

# AN TÓGLÁC

THE ARMY JOURNAL

Vol. IV. No. 21.

June 5th, 1926.

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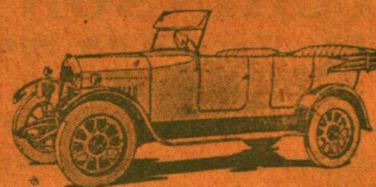
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# An t-Ógláic

Vol. IV. No. 21

JUNE 5, 1926.

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**Military Terms :** No. 1 DRILL—The Training of the Soldier to execute movements as a second nature.

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# An t-Ógláic

JUNE 5, 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 EASGARCIÓN.

### CHEVALIER CHARLES WOGAN.

THERE was a time when the names of Irish soldiers resounded throughout the entire continent of Europe. Their feats of daring, resource and soldiery ability were talked of in the inns, and whispered in the drawing-rooms. They were, indeed, the paragons of soldiery virtue. Of these figures Charles Wogan was an outstanding and accomplished example.

The brilliant story which that master novelist—Major A. E. W. Mason, D.S.O.—has woven round Wogan, under the title of “Clementina,” is not so much romance as historical fact. Indeed, when one comes to read the life of Wogan, one is struck with the modicum of romance and fiction which the author has introduced into the story. It is a story that has followed the historical sequence with wonderful accuracy, which, perhaps, accounts for the widespread popularity of “Clementina,” and all our readers will regret its passing from our pages in the course of another week or two.

A “Life of Chevalier Charles Wogan,” by J. M. Flood, is now published at 2s. 6d. by that most enterprising of Irish publishing houses—The Talbot Press, Ltd., 85 Talbot St., Dublin. All of our readers who have read “Clementina” will, we are sure, like to have a fuller and more intimate knowledge of the life of the hero than that which is given in the story. To these we confidentially recommend this book.

We hope that the Commanding Officers throughout the Army realise the value of these stories to the troops. We know of no better means of inculcating the soldierly spirit; of increasing the morale; and even infusing a higher standard of *esprit-de-corps* than the reading of such fascinating stories as “Clementina”—especially when they are historically true.

As one of the greatest Irish soldiers of fortune of his times, an inspiring figure for the soldiers of all times, we recommend that the “Life of Chevalier Charles Wogan” be placed in every Army library, and that all ranks be encouraged to read it.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

**MARRIED IN MAY.** By Mrs. T. M. Pender. 2s. 6d. net.

**TALES OF TIPPERARY.** By C. J. Kickham. 2s. 6d. net.

**IN EMMET'S DAYS.** By James Murphy. 3s. 6d. net.

That most enterprising of Irish publishing houses—The Talbot Press, Ltd., 85 Talbot Street, Dublin, has issued the above splendid Irish stories in cheap editions—thus bringing these famous stories of Irish life within the reach of all. Those who love romance, with all its tenderness and human appeal, will find many hours of simple pleasure in the reading of Mrs. T. M. Pender's “Married In May.” Had the gifted authoress stuck to romance, rather than the historical novel, her following would have been as numerous as that of Guy Boothby or Ethel M. Dell. It is a story told with charming simplicity.

“The Tales of Tipperary” are a collection of Kickham's earlier stories, each complete in itself. Kickham was a master of the art of story-telling, and praising his work is like attempting to paint the lily. Everyone is familiar with his novels, especially “Knocknagow,” but this collection, being new and little known, will be welcomed by all lovers of fiction, especially those who have a penchant for the short story capitally told.

The British Government fear the power of James Murphy as a historical-cum-political novelist to such an extent that they offered him a pension on condition that he would give up such writings and live out of the country. A form of polite bribery which, unfortunately, James Murphy accepted, spending the remaining years of his life in Paris. Those facts should be sufficient recommendation of his existing works to any Irishman. His novel, “In Emmet's Days,” now published at the very low price of 3s. 6d., is an absorbing tale of dark but striving days. We would like to see this class of literature in steady circulation throughout the Army. It makes a special appeal to the military minds, and constitutes one of the finest stimulants to the cultivation of morale, and even *esprit-de-corps* that we know of.

The Talbot Press is to be sincerely congratulated on its enterprise as well as its craftsmanship. The best form of commendation is patronage, and we recommend these novels very strongly to all libraries and messes throughout the Army. No finer form of light reading could be provided for our troops.

**THE KILTARTAN HISTORY BOOK.** By Lady Gregory. Price 3s. 6d. net. Published by Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., London.

Lady Gregory and the Abbey Theatre are almost synonymous terms. Recently the Abbey Theatre has been very much in the public eye. The Government subsidy has lifted it to a definite national plane. Lady Gregory's book is, therefore, published at a very opportune time.

“The Kiltartan History Book” is certainly the most intriguing volume we have read for a long time. Indeed it may truthfully be said to be unique. It opens with the Flood, no less: “At the time of the Flood they were a hundred years making a bark. All the old logs of the trees are in the bogs from that time, the time Ireland was drowned.” Surely a quaint and intriguing opening. But consider this:

“An Old Man's Prophecy (1923)”: “I tell you the English will be back again and this Government put out. It is certain they will come back. It is in Columcille's prophecy. There was a Lord one time with O'Brien in Dromoland, and O'Brien promised him whatever he would ask, and he said: ‘Give me the house of Dromoland and the lands.’ So he agreed to that. But then he said he had some request to make, and the Lord said he would give it. And he said: ‘Give me the house and the lands of Dromoland back again,’ and he had to give it. That will be the way with the English. They gave up Ireland, but they will have their two eyes fixed on it, and they will get it back again.”

That, except for “Some Broadsheet Ballads of the Wars,” is the last paragraph in the book, and in between Lady Gregory has managed to put a little of everything under the sun, in her own quaint and piquant style.

It is indeed a delightful book, beautifully bound in red cloth. At the present price we feel sure it will be as popular and as much quoted as the “Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.”

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# THE DEFENCE OF Messrs. HOPKINS and HOPKINS, O'Connell St., Dublin IN EASTER WEEK, 1916.

By CAPTAIN C. TURNER, Army Corps of Engineers.

*(Being the Twenty-first instalment of the History of the Anglo-Irish War.)*

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

In a previous article I described how the "Kimmage Garrison" arrived in O'Connell Street on Easter Monday, 1916. I now propose to deal with the occupation of the well-known jewellery establishment at O'Connell Bridge—Messrs. Hopkins & Hopkins—and also to relate some of my personal experiences during the eventful week.

When the party forming the G.H.Q. Guard had wheeled out of Lower Abbey Street and reached a point opposite the Metropole Hotel, six or seven in the rear of the column were ordered to double back to O'Connell Bridge, and there await further orders. These soon arrived and were to the effect that half our number was to occupy Kelly's Gunpowder Store on the corner of Bachelor's Walk, the remainder Hopkins and Hopkins on the opposite corner. The party was accordingly divided, Peadar Bracken taking charge of those to occupy Kelly's, and Seamus Robinson taking command of Hopkins' party, which consisted of but two others—a member of the Citizen Army named Fitzpatrick and myself.

Reaching the premises we discovered that the effecting of an entrance would be a bit of a problem, the lower part of the building being protected by roller shutters which were secured by bolts passing through the framework. While we were scouting about for some means of gaining access to the building the policeman on "point duty" at O'Connell Bridge passed by and proceeded down Eden Quay. Thinking he was about to raise the alarm, Seamus Robinson ordered me to go after him and hold him up, but it was not until I had threatened to "run him through" with the bayonet that he obeyed my order to halt. He became very apologetic, assured me he was not going to interfere with us in any way, and added that as far as he could see it was "a matter for the military to deal with." I ordered him to return to the O'Connell Monument and remain there until he got permission to leave. He complied without demur and we did not trouble him further.

We now noticed a party of Lancers approaching us from the direction of Butt Bridge and immediately came to the conclusion that "the game was up." They proved to be an escort conveying

stores from the North Wall, and beyond sneering and making comments they took little notice of us. They did not sneer, however, when they reached the Four Courts, as the men who had taken possession of that building barred their progress and inflicted heavy casualties on them.

After a little consultation we decided to effect an entrance through a hall door on Eden Quay and break through from there to Hopkins. On forcing the door open we were agreeably surprised to find that it led to the upper portion of the building we wished to occupy, though from the outside it did not give that impression, being apparently the entrance to another building.

We made a thorough search of the premises but found them deserted. It was there and then decided that under no circumstances could the occupants be admitted should they return. The woman of the house did call later and was very indignant when told she could not be allowed to enter. We suggested that it would be much safer for her to seek accommodation elsewhere and offered to hand out to her any personal property she required but she declined the offer, and after a little further parley withdrew to seek the advice of the police. The latter evidently had none to give, as it was not long until she returned and repeated her demand for admittance, only to be met with the same polite refusal. On this occasion Seamus Robinson informed her that the building was occupied by three hundred men; that we expected the British to launch an attack at any moment, and consequently it would be much safer for her to go and stay with some friends. She was apparently convinced by this argument for she immediately departed and did not again trouble us. An interesting point in this connection is the fact that the British Authorities afterwards, in an official report, stated that Hopkins and Hopkins was occupied by about 300 men, and I have often since wondered was this lady the source from which they obtained their information.

Our next move was to fortify the building, a task which presented some difficulty, as the kind of material required was not available. What little furniture we could procure was con-

veyed to the ground floor and utilised to barricade the door by which we had entered. We had now to tunnel through to the other buildings in the hope of finding some more material. The tunnelling was also necessary in order to establish communication with the garrison in the wireless station at the corner of Abbey Street. It did not take long to break through to Scott's a tailoring establishment next door, and here we found rolls of cloth and plenty of heavy furniture, which we made use of to barricade that house and also to strengthen our defences in Hopkins. We worked strenuously all day carrying our material and towards evening were both tired and hungry. Only then did we make the alarming discovery that we had no food. Seamus and I had brought none with us and Fitzpatrick having been hastily mobilized in the morning had no time to procure provisions. Stout believers in Napoleon's dictum that "an army marches on its stomach," we readily realised that we could not "carry on" if the "inner man" was neglected. There being no place in the vicinity from which supplies could be obtained, I was despatched to the G.P.O. to endeavour to procure something eatable and also to make inquiries as to the possibility of having our garrison strengthened, as our number was hopelessly inadequate to cope with the task allotted to us. After an amount of unsuccessful scouting for the Commissariat Department I eventually met Capt. Plunkett, who greeted me warmly and inquired how we were getting on. The position being explained to him he immediately provided us with sufficient food to furnish a meal for the three of us. The question of reinforcements could not be settled so easily, but he promised to do his best, explaining that there was a shortage of men in every post. He told me also to return later and that in the meantime he would make arrangements for the transmission of a further supply of food, also some bombs and tools for tunnelling. I made three journeys to the G.P.O. that evening and brought across a good supply of food, bombs, tools, etc. On my last visit I was accompanied by Fitzpatrick, but even then we could not take all the material. I was arranging to make an-

other journey when a member of the Cumann na mBan, whom I afterwards learned was a Miss Murphy of Liverpool, volunteered to carry some of the material across for us. Her kind services were availed of and I was accordingly saved the further trip.

By this time it was too late to carry on with the work of tunnelling, so we took our posts at the windows for the night with the intention of resuming operations at daybreak, provided the enemy did not attack in the meantime and force us to alter our plans. Throughout the night we could hear the rattle of musketry in various parts of the city, especially from the direction of the Castle and St. Stephen's Green, and every moment we were expecting an attack on our post. Up to daybreak, however, the expected attack had not been launched and after a hastily prepared breakfast we again set to work.

After a couple of hours' strenuous work, however, we succeeded in making a hole large enough to crawl through, only to encounter a similar obstacle at the other side of the building. This was a serious set-back to us, as the work in the ordinary way was tedious enough, and in addition each building as we entered it had to be fortified. Towards evening we were all fairly well exhausted and presented the appearance of builders' labourers, our clothes, hair and faces being covered with dust and grime. After a short discussion it was decided that it would be absolutely essential to procure reinforcements so that we could, in turn, have a couple of hours' rest during the night, and accordingly I was despatched again to the G.P.O. On this occasion I was referred to James Connolly, who appeared surprised on hearing our garrison was so

a young girl received a fatal wound from this same sniper. After nightfall he ceased his activities and it was during this lull that Conroy arrived.

Before daybreak on Wednesday morning I lay down for a couple of hours' rest, but it was not long until Seamus Robinson, roused me saying the sniper had resumed his activities and was causing some annoyance to our garrison. As our post was fairly well fortified we arranged that two would remain posted at the windows while the other two proceeded with the work.

The next bit of excitement was the shelling of Liberty Hall by the "Helga" (now doing duty as chief patrol boat for the Ministry of Fisheries under the name of "Muir Cu"). At first we thought it was an attack on our post, but an improvised periscope, in the shape of a mirror attached to a broom handle, which was projected from one



O'Connell Street, Dublin, showing Messrs. Hopkins & Hopkins on right-hand corner. This photo was taken before the fighting in 1916.

At about 7 a.m. a number of postmen assembled beneath one of the windows held a conference as to whether they should not go to the G.P.O. for duty. Whilst the debate was in progress a fellow-worker arrived on the scene and quietly informed them that he had been to the G.P.O., had got a bayonet pushed up against his chest when the door was opened to him and was told that there would be no mails to deliver for some time to come. It was accordingly unanimously decided to go home and adopt the Asquithian wait and see policy.

Work proceeded without incident during the day until we had tunnelled down as far as the Grand Central Cinema. Here we were confronted with a real stumbling block in the shape of a wall apparently of solid concrete and on which our tools had little or no effect.

small. He saw the necessity for strengthening the post, saying that it was one of the most important in the city, and pointed out that their numbers were not sufficient to properly man all their posts, but promised to do his best. He kept his promise, too, for later that night another member of the Citizen Army named Conroy reported, and though we were disappointed that more did not arrive, the relief was welcome.

That was the last occasion on which I visited the G.P.O., and indeed on my return I had to "run the gauntlet," as a sniper had taken up position in the vicinity of McBirney's and was making things lively. Just as I entered the door of Hopkins a man passing by got the bullet intended for me. Shortly afterwards when the victim was being removed in the Corporation Ambulance

of the windows showed us what was afoot. The sniper in McBirney's was paying close attention to us all this time, but now, in addition, a machine-gun which we believed to be located in the tower of the Fire Station, Tara Street, was trained on our position and for upwards of half-an-hour maintained a heavy fire, but beyond chipping the brickwork around the windows did no damage whatever. We had, of course, to keep our heads down while the fusillade lasted.

At this time the work of tunnelling had progressed as far as the D.B.C. and communication with the wireless station had been established. It was only then we discovered that the D.B.C. was also occupied by our forces, who were using the tower of that building as a sniping post.

Seeing that nothing in the nature of

an assault on our post was likely Seamus Robinson went on a tour of inspection through the block of buildings and returning from the D.B.C. brought with him some confectionery which he placed on the ground beside me. In the midst of the fusillade I lay flat on the floor enjoying my first meal that day, and how appetising it was!

From Monday onwards crowds of curious people assembled at all hours in the vicinity of O'Connell Bridge, but the sudden burst of fire on Wednesday morning had sent them flying to seek shelter. Some of the most daring, however, returned later and towards mid-day the crowd was as large as ever. The sniper in McBirney's was evidently getting impatient that his bullets were not taking effect on the occupants of the buildings in O'Connell Street and he opened fire on the people assembled near O'Connell Monument. They hastily sought refuge on the south side of the river. Just then we noticed that a blind man making his way through O'Connell Street, had been wounded. A member of the St. John Ambulance Brigade promptly came to his assistance and rendered first aid. His wound did not appear to be serious, and the Ambulance man was about to lead him to a place of safety when he was himself shot down by the same sniper. Fortunately, however, he was able to make his way to Westmoreland Street, bringing the blind man with him. This incident, coupled with the fact that he had fired on the Corporation Ambulance the previous evening, revealed the cowardly nature of this sniper and we resolved to locate and put him out of action at all costs. It may be asked why we had not done so sooner. Well, first of all, we had not succeeded in definitely locating him, though we believed he was in McBirney's, and secondly a number of girls in that building were constantly appearing at the windows, consequently we were loth to open fire. Besides our garrison possessed but one rifle, owned by Fitzpatrick, and we doubted the effectiveness of the shotguns with which the remainder of us were armed to cover the distance. Our supply of .303 ammunition was also limited and it had been decided to conserve it until a favourable opportunity presented itself to use it to advantage. However, procuring a good pair of binoculars from Hopkins' shop a keen search of the buildings on Aston's Quay was instituted and after a short time the sniper was definitely located at the central top window of McBirney's. This information was signalled across to the garrison in Kelly's and it was arranged that they should co-operate with us in endeavouring to silence him. By a fortunate coincidence they had just located him at the same time. Conroy now took possession of Fitzpatrick's rifle, as he was reputed to be a good rifle shot, and covered the window, while I was detailed to keep a sharp look out with the glasses and tell him when the sniper next made his appearance. Only a couple of minutes elapsed until I gave Conroy the word "fire," which he did

after taking steady aim. Simultaneously a volley rang out from Kelly's and the sniper did not again trouble us, though I understand he was replaced by another that night.

Later in the afternoon of that day a number of troops entered and took up positions in Trinity College. From our post we could see them marching through the entrance gates. Here again the limited range of our weapons was a great drawback, for had we possessed one machine-gun we could have inflicted heavy casualties on these troops, who, though strange it may seem, were marching in "column of route," and offered a splendid target. As it was we could merely be "interested" spectators.

It did not take the enemy long to mount machine-guns on the roof of the College, and from then onwards O'Connell Street was literally swept by bullets and became a veritable "no man's land."

On Wednesday evening a message was conveyed to us by one of the D.B.C. garrison to the effect that we were to evacuate the building and report to the G.P.O. The order appeared strange to us as we could see no reason for having occupied the building if it was to be evacuated just when we had got it into a state of defence. Seamus Robinson interviewed the messenger who came from the G.P.O., but returned saying that the order was quite correct. Accordingly we joined the garrison of the wireless station and D.B.C. preparatory to carrying out the instructions.

This incident serves to illustrate the unreliability of verbal messages being correctly delivered on active service, as the actual message sent out by James Connolly was "evacuate the tower of the D.B.C.," the reason being that it was a conspicuous mark for the artillery which he knew would shortly be coming into action. The actual message delivered to us was "evacuate the block of buildings, including the D.B.C."

The entire garrison, numbering from eight to ten, now emerged into Lower Abbey Street, and making a detour via Marlboro' Street reached Cathedral Street, the intention being to rush singly from there to the G.P.O. This was undoubtedly the safest route, as O'Connell Street was being absolutely raked by machine-gun fire.

Four or five of our number had succeeded in getting across in spite of the deadly fire, amongst them being Seamus Robinson and "Blime-me" O'Connor. Some ammunition, by the way, dropped from the latter's pouches when he was about half-way over and he quite coolly stopped to collect it.

Our entry into Cathedral Street had evidently been observed by the enemy, for just then fire was opened on us from the direction of the Model Schools, to which building troops had apparently been rushed to deal with us. We were now in an awkward position, being in the midst of a cross fire. To rush O'Connell Street would be courting disaster, as the machine-guns were concentrating on the corner of Cathedral Street, from which the few who had

gone before us had been seen to emerge, so we decided to choose the lesser of the two evils and retreat down Cathedral Street, which we did, making use of what little cover was available. Being armed only with shotguns we could not reply to the fire from the Model Schools. At any rate the British troops did not appear to be very good marksmen as we suffered no casualties, though they had an excellent opportunity of "wiping us out" in that narrow thoroughfare.

Our intention now was to work round to North Earl Street and cross over to the G.P.O. from there. As we were passing down Cathedral Street a door suddenly opened and a woman appeared calling to us "come this way." We followed her into the hall. There she directed us how to get through to Earl Street and disappeared before we had time to thank her. I have never since been able to locate that particular hall door, though I have tried many times to do so. However, we followed her directions and proceeding through a yard crossed a wall and found ourselves in a narrow passage which led to a Billiard Room and Tobacconist's shop in Earl Street. Coming into Earl Street we found ourselves at the wrong side of a substantial barricade which had been erected by the garrison in Noblett's. Looking up to one of the windows of that building I observed "Paudeen" O'Keefe. We succeeded in attracting his attention, informed him that we wanted to get to the G.P.O., and asked to be admitted so that we might get across from there. After some consultation with those inside Paudeen lowered a ladder to us from the window of the first floor. It was, however, found to be too short to reach the ground and was pulled up again and re-lowered by means of a rope. Each man then climbed the ladder in turn to the topmost rung and then reaching a hand was pulled up the remainder of the way by a couple of members of the garrison inside. Here we were advised to wait until nightfall before attempting to cross the street.

I was rather anxious to join my comrades in the G.P.O., as practically all the Volunteers in this building were strangers to me, and of those who had entered with me I knew but one—Fitzpatrick. Besides, my orders were to report to the G.P.O., and "Fitz" was equally anxious to get there. I learned, however, that Capt. Frank Thornton (afterwards Colonel) was in the Imperial Hotel and seeking him out I told him how anxious I was to report to Capt. Plunkett. He told me they were endeavouring to establish a communication line with the G.P.O., and if successful would send over a message to Capt. Plunkett and obtain instructions for me. I was quite satisfied with this arrangement and in the meantime placed myself under the orders of Brennan-Whitmore (now Comdt. on the General Staff), who was in charge of this block of buildings, and was posted to a room over Noblett's. It was long after nightfall before the message from Capt. Plunkett arrived, which was to the effect

remain where I was and place myself at the disposal of the O.C., Imperial Hotel.

On Thursday the attack on the G.P.O. opened in earnest. We saw the first shell fired at the building crash through a window in the Metropole Hotel (having passed over the roof of the Post Office) and the second one, which came nearer to its mark, striking the parapet of the portico in front of the structure. The firing developed in intensity as the day wore on, but above the din created by the boom of artillery, the rattle of machine-guns and the sharp crack of rifles could be heard the singing of "The Soldier's Song" by the garrison in G.H.Q.

It is unnecessary for me to attempt a description of the scenes connected with the burning and evacuation of the Imperial Hotel, or the valiant efforts of the garrison to check the flames and save the building from destruction, as the subject has already been adequately dealt with by Comdt. Brennan-Whitmore in one of his articles.

In conclusion I would like to pay tribute to those gallant comrades of mine who worked so strenuously, in the face of many difficulties, during those first three days in Hopkins and Hopkins, Fitzpatrick and Conroy (I regret that their Christian names are forgotten) rendered valuable assistance, but Seamus Robinson deserves special mention. His wonderful energy and resource was astonishing and helped us over many a difficulty. Indeed he did more than one man's part, and though now he is in an opposing camp I feel, in justice, bound to say that Ireland did not possess, during that memorable week, a braver soldier nor a more sincere worker in her cause.

(To be continued).

# = WIRELESS NOTES =

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

## LOCATION OF FAULTS IN SETS.— *Continued.*

### TWO VALVE SET.

#### *Set Won't React.*

(1) Try different value of reaction coil. The reaction coil for this particular type of set is usually of slightly bigger value than the A.T.I. coil.

(2) If no result, reverse the leads to the points Y1 and Y2, i.e., reverse the reaction coil.

(3) If still no result, see to condition of high and low tension batteries. In the absence of a voltmeter, the low tension voltage can be pretty well identified according to the brilliancy of the valve filaments. If the high tension battery is in

galvanometer there is a short-circuit in the condenser and it may be scrapped.

(4) If condenser C is proved O.K., and still no results: Test first stage of circuit. Disconnect No. 2 valve and join up phones between the point Y1 and the positive of the High Tension (Fig. II.). This is now a simple one valve set. If the one valve functions O.K. the fault is definitely located at some point in the circuits associated with the second valve. The primary of the transformer is probably disconnected.

Test the primary of the transformer by means of portion of the H.T. battery, say 10 or 20 volts. Connect a lead from either end of the H.T. battery to one end of the

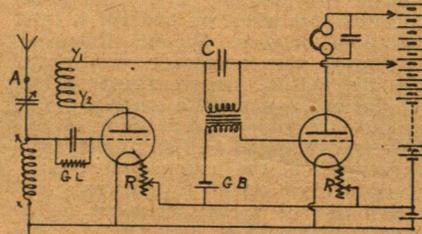


Fig 1 - Straight Two Valve Set  
with Magnetic Reaction

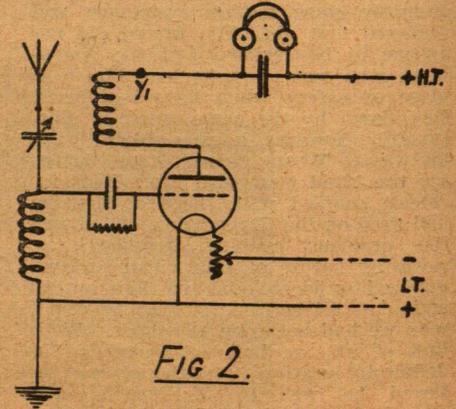


Fig 2.

use over three months it may be in poor condition. However, a good H.T. battery on a two-valver should give good service for at least six months. And a super capacity battery should give good service on such a set for at least twelve months.

Remove condenser C and replace it with the telephone condenser. If the set now works the fault was probably due to a short-circuit in condenser C. Connect a galvanometer with the condenser and a dry cell, as in Fig. 3. If this gives a deflection on the

transformer primary and another lead to one side of the phones. Now tap the other side of the phones to the other end of the transformer primary. If it is O.K. a very loud click should be heard in the phones. In the absence of this click it may be safely assumed that the primary coil is disconnected. If the primary coil is O.K. apply a similar test in the case of the secondary. Both coils are rarely burnt out at the same time. The primary is the coil which usually suffers.

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If one of the coils is O.K., and no other transformer is available, make use of the good coil as a choke, and couple up as explained in previous article in "An t-Oglach" (No. 12, 3/4/26).

(5) *Regular slow clicking beat in phones.*—This fault is one usually associated with one or other of the grids, and is due to a disconnection in a grid circuit. Remove the grid bias battery and replace with a piece of wire. If the noise disappears the grid battery is polarised to such an extent that it introduces a disconnection in the circuit. A similar fault may also be due to a faulty grid leak. If a good grid leak is not available, get a piece of clean paper or cardboard about 2 inches in length and draw on it three or four parallel graphite pencil marks and join it up as a leak. Clamp the two ends of the cardboard in terminals which make good contact with the graphite lines. The number of lines depends on the quality of the pencil. Start off with one or two lines and keep adding more lines until your signals are loudest. Your grid leak is now the correct value.

FIG. 3.



(6) *Signals become dead weak.*—But when you touch the aerial terminal the signals again become strong and gradually wane off to dead weak again. This is a fault which usually occurs when the aerial tuning condenser is joined in series, as in Fig. 1. It is due to an atmosphere heavily charged with negative electricity. A strong negative charge gradually develops on the aerial. This charge attracts a similar charge of positive from the set to the bottom plates of the condenser and repels negative to the grid of the first valve. When the aerial terminal is tapped with the finger the accumulated atmospheric charge escapes to earth through the body, and normal conditions are restored for the moment. The only remedy for this fault is to connect the A.T.C. in parallel and use a small A.T.I. coil.

(7) *Continuous howl in phones.*—This is probably due to a feed-back from the plate circuit of the final valve to the grid of either valve. Look to the wiring of the set and see that none of the leads associated with the plate circuit are running close and parallel to any leads associated with a grid circuit. All wires crossing one another should as far as possible do so at right angles. This gives the least amount of induction and capacity between them. If the re-arrangement of wiring does not remove the fault turn the transformer around; also try the transformer in different positions. If the fault still remains try reversing the I and O terminals.

CONSTRUCTED SETS.

I am indebted to a reader of "An t-Oglach" for the following:—

"To Comdmt. Smyth.

"A Dhuine Usail.—It affords me pleasure to inform you that I have built a two valve amplifier which is a modification of the three valve coupled amplifier described in your notes in the issue of April 10th, and I may add that the efficiency of this set has quite surprised me.

"Used in conjunction with an ordinary crystal receiver, I get splendid loud speaker results from 2RN at a distance of five or six miles from the station, and with a D.E.2 valve in the first amplification stage and a D.F.6 in the second, I get wonderful tone and volume without the slightest trace of distortion. Many of our erstwhile listening in enthusiasts in and around Dublin have grown tired of their crystal sets for many reasons, not the least of which is the discomfort of headphones, and to these people in particular I would unhesitatingly recommend the construction of the set which you describe in 'An t-Oglach,' No. 13.

"The initial outlay is small, and the cost of running the set is, comparatively speaking, negligible.

"I take this opportunity of recording my appreciation of your excellent articles each week in 'An t-Oglach.'

"Beir Beannacht,

" 'TRANSFORMER.' "

APPOINTMENTS AND TRANSFERS OF OFFICERS.

We are informed that the following appointments and transfers have been made:

Lieut. John Barry, late "B" Coy., 6th Batt., transferred to "B" Coy., 2nd Batt.

Lieut. Matthew Connery, "B" Coy., 2nd Batt., to Command Attached List.

2nd-Lt. Jeremiah McCarthy, "C" Coy., 2nd Batt., to Command Attached List.

Capt. Henry P. McEoin, late "D" Coy., 5th Batt., transferred to "A" Coy., 3rd Batt.

Capt. Richard Doherty, "C" Coy., 3rd Batt., transferred to "C" Coy., 4th Batt.

Capt. J. P. McCann, "C" Coy., 4th Batt., transferred to "C" Coy., 3rd Batt.

Lieut. Pierce Wall, I.O., 1st Batt., to Command Attached List.

Capt. C. M. Dillon, late Adj., 6th Batt., to be Adj., 4th Batt.

Capt. Thos. J. Kelly, Adj., 4th Batt., transferred to "B" Coy., 25th Batt.

Lieut. Sean Clancy, late I.O., 4th Batt., to be Asst. Q.M., 4th Batt.

Capt. Thos. Higgins, "B" Coy., 25th Batt., to be Adj., 25th Batt.

Lieut. James Kelly, late Asst. Adj., 6th Batt., to be Asst. Adj., 25th Batt.

Capt. Thomas Henry, Command Ordnance Officer, to be Asst. Command Q.M.

Capt. Jos. Jer. Toghher, late "C" Coy., 6th Batt., to be Command Ordnance Officer.

Capt. J. J. Hogan, late "B" Coy., 6th Batt., to be O.C. Armoured Car Coy., Western Command.

COLLECTIVE TRAINING PERIOD, 1926.

The General Staff Training Bureau informs us that in accordance with the provisions of the Annual Training Regulations, 1926, arrangements have been made for the following Units to go under canvas for intensified training during the periods shown:—

Infantry of the Line.

MONTHS: MAY-JUNE.

5th Infantry Battalion at the Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare; 7th Infantry Batt. at the Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare; 9th Inf. Batt. at Finner Camp, Co. Donegal; 12th Infantry Batt. at Kilworth Camp, Co. Cork; 17th Infantry Battalion at Kilbride Camp, Co. Wicklow; 18th Infantry Batt. at Kilworth Camp, Co. Cork; 25th Inf. Batt. at Oranmore Camp, Co. Galway; 27th Inf. Batt. at Kilbride Camp, Co. Wicklow.

MONTHS: JUNE-JULY.

3rd Infantry Battalion at Finner Camp, Co. Donegal; 4th Infantry Battalion at Finner Camp, Co. Donegal; 14th Inf. Batt. at Kilworth Camp, Co. Cork; 15th Inf. Batt. at the Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare; 20th Infantry Batt. at the Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare; 21st Infantry Batt. at Kilbride Camp, Co. Wicklow; 23rd Inf. Batt. at Kilbride Camp, Co. Wicklow.

MONTHS: JULY-AUGUST.

1st Infantry Batt. at Finner Camp, Co. Donegal; 2nd Infantry Batt. at Finner Camp, Co. Donegal; 8th Infantry Batt. at the Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare; 10th Inf. Battalion at Kilworth Camp, Co. Cork; 16th Infantry Battalion at Kilworth Camp, Co. Cork; 19th Infantry Battalion at the Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare; 22nd Inf. Battalion at Kilbride Camp, Co. Wicklow; 24th Infantry Battalion at Kilbride Camp, Co. Wicklow.

Special Corps and Services.

Artillery Corps, Nos. 1 and 2 Field Batteries, at Glen of Imaal Camp, Co. Wicklow—14th to 31st July.

Attached Special Services, Southern Command, at Kilworth Camp, Co. Cork—15th June to 15th July.

Arrangements for other Corps and Services will be announced in due course.

The following is the programme arranged for Collective Training for the period 15th May to 31st August, 1926:—

SOUTHERN COMMAND AT KILWORTH CAMP.  
May 15th-June 15th—12th Battalion, 18th Battalion.

June 15th-July 15th—14th Battalion, Special Services, Headquarters Company.  
July 15th-August 15th—10th Battalion, 16th Battalion.

EASTERN COMMAND AT KILBRIDE.  
May-June—17th Battalion, 27th Batt.  
June-July—21st Battalion, 23rd Batt.  
July-August—22nd Battalion, 24th Batt.

AT THE CURRAGH.  
May-June—7th Battalion. June-July—20th Battalion. July-August—19th Batt.

WESTERN COMMAND AT FINNER CAMP.  
May-June—9th Batt. June-July—3rd Battalion, 4th Battalion. July-August—2nd Battalion, 1st Battalion.

AT ORANMORE.  
May-June—25th Battalion.

CURRAGH TRAINING CAMP.  
May-June—5th Batt. June-July—15th Battalion. July-August—8th Battalion.

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# THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

## SCALE DRAWING AND MAP READING.

### LESSON No. 5.

#### Plan and Map.

**Definitions.**—A plan is a drawing or representation of an object as viewed from above.

**NOTE.**—A Plan does **not** represent a "front" or "side" view. It represents an "overhead" view.

A Map is a plan or representation of a country or portion thereof on which physical and artificial features are indicated by certain signs recognised by convention or common usage.

Physical features include hills, mountains, lakes, rivers, bogs, forests, etc.

Artificial features include villages, towns, cities, roads, railways, canals, etc.

Conventional signs will be dealt with in detail in a later lesson.

**Drawing to Scale.**—It is clear that on a sheet of paper we cannot draw a full sized plan of any object which covers a greater surface area than the area of the paper. For instance, to draw a full sized plan of a floor we would require a sheet of paper equal in area to the floor.

We can, however, draw a plan to represent the floor though it is obvious that the size of this plan will be much smaller than the actual size of the floor. Take for example a rectangular floor whose length is twice its breadth. This can be represented by any rectangle having its length twice its breadth. Similarly a square floor can be represented by a square of any size.

These plans will not, however, enable us to determine the size of the floors represented or to compare their sizes with the sizes of other floors or objects.

We must, therefore, draw our plans in a certain fixed **proportion** to the objects which we wish to represent. Suppose the rectangular floor already referred to has a length of 20 feet and a width of 10 feet, and we draw a plan having a length of 2 inches and a width of 1 inch, it is easily seen that the 2" line of our plan represents 20 feet of actual measurement or 1" represents 10 feet.

The proportion which exists between distances on the plan and distances on the floor which the plan represents may therefore be set out as follows:—

Plan distance : Floor distance :: 1" : 10' ;

or

Plan distance : Floor distance :: 1" : 120".

This method of drawing to a definite proportion is known as **Drawing to scale**. Hence we get the following definitions:—

By the **Scale** of a plan or map is meant the proportion that exists between any given distance on the plan or map and the actual ground distance represented.

If for example we find that two places "A" and "B" are one inch apart on a map and we know that these two places are actually one mile apart on the ground,

then we know that the map is drawn to a scale of one inch to one mile, i.e., that one inch "map distance" represents one mile "ground distance." On this map, therefore, a ground distance of 10 miles will be represented by a distance of 10 inches and so on for any ground or map distances.

The student must, however, clearly understand that when speaking of ground distance we do not mean surface distance, i.e., hills and valleys which may materially alter and increase surface distance are not taken into consideration when speaking of ground distance, which means horizontal distance or distance "as the crow flies." The attached diagrams will explain our meaning.

Similarly it must be understood that scale only refers to linear or long measure and **not** to square measure. In a map or plan drawn to a scale of 1 inch to 1 foot (12 inches) the ratio of the scale is 1 to 12. In area however, one square inch on the plan represents one **square** foot or 144 square inches of actual area, making the ratio of area 1 to 144.

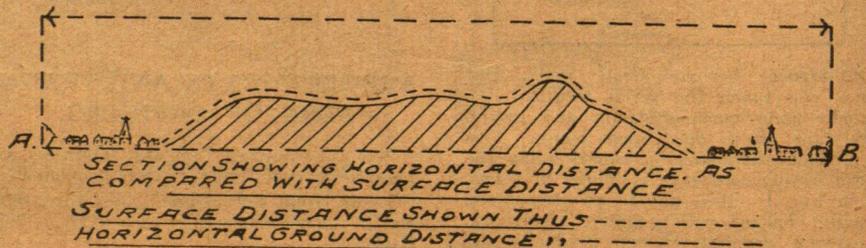


FIG. 1.

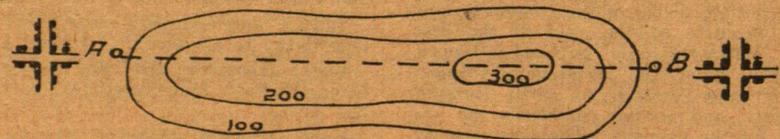


FIG. 2.

## GRAMMAR.

### LESSON No. 6.

#### Pronouns.

**Definition.**—A pronoun is a word used for or instead of a noun.

Pronouns properly so called are divided into three different classes.

1. **Personal Pronouns** are words which are used instead of the names of persons. They are, **I, you, (thou), he, she** and **it**, with their plurals, **we, ye** or **you**, and **they**. For full declension see last lesson. Though **it** is included in the Personal Pronouns it might properly be styled as impersonal, for except when used instead of the nouns, baby, child, infant, etc., it is in all other cases used for the names of animals, places and things.

2. **The Relative Pronouns who, which** and **that** are so called because they relate to nouns preceding them in the same sentence. The noun which precedes a Relative Pronoun and to which the pronoun relates is called the **Antecedent**. **Who** is used when referring to persons and **which** and **that** when referring to animals and things, e.g., The man **who** called yesterday was my brother. The book **that** I bought was stolen. **What** when it means "that which" and **where** when it means "in which" are used in the same sense as Relative Pronouns. The sentence

(Continued on Page 9).

## TEXT BOOKS

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"Give me what I want" may be re-written "Give me that which I want." Similarly "That is the house where I was born" means "That is the house in which I was born." What and where are not however to be described as Relative Pronouns.

**3. Interrogative Pronouns** are as the name implies used in asking questions concerning persons or things. They are **who, which** and **what**. For example, "Who are you?" "Which of them is your friend?" "What time is it?"

The pronoun "Who" whether used as a Relative or an Interrogative still further resembles the Personal Pronouns in that it forms its possessive and objective case by inflexion, the possessive form being **whose** and the objective **whom** as in the following sentences:—

Possessive form—**Whose** book is that? The man **whose** horse I bought is an old friend.

Objective form—**Whom** did you see (Did you see whom). He **whom** I loved is dead (I loved whom).

**Which, that** and **what** have the same form for all cases.

**Adjective Pronouns.**—In addition to the foregoing there are four classes of words known as Adjective Pronouns which will be dealt with in our next lesson.

## ARITHMETIC.

### LESSON No. 19.

#### Fractions (final lesson).

To express one concrete quantity as the fraction of another quantity of the same kind.

Example (a)—Express £3 as a fraction of £9.

Now £1 is  $\frac{1}{3}$  of £9  
 $\therefore$  £3 =  $\frac{3}{9}$  or  $\frac{1}{3}$  of £9.

**Rule.**—Place quantity after the words "fraction of" below the line as denominator and the other quantity over the line as numerator and reduce the fraction so obtained to its lowest terms.

Example (b)—Reduce 13 cwt. 3 qrs. to the fraction of 1 ton.

By following the above rule we get the fraction—

13 cwt. 3 qrs.

1 ton.

Bringing both quantities to quarters we get—

$$\frac{55}{80} = \frac{11}{16} = \text{Answer.}$$

Since 13 cwt. 3 qrs. can be written as  $13\frac{3}{4}$  cwt. we could by reducing to cwt. get the fraction—

$$13\frac{3}{4} = \frac{55}{4} = \frac{55}{4} \div \frac{20}{1} = \frac{55 \times 1}{4 \times 20} = \frac{11}{16} = \text{Answer.}$$

Example (c)—What fraction of £13 6s. 8d. is  $\frac{2}{3}$  of £5 5s.

$$\text{Fraction} = \frac{2}{3} \text{ of } \text{£5 5s.}$$

£13 6s. 8d.

Since £5 5s. = £5 $\frac{1}{2}$  and £13 6s. 8d. = £13 $\frac{2}{3}$  we get—

$$\frac{2}{3} \text{ of } 5\frac{1}{2} = \frac{2}{3} \times \frac{11}{2} = \frac{2 \times 11}{3 \times 2} = \frac{22}{3} = 7\frac{1}{3} = \text{Answer.}$$

### TEST PAPER—FRACTIONS.

1. Simplify—

$$3\frac{1}{4} - \frac{2}{3} \text{ of } 1\frac{7}{8} \quad \frac{7}{15} \text{ of } 2\frac{2}{3} \div 1\frac{1}{3} \times \frac{1}{4}$$

$$3(1\frac{1}{2} + 2\frac{1}{3}) \div 7\frac{1}{3} \quad (4\frac{1}{2} + 6\frac{1}{4}) \div 3\frac{2}{3} \quad 1\frac{1}{8}$$

2. One pipe fills a tank in 12 minutes. Another empties it in 15 minutes. If the tank is empty how long will it take to fill it if both pipes are opened simultaneously.

3.  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the total number of men in a battalion are Class II. privates;  $\frac{1}{3}$  are Class III. privates and there are 66 N.C.O's. What is the total strength of the battalion?

4. When coal is 45s. a ton, a man buys 2 cwt. for  $\frac{3}{4}$  of his money. How much has he left?

5. Express  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times 3s. 6d. as a fraction of £1.

## MY TRIP TO GERMANY.

(By BOY MURPHY, Army Cruiser Champion).

There was a time—before my trip to Germany as an Army boxer—when I, like you, comrades, used think that there were no inducements for Army athletes. I retract that thought. The *good times* are there if we look for them, if we strive for them and forget our petty grievances; if we help our sports' committees by being sporty. I remember well how my own shyness nearly prevented me from entering the arena for my first fight. Thank goodness I did, for after that I never looked back, but went on fighting; striving every day after duty hours to be better than everyone else, so as to be best. Trips to Paris, Scotland and Germany resulted. I would like to let you know of my last outing—to Germany.

We arrived in London in the thick of the strike, and our experience on disembarkation was therefore all the more interesting. A Cambridge University man in plus fours carried Mossy Doyle's bag; a heated aristocrat struggled manfully with mine, and I'm not sure whether it was a Lord Mayor or a Cabinet Minister carried McDonagh's. None of these extraordinary "porters" wore monocles; nobody called us "sir"; and we gave no tips—much though I would have liked to tip an aristocrat!

We didn't see much of the sea because we travelled by night. When we arrived in Holland we were handicapped—none of us could speak the language. And of course we had to get into non-smoking carriages. The ticket collector was in a bad way about it when he saw us puffing as hard as we could. He made all kinds of funny faces, and threw his arms around in divers directions trying to explain that we were not permitted to smoke. We understood quite well, but each time he

started his exercises of protestation we produced our tickets for his inspection and puffed away at our weeds.

Arriving in Berlin, we were received by the representatives of the Boxing Association. They were really great sports, and gave us a right hearty welcome. When they had seen us settled and got us a good "tuck in" they sang "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and of course we joined in. Oh! but you should have heard Mossy Doyle then.

Whilst sightseeing next day our guides brought us, on invitation, to Berlin's largest boxing club—"The Heroes." There were two boxing rings in this theatre with various kinds of punching balls and every conceivable training appliance. (No wonder the German athletes are perfect specimens of physical fitness!). Attached to the club is a cafe, in which we dined.

Then came the most important item—the boxing. We were introduced individually to the audience and received with great enthusiasm by over 7,000 people. Really, the Germans are exceptionally fine sports—the best man is their man. I need not detail the boxing; the results were cabled, but after the show we were treated to a magnificent dinner.

Next day we worked hard in the gym. so as to get back to normal again. We stayed two days in Berlin and then went on to Chemnitz, where we were met by a cheering multitude, but we had to leave it again next day.

Before leaving Germany, the G.A.B.A. representatives presented each of us with a book on boxing and a magnificent bouquet, and, as we sped away, three cheers were given, which we returned with gusto.

After sixteen hours in the train, we arrived at Bruges, Belgium, and were informed that because of the strike there was no boat service until next day. We went to our hotel for a wash and some refreshments, after which we "did the sights." Mossy and MacDonagh changed ten shillings for Belgium money, and couldn't spend it all before we left. For my ten shillings I got so much money that I thought I was a millionaire.

Next day we arrived in London, to learn that there would be no train to Holyhead for two days, so again betook ourselves to a hotel, and again we did some sight-seeing.

Oh, yes, we intend to keep at it; to be always fit, no matter what our grievances, and irrespective of the many little obstacles; we must if we are to enjoy our trips like this one. So don't say there are no inducements to fight, lads; there are. Trips like ours are worth the hardest striving.

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"No man who knew soldiers or their peculiar way of thinking; or who was acquainted with the many little trifles that go to make up pride of regiment, and that form, as it were, the link between it and discipline, would ever deprive a soldier of any peculiarity that he prided himself on without having some overpowering reasons for doing so."—Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley.



# Clementina

## BY

### A.E.W. Mason

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#### CHAPTER XXIII.

WOGAN LEARNS THAT HE HAS MEDDLED.

BUT his thoughts had been busy during that half-hour, and as soon as he had come out from the mouth of the alley he ran to Gaydon's lodging, near the Archiginnasio. Gaydon, however, was not in. O'Toole lodged in the same house, and Wogan mounted to his apartments, hoping there to find news of Gaydon's whereabouts. O'Toole, however, was taking the air, too; but Wogan found O'Toole's servant.

"Where will I find Captain O'Toole?" asked Wogan.

"You will find his Excellency," said the servant with a reproachful emphasis upon the title, "at the little bookseller's under the arcade on the west side of the Piazza."

Wogan spang down the stairs and hurried to the Piazza, wondering what in the world O'Toole was doing at a bookseller's. O'Toole was bending over the counter, which was spread with open books, and Wogan hailed him from the doorway. O'Toole turned and blushed a deep crimson. He came to the door, as if to prevent Wogan's entrance into the shop. Wogan, however, had but one thought in his head.

"Where shall I find Gaydon?" he asked.

"He went towards the Via San Vitale," replied O'Toole.

Wogan set off again, and in an hour came upon Gaydon. He had lost an hour of his fortnight—with the half-hour during which he had sauntered in the garden, an hour and a half.

"You went to Rome in the spring," said he. "There you saw the King. Did you see any one else by any chance whilst you were in Rome?"

"The Secretary," replied Gaydon, with a glance from the corner of his eye which Wogan did not fail to remark.

"Aha!" said he. "The Secretary, to be sure, since you saw the King. But, besides the Secretary, did you see any one else?"

"Whittington," said Gaydon.

"Oho," said Wogan thoughtfully. "So you saw my friend Harry Whittington at Rome? Did you see him with the King?"

Gaydon was becoming manifestly uncomfortable.

"He was waiting for the King," he replied.

"Indeed. And whereabouts was he waiting for the King?"

"Oh, outside a house in Rome," said Gaydon, as though he barely remembered the incident. "It was no business of mine that I could see."

"None whatever, to be sure," answered Wogan, cordially. "But why in the world should Whittington be waiting for the King outside a house in Rome?"

"It was night-time. He carried a lantern."

"Of course, if it was night-time," exclaimed Wogan in his most unsuspecting accent, "and the King wished to pay a visit to a house in Rome, he would take an attendant with a lantern—a servant, though, one would have thought, unless, of course, it was a private sort of visit—"

"It was no business of mine," Gaydon interrupted quickly. "And so I made no inquiries of Whittington."

"But Whittington did not wait for inquiries, eh?" said Wogan shrewdly. "You are hiding something from me, my friend—something which that good, honest simpleton of a Whittington blurted out to you without the least thought of making any disclosure. Oh, I know my Whittington, and I know you, too, Dick. I do not blame you, for when the King goes a-visiting the Princess Caprara privately at night-time while the girl to whom he is betrothed suffers in prison for her courageous loyalty to him, and his best friends are risking their heads to set her free, why, there's knowledge a man would be glad to keep even out of his own hearing. You see, I know more than you credit me with. So tell me the rest. Don't fob me off. Don't plead it is none of your business, for upon my soul it is."

Gaydon suddenly changed his manner. He spoke with no less earnestness than Wogan.

"You are in the right. It is my business; and why? Because it touches you, Charles Wogan, and you are my friend."

"Therefore you will tell me," cried Wogan.

"Therefore I will not tell you," answered Gaydon. He had a very keen recollection of certain pages of poetry he had seen on the table at Schlestadt,



of certain conversations in the Berlin when he had feigned to sleep.

Wogan caught him by the arm. "I must know. Here have I lost two hours out of one poor fortnight. I must know."

"Why?"

Gaydon stood quite unmoved, and with a remarkable sternness of expression. Wogan understood that only the truth would unlock his lips, and he cried, "Because, unless I do, in a fortnight her Highness will refuse to marry the King." And he recounted to him the walk he had taken and the conversation he had held with Clementina that morning. Gaydon listened with an unfeigned surprise. The story put Wogan in quite a different light, and moreover it was told with so much sincerity of voice and so clear a simplicity of language Gaydon could not doubt one syllable.

"I am afraid, my friend," said he, "my thoughts have done you some wrong."

"Leave me out of them," cried Wogan impatiently. He had no notion and no desire to hear what Gaydon meant. "Tell me from first to last what you saw in Rome."

Gaydon told him, thereupon, of that secret passage from the Chevalier's house into the back street, and of that promenade to the Princess's palace which he had spied upon. Wogan listened without any remark, and yet without any attempt to quicken his informant. But as soon as he had the story he set off at a run towards the Cardinal's palace. "So the Princess," he thought, "had more than a rumour to go upon, though how she came by her knowledge the devil only knows." At the palace he was told that the Cardinal was gone to the church of San Giacomo.

"I will wait," said Wogan; and he waited in the library for an hour, another priceless hour of that swiftly-passing fortnight, and he was not a whit nearer to his end. He made it his business, however, to show a composed face to his Eminence, and, since his Eminence's dinner was ready, to make a pretence of sharing the meal. The Cardinal was in a mood of great contentment.

"It is your presence, Mr. Wogan, puts me in a good humour," he was pleased to say.

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"Or a certain letter your Eminence received from Spain to-day?" asked Wogan.

"True, the letter was one to cause all the King's friends satisfaction."

"And some few of them, perhaps, relief," said Wogan.

The Cardinal glanced at Wogan, but with a quite impassive countenance. He took a pinch of snuff and inhaled it delicately. Then he glanced at Wogan again.

"I have a hope, Mr. Wogan," said he with a great cordiality. "You shall tell me if it is to fall true. I see much of you of late, and I have a hope that you are thinking of the priesthood. We should welcome you very gladly, you may be sure. Who knows but that there is a cardinal's hat hung up in the anteroom of the future for you to take down from its peg?"

The suggestion was sufficiently startling to Wogan, who had thought of nothing less than of entering into orders. But he was not to be diverted by this piece of ingenuity.

"Your Eminence," said he, "although I hold myself unworthy of priestly vows, I am here in truth in the character of a catechist."

"Catechize, then, my friend," said the Cardinal with a smile.

"First, then, I would ask your Eminence how many of the King's followers have had the honour of being presented to the Princess Clementina?"

"Very few. Her Highness lives, as you know, a very suitable secluded life."

"Might I know the names?"

"To be sure."

Cardinal Origo repeated three or four names. They were the names of men known to Wogan for irreproachable loyalty. Not one of them would have gone about the Princess with slanders upon his master; he would have stood bail for them all—at least, a month ago he would, he reflected, though now, indeed, he hardly knew where to put his trust.

"And no others could have had access to her at the Pilgrim Inn?"

"Nay, she was there but the one night, the night of her arrival. I do not think it likely. For if you remember, I myself went to her early the next morning, and by a stroke of good luck I had already come upon the little house in the garden which was offered to me by a friend of yours for her Highness's service."

"A friend of mine offered you the house," said Wogan. "Who?"

"Harry Whittington."

Wogan started to his feet. So, after all, Whittington was at the bottom of the trouble. Wogan wondered whether he had done wisely not to publish the fellow's treachery. But he could not—no, he had to make his account with the man alone. There were reasons.

"It was Harry Whittington who offered the house for her Highness's use," Wogan exclaimed.

"It was an offer most apt and kind."

"And made on the evening of our arrival?"

"Not an hour after you left me. But you are surprised?"

Wogan was reflecting that on the evening of his arrival and, indeed, just before Whittington made his offer to Origo, he had seen Whittington's face by the torchlight in the square. The expression upon that face lived very plainly in Wogan's thoughts. It was certainly not for Clementina's service that Whittington had offered the house. Wogan resumed his seat saying carelessly, "I was surprised, for I had a notion that Whittington used to lodge opposite the Torre Garisenda, and not at the house."

"Nor did he. He hired it for a friend who has now left Bologna."

"Man or woman?" asked Wogan, remembering that visitor who had drawn back into the alley one early morning of last autumn. The man might very likely have been Whittington.

"I did not trouble to inquire," said

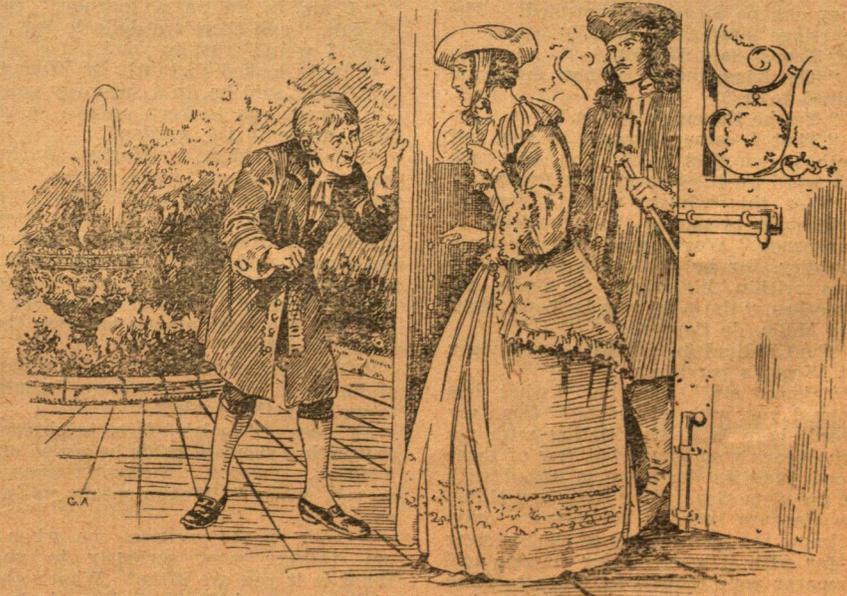
"Not at my ears," returned Wogan.

The Cardinal took his meaning. "Is it so, indeed?" said he thoughtfully once or twice. Then he reached out his hand towards an *escritoire*. "But here's the King's letter come this morning. Surely that should content her."

"It is not enough," said Wogan, "for the King lingers in Spain, and the portrait of Maria Vittoria glows on the walls of the Caprara Palace, whither I was bidden to escort her Highness this morning."

The Cardinal walked thoughtfully to and fro about the room, but he made up his mind in the end.

"I will tell you the truth of the matter, Mr. Wogan. The King saw Mdle. de Caprara for the first time while you were searching Europe for a wife for him. He saw her one morning at Mass in the church of San Dome-



☐ "An old broken serving-man admitted them." (See No. 20, Chap. XXII).

the Cardinal. "But, Mr. Wogan, why do you ask me these questions?"

"I have not come to the end of them," answered Wogan. "There is one more."

"Ask it!" said his Eminence, crossing his legs.

"Will your Eminence oblige me with a history of the affection of Maria Vittoria, Mdle. de Caprara, for the King?"

The Cardinal uncrossed his legs and bounced in his chair.

"Here is a question, indeed!" he stammered.

"And a history of the King's response to it," continued Wogan implacably; "with a particular account of why the King lingers in Spain after the Cadiz expedition has put out to sea."

Origo was now quite still. His face was pale, and he had lost in an instant that air of affectation which so contrasted with his broad features.

"This is very dangerous talk," said he solemnly.

"Not so dangerous as silence."

"Some foolish slanderer has been busy at your ears."

nico, and came away almost silent. Of their acquaintance I need not speak. The King for just one month became an ardent youth. He appealed to the Pope for his consent to marry Mdle. de Caprara, and the Pope consented. The King was just sending off a message to bid you cease your search when you came back with the news that her Highness the Princess Clementina had accepted the King's hand and would shortly set out for Bologna. Sir, the King was in despair, though he showed to you a smiling, grateful face. Mdle. de Caprara went to Rome; the King stayed here awaiting his betrothed. Then came the news of her imprisonment. The King, after all, is a man. If his heart leaped a little at the news, who shall blame him? Do you remember how you came privately one night to the King's cabinet and found me there in the King's company?"

"But," stammered Wogan, "I do remember that evening. I remember that the King was pale, discouraged—"

"And why?" said

her Highness's journey had been interrupted, because the marriage now seemed impossible? No, but because Mr. Charles Wogan was back in Bologna; because Mr. Charles Wogan had sought for a private interview; because the King had no more doubt than I as to what Mr. Charles Wogan intended to propose; and because the King knew that what Mr. Wogan set his hand to was as good as done. You remember I threw such hindrances as I could in your way, and made much of the risks you must run, and the impossibility of your task. Now you know why."

Never was a man more confused than Wogan at this story of the Cardinal's. "It makes me out a mere meddlesome fool," he cried, and sat stunned.

"It is an unprofitable question at this time of day," said the Cardinal with a smile. "Matters have gone so far that they can no longer be remedied. The marriage must take place."

"True," said Wogan.

"The King, indeed, is now firmly inclined to it."

"Yet he lingers in Spain."

"That I cannot explain to you, but he has been most loyal. You must take my word for it, so must your Princess."

"Yet this winter, when I was at Schlestadt preparing the expedition to Innsbruck," Wogan said with a certain timidity, for he no longer felt that it was within his right to make reproaches, "the King was in Rome visiting Mdle. de Caprara."

The Cardinal flushed with some anger at Wogan's persistence.

"Come, sir," said he, "what has soured you with suspicions? Upon my word, here is a man sitting with me who bears your name, but few of those good qualities the name is linked with in my memories. Your King saw Mdle. de Caprara once in Rome—once only. I know the whole story of that parting—for such it was. Major Gaydon had come at your request to Rome to fetch a letter in the King's hand bidding her Highness entrust herself to you. Up to that moment the issue of your exploit was in the balance. But your request was to the King a very certain sign that you would indeed succeed. So the night before he wrote the letter he went to the Caprara Palace and took his farewell of the woman he loved. So much may be pardoned to any man even by you, who, it seems, stand pinnacled above these earthly affections."

The blood rushed into Wogan's face at the sneer, but he bowed his head to it, being much humbled by Origo's disclosures.

"This story I have told you," continued the Cardinal, "I will make bold to tell to-morrow to her Highness."

"But you must also explain why the King lingers in Spain," Wogan objected. "I am very certain of it. The Princess has her pride; she will not marry a reluctant man."

"Well, that I cannot do," cried the Cardinal, now fairly exasperated. "Pride! She has her pride! Is it to ruin a cause this pride of hers? Is it to wreck a policy?"

"No," cried Wogan, starting up. "I have a fortnight. I beg your Eminence

not to speak one word to her Highness until this fortnight is gone, until the eve of the marriage in Bologna. Give me till then. I have a hope there will be no need for us to speak at all."

The Cardinal shrugged his shoulders. "You must do more than hope. Will you pledge your word to it?"

Here, it seemed to Wogan, was an occasion when a man must dare.

"Yes," he said; and so went out of the house. He had spoken under a sudden inspiration; the Cardinal's words had shown him a way which, with careful treading, might lead to his desired result. He went first to his lodging and ordered his servant Marnier to saddle his black horse. Then he hurried again to O'Toole's lodging and found his friend back from the bookseller's, indeed, but breathing very hard over a book which he slid behind his back.

"I am to go on a journey," said Wogan, "and there's a delicate sort of work I would trust to you."

O'Toole looked distantly at Wogan.

"Opus," said he, in a far-away voice.

"I want you to keep an eye on the little house in the garden."

O'Toole nodded. "*Hortus, hortus, hortum,*" said he, "*horti, hortus,*" and he fingered the book at his back; "no—*horti, horto, horto.* Do you know, my friend, that the difference between the second and fourth declensions was solely invented by the grammarians for their own profit? It is of no manner of use, and the most plaguy business that I ever heard of."

"O'Toole," cried Wogan with a bang of his fist, "you are no more listening to me than this table."

At once O'Toole's face brightened, and with a shout of pride he reeled out, "*Mensa, mensa, mensam, mense, mensa, mensa.*" Wogan sprang up in a rage.

"Don't *mensa mensam* me when I am talking most seriously to you! What is it you are after? What's that book you are hiding? Let me look at it. O'Toole blushed on every visible inch of him and handed the book to Wogan.

"It's a Latin grammar, my friend," said he meekly.

"And what in the world do you want to be adding your brains with a Latin grammar for when there's other need for your eyes?"

"Aren't we to be enrolled at the Capitol in June as Roman Senators with all the ancient honours, *cum titubis*—it is so—*cum titubis*, which are psalters or psawms?"

"Well, what then?"

"You don't understand, Charles, the difficulty of my position. You have Latin at your finger-ends. Sure I have often admired you for your extraordinary comprehension of Latin, but never more than I do now. It will be no trouble in the world for you to trip off a neat little speech, thanking the Senators kindly for the great honour they are doing themselves in electing us into their noble body. But it will not be easy for me," said O'Toole with a sigh. "How can I get enough Latin through my skull by June not to disgrace myself?" He looked so utterly

miserable and distressed that Wogan never felt less inclined to laugh. "I sit up at nights with a lamp, but the most unaccountable thing happens. I may come in here as lively as any cricket, but the moment I take this book in my hands I am overpowered with sleep."

"Oh, listen to me," cried Wogan. "I have only a fortnight—"

"And I have only till June," sighed O'Toole. "But there! I am listening. I have no doubt, my friend, your business is more important than mine," he said with the simplicity of which not one of his friends could resist the appeal. Wogan could not now.

"My business," he said, "is only more important because you have no need of your Latin grammar at all. There's a special deputy, a learned professor appointed on these occasions to make a speech for us, and all we have to do is to sit still and nod our heads wisely when he looks towards us."

"Is that all?" cried O'Toole, jumping up. "Swear it!"

"I do," said Wogan.

"And here's to the devil with the Latin grammar," exclaimed O'Toole. He flung open his window and hurled the book out across the street with the full force of his prodigious arm. There followed a crash, and then the tinkle of falling glass. O'Toole beamed contentedly and shut the window.

"Now, what will I do for you in return for this?" he asked.

"Keep a watch on the little house and the garden. I will tell you why when I return. Observe who goes into visit the Princess, but hinder no one. Only remember who they are, and let me know." And Wogan got back to his lodging and mounted his black horse. He could trust O'Toole to play watch-dog in his absence. If the mysterious visitor who had bestowed upon Clementina with so liberal a hand so much innuendo and such an artful combination of truth and falsity were to come again to the little house to confirm the slanders, Wogan in the end would not fail to discover the visitor's identity.

He dismissed the matter from his mind and rode out from Bologna. Four days afterwards he presented himself at the door of the Caprara Palace.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

MARIA VITTORIA REAPPEARS.

MARIA VITTORIA received the name of her visitor with a profound astonishment. Then she stamped her foot and said violently, "Send him away! I hate him!" But curiosity got the better of her hate. She felt a strong desire to see the meddlesome man who had thrust himself between her and her lover, and before her woman had got so far as the door she said, "Let him up to me!" She was again surprised when Wogan was admitted, for she expected a stout and burly soldier, stupid and confident, of the type which blunders into success through sheer ignorance of the probabilities of defeat. Mr. Wogan, for his part, saw the

the picture at Bologna, but armed at all points with hostility.

"Your business," said she curtly. Wogan no less curtly replied that he had a wish to escort Mdle. de Caprara to Bologna. He spoke as though he was suggesting a walk on the Campagna.

Maria Vittoria stared.

"And why, if you please, should I travel to Bologna?" she asked. Wogan explained. The explanation required delicacy, but he put it in as few words as might be. There were slanderers at work. Her Highness the Princess Clementina was in great distress; a word from Mdle. de Caprara would make all clear.

Maria Vittoria listened in a grim silence.

"Why should I trouble because the Princess Clementina has a crumpled rose leaf in her bed? I will not go," said Mdle. de Caprara.

"Yet her Highness may justly ask why the King lingers in Spain." Wogan saw a look, a smile of triumph, brighten for an instant on the angry face.

"It is no doubt a humiliation to the Princess Clementina," said Maria Vittoria, with a deal of satisfaction. "But she must learn to bear humiliation like other women."

"But she will reject the marriage," urged Wogan.

"The fool!" cried Maria Vittoria, and she laughed almost gaily. "I will not budge an inch to persuade her to it. Let her fancy what she will and weep over it! I hate her; therefore she is out of my thought."

Wogan was not blind to the insprising effect of his argument upon Maria Vittoria. He had, however, foreseen it, and he continued imperturbably,—

"No doubt you think me something of a fool, too, to advance a plea so unlikely to persuade you. But if her Highness rejects the marriage, who suffers? Her Highness's name is already widely praised for her endurance, her constancy. If, after all, at the last moment she scornfully rejects that for which she has so stoutly ventured, whose name, whose cause, will suffer most? It will be one more misfortune, one more disaster to add to the crushing weight under which the King labours. There will be ignominy; who will be dwarfed by it? There will be laughter; whom will it souze? There will be scandal; who will be splashed by it? The Princess or the King?"

Maria Vittoria stood with her brows drawn together in a frown. "I will not go," she said, after a pause. "Never was there so presumptuous a request. No, I will not."

Wogan made his bow and retired. But he was at the Caprara Palace again in the morning, and again he was admitted. He noticed without regret that Maria Vittoria bore the traces of a restless night.

(To be Continued.)

"A soldier must believe that his duties are the noblest that fall to man's lot."—Field-Marshal Viscount Wolsey.

## WITH AN IRISH BRIGADE IN FRANCE.

There are few Irish historical novels soldiers can read with greater interest and profit than "The Graves at Kilmorna," by the late Canon Sheehan. In it the author has visualised and interpreted for us the spirit that has imbued our greatest Irish soldiers. He delineates with fidelity and sureness of touch those traits of high honour and chivalry that characterised Irish soldiers throughout our history. If we of the Irish Army of to-day would learn aright, the tradition attaching to our arms, we must have knowledge not only of the facts history provides, but clothe and revitalise these facts from the stock our national poets and literateurs supply.

The pen picture of the Irish Brigade in France in the opening chapter of "The Graves at Kilmorna" is one of the finest things in modern Anglo-Irish literature. The setting is incomparable, and worthy of the artist's finest achievements. A party of Irish schoolboys, ardent, enthusiastic, generous, were grouped around their assistant teacher on the slope of a glen alongside a midland town. The sun was setting on this certain summer evening in the year 1866. The boys were fresh from their games; the teacher, who was afterwards to take part in the Fenian rising, had been reading in the shadow of the glen. He looked on the lovely scene in silence for a while. The boys were mute.

"It is beautiful," he said at length, "and ours is the most lovely country on the face of the earth. We ought to love every blade of grass in its fields, every stone in its hollows, every leaf on its trees, every stream that runs, every hill that begets the streams"—he lowered his voice—"every man that has shed his blood for Ireland."

"The boys looked up in amazement. They had only known this teacher as a quiet, plodding, bookish pedant, who lived in a garret on about forty pounds a year."

How many of the greatest soldiers in our ranks have sprung from this class of worker, humble and unknown for the most part, but great in the hour of national tribulation. Through the medium of this character—modelled on a type drawn from actual life—Canon Sheehan depicts the Irish Brigade in France.

The teacher had been describing the position of the troops in one of the Anglo-French engagements to the boys.

"And just here behind us," he went on, "occupying the van and the post of danger, are the watch-fires and tents of the Irish Brigade."

"They have stolen away from Ireland," he narrates to the young patriots who hang on his every word. "They have been beaten—beaten before the walls of Limerick, beaten at the Boyne, beaten everywhere; but—conquered? Never! And now here they are to break a lance once more with their hereditary foes."

"The watch-fires are blazing all around, and the men, their arms piled near them, are sleeping around the watch fires. But the Captains are awake. They are seated, young and old, around the table in the mess-tent. The canvas is flapping above their heads, and underneath it is tugging

away at the pegs. Their tunics are open. Their helmets are flung around the sides of the tent, their swords hanging beneath them."

In the picture that follows, based on Davis's ballad, Canon Sheehan gives us an historical cameo of colour and vitality.

"The President rises, and proposes the first toast. He is grey and grizzled, but the glass is steady in his iron fingers."

"Comrades! A health to the monarch of France!" They are in the French camp. They have cast in their lot with France. France has sheltered them; and, therefore,

"With cheers and with bumpers, they've done as he bade,  
For King Louis is loved by the Irish Brigade!"

Now comes the second toast:

"Here's a health to King James; and they bent as they quaffed!"

"Mark that! No cheering now. For that was Shemus the Coward, who fled from the field of the Boyne, when the Irish soldiers shouted, 'Change Kings, and we'll fight you again.' . . . ."

The third toast:

"Here's to George the Elector! And fiercely they laughed!"

"Yes! They only hope that they shall meet and cross swords to-morrow with the deadly enemy of their country and their creed."

The fourth toast:

"Good luck to the girls, whom we loved long ago!

Where the Shannon, and Barrow, and Blackwater flow!"

"What are they doing now? Nothing! These Wild Geese have something else besides girls to think of to-night! But mark the fifth toast:

"God Prosper Old Ireland!"

"What are they doing now? Ah, boys, mark this! See how finely and dramatically Davis draws the picture. They set down their glasses, and became as white as a girl who had seen a ghost:

"You'd think them afraid,

So pale grew the chiefs of the Irish Brigade!"

"Yes! There's the finest touch in all ballad literature. The thought of the old motherland has paralysed them. They remember all—her mountains, her lakes, her valleys, her seas! They recall her long night of suffering, redressed only by her indomitable constancy. And they remember how near they were to victory. Oh! if they only hearkened to the voice of their Bishop and that Franciscan Friar who told them to hold out to the last! But it is of no use. They were misled and deceived; and their only hope is now to flesh their sabres to-morrow in the breasts of the Dutchmen! Poor fellows! Poor fellows!"

"For on far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,  
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade!"

"No matter! It is the field of honour."

If there is one characteristic more than another common to Irish soldiers all down the life of the nation, it is honour. Canon Sheehan has not unduly stressed that

fact. The national honour, the honour of the Army, the honour of the individual soldier, were never lost sight of. No mean or cowardly act, no dishonourable thing in word or deed, no excesses tarnished the glorious record of our greatest warriors. Where this weakness existed, as in 1798, when the Irish troops at Tara were found drunk and massacred by the English yeomen, defeat and disgrace soiled our standard.

But the men of '67 and 1916 restored the tradition of chivalrous and unblemished soldiering to Ireland. They lived sober, steady lives, and fought a clean and courageous fight.

Ours is the duty to perpetuate that tradition.

### WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE G.A.A. ?

To the Editor, "An t-Oglach."

A Chara,—Permit me space in our Journal to repudiate some of the slurs cast at one of our finest organisations—the good old G.A.A.—of which body "Jackeen," "Gunner," and Co., do not seem to have many kind words to say.

They, in common with the remainder of people, know that there is only one form of Golf, Tennis, etc., so that when the A.A.A. were catering for these games as a form of sport, they had no option but to select the only form existing; but when it comes to catering for Football, the A.A.A. had two forms of the game to select from, namely Gaelic and Soccer, and what should be more natural than that our own Defence Force representatives should select our own National Gaelic pastimes in preference to the foreign form of foot and head ball. I presume that "Jackeen" and "Gunner" are ex-British soldiers from their methods of arguing. Perhaps I'm wrong, but in any case I would ask them can they imagine the British Army adopting Gaelic for recreational training.

As "Jackeen" and "Gunner" are well aware, the adoption of recreational training in the Army is chiefly intended for the physical development of the soldier, and, here again Gaelic is foremost inasmuch as the free use of the arms is permitted during the whole course of the game, and all the muscles are exercised in conjunction with each other, whereas the restrictions on the use of the arms in Soccer prevents the lungs and trunk muscles from reaping the full benefit of the game.

The war-cry of "Jackeen" & Co. of "Remove the Ban," has a close resemblance to the war-cry of factionists in the old days, of "Repeal the Act!"—the Act was repealed, with unhappy results, and the removal of the Ban would have no less unhappy results to Gaelic sporting life.

To conclude, I would like to point out that Gaelic is far the superior of the two games, for, as "Gunner" openly admits, the Soccer player cannot play Gaelic, and yet the Gaelic player, in nine cases out of every ten, finds no difficulty in playing Soccer.

Apologising for taking up your space, and thanking you in anticipation of insertion.—Is mise le meas,

"SEAN GAELIC."

To the Editor, "An t-Oglach."

A Chara,—Three weeks ago I sent you a letter on the subject of the G.A.A., but owing to circumstances, which, I think, you can explain, if necessary, my letter is still awaiting publication. However, better late than never. Since then numerous contributions have been published in our Journal setting forth the contributors' views on the matter, and, with your permission, may I please put forward mine now.

In your original article you asked for suggestions as to how we, in the Army, could do something to improve the present position. As one acquainted, through many sources, with the position in the South, I say there is nothing wrong with the G.A.A.—as a matter of fact its position is far stronger than it ever was. During those three weeks you received contributions from "Transport," "Argus," "Interested," "Gunner," and "Jackeen"—the latter who is all that his *nom-de-plume* conveys. The remarks of the latter regarding percentages may be correct as far as Dublin is concerned, but I can assure him that such percentages are non est in the Irish-Ireland communities. However, I am dealing with G.A.A. matters.

The Army, I must say, is doing a good deal to foster the games, but much more can be done. As an Irish Army it *should* do so. Apart from the sentiments attached to the matter, look at it in a practical manner. We have an A.A.A. governed by the G.A.A. rules, and each member of the Army, as members of the A.A.A. is bound, under pain of suspension, to stand by the Gaelic games. The case of the games in certain parts of Dublin—one Dublin garrison in particular—is hopeless, but let "Jackeen" and his comrades of the "old Corps" remember that there remains that twenty-five per cent. who have, and will always stand by their traditional games.

"Gunner" comments on his witnessing of a "scrapping" match (G.H.Q. v. Artillery), but may I remind "Gunner" that some of the actual participants in the "scrap" are members of the newly-formed Corinthian Soccer team—formed from General Headquarters of an Irish Army, and then Soccer players are clean and scientific! Furthermore, "Gunner," may I point out that linesmen in Gaelic matches are not in the habit of being put off the field—the same applies to referees. In this connection may I draw the attention of the A.A.A. to my remarks re Soccer players, and point out that, so far, no action has been taken by General Headquarters Command—to my knowledge anyway. Now, something else for "Gunner's" ignorance: He says Captain Cannon is to hold the fort against France, but I happen to know (per the papers) that it is an ordinary club team from France, and not actually the country's pick. Why man, a picked eleven from an ordinary English Club wouldn't give a smell of the ball to our selected Soccer team in Ireland. This is proved by the selection of men from England to represent Ireland on International matches.

I must say something now to our old friend "Argus." He says in his fourth paragraph that *it is decreed* we must not

play Soccer or Rugby. Not a word about it! (as Sergeant-Majors say). You are free to play any game you like, but for information on the playing of banned games, please see paragraph three of this letter. Your terms, Argus, I must say, are euphonious, but your eloquence is lost when it comes to *hard facts*, and "Gunner," please make a *special* note of the next "scrappers" you come across. Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise, but I am not allowing this phrase to influence my views.

The Gaels of Ireland are classed as bigots, but may I remind those who class that they were not bigots when it was dangerous (according to the terms of the D.O.R.A.) to carry a caman.

Let Soccerites bear in mind that our Tipperary hurlers are gone to U.S.A. to give an exhibition of our game in the principal cities from New York to San Francisco. Our Kerry footballers are going in September, but I would not like to be hanging until our Soccer eleven go over. Let each and every one read the rather curtailed *Irish Independent* report of the 19/5/25 re the hurlers reception, and that may compel "Argus" to wake up and say we are not as old-fashioned as he seems to think. On last Sunday (the 17th inst.), the hurling final at Cork was the direct cause of having a Soccer Munster Cup final postponed from the time it would have clashed with the Gaelic games—not out of courtesy by any means, and then 14,000 odd people went to see a game worthy of Irishmen—with Irish ideals.

Again, may I remind "Gunner" that men like Captain Con Brosnan (the All-Ireland and Kerry mid-field star), Comdt. Tommy Ryan, "Fox" Aherne, Murphy, Tom Kelly, O'Neill, Barry, etc., etc., have done more for our Army than Soccer will or ever can do. It's a pity all of us are not of the stamp of Comdt. Ryan and Captain Con Brosnan, etc. Senior Officers in Dublin go to witness a Soccer match but fail to go and see their newly-formed hurling and football teams play—and play in the way it should be played by Gaels (not on the lines of the Wednesday semi-final of G.H.Q. Command).

I am delighted to hear that our A.A.A. have, at last, taken appropriate action in the matter of Soccer players within the Army, and I again draw their attention to paragraph four re the enforcement of their rule. Men like Hogan (R.I.P.) did not die playing a game that is being jeered at by men of the stamp and ideals of "Jackeen" and "Gunner."

Hoping I've said enough, and not too much of the "blow your own horn" type.

"CHICAGO."

It is better to prepare and prevent, than it is to repair and repent.

\* \* \*

"In our intercourse with the rank and file we must make them realise that all our interests are identical, causing the last-joined recruit to feel that success is of as much real moment to him as it can be to the general."—Field-Marshal Viscount Wolsley.



### G.H.Q., CALLING.

The Command Novice Boxing Competition, which will be held in the Riding School, McKee Barracks, on the 4th June, promises to be one of the best tournaments ever staged in McKee. In addition to such stars as Mossey Doyle, McDonagh, Cooper, Burns, Morgan (of the 23rd), Devine (of Athlone), Donnellan, Leslie, and Leaden, to mention but a few, we have also the fina's of the Novices. A band from the Army School of Music will do the necessary as regards the lighter side of the programme. A good night's sport is promised.

Gink: "Some parade that!"  
Orderly Sgt.: "Some don't."

No, there is no truth in the rumour that travelling vouchers are being issued to the Orderlies who are sleeping in McKee and on duty at G.H.Q.

The square in McKee now looks like a racecourse after a bad night. We have several marquees somewhat dissipated looking, and a bell tent nestling in the shade of the chestnut trees. Quite arcadian, no doubt. The yarn going the rounds that they were intended for refreshment tents for the Reveille Russian Ballet Kick-Steppers is, of course, too Utopian to be true! *Apropos* of the Pavlovian kick stepping, the Spirit of Spring is personified in the grace and agility in which the boys now perform that highly interesting ballet, "Skul-a-la-Sol-der-A."

The Command finals, to be played on Sunday, the 6th at Newbridge, are being eagerly looked forward to. A big contingent of the sports are travelling, and some very keen sport is anticipated. The Artillery are, I believe, confident of victory, and so are we. So there you are. Anyhow, two good games are anticipated.

In our G.H.Q. Station  
We'd hear with elation,  
If neatly pressed slacks could be worn;  
And the boys in McKee  
Would dance, sure, with glee  
If of gloves and of sticks they'd be shorn.

That king of billet games—kit inspection—is now included in the indoor amusement programme. The living-out contingents are most enthusiastic devotees of the game.

"B" Block was the scene of attraction last Friday, and all the lads of the village turned up. Tom Hayes and Peadar Fagan treated the boys to an exhibition of "Kit-

laying," and explained that great illusion, "The disappearing Housewife," or how to make 1 pair of socks into two. The *debut* augurs well for rather interesting displays during the coming season.

The rumour is more or less officially contradicted that the scribe's squadron are to be equipped with overalls for the hot weather. Undoubtedly they would look nippy. I suppose, to put up a blem, the old slogan—"Give us a rub of your blue bag"—would apply.

The Signal Corps are more or less crowded out now with the large contingent that arrived from the Battalions. B.S.M. Woods and Staff had some job to make arrangements and look after the catering.

However, everybody was satisfied, and that's that.

The Drill Optimist: The odd-numbered gink that tries to form fours.

Congratulations to B.S.M. Casey on his recovery from the effects of his recent accident.

Congratulations are also due to Sergt. Neal McCormick for the great show his boxing proteges made at the eliminating contests. They certainly reflect great credit on his scheme of training. At-a-boy!

The birds that sing in McKee, tra la,  
Have nothing to do with the case.

At Reveille the blighters do sing with  
great glee,

For they've nothing to do with the case,  
They don't have to fold their blankets and  
cot,

Blem up their leggings and other queer  
rot,

And then have to shave—20 men to a tap,  
And on to parade more glibly to hop,  
And be right-dressed and numbered,  
Your head and eyes fling,  
And then be inspected—no wonder they  
sing,

As they sit in the branches and warble  
their lay,

They don't have to kick-step, nor  
"Soldier School A.,"

No wonder the blighters can sing-song all  
day—

Oh, willow, tit willow, tit willow!

The Pioneers new slogan: "Do you  
want yer old lobbie scrubbed down."

Even a worm will turn—we wonder!  
Did you ever see one do the about turn in  
slow motion!

The swimmers are hard at it, and judg-

ing by the number that patronise the  
baths on a Wednesday, a good season is  
anticipated.

We've been issued, it's true,  
With kits that are new,  
We're thankful, and now we're all blem,  
But clerks in blue frocks,  
Is chancing the ducks,  
Colour scheme, blue and green, ahem!

Overheard on a Reveille parade:—

Instructor: "About turn!"  
Fed-up One: "About time!"

This week's slogan: "Point the toe,  
laddie, point the toe."

"ME LARKIE."



### PORTOBELLO BARRACKS.

In the 7th Brigade Hurling Championship, a match took place on the 26th ult. between teams representing the 22nd and 23rd Battalions. As trumpet-blowing on a large scale took place since their last encounter, a huge crowd turned up to see the match. The teams lined up punctual at three o'clock, and the weather smiled favourably.

From the throw-in, the 22nd Batt. got going, and despite the efforts of the 23rd Batt. defence, Staunton opened the score for the 22nd with a great goal. This reverse to the 23rd Batt. livened up the game, but the 22nd could not be denied, and Furlong scored three more majors in quick succession. The 23rd were now fighting pluckily, but could not withstand the repeated attacks of the 22nd, Tom Barry scoring a magnificent major from a difficult position on the touch line, although surrounded by no less than four opponents. The puck-out did not relieve the 23rd Batt. The 22nd returned to the attack once more, adding further goals to their score per Barry and Staunton. To this Matthews, 23rd Batt., replied with a minor to open the score for his side. Just on half-time Tom Barry added another minor for the 22nd.

Half-time score:—

22nd Batt.	... 7 goals 1 point.
23rd Batt.	... 1 point.

On resuming, the 22nd Batt. were inclined to take things easy, but they soon had to get lively, as the 23rd Batt. were making determined efforts to wipe off arrears. These fierce attacks of the 23rd Batt. were soon rewarded by a Major from Matthews. This was followed with two more majors shortly after.

scoring put new life into the 23rd Batt., and the pace became a cracker, both defences having their work cut out to stem the attacks. Eventually the 23rd Batt. broke through and added two more goals to their score. Ten minutes from full time the 22nd Batt. supporters were chagrined to see a goal scored by Tom Barry disallowed. However, the same player atoned by scoring a minor shortly afterwards. The 23rd Batt. now took a hand in the game and scored two minors. At this period the game stopped for a few minutes owing to an injury to Tom Barry's arm, the player having to leave the field. The closing minutes were fought out at a hurricane pace, and the final whistle sounded leaving the 22nd Batt. again Brigade champions on the score:—

22nd Batt.	... 7 goals 2 points.
23rd Batt.	... 5 goals 3 points.

Capt. P. J. Kelly, Pay and Accounts, as "ref.," handled the game in a highly efficient and capable manner.

John Kennedy's tireless efforts have at last been rewarded, and the lads from Records have dug up their racquets and the appropriate "white and creams," and are disporting themselves on the Tennis Court adjacent to their office. If the other two courts are soon in condition things in the tennis line should soon begin to hum. We notice, though, that it is not always the chap who has the "gladdest rags" that has the best idea of placing the ball.

A football match between No. 4 Group, G.H.Q., and Islandbridge, which was to have taken place on Wednesday afternoon in Phoenix Park was unavoidably postponed. Prominent group members were, however, availed of to act as officials in the above-mentioned Brigade Hurling Championship—Lieut. Sean Kavanagh, Ptes. Grimley, Sullivan and Molloy, as goal umpires, and Ptes. Muldoon and Maguire on the sidelines.

Maguire, of "Marriage Allowance," and Diack, "Arrears of Pay," are in training for the Novices Boxing Competition to be held in McKee Barracks on 4th June, at which they are making their debut in the squared ring. We wish them the best of luck.

Would anyone like to bet that the Command discus-throwing champion will not be an Officer from this Barracks. It has been noticed that a certain Officer well known in athletic circles is putting in an amount of practice at that particular event, and judging from some of his performances these last few nights, his is likely to be a hefty throw when the sports are brought off.

With the elimination of the 21st Batt. from the Command Football Championship, the odds are that we shall bring off a double here in the football and hurling championships in the Command finals.

"What do you want?" said the Batt. shoemaker to the intruder into his shop.

"Oh, nothing," was the answer.

"Well," retorted the "snob," "you'll find it in the box where the leather used to be."

So now we know.

What's wrong with the G.A.A.? Candidly I don't know, but my friend "Kay" says:—"When the effluverous instinctiveness of the delinquent constellation ramifies the various prestidigitations of the obtuse humours of a cagliostra-manthemus encyclopaedia, and thereby reacts on the capillary peculiarities of roserucian salutation. Well, there you are, you see, it is enough to burst up the hypersquar-lateral signification. Well, perhaps it does, but, as I said before, I don't know.

The N.C.O. knew more about modern Irish history than ancient, and when asked what a "Tanist" was, the air became sulphurous for quite a considerable time.

It must have been a very newly-made Acting Corporal who is responsible for the following: "One too many, short on parade, Sergeant-Major."

Advice to pessimists:—

"Cheer up, sonny, don't you fret,  
The way's not sunny, but you'll get there yet."

Before closing we would like to record our heartfelt sympathy to Sergt. J. J. O'Neill in his recent double bereavement, and similarly to Sergt. "Bill" and Mrs. Grogan in theirs.



## 24th BATT., DUNDALK.

Since my last notes were sent, two matches have been played in the Brigade Championship—one with the 19th Batt., who travelled to Dundalk, and the other, the final, with the 21st Battalion in Phoenix Park. The match in Dundalk was good, but the 19th lads had to suffer defeat. The 24th got going early on, and at half time were in the lead. On the resumption of play in the second half, a few more points were added, and then victory for the home team seemed safe. The game was refereed by Mr. A. Rodgers, Dundalk. A hurling match preceded the football, but in this case the well-trained and able boys of the 19th were a lot superior to the 24th, although in the early stages of the fight the Dundalk team held their own.

The game with the 21st Battalion, in Phoenix Park, on the 26th inst., was productive of fine football. A cheap fare was arranged with the Railway Company, and all the available N.C.O.'s and men at Battalion Headquarters, to the number of 160, availed themselves of the opportunity. On arrival at Amiens St., no time was lost in trekking to the venue of the match. Both teams were out to win, and a stiff, well-fought game ensued. Scarcely had the game commenced when the 24th registered a point. Then play was chiefly confined to mid-field for some time until a point for the 21st brought matters level. A goal for the 24th and a further point for the 21st saw the result of the match. Supporters on the sideline kept up a regular din of excitement, and the best of humour prevailed between the different supporters. One saw "Jock" Dunne featuring "The Returned Yank," in his flash grey suit, with a hat in his left hand shouting, or

rather trying to sing, "We don't want to go any further," whilst a few paces away stood Galvin, of "B" Company, who, in the excitement of the moment, had donned his headgear with the peak to the back. Notable figures amongst the spectators included "Bluie," with the Battalion colours pinned to the mast. At the conclusion, the Commanding Officer, Comdt. Ryan, one of the players, was carried shoulder high off the field.

As mentioned in last issue, the controversy over the excursion by the Sergeant's Mess, has at last been settled. Some member proposed an amendment to the motion of the Engineer Sergt., and suggested Killarney as the ideal spot to visit, but as it gained little support, and the A.C.E. would not budge an inch (except in the matter of the sugar and milk being on the table instead of in the tea), it was finally decided to have a little run to Omearh, where Keyes would be able to spend a day amongst the natives.

All ranks join in wishing Lieut. Sean Sutton welcome back after his sojourn in hospital.

Owing to the number of outposts held by the Battalion, the running of the Inter-Coy. League has been in abeyance for some time, but it is hoped to have it going again during the week. "B" Coy. are to meet "C." What price is "Bluie" prepared to offer now?

It is with regret that we have to announce the departure to civilian life of some of our popular N.C.O.'s and men, including Carr and Mason of football fame, not forgetting the Battalion butcher—Pte. Harte. The best wishes of the Battalion accompany them to their new sphere of life.

Owing to the progress made by C.S. Keyes with his Irish language movement, we find that one of his students quite recently commenced polishing the brasses in the Orderly Room with furniture cream instead of with Brasso. He was heard to exclaim in an undertone that this made a good rust preventative.

"NORTHERN LIGHTS."



## ISLANDBRIDGE BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

There was a gink in Island Bridge,  
Who suffered from a sleepy head;  
One morning—a raid by the B.S.M.,  
And he was caught in bed.  
Says the B.S.M.: "Report at ten,  
Across the square to-day,"  
And "this past while back" he shovels  
sand,  
To pass the time away.

Nothing very strange around here, except that we had a general meeting of the Sports Committee lately and elected a new Committee for the coming year.

Since the meeting took place things are looking brighter. Great praise is due the B.S.M. for the keen interest he displays in everything appertaining to sport in the barracks. If some of the junior N.C.O.s

Do you smoke **KENILWORTH CIGARETTES**? If not, why not? Ask Editor's opinion.  
Ten for 6d.; twenty for 11½d. Made in Dublin. Look out for Catch-a-pal packets.

would even think of giving a helping hand perhaps this little Barrack of ours would be heard of during the coming season.

A very interesting football match was played recently between Armourers and Ordnance, which ended in a draw. Some very good play was seen on both sides. We hope to see a replay in the near future. I hear "Bob," for Ordnance, played a great game as "back on the left."

Our runners are coming out of their shells now, and it is to be hoped that Sean Wylie (one of Ireland's 440 cracks) will show up in the near future. I hear the boys are on special diet during the training. Oh, how I wish I were a runner!

Quite a few of our lads are going on the "Cheque" lately. The latest is Sergt. Coogan, who has our best wishes in his new sphere.

"AHOY."



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

The 21st are now out of the 6th Brigade Championship. They have had a good innings, and after all it will be for the good of the game amongst the Army that the laurels should go round. Hearty congratulations were extended to the victors, who have the best wishes of the 21st for further success. C.Q.M.S. Paul Doyle played under difficulties, having been confined to bed with "flu" until the morning of the game. He was the central figure of a "scene" at one time during the game, but all ended well.

Commdt. Ryan and other stalwarts of the 24th had to run the gauntlet of their followers at the conclusion, and the former was carried shoulders high. The 24th excursionists included many civilians.

Is it true that a noted sportsman is putting up a set of medals for a further match between 24th and 21st, to take place at Dundalk?

Since the final game, C.Q.M.S. Paul Doyle has been removed to hospital, and he has the best wishes of all for a speedy recovery.

Commdt. H. Byrne has arrived as Adjutant of 6th Brigade, and sport in the Brigade Area will benefit still further through his appointment. The remarks of the scribe at Beresford Barracks regarding him are very pleasing indeed.

The Sub-Committee of the Eastern Command have now got going, and at a recent meeting arrangements were made for the Annual Sports. Father Piggot was elected president; Major T. McNally, treas.; Capt. Harkins, hon. sec., together with Capt. T. Duffy, Lt. McNally, and Lt. Timmons. The sports are to take place at Croke Park on June 23rd.

Posters and entries have been left in the capable hands of Capt. T. Duffy, from whom Entry Forms can be received.

We may not have much to say about hurling and football this season, but we are alive to the formation of an Athletic Club Collins way, thanks to the efforts of Capt. Harkins and many others. At a recent meeting a most energetic Committee was formed to cater for all athletics in all units in barracks. A practical start

was made on Friday, 28th ult., and for the information of those desirous of augmenting the already large number, all practices will take place at Esplanade on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays of each week until further notice.

Tickets for the Command Sports will be on sale amongst the different Battalions at a reasonable charge. Soldiers in uniform will be admitted at half price.

Many "Heads" were amongst the large crowd watching the 24th and 21st battle for supremacy.

Wednesday, May 26th, was a sorrowful day for Collins, as the Command H.Q. hurlers were defeated by their more experienced hurlers from Mullingar in the Brigade Hurling Match.

New Orderly Room Clerk somewhere to certain Quartermaster Sergt. (in mistake): "I say, Stick Orderly, get Adjutant to speak on the 'phone."

This week's slogan:—"What about a ball alley?"



## EASTERN COMMAND SIGNAL COMPANY (Kilbride Camp).

As we go to press it is reported that a few members of the A.T.C. wish to compete with "Kit" and "Diver" in a fishing competition.

This week's slogan:—"Is the 'Village Postman' gone yet?"

### "A SIGNALLER'S DREAM."

One night in my bed I lay snuggled,  
And to sleep at once I tried;  
Then as my eye-lids closed at last,  
I dreamt I saw "Kilbride."  
I dreamt I saw my comrades,  
With feet as heavy as lead,  
As up the hills they wander,  
With a very slowly tread.

I fancy I see the "Yank" again,  
His heart is filled with sorrow;  
But on his face he wears a smile,  
For 'tis pay-day on the morrow.  
Then "Bobbie" comes strolling up the  
line,  
On his back he carries a phone,  
He turns his eyes to the hill-tops,  
And he fondly thinks of home.

And the "Diver" and "Paddy" arrive  
on the scene,  
With a barrow loaded with cable,  
And dreaming of "steak and onions"  
Laid out on a dining-hall table.  
Then "Tommy" and "Mac" come up  
the road,  
"All out" on their new machines,  
Their bags are filled with despatches,  
And their faces are far from clean.

My dreams they wander to the Butts,  
And I see our own little Bob,  
Busy working with his pliers,  
As he finishes off some job.

When I wake, and find I'm in Collins,  
With joy I could have cried  
Then our "Quarter-bloke" yells out at  
me,  
"Get up! You're for Kilbride."

"SPREN COR."

## 15th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

It is rumoured that Mr. Huban, a gentleman living on the Camp, is presenting a beautiful Silver Cup to the best Inter-Unit Team in the Command. Without a doubt we have the best boxing team on the Camp, so there is no reason why we should not be the first to have our monogram engraved on this valuable trophy, and we make no charge for the information, so there!

On Whit Monday, the general slackness in local passes was attributed to the fact that Nos. 3 and 4 Sections, "C" Coy., played their Inter-Section hurling match, and gave the lads the pleasure of witnessing a very keen game. The play of Pte. Walsh, for No. 3 Sec. was all that could be desired, and was the means of bringing victory to his section. Cpl. Mullins and Pte. Cardwell played a very sound game for No. 4 Sec. The final result was:—

No. 3 Section	...	2 goals 1 point.
No. 4 Section	...	1 goal 3 points.

We all wish to convey our best wishes for success in "civvie" life to B.S.M. James Joseph, who was discharged during the week. He was the recipient of a handsome wallet and notes from the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of H.Q. Coy. This N.C.O. has served in this Battalion for the past 20 months, having been transferred from the A.S.I., Keane Barracks, he attained the distinction of being one of the most popular N.C.O.'s on the Camp, and we feel the deepest regret on his departure from this unit.

We wish the very best of luck to Coy. Sergt. Lennon in his new capacity of A/B.S.M.

"PREMIER."

## DON'TS for Correspondents.

- DON'T write if you can get it typewritten.
- DON'T crowd the lines together.
- DON'T write on both sides of the paper.
- DON'T use a worn-out typewriter ribbon.
- DON'T indulge in personal jokes.
- DON'T write in pencil.
- DON'T forget to mention dates.
- DON'T send in your contribution later than the Saturday of the week before it is to appear.

## No. 2 COMPANY A.T.C., ATHLONE.

The football team of the above company have made wonderful strides since its re-organisation by Lieut. C. J. Hueston.

New jerseys, knickers, boots, and a brand new ball were purchased by our Workshops Officer, who immediately selected a likely team worthy of wearing the togs and punting the new ball to

victory. After some three weeks of training, the men's efforts towards this end met with remarkable success. Our first victory over the Military Police, on the 19th ult., of 7 points to nil, has been followed by another win on last Wednesday, the 26th ult. from the picked team of the Medical Corps.

The respective teams of 14 men each, comprised the following:—

Medical Corps—Lieut. Kerrigan, Lieut. Diver, Sergt. Williams, Corpl. Murray, Corpl. McCullagh, Pte. McLoughlin, Pte. McEvoy, Pte. Murphy, Pte. Conlon, Pte. O'Donoghue, Pte. O'Neill, Pte. Quinn, Pte. Nolan, Pte. Whelan.

Army Transport Corps—Lieut. C. J. Hueston, C.Q.M.S. Greene, P.J.; Sergt. O'Donoghue, P.; Corpl. Brereton, F.; Pte. Gill, P.; Pte. Cooney, W.; Pte. Leneghan, J.; Pte. Crosbie, R.; Pte. Power, W.; Pte. Baxter, J.; Pte. Mulryan, F.; Pte. McCaw, E.; Pte. Miller, C.; Pte. Dunne, J.

Lieut. Peadar Cowan acted as referee.

From the very start of the game the Medical Corps made violent attempts to penetrate our defence, but the combination of C.Q.M.S. Greene, Ptes. Leneghan, Crosbie and Baxter frustrated the early efforts of the "Croix de Rouge." Lieut. Hueston then received the ball in mid-field and, aided by Ptes. Gill and Miller, created some anxious moments for Lieut. Kerrigan in the goal. Twenty minutes of fast and furious play on the part of the Medical Corps team met with no better result than their first rush.

Lieut. Diver, Sergt. Williams, Corpls. McCullagh and Murray were very prominent members of the opposition. The first score of the game was made by Pte. Dunne, who shot a pass received from the reliable Gill, which soared above Lieut. Kerrigan's "jurisdiction," and resulted in a point for the A.T.C. Not to be outdone by any of his men, Lieut. Hueston scored 2 more points before the interval.

On resumption of play the Medical Corps again tried to sweep away our defence, this time with better results. After some lively exchanges around the A.T.C. goal-mouth, a high-flier beyond the reach of "Tipperary" resulted in a point, which was the only score registered by A.M.C. during the game. Here let me remark that Pte. Cooney (Tipperary) our newly-acquired goalie, made some remarkable saves, and his coolness in dealing with "point-blankers" must have been very disconcerting to the balled snibbers during this tense play around the A.T.C.'s goal.

From a long kick-out Lieut. Hueston secured the ball and passing to Mulryan, who, tackled by Pte. Murphy, passed to Miller, and as quick as the eye could follow, the ball was brought amongst the Medical half-backs. Another tussle ensued in which Ptes. McCaw, Miller and Baxter were to the fore in making the ball become restless. Eventually, from a pass by Corpl. Brereton, Lieut. Hueston scored a point.

The kick-out was secured by McCaw, who was forced to pass to Mulryan. The latter in turn gave Miller his chance of scoring another point from a very difficult angle. Fast, but very wild play on the part of the Medical Corps, and a goal

scored by Lieut. Hueston, briefly describes the remainder of the game.

At the final whistle the figures were:—  
A.M.C. ... .. 1 point.  
A.T.C. ... .. 8 points.

Lieut. Hueston and his perspiring team were so elated at their victory that O'Toole's hilarious conduct in jumping on the coats entrusted to his care, and waving his cap passed quite unnoticed.

The Company have lost two more of the old stock on the departure of Fitter "Jerry" Meade and Driver Harry Hewetson, who have gone on discharge. We wish them every prosperity and happiness with their "permanent civvie passes."

During the course of a football debate a certain close-cropped driver was heard to remark: "Just imagine beating the P.A.'s and not an hour's punishment for it." But, of course, the speaker's hair hadn't outgrown certain little memories.

### 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.

### No. 4 GROUP ARMY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Capt. P. J. Kelly presided at a meeting held in Portobello Barracks on 25th ult.

#### TENNIS.

C.S.M. J. Kennedy reported that there is one court now in play, and that two more were being worked on and would soon be ready.

It was decided to start a Group Tournament, and C.S.M. Kennedy was instructed to prepare a scheme for next meeting.

#### HURLING.

Captain P. J. Kelly stated that the match arranged for Wednesday, 26th inst. had been postponed.

#### FOOTBALL.

A team was picked to play Islandbridge at the Hurling Ground, Phoenix Park, at 3.30 p.m. on Wednesday, 26th ult., and arrangements were made for the players from the various Units to proceed to the Park and meet at the old pavilion at 3 p.m.

The Hon. Treasurer, Lt. Walsh, reported that he had obtained the boots, knicks and stockings for the team, and expected to have jerseys in time for the match.

#### PROPOSED GROUP SPORTS.

Pte. J. Bermingham stated that the ground in Beggan's Bush was not at all suitable to hold the sports in. He had been there during the week, and it would be impossible to have it ready, as the ground was in a very bad state.

After some discussion it was decided that Group athletes should train in Portobello Barracks, and Pte. Bermingham kindly volunteered to take the men in hand every evening.

#### FINANCE.

The Hon. Treasurer read a statement of accounts showing the present position of the Group. As the Grant from the Command Council has not yet materialised, the available funds have been exhausted in procuring sports gear.

The Hon. Secretary was directed to communicate with Sergt. Flood, G.H.Q., in connection with certain items appertaining to last year's tennis tournament.

### ARMY SWIMMING CLUB.

The Army Swimming Club is now in full swing, and the attendances at Tara St. Baths on Wednesday afternoons augurs well for a very successful season. A very large number of new members from the various barracks in Dublin have been enrolled in the Club, and not a few show promise of future prowess in the swimming arena.

The season opened on Wednesday, the 12th ult., with a general practice, and on each of the following two Wednesdays a novices' one-length scratch race, confined to club members, was run off, with the following results:—

Wed., 19th May—Final, Corpl. McNulty (Army Air Corps), 1; Pte. Twamley (Army Air Corps), 2; Corp. Keane (7th Bde., H.Q.), 3. Time, 14 secs. Won by a touch.

Wed., 26th May—Final, Pte. Hickey (Army Air Corps), 1; Pte. Nolan (Army Air Corps), 2; Cpl. Smith (Army Air Corps), 3. Time, 15 secs. Won by a foot.

It is notified to all interested in swimming that the Baths at Tara St. are reserved from 3 to 5 p.m. each Wednesday afternoon for the Army Club, and that admission is free to all ranks during that period. Intending members of the Club should give their names and subscriptions to the Officer representing their barracks, whose name has already appeared in "An t-Oglach," or at the Baths, to the Hon. Sec., Lieut. Mulrooney, or Hon. Treas., Sergt. Flood. All members are eligible for the various events promoted by the Club.

Group Secretaries are requested to arrange that facilities are afforded to N.C.O.'s and Men to visit the Baths for Recreational Training on Wednesdays.

### PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED

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## THE ARMY GOLFING SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Committee, held on Tuesday, 24th ult., the following fixtures were made:—

Army Championship (Individual and Inter-Command) at Hermitage on Monday and Tuesday, 14th and 15th June.

Captains' Prize at Newlands on Wednesday, 30th June.

The first annual general meeting of the Society will be held in Newlands at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, 30th June. This is really the opening fixture of the Society, as the Championships held on 14th and 15th in Hermitage is a purely military competition. The evening in Newlands will be concluded with a dinner at 7.30 p.m., and members desiring to attend should inform their Command representative not later than 20th June. Very handsome prizes are being offered for best nett and best gross scores.

The following provisional appointments of representatives for the different Commands, Corps, and Units, were made, and Officers and ex-Officers desirous of becoming members should communicate with their local representative:—G.H.Q., Major Doyle, A.M.S.; St. Bricin's Hospital, Lieut. Walters, A.M.S.; Army Air Corps, Capt. Delemere; Army Engineer Corp, Comdt. O'Connor; Army Artillery Corps, Capt. Brennan; Eastern Command, Rev. Fr. Pigott; Southern Command, Comdt. O'Connor, A.M.S.

The following is the constitution of the Society:—

1. The Society shall be called the Army Golfing Society.

2. (a) Membership of the Society shall be confined to Officers who hold or have held Commissions in the National Army or Defence Forces, and who are members of a recognised Golf Club.

(b) Applicants for membership shall be proposed and seconded by a member of the Society. The Committee shall not be called upon to cite reasons for refusal of any application.

3. The object of the Society shall be to maintain and foster by means of competitions and association the spirit of good fellowship which bound Officers together in Army life.

4. The affairs of the Society shall be managed by a Committee to be elected at each annual general meeting. This Committee shall consist of 10 members, of which not less than 3 shall be non-serving Officers, and shall include a President, Hon. Treasurer, Hon. Secretary and Captain. Three members shall form a quorum.

5. Officers shall be elected for one year only and shall be eligible for re-election.

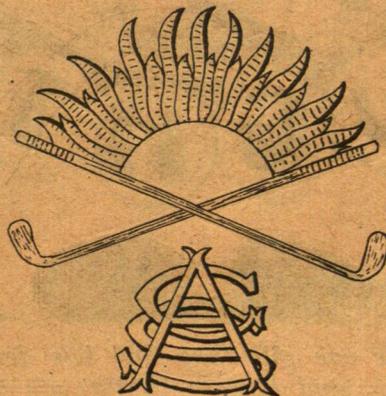
6. A vacancy on the Committee occurring during the year shall, if the Committee so desire, be filled by co-option.

7. Meetings shall be held at such times and in such places as may from time to time be necessary.

8. A General Meeting of the members shall be held annually not later than the 31st January, when a statement of accounts and balance sheet shall be presented by the Hon. Secretary and Hon.

Treasurer, and the Committee and Officers shall be elected.

9. A Special General Meeting may be summoned at any time by the Committee or by the Hon. Secretary on the request in writing of any 20 members. No business save that for which the Meeting has been summoned, and of which seven days'



The Badge of the Army Golfing Society.

notice shall have been given to each member shall be transacted at such Special General Meeting.

(c) The Committee are empowered to suspend or deprive of membership any member whose conduct is such as to bring discredit on the Society. Any member so suspended may appeal to an annual or extraordinary general meeting.

10. No alteration in the rules shall be made save by a resolution passed at the Annual General Meeting, and no such

resolution shall be brought forward unless the Hon. Secretary shall have received notice thereof at least fourteen days previous to the date of the Annual General Meeting.

11. The Annual Subscription shall be £1 (one pound) payable prior to the date of the Annual General Meeting. Members whose subscriptions are outstanding on the date of the General Meeting shall cease to be members.

12. Competitions shall be held at such times and such places, and under such conditions as the Committee shall decide. Failure to comply with any or all of such conditions shall incur disqualification in such competitions.

13. In all Handicap Competitions, competitors shall play on their lowest Club Handicaps on the day of play, adjusted to the par of the course over which the competition is being played. No member shall play on a longer handicap than 22.

14. The decision of the Committee on all matters shall be final.

15. The holders for the time being of any Cup or Trophy belonging to the Society shall be responsible for same, and shall have such Cup or Trophy covered by insurance for such amounts and under such conditions as laid down by the Committee, and in the event of such holder ceasing to be a member, such cup or trophy shall be returned forthwith to the Committee.

16. Any member resigning or ceasing for any reason to be a member of the Society shall forfeit all claims against the Funds or property of the Society.

17. Members are expected to wear the Society's colours in all competitions organised by the Society.

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Contributions to be sent to our Editorial Offices: General Headquarters, Park-gate.

Write on only one side of the paper. Postcards preferred.

Hostess: "I say, Commandant, can we have the pleasure of your company at dinner to-day?"

Commandant: "Madam! I command a Battalion."—Private P. Crotty, H.Q. Coy., No. 5 Brigade, Kilkenny, to whom our prize of 2s. 6d. is awarded this week.

First Author (reading aloud as he writes): The evening wore on.

Second Author (listening): Well, what did it wear?

First Author: Oh, I don't know—the close of day, I suppose.

"Yes, it has," muttered the boy.

The manager's ire was aroused.

"Look here, young man, are you the manager of this business?" he said.

The boy felt that the position was growing dangerous.

"No, sir."

"Then," replied the chief, "why on earth are you talking like an idiot?"

Seaside Eop: I have made up my mind not to marry until I come across a girl who is my opposite in every way.

Nice Girl: Oh, well, you ought not to find any difficulty in meeting your opposite. There are shoals of good-looking, clever girls down here this season.

Doctor: There's very little the matter with you; your pulse is as regular as clockwork.

Dainty Miss: I'm so glad. But did it make any difference—you had hold of my wrist watch?

"I have had shooting pains all over my face," complained the sweet girl to her doctor.

"Well, the shooting won't amount to much pain if you don't use powder," replied her medical adviser, bluntly.

"If you won't accept me as your lover," said the tragic youth, "I shall hang myself on the tree in front of your house."

"For goodness' sake, don't do that," she said. "Father objects to fellows hanging around the place.

An actor played the part of Hamlet in a very wooden manner in one of those northern towns where the audience are apt to give vent to their feelings. The result was that eggs forced him to make his retreat—we nearly said exit—from the stage. After the play was over, two galleryites were going home together.

"Bad as it was, I enjoyed the show, but, of course, he couldn't play Hamlet for nuts," said one.

"No, but he did 'Omlette' a treat," replied the other.

Company O/C. (to prisoner): "What! Drunk again, Walsh? Will you ever reform?"

Walsh (prisoner): "Well, sir, it's like this. I am as possible of good intentions, but when I get a few drinks I—But there, sure you know what it is yourself, sir!"

(59684 Pte. J. McCausland, A.S.C., Kilbride Camp, Co. Wicklow, who is awarded a consolation prize of Kenilworth Cigarettes).

Lady Visitor: "I declare, John, you look younger than ever! But where is old Ebenezer? I have not seen him about."

John: "No, miss; ye see a visitor gave him a shilling and 'e dropped dead with heart disease—but my heart's quite strong."

Madge (gushing): "I love Scott. I think his 'Marmion' just delightful, his 'Lady of the Lake' is simply superb, and, as to 'Ivanhoe,' it is a perfect dream."

Norman (sarcastically): "What do you think of his 'Emulsion'?"

Madge: "Oh, that's the one I'm going to read next!"

Love is blind; yet nearly every girl can see far more in her sweetheart than her brothers and sisters can.

Young Nurse (to drowsy patient): Now, wake up at once; you've got to have your sleeping-draught.

Irate Father: "Where on earth did that child get her temper? Certainly not from me."

Mother (sweetly): You must be right, dear, since you never lose your temper—but always have it."

The young man had been sitting in the drawingroom alone with her for a long time and it was getting late. Suddenly, the door opened and her father entered. He coughed a little, cleared his throat, and then said:

"Do you know what the time is?"

The young man arose hurriedly, stammered a few words and in a moment or so was gone.

"Is your young friend an idiot or what?" asked the father of the girl, who stood looking into the mirror.

"Why?" queried the daughter, a trifle irritated.

"Well, I just asked him if he knew the time, because my watch has stopped, and he simply bolted."

The word *wangle* was used for the first time in the House of Commons in 1919 by Lord Robert Cecil. *Wangling* as an art was, of course, well known to the members long before this date.

Billy bent over her and whispered: "Darling, if I should ask you in French if I might kiss you, what would you answer?"

Muriel quickly calling up remembrance of the French language:

"Billet doux," she said.

When Napoleon III. made a triumphal entry into Bordeaux soon after the *coup d'état*, it was arranged that from an arch of flowers under which he was to pass an imperial crown should hang, surmounted by the words "He well deserves it." But the wind blew away the crown, and when the Emperor passed under the arch, to the great joy of the Republicans only a rope with a noose at the end of it dangled there, with "He well deserves it" standing out in bold relief above it!

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