

AN OZLAC

An Ózlac

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THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

A study by Frank Leah from a special sitting.

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GUARD DUTY.

Guards are for the purpose of ensuring security; to secure Government property from molestation; to secure the observance of military regulations, police and sanitary; to secure military prisoners; and to secure undisturbed rest and the impossibility of surprise for troops in service.

Duty as a sentry is the most responsible, dignified and serious individual duty that a soldier may be called upon to perform. He must be taught to look upon the duty in that light. Delinquencies, such as temporary absence, drinking intoxicating liquors, or neglect, which might not be serious in ordinary circumstances, become grave offences when committed by a soldier who is on the guard detail.

SENTRIES' DUTIES.

The following are the general orders applying to all sentries, who should memorise them. Every soldier should thoroughly digest their meaning, so that unexpected guard duty might be performed intelligently.

To take charge of this post and all Government property in view.

To walk my post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.

To report all violations of orders I am instructed to enforce.

To repeat all calls from posts more distant from the guardhouse than my own.

To quit my post only when properly relieved.

To receive, obey, and pass on to the sentry who relieves me all orders from the commanding officer, officer of the day, and officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard only.

To talk to no one except in line of duty.

In case of fire or disorder to give the alarm.

To allow no one to commit a nuisance on or near my post.

In any case not covered by instructions to call the corporal of the guard.

To salute all officers, and all colours and standards not cased.

To be especially watchful at night, and during the time for challenging, to challenge all persons on or near my post, and to allow no one to pass without proper authority.

In addition to the foregoing sentries posted at the guardhouse will be required to memorise the following:—

Between reveille and retreat turn out the guard for all persons designated by the commanding officer, for all colours or standards not cased, and for all armed parties approaching my post, except troops at drill and reliefs and detachments of the guard.

A FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE.

A fundamental principle of guard duty is that the sentry shall observe everything that takes place within sight and hearing of his post. Even if same appear at the time so trifling that the sentry does not consider it of sufficient importance to report to his corporal, nevertheless a later investigation would expect to find him able to give a clear statement of the facts, including a fairly accurate idea of the time of the occurrence. Sentries are the eyes and ears of the commanding officer, to see, hear, and mentally record everything. Through them post and camp regulations are enforced whilst the garrison sleeps.

It is also fundamental that sentries are given dignity and authority fully commensurate with their great responsibilities. Officers of all grades as well as enlisted men are required to respect their

authority. They take orders from no one except those officers directly connected with the guard. Such dignity must lend grave seriousness to the performance of their duties.

In addition to the above general orders which apply to all sentries each sentry is invariably given certain "special orders." These special orders always define the sentry's post and then tell him what he is there for, what his special duties are as sentry on this particular post. These should be explicit, simple, common sense, and clearly understood by all. In inspecting the guard it is of first importance to see that the sentries have a clear working knowledge of their special orders.

Responsibility for the proper instruction of the members of the guard, and for the proper performance by them of all their duties, rests first on the officer of the day, and then down through each of the subordinate commanders to the corporal of the relief, who must make it his personal business to see that the members of his relief are properly instructed.

QUESTION OF GRAVE IMPORTANCE.

In strict duty the question of guards assumes grave importance. Even here, however, it will be the faithfulness and efficiency with which the sentry carries out his special orders that will count, rather than his observance of prescribed formalities.

Do not misunderstand that it is intended to make too light of formalities; understand rather that where time necessitates selection, you could choose, first, efficiency, and then, if time permits, take up a study of the formalities. But do not feel that it is impossible for you to perform efficient guard duty in case emergency arises because you have not had time to learn the formalities.

Earnestness and faithfulness on the part of the sentry in carrying out intelligent special orders covering the duties that he has been posted there to perform will result in the necessary efficiency in actual service. Earnestness and faithfulness you must have but with your personnel it is believed you can get them as surely by an appeal to an intelligent understanding of their necessity as by the slower regular service process of great attention to detail, formality, and all the dignity of ceremony and occasion.

AN INDISPENSABLE FORMALITY.

While you may dispense with the ceremony of Guard Mount you may not dispense with the formality of inspection of the guard detail before it enters upon its tour. The guard detail should be formed and you should inspect its members thoroughly to see that they are properly clothed and equipped, their arms in good condition, and that all are in physical condition for the work, observing particularly any signs of their having been drinking, and then formally assign the officers and non-commissioned officers to their respective offices of command in the guard.

While it is not necessary that the sentry be posted with the formalities prescribed, you must, nevertheless, see that he is posted with such formality as will impress him with the seriousness of his duties, a knowledge of the limits of his post, and an appreciation of what he is put there to do.

The dignity of the sentry on post should be reflected in the highest degree by smartness in dress, equipment, and military conduct on the part of the sentry. He stands alone, under the eyes of all who pass. He should be an example in soldierliness. He represents your organisation, whose efficiency is likely to be judged by his conduct and appearance.

It is the custom for guards to be mounted for a twenty-four hours' tour, and for the individual sentry to be on post for two consecutive hours, alternating with four hours off, during which he remains at the guard house as a member of the guard under certain regulations.



The Greater Part of Valour

An incident in the Southern Campaign.

As we tramped along in the rain, one hundred yards behind the Ambulance, two things were borne in upon me—the remarkable adhesiveness of a County Cork limestone road on a wet day and the preternatural caution of the Commercial Traveller.

“It is not a question of courage or cowardice,” he explained to me. “You and I are non-combatants and it is not our job to run any unnecessary risks. To do so would be merely foolhardiness. To avoid them is merely commonsense.”

He elaborated the idea with obvious relish. I gathered that it was our duty to keep well behind the Ambulance which was bringing up the rear of the column of green-uniformed troops.

“In these ambushes,” my companion pointed out, “they usually let the head of the column get past and strike at the middle. A hundred yards behind the Red Cross is the place for us.”

“I see,” said I. “And I suppose the apotheosis of wisdom would be to start running back towards Cork the minute we hear any firing ahead of us?”

“It is too serious a matter for joking,” said he, severely. “We would, of course, take cover.”

“I’m with you there,” I assured him heartily. “You will find me diving into the nearest hole and pulling it in after me.”

He relapsed into aggrieved silence.

* * * *

When the Army Authorities in Cork City gave us permission to accompany the little party of troops on its march to the town of X—, they stipulated that we should not take a car.

Doubtless they had some good reason for this stipulation, but after tramping six miles through the glutinous mud and never-ceasing drizzle, I felt sorry that I had not argued the question with them.

However, the officer in charge of the expedition took pity on us when he caught sight of the two dragged figures plodding along at the tail-end of the procession. He invited us into his motor.

I began to feel a warm affection for that Commandant though I had never met him before. It was very soothing to sit in that comfortable car and dash past the trudging troops to the head of the column, amble along there for a time until a cyclist scout reported, and then toddle back a bit to keep an eye on the rest of the army.

But the Commercial Traveller was not happy. Quite the contrary.

He confided his trouble to me when the Commandant alighted to make some enquiries.

“We should not be in this car at all,” he said. “He’s taking too many risks. Did you notice that in that last dash to the front he went beyond the cyclists?”

“I’m willing to take the risk for the sake of the comfort,” said I.

Just as the officer was about to re-enter the car one of the scouts reported:

“Found a land mine in the road five hundred yards ahead, Sir. We cut the wires.”

A very white-faced Commercial Traveller hurriedly alighted.

“I think,” he told the officer, “I would like to stretch my legs for a bit.”

* * * *

It became evident that we were treading close on the heels of the Irregulars. We found some of their nests warm. Signs of hurried evacuation were frequently encountered. We acquired two motor cars and one motor lorry which they had abandoned without even delaying to put the vehicles out of action.

The column proceeded more warily with frequent halts. Flanking scouts were thrown out. One of the latter presently brought



in a young man in civilian clothes and a bad temper. I think he was annoyed because he had been caught napping. A service rifle and 150 rounds of ammunition were found upon him.

A little further on we bagged a sulky cyclist who had a revolver, fifty rounds of ammunition and a kit bag containing a soldier's uniform.

Approaching a village we received information that "the other gentlemen," as some of the locals tactfully called them, were preparing a large and enthusiastic ambush "just around the corner," so to speak.

The Commercial Traveller and the present Scribe waited with the Ambulance until this interesting announcement had been thoroughly investigated. The Ambulance erected a very large Red Cross flag with a pathetic confidence in the Irregulars' regard for the Geneva Convention. I "scrounged" a tin of bully beef from one of the doctors and sat by the wayside to demolish it.

The rain had ceased and the sun was making a pretence at Midsummer. We had halted in the midst of a peaceful pastoral landscape with fields of waving corn shining golden on either side of the road.

And, at the sides of the cornfields, green-uniformed figures advancing cautiously towards the hilly fields in the middle-distance.

* * * *

Nothing exciting happened. The "other gentlemen" apparently decided to postpone the ambush, being assisted in arriving at this decision by the unexpected arrival of reinforcements for our little party—an armoured car and a lorryload of troops which had followed us from Cork.

So, having administered severe damage to the tin of "bully," I followed the troops into the village in search of the wherewithal to wash it down.

We tarried there for about two hours and it was rumoured that we would have to fight our way for the rest of the journey. (As a matter of fact we encountered no opposition save from broken bridges and barricaded roads).

When we were ready to move off again I discovered that I had lost the Commercial Traveller.

We searched the village hostelrys without result. We made futile inquiries at various houses.

The soldiers seemed rather amused. "Lost, Stolen or Strayed, one small commercial traveller," was a notion that appealed to their sense of humour.

The officers were very nice about it. They waited whilst we had a last look round.

We gave it up! Reluctantly we decided that we would have to continue our journey without him. It was getting dusk and the journeying would be hazardous—to put it mildly.

I elected to ride on the outside of the armoured car with a non-com. for whom I had taken a liking during the searching operations. As we took our places we discussed the probable fate of the little Commercial.

"Oh, I expect he'll be all right," said my soldier friend. "Probably got friends near the village and will stay with them."

"He didn't say anything about having friends near here," said I.

One of the car's crew clambered aboard.

"Who were youse looking for?" he asked, overhearing us.

We explained.

"Foxy little chap with a beard?" asked the soldier.

"Yes."

"Him!" said the soldier, scornfully. "He's in the tin. Been in it almost since we come to this place."

And, opening the door, he revealed the lost one squatted on the floor of the turret.

SCÉAL ÓGLAIG. Buachail as Bleacliaith.

Duine desna sean-óglaig mise, na hóglaig déirig i 1916 agus a thug ifrionn dearg don Ghall ar feadh aon tseachtaine amháin. Seán O Briain is ainm dom agus nilim dachad bliain fós. Póilín, de Phóilíní Chahair Bhleácliaih, ab ea m'ahair, fear réidh soineannta nár ghaibh éinne riamh ach aon lá amháin nuair diarr meisceoir air e bhreth leis godi an bheairic toise gur chuir se náire air a rá gur póilín óg a thógfadh e. Dar liom, chím arís ag teacht isteach doras na cistine e agus e ag croma a chinn sara mbuailfadh a chlogad i gcóinniv an fhardorais, mar bhí sé chúig troithe is deich n-órlach ar aoirde, agus dféachadh se ní b'aoirde fós fé chlogad árd maisiúil na n-órnaídi geala airgeadaí. Do rihinn amach ina choinniv le háhas agus do ghlacadh se mise chuige leis an áhas gcéanna. Ní thagáin corha choíche de veh ag féachaint ar an éde áluinn gorm, agus ar na cnaipi soilseacha san a ghlanadh sé gach aon lá le cré sheana-phopa. Ní raibh meas madra agam ar shaighdiúirí beaga an airm Ghallda. Bhí fuah agam don chóta dearg agus dosna cnaipi buí práis—an fuah céanna san atá agam fós do bhricéana dearga, fuah fhanan agam dóibh godi go dtagan an dah bui-dhonn orra le haois. Nuair a rinneadh se ar a ghlúin me bhínn ar mo shástacht mar do mhoháinn an neart a bhí ina ghéagaiv agus an fhéle mhór agus an oscailteacht a bhí ina chroí. Eisean a thug tús gach eolais fhónta dhom—fíu an eolais ar bhlas an tobac. Níorbh fholáir liom, lá, an popa cré thógaint uaidh chun triail a bhaint as. Ú! nách láidir an balaihe a bhí ar an tobac san! Ba dhóbaire go dtactfadh an deatach me ach baochas le Dia gur fédir dom mo leah-dosaen únsa do cháiheamh gachaon tseachtain anois—cho maíh le taoseán biotáille d'ól gan dul thar teorainn.

Se a mhúin an Phaidir dom agus de bhárr na suime chuireadh se ionam bhíos ábalta ar m'ainm is mo sheola do scríobh sara raibh ainmneacha na letreacha féin ar eolas agam agus, ar feadh i bhfad, bhíodh tosach aige ar an máistir i múine airtmeice Chom. Aon lá amháin do thug an driháir ba shine agam—bhi, agus tá fós, ceahrar acu ann, beirt níos sine agus beirt níos óige ná me, maraon lem aon-drífir, atá ar shlua na marbh le haon bhliain déag ach cúpla mí, beannacht Dé lena hanam!—thug Séamas isteach leis, mar b'iné b'ainm do, thug se isteach leabhar breá mór fé chléidach uaihne. Bhí cruít óir ar an dtaov amuich de agus bhí peictiúirí breáha laistig. Leabhar mórchlú an tSúilleabhánaig, "Scéal na hEireann," a bhí ann: duais a bhuaidh Séamas ar scoil. Bhíos sínte ar mo leabaidh an uair sin toise slaghdán no rud égin den tsaghas san a veh orm: go deimhin, ba mhínic breoite me—ní fhéadadh gaoh éadtrom an tsamhraidh séde gan easláinte do bhreth ag triail orm agus ba mhínic mo chóta mór is mo chaipín orm istig sa tig, le heagla an fhuachta. Bhí ana-dhúil ag am' ahair sa léhóireacht ach, in ionad an leabhar so do leumh os íseal do féin, is amhlaidh a leudh se amach go hárd dúinn e gachaon tráhnóna cois na tine—is dó liom anois gurb amhlaidh a bhí an Béarla a bhí ann ro-chruaidh don bheirt ba shine agus gur iarradar air leumh dóiv. Bhí mórál cheana féin orm toise a fhios a veh agam gurb e Bleácliaih ba chahair dhúchaís dom agus toise me veh ábalta ar an ainm Béarla atá air do scríobh. Tháinig tuille mórála orm, mórál nár thuigeas in aon chor an uair sin, o veh ag ésteacht le glór láidir doimhin solamanta m'ahar agus e ag leumh na staire dhúinn. Bédír gurb amhlaidh a bhí, ní hea, ach is dócha, is deimhin, go mbíodh mórál agus mórtas air féin agus e ag leumh scéil a thire mar an geud uair riamh, agus gur fhág san a rian ar aigne agus ar chroí an gharstúin bhíg a bhíodh ag ésteacht leis agus ná tuigeadh an chaint bhreá Bhéarla san. Ní thuiginn an chaint ach dféacháin ar na peictiúirí agus bédír go mberinn liom roinnt égin dá mbri.

(Ní críoch).

AODH RUA.
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THE AIR SERVICE.

Remarkable Development at Baldonnell—Air Patrols Over Ireland—The Making of Pilots and Observers—Aerodrome Object Lessons.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.]

It was an optimistic spring day. From a blue sky, thinly peopled with little cotton-wool clouds, a sun that yielded almost the warmth of summer, poured a golden radiance on the circling hills of Dublin and Wicklow, and the broad acres of the aerodrome.

Ordered activity prevailed in the vicinity of the great hangars. At one point a group of soldier mechanics were testing the engine of an Auro biplane machine which had just been repaired in the Baldonnell Works. In the cockpit sat one of their number, whilst another seized the propellor.

"Contact," and the latter swings the big blades and leaped clear.

Nothing happened. Again they tried, and again. At last the propellor whirled round until its blades were lost in a circling blur.

And then, without warning, the engine was enveloped in leaping flames.

There was no excitement, no flurry. The man in the cockpit switched off, and two young soldiers went swiftly forward with patent extinguishers, with which they sprayed the flames. In a

moment the blaze had vanished and the men were coolly carrying on as if nothing untoward had happened.

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Out on the sunlit aerodrome another group were preparing a five-seater Martinsyde. "The Big Fella," for a trial flight. It had been resting in the hangar for a considerable time, and the officers and men were keenly interested in the trial. On this occasion, however, it was going up with only a pilot aboard.

While we watched the preparation for the ascent of the big Martinsyde, there came a droning 'way down in the Southern sky, and another machine was seen heading for the aerodrome. At a height of about two thousand feet it circled the camp and proceeded to plane down—one mile for each thousand feet.

It made a fine landing about one hundred yards away from where we were standing around the five-seater, and the pilot and observer climbed out. There is a picture of them on next page, taken exclusively for "An t-Oglach," just as they stepped to earth.

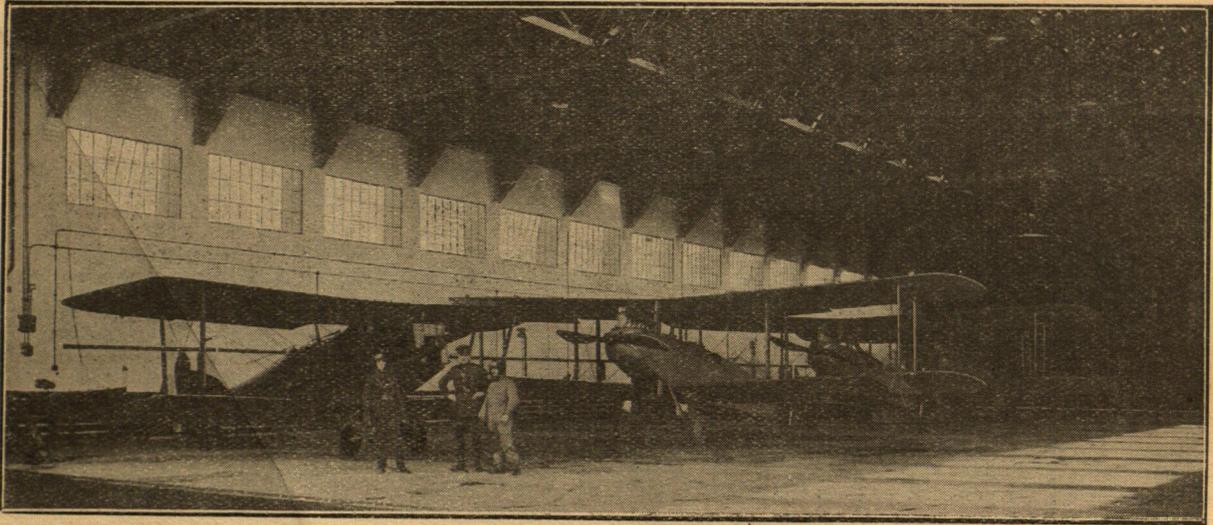
The machine was a Bristol fighter, and it had come all the way from Tralee.



"An t-Oglach".

The Church at Baldonnell, constructed out of an old sleeping hut. On the left side of the Altar is the Crib.

[Exclusive Photo.]



"An t-Oglách"].

[Exclusive Photo.

Interior of one of the Hangars at Baldonnel.

That is a little incident that emphasises the wide scope of the Air Service, which, young though it is, has done and is doing remarkable work in all parts of the country.

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Having seen the Martinsyde climb up into the sky for a few thousand feet—we left the aerodrome—a 300-acre field—to visit other points of interest in the Air Service Headquarters. On the way, the officer who was acting as my guide, philosopher and friend, pointed out the goal posts—there are no less than four gaelic football teams in the camp—and mentioned that as the aerodrome was also the playing field the two posts were sunk in specially prepared sockets and could be removed and replaced at a moment's notice.

Sport is receiving close attention at Baldonnel. In addition to the football teams there are three hurling teams, and it is

hoped to form harriers and go in for cross-country work in the near future.

In addition two covered racquet courts have been converted into handball courts.

No foreign games are permitted at Baldonnel, and the Irish atmosphere of the camp is further emphasised by the fact that every soldier has to attend an Irish class for one hour every day.

Indoor amusements also are provided, and there is a cinema constructed by the men themselves, where programmes lasting two-and-a-half hours are given on four nights in the week, and sometimes on six nights out of the seven. The programme is changed twice a week.

This cinema (including a first-class Gaumont projector) has been subscribed for by the officers and men, and a small charge is made for admission to cover working expenses. The two operators are Air Service electricians.



"An t-Oglách"].

[Exclusive Photo.

A Bristol Fighter, with its Pilot and Observer, photographed at Baldonnel immediately after its arrival from Tralee.

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The great folding front of one of the hangars was open and we stepped in out of the sunlight to view the covey of mechanical birds resting therein.

An imposing flock they were. Nearest the entrance was a black-avised single-seater Scout, with a 300 h.p. engine, capable of doing 150 miles an hour.

Behind it was a big brother of the air, for pilot and observer, equipped with a Vickers machine gun, so timed as to fire through the whirling propellor without hitting the blades, whilst at the back was the carriage for another machine gun. Most of the other aeroplanes in the shed were duplicates of this second craft, each capable of at least 100 miles an hour.

They have done some surprising feats with these machines, have these intrepid Irish airmen. On one occasion they put a 400 h.p. engine into a machine that was not built for such a heavy-weight genie, and succeeded in flying safely from Mungret, which is a mile or so outside Limerick City, to Baldonnel in forty-eight minutes!

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Other machines went aloft whilst I was at the camp, and one or two which had been curvetting in the ether came to earth for lunch. Nobody at Baldonnel is allowed to get rusty for lack of work, neither officers nor men. If they are pretty well provided with sports and amusements they earn every moment of



"An t-Ogláic".

[Exclusive Photo.

A five-seater Martinsyde about to ascend for a trial flight at Baldonnel.

recreation that they are allowed. The whole camp has an atmosphere of strict discipline and unflagging work.

They have just established a meteorological department. When it is in full working order it will be able to perform miracles of prophecy. For instance if I was flying South—which Heaven forbid—they would be able to hand me out a spicy bit of information like this:—"At Athlone you will run into three miles of cloud at a thousand feet," which would buck me up no end, as the former occupants of Baldonnel would say.

And if I was starting back from the wilds of Kerry and wanted to know what sort of a passage I would have I would send them a wireless—they have wireless of course at Baldonnel—and say, "Flying back in three days. What will the going be like?"

And they would wireless back and tell me the sort of weather we were going to be afflicted with on the day I set out for Dublin.

Yes, meteorology is a great science, and it is becoming more accurate every day.

The history of Baldonnel Aerodrome under the National Army is a truly remarkable record of difficulties overcome by pluck and persistence combined with technical skill and military knowledge.

The National Army took over the Aerodrome in April last year. At that time the Army did not possess a single aeroplane nor any of the essentials necessary to building up an air service. Yet aviation was started in September of the same year—with the grand total of two pilots.

A week before the Four Courts fighting, at the end of June and the beginning of July an instructional machine to train pupils was ordered. In the following week a second machine was purchased, and General MacSweeney (at present in command at Baldonnel) flew it over from England with 2nd Lieut. Nolan as observer.

Between July and August six other machines were purchased, but there were still only two pilots.

In September the first three pupils commenced to train, and the training of pupils has been carried on without a break since that time. Applicants were taken from the Army and were male observers, being sent down the country with machines. Others were being trained as pilots at the same time.

In July and August last year the Air Service had bases at Waterford Racecourse, Kilkenny, and Limerick. But as the full strength was still only two pilots and twenty mechanics it will be realised that the mechanics had to operate from those bases under the greatest difficulties. During the occupation of the areas in question by the Irregulars the machines shifted from base to base. It is worthy of mention that, at this period, Colonel Russell flew over Cork on the day before its evacuation by the Irregulars.

In October Fermoy Aerodrome was established as a base. The original aerodrome buildings had been completely destroyed by the Irregulars, and the National Air Service had to start and build hangars, &c., for themselves. Two machines which flew down to Fermoy, found no shelter ready, and a shed had to be built around them.

A reserve company was enlisted and proceeded with the erection of proper hangars. When the buildings were completed more machines were sent down.

"Our greatest difficulty at this period," one of the pioneers of the Air Force informed me, "was due to the inexperience of mechanics. Aeroplane engines were constantly breaking down and the mechanics had not sufficient experience to get them running again. Gradually we secured mechanics at H.Q., Baldonnel, who were fully qualified, and we sent them down to Fermoy.

"In the beginning, whereas we could only do one or two patrols a week, we gradually reached a stage when we could do daily patrols. The whole area from Waterford to Kenmare was constantly patrolled by aeroplanes, and finally bases were established in Tralee and Kilkenny, which are still in being."

Before Christmas last the Air Service realised the necessity of having their own troops for garrison purposes in order to train them eventually for co-operation with aircraft and in handling machines. Accordingly a battalion was started and is in training at present.

In spite of the fact that owing to the unpractised pilots, machines were constantly being crashed, necessitating perhaps a week or a fortnight's delay for repairs, the Service can proudly point to the fact that they have lost only one machine up to the present. All others which were damaged have been so efficiently repaired that they are as good as new.

"Except," said the Air Officer, "in a case where a machine has crashed so badly as to be totally ruined, we find we can do practically all the repairs and practically rebuild the machine!"

It was suggested that the bad weather had retarded the training of pilots and observers.

"The weather since last September," I was told, "has been exceptionally bad. There were periods of weeks when only the most experienced pilots could fly. That hindered greatly the training of pupils. Often when pupils were ready to go up alone bad weather would come along and throw them back."

However, instruction is proceeding, and with the lengthening of the days and the coming of better weather the next few months should see a big advancement. When the weather is unfit for flying the pupils are given instruction in machine guns, wireless, navigation, engines, &c.

Yes, Baldonnel Aerodrome and all connected with it leave a most favourable impression upon the visitor.

And the Air Service is open to accept candidates for piloting from the Army provided they have the requisite qualities and a good Army record.

MILITARY SERVICE.

Guiding Principles—Training Unit Leaders— Individual Responsibilities.

Military service is our most ancient public institution. In the history of the world no free people have ever existed without it. Older than the Church, older than taxation, this honoured institution has always demanded of membership in a community, of citizenship in a nation, that the most worthy members should give military service in time of need.

Far from being a characteristic of imperialism universal military service is the very corner stone of the edifice of Democracy. Where the liberties of the people are the one aspiration of Government the people must be trained and ready to defend these liberties. And that Democracy alone may hope to thrive, whose citizens recognise the obligations of citizenship therein, whose citizens seek not what they may get out of the State, but rather to fit themselves to give individual service to the State.

PUBLIC OPINION.

When public opinion comes to measure the success of a man's life by his service to the State and to his fellows, rather than by the fortune he has amassed for selfish aims, then public opinion is worthy to control a great Nation and may hope to hold that Nation in the highest place in the councils of the world.

Our Nation to-day feels the stirrings of such an opinion, its best citizens are seeking means to give it unselfish individual service. If that spirit grows, particularly in the youth of the Nation, there is high promise that we may accept a standard of service that will assure for the Nation a glorious future.

The first step in considering the military service is to appreciate something of its meanings. You are entering a system as old as history, whose tenets are unchanged by time, whose service to-day requires the same high qualities of manhood, leadership and morale. Its tremendous responsibilities, for the lives of your fellows, and the safety of your Nation, appeal to a man of red blood; yet give him pause if he feels unfitted to meet them worthily.

GUIDING PRINCIPLES.

The guiding principles of this military machine are "unit work" and "subordination." Its animating soul is discipline. In battle, and in preparation for battle, there are but rare occasions for "individual plays." Success may be attained only through the most unselfish playing for the unit. And not only must the elements of each organisation thus work together, but

the different arms, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, must often sacrifice brilliant opportunities and even meet local defeats, loyally working for the common good of the whole unit.

Thus each unit, from an army down to a squad, is considered and trained as a unit, each under its own unit officer. The elements are taught to work together for the common good, each under its appropriate leader; and these leaders are taught not alone the principles of good leadership, but the spirit and technique of co-operation and loyal unit work. Thus the Company Commanders train and handle their Company Units as individual units, yet all work together for the success of the Battalion Unit to which they belong.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITIES.

And thus, in the last analysis the squad leaders train their men into efficient squad units and these squads are the elements which the Captain handles in his Unit, the Company. These squads are the small units, and by successive grouping into larger units they ultimately make the Army Unit with which we face the enemy in battle. They are the prime consideration for the individual soldier. Here he learns the elements of the military game, co-operation, discipline, and leadership; and any one member may properly aspire to the leadership, may have it thrust upon him, and therefore should strive to fit himself to meet it worthily.

The individual in each grade of office has his own peculiar responsibilities, and must be held accountable for their strict observance. Subordination rests upon a thorough knowledge of what these responsibilities are, on their observance by all, both above and below, and on the proper exercise by each of his own functions. Particularly must the superior take pains to give full play to the powers of his subordinates, always sustaining them if possible in the proper exercise of the function of their grade; thus emphasising their authority over their men and encouraging initiative and willingness to take responsibility, so necessary to success in campaign and battle. They should not be corrected or criticised in the presence of the men unless absolutely necessary, lest their authority be weakened. If a subordinate has used mistaken judgment correct him in private and let him make the correction himself before his men. Hold the sergeant, not the individual private, responsible for failure in performance of duty, in care of equipment, etc. This will make the soldier appreciate the authority of his squad leader, and the leader appreciate his own responsibilities.

All this will require patience and resource. But remember that you are training unit leaders whose efficiency will be of inestimable service to you later, when work is to be done.

A Word from an Old Soldier

"The Corps of Officers is the barometer by which the stranger judges the Country's worth, for its Officers ought to be the cream of a nation's gentlemen."

GENERAL MULCAHY.

A Brief Biography of the Commander-in-Chief.



General Richard James Mulcahy was born on the 10th May, 1886, at Waterford, and was educated at the Christian Brothers' Schools in Waterford and Thurles.

Prior to 1916 he attended the session each winter at the Technical Schools, Kevin Street, for mathematical subjects, and obtained a Scholarship in the College of Science. He was unable to take up this Scholarship as the Post Office authorities refused to grant him leave (without pay) to do so.

He became a postal telegraphist in Bantry and later a clerk in the Engineering Department of the G.P.O. at Wexford and Dublin. In consequence of his activity in Easter Week, 1916 (he took a prominent part in the Battle of Ashbourne), he lost his position in the Post Office and was interned in Knutsford and Frongoch from May to December of that year.

Subsequently he took up the study of medicine at University College, Dublin, but his studies were interrupted by his military activities. Organiser of the Irish Volunteers and a Lieutenant in that organisation from 1914 to 1916, he became Chief of Staff, I.R.A., during the Anglo-Irish war. He had many sensational escapes during the Black-and-Tan regime.

When the I.R.A. became merged in the National Army he was appointed Minister of Defence and Chief of Staff, and on the death of General Collins became Commander-in-Chief. He was elected T.D. for Clontarf West.

A fluent Irish speaker, he did splendid work as a Gaelic League Organiser. He is a teetotaller and a non-smoker.

On the second of June, 1919, he was married to Miss Marie Ní Riain, and is the father of two sons and one daughter.



THE ARMY AND ITS READING.

"A Man is Judged by the Company he Keeps."

Many months ago I was talking to a bookseller in one of the largest of our Garrison Camps, and he bemoaned the fact that since the British Army left the Camp his trade had decreased by some 75 per cent., and I left him, wondering whether we do really avail ourselves of the books on sale at practically every shop at such low cost. I'm very much afraid that writers and publishers would be eating dry bread had they to depend upon us for their living. I wonder why this should be so. Are we forgetting that the title of our land is:—"The land of Saints and Scholars." A scholar **must** be a well-read man, and, as such, he demands respect from all he meets.

I'm not going to presume so far as to suggest a reading season, but would glory in seeing a book in the hands of each one of us once per week. Just ask yourself the question: "What have I read this week?" What's the answer? Perhaps, the daily paper, possibly "Our Boys," certainly "An t-Oglach." But what else?

Oh, can you not realise that every book you see on a bookshelf contains, to some extent, the brain and skill of a clever man, and that a portion of his knowledge is yours for the reading?

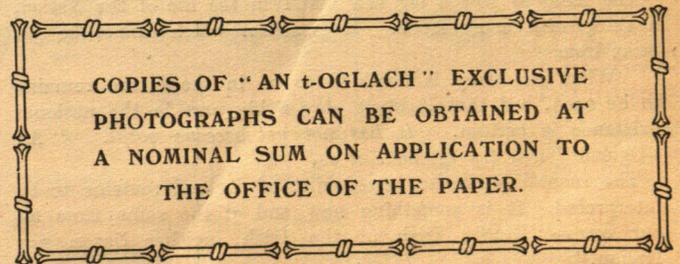
Don't let brains be a monopoly. Take hold of a book. Read it, and reason with yourself as you read whether this view expressed is quite right, and where, in your opinion, it could be bettered. Work it out yourself, and you'll be surprised how you find that you are living in the book yourself.

I remember, years ago, being seated on an old box near an oasis in the Algerian desert plains, with the sun very slowly sinking away in the West, listening very interestedly to a number of the blue-clad French Foreign Legion.

Theirs is a very monotonous sort of existence, and their numbers are recruited from all sorts and conditions of men. Possibly the man seated on my right side was, in civilian life, a banker, who killed in a moment of frenzy. I knew not, and by the unwritten law I dare not ask, because every man sinks his past in the Legion. But that night a discussion was raging on the wanderings of "The Three Musketeers," and each man elaborated his own views, and was politely criticised by the remainder. It was, in itself, an education, and I realised that friends are made quickly through the book-reading medium.

Think of this:—Books make friends. Friends make happiness.
BE HAPPY. THE WANDERER.

The nom-de-plume of our contributor conceals the identity of an officer at present on active service in the South.



A COMPASSIONATE FUND.

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

A CHARA,—Some little time ago there appeared in the "Irish Independent" a letter from a correspondent suggesting the possibility of a voluntary levy from the National Army of one day's pay per month for the establishment of a Compassionate Fund which could meet and help those cases of distress which no Government measure can cover. The letter was obviously cold-shouldered, and I have since wondered whether it were not possible for your valuable paper, circulating as it does in all camps and garrisons, to give us a lead on the subject.

Let us for one moment consider the case of, say, Mrs. Patrick Murphy, who, with three children respectively aged 5, 7 and 9, mourns the loss of her husband, Volunteer P. Murphy, killed in action in October. One of the youngsters has somehow developed a disease which calls for a rather expensive treatment. We must grant that any help which she may be receiving Governmentally cannot provide for these contingencies. Would it not be a great boon to her in her trouble to receive help from such a suggested source as the Compassionate Fund?

Of course, instances innumerable could be cited in which such a fund would be useful and which would at once obey the Divine Teaching that the "Greatest of these is—Charity."

Let any misapprehension should occur, I would assure you that my letter is not prompted by thoughts of self, but I would think very, very greatly of the formation of such a fund.

Will you not open your columns to this matter, and invite from our own lads an expression of opinion with a view to ultimate concerted action?

Please do, and permit me to sign myself, for very obvious reasons.

Mise,

"HELPER."

AN T-OGLÁCH

FEBRUARY 24, 1923.

A BIG NEW FACT.

After years of hard work against enormous difficulties and perils we have at length an Irish National Army in the fullest sense of the term.

The building up of our new Army is, in itself, a great constructive work and a fine training for many in the difficult arts of organisation and administration.

Few people outside the Army realise what a vast amount of work has been accomplished in the face of enormous difficulties, and what an elaborate and effective machinery has been built up, starting *de novo*.

The Army is now a big new FACT in the life of the Nation, a thing with many facets. It is a fact which cannot be got away from.

What the Army is destined to be in the future remains to be seen, but that it must play a big part in the national existence is certain. *It has not yet become vocal.* "An t-Oglách" will try to make it so.

The mentality of the new soldier of Ireland remains to be interpreted. It is something new and at the same time all our own—"Kindly Irish of the Irish, neither Saxon nor Italian."

No doubt at some later date the Irish soldier of to-day will be the theme of novelists and poets; perhaps an Irish Kipling will give us an equivalent of "Barrack-room Ballads" with an Irish flavour upon it.

The soldier of to-day is typical of the people of Ireland; he is of the people, from the people; by nature he is neither worse nor better than his neighbour.

The Army represents the Irish people, but it also represents unity, organisation, discipline, the things the Irish people stand most. The finished soldier represents the plain Irishman who has "been through the mill," who has been handled by a machinery which trains him in these essential virtues.

The Army represents order opposed to chaos, law opposed to anarchy, the right of the people against armed intimidation.

It is the expression of the vital energy of the people, the self-protective instinct of the nation which has built up a machinery to defend its national existence.

Those outside the Army hardly realise the magnitude of the work that has been accomplished in the past few months. Visits to the various centres of Army activity would be a revelation to them and they would realise what a remarkable thing this new Army of ours was, how much intelligence, energy, ability and organising power had been developed in it. "An t-Oglách" will bring under public notice these various branches of Army activity and all that is interesting and striking in regard to them.

The task before the Army of restoring and maintaining order is being faced cheerfully and courageously. *The Army is working steadily towards its objective—internal peace, order and stability which will give an opportunity for the constructive work which the nation so much needs.*

Nothing will be said in these columns to stimulate bitterness, but much will be said to stimulate a lawful pride in ourselves and a lawful desire for improvement.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

An interesting letter reached "An t-Oglách" this week from a soldier who hails from the Western seaboard. It is a very well-written communication, but the author seems to think that the English of it is not all it might be and explains this by the fact that all his life he has been accustomed to speak and write Irish. English is really a foreign language to him. A good many citizens of the new Ireland would like to be in a similar position. Such a man is a valuable asset to the Army, if his knowledge of the Gaelic is properly utilised.

* * * *

In this connection might "An t-Oglách" suggest that the officers in each barrack should form Irish classes for the men. As will be seen by an article elsewhere in this issue, they have already done so at Baldonnel, where the men attend an Irish language class for an hour every day. More initiative might be shown in this and similar directions. Why not debating societies, reading rooms, and reading circles?

* * * *

"An t-Oglách" is most anxious to co-operate in every movement on behalf of the men, and will always be glad to publish properly authenticated reports of social happenings, sports, athletics, &c. This Magazine is published in the interest of the Army and we want the Army to take an interest in it. There are many wearers of the green uniform who could contribute short articles on military matters, or send us clear, concise news reports. We hope they will do so, always bearing in mind that the fresher the news the better chance of its publication. Let us know what you are doing, for only in this way can "An t-Oglách" become a real newsy journal for the Army. Do it now!

* * * *

It is to be hoped that the soldiers will not hesitate to use our "Information Bureau" which has been established solely to help them. The answers to queries published in this issue give some idea of the scope of the Bureau. Therefore, when puzzled or in doubt regarding any aspect of Army life, take pen and paper and send your problem to the department of the paper in question. In every case the soldier must send his name and address, but these will not be published unless he wishes them to be published. The name and address proviso is simply as a guarantee of good faith. A pen-name can be used in the paper if the correspondent desires. We would urge, however, that some other pen-name than "National Soldier" be chosen. It is naturally a very popular nom-de-plume, but when several people use it in the same issue it is apt to lead to confusion.

* * * *

Rev. Robert Concannon, who was the first Chaplain appointed to G.H.Q., is leaving Portobello, where he was stationed, having been appointed C.C. of St. Mary's, Rathmines. He was exceedingly popular with the officers and men in Portobello and his departure from amongst them will be keenly regretted. Rev. Eugene Traynor succeeds Father Concannon as G.H.Q. Chaplain.

COMMUNICATION RECEIVED.

P.O.M.—Your idea has much merit and would undoubtedly conduce to *esprit de corps*, but it is better to make haste slowly in these matters. When the time comes your suggestion will, doubtless, receive due consideration.

Votobello.

20:2:1923

What did I do yesterday - today. To make myself a more effective soldier at my work - a more tolerable person in ordinary barrack life - a more welcomed person in an "off duty" group - To help in that general achievement that causes people to remark as they see our men pass individually or march in bodies thro' our streets or around the country "They're certainly making a job of the Army."

Am I thoughtful as to what an army means for the country - what the country wants it for - what it can effect for the people and their character

Am I working in the steady spirit of Service of Pearse and Tom Clarke and Sean Mac Dermott

These are thoughts that must find a place in the minds of every officer and man who wishes his work of today to be a source of happiness to himself and of usefulness to his country

Approved the Adjutant General
Commissioner in Chief.

WEEK-END RETREAT FOR OFFICERS.

(From one who was there.)

February 17th to 19th saw the start of a great work—one destined with God's help to accomplish great things for Ireland and for God. On February 17 eighty-two officers assembled at the old Hibernian Military School, Phoenix Park, Dublin, for the first week-end Retreat for Officers, under the guidance of the Rev. H. Fegan, S.J. They devoted the week-end to God and the things of God. With the Father's help they examined their lives in the light of the Eternal Truths, and strengthened by the Grace of God they resolved every one of them to leave that Retreat better Irishmen and better Catholics. From the opening sermon on

Saturday night the fervour of the retreatants was manifest. The majority had clearly come for business. They saw there was a big work to be done; they meant to do it, and they did it. In the church they were earnest listeners to Father Fegan's straight, homely talk, and as afterwards they silently paced the grounds, they were clearly pondering the truths set before them. During the Retreat strict silence was of obligation, and magnificently was it observed by the overwhelming number of the retreatants.

To many the idea of Retreats for soldiers is novel; not to say revolutionary. People have heard of priests and nuns making



Exclusive "An t-Oglach" Photo of the Retreatants taken at the old Hibernian Military School.

Retreats, but very few have heard of men leaving their business, or their workshops, and still less of soldiers laying down their arms, in order to give a continuous time to the great business of their Eternal welfare.

Yet the idea is not a new one. The experiment, if such it may now be called, has been tried again and again, and its wonderful success has more than justified the efforts made in the work. Please God success will reward this effort, too! Five other Retreats for Officers have already been arranged, and it is hoped

that these five will be the first of a long series, and that soon, too, opportunity may be found to give the men the same glorious chance.

But the beginning has been at the right end. All depends on the officers. The Army will be what the officers make it. And that making, as far as conduct in clean, sober living and true Catholic spirit is concerned, will depend not on the lesson the officers teach, but on the lives the men see them lead. Hence the value of those Retreats. God bless those responsible for them.

"An t-Óglach" marches with the Army

SMOKING.

Smoking is harmful, but the harm it can do varies. Some people can smoke more than others and suffer less. As a general rule, heavy smokers damage their eyesight, hearts and digestions as well as their muscular fitness. To be a good, sound soldier, you should, therefore, smoke in moderation and with certain rules. Preferably smoke a pipe: it is less harmful than cigarettes. The eternal cigarette smoking that some men go in for is ruinous.

Smoke after meals only, not before. Don't smoke while working or taking exercise. If you smoke indoors have the room well ventilated. Don't smoke a foul pipe. Don't smoke until you are twenty-one.

KIPLING'S HINT TO YOUNG SOLDIERS.

"When first under fire and you're wishful to duck,
Don't look or take heed at the man that is struck.
Be thankful you're living, and trust to your luck,
And keep to your front like a soldier."

When your officer's dead and the sergeants look white,
Remember it's ruin to run from a fight,
Take open order, lie low and sit tight,
And wait for supports like a soldier."

AEROSTATION.



The Efforts of the Early Aeronauts.

II.

In our first complete article on this subject the initial attempts to conquer the air were told. The balloon was the first successful effort, but, until a strong light material to form the envelope of the gas was made, the balloonist ran great risks, and few noteworthy flights were made without loss of life or limb. This can be readily understood when we know the air is full of currents just as the sea, but, unlike the sea, these currents are ever-changing and we are uncharted. Thus a balloon may float steadily in a gently moving stratum or layer of air, and on rising some yards higher may get into another layer, in which the air is travelling at a high speed, and as the balloonist has no power to alter his course, he is at the mercy of this wind to carry him whither it may. Of course, he can get out of it by two different means, viz., drop some of the sand he carries for ballast—which allows the balloon to rise—or, he may open the valve of the balloon and allow gas to escape—thus lowering the supporting power of the envelope, which will then drop. The disadvantage here is, however, that ballast thrown out cannot be recovered, and gas allowed to escape is also gone for good. And by either rising or falling the balloonist may be letting himself in for other more dangerous currents.

EARLY EXPERIMENTS.

Some interesting experiments were tried with huge balloons when the idea was popular. An English Aeronaut, Greene, in 1836, travelled from London to Germany in twelve hours, or, in other words, at the rate of sixty miles per hour. The idea of crossing the Atlantic was present in the minds of aeronauts sixty years ago. A huge balloon was constructed in New York for this purpose, but, fortunately for its would-be occupants it split in ribbons before it was quite filled with gas. Another such monster balloon was constructed in 1863, and, instead of the usual basket to carry the occupants, it carried a two-storied house, with every domestic convenience inside. It started its first journey from Paris, and, after sailing over Belgium and Holland, collapsed in Hanover, Germany, but its thirteen passengers escaped uninjured. This same balloon, which was named the "Giant," accomplished one other journey, which was even more disastrous than the first. It descended nearly to earth in a high wind which the balloonists were endeavouring to escape, and it travelled along at a terrific pace, the grappling irons which were thrown out to stay its course dragging telegraph posts, wires, and every obstacle that came in their way. It eventually stopped by becoming entangled in a wood. The nine occupants were all seriously injured.

BY BALLOON TO THE POLE.

The largest and most perfect balloon was that exhibited at the Exhibition in Paris in 1878. It measured more than one hundred feet in diameter, and over one hundred girls were employed for one month in stitching its parts together. It was filled with pure hydrogen, was powerful enough to lift twenty-two tons, and could accommodate fifty passengers. It cost £20,000 to construct. Some attempts have been made, also, to reach the North Pole by balloon. A Commander Cheyne attempted and failed, and a Swedish engineer, André, tried twenty-five years ago, but, having left Norway, was never heard of again.

The principle of flying in the air depends, like sailing on water, on the difference between weight of a certain bulk of the vessel which is to ascend and the same bulk of the atmosphere. A wooden

boat floats, because wood is, as is commonly said, lighter than water. What is really meant by this is that if a certain quantity (volume) of wood is taken and put on one side of a weighing scales and the same quantity (volume) of water on the other, the side on which the water is placed will weigh down the side on which is the wood.

But, then, how does a warship, which is made of iron, float? Iron is heavier than water! The answer is, that the iron vessel displaced a volume of water the weight of which is heavier than the whole weight of the boat. Thus, if a Dreadnought weighing 100 tons can displace a quantity of water, in which it is placed, greater than this, say 150 tons, it will float.

THE MASTERY OF THE AIR.

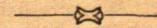
Now, in the same way air-vessels can be divided into two classes, viz., those lighter than air, e.g., the balloon; those heavier than air, e.g., the aeroplane. The balloon in the air corresponds to the wooden boat in the water, and the Aeroplane to the Iron-clad.

And this is how the air has been properly mastered. The propeller of an aeroplane revolves at a terrific speed and displaces the air; when an amount of air is displaced, the weight of which is greater than the weight of the aeroplane, the latter will rise. The wings give it balancing power, and the vanes, or small wings forming the tail, enable the machine to be guided just as the rudder is used to guide the ship. **But without the body the propeller of an air machine, if set going, would rise itself.** This can be proved by making a tin propeller and placing it on two wires twisted together with a small cylinder free underneath to propel the wings upwards, and, when given a good push up the wires, the little propeller will float off until the impetus is expended, and it is not revolving sufficiently fast to displace a quantity of air heavier than itself, when it will fall. Such a toy is easily made, and it was common some time ago in every toy shop.

In the next article on this subject you will be told how, 260 years before the birth of Christ, a scientist made a simple discovery without which we could not have our perfect flying machines of to-day.

"A. C."

[The first article on this subject appeared in the issue of "Ant-Oglach" dated February 3rd.]



CHURCH AT G.H.Q.

Ceremony of Blessing at Portobello.

Renovated, beautifully decorated and furnished as a Catholic chapel, the church at Portobello Barracks was solemnly blessed at 11.30 on Saturday morning by Rev. Eugene Traynor, who has been appointed Chaplain to G.H.Q. in succession to Rev. Robert Concannon, appointed C.C. of St. Mary's, Rathmines.

The ceremony was simple but impressive. Father Traynor, accompanied by acolytes bearing lighted candles, walked around the exterior of the edifice sprinkling the walls with Holy Water and reciting the prescribed prayers.

Behind Father Traynor came the brass band attached to G.H.Q. and a company of unarmed soldiers under Captain Fitzgerald in column of four. The band played sacred music as the procession slowly circled the building.

The door was then unlocked by Father Traynor and all filed into the church, where the ceremony was completed, the inner walls also being sprinkled with Holy Water. Inside the church the band also discoursed sacred music.

Following the brief ceremony a parade of the Troops was held before dismissal.

PAGES FROM A SOLDIER'S DIARY.

(Readers who followed with interest the contributions from "A Guardsman," which have been appearing in "An t-Oglach," will, we have no doubt, welcome the continuance of this popular feature, under the above title.—Editor, "An t-Oglach.")

Killarney,
Feb. 14th, 1923.

Dear Sean,

I cannot express in words the pleasure I experienced when I recognised your well-known scrawl on the envelope of yours of the 4th. 'Twas like a message from the dead; for, dear Sean, we had given you up as lost. You'd want to get a much larger cap if I were to describe to you now the scenes on all fronts when the news first arrived that you were mortally wounded. And the men by all accounts were worse than the women.

I had a letter, too, from your old friend the Commandant of the Cuman-na-mBan—no names in letters, as requested. Dtuigeann tú?—She appeared to be very badly cut up over you, poor girl. I have since heard she has become less blood-thirsty and has modified her war-to-the-knife attitude a lot.

Truly, you're an unexpected resurrection. I whooped for very joy on receiving your letter and, of course, this brought a crowd of the boys around me at once. They indulged in the usual speculations as to the writer of the letter. But I had no ears for this chaff and beat off their attacks by at once informing them that the letter came from you. I'm not to tell you all the nice things they said, nor will I attempt a description of the eagerness they displayed to hear the latest concerning you. You're spoiled enough already, God knows.

And now that I've given you the flattering side of the picture, I must tell you candidly that your latest epistle was horribly disappointing to all who were obliged—owing to their desire to hear from you—to listen to some of your Ráméis. What in the name of the seven wonders of Dublin has come over you? Look here, my boy, to plead dumps is no excuse for inflicting a dose of that kind on your friends.

What a political philosopher we have in you! In the Dáil or Seanad, or at least on some County Council or other, you ought to be. And, by the way. As you're fixing up the Irish question at all, why not try your hand with, say, Smyrna? And then there's the question of the Ruhr valley awaiting solution. These should give you something to kill time with. Of course things would not be too bad anywhere if it were only a question of killing time, but unfortunately it means a deal of killing of a more hurtful kind. So look you here, in your next you just drop your political stunt and write us one of your old letters.

And now that I've brought you down a peg or two, I don't mind admitting that your fiery tirade directed against the new type of warrior tittled us all somewhat.

So you're learning to walk again! If your mother is seeking to procure a nursery governess for you, I know several cailini who'd be very anxious to undertake the task.

And here I am at the end of all the available paper in the place and half the things I'd like to say still unrecorded. Anyway, I'm only paying you back in your own coin. Write a decent respectable letter next time, and I will try to return the compliment.

All the boys wish to be remembered to you. Don't forget to write soon. I'm inclosing some letters received recently. The references to yourself will amuse you.

Mise, le meas, do Chara,

TOMAS.

MARCHING SONGS.



Airs that make the Heart Lighter and the Miles Shorter.

The Army is in need of marching songs. Nothing shortens the miles so effectively as a good, rousing air which sets a quick, steady rhythm for the feet.

But the marching songs of our Army must be, if not Gaelic, at least in the Irish spirit. It is to be regretted that, on occasion, our men have swung along to the lilt of an English or American music hall ditty. This must not continue.

Every week we purpose publishing the words of a song eminently suitable for use by soldiers of the Army on the march—works that breathe the true spirit of the Nation. We inaugurate the series this week with M. J. Barry's famous "Step Together," and we think our readers will admit that it would be difficult to make a better initial choice.

STEP TOGETHER.

By M. J. Barry.

Step together—boldly tread,
Firm each foot, erect each head,
Fixed in front be every glance—
Forward at the word "advance"—
Serried files that foes may dread;
Like the deer on mountain heather,
Tread light,
Left, right—
Steady, boys, and step together!

Step together—be each rank
Dressed in line, from flank to flank,
Marching so that you may halt
'Mid the onset's fierce assault,
Firm as is the rampart's bank
Raised the iron rain to weather—
Proud sight!
Left, right—
Steady, boys, and step together!

Step together—be your tramp
Quick and light—no plodding stamp;
Let its cadence, quick and clear,
Fall like music on the ear;
Noise befits not hall or camp—
Eagles soar on silent feather;
Tread light,
Left, right—
Steady, boys, and step together!

Step together—self-restrained,
Be your march of thought as trained,
Each man's single powers combined
Into one battalioned mind,
Moving on with step sustained;
Thus prepared, we reck not whether
Foes smite,
Left, right—
We can think and strike together.



BATTALION ADMINISTRATION.

Orders—Training Programme—Duties of Orderly Room Sergeant.

(Excerpts from the Official Staff Notes.)

Battalion Orders are divided into three classes:—(a) Routine, (b) Operation Orders, (c) Standing Orders.

Battalion Routine Orders are published daily. A serial number will be given to each throughout the year. Routine Orders are divided into two parts.

PART I. contains:—

- (1) Name of Orderly Officer and next for duty.
- (2) Battalion Orderly Sergeant and next for duty.
- (3) Time of "Orderly Room."
- (4) All details of training, manœuvres, parades.
- (5) Details of administration.
- (6) Any General Routine, Defence, Command or Regimental Orders intended for communication to all ranks.
- (7) Every Saturday a "Fire Picquet" for the following week.

PART II. orders contain all circumstances affecting the pay allowances or services of any officer or man, or affecting the allowances of any dependent, *i.e.*, attestation, arrival of recruits, arrivals and departures, promotions, appointments to special duties, transfers, extension of services, discharges, deaths, absences, leave, Courtmartial, summary punishments, fines, civil arrest and conviction.

At the end of Part II. Orders all "Notices" should appear, *i.e.*, Notices of amusements—changes in train services or any such matters of interest to the troops.

Copies of Part I. and II. Orders should be sent to Command Head Quarters. A copy of Part II. Orders should also be sent to Adjutant General (Records Branch), and to the Command Paymaster.

Operation Orders deal with movements of troops and operations, and should be numbered consecutively and copies filed.

Battalion Standing Orders are issued by each Battalion Commander and will be known to all ranks. The following are the most important subjects to have Standing Orders on:—(1) Range Orders. (2) Fire Duties. (3) "Bounds." (4) "Guards" (where mounted and detail of duties). (5) "Dress."

TRAINING PROGRAMME.

The Commanding Officer should draw up at the beginning of each month a definite training programme, keeping clearly in view the objects he wishes to attain in this month.

A scheme of training should be issued on the Saturday of each week showing the training to be done during the following week. In this programme the Range can be allotted at various hours to the different companies.

Work in the afternoon should mainly be of an instructional character. The Commanding Officer should discuss with the Company Officers at Orderly Room the points he wishes emphasised or any defects noted.

Two evenings per week should be devoted to lectures by the Commanding Officer to all Officers, bearing on the work in hand, or on subjects set for reading up by the Officers.

The Commanding Officer should bear in mind that he is responsible for maintaining an adequate reserve of trained scouts and signallers, machine gunners, bombers, stretcher bearers, cooks and transport, and arrange that classes for training men are held under specialists. He should require all specialist Officers to submit a definite monthly scheme of training for his approval.

ORDERLY ROOM SERGEANT.

The Orderly Room Sergeant acts as Assistant to the Adjutant in the performance of his duties in Orderly Room.

He is responsible that the clerks are present during office hours, and for the cleanliness of the Commanding Officer's and Clerks' rooms.

He will attend Parades only when specially ordered.

The non-commissioned officers and men of the battalion will be respectful towards him, and address him as they would an officer.

- (a) He is responsible for the safe custody of all books and papers in Orderly Room.
- (b) That no unauthorised persons enter Orderly Room.
- (c) That no papers are taken away except on proper authority.
- (d) He will daily check Parade States and bring any errors to the Adjutant's notice.
- (e) He will enter up and prepare the Charge Sheet for the Commanding Officer before Orderly Room, and will record all fines, leaves and punishments for publication in Part II. Battalion Orders.
- (f) He will open all official communications (unless marked confidential) for the Commanding Officer and Adjutant, and file them for these Officers' reference. He will bring them to their notice on the first opportunity.
- (g) He will keep a chart showing all:—
 - (1) Returns due from Companies—date and hour.
 - (2) Returns due by Battalion,
 and will prepare the latter in due time.
- (h) He will prepare from the Adjutant's directions all orders and will see that they are duly distributed, and will file a copy on Orderly Room file.
- (i) He will arrange for ready reference all books and papers in Orderly Room.
- (j) He will amend Orders, Manuals in accordance with any changes made from time to time.
- (k) He will assist the Adjutant in preparing "Summaries of Evidence," etc., as required.
 - (1) He will register all outgoing and incoming correspondence in books kept for that purpose, and will frequently check the Orderlies' Receipt Books.
 - (m) He will ensure that the index to files is duly posted up to date.

He is bound to regard all information which he obtains as confidential, and to prevent the clerks talking about confidential matters.

NEXT WEEK:—Discipline—Organisation and Responsibility.

AT THE GATE.

It has been suggested (strictly unofficially) that the following Shakespearean inscription might be placed at each barrack gate for the consolation of the guard during the wet weather—that is to say, all the year round:—

"'Gainst rogue and knave men bar their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day."

OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.

When in Doubt write to "AN t-ÓGLACH."

Soldiers are cordially invited to make use of this column. All queries should be addressed to the Editor of "An t-Oglach," G.H.Q., Portobello Barracks, Dublin, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, which will not be made public unless desired.



NON-EXISTENT RANK.

A soldier at Beresford Barrack, Curragh, asks:—"What is the proper decoration for a Barrack Quartermaster-Sergeant (i.e., Stripes and Belt)?"

There is no such rank.

THREE QUERIES.

"One of the Old Flock," stationed in Tipperary, forwards three questions:—" (A) Does a Staff Sergeant still wear three green stripes under the new Regulations as under the old Regulations? (B) Is a soldier due back in Barracks before First Post, as we have to be in before First Post? (C) How is it that Reserve soldiers can get dependants' allowance and a soldier of the Regular Army cannot? Mine is due since March."

The answers are:—(A) There is no such rank at present. (B) A soldier must carry out the Standing Orders peculiar to his Barracks or Battalion. (C) The portion of your letter dealing with this matter has been passed to the Pay Office whence a Dependants' Claim Form will be sent to you in due course. Fill in this form and return as soon as possible, when your case will be dealt with.

RATION MONEY.

"National Soldier" writes:—"I got a month's sick leave some months ago from Cork. I did not get ration money at the time, not through my own fault as I asked for it. I can get it on presenting my leave voucher, but unfortunately I have lost it, like many other fellows. Can you tell me how I can get the money? My people are not getting dependants' allowance."

With regard to the last sentence in your letter (dependants' allowance), see answer (C) to "One of the Old Flock," given above. As regards the other part of your letter you should secure a duplicate medical certificate and forward it direct to the Pay Office, Portobello, stating where stationed at present, mentioning that you have been in communication with "An t-Oglach," and giving full details as regards name, &c.

DEPENDANTS' ALLOWANCE.

M. Connolly, Limerick, is referred to answer (C) to "One of the Old Flock," published above.

CADET CORPS.

Private A. O'C., Portobello Barracks, writes:—"Will you kindly inform me where I would apply for an application form to join Cadet Corps?"

No regular Cadet Corps have been created as yet in the Army. An Officers' Training Corps is in operation at the Curragh Camp. You should aim at promotion from the ranks through efficiency, initiative, and smartness as a soldier. This procedure towards higher rank seldom fails.

VOLUNTEER'S LOST RANK.

Volunteer G. L., Curragh Camp:—"We sympathise with you, as you appear to have given good service, but many Volunteers were

obliged to lose rank on joining the Regular Army, and have since made good. Proficiency is the test of any soldier's fitness for promotion. Aim at being a smart, efficient soldier. Promotion follows quickly upon merit. We are posting you a copy of "An t-Oglach" as requested.

PAY COMMISSION, &c.

In reply to a query from a soldier in County Louth.—The Pay Commission has not yet concluded its sittings and no findings have been announced. Men engaged on salvage and pioneer work are not entitled to extra pay. No replies to questions can be sent by post.

DISCHARGE AFTER SIX MONTHS.

A private stationed in Galway, who joined for six months, wishes, for domestic reasons, to obtain his discharge, and asks how he should proceed in the matter.—You should hand in a written statement of your services to your local O/C., and ask that you be discharged on the expiration of the term for which you enlisted.

PAY FOR CLERICAL WORK.

"Anxious" asks:—"Is a communication clerk entitled to more pay than the ordinary infantryman? If so, to whom do we apply?"—A soldier engaged in purely clerical work is, on verification by the O/C of the particular unit to which he is attached, countersigned by the head of his department, entitled to proficiency pay.

DISCIPLINARY POWERS.

"Old Volunteer," Nenagh.—You have not enclosed your name for our information and we cannot, therefore, deal with the matter raised in the second paragraph of your letter. In reply to your first paragraph we would point out that full information as to the disciplinary powers of C.O.'s will be found in Section 26, Sub-section 1, of the "General Regulations as to Discipline." Briefly put, an O/C. has power in all minor offences not calling for Courtmartial to award up to twenty-one days' detention.

DRESS AND MARKINGS.

A Sergt.-Major, Curragh, writes asking information as to the dress and markings of all ranks. In the last issue of "An t-Oglach" (4-page series) the extract from a G.R.O. giving new insignia was published. In the near future we hope to give an artistic coloured supplement showing all markings.

EVERYTHING that concerns the
Army concerns "AN t-ÓGLACH."

News Items

are specially welcome, but should
be forwarded at the
earliest possible
moment.

Send reports of sports, social functions and general
happenings to the Editor, Portobello Barracks, Dublin.

DRILL.

Its Development and its Objective.—The Keystone of Army Training.

Drill is the preparation of soldiers for their duties in war by the practice or rehearsal of movements in military order and the handling of arms.

Psychologically it is the method of producing in the individual soldiers habits of self-control and of mechanically precise actions under disturbing conditions and of rendering the common instinctive will of a body of men, large or small, amenable to the control of and susceptible to a stimulus imparted by the commander's will.

BASIS OF ALL TRAINING.

Drill is the basis of all training and the means of training commanders to assume control under the most adverse conditions, and to teach the men to look for this control. When a battle has reached a certain stage it becomes irregular swarms of individual fighters and of higher control there is little. To organise disorder (Bulow's phrase) the only method is drill.

"Drill is the military form of education by repetition and association." It takes the form of frequently repeated exercises performed by soldiers to ensure the harmonious action of individuals in the work to be performed by the mass, in short, rehearsals.

Physical drill is based on physiology and gymnastics, and aims at the development of physique and the strengthening of individual will power.

SELF-CONTROL IN FACE OF DANGER.

Drill is the instilling of discipline.

Taking men as a mass, self-control in the face of great danger is lacking. In modern battle men are under a long nerve strain (in old times safe even on battlefield). Shell fire on back areas, approaches and forming-up points cause a long lasting strain, so much so that the actual attack is a relief. The man in the fighting line is a slave to the unconscious. Men become dazed, some go mad, and ordinary exhortations are of no avail. At the end of a long war men accustomed to danger become hardened, more careful and skilled fighters.

In peace, however, some method must be found to ensure that the soldier will carry out his duties even if suffering severe nerve strain, and his reason paralysed. Now the constant repetition of a certain act, whether on one's own volition, or on that of another, will eventually make that become a reflex action. These actions, this mechanical performance of movements to orders must be made pass from the conscious into the unconscious.

INSTINCTS ENDANGERING EFFICIENCY.

Drill must aim also at rooting out all instincts that will militate against efficiency. According to the race we belong to we have race or national feeling. Impulsiveness, for example, must be rooted out, and by constant repetition the more useful instincts and qualities must be developed. "Habit is the tendency of certain actions to repeat themselves," and soldierly habits must be cultivated by drill.

Drill is not repressive, except in repressing weaknesses, but is truly educative in that it develops strength of character. It is an intensive form of education. The French have specially studied this.

A military body is like a crowd in that it generates a collective will that dominates the will of the individual composing it. It acts together in waves of impulses. Furthermore, a crowd aroused reacts to a stimulus—a shout, a cry sets its activities in one direction.

THE OFFICER'S PART.

This susceptibility of a crowd to a suggestion or stimulus is the keynote of military training. The officer is more or less akin to a hypnotist playing upon the sub-conscious activities of his subject. He must dominate his "crowd." Drill "tunes," or makes more ready the crowd to respond to the stimulus.

A well-drilled battalion is always a good fighting battalion. The consciousness of smartness raises the self-respect of the men. It cultivates *esprit de corps* and each unit within the battalion should vie with its neighbour in smartness. Drill competitions are especially to be encouraged. In everything in the battalion certain methods should be laid down and followed. There should be a method for everything. Little things should not be neglected. "Falling in" men, parading for fatigues, drawing rations, &c., should be on correct lines and always followed.

Officers must never overlook faults, it weakens their influence and in a test they will regret it.

Officers should know their drill thoroughly. Instruction should always follow the order. Explanation—demonstration—practice—criticism.

INCULCATING SELF-RESPECT.

The worth of a battalion is often judged solely from drill.

Drill is, in short, as already indicated, the keystone to army training. It inculcates self-respect in the men, strengthens their moral character by eradicating degenerate tendencies and inculcating good ones. It teaches prompt obedience and *esprit de corps*. Ceremonial drill is very valuable as it pleases the men, and is a good test of their training. It furthermore impresses the public.

In conclusion, a well drilled battalion is a self-respecting one, is invariably a good fighting battalion and one which makes itself popular with Generals and the public because the men are a credit to the army to which they have the honour to belong.



THE TROOPS POPULARITY.

Tribute from a South County Dublin Priest.

Recently a priest in a South County Dublin parish addressed the following letter to the Army Authorities:—

"If it possibly can be done would you consider leaving the present Company of troops in ———, as we all like them very much, and they are so well conducted and so disciplined. By their excellent behaviour and spirit, they are doing good in the district, and I hope you will find that it may be possible to leave them longer with us."

It is but fitting and in the order of things that such relations should grow and thrive between the people and their own lads "in their Jackets Green." In South County Dublin, and in the particular centre from which the clerical correspondent quoted above writes, the trust and affection between the troops and the people has grown out of the mutual realisation that the Army of to-day is truly of the people.

An Irish Triumph

That superb Irish Relish, Terry's L.K. Thick Sauce, can justly be described as an Irish Triumph because it supplants any other sauce, foreign or otherwise, in the favour of all who have tried it - - - - -

It is easy to remember the name—just think of the Lakes of Killarney, Ireland's Premier Beauty Spot, and it will remind you of L.K., Ireland's Premier Sauce.

If you like a thin Sauce best
KILLARNEY RELISH
Is Second to None

Terry's **L.K.** Thick Sauce

Lamb Bros. (Dublin), Ltd. ——— Inchicore, Dublin

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20 „ 1/-



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Made in Dublin
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PRIMROSE CIGARETTES

GOODBODY'S

ΣΔΟΛΥΝΝ ΤΟ'Ν ΔΡΜ.

(Gale linn dun norrum.)

GÆLIC.

PHONETIC RENDERING.

TRANSLATION.

ΘΣΛΪΣ ΝΑ ΗΪΡΕΑΝΝ.
ΔΗ ΣΝΔΤ ΔΡΜ.
ΦΙΑΝΝΑ ΦΑΪΛ.
ΘΣΛΔΣ, ΔΗ ΤΘΣΛΔΣ.

Oag laug nu hare run.
Agg gun naw orrum.
Feeunna fall.
Oag lauk, ann toag lauk.

Irish Volunteers.
The Regular Army.
The Fenians of Erin.
A Volunteer. The Volunteer. (The paper of that name).
A Soldier, a Recruit.
A Corporal, a Sergeant.

ΣΑΪΣΤΟΥΡ, ΔΟΥΒΑΡ ΣΑΪΣΤΟΥΡΑ.
ΚΟΡΡΟΡΑΪ, ΣΑΪΣΙΝΤ.

Side dyoor, Our hide dyoor.
Kurpurall, Saur Shint.

The Chief. The C. in C.
The Army Council.
The Chief of Staff.
An Adjutant, The Adjutant-General.
A Quartermaster, the Q.M.G.
The Army Headquarters.
Collins Barracks.
Keogh Barracks.
Beggars Bush Barracks.

ΔΗ ΚΕΑΝΝ, ΚΕΑΝΝ ΔΗ ΣΝΔΤ-ΔΡΜ.
ΚΟΦΑΪΡΕ ΔΗ ΔΡΜ.
ΚΕΑΝΝ ΦΥΡΜΝΝΕ.
ΚΟΝΣΑΝΤΟΥΡ, ΔΗ ΤΔΡΟ-ΚΟΝΣΑΝΤΟΥΡ.
ΣΟΛΔΕΡΜΟΥΘΕ, ΔΗ ΤΔΡΟ-ΣΟΛΔΕΡΜΟΥΘΕ.
ΔΡΟ ΔΡΥΣ ΔΗ ΔΡΜ.
ΒΑΡΑΚ ΔΗ ΚΟΙΛΕΑΝΑΪΣ.
ΒΑΡΑΚ ΜΗΚ ΕΘΕΑΡΘΕ.
ΒΑΡΑΚ ΣΣΕΑΣ ΝΑ ΜΒΑΚΑΣ.

A Kyoum, Kyouna gun naw orrum.
Core lun norrum.
Kyoum fwirrina,
Koon thoar, at taurd Koon thoar.
Sull law ree, at taurd hull law ree.
Aurd Aurussa norrum.
Borricka Kil lawn nee.
Borrick vick Keogh kee.
Borrick Shgoek num mock kock.

ΡΟΙΝΝ Β'ΛΑΤ ΚΛΙΑΣ.
" ΚΟΡΚΑΪΣΕ.
" ΚΙΑΡΡΜΟΥΘΕ.
" ΦΟΥΡΤΛΑΪΣΕ.
" ΛΙΜΜΙΣ.
" ΔΕΤΑ ΛΥΑΝ.
" ΚΛΑΪΡ ΚΛΟΙΝΝΕ ΜΗΡΥΣ.
" ΤΟΥΝΑ ΝΑ ΝΣΑΛΛ.

Rine Vlaah Kleeh.
" Kur kee.
" Keer ree.
" Furth laurga.
" Limmig.
" Auha Loon.
" Klaur klinna wirrish.
" Doon nung owl.

Command.—Dublin.
" Cork.
" Kerry.
" Waterford.
" Limerick.
" Athlone.
" Claremorris.
" Donegal.

ATHLETICS IN THE ARMY

A Plea for Native Games.

By "OSCAR."

Once I loved my old Camán,
Its serried ashen grain,
Where twilight fell on a velvet lawn
In the heart of a Southern plain;
Now it rests near my humble bed
In a peaceful Munster town,
Whilst I shine the steel and store the lead
Of a darling Rifle Brown.

When we were threatened with a great exterior National calamity some years ago these lines were written. Conditions have changed immeasurably since then and, though need for the rifle still, unfortunately, continues, there is no reason why manly exercises should not at once form an important part in the Irish soldier's life.

Every army with any pretence to high efficiency devotes considerable attention to physical development of its units. Field games are fostered and subsidised by all progressive Governments to-day, and, under normal conditions, one can readily imagine what a high standard of excellence our Army could reach, with all their long racial traditions of athletic supremacy. Children of the Gael have always been devoted to field sports, and, since Modern Athletics reached world-wide importance, Irishmen have distinguished themselves at home and abroad, winning scores of International Championships at Greece, Stockholm, St. Louis, Paris, London, and Antwerp in successive Olympics.

Whilst I have no objection to other codes, and believe a man

has the right to play any game he chooses, I think the Irish Army owes first allegiance to our own Grand Games. It is difficult to imagine a pastime more admirably fitted to a soldier's physical and mental equipment than our National game of Hurling. Courage, speed of hand, foot and eye; quickness of thought and action; resolution, dash and stamina are all equally developed here through the medium of the ash and leather. The Army holds hundreds of skilled hurlers in its ranks; opportunities for practice are numerous, and playing pitches available in every camp. When the game is taken up enthusiastically, when inter-company, battalion, brigade and division games are played, I see no reason why the Army should not produce the finest teams of hurlers in the world. I learn that Gormanstown, Curragh and Baldonnel Camps (to mention a few) hold good teams, and other barracks should follow suit immediately. Gaelic Football is another game for "a man"—requiring speed, pluck and resource. Many of our best Gaelic footballers are in the Army, including one of the most finished exponents of the game in Ireland to-day—"Johnny" Murphy, of Dublin Inter-County fame.

Another grand old game might be mentioned, and its equipment is in being already, for few barracks are without a Handball Court. The advantages of Handball are well known to the wily American trainer for any athletic branch, and budding athletes would be well advised to get into their togs and rubber shoes at the different Ball Courts on all available occasions.

Scores of magnificently equipped Gymnasias exist, and they are all too little used. In winter time, particularly, no horizontal bar or trapeze should be idle. The Swedes are America's greatest rivals in the athletic world to-day, and it is generally conceded that the North-European Nation reached its high physical standard through the gymnasium, where every muscle is developed in a symmetrical way. Later I may write more minutely on these general views, but enough has been said to show our Army how helpful to high efficiency are games in general, and our own pastimes in particular.

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