

An t-Ógláic

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APRIL 21, 1923.

Price TWOPENCE.



THE DIRECTOR OF INTELLIGENCE.

Drawn by Frank Leah from a special sitting.

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AN T-ÓGLÁC

APRIL 21, 1923.

CITIZENSHIP.

The good soldier makes a good citizen. Soldiering is the finest of trainings in the virtues and in the spirit of good citizenship.

The soldier risks his life in the service of the State. He fights and works to defend the nation against external aggression and internal violence. By his loyal service he upholds the whole social fabric of the nation's life, he ensures the reign of law and order and that machinery of Government on which the rights and liberties of all the people depend.

These are the services of a good citizen.

The Army is an essential machine in the organisation of the State. Every soldier is a part of that machine. But while he is part of a machine he is none the less a man.

As a soldier he obeys the orders of the Government elected by the majority of the Irish people, whatever it may be. As a man he has the right to his own political opinions.

The Constitution of the Free State recognises this right by granting every soldier a vote. This vote gives each soldier a voice in the election of the Government of his country—a voice neither more nor less than that of a civilian. Soldiers and civilians are exactly equal in their capacity of citizens of the Free State.

The vote is the badge of citizenship, the token of democratic government.

It is the duty of every soldier to see that he has a vote and, when occasion arises, to use it. It is also the duty of every officer to see that the men under his command get their votes.

The vote is the tangible proof that you are a free man, a member of a self-governing community.

Every attested soldier must be supplied with a form to fill up entitling him to an absent vote.

It is the duty of every soldier to see that he gets this form. If by some oversight he does not get it he should ask his Commanding Officer for it. If he finds difficulty in filling it up, the officer or his sergeant will do it for him.

It is the duty of every officer to see that every man under his command gets the necessary form.

The period for lodging claims will end in another week. There is no time to be lost.

The vote which makes him a free citizen, which gives him a voice in the government of his country, is a right which every soldier should be proud of. If through negligence he allows his claim to be overlooked he fails in his sense of citizenship.

Soldier of the Free State, realise your responsibility in this matter. Secure your proud right as an Irish citizen. Make sure at once that you get that vote to which you are entitled.

THE DIRECTOR OF INTELLIGENCE.

A Brief Biographical Sketch.

Lieutenant-General Diarmuid O'Hegarty, Director of Intelligence, was born in West Cork and received the first part of his education locally. When he was still a lad at school the second Gaelic Revival set in and it made an immediate appeal to him, but he was content for many years to do spade work for the Language Movement, working zealously but unostentatiously and shirking the limelight as much as possible.

He entered the Civil Service in Dublin at an early age and soon became well-known in Irish-Ireland circles in the Capital. The Volunteer Movement drew him irresistibly to it and he took an active part in the organisation.

When Easter Week, 1916, flamed forth he was 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Battalion, F Co., and was placed in charge of part of the Church Street area during the fighting in Dublin. After the Rising he was arrested and gained his first experience of an English Gaol in Knutsford.

His detention was not of very lengthy duration and in nowise damped his devotion to the Cause. On his return to Dublin he was even more active than before and played a very important part in the reorganising of the Volunteers, being appointed Commandant of the 1st Battalion.

Continuing his political activities he was made Director of Communications and Director of Organisation, respectively, both of which positions he filled to the complete satisfaction of the leaders of the movement.

1919 he took up the position of Secretary of Dáil Eireann. In November of that year he was one of those arrested at 76 Harcourt Street and spent three months in Mountjoy Gaol.

After the Truce he retired into civilian life until the outbreak of hostilities last year. Up to that he had been Acting Secretary of the Provisional Government.

When hostilities broke out he took up the position of Governor of Mountjoy Prison, in which he had been a political prisoner only a comparatively short time before. He was transferred to the position of Director of Organisation in August last, and in December was appointed to the office which he now holds.

RELIEVING GUARD.

Came the relief. "What, sentry, ho!
How passed the night through thy long waking?"
"Cold, cheerless, dark—as may befit
The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight? No sound?" "No; nothing save
The plover from the marshes calling,
And, in yon Western sky, about
An hour ago, a star was falling."

"A star? There's nothing strange in that."
"No, nothing; but, above the thicket,
Somehow it seemed to me that God
Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

—Bret Harte.

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THE RAILWAY PROTECTION, REPAIR AND MAINTENANCE CORPS.

Combating the War of Destruction—How the Railway Services were Maintained—The Blockhouse System—The Patrols.— Feats of Bridge-repairing.

While I was talking to Major-General Russell, in his office at Griffith Barracks, on a sunny Saturday morning about a fortnight ago, we heard the unmistakable sound of a land mine exploding somewhere in the city.

Later we learned that an empty carriage on the D. & S. E. line had been blown to smithereens. That was all.

But even little affairs of that kind have been becoming very rare for some time past, thanks to the vigilance, splendid organisation, and unceasing activity of the Railway Protection, Repair and Maintenance Corps of which Major-General Russell is the O/C.

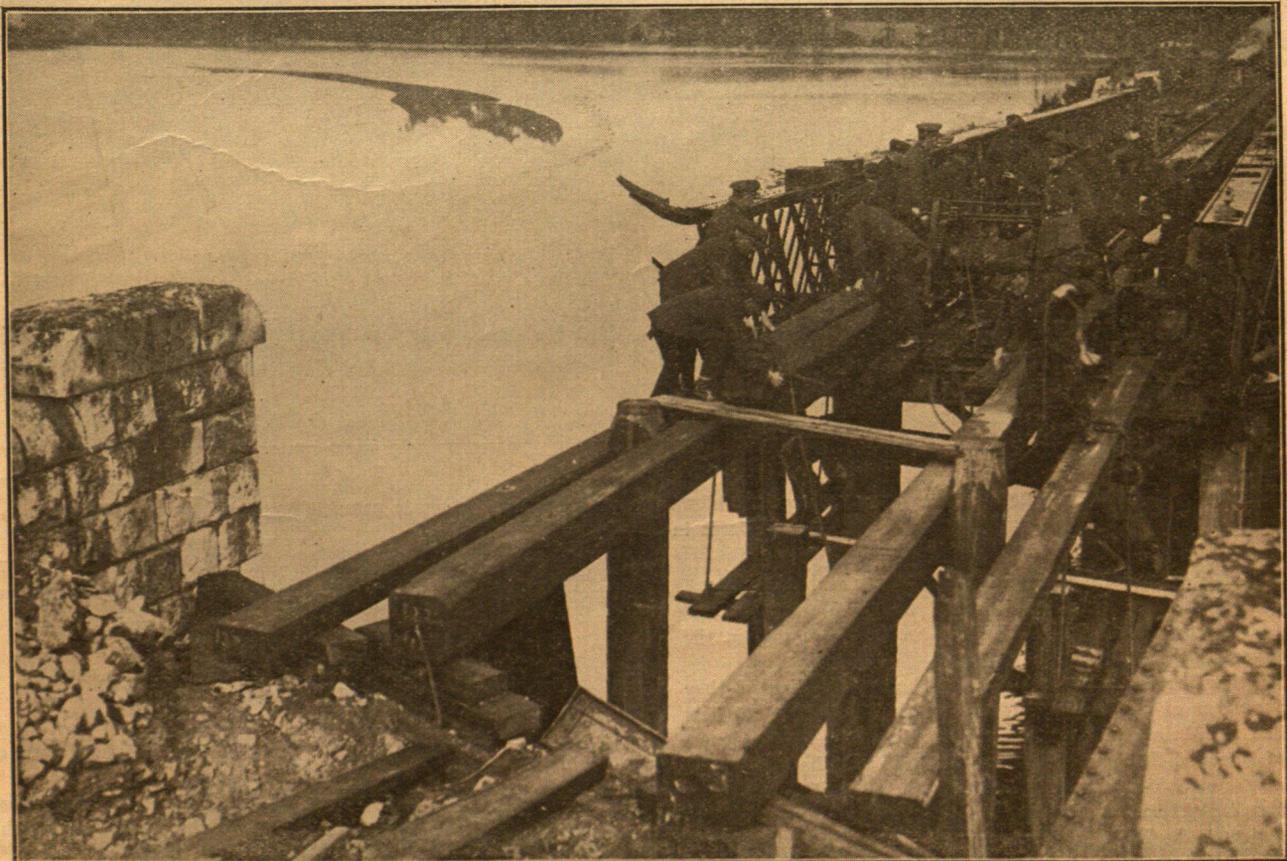
A glance at one of the maps in his office showing the mileage of railways on which normal, or almost normal, services are being conducted at the moment is the most striking illustration of the wonderful work which has been accomplished. The mileage temporarily out of action is very small, and it is growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less.

Things looked very bad for the general public in the early days of the war against the railways. Practically all the lines were closed at one period, cities and towns were cut off from the outside world, and thousands of railway workers were forced to eat the bread of idleness—and were not always sure of getting any bread at all to eat. In Clonmel, for example, at one time the people were practically starving.

This sort of thing made for the development of a bad spirit in certain sections of the community, and traces of Bolshevism began to appear in erstwhile respectable circles.

So the Commander-in-Chief issued a mandate. All the bridges that had been blown up or otherwise wrecked would have to be repaired forthwith and communications re-opened.

The immediate result was the formation of the Railway Corps under the full style and title given above.



"An t-Oglách"

[Exclusive Photo.]

Men of the Railway Corps repairing Douglas Viaduct—one of the biggest repair jobs they have undertaken.

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Then the wheels began to move again. General Russell had been Director of Civil Aviation before the "trouble" started last year, and was an officer of considerable experience, with a remarkable faculty for getting things done and getting them done in the most businesslike manner.

Under his forceful and systematic methods the Railway Corps attained a high degree of efficiency in a very short space of time. A very happy thought at the outset was to enlist the idle railwaymen. The staffs of a big railway system are subject to probably more discipline than any other civilian organisation, and the railwaymen made ideal soldiers, I am told.

The first success was the reopening of the section of the line between Thurles and Clonmel. Fighting was almost continuous at the time, and some idea of what the Railway Corps was up against may be gathered from the fact that they repaired one bridge alone as often as sixteen times.

For the purpose of holding that little stretch between Thurles and Clonmel it was found necessary to establish blockhouses at all important bridges, signal cabins and stations.

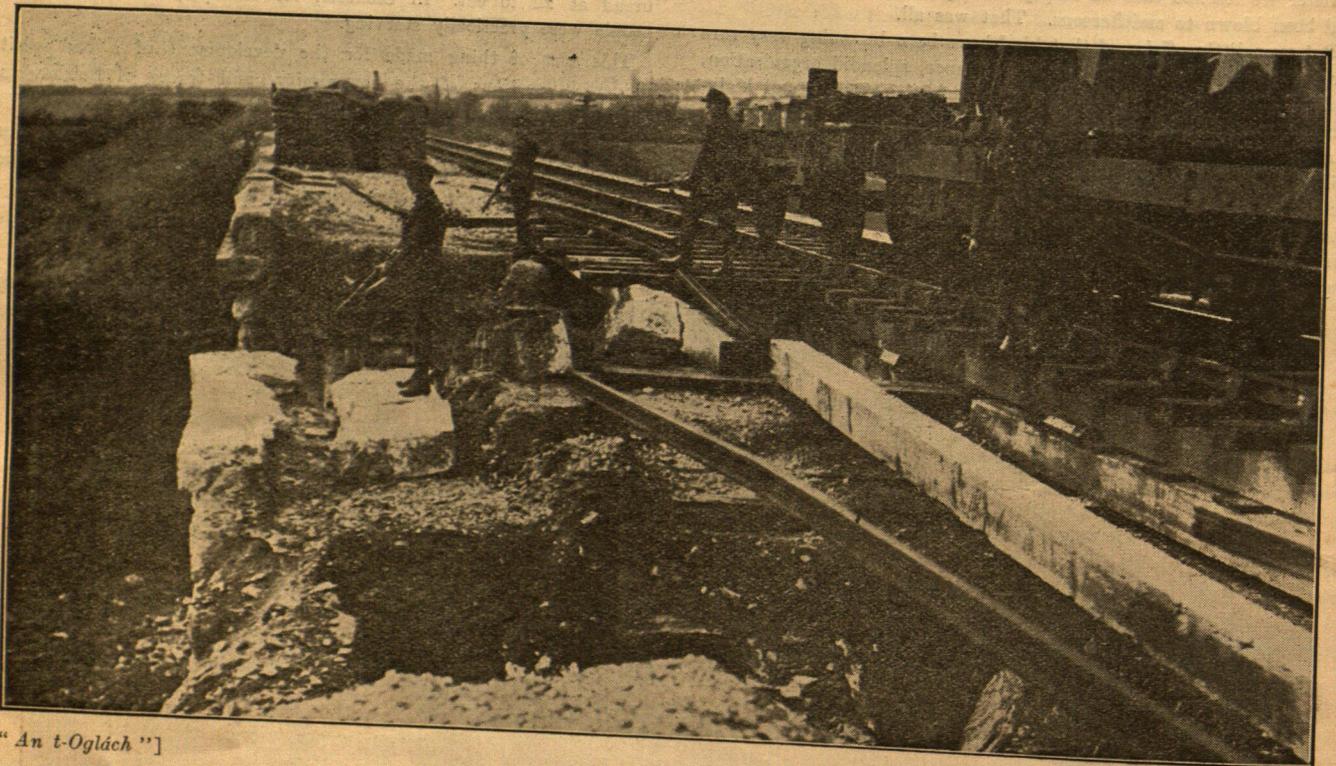
In the beginning, however, on this and other sections, the Corps had great difficulty in maintaining communications between the blockhouses. Amongst other matters that hindered there were a number of bridges broken that required a considerable time to repair. It was necessary to get some sort of a light vehicle for the purpose of conveying rations and keeping in touch.

They solved the difficulty by mounting an ordinary Lancia car on the flanged wheels of an ordinary railway carriage!

A photograph of this novel car appears herewith. It will be noticed that it has been found necessary to camouflage it with a futuristic design in many colours.

* * * *

From the headquarters at Thurles the Corps grew and extended its activities.



"An t-Oglách"]

Monard Bridge, County Cork, which, after having been blown up, was repaired and made passable for traffic by the Railway Corps in two days. [Exclusive Photo.]

The next step was the inauguration of the blockhouse system. This proved an immediate success, and, with one or two exceptions, no enemy incident of any importance has happened in the area covered by the blockhouses.

When they reopened the line between Thurles and Clonmel they had a number of coal trains ready to go through to the districts that had been beleaguered, but on the morning fixed for the departure of these relief trains they found that the lines had been torn up again and carried some distance into the fields at the side of the miscalled permanent way.

The men of the Railway Corps grinned, and, as the trains went along, collected the rails from the landscape, relaid them swiftly and surely, and arrived in Clonmel not so many hours later than the original schedule.

At the present time there are Commands at the following places:

Claremorris,	Clonmel,
Mullingar,	Thurles,
Drogheda,	Limerick, and
Dublin City,	Cork.
Dublin County,	

And they are just putting out a new Command to be known as the Killarney Command.

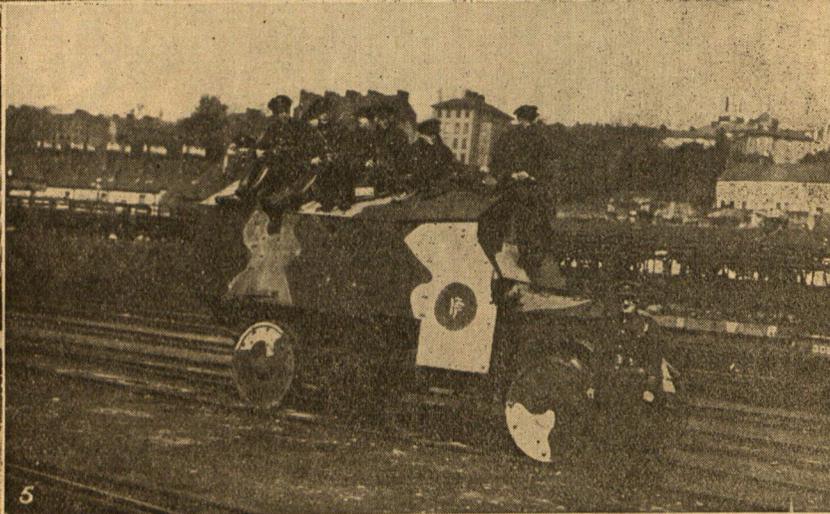
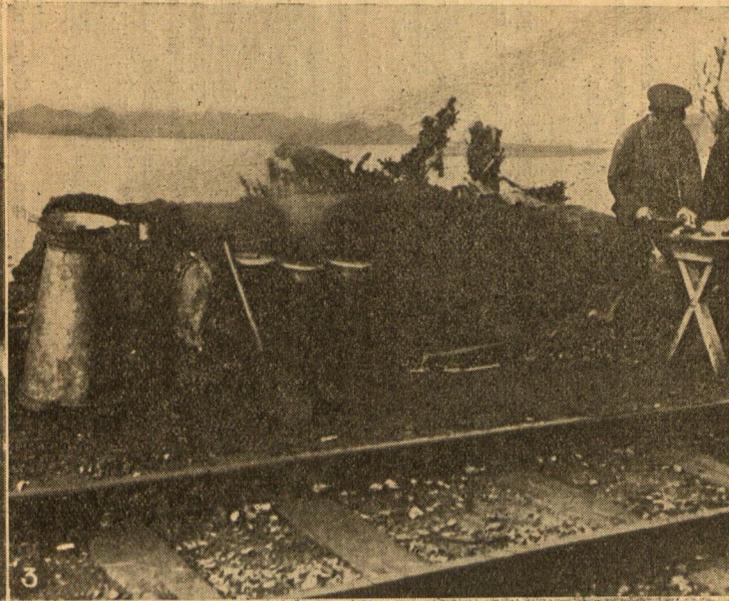
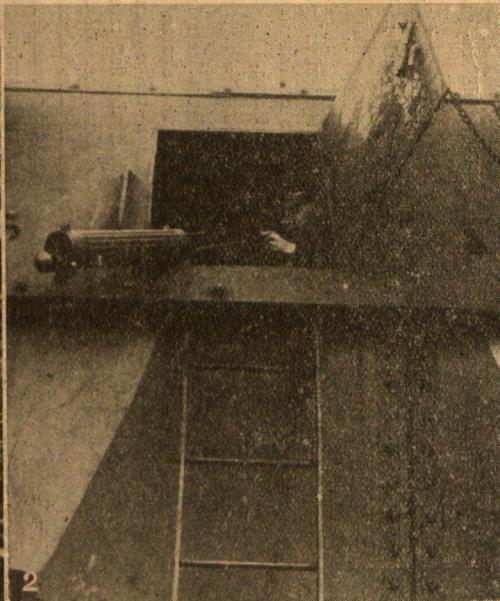
The Commands are known by the H.Q. of the Command—that is to say, they do not in every case have the same H.Q. as the Infantry Command.

A Commandant is in charge of the internal organisation of every Command. Each Company in a Command is in charge of a Captain, and each post in the groups of posts is in charge of a

WITH THE RAILWAY CORPS IN CORK.

APRIL 21, 1923

an t-Ogláic.



"An t-Ogláic".

[Exclusive Photo.]

(1) Colonel Naus, O.C. Cork Command. (2) Gun post at rear of armoured carriage. (3) Soldiers preparing dinner by the side of the railway. (4) A railway internment camp. (5) A Lancia car mounted on flanged wheels for patrolling the railway.



Óglaigh
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

a lieutenant or a second lieutenant. The officers themselves live in the blockhouses on the line.

* * * *

The Corps H.Q. was transferred to Griffith Barracks on the 12th January last. Before that they were using Baldonnel Aerodrome as a training centre.

Every man of the Corps was recruited by the original members of the staff, and they have trained close upon 5,000 men. Of course, as the lines were reopened it became necessary to demobilise a large number of men back to the railway services. That



"An t-Oglách"

[Exclusive Photo.]

The dog in the picture is quite proud of being permitted to go on guard with the soldiers at the Old Lime Pit gun post, Rathduff, Co. Cork.

has been going on for some time, but the places of the demobilised men have been all filled by newcomers.

The present system of protecting the railways may be stated in order thus:—First, Blockhouses; second, Lancia cars on the tracks; third, armoured trains; fourth, patrols between the blockhouses.

In particularly bad sections trains are piloted through. The railway companies' traffic is controlled at present from the H.Q. of the Corps. At Griffith Barracks they know every train that is running, and arrange their plans accordingly. The companies, in fact, prepare their service time tables in consultation with the Corps.

To show how this co-operation works out, I may state that while I was talking to Major-General Russell one of the companies rang up to state that they wished to send a special train out to a certain point on the line.

In two minutes it was arranged, with an utter absence of fuss, that the train should start at the proposed hour, and that it should be provided with adequate protection.

* * * *

The organisation of the Corps is as nearly perfect as any organisation can be. Everything is boiled down to forms. Nobody is allowed to write long-winded letters.

"Every possible thing we can print," said General Russell, "we put into type. Our system is as good and as quick as that of the railway companies themselves. Organisation is not an effort to accumulate so much matter on paper. Corps H.Q. is the driving centre, and organisation is centred at the various commands."

I also learned that they had a Corps Investigations, Efficiency and Economy Department. The name speaks for itself.

* * * *

Our pictures, taken by our staff photographer in the Cork Command, show the members of the Corps on duty in that area, where they have accomplished great work. Two of the most notable tasks they have tackled have been the repair of the Douglas Viaduct, on the Cork, Blackrock and Passage Railway, and of the bridge at Belvelly.

"If we succeed in lifting Belvelly," said Major-General Russell, "it will be a very big victory."

In a good many cases the men of the Corps utilise railway carriages as sleeping huts, but if any necessity remains for their services when the summer arrives, they will be provided with tents.

Every Command is provided with a kitchen on wheels, which renders the whole of the Command Headquarters mobile at very short notice.

The Corps also buys its own rations.

There is also a very fine field telephone system in operation from blockhouse to blockhouse, etc. An Officer can sit in his office in Cork and speak to every blockhouse in that area.

* * * *

The Corps is unique in many ways, and not least in its system of payment. The men are divided into two classes. Class One consists of the technical side of the Corps—railwaymen and others with special training. They are paid at the flat rate of £2 10s. per week, without separation or other allowance. Of this amount, however, they receive each week only £1. The balance they must either allot to their people or place to their credit. A man going on leave is entitled to draw from his credit money, the amount withdrawn depending upon the circumstances of the case.

As the result of this system of saving, some single men in the Corps have as much as £30 and £40 to their credit.

Class Two are paid according to the ordinary Army rates and separation allowance is paid by the Army authorities.

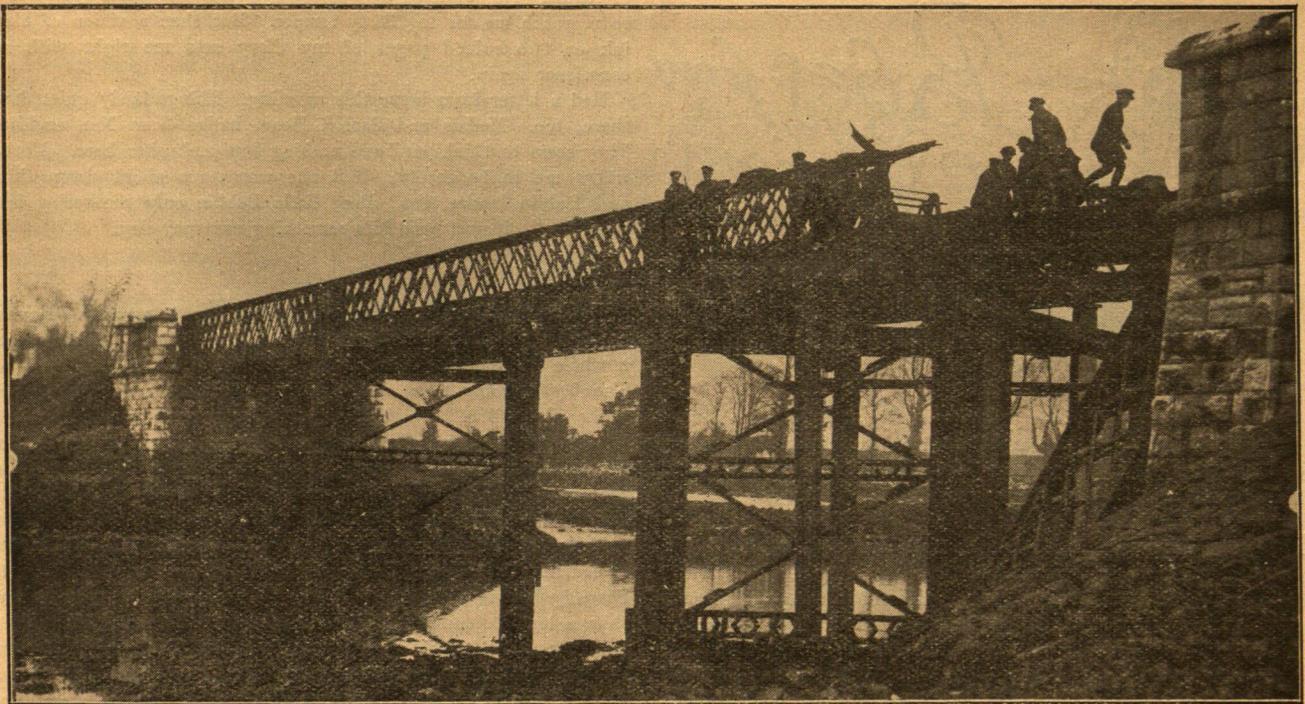
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In conclusion, Major-General Russell paid a glowing tribute to the work of the men.

"Everybody knows," he said, "the difficulties they have experienced during the winter, and they deserve great credit for the magnificent way they have behaved."

He also expressed his appreciation of the assistance they had got from the railway companies.

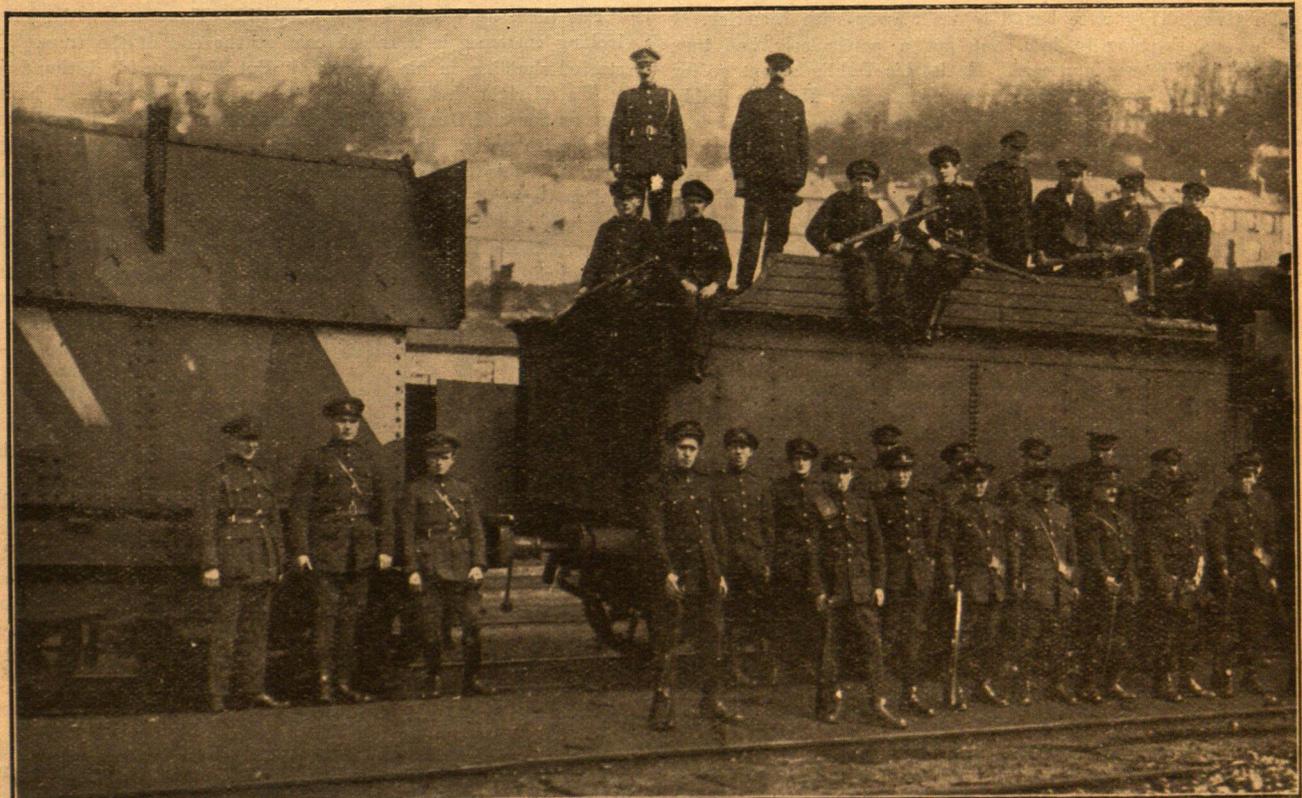
"The co-operation of the railway officials alone made the work possible," he declared.



"An t-Ogláic".

[Exclusive Photo.]

Another view of Douglas Viaduct being repaired by the men of the Railway Corps.



"An t-Ogláic".

Officers and Men of the Cork Command, Engineers' Division.

[Exclusive Photo.]

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Pages from a Soldier's Diary

Sunday, March 4th.

I have an idea that in a diary one must always begin with some record of the kind of weather experienced on the particular day or days of writing. Well, this was a beautiful day; summer almost. Glorious sunshine. One felt 'twas good to be alive after all.

The hurling final did not bring any of the "old familiar faces" Foxy Ryan promised, but it brought thousands and thousands of strange ones. I never in my life before saw such crowds. The trams were chock full. We had, as a matter of fact, to walk from the Pillar to the grounds. Dublin is as gay as it is great; but I didn't give Billy the satisfaction of telling him so. And this is Dublin with a war actually on! What must it have been in the halcyon (I must buy a dictionary next day I'm off) days when the hazel ruled and guns were as rare as white gloves (the ones judges used to get) are now. I expected to get a glimpse of the President or J.J., or some of the other big fellows, but was disappointed.

Mack was off his nut completely. Could talk of nothing but the Dublin team. They were bound to walk away with Limerick. I was fed up listening to him. He got a particularly bad turn when the Dublin men appeared. He let his Dublin accent go for all it was worth. "Look, there's so and so now. He's the daddy of the bunch. Wait till you see how he'll wipe So-and-So's eye." 'Twas worse than an extra fatigue to be listening to him.

Now, I didn't care a fig which team won. I'm a Cork man myself, and proud of it, too. My only connection with Limerick is that my mother was born somewhere near that city. Thomondgate or Thomond something was, I think, the name of the place. That reminds me, Dev's mother was a Limerick woman, too. But, as I was saying, I didn't care a traithnín who won, but Billy was so cocky about Dublin that I put on a half dollar on Limerick. I won.

The match wasn't up to much. I often saw a better display from two school teams. Anyway the result silenced Billy. I tried to rise him a few times, but 'twas no go. He took it all in good part. Dublin chaps are great that way. If half the things I said about Dublin was said by anyone else in reference to Cork, there'd be a row. Heavens! there goes "lights out."

March the 12th.

Weather holding up fairly well. Was nearly giving up diary altogether. Had a bit of a scrimmage with Big Brien on account of it. The ignoramus doesn't know what a diary may mean. He can hardly write his name. Wanted to do the dog in the manger then. I had patience enough to treat his jeers with the contempt they deserved; but when he shied a pillow at me and destroyed two pages of my diary with the ink, I lost my temper. 'Tis not easy to keep one's temper always. My lip is nearly better again. I wish O'Brien's other eye were healed, too. He's not a bad kind

of fellow. He admitted he was wrong. But the black eye remains to reproach me for my hasty temper. But then a vision of black ink on two ruined pages of my diary sets me right with my conscience again.

Had a letter from home this morning. Things fairly quiet down there, too. Medals and Sacred Heart badge from Nan enclosed. They seem to think we have nothing but ambushes here. Mother warns me to be careful. But she warns me about damp shirts and Dublin lassies, too. Poor little Bobbie only recovering from the "flu." I must send him something next pay day.

March 16th.

Weather holding up. Looks promising for to-morrow. Haven't written anything in the diary for the past few days. There wasn't a whole lot doing. Had a bit of a tiff with Sergt. G— on Tuesday morning. He was only promoted a week ago. I don't know why. But, then, that's none of my business. He was bad enough when he was only an ordinary private, like any of us. He had as much airs as—as—I was going to say an officer. But, thanks be to God, none of our officers are built that way. But Sergt. G—, well, he's the limit. His name as Sergeant wasn't well dry on the books when he began his swank. The new broom, of course. On the very first morning after his promotion he began. Scarcely had reveille ceased when "Come on there, you fellows, show a leg," announced his new authority. He next proceeded to pull our blankets. He pulled mine. Now, everyone will admit that there's nothing so irritating as to be roused from your dreams in that fashion. I said things, a lot of things—in Irish and English. Well, he said things, too. He has his knife in me since. I'm thinking of looking for a transfer.

I was out on patrol on Wednesday night. Patrol is all right when the weather is fine. I enjoy searching fellows for guns. I got taken in badly, though, in my first capture. 'Twas in a tram. "Put them up," says I; and they did. There was a dangerous-looking customer in a trench coat at the end of the tram. He started shuffling in his pockets. "Put them up!" I thundered. "'Tis all right, lad," says he. "Don't make a scene. I have a gun on me, and I can't find my permit." His audacity nearly took my breath away. Still I felt as proud as could be at having got him. "Who's the officer in charge?" says he as cool as you please. "I'm Capt. B—," says he, "I'm up from Kerry." "Well, you're a cool one, wherever you're from," says I. "But you have a remarkable Dublin accent for a Kerryman." The N.C.O. in charge did not recognise him either. So we had to take him into Portobello. He laughed and joked, but I expected every moment he'd make a dash for it. I felt relieved when we reached the gate. There was a group of officers just inside the gate. "Hello J—, God save. Not gone back yet?" says one. I began to feel groggy. Then they realised the situation. One shouted "Put him in clink"; another, "Put him in irons"; another, "Take him up to the mess." We did feel sheepish. 'Twas better be sure than sorry.

To-morrow is Patrick's Day. We're going to have a great blow out. Trooping the colours. I'm invited to a hooley at Billy Mack's. I think I'll go, too. I must answer my mother's letter, too, and relieve her mind about ambushes, damp shirts, and Dublin lassies. Faith, I think 'twould be as well not to say anything about Billy's sisters either. I wonder who's going to win the big fight. I'd like to go. But, then, there are such a lot of things we'd like to do.

Back numbers of the New Series of "An t-Oglach" can be obtained on application to this Office.

ATHLETICS IN THE ARMY.

Progress of the New Association—The Forthcoming Conventions.

Steps are being taken to put the new Army Athletic Association on a sound basis in each Command. Last week Company meetings were held, officers elected, and everything made ready for the Battalion Conventions, which were held last Sunday at the headquarters of each area.

A meeting of the Executive Council was held on the 12th inst. at G.H.Q., Portobello. It was attended by the Chief of Staff, and there was a good muster of members. The following bye-law was adopted:—"Where a member of an Independent Corps is located in a district where it is not possible for him to play with his own Company team, such player is eligible to play for the team nearest to his outpost in inter-Company and inter-Battalion competitions. It is to be clearly understood that the Corps to which he belongs has first claim on his services for inter-Command Championships."

The Executive Council decided to request the Army Council to provide three whole-time officers for the following positions:—

- Secretary.
- Assistant Secretary and Registrar.
- Organiser.

The adjourned Convention of the 31st March will re-assemble at Portobello Barracks on Saturday, 28th April, at three o'clock.

The All-Ireland Convention will be held at Portobello Barracks on the following day, Sunday, 29th April, at ten o'clock in the morning.

Great interest is being taken in the new association at G.H.Q. and elsewhere. It is quite clear that it makes a very strong appeal to all members of the Army, and they are determined that it will not fail for lack of whole-hearted support. The one deterrent to progress at the moment is the lack of grounds. These are not at all numerous enough. Each evening practice is being carried out on every available piece of ground.

A most interesting football contest took place at Portobello on the evening of Wednesday, the 11th inst., between teams representing the Military Police and the Special Infantry. It was, in the opinion of many competent to judge, the finest exhibition of the game so far given at G.H.Q., and was witnessed by a very large crowd. After a keen contest Police gained a victory by the narrow margin of two points, the final scores being:—

MILITARY POLICE	2 goals 3 points.
SPECIAL INFANTRY	2 goals 1 point.

Lovers of handball in the Army will learn with satisfaction that Captain B. Whelan, of the Curragh Command, had an easy victory over his opponent at the Boot Court, Ballymun, on Sunday, 8th inst. Captain Whelan has entered the semi-final round of the competition, and great hopes are entertained that he will be returned as victor in the final.

In the semi-final Captain Whelan will meet his brother, Mr. T. Whelan, of Ballymore Eustace, County Kildare, and, on the run of

the play, it is believed that his opponent in the final round will be another brother, Mr. Edward Whelan, of Ballymore Eustace.

Golf enjoys great popularity amongst a large section of the officers. The legal staff of G.H.Q., represented by the Advocate-General and Captain O'Brien Twohig, played the legal staff of the Dublin Command, represented by Commandant Sheehy and Captain Casey, at Dollymount on the 8th inst. The first match ended all square, and the second resulted in a win for G.H.Q. by three holes.

Rowing enthusiasts will have to move swiftly if they are to make a showing in the coming season. The main obstacle to their progress is, of course, boats. If this can be speedily overcome, there are enough really good oarsmen in the Army to give a good account of themselves before the close of the season.

FOOTBALL AT CLONAKILTY.

A large crowd witnessed the match between the Column and the Garrison of "B" Company, 15th Battalion at Clonakilty. The play reached a high standard. The Column, led by William Coogan, were first to break away, to be stopped by P. Miley. After some hard work Corpl. J. Reilly of the Garrison shot a goal. From the kick out T. Shaw sent up the field, in which the Column made a determined attempt to score, only to be beaten off by Lieut. N. Brady. After some splendid play at midfield, the ball was sent to J. Googan, Garrison, who sent over the bar. Interval scores:—

GARRISON	1 goal 1 point.
COLUMN	Nil.

The second half opened with the Column once more attacking. Sergt. T. Lynch sent over the bar for the Column. The Garrison then sent the ball down the field, and after some interesting play P. Cahill, Garrison, sent over the bar, leaving the Garrison winners. Final scores:—

GARRISON	1 goal 2 points.
COLUMN	1 point.

J. Murphy, Civic Guard, acted as referee.

ORGANISING AT GORT.

At a meeting of the officers and men of H.Q. Staff and "B" Company of the 28th Infantry Battalion, which was held at Gort on Saturday last, it was decided to organise a hurling and football team at that station. Teams will also be formed at the other Company H.Q.'s. For the purpose of organisation, a Committee was formed, of which Comdt. L. Kelly, O.C. of the Battalion, was appointed Chairman, and Lieut. Seán Clancy, Battalion Pay Officer, was appointed organising Hon. Secretary.

It is expected that the Gort hurling team will make its presence felt in the present year's Army and County Competitions.

ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

In connection with above, a general meeting of the Army Signal Corps was held under the presidency of Comdt. J. Smith (2nd in Command), on April 12th, at which it was decided:—

1. To claim (in accordance with scheme) the status of a Command, with direct representation on the Army Athletic Council.
2. To form Football and Hurling teams forthwith.
3. That the colours of all teams in the unit be White and Blue, with the Corps "Badge" affixed to the singlet.

A Committee, consisting of representatives from the following sections, was appointed:—Wireless, Signals, Communications, Mechanics and Despatches, with the undermentioned as officers:—President, Col. Liam Archer; Chairman, Comdt. J. Smith; Hon. Treasurer, Capt. L. Cryan; Hon. Secretary, Coy-Sergt. Seán O'Ceallaigh.

The Committee are empowered to make all necessary arrangements as to affiliation, organisation, etc.

(Continued on page 21.)

AN OREOILÍN MEALLTAC.

PÁDRAIC Ó CONAIRE DO SHÍOB

"Dia luain seo caite cáitear an oíche raoinn ríreim ar máite le mo fliáinte, agus an té nac' noéanna a leitéro aruain, molaim tó túr a óéannaí. Dúiread' moim an lá agus eirge moim an nshéin—nac' doibinn é! ní fear' uom éasra a dúirig' mé féin an máirín áluinn rin marab é an oireóilín é. Bí an t-éan beas rin n-a fúide ar zéig' rzeice ór mo éionn i n-áiríoe agus é as óéannaí ionzantair óiom sur tós' uinne de'n éinne doonna a leitéro rin o'áit éodalta óó féin. An éainnt beas bós méiró éuir pé de an ééao fúaim o'fúaiméannaib na marone oáir éualar féin, agus é as beannú uom.

Deannuisear uo'n ean so múinte moóamail. "Dárr na marone uirt a oireóilín bis b'bead," arsa mire. Cuir pé zoic air féin. Éaoó pé fúil liom, agus má tá eólar ar bit asamra ar éanaíaint-éreibeadá na nshob agus na n-eice tubairt an oireóilín an éainnt seo;—

"Asatra atá an raosál doibinn 'oo luirge anhrin 'oo neir so te teólaríoe, san ríad' san easla moim don námaro. ní bíonn oir eirge so oosruirig' féin é. ní cuinntar irtead oir i zcaitead' na h-oíche; áct réad' mire, so b'róim' oia oim! táim beas b'bead éitrebíoead, agus ir coim' éan ná áimíoe ann nac' mbíonn ríad' oim moimé. Aréim anoir, cuir i zcár, cuir an t-ublacán (an cládaire zránoa bolz'fúilead rin!) éuir pé an crioíoe t'rearna ionnam. U'obair uom m'anam a éaillead. Lán a éruib' éruaró ve éluim bain pé aram! Marad a ríobéta ir bíor, bí mo énapa oéanta, bí rin—agus trí cinn ve zearraic' óga atá ar áilnead' an uóamain asam ra mbairt, agus san oémaríoe ann le róir oim' oá mbaintí dem' t'reoir mé! Ué! nac' é an raosál cmaró cmaróte asam é! agus nuair buairear amad le ráinne an lae le crúim bós bolz'ac folálar oóib, cé o'feicrinn raoi bun na ríalre áct an earós uat'éarad' agus a oá fúil nuimnead' ráite ionnam. ní ionzad' ar bit é mé beiré tinn túirreac' oén t'raosál contabairtead' seo!"

Bí z'reim aráin asam 'mo róca. Cáitear píora té éuir an oireóilín éunt' r' so maolócaíoe ar a mí-fártead. Cáit' pé an r'púille so halrad.

"Nac' in é bí uair ar raó an ácaim?" arsa mire leir, agus é as zlanad' a zuib bis ar an nshéis so múinte.

"O'áiric' pé surab ead.

"Easraimn féin," ar an oireóilín, nuair bí a ráit' ite aize "easraimn féin, nil an raosál seo éom' cmaró ir ceartan é beiré . . . ir cinn so b'ruil an t-ublacán zránoa agus an earós nuimnead' ann (r'zreao máirone ar an mbairt!) áct an oireóilín a b'ruil r'cuaim ann, eirgeann leir éalú uata, mar tá in t-ublacán uall covalta agus an earós san eice . . . agus réad, nac' ionda péirt b'ead' r'aman bíor le rázál éart' ra ríalr' seo . . . fúairear féin ceann arbu' inóe—ceann móir blarta bós a bí éom' raosa liom féin, móirán—agus ba lón lae asam é. áct b'obair uom mo éruaró-míri caillead—zsalbán móir buirde b'raoac' fíil é r'z'ioabó uaim!"

O'eirig' an oireóilín n-a éort. O'eirig' pé reancuimnead.

"níl píor asam nac' blarta an biaó bíor asatra ná na crúim féin," ar an oireóilín, "ir mimic bíor mé as arzóintead' le mo éite raoi . . . b'féim' leir ríuo na crúim ná an biaó maít bán éuzar uom ar ball beas —."

Cáitear píora eile aráin éuirge—an blaoararíoe!

"áct ar uoóig," ar an oireóilín éar éir a cáite, "ár uoóig' ní raib' don tózáil air aruain, ní raib' rin. Bím boóar aize as éirtead' leir cabairtead' agus as cur' zac' milleáin oimra . . . agus ní r'áruigeann don trád' é áct amuirg' raoi meadon oíche agus mire as iaruaró néal beas covalta éar éir' raózar an lae . . . áct nuair bear an t-ál' tózta asam cuirreao ruais air, 'm'anam so zcuirreao.

Zus an oireóilín léim éarzaró so raib' pé ar mo zualainn éle beagnaé. Cuir pé zoic air féin.

"Cosar mé leat," ar reiréan ór íreal, "b'ruil don éite asatra nó an amláir sur éuir rí an ruais oir so b'ruil tú leat féin anrreo?"

"zsur!" aoirimpre, "nó-fíorrad' ácaim!"

"B'ead'nuig," ar reiréan, "beiró mé as zuirde oé oir má —."

KERRY NOTES.

GREAT SEND-OFF TO COMMANDANT DAVE NELIGAN.

Though things are at times tough enough down here, still they are not as black as the papers paint them. We find time for a little celebration now and again; and one of the most enjoyable evenings we have ever had in Kerry was afforded at a farewell dinner, held recently in Killarney, to mark the departure, on promotion to Dublin, of Commandant Dave Neligan.

* * * Those of us whom the "exigencies of the service" (we are at a loss here as to the identity of this mysterious "Staff Captain," but we feel certain he is a Staff Captain) sublimely ignored, "cuffed off" to Killarney for the dinner. It was to be held at seven o'clock, and we felt that to remain in Tralee till that hour would be fatal. Tea in Tralee would mean the inevitable "Bacon and eggs." (We are absolutely surrounded and hemmed in on all sides by "Bacon and eggs" in Kerry. Protests are unavailing, but the other night the cook relented, and gave us bacon without eggs, "just for a change," he explained.)

* * * I am wandering from my original subject. To get back to Killarney, it is no exaggeration to state it was more or less en fete, for "Long Dave" was very popular there.

The H.Q. of the "Guards" was literally besieged. Everyone—military and civilians were more than anxious to give expression to their appreciation of all "Dave" had done to "enforce the will of the people" in Kerry.

The dinner was a great success, and finally, with everyone feeling satisfied with everyone else, and everything, the speech-making began. Major-General O'Daly presented the guest of the evening with a gold watch and chain on behalf of the Officers in the Kerry Command, and in a few simple words traced Comdt. Neligan's intimate associations with the late General Collins during the most hazardous days of the "Black and Tan regime." The sterling work for Ireland which Comdt. Neligan performed, the innumerable risks he took, and his latter day work in Kerry all were referred to in feeling terms by the G.O.C. and other speakers.

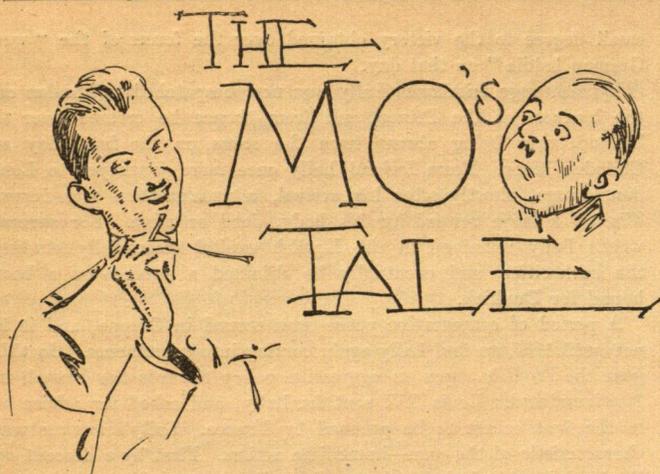
* * * Comdt. Neligan suitably replied. A most enjoyable dance followed, and the early hours of the morning found celebrations still in progress. It was a splendid, but most deserving tribute to one of the finest soldiers in the Army.

The Command Staff, not to be outdone, arranged for a send-off supper in Tralee the night before Comdt. Neligan left for Dublin. Everything went according to plan, as those newspaper fellows say.

Our feelings on the whole matter were aptly described by one speaker, who said that "What was Kerry's loss was Ireland's gain." We all agreed, and wished "Long Dave" the best of luck, and a retinue of the "Staff Captains" he loves so much.

Cáire atá uair an ead' arsa mire. "Má pé rin an t-áimn atá asat ar an mbiaó bós buirde rin asat," ar reiréan. "Sé," aoirimpre, "áct —." "Ruaimn beas té —," ar reiréan so blaoarad' mealltac. "zsur!" aoirimpre. Ruaimn beas b'bead' té—agus cozar, b'ruil píor asat céaro a oéanrar mé uirt? Tarháimrío mé mo neao uirt, noir! A leitéro ve neiró ní raib' as don oireóilín eile aruain! agus na zearraic'! Trí éinn aca a ráraic' don zearraic' b'uir' blaoz' uibe aruain—agus cuirreao i n-áiríoe uirt iao bíoó ir nac' b'ruil móirán ve'n éainnt aca r'óir, na cheatáin! Meall' pé lán a zuib ve cáire uaim agus o'iméig' leir. Cuir néal beas eile oim féin.





It had been a rotten day all round. From early morning there had been a steady downpour of rain, accompanied by a strong north-east wind. The troops had been out scouring the hills.

As we gathered round the officers' mess fire everyone was feeling more or less disgruntled. It was an occasion when most people seemed to draw a sorry sort of satisfaction from recounting unhappy experiences.

"Well," said the Battalion M.O., "I've had only one bad experience in my time, and I am not likely to forget it in a hurry."

It was so seldom that the young medico pretended to have had an experience out of the ordinary that we all, literally, sat up and began to take notice.

"It was just after this 'scrap' had broken out in Dublin," the M.O. began in an earnest tone, "I was walking up Talbot-street pretty late in the evening. I noticed a tall, well-dressed young woman of about thirty years of age coming along towards me. She was obviously very greatly distressed. I was about to pass by when she stopped and addressed me.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but can you tell me the way to Amiens-street Station?"

"Certainly," I replied, turning round and pointing towards it. "It is just there in front of you."

"I wonder if I could get a train to Wexford now?"

"Well, I am afraid you are late now. I am not quite sure but I think the last train has gone," I replied.

"The young lady, who was really very pretty," continued the M.O., "was obviously on the point of breaking down; so I asked her if I could be of any assistance. So she told me her story. She had been up in town on a short visit, and was staying in an hotel. That evening the hotel had been occupied by armed men, and all the occupants turned out. In the haste of her flight she had forgotten her purse. Not knowing the city very well, and having no friends in it, she was really in a bad way."

"That morning I had received my allowance, and had a pretty decent sum of money in a wallet in my pocket. I pressed her to accept a loan of £2. She did so with great reluctance; and was very profuse in her thanks; insisting on getting my card so that she could refund the money as soon as she returned home. She then inquired if I could recommend a hotel where she could stay until the morning train. I pointed out Moran's to her, which was only a short distance away, and which had not then been occupied by the Irregulars. I also mentioned my own hotel, which was in a quiet residential quarter. She chose the latter, and we went there together. There was no doubting her distress and nervousness. Every time a shot went off, or a machine gun rattled, which was pretty often, she would exclaim: 'O-O-Oh,' and shudder.

"I came in about eleven that night," continued the M.O., lighting a fresh cigarette, and settling himself more comfortably in the arm-chair. "When I had changed into my pyjamas, I sat at the fire reading for a few moments before getting into bed. Suddenly there was a sharp rap at my door. Thinking I was wanted professionally I got up and opened it. To my horror I found myself looking down the barrel of a Colt automatic. And behind it I was amazed to recognise my distressed and nervous young lady of the evening."

The M.O. paused to flick the ash from his cigarette.

"By the hokey," exclaimed a subaltern, "It must have been some surprise."

We all nodded in sympathetic agreement.

"Well," said the M.O., "She was neither distressed nor nervous then; but cool and determined. There was not the slightest tremor in the pistol held within a few inches of my head. I remember noting at the time that her finger was fully round the trigger."

"I want that wallet of notes, and at once," she said sharply.

"The fact that it was a woman that was holding the gun made me more than nervous. You can never really depend on a woman with a gun. Neither did I want to be robbed under such ludicrous circumstances. My own chance was to temporise. So pretending to think for a moment, I said that I had left it in my overcoat in the hall. It was a lame excuse, but it was the only one I could think of. Anyway it worked."

"Get it," she said.

"All the way down to the hall I was waiting for an opportunity but none came. After fumbling in my overcoat pockets I had to admit that the wallet was in my room up stairs."

"Well, get it quickly," she said in an impatient tone. "You have lost too much time already. And remember if you try any tricks I will shoot you for I want that money badly."

"She certainly looked as if she meant what she said. On the way back to my room I actually began to sweat, not so much about the loss of the money, which would have meant a good deal to me at the time, but at the thought of the ridiculous way in which I had been diddled."

"As we entered my room she closed the door behind us, but never for a second relaxed her steady aim. I began an agitated search of my clothes, and whilst doing so I kept a sharp watch on the would-be robber through the mirror on my dressing table. Then, just as I was withdrawing the wallet from my breast pocket I saw the pistol begin to droop in her hand. Quick as thought I turned and grabbed it."

"She was a big buxom girl, and knew how to use her strength. A terrible struggle took place between us, in the course of which a couple of chairs were overturned. My whole effort was to hold the pistol in such a position that if it went off neither of us would be shot, whilst she used all her strength to try and turn the muzzle of it towards my body. There was no doubt but that she fully intended to shoot me."

"Suddenly a shot went off, the bullet penetrating the door of the room, and a terrible commotion arose in the hotel."

At this dramatic point the M.O. paused to toss his cigarette butt into the fire.

"Did you get the automatic?" quickly interjected the subaltern who had a weakness for such weapons.

"Well, no," drawled the M.O., a quiet smile breaking over his erstwhile tense countenance, "You see, when the shot went off, and the commotion arose, I woke up and found it was only a dream."

For a minute there was dead silence in the mess, then there was a roar of laughter at how completely the M.O. had fooled us; but the laugh went strongest against the subaltern who had fallen in love with the automatic.

IRISHMEN OF ACTION.

II.—LALLY OF THE BRIGADE.

Among that brilliant galaxy who contributed so much to the fame of Ireland's fighting-men on the war-scarred plains of Europe, the name of Thomas Arthur Lally stands pre-eminent. The son of Sir Gerard Lally, of Tullinadaly, who had fought at Aughrim, Limerick and the Boyne, he was destined to rise to great eminence in the service of the country which had given sanctuary to his countrymen when Patrick Sarsfield and the Wild Geese sailed from their native shores.

Thomas Patrick Lally was born in the year 1702, and from his earliest years was destined for the profession of arms. When he was just eight years old he accompanied his father at the siege of Gironne, and two years afterwards he took his place in the trenches at Barcelona. Indeed, he displayed so much talent for leadership while yet under the age of twenty, that he was frequently commended by his superiors for his bravery and knowledge of military matters. In 1732 he was present at the reduction of Kehl, and in the following year he distinguished himself at Etlingen, where he, at great personal risk, saved the life of his distinguished father.

The Scottish Jacobites about this time advised the exiled James Stuart that a rising in Scotland would be attended with success, and among others who were sent to Scotland to ascertain the strength of the Jacobites was Major Lally. He traversed a large portion of the Highlands, and then crossed over to Ireland, where he made many friends, and obtained many recruits for the famous Brigade. On his return to France he was ordered to proceed to the Russian Court, and when there he was instructed to break the alliance between that country and England, and to form one between Russia and France. He is said to have carried out his portion of the work with consummate tact and delicacy, but the ultimate failure of the mission was due to the indecision of the authorities in Paris.

At Dettingen, in 1743, Lally rode at the head of his regiment, and the Duke de Noailles, in a general order of the day, spoke in glowing terms of praise concerning the conduct of the Irish leader. "At Dettingen," wrote de Noailles, "he rallied the army several times in its disorder, and saved it in its retreat, through the advice which he laid before the Army Council a few hours after the battle."

The early spring of 1744 saw the formation of the magnificent regiment which bore the name of its founder, Colonel Lally. At Fontenoy, in May, 1745, this regiment and its gallant leader rendered particularly distinguished service. "This regiment," says a French eyewitness of the battle, "decided the conflict by dispersing with the cold steel that terrible English force which had overcome the artillery of Richelieu and the King's Household Cavalry." Lally was raised to the rank of Brigadier by Louis XV. on the field of battle.

In 1745 we find Lally again active on behalf of the Stuarts. In that year he succeeded in raising a force of about 10,000 Scotch and Irish troops for the service of Charles Edward. This force, however, was not used, and the story of how France played the Stuarts false on that occasion is an enthralling chapter in the history of high politics during the earlier portion of the eighteenth century. Lally embarked on board a smuggling vessel and managed to land somewhere on the coast of Sussex. From thence he made his way to Scotland, and was appointed aide-de-camp to Charles Edward when the latter raised his standard at Glenfinnan on August 19th, 1745. At Falkirk, in January, 1746, Lally acted as chief military adviser to Charles Edward, and is said to have contributed in no

small degree to the victory obtained over the forces of the "wee German laddie" on that day.

By a strange mischance Lally was now despatched to London on the business of the Prince, and from thence he crossed over to Ireland, thus being absent from the scene on the fatal day at Culloden Moor. From Ireland Lally once more journeyed to London, where, shortly after his arrival, a proclamation was issued offering a large reward for his body, dead or alive. For several weeks Lally remained in the English capital successfully eluding the authorities, and eventually he obtained a passage on a boat bound for Dunkirk.

A period of comparative peace now ensued in Europe, and it is not until 1755 we find Lally again coming into prominence. In this year the English began an aggressive policy towards the French in Newfoundland. Louis XV. sent for Lally, and asked for advice as to the best course to be pursued by France. Lally's answer was characteristic of the man—immediate action. First by a descent on England in aid of the Stuarts. Secondly, to overthrow the power of England in India, and, thirdly, to launch a determined attack upon the English colonies in America. The ministers of Louis, after mature consideration, turned down those proposals, and attempted to settle their differences by negotiations with the English Government. During the discussions on an amicable settlement the English Navy continued its campaign against the French, and in the short space of ten months had taken or sunk no fewer than two hundred and fifteen French vessels.

When all hope of a peaceful solution had vanished, Lally was again summoned by the king, and requested to prepare a plan for an attack upon the English possessions in India.

It might be mentioned here that an East India Company was formed in the days of Louis XIV. but, towards the close of his reign, this Company was destroyed. It was revived during the early days of Louis XV., but it was unable to make any headway against the advance of the British East India Company. The failure of the French Company was said to be chiefly due to the mismanagement and flagrant dishonesty of its chief officials.

An expedition was fitted out and Lally was invested with the supreme command, but, curiously enough, we find the French Minister, D'Argenson, raising his voice against this appointment. "I am," says D'Argenson, in a memorandum to the King, "I am better acquainted than you are with the worth of M. de Lally, and, moreover, he is my friend; but he should be left with us in Europe. He is on fire with activity. He makes no compromise with respect to discipline, has a profound horror of anything that is not straightforward, is impatient with delay, is silent upon nothing that he knows, and expresses himself in no uncertain terms. All those qualities are excellent amongst us, but what is the prospect of it for you among your factories in Asia? At the first sign of negligent conduct that is likely to clash with the interests of his royal master, M. de Lally will thunder forth, if he does not resort to rougher measures. This will cause his operations to fail in order to be avenged upon him. Pondicherry will have civil war within its gates and a foreign foe outside its walls. I am fully convinced of the excellence of the plans submitted by my friend, but I believe that some other person should be charged with their execution."

Notwithstanding this grave warning, Lally was ordered to India, but trouble soon arose. First, a third of the money allocated for the expedition was stopped, and then more than a third of the troops were withdrawn. This proceeding was warmly resented by the impetuous Irishman, and he was about to resign his command when a solemn assurance was given by the French authorities that the remainder of the money and troops would be sent when he arrived in India.

(Continued on page 20.)

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DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

A Glimpse of an Average Day in an Office at G.H.Q.

I.

9 a.m. From the portals of his sanctum the "Boss" beamed benevolently upon the excited group which glamoured round the Time Book that spring morning and appended their names methodically. The "Boss" had a weird vision: a most unusual pair of eyes. One seemed to be glued upon the group—the other quivered in consonance with the ticking of the seconds.

It was 9 hours 4 minutes. The last member of the group signed and took his seat. The eagle eyes of the "Boss" wandered for a twinkling over the room and surveyed each individual of that staff whose repute has reached all over this world, and other worlds which do not require to be enumerated here.

One seat was vacant. One member of the staff had dared to break the Golden Rule of that Utopian office. It was —. The "Boss" stepped over to the book and had just begun to draw the "Red Line" when the door was suddenly thrown open, and a bewildered individual made his appearance.



The Strenuous Life.

"Late," yelled the "Boss." "The line is drawn."

"Ah, sir; ah, sir, don-n't, I mean—eh—I couldn't help it. I won't do it again. I had a nightmare, last night, and I slept it out. I thought I was in 'Tir-na-nOg,' sir. I saw all the staff here dressed up in queer rig-outs—kilts, and the like, sir. I saw the Commandant here, sir, and—and, he was sending an Orderly—I mean a kern—for a car—I mean a chariot. I saw you there, too, sir, and —"

The staff screamed.

"Silence! Get on with the work," thundered the G.S.O. (1). (According to Barrack Orders the late one forfeited two days' pay.)

* * * * *

Silence reigned supreme for a moment. Then a "Royal" and an "Underwood," in delightful harmony, interrupted; the rapturous cadences of both uplifting and carrying that soulful audience away—away from the agony of alphabetical lists, and G.R.O.'s, to a land of social equality and no duties for staff or anybody.

Buoyant and skittish, the G.S.O. (2) obtruded that glorious lyric, "The Minstrel Boy has his stripes up now. In a G.R.O. you'll find him." A bundle of Record Cards was hurled through the air and landed with terrific force. The song of the type-

writers ceased. A groan came from the desk of the G.S.O. (2). The sonorous grumbling of the "Boss" in his private office alone triumphed.

II.

12.15 p.m. Business was brisk in Staff Duties. Typewriters clicked. Telephones buzzed. Voices rapped out stern commands, as the queue of Orderlies quickly deposited their heaps of files, and more hurriedly departed. Business was indeed brisk, with a double-barrelled capital "B."

The G.S.O. (2) ran the fingers of his right hand skilfully through his golden locks, as if to bring to birth the thought so vital to the solution of the problem which lay before him in a file. That such an all-important matter of State, bristling with a plethora of knotty side issues of policy, should be thrust upon him, he appreciated, but in such an infernal bedlam, in such a "d—d den," how could he afford it the attention which it so urgently demanded?

Near the window a mysterious rustle caused the staff, already bewildered with work, to turn round in surprise. Their surprise and wonder increased when a weird-looking creature extricated itself from a mass of records. A clammy hand pushed back the hair which completely covered the face, and lo! the wonder was dispelled. It was Jimmy Mac—otherwise "Terry."

Typewriters again clicked. The brains of the G.S.O. (2) once more concentrated on the formidable task. Come what might, he would solve it.

"I say, Terry," he cried, "have you a Record there for —?"

A partially inaudible remark about the record of "Blind Aunts" was the only response he got. The sudden entrance of the "Boss" from his sanctum sanctorum saved trouble.

"Ring for a car, Commandant. You Captain, tackle the alphabetical list at once. Sergeants X and Y will assist. G.R.O. 29 should be out any moment—give Stationery a buzz up."

He was gone in a flash. The G.S.O. (2) closed the file with a bang, and made for the 'phone. Terry, with a face as long as a week's rain, ambles slowly across the room.

"The Typists typed with turned-in-toes, And muttered 'Gazette' and 'G.R.O.'s.'"

III.

4 p.m. The big noise from "Corpses and Carcasses," known to all and sundry as "Corps and Services," sat on the window ridge regarding the "Boss." A placid smile lit his countenance. A fag dangled dangerously between his lips. He was obviously in good humour.

"What's the good thing for the day, Sean?" he drawled.

"Oh! Don't bother me! I'm busy."

"All right, I won't disturb you, but listen. Talking about winners. A heard a posh yarn to-day in the Mess. Joe V., I think it was, told it. 'A guest was having lunch one day in a restaurant and called the waiter. "Waiter," said he, "why has this lobster a claw missing?"' "You see, sir," said the waiter, "the lobsters we get here are so fresh they fight with each other in the pantry." "Well take this one away," replied the guest, "and bring me one of the winners." Smells like the Mess over the way. What?"

The "Boss" did not even smile. He reached his hand back and gracefully traced a suitable grave on the map of the Army plot in Glasnevin. That was quantum.

2.15 a.m. The staff was still at work.

OFFICERS OF THE



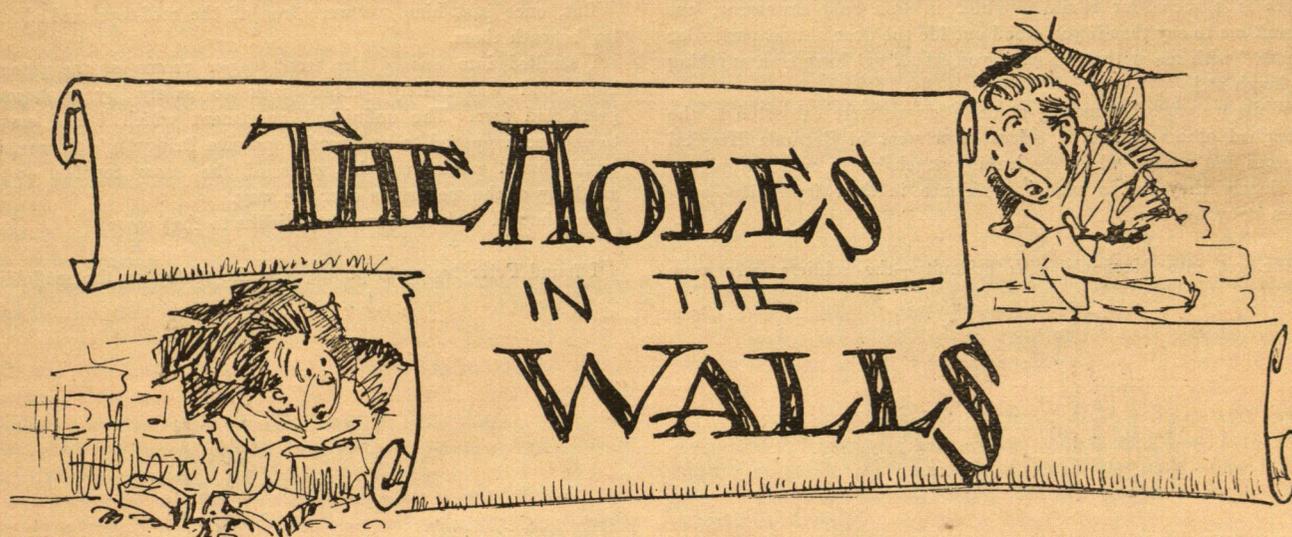
KATHLONE COMMAND.



“THE PIPES ARE CALLING.”



As Frank Leah's sketch shows, different kinds of pipes make their appeal to the Officers and N.C.O.'s of the Athlone Command.



A Dublin crowd is always willing to take a big chance for a free show. Which is sufficient explanation of the avid-eyed multitude in Parnell Street on that summer evening last year.

Weary, watery, western sunbeams were doing their best to give a hope of a glorious resurrection to the tenement dwellers who formed the bulk of the crowd which mustered from the head of Moore Street towards Capel Street.

They clustered the footpaths, straggled across the road and hung out of the windows, mouths agape, tongues a-wagging. From Moore Lane, of historic memory, up to the Parnell Monument the street was empty, save for green-coated soldiers hugging a few doorways.

Now and again a soldier ran across the top of the street towards the western corner of Parnell Square. Every man who did so was fired at by the snipers on the roof of Bridgman's Corner, on the other side of O'Connell Street, since known as the Dead Man's Corner.

The soldiers, to a man, always stopped in their tracks and fired back at the distant roof-top. One lad, in his dart across the street, stumbled and fell. Immediately picking himself up he loosed off at the snipers on the slates. The crowd laughed.

To gauge the psychology of that crowd one required a new version of the Einstein theory.

Ping!

There was a spray of plaster from the corner of an upper tenement window as a bullet struck it. The occupants of the window hurriedly withdrew their heads. The crowd in the street below surged to the scene and gaped upwards. They had got rather bored of seeing soldiers shot at; this was a new stunt. One imagined them half-heartedly hoping that some of their own clan had been hit—not seriously wounded they hoped, but just enough to be interesting.

In their enthusiastic curiosity they strayed into the line of fire from Bridgman's Corner, and the troops decided to "warn them off." A soldier sauntered down the street until he was out of the angle of fire from that hostile post, dropped on one knee in the centre of the road and fired over the heads of the people. But, to the uninitiated, it looked as if he was firing at them, and the proletariat scurried for shelter—that is to say, the majority of them did. A large minority persisted in the street despite subsequent warning shots, and, when the soldier gave up the job in despair, the rest of the mob flowed out again. And they were even further up the street towards the danger zone than they had been before.

Incorrigible Dubliners! The only thing they are afraid of is missing a tram—when, in 999 cases out of a thousand the tram after the next would suit them just as well.

I told you that they laughed at the soldier who stumbled while he was crossing the danger zone. They had another hearty laugh while I was with them. (Oh, yes; I was one of the bunch. What could you expect?)

From some place just opposite the Rotunda Hospital a gentleman in his shirt sleeves suddenly made his appearance. The soldiers were busy elsewhere for the moment, so he got his chance of one crowded hour.

We cheered him—that is to say, the mob with which I was foregathering at the moment cheered him. Why—Heaven knows!

He turned when the plaudits reached him, and appeared to address a few remarks to us. To judge by his gestures, it was a fine hectic speech, but he was in the danger zone and we were in the area of comparative safety, and the eloquence did not carry the distance. It may have been the "Ave Caesar" stunt—and it may not. Considering the thing calmly, I think it was not.

At any rate, this gallant adventurer in the shirt sleeves, having issued his valedictory, tossed contemptuously towards us by gesture, rollicked towards O'Connell Street—and turned the corner out of our sight.

What happened to him?

I do not know. But I am willing to bet that he perambulated down O'Connell Street, across which, at the moment, the bullets were playing "cats' cradle," without being scratched.

That sort of thing always happens to that sort of man.

And now we come to the holes in the walls—and elsewhere. You, dear reader, lured to impatience by the title of this jolly old article, are, of course, under the impression that we should have arrived at them long ago. But think of the time I was held up in Parnell Street! And, after all, it was I who shivered, not you.

We went up that street, Peter and the undersigned, in the company of a sergeant and a handful of hefty privates. At that time we (the civilian persons) did not know that "the other gentlemen" had been driven from the corner Bank and were only able to snipe at us from Bridgman's Corner, and we shivered in our civilian souls at the thought of battle, murder and sudden death, involving us—at least, I did.

We went into Mooney's Parnell Street house. (Yes, I know.)

there is a scope for ribald laughter in this bald statement, but permit me to say that if you stood outside the door of that particular "pub" with me at that moment, you would not have seen anything to laugh at.)

While we were hammering at the door we were subjected to the intrigued observation of a select assortment of Rotunda Hospital doctors and nurses, who were leaning nonchalantly out of windows. Obviously they had a placid confidence in their immunity—even from stray bullets.

* * * * *

We got into Mooney's with difficulty—the soldiers were very

But, once past him, we were free of the roof-tops and all that lay beneath them.

I strolled into one of the front upper rooms of the potential bank—and was swiftly jerked back to safety by a muscular green-clad arm. The unfinished apartment which I had essayed to explore happened to be directly opposite Bridgman's Corner, and lavish bullet marks on the walls of the room testified to the assiduity of the marksmen over the way.

Somehow, I took an immediate dislike to that room.

* * * * *

I found Peter trying to photograph the sentry on the scaffolding,



Our artist demonstrates that it is easier to make holes in a wall with a drawing pen than a crowbar. As a matter of fact, there was only one hole to an occasional room, but I suppose he thought he would give us good measure.

particular as to whom they admitted. And when we were once inside we had to wait until the word came for us to go farther.

The word came at last, and Peter and I set out to climb the spiral staircase (which you may see to this day as proof of my words).

Somewhere about the twelfth bend we encountered the first hole in the wall. It was one of the most difficult to negotiate (we hadn't learned the knack at that time, you will understand).

Having scrouged through, Peter and I found ourselves at the back of the second storey of a building that was a-building. It is now the handsome premises of the Provincial Bank.

Here we found a sentry under the open air amidst chunks of scaffolding. He took particular cognisance of our bona fides before he let us go farther.

and having collected him and his apparatus (Peter, that is), we pushed on, as it were.

Following military instructions, we proceeded, stern first (as they say in the Coastal Defence Crush), through another hole in a wall and down a ladder into a cigarette factory. Then through another hole in a wall which was the most unpromising we had struck yet. You lay on your waistcoat and went through feet first into a gloomy place which seemed to be a sort of a hall. One had to hang on by one's hands to the edge of the hole and drop cautiously. With luck you landed on an iron bedstead about eight feet below. I had no luck, and got a scraped shin.

With a view of doing as little damage as possible, the soldiers had made all the holes on the small side. This was particularly true of the slim young soldiers, but it presented difficulties to persons of girth.

Peter and I "jammed" a couple of times, and had to be pushed and pulled through the undersized apertures by the lads in the Jackets Green. I think they had to get a crowbar to prise Peter loose on one occasion, but as my head was in another room at the time, I will not swear to it.

But there was worse in store for Peter. He is ginger-aley enough to be the Worshipful High Shriek of the Rock of Horeb Tent of the Ancient Order of Rechabites. That is to say, he is one of the worthiest followers of Father Mathew that you could imagine. So you can appreciate his sentiments when a cheery giant in uniform, having pulled him through one of the holes in the walls, remarked, conversationally:—

"I'll take me oath that's not the sort of Hole in the Wall you're used to, ould son."

* * * *

It was a curious experience going down O'Connell Street in that manner. You saw the street itself occasionally from hazardous windows. It was empty in the sunlight. The striped mattresses with which the opposition had fortified the windows of the Gresham Hotel glared colourfully like collapsed awnings.

At one opened top-storey window I found a soldier with a Lewis gun sweatfully potting at the windows over the way. He had the lower sash raised, and was lying on the bare floor of an unfurnished room.

So was I. When I found myself, as happened on occasion, in the line of fire from across the street, I always remembered in time that it would be a terrible loss to the country if any haystack marksman scored a bull's eye with me as it.

But there was very little shooting at times. I think the ammunition was nearly exhausted on the other side of the street. And, so far as our lads were concerned, they were not firing unless they saw something to fire at.

Sunlight, and sundry shots across the wide, empty street.

* * * *

If you have not got a plan of the buildings that you are operating in, there is a certain drawback in making these holes in the walls. You may frequently back a loser in the shape of a chimney.

There was a hefty young soldier of about six feet three who wielded a crowbar as Matt the Thrasher wielded a flail. He had taken off his tunic to the job, and he attacked those walls with grim determination.

And I was standing by him on three occasions when he broke into a chimney instead of into the premises next door.

I don't think he knew how to swear, to judge by the way he took the triple disappointment, but I deputised for him, and he seemed relieved.

* * * *

We ploughed our way into the Catholic Commercial Club eventually. And a few of our lads, making an exploration of the premises, suddenly found themselves, by the wind-slammung of a door, locked out into the lane at the back, with a bunch of armed men potting at them from the back door of the Y.M.C.A. They managed to get away into Parnell Street with two casualties—one man in the leg, I think, and one in the wrist. I am certain about the wrist, because I made an attempt to dress it and found I had forgotten all the old ambulance wheezes, including the Figure-of-Eight bandage.

* * * *

You would be surprised to know how expert Peter and I became at climbing through holes in the walls. After a while we got so that we used to go through them without thinking, as it were. Only an occasional rip reminded us of the fact all was vanity.

Nowhere did we find a sign of life until we came to the

Workshops for the Blind. Here the Superintendent and his wife and family had shepherded the sightless into the back portion of the premises and done their best to assuage the fears that had come to them from the noise of the guns.

I saw the blind men summoned for their tea. They came trooping out of inner rooms and, for the most part, marched with uncanny precision to places at the tables, where the hunks of dry bread and tea awaited them. (It had been impossible to renew the stock of butter, or margarine, owing to the profusion of bullets frisking about O'Connell Street, and the bread had been achieved by a miracle of daring.)

I spoke to a youngish man, whom I took to be a sort of Assistant Superintendent, about the amazing manner in which the blind men went unhesitatingly to their places at the tables.

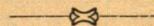
"It is all a matter of custom," said he. "You probably noticed one or two who seemed a bit uncertain?"

"Yes," said I.

"They do not live here," said he. "Some of them were caught here when the fighting started, and others came back here, being unable to get home. The men who live here have every inch of ground scheduled in their mind, but the strangers are at a disadvantage."

"It is a terrible thing to be deprived of sight," said I. "You and I cannot properly appreciate the hard lot of these poor chaps."

"Well," he remarked, "I think I ought to know something about it, seeing that I have been blind since I was ten years old."



THE VETERANS' BALLAD.

Veterans all, men of the old I.R.A.—

We who plan for to-morrow while we do the work to-day;
Careless of danger or toil are we,
Glory, ambition or pay.

Hard was our school; stern was the lesson it taught:—

"Care, lest in winning the battle you lose that for which it was fought."

We have learnt our lesson by rote,
We seek as we always sought—

Tone, Emmet, Pearse, Barry, and "Mick" our pride,
Kindled and nursed the living fires that in our hearts abide;
We cannot hope for rest a while,
Or 'twas in vain they died.

Work for to-day; plan for the day in store,
Bearing the taunts of our brothers as Sassenach taunts of yore,
Saorstát or Poblact to us are one,
For Eire to us is more.

Eire our land! You shall have once again
The splendour of ancient Greece and Rome, the pride of olden Spain—

Freedom as wide as the New World boasts
Shall shatter the tyrant's chain.

Regal amidst the Nations, glorying to meet their glance,
You shall be fair as Italy; gallant and gay as France;
Yea! should you covet the foeman's might
We'll win it for you perchance!

More than all this we seek and sought—ne'er shall our trust betray
We who to-morrow plan though we do the work to-day,
We—Veterans all—
Men of the old I.R.A.

A. L.

SCÉAL ÓGLAIG.

LAEHANTA GEALA.

(Continued from No. 2.)

Nuair a bhíos sa "dara scoil" de scoilena na mBráhar agus me ag dul ar aghaidh maíh go leor leis an "dara leabhar," duairt garsún éigin liom, lá, gur troideadh dhá chah idir na hEreannaig agus na Lochlannaig, agus gur bhuaidh na hEreannaig i geah díov agus gur trascaradh na Lochlannaig sa chah ele. Dfág san an scéal còhrom eatorra, dar liom. Lá ele, agus me ag siúl suas cosán na canáile i bhfochair fir a bhí ina lóistéir againn, cad a chífinn ar dhroichead i bhfad amach uainn ach an marc-shlua agus claidhte, mar mheasas, ar tarrac acu fé sholus na gréne. "Saighdiuiri Ereannacha iad san, an ea?" arsa mise. "Sea," arsan fear, agus do léim mo chroí le háhas láihreach mar do cheapas go raibh Ere saor—mar cé go rabhas, an uair sin, ag foghlúim stair na hEreann as leabhar beag uaine na mBráhar, ar chuma éigin ní raibh fhios agam conus a bhí an scéal ag Ere, ce'ca saor no daor a bhí si. Se an leabhar beag san do mhúscaíl grá dErinn i gceart ionam cé nár thuigeas a leah. Ní túisce léinn blúire dhe ná mar a théinn ag triall ar mo mháhair, agus ar gach éne d'éistfadh liom, chun cah agus bua agus feall d'innsint dóiv agus me ar buile le háhas no le brón. Uair éigin sa bhliain 1898 do chuala ana-chaint ar siúl ag garsún ele sa scoil i dtaov "Nócha hocht" agus cahana agus píci. Is dócha ná rabhas ag ésteacht go ro-aireach leis mar isé rud do thuigeas uaidh ná go raibh cah mór le troid an bhliain sin féin, ach do thuigeas an scéal maíh go leor nuair a chonac na slóte fear agus na bratacha áille anáirde acu agus iad ag siúl le ceol máirseála na mbannai go léir. Tháinig mórail an domhain orm agus d'fan cuimhne an radhairc sin ar feadh i bhfad agam. Tamall maíh ina dhiaig sin, nuair a bhíos ábalta go maíh ar an mBéarla do leumh, duart liom féin go léifinn leabhar an tSúil-leabhánaig, "Scéal na hEreann." Do thosnaíos air i lár an tsamhraidh, le linn na leahanta saoire, thuas sa phárlús agus an ghrian ag tairneamh isteach orm. Do chorraig an scéal go mór me agus uaireanta do chuireadh se ar dearg-bhuile me. Nuair a thánag godi an áit úd ina n-innstar conus mar a dhin na Gaill na hEreannaig bochta do dhíol ina ndaoiraiv chun veh ag sclábhaoct sna Barbadoes tháinig racht feirge orm a dhall me cho mór san gur aimsíos an tlu agus gur phreabas am' sheasamh chun na Gall do bhuala!

Bhí ana-dhúil sa léihóireacht agam ach ní raibh aon chara dhom do thúrfadh leabhair árd-letriocta dhom agus ní raibh i leabharlainn na scoile puinn d'aon tsaghas leabhar lasmuich den tsaghas a tugtar do garsúin i Sasana is i Merice. Do léinn gach énní i bhfuirm scéil no eachtra dá bhfaghainn sna pápéir nuachta agus gachaon drabhaíol a bhíodh i bpápéir chinn seachtaine o Shasana. Bhí ana-dhúil agam i scéalta mar gheall ar "Páid Ereannach" godi gur mhúin uncaíl dom a mhalaírt dom, fear a bhí ina sháirsint, tráih, i bpóilneacht na tuaha, beannacht Dé len'anam! Bhí tigh tabhairne aige i sráid bheag i gCo. Longhpúirt, tigh fada cinn tui ná raibh ann ach tri no ceahair de thigini ina line agus dóirse déanta sna fallai a bhí idir gach dhá cheann acu. Thugas seachtain ann, seachtain aoinnis. Théinn godi an portach gach lá ar an trucaillin agus le linn m'uncail a veh ag túirt aire don asal bhinnse ag innsint na scéal do i dtaov "Handy Andy," etc. Ach duairt se liom, lá, nár cheart dom aon tsuim do chur i rámeis den tsort san, ná raibh ann ach maga féin Ereannach. Chuaidh a theagosc i bhfeidhm go daingean orm agus roinnt blian ina dhiaig sin, cúpla bliain tréis fágaint na scoile dhom, nuair a thug driháir dom leabhar abhaile leis ón scoil agus chonac go raibh "Páid Ereannach" éigin ina sheirviseach do Shasana sa scéal a bhí ann, do chromas ar veh ag cáine an leabhair agus na mBráhar in ésteacht m'ahar agus duairt sesean rud éigin a chuir ar buile me. Do lasas le feirg láihreach. Bhíos ar crih o bhonn go bahas le fraoch agus bhí faobhar ar mo ghuh nuair a thugas Dia go solamanta leis go raghadh an leabhar san isteach sa tine dá bhfecinn arís e. Ní fheaca arís e, mar do cuireadh i bhfolach orm e.

IRISHMEN OF ACTION

(Continued from page 12.)

Lally arrived in India in the month of April, 1758, and at once set about restoring order in the French Colony. His first act was to lay siege to the Fort of St. David, which he captured in less than one month. Then he returned to Pondicherry, where bitter disappointment awaited him. Here he found the finances so low that it was plainly evident that no forces could be maintained for any length of time. For months Lally conducted a campaign against the forces of mismanagement and corruption, but found himself hampered on every side. At last he determined on one last throw of the dice. He mustered his entire force and marched against Madras in the hope of inflicting a crushing blow to English rule in the East. A determined stand was made by the latter at Fort St. George, which, curiously enough, was under the command of an Irish officer in the English service, named Laurence. Here the arrival of the English Fleet caused Lally to raise the siege and retire to Pondicherry, which was invested shortly afterwards by the English under Coote.

The story of the siege of Pondicherry is one of the greatest episodes in the history of India. The French force under Lally were reduced to a state of starvation, but with indomitable courage they refused to surrender. At last, after a period of close on nine months, the heroic defence came to an end, and Lally was taken prisoner. Being released on parole, Lally hurried to Paris in order to defend himself against the stories that had been circulated by his enemies. He was soon enmeshed in a web of intrigue and finally was arrested and confined in the Bastille. After spending more than three years in that prison, he was brought to trial before the French Parliament, and was sentenced to death. The execution was duly carried out, and, says Voltaire: "A murder was committed with the Sword of Justice." In the year 1778, Louis XVI. by public proclamation cancelled the decree of attainder pronounced by his predecessor against the family of the great soldier, and Lally's son was enabled to enter upon the patrimony of his illustrious father.

(No. III.—Meagher of the Sword.)

X.

B'aoivinn liom an tseachtain sin a chaitheas ar an dtuah—mar an gcéad uair riamh, agus ar theacht abhaile dhom do ghuilinn gachaon uair a chuimhninn ar an mbóhar fada bán godi an portach, ar an ngarrdha beag dea-shaohraih ina mbaininn na prátaí, ar an srúhán beag ceolmhar, ar na páircena glasa, ar an áit ina mbainimís na hula beaga agus na cnóna. Bhíos sa Ghrád Ullmhúcháin an uair sin, ag cur i geóir chun dul féin Scrídu Idirmheínach agus bhí orainn roinnt bheag Gaelge d'foghlaím. Thagadh na deora féin shúil gachaon uair a léinn "tá bó óg ag an tobar" no "tá fód móna ag Art," mar do chuimhninn ar an tobar gleoite úd sa tsráidin tuaha agus ar an bhfalla geal aldaitte a bhí ina thimpall, ar an bportach, ar an dtine bhreá mhóna agus an corcán tri-chosach ar crocha os a cionn, agus na fir ina sui ar na bairilli, ag ól agus ag díospóireacht agus ag déanamh grinn.

Coda a hAon agus a Do de Cheachta Simpli I Ghrámha, leabhar gramadaí an Dra. Seoighe agus "Scéalai Gaelach" an Chraoivín Aoivinn," siníad na leabhair a bhí againn sa bhúin Gaelge. I bPáras na Fraince a clóbhuaileadh leabhar an Chraoivín agus, ní nárbh iongna, isiad na letreacha "Rómhánacha" a bhí ann. Mar sin bhí an dá shaghas letreacha agam o thosach agus ba gheaird go rabhas ina dtaihi araon, rud a chuirean iongna orm anois nuair a chloisim gearáin mar gheall ar a dheacracht atá sé an Ghaelig a scribhtar sna letreacha "Rómhánacha" a thuisgint. Bfada go rabhas i dtaihi na letreacha "Gaelacha" do scriobh—ní bheadh an scéal leah cho hólé agam mara mbeadh na heirbaill bheaga Ghallda a bhíodh orainn a chur leo chun iad a chur le chéle. Is greannúir na fuaimena Gaelge a múinti dhúinn: "ouns an oyt" aderinis nuair a léimis "anns an áit."

GAELIC ATHLETIC PASTIMES. THE SEASON'S PROGRAMME.

By "OSCAR."

The Scheme of Organisation of Gaelic Pastimes in the National Army published in our last number is a comprehensive one. Its preparation does great credit to its promoters; no branch of healthy outdoor and indoor native activity is neglected, and the programme commends itself to followers of every branch. The Chief of Staff's declaration at the Athletic Conference, on March 31st, is worthy of frequent repetition:—"The Army should be the backbone of the Irish-Ireland movement, and should contribute of its stock to make Ireland a truly Gaelic State." Here is the incentive and ideal—"Make Ireland a truly Gaelic State."

It is not difficult to visualise the enthusiasm which will be roused in military and civilian circles when the Army competitions are in full swing.

Friendly rivalries between companies, battalions, and commands, and frequent meetings on the playing fields will develop a spirit of camaraderie, and create a sense of National pride in our Army, which are very desirable ends worth working hard to attain.

But it will be hard work at first, and so that the Scheme of Organisation reach its full accomplishment it will be necessary to appoint at least one whole-time officer to organise the different areas and arrange the hours, dates and venues of the many competitions. I think this time (and money if needs be) would be well expended, for intensive organisation is necessary. The Army scheme has the hearty support of all Gaels, and every assistance will be given from the G.A.A. proper. But it is from within the really hard work must come if the games are to prosper, and if the Army will take its proper place in the athletic life of the Nation.

I would lay particular stress here on the invaluable assistance the Army programme will give to Gaelic games. At the moment hurling is all right, and will always be the National game par excellence, but deplorable indiscipline has frequently crept into Gaelic football, and is rife at the moment—as instance the recent game between two leading metropolitan clubs, O'Tooles and Kick-hams. Army discipline and strict Army referees will cut out all this untoward horseplay. I do not propose to convert Gaelic football into a degenerate parlour game for effeminate. No such thing! Gaelic football needs some alterations of governing laws, but it will always be a brave game for vigorous men. Yet dangerous play must be cut out. Charging a man when he has delivered the ball, and is more or less unprotected, must not be tolerated. In the series of brilliant games at Tipperary, Cork and Dublin, between Kerry, Kildare and Louth, there was no dangerous play. The game was, as played then, a magnificent one. Every player played the ball. There were strenuous but scrupulously fair tests of strength and virility—grand fielding, passing and swinging movements which had the spectators on their toes right through the hour. This is what we must have again, and the Army can re-create this grand sporting spirit. I would advise utmost care in selection of referees. Referees in civilian circles at the moment are, with few exceptions, totally inefficient; and they lack that commanding individuality necessary to control men in the heat of a stirring encounter. The appointment of a group of capable referees must form an early part of the Army programme. Playing Gaelic football and hurling as they should be played, the Army competitions will have a healthy tonic and moral effect outside its influence.

The Irish Nation has always been distinguished in field events—jumps and weights—Kiely, O'Connor, Leahy, Newburn, Ryan, Walsh, Flanagan, Horgan, Mangan, Real, O'Grady, and scores of others were world record breakers. No reason why we cannot reproduce their performances in the near future! Good coaches in weights and jumps are necessary, for much depends on style. No doubt such coaches will be secured, as in other armies. Weights demand big physique, but the average-sized man, with his native Celtic "spring," can readily develop into a fine jumper. I hope to write some hints on jumping in next issue.

The Italian "Official Gazette" publishes a decree providing for the establishment of a Royal Air Corps comprising all the Air Forces of the Italian kingdom and the Colonies.

ATHLETICS IN THE ARMY

(Continued from page 9.)

DUBLIN BATTALION, WORKS CORPS CONVENTION.

The Convention of the Dublin Battalion of the Works Corps was held in Beggars' Bush Barracks on Sunday, 15th April, 1923, the Rev. T. J. O'Callaghan, C.F., presiding, the following also being present:—Capt. Liam O'Briain, representing Col. J. Dunne; Lieut. Murphy, representing H.Q. Staff; Dr. McIntyre, representing Medical Services; Sergt. Behan, representing Garrison Company; Sergt. McGuckin, representing "A" Company Works Corps; Sergt. Florence, representing "B" Company Works Corps; Vol. P. O'Connell, representing "C" Company Works Corps; Lieut. J. Prendergast, representing "D" Company Works Corps.

The Organisation Scheme of the new Association having been gone into, the following recommendations were made to the Battalion Committee about to be elected:—

- (a) That Special Selection Committees be appointed by Battalion Committee to select Battalion teams.
- (b) That registration of players be made by Company Clubs to Battalion Committee, to Corps or Command Committee and to Central Executive.
- (c) The question of membership fees to be dealt with by Battalion Committee.

Nominations for Committee were received and elections resulted as follows:—President, Rev. T. J. O'Callaghan; Vice-President, Capt. Liam O'Briain; Hon. Secretary, Lieut. J. Prendergast; Hon. Treasurer, Dr. McIntyre; H.Q. Staff, Lieut. J. Murphy; Garrison Company, Sgt.-Major Lawler; "A" Company Works Corps, Capt. Liam Berry; "B" Company Works Corps, Sergt. Florence; "C" Company Works Corps, Vol. P. O'Connell.

Representatives from "D" Company, "E" Company, "F" Company, Barrack Q.M., Command Q.M., and Transport Department to be appointed to Battalion Committee by their respective Company or Staff Committees.

Lieut. J. Murphy was appointed to represent the Dublin Battalion at Works Corps Convention, to be held at Beggars' Bush Barracks on Sunday, 22nd April.

The appointing of delegates to attend Special Convention of Independent Services to be held at Portobello Barracks on Saturday, 21st April, was left over to the Battalion Committee, as also was discussion on matters to be considered at Special Services Convention.

The first meeting of newly elected Command Committee took place on Tuesday, 17th April.

HOW SOLDIER GENIUS THINKS.

During Marshal Foch's tour of America he was presented, at Richmond, Virginia, with a specially prepared map showing the operations of Confederates and Federals in the seven days' fighting around that city. He was standing in the old fort overlooking the Chickahominy when he spread out the map. At one glance he refreshed his memory of the campaign. It had been years, he explained, since he had studied it. Then, in less than a dozen questions and comments, he amazed the bystanders with his intimate knowledge of the detailed movements of Lee and McClellan in all that week of fighting.

His concluding remark showed the concentration and clarity of his thought. Lee, he said, could never have accomplished what he did in the battle but for the fact that the trees and underbrush were green, with their full foliage upon them. "He had a screen," said the Marshal, "to mask his troop movements. It couldn't have been done at this time of the year."

Nobody in the group of prominent Virginians surrounding him had ever thought of that vital detail.

TRAINING FOR SMALL POSTS.

First Article—General Principles.

1. Even in the most hardworked post it is possible to carry out a systematic scheme of training. On a day on which no operation is carried out, it is possible to allot at least two hours to training. A period of three hours is desirable.

Every man, except those actually employed on sentry duty, and the cooks, should parade for training.

2. It is also possible by means of short (half-hour) lectures to convey much instruction to the men, and it should be possible to arrange a routine of two lectures per week. A blackboard can be improvised and used to illustrate. On wet days, lectures can be alternated with training which is possible to be carried out indoors, or half the men can be at a lecture and half at indoor training.

3. It is to be impressed on all Officers commanding Battalions and Companies that it is essential that as much time as possible should be devoted to training. The Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers must prepare their lectures carefully and keep their notes in a note-book for inspection and further reference.

4. The G.O.C. may allot a definite time to carrying out a portion of the training outlined in this Memo. He should circulate schedules so prepared in time to allow Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers to prepare the necessary notes.

5. The importance of utilising every spare moment for training must be impressed on all ranks. The aims to be kept in view are:—

- (a) To attain a high standard in smartness of bearing, deportment, and general cleanliness.
- (b) To cultivate a soldierly spirit and consequently to improve discipline and to arouse "esprit de corps."
- (c) To rouse the soldier's intelligence and to train him in quick thinking and prompt action, and to encourage him to take an intelligent interest in his profession.
- (d) To train him to use his arms effectively.

6. Command Headquarters will arrange to frequently test the progress in the training of each post and the Inspecting Officer will record his opinion in the Battalion or Company Log Books. Command Headquarters should arrange that Instructor Specialists visit various posts in turn and arrange to put training on a sound basis. Much can be done to improve the appearance and general smartness of the men by a critical daily inspection of personal cleanliness, equipment and clothing. Officers must also carefully inspect the billets. The Officer in charge of a post must make the inspection a matter of routine.

7. The daily routine of training should include Physical Training and Games (keeping in view the cultivation of mental alertness as much as physical fitness)—Close Order and Arms Drill to improve discipline and general smartness—and Musketry. Extended Order Drill and attack practice should also receive attention.

SPITTING.

This is not only a nasty, but may be a dangerous habit.

The germs of consumption are contained in what is expectorated, which dries and floats about in the air. It is specially liable to injure those whose relatives have suffered from consumption.

If you have a chronic cough, do not spit on the floors of corridors, rooms, or even stables.

VOTES FOR SOLDIERS.

Make sure that YOU get one of the 50,000 Forms and fill it in.

Every soldier of Ireland has a Vote and should see that he exercises it. Our leading article on page 2 explains his duty in this matter to himself and the State. It should be carefully studied.

50,000 forms of claim to vote are being distributed amongst the officers and men of the Army.

In every case the soldier will require to make application to his Officer Commanding for one of these forms, fill in the necessary particulars, and return the form without undue delay to the O/C for transmission to Records.

If you are not clear as to how the form should be filled in an N.C.O. or the Officer in charge of your Command will assist you. Do not hesitate to ask for enlightenment in this matter; it will be furnished to you as your right.

If you fail to return your claim form in due course *you lose your vote*. In all cases Claim Forms must reach the Records Office, G.H.Q., *not later than the 5th May*.

On arrival at Records Office the Forms will be sorted and sent to the Registration Officer concerned, who will check them against the lists already supplied by the O/C Records and register the names on the Absent Voters lists.

See that you get the Form and fill it correctly and despatch it early.

See that your comrades do the same.

Make sure that every soldier exercises his right as a citizen to vote at the forthcoming elections.

THE ARMY OF THE GAEL.

To the Editor, "An t-Oglach."

A Chara,

At last a much-needed requirement has been supplied the Army by the formation of the Army Athletic Association. If we are to have Eire as we would wish her, then we must revive our Gaelic Culture, and we cannot do that by persisting in playing foreign games and indulging in foreign pastimes generally.

One of the most essential things the new association could have done was to have stopped the playing of Soccer and Rugby football. But let us be consistent. Why have Tennis and Golf? Why have Jazz and Ragtime dancing at nearly all our Army gatherings? Why play Gaelic football in the afternoon, and be found in foreign dance classes at night? In short, let us go the whole hog or none.

Might I suggest the formation of Social Committees for the revival of Irish Dancing which, so far as the Army is concerned, is almost non-existent.

Whilst we boast of being the servants of the people, we leave our own factories idle and purchase the foreign-made cigarette. There is nothing to prevent the formation of a branch of the Irish Products League in each Battalion. G.H.Q., I am sure, would only be too willing to allow officers and men display the familiar "E" badge in their tunics.

Is there anything being done to further the National Language in the Army? Why not an Army Gaelic League?

You see, Mr. Editor, there are a lot of things requiring to be fixed.

Is mise le meas mor,

TOM SCULLY, Lieut.,
B. Coy., 16th Infantry Battalion, Dublin.

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OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.

When in Doubt write to "An t-Oglach."

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.

Readers should write on one side of the paper only. It is possible that some slight delay may occur in answering certain queries owing to the necessity for making inquiries, but all questions will be answered in the earliest possible issue.

GAELIC CLASSES IN BARRACKS.

Sean Ui Bruhadh, Honorary Secretary to the Committee of the Irish Language Class about to be formed in Beggars' Bush Barracks, writes with reference to the Irish Class at Baldonnel, mentioned in the article on the Air Force in the first number of our new series, asking if the hour devoted to the study of the language at that camp is part of the soldiers' working day.

At Baldonnel, the Language Class ranks as a parade, and anyone not attending has to do fatigue. But we are informed that all the soldiers there are remarkably keen on the study of the language, and thoroughly enjoy the classes. They are reported to be making rapid headway in the study.

PASSPORT TO COLOGNE.

Sergeant S. L. B., Kildare.—Apply to the Passport Branch, Ministry of Home Affairs, 6 Hume Street, Dublin.

CLAIM REJECTED.

Vol. M. M. (Curragh Camp).—We are informed that your claim was rejected on the 20th March, and that the claimant was notified accordingly on 22nd March.

APPLICATION FORM.

Vol. T. G. (Kerry).—An application form was despatched to you on the 3rd instant.

UNDER INVESTIGATION.

"The Dawning of the Day."—This claim is at present being investigated.

ON DISCHARGE.

A soldier, when discharged, is entitled only to what money is due to him for pay. There is no gratuity. See answer under heading, "Railway Facilities."

POLICEMAN'S PAY.

"Old Timer."—You are not entitled to the £3 15s. rate, being classified as a Camp Policeman only. Defence Order No. 4, dated 13/11/'23, gives sanction for two shillings extra from that date.

"Policeman."—The answer is in the negative.

"Anxious."—Apply to O.C.

PAYMENT OF PAINTERS.

Corporal F. L. (Beggars' Bush).—Two shillings per day is the proper grade for painters.

RATION ALLOWANCE.

"Rasher."—(1) Ration allowance must have the personal sanction of the Q.M.G. (2) Grade pay must be applied for through your O.C.

COOKS.

William Devine and Others.—Proficiency rates do not apply to cooks.

BACK PAY.

Private B. (Kanturk).—Apply to Chief Pay Office for Claim Form. Claim must be verified by the O.C. under whom you served during the period.

"Veritas."—Unless your O.C. certifies, the Pay Officer has no means of verifying your claim.

"Engineer."—Your O.C. must certify.

REGIMENTAL BARBERS.

Private W. R. (Curragh Camp).—The answer to both your questions is in the negative.

CLERICAL STAFFS' REMUNERATION.

"Sairsint."—The appointment must be certified by the O.C. and sent to the G.O.C. Dublin Command for ratification.

"Company Clerk."—Apply to O.C. Company.

BATTALION SERGEANT-MAJOR.

"Sean."—You are not entitled to more pay.

SIGNALLERS.

(1) Not entitled to extra pay. (2) Matter being looked into.

ARMOURD CAR GUNNERS.

"Dublin Liz."—You are not entitled to the sum you mention.

OUTDOOR ALLOWANCE.

Private J. F.—All outdoor allowance has been stopped by instruction of the Q.M.G.

"CLERK INSPECTOR."

"Paddy."—This is a matter for your O.C. We are not aware of the existence of any such position as "Clerk Inspector." If your O.C. cannot give satisfaction, you should communicate with D.Q.M.G., i/c Works, Beggars' Bush Barracks, Dublin.

REGIMENTAL DRESS.

"Puzzled." (Waterford Area).—The whole question of dress is at present being dealt with, and regulations embracing all ranks will be issued in the course of the next fortnight. They will receive prominence in "An t-Oglach."

SEEKING A COMMISSION.

A. A. F.—As you are already serving, the only way to reach a commission is by promotion.

LENGTH OF SERVICE.

Ofaly No. 1.—Your service in the Army should properly count from the date of enlistment. You should have been attested then. You will suffer no disability in the matter of National Health and Unemployment Insurance as the result of your Army service.

A BUTCHER'S APPLICATION.

M. S. (Galway).—The question of pay, hours, and work are all governed by Army Regulations, and the rank you hold. You will need to make application to your O.C. in the first instance to get a transfer to the Army centre you name.

UNDER ARREST.

Sergt. J. J. M. (Curragh).—We cannot deal with a matter sub judice.

A QUESTION OF LEAVE.

Vol. P. J. C. (Galway).—On re-attesting you can apply to your O.C. for leave. The usual procedure is to allow a period of 14 days' leave to a soldier on re-attestation.

SOLDIERS AND GENERAL ELECTION.

"Keystone."—This whole question is dealt with in this issue of our paper. It is one in which every soldier must interest himself.

EMPLOYMENT IN CIVIL FORCES.

P. W. and W. F.—Apply to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. P. W. might also apply to the Superintendent, Oriel House.

Q.M.'S DRESS.

"Quarter."—No, Company Q.M.'s are not entitled to proficiency pay. The walking-out dress of a Company Q.M. and Company Sergt.-Major is breeches with leggings and tunic with belt, but without shoulder straps. Regulations, however, will be issued to all ranks in the course of the next fortnight on the matter of dress.

PERIOD OF SERVICE.

"E. 6th."—One's service in the Army is not determined by election periods. The matter you raise can only be settled by formal application to your O.C. for discharge, when your attestation can then be gone into.

TRANSFER TO WORKS CORPS.

"Justice."—The application for transfer must be accompanied by a recommendation from your O.C. You should make a further application through your O.C. in the matter.

AIR FORCE.

"Apprentice-Mechanic," Athenry.—Apply by post to the Officer Commanding, Air Force, Baldonnel Aerodrome, Co. Dublin.

A LIEUTENANT'S QUERIES.

"Sportsman."—The particular duty on which you are engaged will determine the question of leave. If you have been gazetted, you should receive a form from the Quartermaster-General's Department, on which you should give a return of the uniforms, kit and other equipment issued to you. The matter will then be dealt with. We are now dealing very fully with sport. Yes, we are always open to accept photographs of especial interest to the Army as a whole.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions to "An t-Oglach" are invited—especially news items.

Contributors must write on one side of the paper only.

Every effort will be made to return unaccepted contributions where a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed.



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SAOLUINN DO'N ARM.

GAELIC.

Cá bfuil do dhearbhádaire Liam anois?
 Tá sé thuairt i nDún na nGall.
 Bí mé éar i gCorkaig an mí úo.
 Tá sé ar fáil éall as an ngeata
 éoil.
 Tá cailín eile aise éiar i nGalúin.
 Tá na fir as oimleáil ar an scéar-
 nóis.
 Táim as toul tseartha go dtí na rtoir.
 Agus sé an oíche i reomra an fáil.
 Cas o'imeig air? An iomarca tise.
 An breaca tú an captaen in aon áit?
 Creioim go bfuil sé 'ra diaólann.
 Níl bíor ann. Ní maib sé ann ó
 maoin.
 Ar éarthaig tú reomra na ngnáé
 gnó.
 Corruig oir! Tá do éomplaé ar an
 scéarthaig anois.
 Cá bfuil oirig an éinn caéa anro?
 Tá sé 'ra bloc úo éall.
 Cas a beir ar riubal i halla na lúé
 élar anóé?
 Beir cuim éeoil asur maí rin.
 An bfuair tú do éuro aigio fó?
 Tá mé as toul go dtí oirig an fáil
 anois.
 Breaca tú seán in aon áit?
 Tá sé as imiré cluicé liaéróio láime.
 Cas é an éomplaé ghl. 'na bfuil sé?

PHONETIC PRONUNCIATION.

Kaw will dug grihaar Leeuma nish?
 Thaw shay hooig in noon nung owl.
 Vee may hass ig gurkig a mee oodh.
 Thaw shay err gaurdha howl ig ing-
 attha hirr.
 Thaw kolleen nella ge heeurr ung olliv.
 Thawd nuff firra drill awl erra gar
 nogue.
 Thawima dull trossna good dee nuss
 store.
 Hug shain neehar showmran ghaurdha.
 Kodh dimhig err? a numurka dee.
 Voeka thoon Kopthain in nain naut?
 Kreddim go will shay suv veelunn-
 Neel. Vees oin. Nee ruv shay oin
 oh woddin.
 Err koordhig thoo showmra nung ung
 aw gun oh.
 Kurrig urth! Thaw duck Koumplukth
 erra gar nogue.
 Kaw will iffiga hyeen kohun su.
 Thaw shay suv vluck oodh howl.
 Koddha veg err shoolla holla null loo
 hil lassa nuckth.
 Beg kirim hyle gguss mor shin.
 Voor thoo duck kud arrigid foess?
 Thaw may a dull good dee iffiguva
 faw nish.
 Voeka thoo Shawn in nain naut?
 Thaw shay ginimirt kliha leer hoed law.
 Koddh dain Koumplukth etc. nuv
 will shay?

ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

Where is your brother Bill now?
 He is up (north) in Donegal.
 I was below (South) in Cork that month
 He is on guard beyond at the East
 gate.
 He has another girl (West) in Galway.
 The men are drilling on the square.
 I'm going across to the stores.
 He spent the night in the guard room.
 What happened him? Too much beer.
 Did you see the Captain anywhere?
 I believe he is in the Mess.
 No. I was there. He was not there
 since morning.
 Did you try the orderly room?
 Hurry up! Your Company is on the
 square now.
 Where is the Commandant's office
 here?
 'Tis in that block over there.
 What will be on in the gymnasium
 to-night?
 There will be a concert and so on.
 Did you get your money yet?
 I'm going to the pay office now.
 Did you see Seán anywhere?
 He's playing a game of handball.
 What Company etc. is he in?

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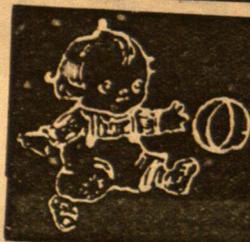
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