

Vol. IV. No. 14.

April 17th, 1926.

TWOPENCE.

BEFORE DECIDING UPON  
**FURNITURE**  
**CARPETS**  
**PIANOS**

It will be to your advantage to visit our  
 Warerooms.

We have always on view an immense  
 selection of New and Second-hand Fur-  
 nishings. Purchasers can rely upon  
 every article sold by us to be of the  
 make and quality exactly as represented.

We are Sole Importers of the Celebrated  
 MÜLLNER High-grade German Piano.

*Special Terms to members of the  
 Government Forces.*

Phone 155.

**Lawlor Briscoe & Co., Ltd.,**

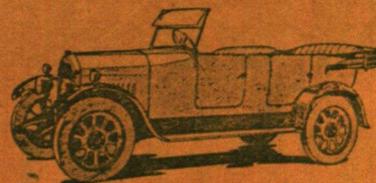
M.I.A.A.

(C. MARTIN A. M. KENNEY)

*Auctioneers, Furnishers, etc.*

**34 & 35 Lower Ormond Quay, Dublin**

**Humber**  
 CARS



9/20 h.p. Light Touring Car  
 Price £260 Ex-Works

*Authorised Dealers :*

**JOHN O'NEILL, LTD.**

25 ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN, N.

DUBLIN

ANY MAKE OF CAR SUPPLIED

Phone : 61547.

Telegrams : "LUCANIA."

COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES



Oglaigh  
 na hÉireann  
 DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

# KENNEDY'S BREAD

FINEST QUALITY MADE.

**BAKERIES:**

124 to 130 Parnell St., & St. Patrick's Bakery,  
**DUBLIN.**

# Ireland

# Leyland

The Leyland Lorry  
is the world's  
masterpiece for  
efficiency in  
Transport  
by Road.

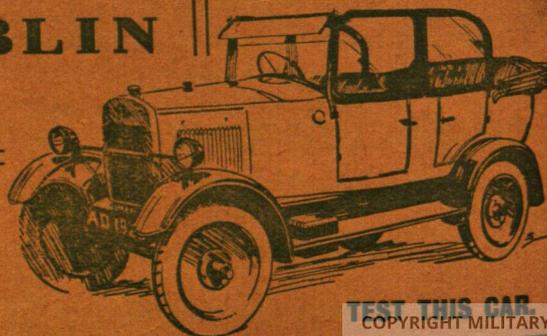
AGENTS:—

**Ashenhurst  
Williams & Co. Ltd.**  
TALBOT PLACE  
STORE STREET  
**DUBLIN**

THE

# Trojan

Ten H.P. Three Door  
Four Seater from £160  
gives forty miles to every  
gallon. It is roomy and  
reliable. It is entirely  
foolproof.



TEST THIS CAR.  
COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES



Óglaigh  
na hÉireann  
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

# An t-Ógláic

Vol. IV. No. 14

APRIL 17, 1926

Price TWOPENCE.



The Course of True Love Never Runs Smooth.

# AN T-ÓGLÁC

APRIL 17, 1926.

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

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

## CÓMHRÁD AS AN EASARCIÓN.

### SUCCESS.

WHEN we started the new weekly edition of the Army Journal we felt sure that the Army would rally to its support in ever increasing numbers. Our confidence was in no way misplaced. The order for the first issue was almost double that of the old issue, and that initial success has gone on steadily from issue to issue—increasing every week. We have now reached a figure of which the Army may feel justly proud.

\* \* \*

We fully realise that this measure of success has to an overwhelming extent been due to the keen personal interest in the welfare of the Journal which the Commanding Officers throughout the Army have taken from the commencement. We readily acknowledge the invaluable help which they, together with our contributors have rendered us from the beginning.

\* \* \*

This success encourages us to plan still further improvements in the Journal and to go—all out—for a really enormous circulation. We hope in the very near future to considerably increase the size of the Journal and to add a greater diversity to the contents. For quite a long time now, valuable contributions had to be scrapped owing to lack of space; but this difficulty,

with the help of all those who have the interest of the Army Journal at heart, we hope shortly to be able to overcome.

\* \* \*

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the success of the new weekly edition has been the welcome which it has received from the civilian populace. We have no hesitation in saying that at present "An tOglach" enjoys a far bigger circulation amongst the purely civilian populace than any Journal of its kind in the world. In fact the ratio of increase in circulation is greater amongst the civilian populace than within the Army. The popularity of the present issue amongst our civilian friends was strikingly brought home to us quite recently. A business man came up to consult us about a proposition. The reason he gave for approaching us was that "An tOglach" is now on everyone's lips!

\* \* \*

We are out now, frankly, to achieve a stunning circulation for the Journal both inside the Army and out of it. We can do it, if we only buckle down to it and put our backs into it. To that end we shall publish the Units which can boast the greatest circulation within its ambit. Now boys, what Unit is going to head the roll of honour?

## TRAINING COURSES.

### Text Books Recommended.

We learned that the following Training Courses have been arranged, and will commence on the dates shown:—

12th April, 1926: Course of Instruction for Junior Officers. Air Cadets Course. Officers and N.C.O.'s Musketry Course. Physical Training Course. Non-Commissioned Officers' Course.

26th April, 1926: Special Grenade Courses.

Early in May there will be Command Courses for N.C.O.'s arranged within each Command.

Courses of training in Riding and Signalling, and a special course of instruction in Intelligence duties are in preparation.

It will be seen from the above synopsis that efficiency is the only watchword for the Defence Forces.

To assist Officers and others who are listed for these Training Courses, the following text-books are recommended for study:—

Infantry Drill: Defence Forces (Drill) Regulations.

Musketry: Defence Forces (Musketry) Regulations.

Tactics: Defence Forces (Tactical Drill) Regulations.

The above Regulations are in the press and will be issued shortly. In connection with Musketry, the British "Small Arms Training, 1924," will be found a useful aid; whilst "Science of Infantry Tactics Simplified," by Capt. H. Liddell Hart, will be found to be invaluable.

Map Reading: "Manual of Map Reading and Field Sketching, 1922," British official publication.

Law: Defence Forces Temporary Provisions Act, with Amendments and Regulations.

Physical Training: "British Manual of Physical Training."

Bayonet Fighting: "British Small Arms Training" (British official publication).

### AERIAL FLASHLIGHT PHOTOS.

Interesting and successful tests in night aerial photography have been made by the United States Air Service. Recently Flight-Lieutenant Goddard succeeded in making photographs of Rochester, New York, at night, with an ordinary aerial camera and flashlight bombs.

The military value of night photography is clear, when the comparative safety of aircraft from attack at night is considered. The photographs were taken from a height of 3,000 feet with an exposure of 1/20 seconds. The flashlight bombs were arranged accurately for this exposure, so that there was no visible light which might give away the position of the aircraft during the operation. The human eye is so constructed that it cannot take in a light faster than 1/6 seconds, hence the apparent invisibility of the light flashes from the bombs.

These experiments mean that in future wars, movements of guns and troops at night will be visible to opposing generals by means of aerial photographs. Also they mean that in future it will be possible to ascertain accurately the effect of night bombing raids at the actual time of the raids.

COL. C. F. RUSSELL.

COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES



Oglagh  
na hEireann  
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

# OCCUPATION OF RINGSEND AREA IN 1916.

By GEORGE A. LYONS.

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

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

## Lack of Communications.

Returning on Wednesday evening to Headquarters from an outpost in Grand Canal Street Lieut. Fitzgerald and I reported that Clanwilliam House was on fire and we suggested that some move be made to conduct our lads out of the place. No credence, however, was attached to our report, but as darkness set in the flames of Clanwilliam House illuminated the sky and general anxiety was expressed for the defenders. No news came to Headquarters of a definite nature, and it was not until after our ultimate deportation and residence in an English Jail that the fate of our companions in the outlying posts came to be known. This was rather characteristic of the operations in our area. Small parties sent out to outlying posts were not relieved in their occupation, nor were they able to communicate with Headquarters or to receive any instructions therefrom. Personal initiative and individual discretion were the main reliance rather than organisation.

## False Rumours.

After occupying a small cottage in Grand Canal Street we decided to abandon it as being useless and a waste of time, especially as we learned that we were cut off from Headquarters, which was reported to have abandoned Boland's and the Railway and to have taken to the mountains. These rumours, of course, we found to be false when we got back to the base and found Headquarters still operating there. We reported the useless character of our outpost and asked for leave to take Smylie's Schoolhouse, opposite our deserted post, as likely to command a better vantage over Mount Street. Our suggestion was immediately condemned as likely to produce a sectarian influence over the campaign.

The British were now known to have outflanked us by marching through Baggot Street and approaching our position via Kildare Street and Lincoln Place. Here the route was open to them and they had the protection of the troops in Trinity College when they reached Lincoln Place.

## Night Time in the Trenches.

A night attack was expected upon our position and we were all placed in the trenches with a front to Westland Row and a front to Lansdowne Road. De Valera passed along the lines exhorting the men to remain steady in their positions to receive bayonet charges. He gave thrilling pictures of how we were going to have a glorious victory or a still more glorious death.

I have said we were "in" the trenches, but to be more correct I should say we were behind them. The trenches were left empty and were fronted by small embankments—we lay prone some few yards behind. It was anticipated that the British would mount the banks and look for us in the trenches just as we had time to empty our guns into them. But the attack never came off. Night after night we had lain behind these trenches waiting to be bayoneted, yet these gory anticipations could not keep the men awake. Worn out by the fatigues of the day they snored a welcome to their foes, whom personally I never expected to make a night attack judging by what I had seen of them by day.

## Red Dawn.

Thursday dawned and the red glow in South East was out rivalled by the still redder glow in North West, where the fires of O'Connell Street gave forth their ominous signals. The day brought new terrors and anxieties; we had lost all touch with General Headquarters in the city and all our own outposts had fallen.

The British net was closing in, and snipers and sharpshooters were in all positions around us. A frontal attack on Westland Row was being formed in Lincoln Place and we hourly awaited the conflict. An early morning courier got through to Jacob's, where MacDonagh was wearying of the tedium of sniping and he found some men who joyfully volunteered to effect a diversion in our favour.

## A Sortie from Jacob's.

About 14 cyclists found their way towards Merrion Street and lying prone on the pavement attacked the British with a few volleys just as some of our

men were harassing them from the Loop line bridge that spans Westland Row.

Consternation and dismay set in among the enemy. They calculated that the "Hill Tribes" were up and had marched in from the mountains. They redispersed themselves to face the changed situation and repel the new attackers. MacDonagh's men, however, retired discreetly and would have returned safely to their base but that one of their number, more eager than the rest, returned to the field "to have another round" and was unfortunately knocked over.

## Did MacDonagh Save De Valera?

The diversion created by MacDonagh's men probably saved our situation and may have largely influenced the course of after events in Ireland.

The British henceforth dug trenches in the streets and took elaborate precautions to protect their rear. These operations delayed their plans against our position and it so happened that we never came to conclusions with them, but surrendered only as a matter of discipline to Pearse's general order and not as a matter of military necessity. Had we surrendered earlier De Valera and perhaps some of our other officers might have been executed. But the delay brought Asquith and a change of policy to Ireland. I must, however, resist the temptation towards digression and return to the incidents that were happening at our Headquarters.

## Scenes at Headquarters.

There was a rather sudden collapse of the rosy rumours of succour and aid that had buoyed up the spirits of the fanciful and credulous amongst us during the early days of the week. The grim reality of our position was settling upon the hearts of even our most persistent optimists.

The last we heard of the 30,000 Germans was that they had appeared upon the Naas Road, and those of us who were familiar with the chimerical traditions of that venerable highway knew what value to place upon stories connected with its name.

Poor Joe MacDermott, however, refused to be cast down, and drank deeply from the well that was not truth and

passed the goblet along the line with comforting persuasiveness.

### Oriel House.

De Valera was becoming anxious about the large, high buildings immediately surrounding our position. Oriel House, at the corner of Westland Row, was originally included in our plans for occupation, but shortage of men was our pressing handicap and this important point of vantage had to be left open.

Over and over again De Valera could be heard muttering to himself, "Oriel House, Oriel House, oh, if we only had Oriel House."

Over and over again he picked a body of Volunteers to go and man this monstrous building, and over and over again he countermanded the expedition as being too hazardous.

"Can we spare a few men here, can we spare a few men there?"

Alas! we had but a few men all told and they were all wanted at the base to make the final stand. Had we manned Oriel House we would have dominated the British Manœuvres in Merrion Street and Lincoln Place, and a battle equal to, if not surpassing, Mount Street Bridge would have been added to the history of Easter Week.

### Our Position Shelled.

De Valera decided to withdraw our men from the Distillery building which immediately governed our Headquarters. A tall, majestic and most sturdy structure of stone and iron, it offered a most tempting stronghold for the enemy if he had the stomach to come and capture it. Little more would have been heard of us at Boland's or the Railway line if this event took place, as our position was completely open to anyone occupying the Distillery. De Valera resolved to invite its destruction by shell fire. He sent two boys in quest of an Irish flag.

### The Irish Flag.

He was most careful to stipulate that the flag would be a green one with a yellow harp on it. With miraculous promptitude the flag was procured. Volunteers ascended the lofty building even to the topmost tower which soars upwards from the very centre of the mighty pile. Amidst a hail of rifle and machine-gun fire the flag was firmly fixed and the Volunteers descended. Soon came the enemy salute—Bang! Bang! A shell knocked rudely at the tower.

"Hurrah! a rotten shot," roared De Valera.

Bang! Bang! Bang-Bang! Bang-Bang! came the shells, scattering masonry around in all directions, whilst De Valera ran up and down the lines cheering and roaring with evident delight. Our men generally did not join in the cheering, however. They were rather curious to watch the effect of the shell-firing, which they never before experienced. Moreover, the enemy marksmanship was not to be scoffed at. The shells hit the tower of the Distillery every time and a racket and din was kept up by the explosion and falling

masonry. They were small shells, however, but they practically had demolished the tower and yet the flag still remained in the breeze though the staff was no longer perpendicular.

The enemy soon abandoned this rather futile expenditure of ammunition and the flag kept flying for the rest of the conflict, and even after the surrender, when it was bravely rescued from possible enemy insult by two mechanics from the gas works named, respectively, Carr and Darby, whom I introduced to Mrs. De Valera on my return from exile and on which occasion the gallant custodians of the flag presented it to the lady, who received it on behalf of her husband, who was at that time still in jail.

### Shell-Shock.

When the enemy had ceased shelling the Distillery I was rather amazed at finding two young Volunteers (Jackson and Bracken, I believe) emerging from the old building looking very much shaken and confused.

Jackson came running over to me crying out, "You must relieve us" and "Send someone else in there—we can't stick it."

Of course I endeavoured to explain to him that the occupation of the Distillery was a mistake after the flag was fixed upon it. The young chap simply could not hear me.

"You must send someone else there—we can't stick it," he kept repeating. In a short time, however, he regained his normal control and lived to take part in many thrilling incidents that week and during years that followed.

The enemy next attacked Boland's Mills and sent a few shells through it without, however, inflicting serious damage.

Night closed down upon us, but not with darkness as in the early week. The glare of the city fires illuminated our battlefield with the red eyes of war. Here and there some lumbering objects were caught up by the furtive side-long glances, whilst at other places the shadows deepened and lengthened with fantastic intensity. Anon we heard the booming of shells, the ominous knock-knock-knock of the pom-pom guns; the fierce rattle of machine-guns; the dull thud of the hand-grenade, and the bitter crack of the sniper's rifle. War's mad medley was around us and we were waiting—waiting and watching for the knock-knock-knock to come to our own doors, for the tide to rise and burst through our barricades and for the storm to break upon our heads. Then for the wild, fierce shouting and stabbing and slaying and—for the long silence.

De Valera was up and down the lines with restless feverish anxiety. As on the previous nights he carried a long double-barrelled shot-gun which he had found in a first class railway carriage, and which he kept supplied with our American buckshot. Alert and lynx-eyed he was quick to spot a moving object in the sombre streets and bang went his buckshot. He seemed to bear a charmed existence and to scent an

enemy bullet before it had time to whistle for him.

Travelling by rail indeed, but between the trains, I was following him up on some occasions and I was forced to marvel at his alertness. "Halt," he sharply cried as he passed an opening between two carriages, whiz! came a bullet over the couplings—just too late to get him and just too soon to get me. How he knew it was coming I could not even guess. He was most insistent upon keeping himself and us all "on the go." Many appeals were made to him to conserve his energy and take rest. "If I could only trust the men to stay at their posts and keep a sharp look-out," he would reply.

He was very emphatic in instructing the sentries to fire and fire to kill if an approaching figure failed to halt and give the countersign when challenged.

### Sentries Too Ready to Shoot.

The sentries all too scrupulously obeyed the instructions of the Commandant and inflicted a few casualties amongst our own officers on Thursday night, amongst whom was Lieut. (later Captain) Sean O'Keefe, who was badly wounded and ultimately conveyed to an outside hospital, and we were so much the poorer for the loss of this energetic officer.

### De Valera Nearly a Victim.

De Valera was nearly shot himself that night at the Dispensary door, where he failed to give the correct countersign, confusing it with the password of the night before.

For some time I was doing outpost duty myself on the crest of Macken Street railway bridge. I observed a figure approaching cautiously from the direction of Lansdowne Road. Before it came within hailing distance it halted apparently surprised to see me on guard at this point. The figure crouched and lay prone, then crawling under a railway carriage it began to approach my position from the other side of the train. I cried "Halt."

The figure halted.

"Who's there?"

"A friend."

"Advance, friend, to the opening and give the countersign," I commanded.

The figure advanced to an opening between two carriages but spoke not a word.

"Countersign," I cried sharply. There was still silence; all the while I kept the figure covered with my rifle. "For the third and last time give the countersign," I chanted with a monkish grimness which I calculated would give my nightstalker some notion of a funeral service.

"I forget the countersign," came back the answer with a tone of callous resignation. The Dublin accent was broad enough to be reassuring.

"Consider yourself shot, my friend," I said, "and go back and report yourself to your captain."

He pleaded to be allowed to go forward, as he had a most important despatch to carry to Lieut. Quinn, but I was adamant in refusing him, as I

knew there were other outposts he would have had to pass and he might not have fared with them so well. It is not always that discipline can be sacrificed for discretion, though we know of rare cases where it has been fortunately so.

#### Ordered to Sleep.

Soon after the incident I have just related De Valera approached my position and I halted him for the counter-sign. He had it for me all right, and on recognising me he complained of my going day and night without a rest, a remark I was about to apply to himself. I, however, assured him that I was on a comparatively easy job just then and felt it in the nature of a rest.

"It won't do," he said. "I must order you to the base for a sleep—go, I will have another man to hold this post."

I thanked him for his consideration and marched towards the base with dim notions of facing a courtmartial from my O.C., Captain Mahon. I found that officer, however, lying like so much dead meat across a box in a sleep of utter exhaustion. Other officers and men I beheld in similar condition, few even availing of the comparative comfort afforded by the multitude of flour sacks in the Bakery Stores. It seemed as if they had just tottered in from scenes of excitement to be overcome by the aspect of quietness and fall like so many princes in the Palace of Slumber.

It was not given to me, however, to join the sleepy throng, for I was seized by Captain Simon Donnelly and sent to supplement the guard at the Macken Street gate immediately outside the base. Donnelly had secured De Valera himself in suitable sleeping quarters and countermanded his orders for the night by withdrawing the men from the trenches along the line and arranging what was for many of them their first sleep that week. Donnelly did not share De Valera's fears of a night attack from the enemy and in this he was supported by most of the other staff officers. It had been noticed that the officers had been regarding De Valera with some anxiety owing to his restlessness, and that they were inclined to look more and more to the imperturbable Donnelly for guidance and advice.

It began to be rumoured that the strain was telling severely upon De Valera and that he might not again appear in the field. This would have meant disaster for the command, for although Donnelly was highly appraised by his fellow-officers, he was not so well known among the men. He had a short, surly manner which it was hard to take to and he lacked the commanding figure, the romantic name, and the rather bizarre personality of the Commandant. De Valera was viewed as a man suddenly and providentially sent us for the occasion, different from the rest of us, knowing something of the schemes of the "inner circle," of the "men higher up" and likely to do something that nobody else could possibly think of. If anything had hap-

pened to him the rank and file would probably have lost confidence and dispersed.

De Valera certainly knew every inch of the area under his command with mathematical accuracy. He knew to a nicety the altitude of any buildings one could mention to him, the positions it governed and the possibilities it afforded for successful occupation. He may have appeared weak on the point of organising faculty and to lack a sense of control over his own spirits, but it must be considered that he was a lone figure in a position of intense responsibility. His Vice-Commandant had failed to turn out; the next senior officer, an ex-British and Boer War veteran, had deserted early in the week, and there were other defections of rank. There was really no one of importance on his staff and he felt that he had to attend to everything himself. It was characteristic of De Valera to attempt the impossible and he made no reduction in the scale of his operations notwithstanding the fact that less than one-fifth of the men allotted to his command had responded to the mobilisation order. He might have sat down in Boland's and waited to be dug out of it, but that was not his way.

#### The Last Watch.

On taking up my post near Headquarters at the Macken Street gate (then called Great Clarence Street) I found myself for the first time since the opening of the campaign in actual co-operation with my old schoolmate and life companion, Peadar Macken. We had marched out together to the point of mobilisation, but had been placed on different duties from that day. To-night I felt we were to finish it out together. The most gloomy foreboding had given place to the cheerful rumours of the early week, and the lack of sleep was beginning to show itself upon the men. One man, whose name for obvious reasons I withhold, was in a truculent mood and kept talking incessantly. Although his eye was abnormally bright I adjudged he was in need of sleep and recommended him to retire to the base and rest. The suggestion seemed to rouse his ire and Macken repeatedly reprimanded him for talking. As we were expecting a surprise attack on the gate, which by-the-way was not fortified, silence was regarded as necessary at this vital point. Observing my exhausted condition, Macken had more than once requested me to retire for a rest, but as I had some misgiving that death was in the air I expressed a desire to be with him to the end. Ultimately, however, Macken obtained an express order for me to retire to sleeping quarters. This was his last act—an act of kindness to me. I retired to sleep, but did not sleep long. I heard voices, as if in my dreams, coupling Macken's name with death.

#### Death of Peadar Macken.

I cast off death's counterfeit to look upon death itself. I rose and found my way to the outer gate again and there in

the darkness lay the mortal remains of Peadar Macken, shot through the heart by one of his own men—that same man who refused sleep and who had run amok and ultimately got shot himself by a sentry whom he attacked.

A man's private grief must not obtrude itself upon an historical narrative. Even in my most private thoughts I have avoided dwelling upon the loss of my friend as I would avoid gazing over the edge of some dreadful cliff. I will not dwell on the death of Macken here. I have given the details because there had been so many misconceptions as to how Peadar Macken met his death, because one of our men who was not near the spot, but who also lost his wits that night, had carried the delusion for many a day that he had shot poor Macken and accused himself before so many that the story gained some ground. I have given the details because Macken was a well-known figure in Dublin, an ex-Alderman, a pioneer in the Gaelic League, in the Labour Movement, and in the Volunteers. The street near which he died now bears his name.

(To be continued).

#### SHRAPNEL.

"I am sorry to say it, Henry," said the teacher, "but your composition is not worthy of you. The grammar is faulty, the logic weak, the statements are based upon misinformation, and the style is lamentably crude."

"My word!" Henry replied. "Won't dad be angry when I tell him that?"

"But you can tell him you'll do better next time."

"Do better? Why, dad wrote the whole of it himself!"

\* \* \*

"There's such a thing as overdoing this looking on the bright side business," said Billings. "The other evening I was at Jones's, and Jones—you know how absent-minded he is—put the lighted end of a cigar in his mouth. He jumped three feet, rolled on the floor, and was a little noisy about it. In the middle of it all, Mrs. Jones, smiling sweetly, said: 'How fortunate you were, dear, to discover it so soon!'"

\* \* \*

"I suppose your landlord asks a lot for the rent of this place?"

"A lot! He asks me for it nearly every week."

\* \* \*

The train came to a sudden stop between stations with a tremendous grinding of brakes. Immediately a worried-looking man rushed down the track and demanded the reason of the guard.

"What is it?" he asked. "An accident?"

"Somebody pulled the communication cord," was the reply. "The driver put on the brakes too quickly, and one of the cars went off the rails. We'll be held up about four hours."

"Four hours!" exclaimed the passenger. "But I'm to be married today!"

Instantly the guard turned on him. "Say," he demanded, "you ain't the fellow who pulled the cord, are you?"

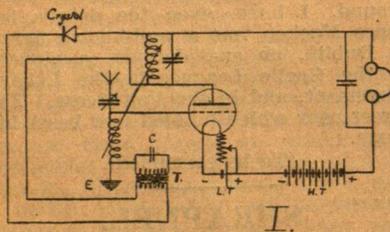
# = WIRELESS NOTES =

CONDUCTED BY  
**Commandant J. SMYTH**  
ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

## THE CRYSTAL VALVE REFLEX CIRCUIT.

Figure I. illustrates a simple type of reflex circuit of which there are many modifications.

*The Crystal—One Valve Reflex Circuit.*



This is a simple one-valve circuit with reaction. The valve, in the first instance, functions as a high frequency amplifier. The amplified high frequency currents in the reaction coil produce resultant high frequency voltages across the crystal circuit. As explained in previous articles, the crystal is a conductor to voltage in one direction, whereas it is an insulator or nearly so to a voltage in the opposite direction. The crystal acts as a rectifier, i.e., it allows current to flow through in one direction only.

As a result of the high frequency impulses of voltage, a series of direct current impulses of current flow through the crystal circuit. These impulses follow one another so rapidly that we may consider them as joined together and forming a continuous current. The value of this current will vary in proportion to the strength of the received oscillations which are modulated or varied in proportion to the variation of the sounds which are being transmitted. Thus in the crystal circuit we have varying current similar to that in

any ordinary telephone circuit. We will term this current "low frequency."

In series with the crystal is a low frequency transformer, "T," which passes on the telephony or low frequency current to the grid circuit of the valve, to be amplified in the ordinary way and reproduced in amplified form in the telephones.

The one valve is called upon to do two different things concurrently. It amplifies the high-frequency modulated carrier wave and reproduces it in the plate circuit still carrying all its characteristics. At the same time it amplifies the low frequency telephony impulses and reproduces them in amplified form in the telephones.

The circuit is almost as simple as the one-valve circuit with reaction. The grid condenser and grid leak necessary in the latter are dispensed with. But we have in the reflex circuit a low frequency transformer and a by-pass condenser, C. The latter is necessary in order to provide a path for the high frequency currents which would be completely stopped by the transformer owing to its high inductance.

The reflex action in this particular type of set gives roughly the equivalent of the addition of about half a valve. A one-valve reflex will be louder than a one-valve ordinary, but not so loud as a two-valver.

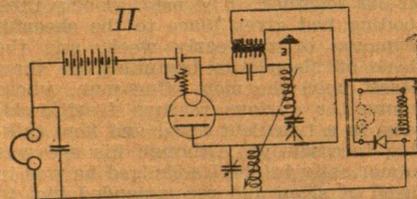


Fig. II. illustrates a one-valve reflex set made up of a one-valve set with reaction, and a crystal set without radically altering the wiring of either.

Take aerial and earth and phones off

crystal set and disconnect it at the point marked X.

The tuning in this set is carried out in the same way as in the case of the simple one-valve set with reaction. Care must be taken to see that the crystal contact is O.K., otherwise you may be oscillating violently without any indication of this disturbance. As a rule, however, there is usually a slight degree of rectification present even if the crystal is not making contact, and carrier waves may be detected in this way. Once a carrier wave is detected, loosen the coupling sufficiently to cease oscillation, then tune in for loudest signals, both as regards crystal adjustment and tuning.

If crystal adjustment is made whilst the set is oscillating, the scratching of the crystal is transmitted to your neighbours as a hoarse scratching and very disagreeable noise.

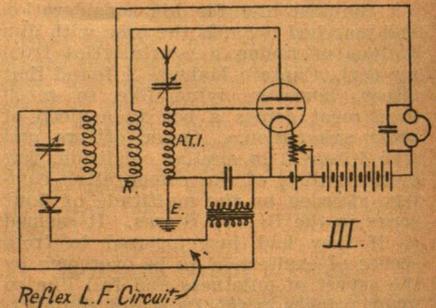


Fig. 3 illustrates a type of reflex circuit which is recommended in preference to the above.

The low frequency crystal circuit is independently tuned, and is coupled to the reaction coil. In order to effect satisfactory variable coupling it is necessary to employ a three-coil holder or improvise a similar arrangement.

### Correction.

In our last issue, on page 13, at end of par. 2, read "charged grid" instead of "charged plate."

(To be continued).

**WIRELESS** TWO BIG BOOKS 4d.  
**ROE McMAHON,**  
11 HARCOURT STREET, DUBLIN.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

"AN t-OGLACh" will be delivered to any address at the following rates payable in advance:

	s.	d.
<b>One Year</b> ... ..	13	0
<b>Six Months</b> ... ..	6	6
<b>Three Months</b> ... ..	3	3

Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to "AN t-OGLACh," and crossed "& Co."

Before Purchasing your **WIRELESS**  
Consult **PAYNE** and **HORNSBY, Ltd.,**

**The Wireless Stores**

— Monument House —

O'CONNELL BRIDGE — DUBLIN

Write for Price List.    ::    ::    Trade Supplied.

Technical Advice from Geo. Hornsby.    Radio Calls 6 I.R. and 6 W.K.

# THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY CAPTAIN J. JOHNSTON.

## GEOGRAPHY.

### Lesson No. 14.

#### EUROPE.

##### 1. General Description.

Europe is one of the smallest of the land masses of the earth—being the western portion of the land lying between the Atlantic and the Pacific. It is almost entirely situated in the temperate zone, and in proportion to its size it maintains a larger population than the other Continents.

It is in a very advantageous position from a commercial point of view; it has a rainfall, generally sufficient for agriculture, and the soil is fertile; it has a long coastline and an abundance of products.

##### 2. Position.

Europe is bounded on the **North** by the Arctic and Atlantic Oceans, on the **West** by the Atlantic Ocean, **South** the Mediterranean and Black Seas, and on the **East** by the Caspian Sea and Ural Mountains.

##### 3. Surface.

The land surface may be split up under three heads, namely:—

(a) the **Great European Plain**, comprising Holland, Northern Germany, Denmark, Sweden and almost all Russia.

(b) the **Mountain Regions** of central and southern Europe, made up of many ranges; and

(c) the **Highlands** of the North West portion of the British Isles and Scandinavia.

##### 4. Coast Line.

Of all the continents Europe has the most broken coastline. It has very many and large inland seas, and these seas have had a big effect in the development of the continent.

5. The following are the chief inlets and seas with their positions—a student having a map of Europe can locate them:—

Inlet or Sea.	Position.
(a) Mediterranean Sea	Separates Europe from Africa.
(b) Baltic Sea	North Europe.
North Sea	East of Great Britain
White Sea	North of Russia.
Skager Rack	North of Denmark.
Cattegat	East of Denmark.
Irish Sea	Between Great Britain and Ireland.
Bay of Biscay	Between France and Spain.
Sea of Marmora	South of Turkey.
Black Sea and Sea of Azov	South of Russia.

(a) The Mediterranean has the following main branches:—Gulf of Lyons, Gulf of Genoa, Tyrrhenian Sea, Gulf of Taranto, Adriatic Sea, and the Gulf of Lepanto.

(b) The main branches of the Baltic Sea are:—Gulf of Bothnia, Gulf of Dantzie, Gulf of Riga and the Gulf of Finland.

6. The following are the principal **Channels and Straits** in Europe and their position:—

Channel or Strait.	Position.
North Channel	North of the Irish Sea.
St. George's Channel	South of the Irish Sea.
English Channel	Between England and France.
Strait of Dover	
Strait of Gibraltar	Connecting the Mediterranean and the Atlantic.
Strait of Messina	Between Italy and Sicily.
Dardanelles	Between Sea of Marmora and Archipelago.
Bosphorus	Between Sea of Marmora and Black Sea.

##### 7. Lakes.

The chief European lake districts lie in the countries adjacent to the Baltic Sea. The lakes of Russia are:—Ladoga, Onega, Peipus and Ilmen. In Sweden:—Lakes Vener, Vetter and Malar.

These lakes lie on the low plateaux of the Central Plain, whereas the lakes of Switzerland and Italy lie in hollows in the Alpine district. The principal Swiss and Italian lakes are Geneva, Lucerne, and Maggiore. The Caspian Sea referred to in paragraph 2 is a great salt lake; however, it is only bordering on Europe.

8. The European coasts are studded with very many small islands and some large groups. In the Atlantic Ocean the chief islands are, Iceland, Faroe, Great Britain, Ireland and the Azores. In the Mediterranean, the Balearic Islands, Corsica, Elba, Malta and Crete. In the Baltic Sea there is a group of Islands at entrance to the Gulf of Bothnia, and another group at the Gulf of Riga. North of Russia, Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, and off Norway, the Loffoden Islands.

In our next Geography lesson the general description of Europe will be concluded. In the following lessons the European countries will be taken in detail, and the Geography of Ireland will be specially dealt with.

## ARITHMETIC.

### Lesson 14.

#### FRACTIONS.

##### 1. Multiplication of Fractions.

(a) To multiply a fraction by a **whole number**—multiply the numerator by the whole number and place the result over the denominator of the fraction.

Example:—Multiply  $\frac{3}{4}$  by 6.  
Solution:—Multiply numerator 3 by 6 = 18.

Place over denominator =  $\frac{18}{4}$   
=  $4\frac{2}{4}$  =  $4\frac{1}{2}$  Answer.

(b) To multiply a **mixed number** by a whole number, multiply the whole number and the fractional part separately and add the products.

Example:— $1\frac{1}{2}$  by 6.

Solution:—whole number multiplied  
 $1 \times 6 = 6$   
fractional part multiplied  $\frac{1}{2} \times 6 = 3$   
=  $4\frac{3}{2}$  =  $4\frac{1}{2}$

Add the products  $6 + 4\frac{1}{2} = 10\frac{1}{2}$  Answer.

(c) To multiply **two or more fractions**, multiply the numerators to obtain the numerator of the product, and the denominators to obtain the denominator of the product.

Example:—Multiply  $\frac{2}{3}$  by  $\frac{4}{5}$

Multiply the numerators  $2 \times 4 = 8$   
Multiply the denominators  $3 \times 5 = 15$   
 $\frac{8}{15}$  Answer.

Further  $\frac{2}{3} \times \frac{3}{4} \times \frac{1}{2}$   
Numerators =  $2 \times 3 \times 1 = 6$   
Denominators =  $3 \times 4 \times 2 = 24$   
 $\frac{6}{24}$  Answer.

##### 2. Division of Fractions.

To divide a fraction by a **whole number** multiply the denominator by the whole number or (where possible) divide the numerator by the whole number.

Example:—Divide  $\frac{6}{3}$  by 3.

Solution:—Multiply denominator 6 by 3 = 18.

Place under numerator =  $\frac{18}{3}$  Answer.

Further example. Divide  $\frac{6}{3}$  by 3.

Multiply denominator 7 by 3 = 21.

Place under numerator =  $\frac{21}{3} = 7$  Answer.

Again. Divide  $\frac{6}{3}$  by 3.

Divide numerator 6 by 3 = 2.

Place over denominator =  $\frac{2}{3}$  Answer.

To divide a number by another number is to ascertain what number the divisor must be multiplied with to produce the dividend.

Thus to divide 24 by 8 we want to know what number 8 must be multiplied with to produce 24.

Also to divide  $\frac{6}{3}$  by  $\frac{1}{2}$  we want to know what we must multiply  $\frac{1}{2}$  by to produce  $\frac{6}{3}$ .

Now:— $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{6}{3} = \frac{6}{6} = 1$ .

Therefore:— $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{6}{3} = 1 \times \frac{6}{3} = \frac{6}{3}$

It can thus be seen that to produce  $\frac{6}{3}$  we must multiply  $\frac{1}{2}$  by  $\frac{6}{3} \times \frac{2}{2}$  or that  $\frac{6}{3} \div \frac{1}{2} = \frac{6}{3} \times \frac{2}{2} = \frac{12}{6} = 2$

From this we may say that the practical rule in dividing one fraction by another is to invert the divisor and multiply.

Example:—Divide  $\frac{6}{3}$  by  $\frac{1}{2}$

=  $\frac{6}{3} \times \frac{2}{2} = \frac{12}{6} = 2$  Answer.

Proving this:—Divisor  $\times$  Quotient = Dividend.

$\frac{1}{2} \times 12 = \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{12}{2} = \frac{12}{6} = 2$  Answer.

#### ARITHMETIC.

##### EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

- Multiply  $\frac{5}{8}$  by 10.
- Multiply  $3\frac{3}{4}$  by 9.
- Find the product of  $\frac{1}{2}$  and  $\frac{7}{8}$
- Divide  $3\frac{1}{2}$  by 7.
- Divide  $\frac{17}{11}$  by 11.
- Add together  $\frac{2}{3}$ ,  $1\frac{1}{4}$ , and  $\frac{3}{4}$  and from their total take  $\frac{1}{2}$ .
- Multiply 2 by  $\frac{3}{4}$  and divide the product by  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

**IT IS TO YOUR INTEREST  
—AND OURS—THAT YOU  
SHOULD SUPPORT OUR  
ADVERTISERS.**



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

#### THIN COFFEE.

The latest arrival at the boarding-house coughed to attract the attention of the severe looking proprietress seated at the head of the table.

"You've only put one piece of sugar in my coffee, Mrs. Snatcher," he complained.

"Oh! indeed! And how do you know?"

"I can see it!"

"Hey!" yelled the farmer who owned the pond, "can't you see that sign: 'No Fishing Here'?"

"Of course I do," said the disgusted fisherman. "And the man that printed that sign knew what he was talkin' about!"

Teacher: "Now, Johnnie, tell us when is the harvest season?"

Johnnie: "From November to March."

Teacher: "Why, Johnnie, I am surprised that you should name such cold, miserable months. Who told you they were the harvest season?"

Johnnie: "Father. He's a plumber."

Man at Door: "I've come from your tailor. He's engaged me to collect the bill you owe him."

Mr. Hardup: "Well, allow me to congratulate you on having secured a permanent position."

"I've just met a fellow who said I looked like you."

"Where is he? I'd like to knock him down!"

"Don't worry, I've already done it!"

Tommy's mother had just married again, and Tommy was rather puzzled.

"Mother," he said, "is this my stepfather?"

"Yes, dear: he's your stepfather."

"Well, mother, you call me your little lad."

"Yes, dear, you are mamma's little lad."

"Then, mother," continued Tommy. "I suppose I must be my stepfather's little step-ladder."

He: "Did you get that kiss I threw to you from the terrace?"

She: "I'm afraid I was too far away for it to reach me."

Claud: "Have you the right time on you?"

Clarice (after a boring evening): "I'm afraid I haven't."

"I think it is about time I was going home?"

"Oh, I think it must be later than that."

Mr. Taylor was seeing his wife off at the station for her Easter holiday.

"I'll come and join you in a few days," he said. "But hadn't you better take some fiction to read regularly down there, till I come."

"Oh, don't worry about that," replied Mrs. Taylor sweetly. "You see you'll be sending me letters regularly, won't you?"

Mr. Weston: "You are always accusing me of wasting money. When did I ever make a useless purchase?"

Mrs. Weston: "Why, there's that fire extinguisher you bought a year ago. We've never used it once."

Visitor: "Does your daughter play the piano, Mr. Benson?"

Benson: "Yes, she plays excellently."

Visitor: "How splendid. I love music. When it's played well it fairly carries me away."

Benson: "Molly, hurry up and play one of your pieces!"

The dear old lady from the country went up to the taxi-cab driver and told him to drive her to Rathfarnham.

The driver got down from his seat, started the engine with a half-turn of the crank, and set off.

Up a hill the engine suddenly slacked off and then stopped dead.

The old lady put her head out of the window.

"Ah, driver, I thought you didn't wind it up enough," she reproved him.

Bhean-a-Tighe: "You're a big, healthy man; why don't you go to work?"

Tramp: "Lady, I'll tell yer my trouble. I'm an unhappy medium."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, yer see, I'm too heavy for light work, an' too light for heavy work."

If you can't laugh now, just smile until you can.

The turning point with many men is when a pretty girl passes.

Bad luck is often merely a polite name for bad judgment.

Some people are so difficult to get on with that even their food doesn't agree with them.

The greatest curiosity in the world is—a girl's.

Everything comes to him who waits—but you must wait in the right place.

A hasty temper is a danger signal on the railway to success.

Those who constantly use big words to convey their meaning, seldom have much meaning to convey.

When a girl singles out a young man it's very unlikely he'll be single much longer.

The most dangerous hole in a man's pocket is the one at the top.

The more cheek a girl has the less she blushes.

The best thing to do with people who are always asking for a loan is to leave them alone.

It's all right to sleep like a log, provided you don't sound as if you were sawing it.

Never let one leg know that the other one is being pulled.

Many a fair girl likes to keep her age dark.

She laughs best who laughs prettiest.

A man likes to see himself in print; a girl prefers to see herself in silk.

Some people are so mean that they won't laugh at a joke unless it's at somebody else's expense.

The self-made man is never at a loss what to talk about.

Football is a fine exercise for the lungs—of the spectators.

A girl may be as good as gold, yet as expensive as platinum.

The man who isn't happy with what he has, would never be happy with the things he wishes for.

Many a rich father has found it easier to get his daughter off his hands than to keep a son-in-law on his feet.

\* \* \*

However small a scandal is there's always enough to go round.

\* \* \*

When a man doesn't care what he says, nobody else cares, either.

\* \* \*

Two kinds of women get the best men—blondes and brunettes.

\* \* \*

Never contradict a girl—just wait till she does it herself.

\* \* \*

Undoubtedly the best cure for toothache is to walk half way to the dentist.

\* \* \*

Mr. Johnson: "Why do you always ask me to sing when Mr. Duller comes here?"

Mrs. Johnson: "Well, you see, I don't like him much; yet I don't feel like telling him outright to go. It looks so rude."

"I'd like to ask you something, Charles," said the pretty young heiress.

"Well, dear?"  
"Am I the only girl whose money you ever loved?"

\* \* \*

"Yes," said the earnest young student, "when I get interested in a subject I never stop until I have embraced it thoroughly."

"That's nice," said the pretty girl. "Do—do you think I'm an interesting subject?"

\* \* \*

A man's popularity depends on how he treats his friends—and how often.

\* \* \*

A young man applied for a position in a lawyer's office and asked what the pay would be.

"You get nothing for the first six months, but after that you get £300 per annum!"

"All right, I'll come back in six months time!"

\* \* \*

Tom was just starting off to work. He was engaged on some scaffolding in a street where a very high building was being erected.

"Now don't go and get hurt," said his wife. "You know how dangerous your job is."

"That's all right," he answered. "I've borrowed four shillings from the foreman, and he doesn't let me do dangerous work any more."

Mistress (indignantly): "Mary, whatever did you mean by wearing my new evening frock at the New Year dance last night? You ought to have been ashamed of yourself."

Mary: "I was, ma'am; you never heard such remarks as they made."

Miss Belle: "I celebrate my twenty-third birthday to-morrow."

Miss Elder: "How strange! So do I, dear."

Miss Belle: "Ah! But I'm celebrating mine for the first time."

Young Brother: "If I wasn't here, your young man would kiss you."

Sister (horrified): "You impertinent boy! Go away at once!"

\* \* \*

"Sorry to hear your wife slipped over a piece of orange peel yesterday."

"Yes. Just my luck. Outside a hat-shop—and they carried her in!"

**ANY DIFFICULTY**

experienced in procuring "An t-Oglach" should be immediately reported to this Office.

**ALL**

newsagents can supply copies if ordered, or the paper will be sent direct from G.H.Q., post free, at 3d. per copy.

**BACK NUMBERS** can be obtained at same rates.

KEEP YOUR COPIES OF  
"AN T-ÓGLACH."

**ALEX. THOM & Co., LTD.**

MESS STATIONERY EMBOSSED WITH  
ARMY CREST, &c. MESS ACCOUNT  
:: BOOKS, RECEIPT FORMS, AND ::

**All Printing Requirements of Irish Army  
PROMPTLY SUPPLIED.**

**2 CROW STREET DUBLIN  
and IONA WORKS**

Aerated Waters, Cordials, Syrups and  
Fruit Wines of every description

**KEITH'S IRISH  
Mineral Waters  
LIMITED**

**7 PIM STREET, DUBLIN.**  
Telephone: Dublin 4059.

Housekeepers and others interested in  
preserving all leather goods should  
constantly keep in mind that Science  
Polish is the most perfect leather  
preservative known. Not only will it  
prevent leather from cracking, but if used  
persistently without intermittent use  
of any other Polish, it forms of itself  
a waterproof surface on the leather.

**PUNCH & Co.,  
CORK.**



# Clementina

## BY

### A.E.W. Mason

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### THE FLIGHT TO ITALY; A GROWING CLOUD.

BUT Gaydon was out of his reckoning. There were no fairy tales told for Misset to overhear, and the Princess Clementina slept in her corner of the carriage. If a jolt upon a stone wakened her, a movement opposite told her that her sentinel was watchful and alert. Three times the berlin stopped for a change of horses, and on each occasion Wogan was out of the door and harrying the ostlers before the wheels had ceased to revolve.

"You should sleep, my friend," said she.

"Not till we reach Italy," he replied; and with the confidence of a child she nestled warmly in her cloak again and closed her eyes. This feeling of security was a new luxury to her after the months of anxiety and prison. The grey light of the morning stole into the berlin and revealed to her the erect and tireless figure of her saviour. The sun leaped down the mountain peaks, and the grey of the light was now a sparkling gold. Wogan bade her Highness look from the carriage window, and she could not restrain a cry of delight. On her left mountain ridge rose behind mountain ridge away to the towering limestone cliffs of Monte Scanupia; on her right the white peaks of the Orto d'Abram flashed to the sun, and between the hills the valley of the Adige rolled southwards, a narrow strip of summer country—a country of villages and vines, of mulberry trees and fields of maize, in the midst of which rose the belfries of an Italian town.

"This is Italy," she cried.

"But the Emperor's Italy," answered Wogan; and at half-past nine that morning the carriage stopped in the public square of Trent. As Wogan stepped on to the ground he saw a cloud of dust at the opposite side of the square, and wrapped in that cloud men on horseback like soldiers in the smoke of battle; he heard, too, the sound of wheels. The Prince of Baden had that instant driven away, and he had taken every procurable horse in the town. Wogan's own horses could go no farther. He came back to the door of the carriage.

"I must search through Trent," said

he, "on the mere chance of finding what will serve us. Your Highness must wait in the inn." And Clementina muffling her face said to him,—

"I dare not. My face is known in Trent, though this is the first time I ever saw it. But many gentlemen from Trent came to the Innsbruck carnival, and of these a good number were kind enough to offer me their hearts. They were allowed to besiege me to their content. I must needs remain in the shelter of the carriage."

Wogan left Misset to stand sentinel and hurried off upon his business. He ran from stable to stable, from inn to inn. The Prince of Baden had hired thirty-six horses—six more were nowhere to be found. Wogan would be content with four; he ended in a prayer for two. At each house the door was shut in his face. Wogan was in despair; nowhere could delay be so dangerous as at Trent, where there were soldiers, and a governor who would not hesitate to act without orders if he suspected the Princess Clementina was escaping through his town. Two hours had passed in Wogan's vain search—two hours of daylight, during which Clementina had sat in an unharnessed carriage in the market square. Wogan ran back to the square, half expecting to find that she had been recognized and arrested. As he reached the square he saw that curious people were loitering about the carriage. As he pushed through them he heard them questioning why travellers should on so hot a morning of spring sit muffled up in a close dark carriage when they could take their ease beneath trees in the inn garden. One man laughed out at the Princess and the comical figure she made with her scarlet cloak drawn tight about her face. Wogan himself had bought that cloak in Strasbourg to guard his Princess from the cold of the Brenner, and guessed what discomfort its ermine lining must now be costing her. And this lout dared to laugh and make her, this incomparable woman, a butt for his ridicule! Wogan took a step towards the fellow with his fists clenched, but thought the better of his impulse, and turning away ran to the palace of Prince Taxis.

This desperate course alone remained to him; he must have speech with the

Prince-Bishop himself. At the palace, however, he was informed that the Prince was in bed with the gout. Mr. Wogan, nevertheless, insisted.

"You will present my duties to the Prince; you will show him my passport; you will say that the Count of Cernes has business of the last importance in Italy, and begs permission, since the Prince of Baden has hired every post-horse in the town, to requisition half a dozen farm-horses from the fields."

Mr. Wogan kicked his heels in the courtyard while the message was taken. At any moment some rumour of the curious spectacle in the square might be brought to the palace and excite inquiry. There might be another courier in pursuit besides the man whom Gaydon kept a prisoner. Wogan was dejected with a fever of impatience. It seemed to him hours before the Prince's secretary returned. The secretary handed him back his passport, and on the part of the Prince made a speech full of civilities.

"Here's a great deal of jam, sir," said Wogan. "I misdoubt me but what there's a most unpalatable pill hidden away in it."

"Indeed," said the secretary, "the Prince begs you to be content and to wait for the post-horses to return."

"Ah, ah!" cried Wogan, "but that's the one thing I cannot do. I must speak plainly, it appears." He drew the secretary out of earshot and resumed: "My particular business is to catch up the Prince of Baden. He is summoned back to Innsbruck. Do you understand?" he asked significantly.

"Sir, we are well informed in Trent as to the Emperor's wishes," said the secretary with a great deal of dignity.

"No, no, my friend," said Wogan. "It is not by the Emperor the Prince of Baden is summoned, though I have no doubt the summons is much to his taste."

The secretary stepped back in surprise.

"By her Highness the Princess?" he exclaimed.

"She changed her mind; she is willing where before she was obdurate. To tell you the truth, the Prince plied her too hard, and she would have none of him. Now that he turns his back and put the miles as fast as he can be—

COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES

tween himself and her she cannot sleep for want of him.

The secretary nodded his head sagaciously.

"Her Highness is a woman," said he, "and that explains all. But it will do her no harm to suffer a little longer for her obstinacy; and to tell you the truth, the Prince Taxis is so tormented with the gout that—"

"That you are unwilling to approach him a second time," interrupted Wogan. "I have no doubt of it. I have myself seen prelates in a most unprelatical mood. But here is a case where needs must. I have not told you all. There is a devil of a fellow called Charles Wogan."

The secretary nodded his head. "A mad Irishman who has vowed to free her Highness."

"He has set out from Strasbourg with that aim."

"He will hang for it then, but he will never rescue her." And the secretary began to laugh. "I cannot, upon my honour, vex the Prince again because a gallows-bird has prated in his cups."

"No, no," said Wogan; "you do not follow me. Charles Wogan will come to the gallows over this adventure. For my part I would have him broken on the wheel and tortured in many uncomfortable ways. These Irishmen all the world over are pestilent fellows. But the trouble is this: if her Highness hears of this attempt she is, as you sagely discovered, a woman, a trivial trifling thing. She will be absurd enough to imagine her rescue possible; she will again change her mind, and it is precisely that which General Heister fears. He would have her formally betrothed to the Prince of Baden before Charles Wogan is caught and hanged sky-high. Therefore, since I was pressing into Italy he charged me with this message to the Prince of Baden. Now observe this, if you please. Suppose that I do not overtake the Prince, suppose that her Highness hears of Wogan's coming and again changes her mind, who will be to blame? Not I, for I have done my best; not Prince Taxis, for he is not informed, but Prince Taxis's secretary."

The secretary yielded to Wogan's argument. He might be in a great fear of Prince Taxis, but he was in a greater of the Emperor's wrath. He left Wogan again, and in a little while came back with the written permission which Wogan desired. Wogan wasted no time in unnecessary civilities; the morning had already been wasted. The clocks were striking one as he hurried away from the palace, and before two the Princess Clementina was able to throw back her cloak from about her face and take the air, for the berlin was on the road from Trent to Roveredo."

"Those were the worst four hours since we left Innspruck," she said. "I thought I should suffocate." The revulsion from despair, the knowledge that each beat of the hoofs brought them nearer to safety, the glow of the sun upon a country which was Italy in all but name, raised them all to the

top of their spirits. Clementina was in her gayest mood; she lavished caresses upon her "little woman," as she called Mrs. Misset; she would have Wogan give her an account of his interview with Prince Taxis's secretary; she laughed with the merriest enjoyment over the abuse of Charles Wogan.

"But it was not myself alone whom I slandered," said he. "Your Highness had a share of our abuse. Our heads wagged gravely over woman's inconstancies. It was not in nature but you must change your mind. Indeed your Highness would have laughed."

But at all events her Highness did not laugh now. On the contrary, her eyes lost all their merriment and her blood rushed hotly into her cheeks. She became that afternoon a creature of moods—now talking quickly and perhaps a trifle wildly, now relapsing into long silences. Wogan was troubled by a thought that the strain of her journey was telling its tale even upon her vigorous youth. It may be that she noted his look of anxiety, but she said to him abruptly and with a sort of rebellion. "You would despise any woman who had the temerity to change her mind."

"Nay. I do not say that."

"But it is merely politeness that restrains you. You would despise, judging her by men. When a man changes his mind, why it is so, he changes his mind. But when a girl does, it may well be that for the first time she is seriously exercising her judgment, since her upbringing renders it natural that she should allow others to make up her mind for her at the first."

"That, I think, is very true," said Wogan.

Clementina, however, was not satisfied with his assent. She attacked him again and almost vindictively.

"You, of course, would never change your mind for any reason, once it was

fixed. You are resolute. You are quite, quite perfect."

Mr. Wogan could not imagine what he had done thus to provoke her irony.

"Madam," he pleaded, "I am not in truth so obstinate a fellow as you make me out. I have often changed my mind. I take some pride in it on occasion."

Her Highness inclined to a greater graciousness.

"I am glad to know it. You shall give me examples. One may have a stiff neck and yet no cause for pride."

Wogan looked so woe-begone under this reproof that Clementina suddenly broke out into a laugh, and so showed herself in a fresh and a more familiar mood. The good humour continued. She sat opposite to Mr. Wogan; if she moved, her hand, her knee, her foot must needs touch his. She made him tell her stories of his campaigns, and so the evening came upon them—an evening of stars and mysterious quiet and a clear dark sky.

They passed Roveredo, they drew near to Ala, the last village in the Emperor's territories. Five miles beyond Ala they would be on Venetian soil, and already they saw the lights of the village twinkling like so many golden candles. But the berlin which had drawn them so stoutly over these rugged mountain roads failed them at the last. One of the hind wheels jolted violently upon a great stone, there was a sudden cracking of wood, and the carriage lurched over, throwing its occupants one against the other.

Wogan disentangled himself, opened the door, and sprang out. He sprang out into a pool of water. One glance at the carriage, dark though the night was, told him surely what had happened. The axle-tree was broken. He saw that Clementina was about to follow him.

"There is water," said he. "It is ankle-deep."



And the moment of passion ended in farce. For Wogan, startled by the words, set her down there and then into the pool. She stood over her ankles in water.

"And no white stone," she answered with a laugh, "whereon I can safely set my foot?"

"No," said he, "but you can trust without fear to my arms." And he reached them out to her.

"Can I?" said she in a curious voice, and when he had lifted her from the carriage she was aware that she could not. He lifted her daintily like a piece of porcelain, but to lift her was not enough; he must carry her. His arms tightened about her waist, hers in spite of herself about his shoulders. He took a step or two from the carriage with the water washing over his boots, and the respectful support of a servant became the warm grip of a man. He no longer held her daintily; he gripped her close to him, straining her breasts against his chest. He was on fire with her; she could not but know it. His arms shook, his bosom heaved, she felt the quick hammering of his heart, and a murmur, an inarticulate murmur of infinite longing, trembled from his throat. And something of his madness passed into her and made a sweet tumult in her blood. He stopped, still holding her; he felt her fingers clasp tighter; he looked downwards into her face upturned to his. They were alone for a moment these two, alone in an uninhabited world. The broken carriage, the busy figures about it, the smoking horses, the lights of Ala twinkling in the valley had not even the substance of shadows. They simply were not and they never had been. There were just two people alive between the poles—not Princess and servant, but man and woman in the primitive relationship of rescuer and rescued; and they stood in the dark of a translucent night of spring, with the stars throbbing above them to the time of their passionate hearts, and the earth stretching about them rich as dark velvet. He looked down into her eyes as once in the night-time he had done before, and again he marvelled at their steadiness and their mysterious depths. Her eyes were fixed on his and did not flinch; her arms were close about his neck; he bent his head towards her, and she said in a queer toneless voice, low but as steady as her eyes,—

"I know. Ah, but well I know. Last night I dreamed I rode on your black horse into your city of dreams." And the moment of passion ended in farce. For Wogan, startled by the words, set her down there and then into the pool. She stood over her ankles in water. She uttered a little cry and shivered. Then she laughed and sprang lightly on to dry soil, making much of her companion's awkwardness. Wogan joined in the laughter, finding therein, as she did, something of a safeguard.

"We must walk to Ala," said he.

"It is as well," said she. "There was a time when cavaliers laid their cloaks in the mud to save a lady's shoe-sole."

"Madam," said Wogan, "the chivalry of to-day has the same intention."

"But in its effect," said she, "it is more rheumatismal."

Wogan searched in the carriage and

drew out a coil of rope, which he slung across his shoulders like a bandolier. Clementina laughed at him for his precautions, but Wogan was very serious. "I would not part with it," said he. "I am an old campaigner; I never travelled for four days without being put to it for a piece of rope."

They left the postillion to make what he could of the berlin and walked forward in the clear night to Ala. The shock of the tumble had alarmed Mrs. Misset, the fatigue of the journey had strained her endurance to the utmost. She made no complaint, but she could walk but slowly and with many rests by the way. It took a long while for them to reach the village. They saw the lights diminish in the houses, the stars grew pale, there came a hint of morning in the air. The laughter at Wogan's awkwardness had long since died away, and they walked in silence.

Forty-eight hours had passed since the berlin left Innsbruck. Twenty-four hours ago Clementina knew Wogan's secret. Now he was aware that she knew it. They could not look into each other's faces but their eyes conversed of it. If they turned their heads sharply away that aversion of their gaze spoke no less clearly. There was a link between them now and a secret link, the sweeter on that account perhaps, certainly the more dangerous. The cloud had grown much bigger than a man's hand. Moreover, she had never seen James Stuart; she had his picture, it is true, but the picture could not recall. It must create, not revivify his image to her thoughts, and that it could not do, so that he remained a shadowy figure to her, a mere number of features, almost an abstraction. On the other hand the King's emissary walked by her side, sat sleepless before her, had held her in his arms, had talked with her, had risked his life for her; she knew him. What she knew of James Stuart she knew chiefly from the lips of this emissary. On this walk to Ala he spoke of his master, and remorsefully in the highest praise. But she knew his secret, she knew that he loved her, and therefore every remorseful loyal word he spoke praised him more than it praised his master. And it happened that just as they came to the outskirts of the village she dropped a handkerchief which hung loosely about her neck. For a moment she did not remark her loss; when she did, and turned, she saw that her companion was rising from the ground on which no handkerchief any longer lay, and that he had his right hand in his breast. She turned again without a word and walked forward. But she knew that the handkerchief was against his heart, and the cloud still grew.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### WOGAN AND CLEMENTINA CONTINUE THEIR JOURNEY ALONE.

THEY reached Ala towards two o'clock of the morning. The town had some reputation in those days for its velvets and silks, and Wogan made no doubt that somewhere he would procure a carriage to convey them the necessary five

miles into Venetian territory. The Prince of Baden was still ahead of them, however. The inn of the "Golden Lion" had not a single horse fit for their use in its stables. Wogan, however, obtained there a few likely addresses, and set out alone upon his search. He returned in a couple of hours with a little two-wheeled cart drawn by a pony, and sent word within that he was ready. Clementina herself, with her hood thrown back from her face, came out to him at the door. An oil lamp swung in the passage and lit up her face. Wogan could see that the face was grave and anxious.

"Your Highness and Mrs. Misset can ride in the cart. It has no springs, to be sure, and may shake to pieces like plaster; but if it carries you five miles it will serve. Misset and I can run by the side."

"But Lucy Misset must not go," said Clementina. "She is ill, and no wonder. She must not take one step more to-night. There would be great danger, and indeed she has endured enough for me."

The gravity of the girl's face, as much as her words, convinced Wogan that there was no occasion for encouragement or resistance. He said with some embarrassment, "Yet we cannot leave her here alone, and of us two men her husband must stay with her."

"Dare we wait till the morning?" asked Clementina. "Lucy may be recovered then."

Wogan shook his head.

"The courier we stopped at Wellish-mile was not the only man sent after us. Of that we may be very sure. Here are we, five miles from safety, and while those five miles are still unbridged—Listen!"

Wogan leaned his head forward and held up his hand for silence. In the still night they could hear far away the galloping of a horse. The sound grew more distinct as they listened.

"The rider comes from Italy," said Clementina.

"But he might have come from Trent," cried Wogan. "We left Trent behind twelve hours ago and more. For twelve hours we crept and crawled along the road; these last miles we have walked. Any moment the Emperor's troopers might come riding after us. Ah, but we are not safe! I am afraid!"

Clementina turned sharply towards him as he spoke this unwonted confession.

"You!" she exclaimed with a wondering laugh. Yet he had spoken the truth. His face was twitching, his eyes had the look of a man scared out of his wits.

"Yes, I am afraid," he said in a low, uneasy voice. "When I have all but won through the danger, then comes my moment of fear. In the thick of it perils tread too close upon the heels of perils for a man to count them up. Each minute claims your hands and eyes and brain, claims you and inspires you. But when the danger's less, and though less still threatens, when you're just this side of safety's frontier and not safe indeed, indeed one should be

(Continued on p. 13.)

## THE ARMY AND THE HORSE.

For the past few years evidence has been on the increase that the Officers of the Army are destined to share in the horse trade and sport in the country. The progress made in horsemanship during the last two years has indeed been wonderful. In 1923 there were very few of our Officers competent to ride a race or even a tame hunt, but to-day they are hunting in large numbers with the different packs of hounds, and scores of them are well fit to undertake the trials of a hot and heavy Point-to-Point. Having undergone a short course of training in the various barrack riding schools, beginners have ridden well to hounds during this season with the Ward, Hillside, Kilkenny, and Curragh packs, and all of them show great promise for the future. True it is, that the Dublin Riding School has been described as "a

place of punishment where some Officers suffer for a time before they go to the Hillside." Nevertheless the fact that they are prepared to suffer is proof of their eagerness to become experts at the game. (If any reader doubts the accuracy of the above definition he can best be assured by standing convenient to the McKee Riding School at the close of a morning lesson, and noting with *what difficulty* two or more Officers keep the step on their way out).

A word of thanks is due to the different hunt clubs who have given a kindly welcome to our members at all times. To the Hillside Harriers, however, we give the credit of being the first club in Ireland to put a military race on their Point-to-Point race programme. That this opportunity of advancing their equestrian proficiency has been well availed of is a source of pleasure to all Army lovers of the horse. Those who witnessed the last jump of the Military Race at Baldonnel last

year, are not likely to forget it. Never did any young rider make such a daring bid for victory as did Comdt. Mason on "First Attempt," over that last fence when he took the lead from Oceanus, and snatched the laurels at the post. On that occasion too we saw that fine sportsman, Major-General MacNeill, finish a good race.

Wed., 10th ult., was another red-letter day, for we were again at the Baldonnel Point-to-Point. We congratulate the Hillside Harriers Club on the splendid success of the meeting, and we congratulate the military members on the part they again took in it. Army enthusiasts were very numerous on the course, and before the Military Race there were things all wanted to know, and that most people asked:—

What's going to win the Military Race?  
Who is riding "First Attempt"?  
What do you think of General Hogan's "Irish Boyo."  
Do you know anything about "Mount Prospect"?

Is "Silver Mane" to win?

The Race was not long in progress when it was evident that the Dublin stables were to triumph over the Curragh. That fine horseman, Captain Dwyer, on "First Attempt," and Comdt. Mason on "Irish Boyo," pulled away from the field, and a very exciting finish was imminent when "First Attempt" fell a few fences from home, leaving the "Boyo" an easy victory.

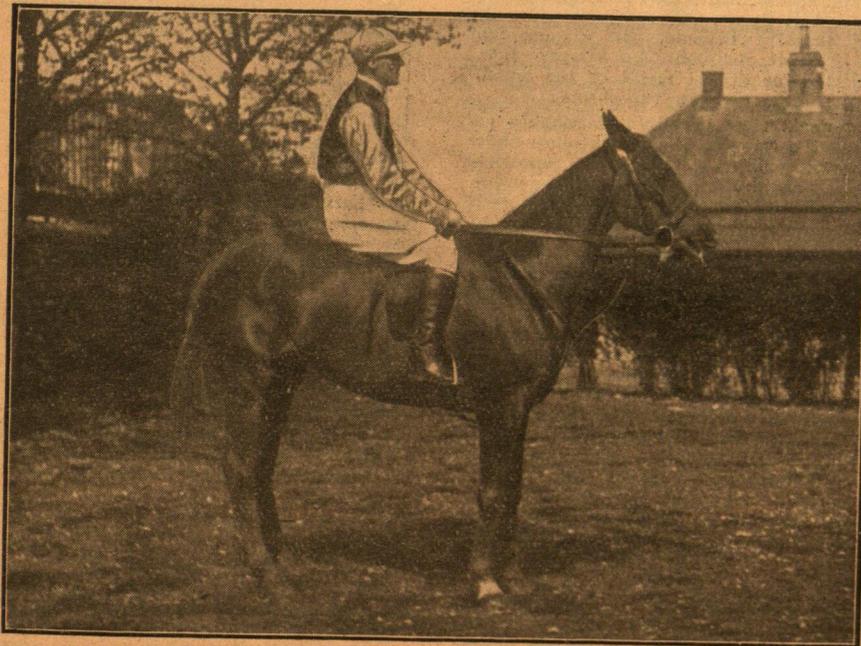
Congratulations to Comdt. Mason on his second victory, and to General Hogan, the owner who has by constant and careful hunting brought out his little horse so well.

On hearing that the rider of "Misty Bridge" complained that he got a bad start, a friend wanted to know *why he did not start the night before!*

In one short year we shall have this race again. Let us hope to have more and better horses. Our money shall be spent in any case; why not on a horse?—for

"If man of all the Creator plan'd,  
His noblest work is reckoned,  
Of the work of His hand by sea or by land  
The horse may at least rank second."

"DOUBLE BANK."



Major-General Hogan's Irish Boyo. Winner of the Military Race at Baldonnel Point-to-Point Races.

## CLEMENTINA

(Continued from p. 12).

afraid. A vain spirit of confidence, and the tired head nods, and the blow falls on it from nowhere. Oh, but I have seen examples times out of mind. I beg you, no delay!"

The hoofs of the approaching horse sounded ever louder while Wogan spoke, and as he ended a man rode out from the street into the open space before the inn. The gallop became a trot.

"He is riding to the door," said Wogan. "The light falls on your face." And he drew Clementina into the shadow of the wall. But at the same moment the rider changed his mind. He swerved; he swore aloud; it seemed, too, that he used his spurs, for his horse bounded beneath him and

galloped past the inn. He disappeared into the darkness, and the sound of the horse diminished. Wogan listened until they had died away.

"He rides into Austria," said he. "He rides to Trent, to Brixen, to Innspruck, and in haste. Let us go. I had even a fancy that I knew his voice."

"From a single oath uttered in anger! Nay, you are all fears. For my part I was afraid that he had it in his mind to stay here at this inn where my little woman lies. What if suspicion fall on her? What if those troopers of the Emperor find her and guess the part she played?"

"You make her safe by seeking safety," returned Wogan. "You are the quarry the Emperor flies at. Once you are out of reach, his mere dignity

must hold him in from wreaking vengeance on your friends."

Wogan went into the inn, and calling Misset told him of his purpose. He would drive her Highness to Peri, a little village ten miles from Ala, five miles within Italy. At Peri Mrs. Misset and her husband were to rejoin them in the morning, and thence they could travel by slow stages to Bologna. The tears flowed from Clementina's eyes when she took her farewell of her little woman. Though her reason bowed to Wogan's argument, she had a sense of cowardice in deserting so faithful a friend. Mrs. Misset, however, joined in Wogan's prayer, and she mounted into the trap, and at Wogan's side drove out of the town.

COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES

(To be Continued)



Ogligh  
na hEireann  
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND



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

### 20th BATTALION, CARLOW.

Since our arrival here to relieve "C" Coy., who have proceeded to Carlow to undergo their "month's" annual training, we have been to some extent in the shade, but now that we are settled down to our new surroundings, a good deal more will be heard of us henceforth.

"B" Coy.'s hurling team journeyed from this post to Carlow on the 7th inst. to meet "A" Coy. from Wexford; and after a strenuous contest "A" Coy. carried off the honours to Wexford. The Bros. Culleton, Pte. Hennessy, and Lieut. Connolly were the outstanding players in "B" Coy.'s team.

Sergt. Brennan is making serious efforts to organise a cross-country team here, with perseverance his efforts should be successful.

The serial story of Easter Week is eagerly looked forward to each week by all ranks in this Unit.

Our regimental mascot (Sanson) has given birth to a family of kittens (all black).

Pte. Martin isn't half proud of the event either.

Sergt.'s Cassidy and Culleton have again proceeded to the A.S.I., Curragh Camp, on a further course.

"NIALL."



### SOUTHERN COMMAND HEAD-QUARTERS, CORK.

The Southern Command Athletic Council opened the "1926" athletic season on Sunday, the 28th ultimo, when the Cross-Country Championships were decided.

The venue—Ballincollig—afforded distance-men full opportunities of showing their paces; a stiff course of five miles had to be covered and several obstacles cleared. The Acting-General-Officer Commanding—Colonel Liam Hayes—kindly officiated as starter, and despatched the 32 competitors prompt to time. From the start the pace was a cracker. Whelan, the Army Three-mile Champion, and Houlihan, Command Headquarters, at once went ahead, and ran side by side for the whole distance, the former winning on the run-in by 3 yards, with D. O'Regan, Command Headquarters, a good third. Corporal Horgan, 18th Battalion, Lt. J. Smith, 12th Batt., and Corporal Sheedy, 12th Batt., were respectively 4th, 5th, and 6th. The final team placings were:—16th Batt., first; 12th Batt., Second; Special Services,

Third. The 11th and 18th Battalions did not finish teams. Twenty-seven of the competitors completed the course, which speaks well for their training.

The arrangements for the race, made by Colonel J. Byrne, Officer Commanding the 3rd Infantry Brigade, and Commandant P. D. Scott, Adjutant, 3rd Infantry Bde., reflected the utmost credit on the organising abilities of these two officers.

Runners and spectators thoroughly enjoyed the contest, which took place under glorious conditions, the famous polo field making an ideal course for such an event.

"BARRACKTON."



### ARMY SCHOOL OF MUSIC (Beggars' Bush Barracks, Dublin)

The Mission recently held at the School proved a wonderful success. Father Austin, C.P., who conducted the Retreat, must have felt very proud at the magnificent results achieved. On the morning of General Communion, 183 out of a total of 187, received Holy Communion. This is a remarkable tribute to the eloquence of the Missioner, who, by his earnest appeals, won the hearts of everybody. Fr. McLaughlin is to be congratulated on obtaining the services of so eminent a preacher.

The ending of the Mission was most solemn and impressive; a guard of honour under Lieutenant Malone being in attendance, and the General Salute sounded by two members of No. 1 Band. The School Choir sang splendidly, the soloist being A/Cpl. Marshall. Gounod's "Ave Maria," was also beautifully rendered by Sergeant McCurtin on the cornet. Prior to his departure, Father Austin thanked Colonel Brase for his co-operation, which contributed so largely to the success of the Mission.

In the handball arena, Beggar's Bush received a walk-over from General Headquarters, who failed to put in an appearance. In the final of the Command outstanding handball doubles and singles (hard-ball) championships between Portobello and Gormanstown, matters ended fairly even. Portobello annexed the doubles, and Gormanstown the singles. B.S.M. Cork officiated as referee.

Colonel Brase tenders his sincere thanks to Mr. Hayes, T.D. (Speaker, An Dail), and Mrs. Hayes, who kindly handed over to B.S.M. Cork a large number of books which will add considerable interest to the Boys' Library.

No. 2 Band is shortly to be posted to the Southern Command at Cork. No more music-loving people exist in An Saorstath than in Cork, and No. 2 Band may rest assured of a great welcome.

The men at Beggar's Bush have evidently gone completely "dry," as the wet canteen has been closed down.

"MUSICA."



### 15th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

Since the last issue of "An tOglach" the Battalion Cross-Country team has been presented with the prizes. "B" Coy. feel justly proud of their share in winning this event, as five of their men are in the team.

The Battalion Football League has commenced, and "B" Coy. have made a good start by beating "A" in the first match. Their next opponents are "D" Coy., the Battalion champions, and we hope to see a good game on Wednesday.

The Command Boxing Championships will be decided this week, and as usual we hope to come out victorious—we're not greedy, but we like a lot.

Officer to recruit at lecture: "Describe a mountain."

Recruit: "A field with it's back up."

"H.Q." Coy. have had another move. How about a Chess Tournament?

This week's slogan: "Are you taking on, Mac?"

Best wishes to C.Q.M.S. Hanlon, who has gone on transfer to the sister Battalion.

"PREMIER."



### No. 4. BRIGADE.

"Ned of the Hills," "Ros Cairbre," and "Coogan & Co." will, I am sure, forgive me if I assume the role of general commentator on matters generally pertaining to No. 4 Brigade, so here commenceth the first chapter of the book according to Francis.

Two of our Officers were discussing the question of heraldry because of the "An tOglach" illustration of swords. Said one: "My family arms are a lozenge with two scarlet caguars rampant on a field of azure." Said the other: "That's strange, mine are a lozenge with two Sergeant-Majors ramping on a field of as-you-were."

The changes in Brigade Staff personnel creates two thoughts

Reynolds and Comdt. Cronin on their departure, and hearty welcome to Col. Vize, Major Bishop, and Comdt. Crean on their arrival.

To the confusion of all captious critics, the Bde. H.Q. and Special Services fielded a hurling team against "D" Coy., 14th Batt., on Wednesday, 7/4/26. To the surprise of the doubters, the result of the game was a draw, 3 goals to 3 goals. "Many brave hearts lie asleep in the deep," and "Many stout arms lie dormant in the offices and workshops."

If the senior partner of "Coogan & Co." will write his impressions of the A.S.I. now that he is there on a course, the whole Brigade will buy an extra copy. If the 3rd Brigade know of any just cause or impediment whereby the 4th Brigade should not consider the 3rd backward in coming forward in print, let them now declare it, or for ever hold their peace. Here endeth the first chapter.

"FRANCIS."



### 17th BATT., MULLINGAR.

Congratulations to our boxers who brought home two medals from the Command Championships. Better luck next time, Nagle. The parting was sad when the boys left for the A.S.I. to-day. "C" Coy. will miss dad for the next few weeks as he has gone to ground canes. The snooker fiends were very sorry to see their source of income going off to the Curragh to-day. Did Kit in "C" Coy try to raffle the barrack clock? Congratulations to "Tim," we hope he is enjoying his new life. There is a rumour in "D" Coy. that Dick was very jealous because he was not picked for both hurling and handball. They also have some remarks regarding the goalie's transfer to H.Q. Coy. Where are the notes from our companies. You cannot expect to see Batt. notes in "An tOglach" if you do not give us the material.

"CARLOW'S SUB."



### 12th BATT., TEMPLEMORE.

We have received a letter from Pte. Purtell, H.Q. Coy., 12th Batt., Templemore, advocating the erection of a billiards table in McCann Barracks.

Our correspondent points out that although every endeavour has been made to provide outdoor sport and amusements, no provision has been made for the rainy day. What have the Sports Committee to say on the matter?

If the present craze for sports continues in the Battalion, we should do well in forthcoming Brigade and Command Championships. During leisure hours every man is taking part in his own particular game, which may be either handball, football, hurling, basket ball, running or jumping. It is doubtful if ever there was such keen competition in sports at Tailteann in the days of Lugaídh Lamh Fada as there is in this Batt. just now. Hurling and football competitions which are being conducted here on the League system continue on each Wednesday afternoon, and provide plenty of excitement. On Wednesday, the 7th inst., "A" and "C" Coys met in hurling. The match was well-contested throughout, and at the

final whistle the scores stood:—"A" Coy., 4 goals; "C" Coy., 1 goal and 1 point.

On the same day "B" and "D" Coys. also met in hurling. The play in this match can be best judged by the full-time scores, which were "B" Coy., 6 goals; "D" Coy., 5 goals.

In the Command Cross-Country Championship held recently at Command Headquarters, Cork, the following were the placings of our team:—Lt. Smith, 5th; Cpl. Sheedy, 6th; Cpl. Christie, 11th; Pte. O'Regan, 15th; Pte. Roche, 16th; Pte. Rock, 21st.

Several of our Officers and N.C.O.'s. have proceeded to the Curragh on courses. Amongst the departures are Capt. O'Donoghue, who will be missed from the handball team, and the Orderly Room Sergt., who is a loss to the football team.

RUNNERS.

We are eagerly looking forward to Wednesday, the 20th inst., on which date each Coy. will field a team of six in Inter-Coy. Cross-Country Competitions. All Companies are making good progress in this particular branch of sport, so much so that Lieut. Smith and his team must needs look to their laurels in the contest of the 20th.

"ROS CAIRBRE."



### 8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

Since my last notes we have changed our quarters from Engineers' Barracks to Stewart Barracks. Our new quarters are very up-to-date; the Sergeants can boast of a mess of their own, and we hope that when they get settled down in their new Mess they will leave no stone unturned to make it one of the best Messes in the Curragh.

A number of our N.C.O.'s are about to undergo various courses of instruction at the A.S.I. We wish them good luck, and may they return bursting with knowledge. "B" Coy. have returned from detachment at Kildare after an absence of three months, all looking well and fit.

Now that all Companies are intact we hope to see some keen rivalry in the Inter-Coy. hurling and football. H.Q. Coy., from all accounts, are certain of carrying off the hurling competition. Our football team travelled to Kildare to play the Artillery Corps in a friendly on Wednesday, 7th inst. The game was not of a sporting standard, as much fouling and rough play was indulged in, especially by the Gunners. It's a pity that such action should take place in friendly football matches.

A word of praise must be chronicled for "C" Coy.'s detachment at Newbridge, every member of this detachment purchased a copy of "An tOglach," and we hope this spirit will continue. I hope to be able to sing hymns of praise for the other platoon in next week's issue.

Re last week's challenge by the men's billiards team of Beresford Barracks, we are glad to say that we have a team from the men of this Battalion who are anxious to take up this challenge, and are willing to meet them, home and away, teams to comprise six players. We hope Beresford will approve of our acceptance of their challenge, and may the best team win.

"GRAVEL-CRUSHER."

### 11th BATTALION, CORK.

By the time these lines appear in "An tOglach" the 11th will be no more, and our Officers, N.C.O.'s and men will be scattered throughout the country. Already our Adjutant, Captain D. Scannell, and Lieuts. Cronin, Barrett, and Daly have proceeded to the Army School of Instruction. We wish them the best of luck, and congratulate, in advance, the Corps or Battalion to which they will ultimately be transferred. We will always remember Captain Scannell, as he had endeared himself to us by his straightforward and kindly ways. He may well be known as "The Fairest of the Fair." He always exerted himself to do his best, and remedied any grievances of those under him.

Nine of our Sergeants also proceeded to the A.S.I. on the 9th inst. to undergo various courses. On the evening prior to their departure a farewell supper was held in the N.C.O.'s Mess, followed by a smoking concert, which was highly successful. Near the close of the concert the Mess President, Coy.-Sergt. Galvin said a few words on the 11th. His reference to our C.O. was received with cheers and the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." The proceedings terminated with the singing of "The Soldiers' Song" in Irish.

As this is the last time our notes will appear, I wish on behalf of this Battalion to record our appreciation of the help received from other Battalions and Corps in Barracks, and of their kind assistance and friendly rivalry with us in the various Athletic Competitions which have taken place. We also wish to thank the Brigade Commander, Brigade Adjutant, and the Indoor Amusements Committee for their very kind interest in us.

Many of us who are going further afield will look back with regret to the many happy days spent in Collins Barracks, Cork, and our men stationed in Fermoy, Clonmel, and Waterford, will always remember the kindness and appreciation shown to them by the civilian population of those towns, with whom the friendliest relations have always existed.

I will now finish, with our best wishes to our friend "Ned," and assuring him of our appreciation of his efforts on behalf of the Army. He may always depend on the assistance of

"THE TWO ONES."

(Well done, thou good and faithful. We regret the passing of the 11th, which was always a good supporter of the Army Journal. We congratulate the Units which will receive the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the 11th.—Ned).



### CORRECTION.

The Adjutant, 12th Battalion, Templemore, writes to say that it would appear that "Ros Cairbre" is under the impression that the Postal Orders which were forwarded from the Battalion Headquarters were for books supplied by No. 4 Brigade Library. This is incorrect. They were in respect of books supplied by the Southern Command Officers' Library.

### 5th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

On Wednesday, 7th inst., and for the second time within the past two months, "D" Coy. were matched against "C" in Hurling, and for the second time the match failed to materialise, I forget just what excuse "D" Coy. put up on this occasion, but might I suggest that they concentrate on running—it is extremely hard to catch them on the field.

On Thursday night, the 8th inst., our Officers' Mess was the scene of an enjoyable dinner, followed by a presentation, to Colonel Joseph E. Vize, our Brigade Commander, on the eve of his departure from the 8th. The highest praise is due to Capt. John Moloney, Mess President, on the tastefully decorated Mess Room, and also on the excellent catering arrangements. After the usual toast of "Eire," Comdt. O'Conlan, Officer Commanding 15th Battalion, delivered a neat little speech on the unflinching energy and sense of fair play shown by Col. Vize while in charge of the Brigade. He expressed his regret, and the regret of all Officers of his Battalion, on the departure, and wished him every success in his new Brigade. Comdt. Philip Brady, Officer Commanding 5th Batt., then spoke on behalf of himself and his Officers, and expressed the keenest regret on the departure of Col. Vize. He recalled that during the all too short stay of the Colonel in the 8th Bde., the Brigade as a whole was a "big, happy, family." It was with a sense of real loss that he took the present opportunity of saying "Goodbye" to Col. J. Vize, and wished him every luck and happiness with the 4th Brigade.

Colonel Vize responded in a few well-chosen words, and stated during the time he commanded the Brigade he had the assured co-operation of the Officers Commanding both 5th and 15th Battalions. He deeply regretted his departure from amongst them one and all.

A presentation of a beautiful tea service was then made on behalf of the Officers of the Brigade.

The Colonel was deeply affected, and apologised for his inability to express his appreciation in suitable words, stating that when at school he was taught not to speak with "anything in his mouth." He was now speaking with his heart in his mouth.

Comdt. A. O'Neill, Brigade Adjutant, spoke on behalf of the Staff Officers of the Brigade. During the evening vocal items were contributed by the following:—Comdt. P. Brady, Comdt. O'Conlon, Lt. Sean MacAodha.

The proceedings terminated with the singing of the "Soldier's Song."

On Friday, 9th inst., the following Officers and N.C.O.'s of the Battalion departed to spend a few months at that famous health resort known as Keane. Sergts. Doyle and Deasey, of "A" Coy.; Lt. Dalton and Sergt. Smith, of "C" Coy.; Capt. J. F. Grinceil, of "D" Coy., and Sergt. McCulla, of "H.Q." Coy.

Our "A" Coy. under the command of Capt. Patrick J. Dundon, is proceeding on detachment to Kildare, when it will relieve a Company of our friends, the 8th Batt. (the Old Fifth). We hope that the change of air will give our lads an increased appetite for "An tOglach"; they have been a kind of delicate lately.

Pending the inauguration of an Army School of Cookery, as advocated in the issue of the 6/3/26, wouldn't it be a good idea for the Editor to insert weekly a number of recipes which could be worked off by all concerned. As far as my personal experience in the matter goes, I will state that all the Cooks I have met in this Camp are very willing workers, but the water always gets burnt.

Moirá: "Yerra, Pat, there's that cow of Doran's broke into our haggard again."

Pat: "Musha, woman; don't stand there talking; get the can and milk her, and chase her out again."

Hearing vague and disturbing rumours recently, I despatched our present scout—Codd—to investigate. He reports that a very wicked "secret society" called the Sports Committee, had held a meeting recently. He could not find out where, or who attended, but when he recuperates from the subsequent nerve strain he will venture out again on the scent, and has promised to let me have a full report of the secret session for inclusion in next issue. I understand, however, that they have given an "Inter-Platoon" Football Competition their august approval. I offer my humble thanks to their Imperial Majesties. "JAY."



### 4th BATTALION, CASTLEBAR.

The departure of Captain McCann, Lts. Lenihan, McTaggart, and Clancy, for a course of training at the Curragh is regretted by all ranks, who wish them success in their studies, and hope that they will soon be back to take their usual places, in the sporting life of the Battalion. Sergts. Jennings, Burton, Coveney, and Hanratty have also proceeded to the Curragh for a course of training, we wish them success.

Ptes. Moysten and Harrington have been entered for the Irish Amateur Middleweight Boxing Championship to be held in Dublin, and it is hoped that they will prove successful in bringing to Mayo that much-coveted title.

At 10 a.m. on Good Friday, the Garrison at Castlebar, under the command of Comdt. John Haughey, marched to the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary and attended Mass of the Pre-Sanctified. The High Priest being Rev. P. E. Brett, at the conclusion of the Mass there was Adoration of the Cross.

At a meeting of the Mayo County Board, G.A.A., held in Claremorris on Saturday, 23/3/26, the Battalion football teams and hurling team, were drawn as follows in the first round of the County Championships, senior and junior football and hurling:—

Football (Junior), 4th Batt. v. Charles-town.

Hurling (Junior), 4th Batt. v. Swinford.  
Football (Senior), 4th Batt. v. Ballina (Stephenites).

On Wednesday night, 7/5/26, an impromptu fancy dress carnival was held in Castlebar under the auspices of the "Mikado Operatic Club," a large number of military attended. Cpl. Nolan (Snooky), who attended as an advertisement for a local bakery, was successful in obtaining second prize.

"MAYO OBSERVER."

## Every Army Officer AND Garda Siothchana SHOULD HAVE HIS LIFE INSURED

The best Office for the purpose is

## The Canada Life Assurance Company

(Est. 1847. Funds exceed £26,000,000).

Lowest Army Rates.  
Large, increasing Bonuses.

Write for prospectus and interesting literature, stating age nearest birthday, without obligation, to

The Manager for the Irish Free State,  
48/49, Nassau St., Dublin  
or to any  
first class Broker or Agent of the Company.

## KNOWLES

THE LEADING HOUSE.

## Fruit, Flowers, Vegetables.

Write for our SPECIAL WEEKLY LIST for ARMY MESSES.

27 GRAFTON ST.

'Phone: Nos. 1049-1050.  
Wires "Pineapple, Dublin."

Guns - Rifles - Revolvers - Cartridges  
and SHOOTING ACCESSORIES of every description.

Illustrated Catalogues, Post Free. :  
Gun and Rifle Repairs a Speciality.

## L. KEEGAN

Army Contractor, Gun and Rifle Maker,  
3 INN'S QUAY — DUBLIN.

Gun Works—36 Upper Ormond Quay.

'Phone 2574.

## John Clarke & Sons, Produce Merchants, WELLINGTON QUAY,

Phones: Dublin 3372 & 1948.  
Ballsbridge 222.

Telegrams: Firkin, Dublin.

## PORTOBELLO BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

On Easter Monday night a grand smoking concert was held in their dining hall by the N.C.O.'s of the 22nd Batt., and a very enjoyable time was spent until midnight. B.S.M. Phelan presided, and with Pte. Hawkins at the piano, the whole affair was a huge success.

A football match between teams from G.H.Q. details, Portobello, and Army School of Music, on one side, and the A.C.E., Griffith Barracks, was played on Wednesday, the 7th inst., and resulted in a victory for the A.C.E. by 1 goal 1 point to nil. Capt. P. J. Kelly acted as referee.

The usual weekly dances in the Gymnasium have started again after the closing of the Lenten season, and although the number that attended the opening dance on Thursday evening, the 8th inst., was not quite so large as usual, there is no doubt as to the popularity of these dances. Practically every barracks in the city was represented.

The 27th Batt. is about to be quartered in this barracks, and already details of that Unit have arrived. We hear that there are some hefty athletes and boxers in the Battalion, and we are eagerly looking forward to meeting them in friendly rivalry. At any rate, the arrivals are assured of a hearty welcome.

The Irish Amateur Boxing Championships held in the Gymnasium on Tuesday and Wednesday, 13th and 14th inst., comprised many entrants from Army Units. A full report of these contests will be given in next issue.

No. 4 Group, G.H.Q. Command A.A.A. held a meeting on 10th inst., Capt. P. J. Kelly presiding. Delegates from all Units comprising the Group were present.

On account of the changes which have occurred in Group organisation, and the removal from the barracks of certain G.H.Q. Staffs, the financial resources of the new group cannot be determined until a meeting of the old Group Committee, under the Chairmanship of Major T. McGrath, Contracts and Disposals, G.H.Q., have formally handed over. A sub-committee consisting of Lieut. S. Kavanagh, Sergt.-Majors Cork and Bishop, and Pte. Bermingham has been appointed to enquire into and report at next meeting the feasibility of holding a Group Sports some time in May. All the track and field events are to be catered for, and Beggar's Bush Barracks is to be the venue. Lieut. Sean Kavanagh will captain the team picked to play Artillery on Wednesday, 14th inst. (further report in next issue).

The next Group meeting is to be held on Tuesday, 20th inst.

## ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS.

The wireless station has now been established in the barracks, and 2RN, who makes wireless sets for nothing, has realised his ambition by becoming Station Director and Lord High Authority on all things pertaining to wireless.

Deeply interested spectators assemble on the Canal Bank to admire the magnificent aerial, 50 feet high and 100 feet

long, and the battleships of the Canal Company dip their colours in homage as they pass, and, but for lack of artillery, would probably fire a salute.

Few dare to brave the wrath of the Station Director (who is very busy lately with prosaic telegrams) by even a whispered criticism, and the only fly in the ointment is the persistent refusal of the Recreation Room Committee to provide technical radio papers with high-sounding titles to add to the dignity of the engine, as the "Little Man" calls it.

The above-mentioned Recreation Committee, influenced probably by our old friend, the "Ref." (the back of the line fighter) refuse to believe in the educative results of lessons in German. However, the pathetic feature of the thing is the fact that the show has been successfully carried on during the Station Director's absence on leave.

An interesting football match between a picked team of the C.H.Q. Engineers versus the pick of other Units, comprising No. 4 Group, took place at Portobello on Wednesday.

The Engineers, a young and enthusiastic team, looking resplendent in a new rig, complete, took the field under the leadership of Lieut. J. Walsh. Prominent figures of our Wednesday afternoon Debating Society were "Long Jenny," the flying wing, "Jacky," well known for the rapidity and incomprehensibility of his conversation, the fellow with the jersey from Athly, the "Pioneer," and the Pride of Tullybawn, "Bet-you-a-Dollar."

The Engineers ran out winners by the score of 1 goal and 2 points to nil, which would have been considerably larger but for the sterling defence of Lieut. Kavanagh and his back division.

The match was contested in a real sporting spirit, and with the combined talent available, No. 4 Group should be prominent in forthcoming events.

"Davy," the man from Chitral, paid us a visit on Easter Sunday. He was disappointed at not receiving the market reports sent too late last week. (Now, Ned, look them up). There is no truth in the rumour that the "West" kept awake until his return. (No wallpaper, please).

Thanks are hereby offered to the genial "Me Larkie" for acquainting us with the "activities" of Jack Early, an old member of the A.C.E. remarkable for his love of early rising, a horror of red ink and tea leaves. I wonder does he call "Me Larkie" "Buttie."

A meed of appreciation from all ranks is offered to the Commanding Officer for so promptly supplying a full new rig-out to the football team at such short notice.

"CAT'S WHISKER."

## 21st BATTALION (Collins Barracks, Dublin).

The Battalion feels the loss of many stalwarts who have gone for a short sojourn elsewhere, but time flies, and they are sure of a cordial reception on returning.

General regret is felt at the loss of Sergt. McAlinden, transferred from the Battalion, but he has the best wishes of

all in his new sphere, "Charlie" was popular with all, and as coach to the footballers he had been looking forward to a successful season.

The "snapper" got a good photo of the great J. J. when winning the egg and spoon race, Mac says he is going in for more Sport in the future.

"Ginger" can now be termed the smiling waiter.

The Battalion "clown" is well pleased at his photo in "An tOglach."

The Battalion can now boast of footballers, athletes, boxers, and last, but not least, speech-makers.

When are the Brigade hurling and football championships to commence?

Col. F. McCorley, O.C., 6th Brigade, carries with him, on his new appointment, the best wishes of the Battalion. What the Brigade has lost, the Curragh has gained.

The Battalion team have been invited to meet the "Larks" at Drogheda on 18th inst.

Sergt. Behan, who is keen on the success of the tug-of-war team, challenges any other Unit for a pull.

The Officers of the Battalion, after seeing to the welfare of the N.C.O.'s and men on the Anniversary Day, met together with some guests at Jury's Hotel, where a pleasant evening was spent. The management of Jury's are to be congratulated on their splendid catering.

The Pickings, Hazel, combination team are still going strong for laurels in the football field. Quinn expects some more medals.

Can a representative from each Company not supply some news to the scribe, there must be daily happenings worth noting?



## ARBOUR HILL BOY SCOUTS.

On Easter Sunday and Easter Monday nights at the Drill Hall two very enjoyable concerts were held "on board the scout-ship 'Eireann.'" The Scouts proved able exponents of sword drill and semaphore flag exercises set to music. The audience on both nights gave encores to the Scouts at work on the voyage from Dublin Bay to the Saorstát Colony in South America.

The following artists kindly contributed vocal and instrumental items which were very much appreciated on both nights of the Revue.

Mr. O'Connor (baritone), ship's captain; Mr. Kit Mullins (Ex Lord Mayor of Ballykinlar I.R.A. Internment Camp), ship's carpenter; (Vocalist and Elocutionist) the same old Pioneer Sergt. of the Bush Barracks in early 1922 to 1924; Mr. McLoughlin, saxophonist and humourist (a noteworthy entertainer known as the blind musician); Mr. P. Lynam (tenor); Messrs. Kavanagh, Cuddy, and Cpl. Soady in the mysterious occurrence with boatswain's mate (comedy); Sergt. O'Farrell, G.H.Q. (tenor) "The Irish Emigrant"; Mr. M. P. Keogh, "Boatswain" (vocalist). "The West's Awake" and "Croppoy Boy." Cpl. L. Byrne, as 1st mate, "boxed the compass," and issued orders

from the "Bridge" to perfection, whilst Trooper Draper (vocalist) mounted guard as a marine. Misses Hughes, Rogers, Stephens, Scott, and Owens (vocalists), little Miss Kidd (juvenile comedienne). Messrs. Fitzpatrick, Donegan, Byrne, O'Callaghan, O'Neill, Morris, and Stout (reels, jigs and hornpipes).

Mr. Bergin acquitted himself excellently at the piano.

On Easter Sunday at Beggar's Bush Barracks, the Scouts played the return match with the School of Music football team, and were defeated for the first time. The issue now stands at one each. It remains to be seen which side gains two games of three.

"SCOUT SANSFIELD."



### 27th BATTALION, HIBERNIAN SCHOOLS.

One of our esteemed Officers—Lieut. Sean O'Hara—met with a serious accident in Islandbridge. We hear that he is now on the high road to recovery, and trust we shall soon see him back amongst us.

The Battalion Cross-country Championship was run off on the 24th March over a 7-mile course, Pte. O'Donoghue, "C" Company, winning by 10 seconds from Sergt. Furlong, H.Q. Company. It was a great race, Furlong and O'Donoghue taking the lead immediately; when half the distance had been covered, these two had established a very considerable lead. About two miles from home O'Donoghue drew out and increased his lead to nearly 160 yards. When one mile from home Furlong moved up and made an effort to get even. Donoghue, however, ran exceedingly well, to win easily in the finish. The Brigade Cross-country Championship will have been decided by the time these notes appear, and we hope our team will prove their mettle by winning the race. We shall look to O'Donoghue to take the individual honours, with Furlong close in attendance.

The Billiards Handicap has been decided, Pte. Loughlan, "B" Company, beat Pte. Wall, H.Q. Company, by 14 points. Wall played rather loosely in the beginning, thereby allowing Loughlan to gain a lead of 90 at one period. Wall, however, settled down, and with breaks of 20, 19, 19 and 17, he reduced the advantage. Loughlan played very consistently, and ran out the winner by a narrow margin.

The Battalion football team have acquitted themselves very creditably so far, having beaten the 7th and 22nd Battalions, we trust they will emerge victorious on Wednesday, the 14th instant, from their match with the 23rd Batt.

"MURCADHA."



### FOOTBALL AT KILDARE.

On Wednesday, April 7th, a very exciting football match was played at Kildare. The contending teams were 8th Battalion, Curragh, and Artillery Corps. The spectators were treated to some very fast play from the "throw-in" until the whistle blew. The infantry boys were unable to cope with the rushes of the Gun-

ners, and the result was:—Artillery, 3 goals 3 points; Infantry, 3 points.

(It's wonderful how the point of view affects narratives. The Infantry boys' correspondent has a different story of the play. We wonder if it was another victory won by weight of metal?—Ned).



### NOCTAÍ Ó'N SCÉAD CÁT.

Da maít liom a páisilt amač cao é an fáč ná fuitcear as leanúnt ve na Comórtaisí eadur-Compláct sa CÁT. An amláiré a céapann Compláct "Dunáite" go bfuil an Craob acu ar fáo, ós ruo é go bfuil buairte acu ó Compláct "A"? An scéapann siad go bfuil porlámas véanta acu ar na Complácta uile dá réir sin?

Címíó go bfuil tosnú véanta éun an imirleáin a páisilt ulláin "anois ar ceáct an t-Samúir." D'é an caiteam-aimsiú a b'earr a bí ann tos na h-oifigiú anuiré, ac ní éurim liom, ápac, go raib don Comórtaisí as lučt na mbáctós, eadorra péin. Ba ceart go mbéirís á scur i scóir ó'n lá so amác mar tá sé cinnte go mbeiró cineál comórtaisí as lučt leanúna an Spóirt seo sa Roinn. Do réir mar éonac-sa anuiré tóspáó sé imirteóir maít éun buatócáint ar an 'de bálac. Cuirisíó búr "mbáimí" go tóí an niseacáin éun a nise go luat agus páisilt ulláin in am.

Cuirimísíó gur leat na h-oibre, tosnú go tráctúil.

Níor ariúceas riám gur cúireadó veire leis na scómórtaisí táirpise a bí ar siúl le fáo an lá i mbiaóllann na h-oifiseac. Cé an éaoi go nveineann an Praorac amác go bfuil sé 'na scáisiúeac pós?

Tá a lán cainnte na laeteannta so i tsaob na scéóilge heit éisinteac 'sna scoileanntaib ar fuo na tíre. Tá a pios asáinn go maít agus ní séantac ná ní vearmáotac é, go bfuil scá don ruo a véantac san arm, éisinteac. Is beas nio sa toimáin faoi láteair ná fuil éisinteac ar éaoi éisint as scáilí leis píú amáin scáct-obair an lae. Ní h-iongnáó linn dá réir sin, an t-óróú a éus an t-oifiseac i scéannas na briosáirde a tó, uairé le véanaí go mbéat sé éisinteac ar scá oifiseac a ainm do scriob as scéóilge. Ní h-amáin an méro sin, ac táirpear có-érasartas oifisiúil uile na briosáirde heit simíte agus seóltac as scéóilge feasta, cóim maít le ainm an oifise nó bunáit an cáta a cúireann amác an có-érasartas a heit scribte nó cló-buailte ar bárr an leatanaí. Is móran congnám an méro sin péin do cúis na scéóilge agus is maít ac má's maít nac miero?

Pé mar a tubáirt an tseacáimáin seo cáite, as cuir síos ar leabráib toom, bíonn cúile scágas toaine ann go mbíonn oúil i léigteóireac acú. D'péirio ná b'oirpead an cineál céatna ve lirióct do úaoimib áiríte agus a b'oirpead do úaoimib eile. Is maít liom a ráó mar sin péin go bfuil leabair scribte as scéóilge acá oiriúnac éun preastair ar riactanaisí scá don scágas aigne dá bfuil ann. Ní véanpáó-sa don tsaair ve leabráib teimicúla annso go fóit. Tabarpáó cúnacas ar cuio acu-san i nioairé a céile ar báit.

Níl don cóimriar ve rialacáin leogáite síos maíoir leis an slige is fear éun briú agus tuigsint a tábairt linn i scéart as an méro léigteóireac acá véanta asáinn i tcead is go mbeiró táirbe éisint asáinn dá bárr. Tá an méro seo soléir go leóir go h-áiríte go scáirpear léigteóireac ve cineál éisint a heit asáinn éun ár n-aigne o'péabsú. Dá b'riú sin o'péaróí a ráó gur maít an ruo don scágas léigteóireac, is cuma cao é an móó 'na véinteac í, pé áit—mar a veirteá—ná fuil tlighe níl don brise tlighe ann.

Ar maíoin móó, 'do síul' amác, an scáisiúir scóirde, go h-éadotrom croíde, le 'n a muscaeo veas, dá tuús sé meas 'sua aire maít, é heit san salac. Dómar' ve scáire, roim toul ar páráio nuair a cigí go scáó ó bonn go méar. Nac cruairé an cas, péasós as pás ó'n oíóce áiréir, go tuús soléir. Is maírs go veó, heit píonáil coróinn' 've véascáib péasós', nár bearras sa ló.

'Do labair an Captaen i b'poclairé cneasta ar loctáib gléis, annso, annso, is t'rasna agus o'páirpúis sé ve 'm scáisiúir glé, mar seo, im' oíó, go sunca, réit. Á píir na péasós', innis san scó, Cé an fáč go léir nár bearras tú péin, Roim téac ar céarnós leis na scéóta b'pear n-ós. "A úaine uasail céime" o'péasac an scáisiúir é "Dí an rásur san faobar ve mianac ró-sáor, Ó'n arm a fuaró, ní scáó toom é luat: Is feas do scá n-don óinn, pé searb an pírinne nac iontaob don níó ó láim an t's'laté-ruirde." "KUNOVALOS."

**REMEMBER DATES.**

PLEASE GIVE DATES of all happenings. What is "last Friday" when you are writing may be "last Friday fortnight" when the date of the issue containing your notes is taken into account.

**SERVICE DECORATIONS.**  
To the Editor of "An tOglach,"  
G.H.Q., Parkgate, Dublin.  
10/4/26.

A Chara,—Is it not time that our Government gave some recognition to the members of its Army who served during the Anglo-Irish War, the ribbon of which could be worn on the uniform? Every Army has its awards of merit, why not the Irish Army?

It would present no difficulty, as all who receive certificates under the Military Pensions Act could be accepted as having served during the Anglo-Irish War.

The same remarks apply to the Garda Síochana.

I am much interested in your history of the Anglo-Irish War.

Is mise le meas,

"CITIZEN."

**OUR TEAS**

are the pick of the market ;  
are unvarying in quality and  
give universal satisfaction.

Prices—1/6; 1/8; 1/10; 2/-; 2/2; 2/4; 2/6; 2/8;  
2/10; 3/-; 3/2.  
CHINA TEAS—2/8 & 3/2.

**BECKER BROS., Ltd.**

8 STH. GT. GEORGE'S ST.  
and 17 NORTH EARL ST.

"We are all for the Tea, we are all for the Tea ;  
No sweeter, safer beverage I ever hope to see.  
It is pleasant, it is cheery, and it makes the spirit  
free,  
The chosen cup of thousands, is the 'MAGNET'  
cup of Tea."

ONLY AT

**YOUNG WARREN'S**

*The Firm that Knows Tea.*

17 Talbot Street, and  
69 Lower Camden Street, Dublin

Telegrams: "Teamagnet" Phones: 3685 & 51817.

**T. WALSH,**

*Victualler & Contractor,*  
54 MOORE STREET,  
DUBLIN. (Phone 3655).

Constantly supplied with Prime  
Irish Beef, Mutton, and Lamb as  
in Season.

*Deliveries City & Suburbs Daily.*

**We are connoisseurs**

in Toilet Requisites, Razors,  
Strops, Tooth Brushes, Pastes,  
Hair Brushes, Combs, Nail  
Brushes, Soaps, etc., etc. : :

**Hamilton, Long & Co.**

LIMITED,

5 LOWER O'CONNELL STREET

(Opposite O'Connell Monument),

AND

107 GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN

RATHMINES and DUN LAOGHAIRE

ESTABLISHED 100 YEARS.

**MAISON GELDOLF**  
DUBLIN  
*High Class Continental Confectionery  
Caterery & Restaurateurs.*

*Café Belge.*  
34, Dame St.,  
Phone 1917

*Patisserie Belge.*  
1, Leinster St.,  
Phone 3815

**D. McDEVITT,**

Civil & Military Tailor  
Late of 12 Dawson Street.

Note New Address:—

18 KILDARE STREET, DUBLIN.

*Representative visits Stations regularly.*

**MR. WILLIAM KNÖDEL**

announces that he has opened  
a most up-to-date Ladies and  
Gentlemen's

**HAIRDRESSING SALOON**

AT

1 NORTH EARL STREET

(Corner of O'Connell St.) First floor

With the most beautiful outfit  
in Ireland.

**JOHN MILLER**

*Manufacturing Goldsmith & Jeweller.*

17 DUKE STREET, DUBLIN

All Kinds of Gold and Silver Medals to  
Order. Watches, Clocks and Jewellery  
of Every Description Repaired.

Special Terms for Army Clubs.

An Officers' Mess without Flowers  
Is not all that it might be : :

**MAC'S FLOWERS**

Are Dainty, Vivid, Fragrant and  
Lasting. No mess or ante room  
should be without them.

*For prices apply*

**THE STUDIO,**

37 Lr. Baggot Street

Tel. 61780.

**DUBLIN.**

SONGS, BALLADS, RECITATIONS,  
For Concerts and Social Gatherings, in  
Erin's Hope, Erin's Flag, Erin's Call and  
Erin's Pride Song Books.

PRICE 3d. EACH.

**NUGENT & Co., Publishers,**

45 MIDDLE ABBEY ST., DUBLIN.  
*Of All Newsagents.*

DO YOUR SHOPPING AT THE

**PARKGATE PHARMACY**

(R. L. Boyd, L.P.S.I.)

33 PARKGATE STREET, DUBLIN

Medicines, Drugs, Films, Razors,  
Strops, &c. Developing - Printing

On presentation of this Coupon a  
Special Discount will be given to  
Soldiers in Uniform.

ASK FOR AND USE

**HUTCHINSONS TYRES**

"The Tyre With Nine Lives."

*Obtainable from all the Leading Cycle Agents.*

**HUTCHINSONS TYRES, 52 Lr. O'Connell St., Dublin.**

### 3rd BRIGADE NOTES.

The 3rd Brigade boxing team paid a visit to Limerick on the 9th inst. for what proved to be one of the best boxing tournaments held in Munster for many years past, and resulted in an overwhelming win for the visitors. Lieutenant William Fennessy, 16th Infantry Battalion, a past master in the art of training boxers, travelled with the team, and though with his usual modesty he refrained from commenting on the results, we are convinced that he is congratulating himself in private. After all, when one's team makes such a striking impression one cannot help it. The most remarkable feature throughout was the brilliant left-hand scoring of the Corkmen. At times it was so pronounced that it almost reached the sensational: as one of the Limerick garrison remarked, "You get plenty of left-handed compliments from these Cork fellows."

It would be simply impossible to single out any of the contests for a greater degree of skill than the rest. All was skill from beginning to end. In deference to the wishes of the Editor, the results are given as briefly as possible.

1st—Light-weight contest, 6 rounds—Corporal Brennan, 3rd Brigade, beat Pte. Haloran, 4th Brigade. This contest went the full way. Brennan is a very stylish boxer.

2nd—Light-weight contest—Pte. Flynn, 3rd Brigade, knocked out Pte. Mangan, 4th Brigade, in the second round. This contest was simply brilliant, and proved Flynn to be a real champion.

Welter-weight contest, 6 rounds—Pte. Coyle (3rd Brigade Champion) beat M. Lynch, Limerick, on points. This was a very close contest, both men being in the first class.

Light-weight contest, 6 rounds—Pte. Mahony, 3rd Brigade, knocked out Pte. Anderson, 4th Brigade, in the fourth round. Mahony was the more experienced boxer, and his footwork was excellent.

Fly-weight contest, 6 rounds—Pte. O'Connell, 3rd Brigade, beat J. Kenneally, of Limerick, on points. Both men showed determination and skill beyond the ordinary, but O'Connell possessed that "little extra" which always makes it possible for one to win in contests of this kind.

The six-round contest between Pte. Doyle, 3rd Brigade (Tailteann and Irish Light-weight Champion), and McInerney, of Limerick, might be regarded as the centrepiece of the programme. Doyle displayed his superiority throughout, and was always a winner.

Bantam-weight, 6 rounds—Pte. Lacey, 3rd Brigade, beat Finn, the latter's seconds throwing in the towel.

Middle-weight contest, 6 rounds—Pte. Ward, 3rd Brigade, knocked out Sergeant Murray, 4th Brigade, in the third round. As usual, Ward was all left hand and aggressiveness. It is regarded as an achievement nowadays to go more than one round with Ward, and Murray is to be congratulated on his pluck and skill. He was a gallant loser.

Great credit is due to the 3rd Brigade Sports Committees for the manner in which they carry out their duties, not the least of which is the training of the boxers. The patience and skill displayed by Lieutenant Fennessy in this direction

is a source of great satisfaction to the entire Brigade. The valuable advice and sympathetic encouragement of the Brigade Commander is the final item that makes all as it should be—and is.

J. J. M.

### McKEE HURLING CLUB OUT OF CHAMPIONSHIP.

McKee H.C. went out of the County Dublin Hurling Championship on Sunday last when the Kevin's Hurling Club put "paid" to their pretensions to the Championship. Those who looked forward to a Garda-McKee final will be sorely disappointed. Not even the most optimistic follower of the St. Kevin's Club expected the ex-Synge St. boys to emerge victorious. They, however, proved that their victory over the Kickhams was not a mere chance. The victory of the Kevin's is interesting from many points of view. Eleven of the players who did duty on Sunday last are under 21 years of age. They are all Dublin men and learned their hurling in Dublin. It is their first year in senior hurling and are now in the final of their own County Championship. To field a team for senior hurling they called on their "under 21" boys. They will provide good opposition to the Gardai in the final, but it would at the same time be rather much to expect them to lift the championship this season. As to the game, there were many veterans of the

---

### IT IS TO YOUR INTEREST —AND OURS—THAT YOU SHOULD SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.

---

National game at Croke Park on Sunday who stated that it is a considerable time since such a splendid exhibition was seen there. There was almost a total absence of fouls, and Mr. Kenefick (who refereed) handled a fast game in an exemplary manner. The Army players had all the play of the first half, but cracked up lamentably in the second.

#### THE GAME.

Sharp to time, McKee, with a strong sun at their back and with the aid of a slight breeze, started well. After two minutes' play, Power, in the McKee goal, saved a hot shot, and the Kevin's forwards gave plenty of trouble. Finn missed soon afterwards by inches. There were lively exchanges until Leeson, after seven minutes' play, gave McKee the lead with a point. Immediately afterwards Kavanagh, for Kevin's, almost equalised. Leeson again got through for a good goal, and in the next minute sent in a shot which White saved from under the bar. Costigan and Doyle now led a McKee attack, and O'Neill when well placed, was brought down. A lively spell now followed. Kevins returned to the attack, and Muldowney, who was proving a good worker, reduced the lead by a goal. McKee were better hurlers for some time, and Doyle narrowly missed. In the back division of Kevin's, Charlie McMahon proved a stumbling block. Henrick, however, slipped past and put McKee further ahead with

a well-taken goal. Kevins were nothing daunted by this reverse, and the agility of their forward line caused Power anxiety. O'Neill, for McKee, put in useful work, and, from a free, caused White to run out to clear down the field. There was little now between the teams. Stapleton was proving a good worker for McKee, saving them time and again. Mick Reilly gave Power a hot handful which the latter cleared splendidly. Leeson again secured and proved the only marksman of the Army front line, scoring a nice point. Following the puck-out, Stapleton sent well up, and Leeson again securing, ran rings round the Kevin's defence before scoring again. Later he gave O'Neill a good pass, and the latter scored a point. With McKee pressing, the short whistle blew, with the scores:—

McKee H.C.	...	...	2 goals 4 points.
Kevin's	...	...	1 goal.

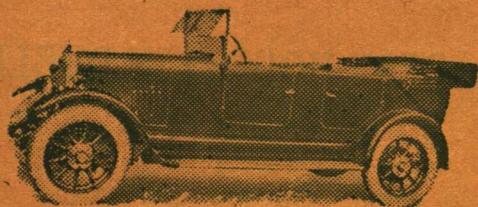
The resumption saw a change. Doyle, O'Neill, and Sullivan all missed good chances. McKee had plenty of the play but were erratic at goal, and after five minutes Willie Kavanagh scored the best goal of the match so far, and Kevin's seemed to possess a new lease of life. They were the better hurlers in every department. Doyle was laid out for a considerable time. Following the rest, Kevin McHenry scored a minor. With only a point difference between the teams, excitement ran high, and the crowd were treated to a great exhibition. Following a McKee attack which proved abortive, Coffey, with a goal, put Kevin's in the lead. O'Neill made a few fine efforts to reduce the arrears, whilst the backs were hard pressed by the Kevin's forwards. A free taken by Mick Reilly was well cleared by Kenneally. McKee forwards were now eager, and when O'Neill was well placed, and about to try at goal, he was pulled to the ground. He got little recompense, the ball being hopped. Soon afterwards Ebbs missed an easy chance for Kevin's. Pressure by Kevin's forwards livened up the game considerably, and in saving a stiff shot from Reilly, Power turned the ball into his own net. From the puck-out Leeson added another point for McKee. The same player immediately put a major through, and with only a point difference and five minutes to go, the hurling was exciting. There were hopes that McKee would yet snatch victory. Leeson, Doyle, O'Neill, and Sullivan all failed when scores seemed certain, and only in the last minute of the game was the issue put beyond doubt. Coffey received behind the McKee backs, and with only Power to beat, he sent over for the final point when the goal was at his mercy. The long-sighed-for goal by the McKee supporters did not come, and a young and well-trained team ousted them from the championship on the score:—

Kevin H.C.	...	5 goals 1 point.
McKee H.C.	...	3 goals 5 points.

McKee Team—O'Neill, Bannon, Howe, Stapleton, Lannigan (2), Leeson, Doyle, Sullivan, Henrick, Costigan, Kenneally, Power, McGrath, and Finn.

---

FURNISHED HOUSE: Tereure area, drawing-rooms, dining-room, study, three bedrooms, bath, etc., etc. Beautiful district, suit senior Officer. For terms apply Box A.10, this Office.



## When you buy a Car

Have one that you can safely trust to give you long years of excellent service with a minimum of outlay for running expenses.

*Fiat*: I can give immediate delivery of any 10/15 H.P. model. Every Fiat carries a guarantee by the manufacturer. Present prices: Tourer £305, Saloon £360, All-weather model £370.

*Derby*: France's famous small car, 8 H.P. Sturdy, Comfortable, Speedy and Economical. Cabriolet 2 seater £215, Special Sports Model £235.

# FIAT & DERBY

Showrooms: 18 Stephen's Green,  
Dublin. (Phone 61983)  
Foxrock (Phone 8)

## P. J. TRACY

EASY PAYMENTS CAN BE ARRANGED IF DESIRED



1916—1926  
THE HOUSE OF

“Willwood”

not alone stands, but has greatly increased in size since 1916—at that time it was less than half the size of to-day—employing about 350 hands. To-day their employees number over 800, and are still increasing.

To what do they owe this progress? Firstly—Quality in all their manufactures. Forging ahead even when times were troubled, believing that every cloud had a silver lining.

WILLWOOD manufacture the finest Jams and Jellies (from fruit grown on their own farm), Seville Orange Marmalade, Candied Peels, Sugar Confectionery, Liquorice Confectionery, Chocolates, &c.

One Standard “PURITY” maintained in all our various manufactures.

**WILLIAMS & WOODS, LTD.**  
(Estd. 1856).

Fruit Farm—Kilsallaghan (Co. Dublin).  
Jam and Confectionery Works, Parnell St., King's Inns St., and

Offices of Messrs. Williams and Woods, in Parnell Street, which the defenders of the G.P.O. sought to reach in Easter Week, 1916. [“An tOglach”] Photo.



Oglagh na hEireann  
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

**EASON & SON, Ltd.,**  
ARMY PRINTERS, STATIONERS,  
BOOKSELLERS, NEWSAGENTS,  
DUBLIN.

LARGE SELECTION OF FANCY  
GOODS SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS  
AND PRIZES ALWAYS IN STOCK.

FOUNTAIN PENS.

PRINTING ORDERS PROMPTLY  
ATTENDED TO.

BRANCH AT "F" SQUARE.

**CURRAGH CAMP.**

The **BEST HOUSES IN DUBLIN**

FOR

Irish Bacon, Butter,  
Eggs and Groceries

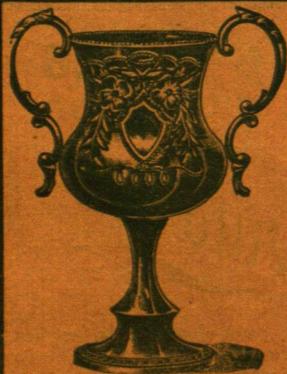
ARE

**JOHN SHIELS'**

6½, 8 & 9 Moore Street and  
45 & 46 Manor St., Dublin.

*The Largest Stocks in Dublin to select from.*

Phones: 4167 Moore Street. 273 Manor Street.



**SPORTS PRIZES  
CUPS & MEDALS**

Largest Selection in Ireland at Half  
Jewellers' Prices

ILLUSTRATED LIST ON APPLICATION.

**MEREDITH'S**

*Pawnbrokers and Jewellers*

**48 CUFFE STREET, DUBLIN.**

**RAZORS** guaranteed to  
shave. Try my 5/- Special Silver  
Steel German Hollow Ground Razor.  
Money returned if not satisfied.  
Other lines—Crown and Sword 3/-;  
Astor 5/-; Kropp 10/6. Your old  
Razor Reground, Set and Stropped  
for 6d., postage 3d.

**McQUILLAN**

*Razor Specialist*

**35-36 CAPEL STREET, DUBLIN.**

Phone No. 2367, 2368. Telegrams—"Waitansee."

**DON'T HESITATE.**

If Punctuality and Service are to be relied on,

Order your  
TAXI from **A.&B.**

THE PIONEER TAXI FIRM.

Minimum Charge 2/6. Day and Night Service.

Special Terms for Weddings, Race Meetings and  
Touring.

**A.&B. TAXIS, Ltd.,**  
PORTOBELLO, DUBLIN

**O'SHAUGHNESSY**

(Late of PHILLIPS)

**3 CORK HILL, DUBLIN**

(Opposite City Hall)

For Expert Military and Civilian

**TAILORING**

REASONABLE PRICES

**VARIAN'S**

Supplied to Irish Army, Govern-  
ment departments, Principal  
Railways, Shipping Companies,  
and stocked by all leading hard-  
ware merchants all over Ireland,  
North and South.

*Ask for them—get them.*

**BRUSHES**

COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES