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BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.*

Three years ago to-day
We raised our hands to Heaven,
And on the rolls of muster
Our names were thirty-seven;
There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven,
And we took the oath of service
With our right hands raised to Heaven.

Oh, 'twas a gallant day,
In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
With the musket and the sword!
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
And beneath a cloudless Heaven
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets
Two hundred marked to-day!
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
And hundreds in Maryland clay;
And other hundreds, less happy, drag
Their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long, blessed sleep
Of the battle-field's holy ground.

For the swords—one night, a week ago,
The remnant, just eleven,
Gathered around a banqueting board
With seats for thirty-seven.
There were two limped in on crutches,
And two had each but a hand
To pour the wine and raise the cup,
As we toasted "Our flag and land."

And the room seemed filled with whispers
As we looked at the vacant seats,
And, with choking throats, we pushed aside
The rich but untasted meats;
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses,
And we rose up—just eleven,
And bowed as we drank to the loved and the
dead
Who had made us **thirty-seven!**

*Lieut.-Col. C. G. Halpine, of the famous Irish-American "69th" Regiment—a native of Dublin.

"HIS OWN PETARD."

Some youths who no danger did bode
Tried to lay a land-mine on a road,
But before they could fly
They all went sky high,
For an accident made it explode.

"Fighting on Petrol"

RAPID TRANSPORT ESSENTIAL.

Modern warfare has shown in no unmistakable manner that transport by mechanical means is not only absolutely essential, but more reliable and rapid than any of the older methods employed. As an army fights on its stomach, the question of supplies is of vital importance, and the more rapidly and effectively supplies can be rushed from a base to a fighting front the greater the possibility of success.

While the motor-car was still in the process of evolution the question of the supply of draught horses and remounts came to be a sore problem with the armies of Europe, for as the self-propelled vehicle became more common on the streets, the inducement for horse-breeding became less and less. Thus the problem of transport for troops, and storage and haulage power for big guns became a vexed question.

Modern Improvements.

The problem has now, however, been solved. The internal combustion engine, until quite recently a noisy, cumbersome, piece of mechanism, has forcibly shown to the whole world that it can perform the work of an untold number of horses, and in a sanitary, effective, fast, untiring manner. Again, the amount of space taken up by such a machine is microscopic compared to the equivalent number of beasts required to produce the same power; the supplies, compared to forage, etc., needed by horse-transport, are very small, are more conveniently handled, and there is an infinitely less wastage. For example, take the amount of fuel which is consumed by a motor engine, something in the vicinity of three-quarters of a pint per horse-power per hour; or looking at the matter in another light, a lorry propelled, say, ten miles upon a fuel consumption of less than 8 lbs. It must be remembered that, in addition, a mechanically-propelled vehicle costs nothing, and requires little or no attention when standing idle, and, with a few minor risks, can be left standing anywhere until required.

Importance of Speed.

During the Black-and-Tan regime the enemy authorities recognised the immense value of being able to move bodies of men rapidly from place to place with a minimum of noise. In less than ten minutes a Crossley car could be brought from Beggar's Bush Barracks to Parnell Square if occasion or a "stunt" demanded. The Irregulars at present take risks in order to seize motor cars, for they realise that these mean food and rapid retreat—the most essential consideration in their plan of campaign.

That the Great War was fought and finished on petrol is hardly an exaggerated statement. The supply could not meet the demand, and every motorist will remember that petrol was the most precious commodity during the two later years of the four years' conflict.

A.C.I.



AN T-ÓGLÁC

JANUARY 20, 1923.

"Determined Attacks"

It is in the nature of things that newspapers desire news of unusual occurrences rather than records of same progress and prosperity; and the more sensational the occurrences the better they like them. When the news is not exciting they try to make it so. "Splendid" headings, lurid adjectives, and a liberal use of such words as "sensational," "thrilling," "daring," are the stock-in-trade of the newsmonger. This tendency is one of the assets of the Irregular campaign of propaganda. By firing a few shots in Dublin they are always able to get themselves prominently into the Press, and people in the country and dwellers in other lands are given the impression that the capital of Ireland is full of Irregular gunmen and its streets the scenes of open warfare. The fact that Dublin life is proceeding in the normal round like any other city (except that there is widespread poverty and unemployment as the result of Irregular activities), that the streets have the usual bustle of traffic, the shops the usual business, that theatres and picture-houses are crowded nightly, that the Irregular gunmen in Dublin are now an insignificant handful, mostly youths of 18, is hardly realised outside Dublin. For many weeks the Irregulars in Dublin have confined their activities to such cowardly operations as assassinations of unarmed men, burning the houses of civilians, etc.—acts which it is, of course, difficult for an army to cope with, but which are of no military significance whatever. On Monday night they concentrated their feeble forces on a demonstration which, to any intelligent person, was a demonstration of their own weakness and futility; but they gained their point by getting into the newspapers. One of the main objectives of Irregular policy seems to be to do things which will get into the Press and convey the impression to the public of a country over-run by gunmen.

On Monday night a commercial lorry containing armed men hidden under blankets drove past several buildings occupied by troops, and fired shots or threw bombs at the posts as it drove by. Finally they came on a patrol in Grafton Street, and, when called on to halt, fired on them and put on top speed. The patrol, though taken by surprise, riddled the car with bullets, and it had to be abandoned by the Irregulars in Stephen's Green. When seized by our troops it was found to be bespattered with blood. Subsequently one of the wounded men in the lorry was captured by our troops. Yet this futile and ridiculous performance is described in the daily Press as "a series of determined attacks on posts held by National troops in Dublin," when they should not be called attacks at all. Properly speaking, there has never been an attack on a military post in Dublin City since their surrender in O'Connell Street in July. An attack on a position is an attempt to capture the position, and it has not entered the wildest dreams of the Irregulars that they could capture or hold any position in Dublin City at any time since July. Apart from the "tip and run" affairs, the only place where there was sustained firing by the Irregulars was in the vicinity of Collins' Barracks. Here the attackers got on a building a safe distance from the barracks, and fired for some fifteen minutes, our troops being unable to locate them. When the troops went out to look for them they disappeared. They hit nothing, and did no damage beyond frightening civilians in the neighbourhood.

It is singular to find this demonstration of their own powerlessness in the military sense described in such terms as "determined attacks," "fierce onslaughts," "terrific fusillades," "a night of shooting," "the most serious fighting in Dublin for many months," by the Dublin daily newspapers. The last-quoted phrase is absurdly untrue. Posts which were not even fired at were described in the Dublin Press

as having been "attacked." This is not due, as one would think, to the desire to assist Irregular propaganda; it is merely due to the unconscious bias of the reporter and sub-editor to exaggerate exciting occurrences, to "make" news where it isn't, to play with such words as "sensational," "terrific," "thrilling," "daring." The public in Dublin are well aware of how exaggerated and misleading the newspaper accounts are; but readers in the country will get a different impression and in England it is not surprising to find a newspaper heading its account: "City Given Over to Irregular Gunmen." We can afford to laugh at such things. The situation has improved so steadily and markedly in Dublin that the attempted demonstration by Irregulars only served to emphasise their incapacity for accomplishing anything of the remotest military value.

A Clareman to His Rifle

On Clare's bleak hills "Old Friend," we lonely watches kept
While "death-hawks" soared above and blood-hounds
tracked behind,
Safe-guarded you at night, the nook where comrades slept,
And who divided were, we two were of a mind.

Then I knew friend from foe, you spoke but for the right,
No haunting guilt was mine if you some death-note knelled,
For God, for Clare we fought, to break a tyrant's might,
We claimed the right to live, and He our claim upheld.

Once more the Irish flag as proudly rode the breeze
As when in Sarsfield's van it held the Shannon's wave,
We held the lines he gripped with his bold Rapparees,
When freedom's setting sun blazed out o'er freedom's grave.

Now weary is my heart, uncertain is my hand,
Who shared with me a crust, with bared breasts sheltered
mine,
Through teachings wild and vague inflamed against me
stand,
And but old memories, dark passion's tides confine.

Poor! poor! am I, in all that scholars teach and learn,
What evil seems to me, their logic proves is good,
But God! how can an honest Irish mind discern
That we, of all, can win through wretched civil feud.

Who, brothers would estrange and pit in squalid strife,
Have strangely overlooked that throughout ev'ry age,
Disunion was the crime that murdered Ireland's life,
And wrote in blood and tears her history's every page.

May his cup fill with dregs and gall, his seed, his name,
As that of Judas live, accurs'd by honest breath
Who, for his beggar's meed, of coin or spurious fame,
Betrays our new born land back to a living death.

N.K.

The Battle of Kinsale

LESSONS OF THE FIGHT.

Hugh O'Neill had been waging a war, upon the whole successfully, for some half-dozen years when Mountjoy became Viceroy in the year 1600. He had turned his relatively feeble resources to such good account that the vastly greater part of Ireland was lost to the English. But Mountjoy's coming changed all this: the new Viceroy realised that resolute use of his great advantages should reasonably ensure victory, and he had the requisite military capacity to pursue such a policy. Moreover, he aimed—and with success—to stir up the old tribal animosities that O'Neill's wonderful shrewdness and address had partially laid to rest. The result was that his first year in office saw O'Neill losing ground everywhere—rapidly in the South and even in the North gradually. So that when the Spanish Army landed at Kinsale at the end of September, 1601, they had no immediate adherents and had to await the arrival of the Ulster chiefs.

The Spanish forces numbered something over 3,000 men under the command of Don Juan de

quila, and the English garrison evacuated the town—then a small place of 200 houses—on their approach. The Spanish General immediately set to work to strengthen the defences of the town and also manned the two works, Rincorran and Castlepark, commanding the harbour entrance. Mountjoy, collecting all available forces and summoning reinforcements, marched at once to Kinsale, hoping to crush Aquila before any rising in his favour took place in Munster. About the middle of October he had 10,000 men before the town and a squadron off the coast. The capture of the Rincorran fort allowed the ships to come in and aid in a general bombardment. Later on Castlepark also fell, and all the heights around the town were in Mountjoy's hands. Even so, De Aquila, by vigorous and well-timed sorties, inflicted great damage, and managed to keep the heavy batteries well away, besides repulsing one heavy assault.

The Position.

Meantime O'Neill and O'Donnell on the one side and the English Government on the other were both hurrying troops to Kinsale as the decisive point. Six thousand men, with ample cannon and stores of all kinds, came from England, and early in November O'Donnell was on his way southward with some 2,500 tried men. Carew was detached to intercept him by Mountjoy with about 4,000, and advanced to Cashel, posting himself in the direct line of O'Donnell's march. Now, on O'Donnell's right or western flank were the Slieve Felim mountains, the surface of which the incessant rains had made wet, miry, and absolutely impassable. But by great good fortune an exceedingly heavy frost came on that night; and Red Hugh, breaking camp in the middle of the night, threw his entire force off the main road and across the now passable mountains. By an extraordinary and forced march, and abandoning some of his baggage, he reached Croom, in the present County of Limerick—40 English miles in 24 hours. He was then well beyond the reach of Carew, who fell back to Kinsale. He was now in a position to rally to himself any disaffected chiefs of West Munster, and was joined by a second Spanish force of 700, under Alorzo de O'Campo, which had landed at Castlehaven. Establishing himself at Bandon, he isolated Mountjoy's army on that western side.

This was the state of affairs for about a month when on the 19th of December O'Neill's advanced troops were observed on the hills to the north of the English camp, occupying the road to Cork. The Viceroy's army was now itself virtually surrounded, and it was O'Neill's policy to continue in this fashion. The severe weather was playing havoc with the English contingents of Mountjoy's army, and the constant harassing sallies of the Spaniards kept them unable to get repose, while on the land side all communication was cut off. O'Donnell, however, and many of the Southern chiefs were for an immediate attack, and De Aquila was of the same mind. Accordingly a concerted plan of attack was decided on.

O'Neill's Attack.

O'Neill was to make an attack in full force on the English lines on the night of December 23rd, and De Aquila was to make a sortie upon becoming aware of his approach. It is probable that Mountjoy had intelligence of the projected attack, and had in consequence doubled his guard and held his men in readiness though not actually under arms. At all events a good watch was being kept and he was warned in good time that the Irish were advancing with matches lit—the flashes showing in the darkness. Mountjoy had his measures taken beforehand: the enemy had to advance by a marshy hollow with only one ford practicable for cavalry, and this he had entrenched. The ground beyond this—across which the Irish must pass to the attack—was commanded by cannon, and certain regiments were quickly called up to hold the position. As Mountjoy's cavalry approached the ford, O'Neill—finding surprise out of the question—drew back his leading detachment a little to enable the whole column to close up. Mountjoy thereupon ordered Carew to return and take command of the troops in the line before Kinsale, while he in person, with about 1,200 foot and 500 horse, followed

up the Irish. About a mile further on he came up with them. It was then broad daylight.

O'Neill's infantry was in three bodies, the cavalry in a fourth, the front covered by a bog. The actual conduct of the fight on the other side fell to the Marshal Sir Richard Wingfield, who acted to Mountjoy much in the capacity of a Chief of Staff. This officer, advancing with Clanrickard and 100 horse, threw out as skirmishers 100 men of the first infantry that came to hand. These were driven back by skirmishers thrown out from O'Neill's centre, until reinforced by a second hundred, with which addition they succeeded in driving back the Irish skirmishers. Meantime Mountjoy's other troops were hurrying up as quick as possible, and Clanrickard essayed a charge on the left one of the three bodies of infantry, which was, however, repulsed. They were followed up by the Irish cavalry, but not so vigorously as to suffer much loss.

The Spaniards.

On the other flank, with the bog extending around their right, stood O'Campo and Tyrrell, whom Mountjoy engaged with the last of his infantry detachments to come up. The second body of his infantry the Viceroy held in reserve, merely keeping them in readiness in the centre. It was fortunate that he did so, for O'Neill, after the repulse of Clanrickard's horse, moved forward his own centre with the object of separating the two wings of Mountjoy's force. The English general thereupon brought up his reserve and charged home on a section of O'Neill's centre, with the result that all that body fell back and took post on a height to the rear. At the same time Clanrickard, strongly reinforced, charged and routed the Irish cavalry and then wheeled in on the flank of the corps he had previously charged unsuccessfully; and this time with complete success. The centre was next attacked vigorously and dispersed. O'Campo's Spaniards and that sterling soldier, Tyrrell, made a determined stand and were practically cut to pieces; the Spanish officer being made prisoner and Tyrrell just contriving to escape. The Irish lost almost 2,000 men with arms and baggage, but there was no pursuit beyond the battlefield.

In Kinsale, meanwhile, Don Juan had been standing to arms for hours waiting for some sign of activity. At length long after daylight came the commotion of Mountjoy's force returning, which he mistook for the noise of an engagement. He led out his men, but quickly perceived that things were not as he thought and guessed the result. A week later he surrendered the place upon honourable terms.

COMMENTS.

O'Neill's rout—by such an inferior force—O'Campo gave the Irish numbers at 6,000 foot and 500 horse—is not as astonishing as it seems at first sight. He was calculating on surprising Mountjoy and instead found himself surprised. His force was of very mixed quality, practically only O'Donnell's contingent, Tyrrell's veterans, and O'Campo's Spaniards being good troops; and these were in part unsteady by their untrained auxiliaries: the Viceroy, on the other hand, had picked troops and his best officers. It was, as a matter of fact, inadvisable to attack at all: it would have been much sounder to sit down and isolate the Viceroy, an easy task and one which would have allowed of some degree of training being imparted to the worthless levies of the Munster chiefs. Kinsale was sufficiently provided for months and the severe weather was killing Mountjoy's troops in dozens. The battle gives us a striking proof of the danger of night attacks: such should never be attempted with poor troops, and the ground should always be reconnoitred as thoroughly as possible beforehand. In addition, on this occasion the night was desperately wet and dark: some authorities even say that the Irish lost their way, but this is not certain. All Mountjoy's measures were good: his careful selection and preparation of a defensive position, his following up of the retiring enemy, the vigorous holding attacks with such forces as he had available, his keeping a reserve in hand and using it unhesitatingly at the proper moment. Many Irish writers make a scapegoat of De Aquila, but surely, in engaging the attention of all the English forces in Ireland for three months he fairly did his part.

Adventures of Moryah

EXPLOITS AND ATROCITIES.

The following are some further reminiscences of the Irregular hero Moryah (a descendant of Baron Munchausen) as related by him to a circle of admiring ladies and devoutly believed by them and used in subsequent speeches and Irregular propagandist sheets:—

Another Explanation.

"What used I work at? Um!—aw!—Nothing in particular. Lestways I mean I used to work—I had a few jobs but the bally bosses would never keep me. They knew my Republican opinions—I used to talk *some* I can tell you—why I used to do nothing but talk Republicanism all the working day—during the Truce. The bosses never had the pluck to admit the real reason; they always said they were firing me because I wasn't doing any work. These capitalists are all the same; they expect a fellow to *work* for a few pounds a week; when he could be out with a column on the hills, suffering for Ireland and taking whatever he jolly well wanted. I tell you I taught these capitalists a lesson. When we were in the hotels in O'Connell Street, I didn't half get away with their property. It was great fun.

An Exciting Chase.

"One of the closest shaves I ever had was during the fighting in Kerry. I was driving a motor along the road when I suddenly found myself running into a patrol of National troops in three lorries. I had only a revolver and I knew that my chance of fighting was hopeless. Fortunately I am a marvellous motor driver, so I was able to turn the car in the narrow road like lightning and make off. The leading lorry was within a few yards of me by this time. They roared to me to halt. I put on top speed. They opened fire on me. I zigzagged the car to dodge the firing and fired at them with the revolver and I tell you I hit three of them with three successive shots. Unfortunately, in rounding a corner of the road a jerk threw the revolver out of my hands on to the road. There was nothing for it then but speed and I tell you I got some pace out of that car. The lorries followed and kept firing. I kept zigzagging and at the same time managed to steadily increase the distance between myself and my pursuers. But with the speed and the zigzagging didn't one of the back wheels come off the wretched car. I drove it on three wheels and kept it going. It was a rough mountain road full of twists and turns. Sometimes I lost sight of my pursuers after a bend of the road and then they would appear in sight again, but always further away from me. I felt if I could keep up that pace for a little while longer I was safe. But judge of my horror when suddenly a front wheel went. The speed was so terrific that we still kept travelling, though only on two wheels. The velocity kept the car from collapsing—you understand. But you will open your eyes when you hear what happened next. Another wheel came off and I actually *finished the journey on one wheel*. Then the car collapsed just as I had finally left my pursuers out of sight and range. I crawled behind a ditch and made my way to safety through the heather.

"I'm glad you think it a good story. I'm thinking of sending it to our Publicity woman—do you think she'd pay me well for it?"

Gorilla Warfare.

I had a funny adventure with a Yankee traveller once. I held his car up in a road in the South of Ireland. He was awfully interested in the boys with the guns. "Say, boys, what do you call this?" he asked. "A Kinema stunt of some wild West picture story?" I told him we were guerillas. "You sure look it," he said, "and man-eating ones at that." (I wonder what he meant by that! He pronounced it *gorillas*). He said: "Say, I've seen some gorillas in my travels, but I pass the bouquet to you," so we must have made a great impression on him. He offered me an engagement at a thousand dollars a day to

travel round the States as a specimen of the Irish guerillas (or, as he would pronounce it, *gorillás*; these Yankees have queer pronunciations). What do you think of that for a compliment? I told him I couldn't leave Ireland, I preferred to suffer on the bleak hill-sides to rolling in luxury abroad. This was when I found out he had no money.

(To be continued).

Lectures for Recruits

KEEPING FIT.

"An army marches on its stomach," so naturally your first care should be to keep your stomach in good order. This means you must select your food. One of the most important points is to have plenty of greens—cabbage being the best as well as the easiest to get and to cook. Another way of keeping yourself "loosened up" is to take a suitable proportion of eggs in your diet. All tinkering of yourself with medicine should be avoided, as it tends to become a habit.

Another important item in connection with food and digestion is the care of the teeth. Always keep these clean: if you don't they'll refuse to work properly, just like any other edged tools. Besides, see that any necessary repairs are taken in hand as quickly as possible. You should have *at least six pairs of sound teeth* or properly repaired teeth. That is to say, twelve in the upper jaw meeting twelve in the lower jaw. Clean your teeth with a good stiff brush, brushing from the gums, not sideways.

Equally vital is the avoidance of coughs, colds, and chills, which can be got in several ways. One way is by getting over-heated. When you're sweating heavily always give yourself a good rub-down and keep moving to cool off gradually. Never sit down at once no matter how tired you feel. Again, men often get cold from resting with wet feet. Never do this: always change your socks or, failing that, take off those you're wearing and dry them. If you can't even manage that, take them off anyhow while resting, and if you have to get going again put them on then. It's not at all so bad to get wet and dry yourself by keeping on the move. Of course, everything said about wet socks applies to clothes too. If you have to sleep in a damp locality it will save your chest to put a thickness of newspaper inside your shirt at night: this keeps the damp from your body.

To avoid sore throats, cultivate the habit of breathing through your nose. Always keep this clean: if you don't you'll sleep with your mouth open and snore, which is not healthy and will irritate your tent-mate. Vaseline will help to keep the passages open.

For cuts iodoform is perhaps the best healer you can use. Don't mind the smell—the other men shouldn't mind it either. You can reduce a bad bruise by cold water, and there should not be much difficulty about getting plenty of that.

Practically the only medical articles you'll ever need are: cascara pills—as the easiest aperient, vaseline and iodoform.

DIEHARD CHIVALRY.

Some diehards went out for a raid,
But to carry their guns were afraid;
To their lives they were partial,
They feared a court-martial,
So their firearms were brought by a maid.

IRREGULAR STRATEGY.

There was a young girl of Blackrock,
Hid Irregular bombs in her frock,
But when moving about
A bomb-pin came out,
And she's suffering now from shell-shock.

Printed for Army Headquarters at Mahon's Printing Works, Yarnhall Street, Dublin.