

AN T-ÓSLÁC

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The "Chivalry" of the Irregulars

"Patrick Nolan (30), a soldier of the National Army, was shot and seriously wounded when returning from a visit to his family at 12 Cullen's Cottages, Dean's Grange, shortly after ten o'clock last night. Nolan, who was unarmed, was proceeding from the direction of Cornelscourt, and was wheeling his bicycle, when a motor car containing four civilians passed him. The men looked towards Nolan, and the car stopped a few yards ahead. One of the men got out and asked Nolan if he were armed. Nolan replied that he was

Which is Which?

MR. MURPHY'S LITTLE INDISCRETION.

"He (Mr. Collins) says that De Valera and his friends seek to bring back the British."

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"The Britishers in this country are 'digging in again' to a greater extent than ever before; and it is the Republican Army alone that stands between Ireland and abject surrender to them, such as Michael Collins would have us make."

—An Irregular propagandist sheet, 14/8/'22.

"If an English destroyer or sloop comes within rifle shot of your shore snipe it, and, if possible, have a rifle grenade dropped on deck. Possibly then they may shell the coast or make a landing—the very thing which we want them to do. Then we have the old enemy back, and that will clear the whole aspect of the present war."

(Signed),

A. O. MURCHADHA,
O.C., Kerry No. 1
Brigade.

July 10, 1922.

—Extract from document captured from Irregulars.

not. A shot was then fired, and a bullet lodged in Nolan's breast. The civilian immediately ran back and entered the car, which quickly started away, leaving the wounded soldier lying on the ground. . . ." (Evening paper, 15:8:'22).

Mr. Erskine Childers, writing in his propaganda sheet of the same date, thus describes the men who, time and again, have been guilty of acts such as this:—

"They are patriots in thought, deed, and word, not mercenaries and terrorists, fighting as fairly as they fight bravely, living temperately, and conducting themselves as honourable soldiers."

Economic Slavery

Irregular political philosophers profess to despise economic (or, as they call them, "materialist") arguments. The Republic, they declare, is a purely spiritual issue, and must be won regardless of "material" cost.

A recent statement by Mr. George Russell should open their eyes. The present struggle, he points out, has already cost so much that Ireland will be compelled to borrow.

In her present state of confusion and impoverishment she can scarcely borrow at home. They must, therefore, borrow abroad. And when a small country borrows abroad, conditions are always demanded.

The lending Power, or Powers, wants to safeguard its money, and, with some justice, requires a voice in the spending policy of the borrower.

Foreign control of money means foreign control of everything else. Remember that, ye idealists, and realise this:

If the Irregulars beat the National Army, and then, after yet another costly struggle, beat the British Empire, they **must**, in order to reconstruct the country, **borrow money.**

They may borrow it in America, in Europe, or in England; it matters little; whoever lends will rule Ireland.

The South American States are all Republics, and nominally free. But all are in debt to foreign countries, who exercise, unseen, a control over their policy such as Great Britain can never claim over an economically independent Free State.

What interest had any of them in the war against Germany? Yet they were drawn into it as surely as if they were the subjects of an Empire.

It is very doubtful if any South American State feels that the spiritual purity of its Republicanism is any compensation for its material subjection.

When the ostrich wants to outwit an enemy, it hides its head in the sand and hopes for the best. Mr. Childers takes after the ostrich. He considers himself so expert in propaganda that he thinks he has only to say a thing and it is so. Let him try his description of the Irregulars on the districts which have experience of them! Not mercenaries or terrorists! Chivalrous! Why, everywhere the National Troops have penetrated, they have been received as saviours by the people, and as rescuers from as vengeful a tyranny as ever afflicted town or countryside. The people are the judges of the Irregulars, and as judges they have unmistakably given their verdict.

AN T-ÓGLÁC

AUGUST 19, 1922.

The Dead President

Amid all that has been said and written in praise of the late President Griffith, probably the most striking feature of his character has been the least noted. Perhaps the fact that he never aspired to play a soldier's part has been responsible for obscuring his possession of pre-eminent military virtues. His sense of duty was sublime; his courage enormous. Gifts such as his could have won him a career of distinction combined with ease in any country he chose; yet he preferred to toil for years, without recognition, facing poverty and imprisonment, in the service of his own. She, poor, downtrodden, enslaved, was incapable of giving reward; but Arthur Griffith was not thinking of reward or personal glory, but of his duty. The courage that in duty's name will endure prolonged adversity and disappointment is apt to be undervalued when compared with the more apparent courage of the battlefield; but it is really the higher of the two.

Patience and perseverance—these virtues were also his in the highest degree. Let the soldier annoyed by small discomforts, or wearied with long hours of guard duty, think of Arthur Griffith's lonely watch for the dawn,—of those twenty years in wilderness, when, buoyed up only by his own conviction of the truth of his gospel, he preached unheeded to his countrymen, and never despaired nor complained. Griffith was great in triumph; but greater in adversity.

Without a singularly hopeful disposition he could never have waited for success so long as he did. Let us take an example from him, and may his spirit still cheer us from beyond the grave. These are dark days for Ireland, but not so dark as those in which Griffith spent his young manhood. Death and destruction are not so chilling as apathy; and it was apathy that he had to face; and he faced it, we know, with unflinching cheerfulness and hope. His friends tell us that his spirits were almost too buoyant; nothing ever seemed capable of depressing them. Yet he was never rash. Political and military strategy are much akin. A clearly defined objective; a grasp of the realities and possibilities of the situation; a carefully planned line of advance unflinchingly followed—these are the essentials to political as to military success. By these means President Griffith led Ireland to her freedom.

Where They are Drifting

AN IRREGULAR'S VIEWPOINT.

The following statement was addressed to the Press on August 10 by Mr. H. Burke, an Irregular leader, who is now a prisoner in Custume Barracks, Athlone. Mr. Burke declares that the statement was written in consultation with a number of other Irregular leaders imprisoned there. It reads:—

“An old saying has it that ‘those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make blind.’ For the past six months it seems to me that we soldiers of the Executive Headquarters have become blind and more blind on the way of leading, not to a thriving Republic, but to utter and barren destruction. Up to the time of my capture a month ago I had been more extreme against the Treaty than any soldier in my Division. Since then I have had ample time to consider our position and to consider it carefully and unemotionally in all its aspects. The attitude we took up was wrong, militarily, politically and socially. Look at it from the military standpoint. It leads us inevitably to war—first with the Free State troops, then with the British Empire. The war with the Free State is being waged. Is there one single Executive soldier who can say that we have beaten them, or that we shall beat them? Before they answer, let them consider the military situation to-day as soldiers, and not as unseeing idealists. Even had we beaten them, there is yet the war with the forces of the English Empire.

“Would we, spent and worn out after one war, be able to undertake a fresh war against the forces of the greatest military Power on earth, and to undertake that war without the sympathy and help of our own people? What soldier says we would? We shall never win an independent Republic by force of arms alone. We shall win it by statesmanship and the threat of arms, and even then we must await patiently the appointed day. It will come, perhaps soon, perhaps late, but against that day of opportunity we must develop to the uttermost the strength of our country and of our arms, if we are to turn the opportunity to success. Are our actions of to-day adding strength to our arms or to our country?

Politically Senseless.

“From the political point of view our attitude was utterly senseless. We thought we were trudging along the hard, straight road to a Republic, whereas, in reality, we were wandering aimlessly through a maze of folly, with our blind Headquarters dangling a revolver before us, as one dangles a carrot before a winkered ass. They were not politicals, they said, they were soldiers. Soldiers—‘Sugan’ Napoleons, who committed to us an unnecessary civil war without arms, without money, without an atom of true intelligence about the army we were to fight, without the slightest sympathy or approval of the civil ‘flock of sheep.’ Men who did this were not soldiers. Their military policy showed them possessed of the mentality of a double-holstered Wild West cowboy. They thought, spoke and acted in terms of explosives, bullets and bombs.

“Owing to their unseeing folly the lives of young Irishmen, so necessary to Ireland now, are daily being quenched in the darkness of death, while priceless Irish blood is running to red waste among the fields of Ireland. Those responsible

care not one straw, but are squealing to the high heavens if their food is not served to them on china plates. With such a horrible responsibility, I do not know how they can sleep easy at night. One would think that the ghosts of those they have sent needlessly to their graves would haunt their pillows.

Pearse's Way.

"In 1912, at a monster Home Rule meeting in Dublin, Pearse spoke in Irish from one of the platforms. He said that he was out for a Republic, but that he would be a traitor to his people if he did not advise them to accept the Bill, so that they could strengthen themselves against the day of battle. Pearse saw clearly. Let us follow his advice. Let us take from England every bit of strength she gives us, so that later we can use it to further our cause. Actualities count in modern politics, not mirages, and any soldier will admit that two rifles are better than one. Though force alone will not gain our ends, if we want to see our cause progress in our generation, we must sooner or later co-operate with the Free State Government. If we do not, there is a danger of our cause being lost, perhaps for ever. As a weekly paper pointed out lately, our struggle for National Independence really begins with the material advancement of our country. Given the free chance of developing, Ireland will be one of the richest countries in Europe within a very short time. There is a danger that her national aspirations will be swallowed up in her prosperity. In guarding against that, lies our patriotic duty. That will be our field of battle. We must then watch and struggle to keep strong and firm within the hearts of our people the blood-stained ideal of our race.

Against the People's Will.

"From the social point of view our attitude was criminally wrong. Our Headquarters forced us into a war in direct opposition to the will and wishes of our people. We went to our people, and at the revolver point forced them to give us money, food and clothing. Was that just? We broke up their means of communication and brought our people to the verge of starvation. A very close friend of mine told me that while he was in charge of a certain Western area before his capture two countrywomen came to him one day begging him to try and get flour for them, as they had a handful of young children who were starving. Such incidents as these were sufficient to upset the morale of any officer, and to shake his faith in the course we were adopting if Irishmen could wage war when it entailed such sufferings on our own people. If we did not want the Treaty the only patriotic course open to us was to tell the people our reasons against it, and to have stood aside and let those who wished to, work it. Perhaps our Headquarters, stupid though they were, realise to-day how absolutely essential it is to have the co-operation of the people in war.

To the Rank and File.

"Were not the people, rather than the flying columns, the deciding factor in the war against England? Before our struggle develops into a series of ambushes and sniping skirmishes, I would ask the rank and file of our army to think well on what I have written, consider it from the common-sense practical viewpoint of a soldier. For the past eight months we have, unfortunately, left our thinking to men who have proved themselves useless as politicals, and still more useless as soldiers.

Dundalk

With the recapture of Dundalk by the Troops, details are now available as to the occupation of the town by the Irregulars. About 4 o'clock on the morning of August 14th a sentry inside the Main Gate of the Military Barrack heard a suspicious noise and had the Guard called out. The Orderly Officer on duty went to investigate and found a cable laid outside the Barrack. As he approached to cut it heavy fire was opened on him by a machine gun and he was obliged to take cover. Just as fire was opened on the Orderly Officer mines were exploded simultaneously at the following places: Barrack Gate, leading on to Point Road; the Barrack Hospital, a block containing Officers Quarters; 2 mines in block containing Headquarters' Offices; Orderly Office (destroying Guard Room). A mine was also exploded between the Ball Alley and Hospital. Two other mines—one underneath the Officers Mess and the Main Gate failed to explode. At the time of these extensive mine explosions there were close on 200 Irish soldiers in the Barrack. The Officers were all knocked out of action by the explosion, one mortally wounded, seven others less seriously wounded, and one buried in debris. The explosion at the gate on Point Road wrecked the gate and killed the sentry. The explosion in the billet between the Ball Alley and Hospital killed one man. The explosion in the Orderly Office stunned 3 of the Guard in the Guard Room. One soldier and one Irregular were shot dead at the Main Gate. The force of the explosions knocked out the sentry at the Transport Sheds. This soldier recovered and was about to fire when a machine gun was turned on him and he was badly wounded. The remainder of the Main Guard waged a fight against the Irregulars for over two hours, when they were obliged to yield. The Irregulars who took part in the attack numbered approximately 300 and were reinforced later by 240 prisoners released from the Gaol. About 6.30 a.m. when the Military Barrack was in the hands of the Irregulars, Comdt. McConnell, who had himself been blown through a window, requested Mr. F. Aiken, the Irregular leader to allow his men to rescue the dead and wounded, several of whom were buried, or partially pinned under the debris. The Irregular leader refused this permission unless the Troops in the Gaol and Ann St. Garrisons were ordered to surrender. In order to get the wounded speedily attended to Comdt. McConnell was obliged to agree to this proposal and six soldiers were then allowed by the Irregulars to search for their wounded comrades. Some of the Irregular prisoners released from the Gaol manned a Lancia Car and drove to the Military Barracks. Here they exploded a mine outside the Main Gate and killed one of their leaders named McKenna. The Troops casualties were 3 killed, one mortally injured and 15 wounded. The Irregulars had two killed and 30 wounded.

All the mines exploded within the Military Barrack had been placed in position by the Irregulars during their previous occupation of the building. Several of the Troops wounded by the Irregulars' mine explosions were badly treated during their captivity. One soldier who received severe wounds in the legs, was forced to walk a distance with a rifle thrust into his mouth.

On Tuesday morning the Leader of the Irregulars called on the Troops and offered to release them if they signed an undertaking to leave the National Army. The men without exception refused, showing their resentment at the proposal by booing the Irregular leader out of the Gaol. The same evening the Irregular leader addressed a meeting in the Square of the town in which he called for a truce. He was booed by the crowd and cheers were given for the National leaders, in which the soldiers held in the Gaol joined. The meeting broke up. Several business houses in the town were looted by Irregulars on Tuesday night—stores of petrol being seized.

In the round-up operations of the Troops around Dundalk on Monday and Tuesday over 80 Irregulars were made prisoners together with a large quantity of arms, ammunition, grenades and one mine. The town was re-occupied by the Troops on Wednesday, and members of the forces held by the Irregulars set at liberty. The Gaol and the Railway Station are now occupied by the Troops, the Irregulars being forced to retreat towards Greenore and Omeath. Some of the streets were mined by the Irregulars. A petrol lorry passing over the Square in the town was blown up by one of those mines and one civilian killed. Troops advancing on the scene in a Lancia Car opened fire on Irregulars running away, 2 of whom were killed. One civilian was wounded by the fire.

Letters of a Guardsman

DEAR SEAN,

Before leaving the Bush I sent on a letter. I addressed it to Templemore, I wonder did you get it. I posted it the Saturday after you left. It contained an enclosed note from the girls reminding you of our last evening at Mack's—as if such delightful things are readily forgotten. Julia cut the cards for us and told you you were facing a long train journey. They made any amount of fun in the letter about it, and I—well I helped them at the game. 'Tis your turn now. I've had the "trip over water." Though it didn't exactly occur in the space of three days as predicted. No more of your card-cutting for this child. By the way if you did not hit it that evening you staggered it. It was not to Cork but to Kerry, next door to it, I was to go on the sea trip. You were hardly a week gone when the marching orders came. It wiped out the Bush completely, skipper and all. We were to start that Monday, and fell in over and over again, but as frequently fell out again. I thought we'd never start. But faith we did, at 3 a.m. on the Tuesday morning I started for my first trip on the "ocean wave." I have my sea experiences now. Enough for a lifetime. Still it wasn't too bad. Weather fair. No lack of time killing devices. Impromptu concerts, and other forms of entertainment, not forgetting our old friend the pack, and the older and the more familiar and easily acquired game of "Pitch and Toss"—I'm not alluding to the motion of the vessel here. Then, of course, we had the scenery and the places of interest on the way. You can imagine how all eyes were turned in the direction of Cork. But to come to the point, early on Wednesday we rounded the Seven Hogs and bore down on Fenit.

The Irregulars kept a sharp look out along the coast, and it was soon evident that they were apprised of our arrival, and were preparing to resist our embarkation. Fire was opened from coast-guard station and several other posts, but as our men reached terra firma, and advanced to the attack, this resistance was speedily overcome. Fenit is not exactly a town, not even a street, a number of straggling houses, that's all. We followed up the retreating Irregulars, and midway between Fenit and Tralee, at a place called Spa, we came up with them again. At this town—Fenit type—they had prepared to dispute our advance and put up a fight. 'Twas not much though. They were quickly driven out, and we then prepared for what the boys called "the big push" on Tralee. We divided forces here. Captain McClean with a party moved South along the sea road, while we, under Commandants McGuinness and Dempsey, moved forward along the main road, and approached the town from the Ardfert side. By the way, we passed by the wood where poor Casement was captured, and the house where Mary Gorman lived, on our way. Our first brush occurred at the Orphanage, a short distance from the town on the Ardfert road. This was one of the outposts of the Irregulars in Tralee. They were driven from the post and retreated over the railway, falling back on the town. We found the Baloonagh or Dingles gates closed and securely barred and locked, we broke through and into Pembroke Street, which we occupied at once. Tralee is made up of one long street on which the side streets and roads converge. The long street is composed of Pembroke, Rock, and Bridge Streets. Then the Mall, Castle Street, and Boherbwee. Our forces were again divided. Commandant Dempsey swung round to the north side, and succeeded in linking up with the

Art O Griobhtha

Cuireadh dáta nua eile imeasg na n-ioldátaí úd gur ana mhór le rádh iad i seanchas an náisiúin. Agus na céadta blian ó indiu beidh leanbhaí na nGael ag meabhrú an dáta úd i sgoileanna na hÉireann. Ar maidin Dé Sathairn 12/8/1922 fuair Art O Griobhtha bás agus do chaill Éire mac dílis duthrachtach, mac a dh'imir a neart iomláin i gcúis ár náisiúin. Táimid ró chomhgarach dó fé láthair chun saothar a shaoil do mheas ná do thuigsint i gceart. Mar gheall ar gur cuid den athrú sinn ní léir dúinn an t-athrú 'na iomlán. Tá an sprid nua do chruthaigh a shaothair ró óg fós chun é féin do mheadh agus do thuigsint. Dála an leinbh do chaill a athair atá ar an náisiún anois. Bhí sé de shólás croí ag an athair úd gur eirigh leis an leanbh do chur ar shlí a leasa. Go gcoimeádaidh Dia anois an díleachtaí óg úd ar shlí a leasa.

AN COGA'.

Tá an t-arm náisiúnta ag cur de go buach caithréimeach is gach aon áird. Níl cathair ná baile mór gur fiú tracht air fágtha aiges na nea-Rialtaigh anois. Agus do réir gach deallrainh is gairid ná beidh oiread is sráid bhaile beag fé na smacht. D'imir cailliúnt Corcaighe an donas ar fad ortha. B'é an chathair seo a bpríomh longphort. Bhíodar ag cosaint na Mumhan uaidh ag troid ó bhaile go baile agus ag tuitim ar gcúl siar ar an gcathair úd. Ach in áit bheith á leanúint ó dheas agus ag sodar 'na ndiaidh ó bhaile go baile sé bheartuigh taoisigh an airm ná an coga do thabhairt isteach ar a dteinntean féin chucha. Thangthas ón bhfairge ortha ar a dhá sgiathán agus ar chabhal ortha i gCorcaigh féin. D'fhág san ar uathaidh baile iad.

Ní mar shíltear a bítear go minic. Tá an coga i gCorcaigh agus i gCiarruidhe mar iongna béil ag muintir na hÉireann an tseachtain seo. Ach mo nuair, is cúis guil agus bróin do na lán é leis. Óir, ní gan iodhbairt n-anam n-óg a deineadh na conndaethe so do shaoradh. Ar Dheis an Arad Mhic go rabhaid.

party under Captain McClean. Commandant McGuinness worked south to Boherbwee, where, after a fierce engagement, he succeeded in driving the enemy forces out of the Staff Barracks. On the centre we attacked Rock Street, and after a stiff fight occupied all the strong positions held by the Irregulars. We now controlled all parts of the town. The enemy evacuated Ballymullen Barracks on the Moyerwell Road. We occupied the building which had been set on fire, and succeeded in saving the greater part of it. Our losses were very heavy. Eight of our brave Guards made the great sacrifice. They are being carried to Dublin for interment. Beannacht Dè le na n-anmanna.

We had a rousing reception from the people. A genuine Kerry welcome. Have you any account of Tomás. Is he still in Dublin. Had you any further note from Maire. Do try and drop us a line.

SEAMUS.

P.S.—Just heard shocking news. Some of our lads were ambushed near the Island. Captain Brian Houlihan was killed. I feel very badly cut up by the news. I knew him so intimately. Poor Brian. Such a fine soldier, and such a splendid record. 'Tis hard luck.

S.

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