to kiss a lady's jewelled ring.

But not Irene's!

No wondrous emerald blazed on the fragile fingers, which met the devoted salute of a King's lips. No dusky crown of clustering curls bent to acknowledge the profound obeisance of the Guardsman.

Monica was their future Queen.

The Princess had been passed over, and the unconsidered lady-in-waiting had been chosen for exalted honour.

The lily, pallid and virginal, had triumphed over the royal rose.

Waxen-fair, with faintly flushing cheeks and eyes aglow, the golden-haired girl seemed suddenly invested with regal dignity and stately grace.

It was Monica's hour.

Irene instinctively shrank into the background. The Princess of Caronia had seemingly become quite a commonplace person as contrasted with the future Queen of Rhonstadt.

O'Malley was by her side. A little apart from the others they communed in undertone.

"You behold me immensely humiliated," she said archly, the light of utter happiness dancing in her eyes. "Your candidate has been not only defeated, but ignored. Apparently Rudolf has never even been aware of my candidature. Heavens! to what a mortifying rebuff have I been exposed. I have merely served as a sort of background for the superior charms of Queen Goldenhair. Tell me truly, sir, is the Lady Monica so much more beautiful than I? Truly, now."

"Is the noonday sun more beautiful than the pallid moon-flower?" he parried.

"Monica is a minx," Irene concluded, with a little *mon* of feminine severity. "A sly, artful puss. Do you know, sir, that for weeks I have believed her to be in love with *you*."

Edmund laughed gaily. "Lovers know their own loves best," he said. "For weeks all Rhonberg, myself in-

cluded, believed Rudolf to be in love with *you*."

The Cardinal's voice interrupted their communings.

"Wedding-bells in Rhonberg," he was saying. "This will be glorious news for the people. The nation's indebtedness to Captain O'Malley has increased a thousandfold."

"How? What mean you?" Rudolf asked.

"Perhaps Duke Sergius could best explain the matter," his Eminence said.

The Duke of Doorn stepped forward. "The Cardinal's words are perfectly true," he began. "The King owes his bride and the nation its Queen to Captain O'Malley, who first hit upon the delightful idea that it might be possible to encompass the regeneration of the Prince-Royal through the medium of the affections. These ladies, your Majesty, were invited to visit Rhonberg in the secret hope that one of them might win your heart and thereby stir you to a proper sense of kingship. In fact, your Guardsmen were solemnly vowed to this enterprise."

"Say you so?" cried Rudolf. "Then right well and truly has O'Malley kept his vow."

Sergius caught the Princess's eye and quailed guiltily. He knew that he had spoken the truth, but not the whole truth. He knew that O'Malley had broken his vow, and incurred the penalty, but that a power higher than Kings and Captains had intervened to unravel the tangle and justify the wrongdoer.

Love was the King Victorious.

The Vow of Five had been broken in the letter, but in the spirit marvellously fulfilled.

To the group in the room above the river it seemed as though someone had suddenly raised a curtain at the end of a darkened chamber to reveal a glowing vista of light and loveliness beyond.

The Cardinal placed a hand on Sergius's sleeve, and withdrew the Duke into the background, where Edmund and Irene stood vis-a-vis.

"Princess," he said, "I heard to-day that my country and yours are on the brink of a decimating war. The Duke has come to sue for peace. He has lowered his flag. Wider views and better counsels prevail. We realise that Captain O'Malley, instead of being a recreant traitor, is the saviour and safeguard of Rhonstadt and the King. Is it not so, Duke?"

Sergius raised his glance to meet O'Malley's stare of cold indifference. He bowed gravely, but held his peace.

"Come, your Grace," said the Cardinal; "let us make the amende in no grudging spirit. Speak the word and settle the matter once and for all. Which is it to be? Peace or war?"

Taking Edmund's hand in both his own, Sergius answered the query in a single word. "Peace," he said, and his tone and manner indicated perfect trust and cordial gratitude.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

In the leaf-screened balcony of the rustic hostel of St. Roch, Irene and Edmund sat chatting gaily of the past



drooping form and kissed her tears away.

Hand in hand they quitted the lilac arbour, and wandered down the forest pathway. Twilight shadows fell around them, but, happy in lovers' secret communing, they noted not the gathering darkness and the slow unbuilding of the bridal city in cloudland. Presently their haphazard wandering led them to the reedy margin of the little woodland mere.

A great round moon, climbing slowly above the tree-tops, showed a glittering disk as of polished silver. It seemed as if some Angel Prince had hung his buckler on the walls of heaven.

In the rippling waters the mirrored image of the burnished orb made a zone of glory, like a pearl-strewn pathway, stretching to the lovers' very feet.

"See," said Edmund, "the moon-ship cleaves the waters with its silvery prow. My dream-argosy has come home at last."

And there we leave them—a man and a maid—with the sombre forest shadows behind them, and the moon-ship's crystal wake before. Their romance was only beginning. Ours has reached its end.

"Oh, but," I hear some reader say, "the finale should have more impressive setting, more distinctive environ-

ment! Edmund should be shown espousing his Princess amid a scene of royal splendour, with Zurst's vast cathedral housing the highest and noblest in the land, and a stately Cardinal in crimson robes pronouncing the bridal benediction."

No! Rather do I leave the pair, the gipsy maid and her boatman's son, amid the tremulous silence of the blue-grey twilight-time on the reedy marge of the moon-gilt mere.

In extenuation I can plead O'Malley's own excuse. For hero, fate gave me an Irishman.

THE END.

#### CHRISTMAS AT THE DUBLIN SOLDIERS' CLUB.

On Christmas Day dinner will be served in the Soldiers' Club, 5a College Street, Dublin at 2 p.m. After dinner the Restaurant will be closed. Light refreshments will be supplied to soldiers staying in the Club during the holidays.

The Reading and Recreation Rooms will be open during the holidays. Patrons are reminded that bed accommodation is still available, but immediate application is advisable.

In connection with the Christmas Bazaar, the prizewinners for the week are as follows:—

1st Prize—Gillette Razor in case, complete, Pte. G. Burke, Army School of Music, Beggar's Bush Barracks.

2nd Prize—Cigarette Case, Pte. M. Allen, Army Medical Corps, Curragh Training Camp.

3rd Prize—Box of Cigarettes, Pte. D. Bailey, 23rd Infy. Batt., Portobello Barracks, Dublin.

#### AN IRISH CHRISTMAS IN 1602

(Continued from page 9).

at length the maskers lose, and are sent away, cleaned out. Now, whoever hath seen a dog struck with a stick or a stone, run out of the house with his tail hanging between his legs, would have (so) seen these maskers going home, without money, out of spirits, out of order, without even saying 'Farewell,' and they said that each of them had five or six miles to go to his home, and it was then two hours after midnight." [Here follows a description of a game the servants performed for the amusement of the company.]

"But enough of these matters; for there would be no end of writing, were I to recount all our grave and merry doings in that space of seven days. I shall therefore make an end both of the journey and of my story. For on the seventh day from our arrival, we departed, mournful and sad; and Master Morrison accompanied us as far as Dundrum, to whom each of us bidding farewell, and again farewell, and shouting the same for a long way, with our caps raised above our heads, we hasten to our quarters, and there we each cogitate seriously over our own affairs."

#### CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE AT PORTOBELLO.



Flashlight photograph taken by our own photographer in the Gymnasium, Portobello Barracks, Dublin, on Monday evening, 20th inst., on the occasion of the annual Christmas treat to the soldiers' children (see "Me Larkie's Notes"). Father Christmas was represented by Sergt. McAllister, 23rd Infy. Battalion.





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

### DEPARTMENTAL DOINGS : PORTOBELLO.

Goldsmith is credited with the following:—"I love everything that is old—old friends, old books, old wine." Your man Goldsmith was a queer hawk—he drew the line at Old Soldiers.

#### THERE WAS A SOLDIER.

There was a Soldier, and he was old,  
Awfully old was he.

He never joined—no, he was found  
In a canteen in '83.

Before you came up he was on the hop  
Dispensing advice—buckshee.

There was a Soldier, and he was cute,  
Mighty cute was he.

He ne'er had kit, but would "Posh" a  
bit

With Blem he got buckshee.

And you will find ginks of that kind  
Get "the Stick"—but "Guards" get we.

There was a Soldier, and he was dry,  
Oh, dead-bone dry was he.

He sure was curs'd with a limekiln thirst,  
And his "cure"—well, it wasn't tea.  
Yet he could get his "healer" wet,  
And its cost—like his thirst—was free.

There was a Soldier, well war-worn,  
Oh, well war-worn was he,

He had "scrapes" go leor, on the saw-  
dust floor

Way back in old Block "G."

He sure did scrap all over the map,

And his "fights" were mind flights—  
Theory.

There was a Soldier, and he was grey,  
Oh, very grey was he,

Grey was the sear of many a year.

Not the rifle sear—no, not he.

He sure was grey, and I'm sorry to say  
'Twas not—early piety.

The returned "Absentee" does not now  
get the fatted calf. Oh, no; he only gets  
the Sergeant's Goat and the S.M.'s  
"Bird."

Newspaper Heading—"10 soldiers en-  
tombled." Dug-in on the Headquarters  
Staff, I'll bet.

Sergts. Fry and Ned McMullen and the  
rest of the boys have returned from their  
course on the Curragh. They all look  
fit and well, and I expect that Ned won't  
forget the No. 6 Squad in a hurry.

The Minstrel boy to the war has gone  
With his wild harp slung behind him,  
But we've got eleven well sewn on,  
And their shine would nearly blind him.

The "Lambs" (27th) have now got a  
Boxing revival and nearly all the boys  
are practising this rather useful sport.  
Under the able tuition of the ever oblig-  
ing Milly Medcalf they are making great  
headway. More power to their elbows (or  
their fists, which—Ned).

The B.S.M.'s "Joke"—Whose truth  
frightens one and whose laugh makes one  
melancholy.

By the time this "Spasm" is in print  
all the preparations for Christmas will be  
made. Some of the lucky ones will be  
where "The log burns brightly and the  
holly berries gleam," but the majority of  
the lads will pass—let us hope—an equally  
jolly and merry one in Barracks. I had  
a glimpse of the plum-pudding makers at  
work—and I envied them. The Paddy  
Doyle-Dempsey one for the "Lambs" is  
sure "some," and the Joners' Own and  
the Snake Charmers' chefs are vieing with  
each other for their turnout. It sure will  
be some spasm in the 'Bello. The Cin-  
derella on the night of the 27th (Monday)  
will be the best yet. The old Gym, will  
be pushed to accommodate all. Anyhow,  
here's luck.

Our Sergeants' Dictum:—

Virtue with so much ease the Sergeants  
sit,

Their fault they pardon though they  
none commit.

It's easy the while to be happy and smile  
When everything goes the right way,  
Clean conduct sheet, and Pay Book a  
treat,

Grub stakes and jam for your tay,  
But give me the gink who'll give worry  
no think,

With money and prospects not gay,  
Who'll smile with the bunch because of a  
hunch

That hearts will be trumps one day.

Congratulations to the ever popular  
B.S.M. Jimmy Lawlor on his cross-coun-  
try feat the other afternoon. He cer-  
tainly showed up some of the "Lambs."  
Jimmy Brennan, Sloan, Walsh, Tommy  
Dawson and Coy., however, made a good  
show.

A press report states that avalanches  
are becoming more common. It is a con-

solation to know, however, that Orderly  
Sergeants are not the only ones who let  
things slide.

I smiled at my old friend "Cat's  
Whisker" from the Engineers with refer-  
ence to my Records colleagues, whom he  
describes as "Record-ing Angels." Well,  
"Cat's Whisker" since we have started  
that blinking Musketry Course (under the  
able tuition of the one and only Jimmy  
O'Brien) we have been "Recording  
Angles" in one—one, two time.

Congratulations to my old Half-section  
"Ixion," the Headquarters scribe, on his  
Christmas notes—they were certainly very  
nippy and were much appreciated. *En  
passant*, I must pay a tribute to "Collar  
Badge" from the 23rd on his poetic notes.  
"Ned," I can see the Nobel Prize coming  
for some of your scribes. They are cer-  
tainly coming on.

The Christmas Tree by the time that  
these notes get into print will be over, but  
the memory of it in the kiddies' mind  
will, I am sure, linger for some time.  
Colonel McGuinness and the Rev. Father  
Casey are to be more than congratulated  
on the result of their efforts on the kid-  
dies' behalf. They left no stone unturned  
to ensure the success and the smooth  
running of the function.

A revival of Handball has taken place  
amongst the 22nd Battn. boys. There is  
a tournament at present being held and  
the form shown has been well up to the  
average. What about a Brigade Tourna-  
ment?

The Cross-country spasm in the 23rd  
(Joners' Own) has been the means of dis-  
covering quite a lot of hidden talent.  
Now that the 23rd have got things going  
properly, under the able assistance of the  
popular Rory, ably helped by Paddy Mur-  
lihy, Mick Melia and Paddy Hogan, there  
will be fairly even competition when the  
Brigade run comes off.

#### DON'T QUIT.

If you're fed-up to the hilt and by good  
luck you've been jilt,  
And hard luck stares you straight right in  
the eye,

You're sore as you can think—and if  
you're a spineless gink  
You'll cry quits to the game and then  
you'll cry.

But the code sure of a gink says "Fight  
it out and think."



And the twins Despair and Despond are  
all barred,  
In hard luck or in woe it is easy sure to  
blow,  
It's to smile and keep your head up that's  
hard.

Oh, it's easy for to sigh, say you're beaten  
and to cry,  
To cringe—minus backbone and to crawl,  
But to fight when you're right and hope  
is out of sight,  
Oh, that is the finest game sure of them  
all.

And although you may come out of each  
gruelling bout,  
And you are broken and are beaten and  
scarred,  
Just to have one further try, far too easy  
for to cry,  
It's to smile and keep your head up that's  
hard.

You are sick sure of the game—well,  
maybe it's no shame,  
You are young and you're brave and  
you're bright,  
You've been dealt sure a rough deal—  
well, don't let them see you squeal,  
Buck up and do your damnedest—start to  
fight,  
It's by smiling sure away that you will  
win the day,  
So old gink, have a drink, my soldier  
pard;  
Just draw on your grit; it's too easy for  
to quit,  
It's to smile and keep your head up that's  
hard.

The inaugural meeting of the No. 7 Bri-  
gade Area Board was held in Portobello  
on the 13th inst., Col. McGuinness pre-  
siding. There was a full attendance of  
delegates. Coy.-Sgt. F. Dack was ap-  
pointed Librarian, and Cpl. F. V. Kelly  
was unanimously elected Hon. Secretary.

The slogan of "D" Coy.—"Baa-baa."

The one and only "Jeff" is, I am  
sorry to say, at present in the Eastern  
Command Hospital. Not serious I am  
glad to say, but I am afraid that he will  
spend his Christmas in Sick Bay. How-  
ever, he is in good hand and has the best  
of company—so here's cheer, Jeff.

The rumour is contradicted that your  
man Tim Cronin from the 23rd is starting  
a Covenen's Club. There are enough  
Corkmen in the 'Bello to start—well, a  
small world of their own.

"Who composed "Maritana," Mac?"

"Wallace."

"Is he still composing, Mac?"

"No, decomposing."

Congratulations to Paddy Kinsella and  
the lucky winners in the recent Sweep.  
It can be now safely said, "More power,  
Paddy."

His many friends will be pleased to  
know that Jimmy Redmond of Montreal  
fame will be able to be up and out of  
Sick Bay for Christmas.

This week's slogan—"A lone tree on  
skyline—two fingers left."

"ME LARKIE."

A Chicago university professor says  
the modern fashions are an aid to love.  
He must mean calf love.

## SPECIAL SERVICES, CURRAGH.

A billiard handicap is at present in pro-  
gress in the Recreation Room at Beres-  
ford Barracks. The first round has con-  
cluded, but the competitors are so nume-  
rous it would be impossible to give details  
until the semi-finals are being played, but,  
take it from me, Ned, there are some dark  
horses. (I never knew a horse so "dark,"  
but it made punters look "blue"; I  
never knew of a "dead" cert, but it was  
"rotten" too.—Ned.)

After a very long absence the wireless  
set is now back in the Recreation Hall.  
Unfortunately the loud speaker must have  
been lost in the manoeuvres when the  
"Red" Army were being entertained to  
some broadcasting from the Curragh. (Or  
at Communication Drill.—Ned.)

The Student N.C.O.s on the Musketry  
Course in the A.S.I. have returned to  
their respective units on the 8th inst. I  
am sure, Ned, that you will be getting  
some interesting notes on their experiences  
on the Curragh (especially on the ranges)  
in due course.

To Privates Cummins, Downey and  
Delaney, who have returned to civilian  
life from the Army School of Instruction,  
we wish the best of luck.

Our old rivals, the 8th Battalion, we  
were glad to see, played a draw with the  
23rd Batt. at Naas on Sunday, the 11th  
December.

## THE LAY OF A POOR REMOUNT.

The old Nag stood in a gilded stall,  
And slowly wagged its head,  
As it mused on the days that "used to  
was,"

And surveyed its tapestried bed.

I was passed for a troop of horse,

Full ninety years ago;

I proudly marched down to the Camp,

With the others all in a row.

How I learned to know the trumpet calls,

And my paces to and fro,

While Mickey Murphy was my groom,

Full ninety years ago.

As I proudly stepped in the grand review,

Kept time with the music grand,

All the Generals there swore afterwards

That I was the pick of the band.

War's dire deeds, and dread alarms,

Were soon my sorry lot;

But I soon got used to the noise of shell,

Although many pals were shot.

Till one day we were sadly pressed;

Our lives were a funeral pyre;

Our General badly wounded lay,

A wallowing in the mire.

I saw a chance to save the day,

And straight at the foe I jumped,

I knocked back shell with flying hoof,

Their Army Corps I bumped.

Their guns I bit in twain with snaps;

For gas I was too fast;

They lay in thousands on the plain,

While I chewed their flag from the mast.

I was duly honoured, as this day shows;

Oh! the glory of the past!

You ginks who sing your disparaging lay,

Oh yes, the Corps can last.

I still am serving, as old soldiers should,

Till they simply fade away.

This is the lay of a poor remount—

Of a steed that has had its day.

This week's slogan—"Get a wire in  
your cap."

"PERCIVAL."

## A.T.C., GORMANSTON CAMP.

The M.T. Depot Dramatic Society made  
their second appearance before the public  
in the Cinema, Gormanston Camp, on  
Wednesday evening, the 15th December,  
when they presented that highly enter-  
taining comedy, "Paid in his own Coin,"  
as well as some very interesting concert  
items. It speaks very well for the ear-  
nestness of the members of the Society  
to say that they have given two perfor-  
mances inside four months, and at their  
second show produced a 3-Act play, so  
difficult as the above-named piece is.

Every man in the cast performed his  
part in a capable manner, but particular  
credit must be given to the three men  
who undertook the ladies' parts, namely,  
Cpl. Laffin (Mrs. Duffy), Pte. Nugent  
(Katie Sweeney) and Pte. Downey (Biddy  
Norris). Great credit is also due to Pte.  
Guilfoyle, who, it may be stated here,  
only received his part of Michael John  
in place of a member gone a fortnight  
before the date of production. The facts  
enumerated go to prove that this small  
society (the members number only 20) is  
making great progress and it is hoped that  
they will be able to extend their activities  
and produce their pieces in other parts  
of the country. (Good idea—Ned.)

Of the concert items, Cpl. C. Laffin's  
rendering of "Sentenced to Death" and  
"Devil-may-care" was splendid. The  
other items included violin solo by Pte.  
M. Meegan, songs by Pte. J. Wade, and  
dance by Pte. P. Whelan. Each of those  
items were well received, and the song  
introduced into Act II, of the play ren-  
dered by Cpl. H. Maguire was greatly ap-  
preciated.

Though the attendance was not of the  
dimensions expected and which the  
quality of the entertainment warranted,  
still the class should be encouraged by  
the cordiality with which those present  
greeted the entertainment as a whole.  
The full cast was as follows:—

Katie Sweeney, Pte. R. Nugent; Brian  
Cleary, Pte. P. Cox; Michael Guinan,  
Cpl. H. Maguire; Michael John, Pte. P.  
Guilfoyle; Mrs. Duffy, Cpl. C. Laffin;  
Biddy Norris, Pte. T. Downey; Frederick  
Egan, Pte. P. Murphy; Mr. Brown, Pte.  
J. Brown; Judge Bloompuddle, Pte. J.  
Ennis; Foreman of the Jury, Cpl. H.  
O'Brien; Court Crier, Pte. J. Loughrey;  
Policeman, Pte. J. Lawless; Jurymen,  
Ptes. Meegan, Gibney, Wade, Whelan,  
Munday, Moran.

Thanks are due to Capt. J. P. Take,  
pianist, and Sgt. Madden, A.C.E., who  
attended to the lighting so well.



## ARMY MEDICAL SERVICES, KILKENNY.

Sorry, Ned, for the prolonged non-ap-  
pearance. Trouble is, I've been on holi-  
days. (A deuce of a lot of people have  
been wondering where "Soapex" had got  
to.—Ned.)

The fact that I managed to annex a  
"Ukelele" on my return from holidays  
has caused considerable comment amongst  
the law-enforcing section of our tribe.  
Purely an ornament. (They will breathe  
again.—Ned.)



Discussion is still rife regarding the hurling match between the indomitable 20th and the 15th Battalions. Now the Specials have actually organised a hurling team which, according to current views, is going to put an end to all "ordinary" hurling teams. Optimists! (What exactly is meant by "put an end to?" Sounds sinister.—Ned.)

Pleased to inform the boys of "A" Company that Pte. Dalton, who was injured during the early part of the aforesaid match, which occurred on the 9th instant, will be amongst them again before Christmas.

Heard at the Barrack Garage.—"It's only about five minutes' walk on a bike."

The argument waxed warm. Some of the boys argued that the word "either" should be pronounced "eye-ther," others insisted on "ee-ther." The N.C.O., who had just entered, wanted to be informed as to the cause of the din. He heard both opinions and was requested to give his decision, which he immediately did by dropping the bombshell, "It isn't ayther, my children."

Over the Wires.—"Hello! Is that Switch?"

"No, sir; this is Reilly speaking."

This Week's Fairy Tale.—Once upon a time there lived a soldier who said, "No, thanks."

Result of recent Barrack Whist Drive.—"One large Player's despatched to Aberdeen." That should prevent expenditure during the early months of the New Year.

This week's Query.—"Who broke that mantle?"

This week's Slogan.—"Go and get him and bring him here."

We are all expecting A.F. 117 to furnish us with some light on the question of the new Hurling team.

The Hospital Staff have discovered a new method by which they may gain publicity on Army Form "D." They have taken to "Music." They'll come round eventually, but it is hard luck that they should all be stricken simultaneously. On enquiring as to the source of the uproar, an S.S. N.C.O. received the information from Oleum Ricini that it was the Staff Band practising "Picador." Oleum Ricini recovered after a lapse of fifty minutes, but the left eye presents a dark outlook.

Sincere gratitude is extended to Mrs. Cooney for her sympathetic thoughtfulness in visiting the patients in the Hospital last Friday (17th).

#### REGARDING THE TRANSPORT.

##### Spasm One:

I can hear the hum of engines in the workshop,  
I can hear the Corp'ral tapping out the type;  
I can hear the snores of "Night-light" in the end bed,  
I can hear our Murtagh puffing at his pipe.

##### Spasm Two:

There's drivers and mechanics, and horsemen one or two,  
At Christmas there'll be left of these one-third,

And if I'm ever asked what work these Transport fellows do,  
I'll say (I think it's safer) "Mum's the word."

"A Happy Christmas and Bright New Year" is the hearty wish to all our Comrade Medicals in the Command from the A.M.C., Kilkenny.

"SOAPEX."



#### 8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

The second night's Boxing Tournament which was staged at the Gymnasium on Friday, 10th inst., proved an unqualified success. The boxing displayed was of a very high standard, especially the bout between "Cotter" Brogan and J. Connors of Dublin. "Cotter" is no doubt a wizard of the ring, and thrilled the audience with a rare exhibition of ring craft. As for the representatives of our Battalion, all of them, both the novices and open competitors, gave a creditable account of themselves. I must say our Novice team were most unlucky in losing the Chaplains' Cup by a one-point margin. However, we are greatly rewarded to know that we have discovered some very promising young novices in our midst and of whom I hope to embellish the pages of this journal with glowing remarks when they enter for future competitions.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

#### Monthly "An t-Ógláic"

This is the last issue of "An t-Ógláic" as a Weekly.

It has been deemed advisable to produce the Army Journal as a Monthly magazine in the future.

The first monthly issue, it is hoped, will be published in January, 1927.

Full details will be supplied to all Units in due course.

The fight with "Ginger" Holian and Treacy of St. Kevin's was a ding-dong struggle. We were pleased to see "Ginger" forcing a draw with the famous St. Kevin's man, who is reputed to be one of the most formidable pugilists in the country.

Little "Tich" McDonnell of ours gave one of his best displays against a very clever boxer in young Ryan of Phoenix.

The results of the bouts were:—

Pte. Downey, 8th Bn., beat J. Shallow, Brownstown, in second round.

Pte. Barratt, A.M.C., k.o. E. Buckley, North City, in fifth round.

J. Treacy, St. Kevin's, and Pte. Holian, 8th Bn., fought a draw.

Pte. Brogan, A.S.I., beat J. Connors, Dublin, on points.

Cpl. McGlinchy, 19th Bn., beat Pte. Spittle, Army Signal Corps, on points.

Pte. McDonnell, 8th Bn., beat J. Ryan, Phoenix, on points.

Boy H. Condron, Brownstown, beat Boy D. Swift, Kildare, on points.

The Billiards Tourney between the Officers and Sergeants of the Battalion has concluded, the Sergeants coming out victorious this time. We congratulate the Sergeants on winning. The Officers were very much handicapped owing to lack of practice, but nevertheless we congratulate them on the splendid show they gave against the Sergeants. The scores were as follows:—

Capt. Clinton, 185—C.S. Martin, 200.

Lieut. Cordial, 200—C.S. Lennon, 158.

Lieut. Hogan, 200—Sgt. Farrell, 98.

Lieut. Hoey, 152—C.S. Lanham, 200.

Lt. Leavy, 130—C.Q.M.S. Lowbridge, 200.

Lieut. Guy, 171—Sgt. McGee, 200.

Capt. Devine, 164—Sgt. O'Neill, 200.

Our Football team, accompanied by a good number of devoted enthusiasts, travelled to Naas by charabanc on Sunday, 12th inst., to give battle to the finalists of the Medical Cup—the 23rd Bn. The game was very fast, and a grand exhibition of football was displayed by both sides. We feel very proud of our Battalion team in being able to hold more than their own against such a powerful combination and well-trained team as the 23rd, and I must say we were unfortunate in not securing a victory on this occasion. However, we are very pleased with our boys for the splendid performance they have accomplished in forcing a draw on the Football Champions of our Army. I am not exaggerating when I say that we possess a Football team which is second to none in the Army (who is that I've heard throwing out another challenge to us?). The Press account of this match was erroneous. The result should have read:—23rd Bn., 1 goal 4 points; 8th Bn., 1 goal 4 points.

We welcome back the following Officers and N.C.O.'s from the A.S.I. and hope all of them have been successful in their recent exams:—Capt. P. Sheehan, Lieut. K. P. Lord, Sergt. James Curran, and Sergt. McGee.

"GRAVEL-CRUSHER."



#### 12th BATT., TEMPLEMORE.

Corporal Thomas Hogan (an old friend) has left the Battalion on discharge. He was an indefatigable worker at all times on the Indoor Amusements Committee. We wish him success and good luck in civilian life.

Another old favourite, Pte. Dan Donoghue, has also left us on discharge. Dan hailed from the great old city by the Lee, where youth blossoms into healthy manhood from constant wielding of the shapely ash. Dan himself was the best goalman we ever had in the 12th Battalion Hurling team. We are sure that in civilian life he won't relinquish the taste he had in the 12th for the hurling game.

On the 14th 15th and 16th inst. a full parade attended the Parish Church for the Jubilee. It would be difficult to conceive a more fitting preparation for the Christmas season that is now upon us.

Some time ago I made mention in our journal that it was my opinion that "A"



Coy. would beat all comers in Hurling. So far they have proved too good for the best teams we could field against them.

On Friday, 17th inst., a number of our men left here for McKee Barracks and the Curragh. We wish them the compliments of the season and look forward to their early return.

All our officers who had been on the Training Course at the Curragh have again returned to Templemore.

M.O. (to a certain soldier during Medical Inspection): "Is it any wonder your socks are torn by those long toe-nails of yours?"

Soldier: "But, sir, there's no toe-nails on my heels."

During the week I received the volumes of "Michael Collins and the Making of a New Ireland" (and so did many in Barracks besides me). This is a great souvenir of a great soldier. It is an exhaustive work and tells you all about our first Commander-in-Chief, from the date of his birth in Cairbre to the tragedy of Beaulanablaith. "ROS CAIRBRE."



## 19th BATTALION, COLLINS BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

We have been conspicuous by our absence from the columns of the Army Journal, but perhaps we are not to blame entirely as the amount of work we have had to get through since our arrival in Dublin has sort of tied us to our desks and the "gink" to his F.M.O.

Nevertheless now that things are getting normal again we are making an effort to get going so that everyone will not think we are defunct.

There are great hopes that the newly formed "Collins Club" will be a great success. In the Secretary, C.Q.M.S. Wallace we can rest assured that our interests will be well looked after, and there is no doubt that Junior Football and Hurling teams from Collins ought to give a good account of themselves in the League and Championship.

### FACTS.

Common sense would prevent many divorces and perhaps many marriages.

A baby can brighten up a house, especially if the light is kept going all night.

"Invalid Port"—the most of it suffers from anaemia.

### FANCIES.

Once upon a time a woman economised without spending any money.

A wife once lived who never asked her husband for a penny for the gas.

Once upon a time a soldier offered to take his wife to the sales.

The Boxing Tournament organized by the 21st Battn. took place on the night of the 1st inst. and proved a great success. I am glad to be able to record the fact that the 19th Battn. representatives put up a fine show, A/Cpl. McGlinchey, Pte. Sheehan and Pte. Reilly winning handsomely. McGlinchey again met with success at the Curragh on the 10th inst. when he defeated Private Spittle, A.S.C.

When will the Marriage Allowance be paid?

When will the Wireless be put up in the Sergeants' Mess?

When will the Sergeants' Mess find some other means of keeping the tips on the cues other than the usual way?

Is "Check" really the best player?

Will "Bill" win the Men's handicap?

Is "Ginger" expecting anything?

Is "Ownie" still struck?

Do "H.Q." Coy. still stand alone, and who is the "Giant" that Paddy called a "Half Wireless Set"?

Do things "walk" at the Orderly Room?

Is the B.S.M. getting a 'phone connection with his bunk?

Who smoked Jerry's cigarettes?

What Mick thinks of the "Blue"?

This week's Slogan:—"They call it Coal."

"EASTERN FOAM."



## 22nd BATT., PORTOBELLO.

To all Officers and N.C.O.'s who have returned to the Battery from the land of how it should be done (the Curragh) we offer a hearty Cead mille failte. They are just in time for Orderly Officer and Orderly Sergeant.

The Battalion Wireless fiend got a heck of a drop on Wednesday evening, 15th inst., for when 2 RN. broke down he thought that something had gone wrong with his porter-bottle, jam-pot set. When he removed an assortment of hairpins, etc., from the contraption and replaced them again he was just in time to hear the announcer from 2 RN. apologising for the breakdown at the station.

### THE DREAM.

Last night as I lay sleeping there came a dream so fair,

I stood up in the 'Bello, out on the Barrack Square,

The Sergt.-Major came along and gripped me by the hand,

And gave me a great big cigar of the a la Cabbage Brand,

And gave to me a huge cigar of the de la Cabbage Brand.

So having gripped me by the hand the Major said to me,

"Come on down to my billet I intend to give a spree,

"I've ordered a big stock of Stout, of Bass and Chart-er-euse,

"And he who will not drink it must put up with my abuse."

On arrival at his billet the place began to fill,

And all the "Major's" long-haired guests had been to Arbour Hill,

No others were invited and you hardly would believe

That each and everyone of us was granted ten days' leave.

We danced and sang the whole long night, of champagne we drank our fill,

And many was the story we heard of Arbour Hill,

We smoked and talked of better days—of days that were in store,  
But when I tried the Charleston I woke up on the floor!

(Anybody attempting to sing this pathetic ballad does so at his own risk. "An t-Oglach" accepts no responsibility—Ned.)

On Saturday afternoon, 11th inst., the Novices' Cross-Country race took place at Meadowcroft Lane, Dundrum, Co. Dublin, 15 teams competing. The Battery representatives gave a very creditable display being placed sixth. Their running and placing were highly appreciated by the Officers and N.C.O.'s who were present, and it is noteworthy to record that all the Battery's representatives finished the course. This should serve as a stimulant (stimulus, my lad. There's a difference—Ned) to further effort in their next try out. C/S. Husband deserves the congratulations of everyone on his team's success; no wonder his face was decorated with a huge smile after the race. "Stick till it, Hubby, you've got the goods all right!"

We heartily approve of "Me Larkie's" suggestion that an Irish Dance Class be started in the 'Bello. If the Institute Committee take up the suggestion it is certain to be a success.

"A" Coy. have got well through with the Company Handball Championship. Some great games were witnessed. The semi-finals and final will be shortly fought out.

We hear that a certain N.C.O. will be taking "the big plunge" shortly. Best of luck, old son! But who said that "Tiger" is to be best man, or that the "Boys of Wexford" is being rehearsed for the event.

The 23rd ginks drew their Football match with the 8th Battn. boys. "Lave it till me" is no snitch. When he offers 5 to 1 against any team in the Army beating the 23rd it's like throwing your cash into the Liffey.

Read out his name, the gink looked sad,  
The S.M. shook his head,  
While down along the conduct sheet the C/O. grimly read:

"Detention, fines," the C/O. says, "Your conduct sheet I'll spoil,"  
"Do you know that your a soldier, not a 'turn' in the Royal!"

Literary Gink: Have you read Shakespeare's "As You Like It"?  
Old Sweat: No; but I've red flannel where I want it.

This week's Advice:—"If you know of a better paper, read it."

This week's Slogan:—"Who dat?"

"SPARK PLUG."

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## EASTERN COMMAND H.Q. COMPANY.

Things are taking on a Christmassy look here. A sort of good-fellowship touch seems to be hanging in the air. A lot of the boys are following in Big Paddy's footsteps and going up to the old Concert Hall to see "Joe."

The Officers in Barracks had a big dance in the Officers' Mess on Saturday night, 18th inst.

The Esplanade is getting a rest at present, all competitions with the "leather" being held over until the New Year.

The New Year should be phenomenal in Army games, if we are to judge by the energy and enthusiasm of the committees at present engaged making arrangements and fixtures for 1927.

A meeting of the Collins Hurling and Football Club was held in the Recreation Room, Collins Barracks, at 11 a.m. on 8th inst. (And I get the report on the 20th!—Ned.) Each unit in Barracks sent a representative. In the absence of the chairman (Rev. S. Pigott), Captain D. Harkins occupied the chair.

Captain Hawe (McKee Club) explained thoroughly the status of a Junior player. Before leaving he expressed to the chairman and committee his readiness at all times to do all in his power to benefit the club.

Unanimously agreed that affiliation fees be paid separately for both hurling and football teams. The following officers were elected:—Chairman, Rev. Sean Pigott, C.F.; secretary, C.Q.M.S. Wallace (19th Battn.); treasurer, Capt. Harkins.

At a further meeting, held at 3.30 p.m., on 10th inst, Pte. Daniels was elected captain of hurling team; Pte. Joe O'Shea, vice-captain, do.; Capt. Duffy, A.P.M., captain, football team; Pte. O'Connor, vice-captain, do. Sergt. Thos. Boyle, Command Headquarters, was elected delegate to the County Board in the interests of hurling, and Pte. O'Connor in the interests of football. It was decided, on the motion of Pte. O'Shea, seconded by Pte. Ryan, "that a green jersey with a yellow 'C' on left breast, and white knickers be worn."

Leave is a very interesting topic here at present. A few of the "old sweats," as

they style themselves, will have it all their own way for a few days around Christmas, as they intend to stay in barracks, while the young soldiers go home to "gorge" themselves with turkey. Numerous were the suggestions made by these "old soldiers" to the Mess Secretary (Tommy Loughrey) as to how surplus funds could be used with a view to good cheer on this happy and auspicious occasion.

### BOXING.

A fine boxing tournament was staged on Thursday, 16th inst., at 7.30 p.m., in the Gymnasium, Collins Barracks.

Officials were:—M.C., Capt. Connolly; referee, Lt. O'Neill; judges, Capt. Duffy, Lieut. J. Duffy; timekeeper, Capt. P. Ryan.

The following bouts of three two-minute rounds each were fought:—

Featherweights.—A very interesting fight between Pte. Deans (Command H.Q. Coy.) and Pte. Bracken (Signals). Deans showed to advantage all through, winning on points.

Pte. J. McCrudden (A.T.C.) v. Pte. M. O'Reilly (19th Battn.). This was a good fight, O'Reilly retiring at the end of the second round.

Welter Weights.—Pte. "Teddy" McGlone (A.T.C.) knocked out Pte. Briody (21st Battalion) in the first round.

Pte. Spittle (Signals) v. Pte. Mahoney (G.H.Q.). This was a strange and confusing mixture of rushing and clinching, both men almost going through the ropes on occasions. Mahoney retired in the second round, the referee giving Pte. Spittle the fight.

Bantams.—Cpl. Clifford (21st Battn.) v. Pte. R. Hogan, 19th. This was a fine bout, going the full distance, and Clifford deserved the award—a win on points.

Lightweights.—The quickest and cleanest fight of the night was that between Pte. Mallon (A.T.C.) and Pte. Sheehan (19th Batt.). Sheehan was compelled to retire in the third round.

Welter Contest of six two-minute rounds between Cpl. Crookshanks (21st Battalion) and Pte. McGloughlin (A.T.C.), going the full distance, was awarded to Cpl. Crookshanks—on points—who showed great experience of ring craft.

An exhibition bout between "The Cocker" and the "Pride of the A.T.C." was enjoyed and appreciated by a critical audience.

Some of the boys ("no names no pack drill") are planning something big for Christmas, a mysterious number being frequently mentioned. Did you ever hear tell of 41, Ned? (No; I'm buying it.—Ned.)

The boys at the School are now preparing for Christmas leave. Hope it won't be snowy or murky for them.

This week's fairy story.—"Beer is down for Christmas."

The Slogan of the Moment.—"Roll on Christmas Day."

As I write these notes the Christmas Number of "An t-Oglach" is being handed in to me; so I am stuck; I can write no more—I want to read now.

"ARD AIRGID."

## S.O.I., WESTERN COMMAND.

An epidemic of measles broke out about ten days ago in the Married Quarters adjacent to the Huts in which the Students are housed. About the same time an outbreak of moustaches broke out amongst some of the Instructors and Students (brought on by a cold in the head). The measles took their natural course and faded away after the regulation nine days. Most of the moustaches have also faded away through under-development. The "breaking out" period was not up to standard, and, taking the "thin hair lines" as an indication of "Hachures" to come, the would-be Kaisers dispensed with their upper lip "bear(d)ings."

In the School the tension on the last quarter becomes every day more intense. On reviewing our military abilities we are looking forward to the "salutes" in "general" we will get when Gabriel sounds the last rally.

We have just got through a further lesson in Communication Drill, and the necessity for a telephone in every home-stead has been made more apparent to us. Company drill is all right out town (when two is company), but 102 is rather more than a crowd, especially when your gentle voice has to control their movements.

Believe me if all those endearing young charms which the School holds for Students to-day

Were to fade by to-morrow we'd order our arms and with joy watch them fleet-ing away.

They would leave us bored, as this moment they do, let the details come easy and true;

Around the dear square sure each wish of our hearts if granted would make Nick feel blue.

'Tis not while through all sorts of Drill we are goin', with the Map and L. G. in the rear,

That the fervour and hopes of the Students are known, though some of the parts are not clear.

We look forward to when this short Course will be closed as a time of contentment and rest;

And though we may pass or can fail at the worst, sure each fondly hopes for the best.

### "BALANCE STEP."

The Editor wishes to acknowledge receipt of a Christmas Card from the Staff, Western Command School of Instruction, per Captain Domhnall O'Ceallaigh. The card, simple of design, but very effective, contains a photographic group of the Officers and N.C.O. Instructors at the School.

### PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED

for reproduction in "An t-Oglach" MUST bear the name and address of the sender on the back. A full description of the picture should be written on a separate slip of paper, and attached to the photo. Stamps [must be enclosed if the return of photographs is desired.

## DON'TS for Correspondents.

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



We offer a Prize of a 5s. Hollow-ground Solingen razor for the Best Joke received each week.

Jokes with a military interest preferred.

Editor's decision final in all cases.



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

Contributions to be sent to our Editorial Offices: General Headquarters, Parkgate.

Write on only one side of the paper. Postcards preferred.

Somewhere in the U.S.A. one of Uncle Sam's Drill Instructors was having a trying time with a squad of coloured recruits.

"Eyes Right!" he shouted for the second time, but No. 4 (Sambo) still glowered straight to his front.

The Instructor was fast losing his patience.

"Eyes Right!" he roared again, and, as the defaulting one never moved, it was not surprising when our sergeant, muttering something that sounded like "jam," strode over and took up a position immediately in front of Sambo.

"Eyes Right!" he bellowed with all his strength.

Sambo grinned, nodded sagely and said: "Maybe you is right, suh, but I'se not deaf."

Curtain.

Prize of Solingen razor awarded to Private Thomas Loughrey, Command Q.M.'s Staff, Collins Barracks, Dublin.

Professor: "Now, suppose you had been called to see a patient with hysterics—someone, for example, who had begun to laugh and found it impossible to stop, what would you do?"

Student (after a little hesitation): "Amputate his funny bone, sir."

Two can live as cheaply as one can play golf.

Teacher: "Now, Tomas, so you don't know the letter that follows 'h.'"

Tomas: "No, miss."

Teacher: "Well, then, I'll help you. What have I on each side of my nose?"

Tomas: "Looks like powder, miss, from here!"

A man who was much annoyed at an Irishman's muttering one day, said: "Pat, why do you talk so to yourself?"

"Sure, sir, I have two reasons for that."

"What are your reasons?"

"One of them," replied Pat, "is that I like to talk to a sensible man, and the other is that I like to hear a sensible man talk."

Overheard at A.A.A. meeting:—"How's Smith in the high jump? Any good?"

"Naw, he can hardly clear his throat."

Wanderer had been a great traveller, and couldn't forget it. Everything reminded him of his experiences in Timbuctoo and the South Seas.

One evening his friend was admiring the sunset.

"Ah," said Wanderer scornfully, "you should just see the sunset in the East!"

"I should like to," was the reply, "but the sun always sets in the West in this country."

She: "Oh, Archie darling, I wish you would shave off that horrid little moustache. No one would think of kissing you with it on."

The Adonis of the Battalion: "But, dear, it is my only protection."

A small boy wanted very much to play with his Christmas box of bricks on Sunday afternoon.

"No, dear," said the mother, "not on Sundays."

"But, mamma, I'll build a church."

What is a good definition of muff?—It's something or somebody that holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

At what time was Adam married?—Upon his wedding Eve.

Why is your nose in the middle of your face?—It is the scenter.

What is it we all often say we will do and nobody has ever done?—Stop a minute.

When is a girl not a girl?—When she is a little dear (deer).

Which reminds us of the story about the Canadian who was on a visit to Ireland.

"Tell me," said his partner at the Christmas dance in (advertising space to let), "do you have reindeer in Canada?"

"Yes, darling," he replied: "and snow, too."

'PHONE 587.

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