

# IAN TÓTGÁC

THE ARMY JOURNAL

Vol. V. No. 16.

October 23rd, 1926.

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# An t-Ógláċ

Vol. V. No. 16.

OCTOBER 23, 1926.

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DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

# An t-ÓSgláC

OCTOBER 23, 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.*

## CÓIRÁD AG AN ÉASARTÓNÍR.

### OUR REPRESENTATIVES.

TO all of us who desire whole-heartedly the success and prosperity of the Gaelic Athletic Association, the nation-wide interest excited by the All-Ireland Football Final is a most encouraging sign. At the same time it would be wise not to regard the exceptional attendance at recent matches in Croke Park as an absolutely accurate indication of the swing of the pendulum throughout the country, or to allow our hopes to outrun the facts. Even more significant than the attendance figures is the attitude of the daily press, which is moulded by public opinion more often than it moulds public opinion—as witness the gradual swing from rank West Britonism to Sinn Fein in the days before the Treaty. When we find the "Irish Times" devoting a special placard to the Kerry and Kildare match, and even the "Daily Mail" with a poster advertising "Gaelic Football Final—Special Report," it is a pretty good indication that G.A.A. affairs are making remarkable progress.

\* \* \*

Nowhere in this country will the steady progress of the G.A.A. be hailed with greater pleasure than amongst all ranks in the army. The links which bind the two are many. There is hardly a Gaelic fixture of

any importance, from the Championship Finals down, in which Army athletes have not distinguished themselves. Given proper opportunities for training, as we have pointed out in previous issues, the Army Athletic Association should prove a tower of strength to the civilian organisation. The Secretary of the A.A.A. can be relied upon to do all that is humanly possible, but he has a right to expect better co-operation and support, not only from Officers Commanding, but also from the athletes themselves. Even with the whole-hearted support of the former, however, the Association will be "let down" if the athletes do not "play the game" in every sense of the phrase.

\* \* \*

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon all Army athletes that when they figure as the representatives of the Forces on any public occasion the honour of the Army is in their keeping to a large extent. We do not mean that failure to secure victory will reflect upon their comrades. Defeat is no disgrace unless wantonly invited. But we do mean that their prominence as representatives of the Army entails certain responsibilities upon them which they are in honour bound to fulfil with the utmost care. Their training becomes more than a per-

sonal matter; it is their duty to the Army to put every ounce into it, and to leave nothing undone that will make for success. If they neglect any opportunities of ensuring perfect fitness they are letting down all their comrades. If they deliberately break training by indulging in alcoholic drink, or doing anything else which may lessen their chances, they are betraying the Army. Any soldier who has had the honour of being selected to represent the Forces and who wilfully omits to make the most of his opportunities, should be made to realise by his comrades that he has been guilty of a particularly mean and selfish offence, and should not be allowed to hold a similar position again. He has betrayed the trust and forfeited the confidence of all decent soldiers.

### WHEN THE YANKEE ADVERTISER NODS.

FOR WINTER RIDING?—Combination stove and bicycle for sale. Phone Lafayette 5353-J.—*Ad in a Pittsburgh paper.*

\* \* \*

A CREDIT TO HIS SEX.—For Sale—T. B. tested Guernsey bull, good butter record.—*Ad in an Iowa paper.*

\* \* \*

SOPHISTICATED TAXIS.—Salesman for taxi-cabs with experience.—*From a want ad in a New York paper.*

\* \* \*

CHOOSING HER OWN HEAVEN.—Wanted—By an expired South Carolina school teacher, age 45, position as collector. Time-keeper or orange grove keeper.—*Ad in a Florida paper.*

\* \* \*

NOT SO VERY REASONABLE.—"For Sale—Two Police Puppies. Prize-winning parents, both male; very reasonable."—*Live Stock ad in an American paper.*

\* \* \*

NO, THANK YOU!—  
Let us Tan  
Your Hide!  
—*From a display Fur ad in "Farm and Fireside."*

\* \* \*

A CHANGE OF MUSIC.—For Trade-Man wants to trade donkey for radio set. Phone 334J6.—*Ad in a Colorado paper.*

\* \* \*

YOU DON'T SAY SO!—  
Attention!  
Lincoln Shareholders  
The last Monday of February this year comes on Tuesday, February 23  
—*From an ad in a Massachusetts paper.*



# IN CAPTIVITY

From "WITH THE IRISH IN FRONGOCH."

By COMMANDANT W. J. BRENNAN-WHITMORE, General Staff.

(*Being the Thirty-Sixth instalment of the History of the Anglo-Irish War.*)

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[NOTE—After the Rising in 1916, all the Volunteers who took part in it, and very many who did not, were "swept up" by the R.I.C. and British Military, and hastily conveyed to various English jails. From these they were later concentrated in an Internment Camp, at Frongoch, Wales.—EDITOR.]

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE following morning the authorities were staggered to find that the 200 men in the South Camp\* had declared a hunger-strike and declined to prepare the breakfast. The fast continued throughout Friday; and when the Adjutant went amongst them on the usual mid-day inspection he found many men there whom he had sent back to the North Camp the previous day; and no one could tell him how they had found their way down to the South Camp again. We had no inclination to tell him; and there was no fear of the guard doing so. His difficulty now was that he did not know whether Michael Murphy was in the North or South Camp. On Thursday evening he could feel tolerably assured that the man was in the South; but on Friday morning who could tell, except the Prisoners?

These 200 prisoners had got their dinner, such as it was under the circumstances, on Thursday, and since then had had nothing to eat, so that by 11 a.m. on Saturday morning it was no wonder that the doctors should certify that 90 of the men were getting weak. Besides the fast, the 200 of them had been crowded into No. I. dormitory on the ground floor, which was by far the stuffiest and worst dormitory in the place†. That morning "Jack-knives" had himself lit the fires and brewed a big boiler of tea, and cut up ninety loaves. Then he came in and implored the "hunger-strikers" to come and have their breakfast, stating that they could go back to bed again if they liked. But the perverse creatures would have nothing to do with his generosity or hospitality.

After 11 a.m. Father Stafford was sent in to command them as their priest

to take their food. He lectured them on the moral wrong of their action and told them bluntly that they were imperilling their souls. But he had not it all his own way. The cudgels were taken up vigorously on behalf of the prisoners by a learned comrade who countered his every moral point with an equally pertinent theological point. He was finally silenced by being asked if British Prisoners in German Camps under similar conditions would be considered to be imperilling their souls by "hunger-striking" in order to save their comrades.

So Father Stafford took his departure. In a few minutes, however, he was back again, and told the prisoners that they could get up and prepare to go back to the North Camp. They declined to do so unless they could do so without revealing their identity, and unless the Adjutant guaranteed that they would not be penalised in any way for their action. He left to consult the Adjutant, but came back almost immediately and gave an assurance that the condition and the guarantee were granted. The prisoners decided to send a party up for their dinner to the North Camp before they would undertake the labour of moving back, as many of them felt very weak.

When this party arrived in the North Camp and told us the good news, we naturally gave considerable vent to our exuberant spirits. I never beheld a more delighted man than "Jack-knives" was as he helped to ladle out the soup. He seemed to dread the thought of a hunger-strike.

Father Stafford arrived in the North Camp just after dinner, and told Commandant Staines that he wished to speak to all the men in the Y.M.C.A. hut. So we were all mobilised at once for his convenience. Here he again denounced the "hunger-strike" as an immoral action; but, as in the South Camp, he found himself very success-

fully countered; and whilst the men listened in silence to his discourse they cheered the young demagogue who opposed him.

Father Stafford then made an extraordinary request. It was that we should promise him as Irishmen that we would not make any demonstration on the return of the 200 prisoners. There was some reluctance to give the promise. But he pleaded very earnestly that we had won; and that there was no necessity for a demonstration in the completeness of our victory; besides, he added, the men in the South Camp had told him they did not wish any demonstration. That fetched us, and we promised. We discovered afterwards that the men in the South Camp had made no such statement.

It was a joke amongst us that for the discharge of his routine duties Father Stafford always came into us in his full war dress; but when he merely wished to "deludher us with soft words and blandishments" he covered his bellicose garments with a long soutane.

So we received our comrades back to us joyfully, but without demonstration, even though it was no light task to restrain our feelings.

It was a mistake to have bargained through Father Stafford, as they were afterwards to learn. They should have insisted in getting the guarantee direct from the Adjutant. It is always a great mistake under such circumstances to negotiate through an intermediary. Of course, we were only learning; but we were doing so rapidly. Experience is indeed a great teacher. Many of us in civilian life had doubted the real worth of the Sinn Fein policy of passive resistance. Not that we doubted the actual worth of the principles of the policy itself. We doubted, human nature being human nature, the possibility of getting people, especially a temperamental people like the Irish, to stick together in a passive resistance policy. But Frongoch was to teach us

\*Vide Hansard, Vol. 87, No. 109, Col. 807; Vol. 87, No. 113, Col. 1,628.

†Vide Hansard, Vol. 87, No. 106, Col. 230.



that, in the words of Mr. Herbert Pim, " Sinn Fein cannot fail " in its policy and in its methods.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

SUNDAY passed off in the usual humdrum fashion, except that at night we had a concert and dance to celebrate the re-union.

But on Monday the fat was in the fire again. We were astonished to find that parcels and letters for the 200 men who had " hunger-struck " in the South Camp would not be delivered unless they went and signed for them. That, of course, would be revealing their identity, and not to be thought of. We were all most indignant at the shameless way in which the guarantee had been broken. It is to the eternal credit of the rest of the prisoners that they refused to draw either parcels or letters unless all were treated without distinction. The prisoner-clerks were withdrawn from the Censor's office.

Lieut. Bevan was on leave at the time, and a particularly gentlemanly officer—a Captain Jones—was doing temporary duty. When the clerks were withdrawn, he went down and made very strong representations to the Adjutant, saying he would pitch up the whole office to him there and then if he persisted in his attitude.

Meanwhile we had sent for Father Stafford, and were giving him a bad gruelling in an apartment of the Y.M.C.A. He expressed his great regret at the fact of the Adjutant having broken his word, but he could do nothing for us. In the middle of the wrangle an Orderly delivered a note to Father Stafford from the Adjutant. It stated that the Commandant had returned from leave, and had ordered that the parcels and letters were to be distributed in the usual manner. We were greatly rejoiced, and went at once to tell the men.

Just then Sergeant Philips came in with word that Commandant Staines and all the Hut Leaders were required at the Colonel's office. In the South Camp, the dormitories and messes had constituted the units for discipline. In the North Camp the unit was the hut. Sixteen huts were in occupation by us. These sixteen Hut Leaders, with Commandant Staines and Adjutant E. A. Morkan, constituted the Camp Leaders of the North. These were duly mobilised and marched down under escort.

" Buckshot " informed the Hut Leaders that he had received an account of the deplorable proceedings of the last two days. He had, however, decided to inflict no further punishment in the case of those men who had failed to answer to their names on the 2nd November, although their offence was grave (*i.e.*, attempting to shield a man from the law), and that if he wished he could have them tried and sent to civil prisons, and even to penal servitude. He said he did not wish to do this, as he was rather of the opinion that the whole cause of the matter was that the Leaders had not been strong enough in enforcing discipline.

He said he appreciated the fact that

they occupied a difficult position, but had nevertheless given valuable assistance to the smooth working of the Camp. He spoke appreciatively of their work and particularly of that of Commandant Staines.

" Buckshot " then outlined a proposed scheme of hut arrangement under which certain particular men would occupy a particular hut. He proposed to hold the Hut Leader responsible for having only his particular men in his hut; for keeping a list of these men, and for being able to tell him, at any time, where any particular man was. He impressed on the Hut Leaders that he himself was the only person who could sanction any change from hut to hut.

This, obviously, would give him a ready means of identifying any particular man.

The Colonel was then informed in no unmistakable terms of the high state of feeling in the Camp with regard to this taking of men for military service, and that in the opinion of the Hut Leaders the men would not fall in with this hut arrangement while things were in their present stage: that the Leaders had no means of forcing them to do so; and that, indeed, they would find it very difficult to dissociate themselves from the attitude of the men in the matter. They positively declined to have any part in spying on the men in Camp, or identifying them for military service.

Commandant Staines, who throughout all these trials and troubles, had maintained a very difficult position with remarkable efficiency and tact, took up a very resolute attitude on this question of identification. He asked " Buckshot " a straight question: Did he expect the Camp Leaders to identify comrades of theirs for military service in the British Army?\* The Colonel replied that it was their duty to identify men for all purposes. And Staines at once retorted that the Camp Leaders would not under any circumstances identify men for military service, as they would thus be lowering themselves to the level of spies and informers.

" Buckshot " was reminded that the discipline of the Camp was perfect except in matters that had a bearing on the withdrawal from the Camp of men suspected of being liable for military service for England. He was told that the men considered it utterly unjustifiable on the part of the Government to press into service in the English Army men who had belonged to the Army which had established the Irish Republic, and who had been taken as prisoners of war.

" Buckshot " then stated that he proposed to call a roll that morning, and ordered the Hut Leaders to inform their men to this effect. He said he was not looking for any man now, but was doing what he should have done from time to time previously had he had time. He said that any men who would refuse to answer would be sent to the South Camp, where they would have to

\*Vide Hansard, Vol. 87, No. 110, Col. 950; Vol. 88, No. 116, Col. 320.

draw and cook their own rations. If they refused to draw the rations, the rations would be dumped in the compound for them; and if they did not wish to cook and eat them they could starve. He said, categorically, that if he were to have nothing in the camp but corpses\* he would have discipline.

To this Commandant Staines retorted that he personally would prefer to be a corpse any day than be a " spy " or an informer on his comrades.

Two of the Hut Leaders—Captain R. Mulcahy and Captain R. Cotter—then asked that in the general circumstances they be relieved of their responsibilities. " Buckshot " replied that he most certainly would if they were not strong enough for the position. Before anything further could be said he ordered them all to return to the North Camp, and inform the men of the coming roll-call.

When the Camp Leaders were taken down to the office we naturally concluded that some sort of a charge was being preferred against them. We considered that in all probability they would be sent to Reading Gaol. We had reason to think so. On the Saturday morning, whilst the hunger-strike was still proceeding, a fresh batch of prisoners was made up and sent to Reading. This batch contained the " broth of a boy " from Skibbereen who had been of such material assistance in setting up the Republican Post Office, and after his departure the man from Clare fulfilled his functions. Another of this batch of prisoners—a Citizen Army man named O'Neill—who was on the hunger-strike, refused to get up when told he was required by the Adjutant. Six soldiers dressed him, and then, lifting him on to a stretcher, carried him out to the office. When he was told where he was going to he got up instantly and went and packed his kit. They all went away singing, and we cheered them to the echo.

\*Vide Hansard, Vol. 88, No. 115, Col. 159.

(To be Continued).

#### CORRECTION—QUOTA OF UNITS.

In our last issue it was incorrectly stated that the married establishment Quota of Units of the Forces as published included the Reserve. The paragraph should have read:—

" The percentage in each rank is to be calculated on the establishment of that rank in the Unit concerned (Excluding the Reserve)."

Learn to laugh *at* yourself and *with* others.

Man is the noblest work of God, but nobody ever said so but man.

When a fellow sells matches in the street, don't let him feel he is selling himself.

# THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

## IRISH HISTORY.

### Lesson No. 2.

1. In the last lesson we saw how the Milesians became masters of Ireland and firmly established themselves in the country under the kingship of Heremon. That descendants of the earlier inhabitants, i.e., the Firbolgs, Formorians and De Dannans continued to reside in the country (probably in a servile capacity) is beyond doubt, for during the first century of the Christian Era they combined and succeeded in overthrowing the Milesians for a time and making one of their own number king.

2. The Milesians were a pagan people and worshipped idols, principal of which was a great idol called Crom Cruach (a huge pillar stone covered with gold), which stood in Moy-Slecht (plain of adoration), in County Cavan. This idol and its twelve smaller attendant idols were eventually destroyed by St. Patrick during his conversion of the country to Christianity. These pillar stone idols were worshipped all over the country, and it is quite probable that some still exist, though their origin and import have long since been forgotten.

3. Of the early Milesian Kings there were few worthy of particular note. As may be easily supposed, the great majority fell in battle, either in defence of their crowns or in raids of aggression.

4. King Ollamh Fodhla (Ollav Fola), who is given as the fortieth sovereign of the Milesian dynasty was, as his name implies—Ollamh means professor—a learned man, who sought to encourage learning, to compile accurate records of his kingdom, and to have good laws passed. To secure this end he originated the Feis of Tara, which was held every third year and to which all the learned men of the country were invited. At this Feis or assembly all matters affecting learning and public affairs were discussed and the decisions arrived at carefully chronicled in a manuscript known as the Psalter of Tara.

5. During the reign of Cimbaeth the palace of Emania was built. The remains of this palace, now known as Navan Fort, are still to be seen a few miles west of Armagh. For over six centuries the kings of Ulster resided at Emania, and it was there the Red Branch Knights received their military training.

6. Achy Feidlech, another king, built the palace of Croghan for his daughter Maive, Queen of Connaught. This afterwards became the residence of the kings of Connaught, and situated in the present County Roscommon, still retains its original name. Maive became famous as the originator of a war between Connaught and Conor MacNessa, King of Ulster, which lasted for seven years, and became known as "The Cattle Raid of Cooley."

7. Tuathal, who reigned about the second century after the birth of Christ

succeeded Carbery Kinnecat, whom the combined Firbolg, Formorian and De Dannan races had made king. He formed the province of Meath by cutting off a portion from each of the other provinces. This province became the special estate of the Ard Ri, or high king, and practically included all that area which now forms the Counties Meath and Westmeath. This fifth province was called Midhe or Meath. He also imposed a special tribute, known as the Boruma or Boru, on the king of Leinster in revenge for a wrong done to his (Tuathal's) daughter by that Monarch. This tribute was to be paid yearly, and was to be made up as follows:—150 cows, 150 hogs, 150 pieces of cloth, 150 cauldrons, 150 couples of slaves and 150 maidens, with the king of Leinster's daughter among them.

8. This tribute may have been paid without demur during the reign of Tuathal, but it is certain that when succeeding Ard Ris demanded it the kings and people of Leinster often disputed their right to do so, and wars and bloodshed resulted. The imposition of the Boru may rightly be said to have been the first step towards preparing the way for the invader, for it rendered the Leinster kings hostile to the Ard Ri, and, as we will see later, it was a Leinster king who first invited the English to help him in his wars with his Irish neighbours.

## ARITHMETIC.

Answers to exercises given in issue of October 16th, 1926:—

1. £949 12s. 6d.
2. £70 13s. 9d.
3. £1,036 15s. 0d.
4. £50 3s. 9d.

In connection with above we give hereunder the fractional parts of £1 which should be taken in each exercise:—

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. $\frac{5}{-} = \frac{1}{2}$ of £1.<br>$\frac{2}{6} = \frac{1}{3}$ of $\frac{5}{-}$ .<br>$\frac{1}{3} = \frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{2}{6}$ .   | $\left. \begin{array}{l} \\ \\ \end{array} \right\}$ Total, 8/9.  |
| 2. $\frac{10}{-} = \frac{1}{2}$ of £1.<br>$\frac{5}{-} = \frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{10}{-}$ .<br>$\frac{1}{3} = \frac{1}{4}$ of $\frac{5}{-}$ . | $\left. \begin{array}{l} \\ \\ \end{array} \right\}$ Total, 16/3. |
| 3. $\frac{10}{-} = \frac{1}{2}$ of £1.<br>$\frac{2}{6} = \frac{1}{3}$ of $\frac{10}{-}$ .   | $\left. \begin{array}{l} \\ \end{array} \right\}$ Total, 12/6.    |
| 4. $\frac{2}{6} = \frac{1}{3}$ of £1.<br>$3d. = \frac{1}{10}$ of $\frac{2}{6}$ .  | $\left. \begin{array}{l} \\ \end{array} \right\}$ Total, 2/9.     |

The following are some further exercises which should be worked by the Simple Practice method, as outlined in Lesson No. 30.

Find the cost of:—

1. 1,978 suits at £3 14s. 4½d. each.
2. 721 chests of tea at £5 4s. 6d. per chest.
3. 48 cows at £17 13s. 4d. each.
4. 3,869 uniforms at £3 16s. 0d. each.
5. 4,271 pair of boots at 16s. 8d. per pair.

## A QUESTION OF GRAMMAR.

(To the Editor of "An t-Oglach.")

Dear Sir,—In the Grammar lesson on "The Students' Page" in your last issue two statements, among others, are made. One is not absolutely correct and the other is absolutely incorrect.

The first is "Each refers to two persons or things only." One has only to read through the lesson on "Practice" on the same page to find more than one breach of the rule as expressed.

The second is "There is no such word as Lesser." I protest. There is such a word as "Lesser." Is there not a proverb which advises one to choose "the lesser of two evils"? If the grammar of the provers is not considered dependable a good dictionary will bear out my affirmation. I am sure that "Lesser" is already crying to heaven for vengeance—for the descent of brimstone and fire on the head of one who would attempt to wipe it off the "Len-Lex" page of the dictionary.

Perhaps the respected supervisor of this useful feature intended that his statements should apply only to the examples under which they appear, but he would have been well advised to have made that clear.—Yours, etc.,

BEDE.

G.H.Q.,  
16/10/26.

## PERSONAL LIBERTY.

The test of every law which restricts personal liberty is this: Does it make for liberty in the larger and real sense? This test can only be applied by a careful study of the facts. To try to discredit a proposed law by resorting to phrases and catchwords is simply to muddy the stream of thought and to give us heat and we need light.

It is a mere platitude to condemn a law because it infringes personal liberty. There are few laws which do not. Yet many people repeat this objection to laws which they dislike with as much confidence as if they had uttered an idea, when they have only expressed an emotion.

Liberty, especially personal liberty, makes a strong appeal to all of us, because we are all selfish, and the term personal liberty means to each of us the liberty to do what suits his personal tastes. If liberty is to be a blessing and not a curse, it must be a liberty which subserves, not the crude egotism of the individual, but the "general welfare." It must be a liberty promoting civilised progress under the restraints of life.—F. W. Farman.

Hitch your wagon to a star, but watch the star.

Don't be a man of one idea. It makes you a man of no ideas.

The most perfect man is he who is most useful to others.—Mohammed.

# IRELAND'S BATTLES AND BATTLEFIELDS

## THE DANISH WARS.

### I.—BATTLES OF KILMASHOGUE, SULCOIT, AND GLENMAMA.

By WESTON ST. J. JOYCE.

In 795 A.D. the Danes first visited Ireland. Though commonly called Danes, they came not only from Denmark proper, but also from Norway, Sweden, and in general from the islands and coasts of the Baltic. Finding that Ireland offered a fair field for plunder they soon came in larger numbers and organised a series of predatory expeditions, chiefly directed against the wealthy ecclesiastical establishments.

They continued these raids, with few reverses, up to about the year 838, when, under Turgesius, they established themselves in Dublin, where they erected a stronghold, probably on the hill now occupied by the Castle and Christ Church Cathedral.

Once established in Dublin they gradually extended their power, till in a few years a great part of the country groaned beneath the oppression of these ruthless barbarians.

From about 912 to 916 a constant succession of Danish fleets and expeditions poured into Waterford, taking possession of the town, such as it was then, during which time it is supposed by some that they built Reginald's Tower, still standing perfect on the quays. They then ravaged all south-eastern Munster, occupying every harbour and fortress of importance, and compelling the inhabitants to pay tribute.

In 916 they defeated the King of Leinster at Cenn Fuat, said to be Conffey, near Leixlip, where fifty Irish chieftains were slain. Encouraged by these successes another great reinforcement shortly afterwards arrived in Dublin and encamped in the neighbourhood. Niall Glunduff, King of Ulster, hearing of this fresh invasion, marshalled his troops and clansmen, and marched on Dublin to attack them. The Danes then retired to the mountains, probably to choose their ground, and on Wednesday, 15th September, 919, the opposing forces met at Kilmashogue Mountain, above Whitechurch, about six miles from Dublin, where an obstinate and bloody battle was fought, in which the Irish were disastrously defeated, brave King Niall, with twelve tributary Kings and a great number of the Ulster nobles, being numbered among the slain. From the strange site chosen for this battle in the mountains, then covered by primeval forests, it is not unlikely that the Irish were entrapped into an ambuscade, as they were much less skilled in such artifices than their adversaries.

The remains of a cromlech within the grounds of Glensouthwell, on the side of Kilmashogue Mountain, in all probability marks the spot where King Niall or some of these chieftains was buried after the battle. I incidentally referred to it in No. VI. of *Rambles Around Dublin*.

A year after this reverse the Irish had ample revenge, for they defeated the Danes with great slaughter at a place, unidentified, in the County Meath, where in the words of the old chroniclers, "there escaped not more than enough to tell what had happened; and there fell of the nobles of the Norsemen here as many as had fallen of the nobles and plebeians of the Gael (Irish) at the battle of Ath-claith," meaning Kilmashogue.

By 960 a great part of Munster had fallen under the rule of the Danes, who levied blackmail and exacted ruinous taxes from the unfortunate inhabitants. Two illustrious chiefs of the Dalcassian tribe, Mahon and his younger brother Brian (afterwards the hero of Clontarf), resolved to raise an army and endeavour to free their country from the tyranny of the foreign yoke. Accordingly, taking all their people and goods with them, they crossed the Shannon westwards from Limerick, and went into the County Clare, where, from the fastnesses of the woods of Thomond, they harassed the enemy for a considerable period by a system of guerilla warfare. At length, after protracted disagreements and conferences between the brothers, the tribe decided upon assuming a more aggressive attitude, and resolved on open warfare. Ivar, King of the Limerick Danes, however, determined to forestall this move. He at once proclaimed a war of extermination against them, and from far and near the Danes of Munster, as well as many of the recreant Irish, flocked to his battle standard. Meanwhile the Dalcassians, under their two chieftains, had marched into Muskerry on the borders of Cork and Kerry, where they were joined by a number of adherents, and thence to Cashel of the Kings, where they encamped.

Ivar was now on the march from Limerick at the head of his army, and in a few days had pitched his tents at Sulcoit, now Sollaghan, about three miles north-west of the present town of Tipperary and sixteen miles from Cashel. When news of this reached the Dalcassians the chiefs and officers assembled together and held a council of

war, at which it was unanimously decided to force the Danes into a general engagement at their camp at Sulcoit, which place was then covered with a thick sallow wood, in shelter of which they were encamped. The Dalcassians marched to within about five miles of Sulcoit, and next morning at sunrise formed in battle array, seeing which the Danes advanced to meet them in the open. A furious battle then commenced, no quarter being given on either side; it raged till mid-day and resulted in a decisive and ruinous defeat of the Danes, for they were driven from the battlefield, whence "they fled to the ditches and the vallis, and the solitudes of that great sweet flowery plain," and were pursued till next morning by the victorious Irish even as far as the fortress of Limerick, a distance of twenty miles.

In the dreadful confusion of the retreat and pursuit the gates of Limerick were flung open to both victors and vanquished, the Danes being slaughtered by the Irish in the streets and in the houses, and thus this important fortress reverted to its rightful owners. It is recorded that the prisoners were collected on the hillocks of Saingel, now Singland, on the south bank of the Shannon, and part of the city of Limerick, where everyone that was fit for war was killed, and everyone that was fit for slavery was enslaved. Such was the common practice in these barbarous times. This great battle, which took place in the year 968, completely shattered the power of the Danes in Munster, the survivors of whom now entrenched themselves in Scattery Island, in the Shannon.

Mahon, now undisputed monarch of Munster, followed up the victory of Sulcoit by breaking up the isolated settlements of the Danes through the south, and compelling the wavering Irish chiefs to give him hostages. But the wily Danes, unable to meet him openly, now resolved on other means for ridding themselves of him. After about six years Ivar and his son organised a conspiracy for his assassination, in which they were basely joined, through motives of jealousy, by two powerful Munster chiefs—Donovan, lord of Hy Carberry, and Molloy, lord of Desmond, both of whom now publicly renounced their allegiance to Mahon. About the year 976 Mahon was induced on some pretext or other to visit Donovan, at his house at Bruree, County Limerick, having previously received the guarantee of the local bishop and clergy that he would not be injured. Notwithstanding this solemn guarantee, given at his instance, Donovan sent on Mahon under escort to meet Molloy, according to a prearranged plan, at the place selected for the murder. Molloy watched the assassination from a distance and waited till he saw the flashing of the sword in the hands of the murderer and Mahon fall under the blow, upon which he mounted his horse and precipitately fled the scene. It should be mentioned that the ecclesiastics in guaranteeing Mahon's safety acted in perfectly good faith through-



out, having been deceived by Donovan and Molloy.

The Danes gained nothing by the murder of Mahon, for his brother Brian, a much more resolute and dangerous foe, now succeeded to the throne. He at once commenced a campaign against them, and Ivar and his son were both killed in Scattery Island within a year after the murder. Next year he attacked and defeated an army under Donovan and the surviving son of Ivar, both of whom were killed in the engagement. Of his brother's murderers there now remained but Molloy to be dealt with. Brian sent him a peremptory challenge by a special envoy to meet him at the scene of the murder, adding that if it were not accepted within a fortnight the Dalcassians, led by himself, would attack him in his own stronghold. This brought on the battle of Belach Lechta, in which Molloy and 1,200 of his troops were killed, and the murder of Mahon finally avenged on the very spot where it was committed.

Malachy II., who had been king of Ireland for eighteen years, hearing of Brian's victorious progress, became alarmed, and after a conference effected a treaty with him by which the sovereignty of Ireland was divided equally between them. Shortly afterwards—about 999 or 1000 A.D.—the Irish of Leinster revolted and joined the Danes of Dublin in a war against Brian, who, collecting his forces, marched northwards to besiege Dublin. On his way he encamped at a place called Glen-Mama, or the Glen of the Gap, near Dunlavin, in County Wicklow, and thirty-two miles south-west of Dublin. Here he was joined by Malachy at the head of his troops. Meanwhile the Danes, who had marched from Dublin to intercept him, were approaching Dunlavin, where they intended to encamp. Their way lay through Glen-Mama, but on entering the defile they found it blocked by the allied armies of Brian and Malachy. They then, it seems, hastily made preparations for an attack; but the Irish were too quick for them, and in the terrible battle which ensued the Danes were totally defeated, with a loss of several thousand killed, including their Prince, Harold, the Heir Apparent to their sovereignty in Ireland. Mailmora, king of Leinster, escaped by concealing himself in a yew tree, where he was discovered and taken prisoner by Murrogh, Brian's son. Brian pursued the fugitives the whole way to Dublin, which he entered, plundering and burning their fortress there.

The place where this great battle was fought is recorded with minute details as being in the neighbourhood of Dunlavin, though the name of "Glen-Mama" has long since been forgotten and even the very spots where the dead were buried in promiscuous heaps could be pointed out till recently by some of the old inhabitants.

The ancient fortress of Dunlavin, the palace of the Kings of Leinster, stood one mile due south of the modern town of Dunlavin, and higher up the hillside

which forms the southern slope of the valley of Glenmama. The remains are now generally known as the Moat of Tournant. From this the valley runs generally in a north-easterly direction and terminates about two miles from Dunlavin.

After the first rout the Danes retreated back along the defile and across the low hills which intervene between it and the ford of Lemonstown, on a tributary of the Liffey, where they attempted to rally, but only to be killed in thousands. Their bones are to this day turned up in the fields near this ford, and several sepulchral mounds along the banks of the stream are full of them. Another body of the fugitives fled to Hollywood, about a mile and a half eastward of the ford, and on to the Horsepass on the Liffey, where they made a last but futile stand against the victorious Irish. A reference to a map of the locality will make these details much more intelligible.

Travellers from Dublin by the Blessington and Baltinglass road, on approaching Poulaphouca, may have noticed up the river, to the left, the shattered and crumbling arches of a venerable-looking bridge. This is Horsepass Bridge, which superseded the ancient ford, and was in its turn superseded by the modern bridge of Poulaphouca. At this place, as the name would indicate, was in former times a deep and dangerous ford, which, except when the river was very low, could only be passed on horseback. The old road from Dublin crossed the Liffey here, and it can still be plainly traced for some distance at each side of the ruined bridge. The Danish army must have forded the river here on their march from Dublin, and the survivors, in attempting to re-cross it on their retreat, were killed or drowned in great numbers.

Towards the close of the 18th century, when some of the wild swamps and moors around Dunlavin were being reclaimed, the workmen came upon the pits where the slain were buried in heaps, but closed them up again on seeing what they were. About sixty years ago, when some further excavations were being made here, one of these pits was again opened, and was found to contain a great quantity of human bones, among which was a Danish sword.

To the eastward of Glenmama is the old churchyard of Crehelp, now almost indistinguishable and unknown. Within it conspicuously stands a granite pillar, or shaft, about five feet high. Dim tradition avers that, beneath this rude memorial, in a warrior's gory grave, sleeps the fierce Harold, son of Amlaff, Prince Royal of the Norsemen of Erin.

(To be continued.)

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## NÓTAÍ Ó'n LAÓ CAÉ.

Is bróid linn so rath an bhuaird ag lucht scaoilte an Éata ag iomairdeáct láiméitea an 2ao dhoisgáide ar an 8-10-'26. Is píor so bfuil ríméad agus móris-piú éar na beartais ar gáid n-aon ins an gcat dá bárr.

\* \* \*

Sa comórtas i scór meicéal fuairean meicéal ó comp "Dúnáite" an céad áit agus ruadháir leobéar dá bárr so dtí áras na n-ghaeálsealáin "Sciat Síor-iomairdeácta na Dhoisgáide"; n-a teannta so do bronnáid bonn óir ar gáid ball de'n meicéal.

\* \* \*

Fuaire S.S. Dreaínaí Seán, comp "Dúnáite" an t-ára áit sa comórtas aoinfír i scór O.N.C. agus pear; agus bonn óir a bhí ag dul leis mar thuas.

\* \* \*

Cún críoch agus crúch cur ar an mbuaistí so léir, do buaird an Leift. Seán Ó Conchúair, comp "Dúnáite" an céad áit sa comórtas aoinfír le h-agairí 'cuile céim sa Dhoisgáid. Bíonn óir luachmar mar thuas sa comórtas seo.

"Nár cailligíod éiríodé an láé!  
"Agus nár caillimíod éiríodé S.B.!"

\* \* \*

Is dóis fé mar dhéairt an consantóir ar pháraití an lá ééana le linn traosluinte do sna h-iomairteoirí, so mbuaistí ana eisige 'náirte ar comp "Dúnáite" peasta agus sur-connéubairt móir d'aoinne "Reataí an Éata" glaoúda orra.

\* \* \*

Sabarmíod ár mbuaideácas le Ceannasaí Saoláid na Dhoisgáide (an Cornail Ó Conchúair) do cur an iomairdeáct seo ar bun, agus so mba seacht míle uair níos peárta béis iomairdeáct na bliana seo éigean.

\* \* \*

Tá an Caipín S. MacCormaill, an Leift. S. Ó Tiomanáit, agus cíngear síairseant imtiúche so Campa Tréinéala an Corraísh cun Cúrsa Tréinéala a freastal. So néarúil leibh agus so mba slán foláin béis níos déanall ag filleadó so bearric na Rinne Móire.

\* \* \*

**PIOSRUISTE.**  
Cé óein tóreas snáimh ag Cé na Gailimhe óiréé na gaoithe móire—le goirid?

\* \* \*

Cé duibhaint "Pág an Bealaí" agus é i-reagairt "scaoil amach peataí an Éata"?

\* \* \*

Cé h-é an t-O.N.C. bionn suíte ar rocair ar níos marcais ar muin éapall ráis.

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THE  
SWORD  
OF  
O'MALLEY  
BY  
JUSTIN MITCHELL.

CHAPTER XXIV.—*continued.*

Old Karpal, entering the chamber a little later, gasped in amaze at sight of his patient's behaviour. The erstwhile invalid, with the only hand at his command, was giving battle to imaginary foes. Despite his alarm and concern, the old doctor marked with joy the complete mastery of limbs and weapon shown by the tall Irishman. Becoming aware, presently, of Karpal's entry, O'Malley turned a feigned attack upon the old man, who smiled with easy confidence as the shining blade whirled and swished around him.

"Truly, sir, you have made a wondrous recovery!" the veteran said. "There is potent virtue in yonder green drug," and he pointed to the opiate phial.

Edmund sheathed his sword.

"Karpal," he said buoyantly, "I have drunk of a potion fit to give life to the clay-cold dead. I have quaffed of the nectar of Paradise! Away with drugs and physic! I have done with drowsy syrups and nauseous nostrums! A fig for your phials, old man!"

Karpal marked O'Malley's merry smile and sunny temper. He read the signs shrewdly.

"Someone has been here," he hazarded. "The lady of the cool, soft hands."

"There is healing in their touch, Karpal," Edmund interrupted; "healing and power; a wondrous efficacy, subtle as the spells of Chaldea, potent as the wizardry of Egypt. I have told you, have I not, that her eyes enshrine the wisdom of the world, the mystery of life, the compelling strength of mighty armies, the pomp of boundless empire, the misty, wistful sweetness of an April morn in Erinn. Her eyes—but they cannot be described, old man! Mere words are pitifully inept; nor could human tongue convey aught but the faintest hint of their radiant beauty. You gaze into their shadowy depths and straightway are stricken dumb."

"For a dumb man you are uncommonly discursive," Karpal hazarded quietly.

"I speak freely in your hearing, old friend, because you have my confidence. You know—you have heard and seen—what no one else guesses," O'Malley murmured.

"At the point of your sword I was sworn to secrecy," Karpal rejoined; "and with the flat of your weapon I had it beaten into me that the Princess will wed the King."

"I was mad, Karpal, when I said those words," O'Malley urged earnestly. "My brain was distraught with torture and clouded with your poppyed drugs. I raved. Wed the King, forsooth! Get you to the housetops, old man, and, from the topmost pinnacle, send the cry abroad over Rhonstadt and Caronia—over the world—the Princess kissed the Irishman! The Princess will marry O'Malley!"

He paced the chamber with buoyant, triumphal stride. His Celtic spirit basked in the sunstream of love.

"I release you from your vow, Karpal," he cried. "Vows are stupid things, cruel, monstrous, sinful! Beware of vows, old man; and, having blundered into one, break it at the first opportunity."

The old man was puzzled and incredulous. He couldn't believe his ears, and, for a moment, deemed that his patient had lapsed into delirium.

But O'Malley had halted in his triumphal march and was speaking in the cool, business-like tone of a man thoroughly sane and alert.

"Stowed away somewhere in my quarters, Karpal, you will find an old vesture of faded green-and-gold, the uniform of the Irish Brigade. Search until you find it, and lay it out in readiness. For a few hours more, it may be, I am a soldier of the King, and in the King's colours I will carry through my last enterprise in this city. That finished, and if I survive, I lay down the King's commission and put off his uniform for ever. Let Rudolf and his Guards fight their own battles. Hereafter, O'Malley is no man's man. His allegiance is to a woman—flower o' the world."

With a gesture, he bade old Karpal repair to the officer's quarters in search of the green jacket. Reluctantly, and with every symptom of misgiving, the veteran withdrew.

His task was brief, and ere long he returned with the Brigade uniform folded over his arm.

But the chamber was unoccupied. O'Malley had gone.

## BOOK III.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Brant, lounging idly in the inn stable, turned a leering eye on his companion, who, seated on a litter of harness and trappings, was busy polishing the buckle of his sword-belt.

"You weary me with this unceasing industry, Lotz," he complained. "You behave as though contentment lay only

in working your fingers to the bone. Rest you for a space. There will be work and to spare presently."

"What mean you?" Lotz queried.

"O'Malley is up and about again," Brant explained. "I caught a glimpse of him to-day at the window of Karpal's sick-den in the Barracks."

"That is good news," said Lotz, and redoubled his industry.

Brant regarded him blankly.

"O'Malley is a brave man and a gallant soldier," Lotz half-soliloquised. "He is a staunch friend and a manly, straightforward foe. Crookedness and treachery he despises. His soul is as straight as his sword, and his honour as untarnished. Such a man could ill be spared."

"There are not many of you left," Brant sneered venomously.

"I am only a common trooper—a mere tyro with the sword," Lotz said quietly. "O'Malley is a peer and a paladin, the greatest swordsman in Europe."

"Ha! You fear him!" Brant jeered acerbically.

"No," Lotz asserted. "I know his skill is equal to the attack of six such blades as mine; but I am not afraid of him. I respect him."

*(To be continued.)*

## THE PIONEER.

## Being a Reply to "Me Larkie."

Now we all admire "Me Larkie"

When he is gay;  
But at times he gets quite narkey

In a queer way.  
And in our weekly "Mag."

Lets the cat out of the bag,  
When he slashes that poor nag,

The Pioneer.

We all know—and we think  
You ought to hear—

He's not a bad old gink,  
The Pioneer.

We have each our little way  
Of work, dodging through the day,  
And it's not just quite fair play.

This chaff severe.

There's one fact we cannot blink,  
As shall appear;

"Me Larkie's" a wise gink,  
He makes it clear.

So he'll "dodge the column" too  
Just as good as me or you,  
And you won't find him eschew

Any good cheer.

But he's off the mark this time  
And hitting low,  
When to make a piquant rhyme  
He tries to show.

Pioneers "Put the sergeant wide"  
As to what's going on outside—  
Why they couldn't if they tried,  
As we all know.

— "Wheelbarrow," A.S.C..  
McKee Barracks.



**BOXING.**
**INTERNATIONAL TEAMS.**
**Irish Army v. British Army**

The following are the teams for the International Army Boxing tournament to be held at Portobello on Wednesday next.

**England.****Ireland****FLYWEIGHT.**

Cpl. Connell *v.* Cpl. McDonagh.  
(1st Cameronians). (Irish Flyweight Champion).

**BANTAMS.**

Cpl. H. H. Aguzzi *v.* Pte. Con. Leslie,  
(1st Northamp-ton). (G.H.Q.).

**FEATHERWEIGHT.**

Sgt. W. D. Beale *v.* Pte. Clarke,  
(2nd Batt. Buffs). (The Curragh).

**LIGHTWEIGHTS.**

Pte. Grimes *v.* Pte. Mossy Doyle,  
(E. Lanes.). (Irish Lightweight Champion).

**WELTERWEIGHTS.**

Cpl. A. Watts *v.* Sgt. P. Dwyer.  
(1st Lanes.).

**MIDDLEWEIGHT.**

Sgt. F. P. Crawley *v.* Pte. Morgan.  
(Tank Corps.).

**CRUISER.**

Lt. J. Courtis *v.* Pte. Kidley.  
(R.A.S.C.).

**SPECIAL.**

Gdsman J. Harrison *v.* Garda O'Driscoll.  
(1st Grenadier Gds.).

These two boxers recently fought a draw at the Garda Depot.

There will be two other special Contests.

**How the British Boxers Fared in their Try-Out.**

The British Army Boxing Association held a try out at Aldershot on 15th inst., when some surprising results were the outcome.

Harrison the Inter-service Boxing Association light-heavyweight beat Young, the Services heavyweight, whilst Pte. Grimes in the lightweight beat Jones the present I.S.B.A. title holder.

Connell in the Flyweights had an easy victory over Holderoff (2nd Lanes.).

Although the victory of Beale in the Feathers was not popular, he thoroughly deserved his win.

Cpl. Watts, who won the Services Welter Championship last year had a narrow victory over Stanton of the 1st Coldstream Guards.

In the Middleweights, Sleete of the Scots Guards was no match for Crawley and the bout developed into an exhibition.

Lt. Courtis, one of the best in the team, won well from Lt. Schoales in the Light-Heavies. Courtis was a member of the British Olympic team at Paris in 1924, and was Imperial Services Champion 1924-1925. He is a very spectacular boxer and possesses rare grit.

**INTERNATIONAL TRY-OUT AT PORTOBELLO.**

By "FOAM."

The most successful Boxing Tournament yet held at Portobello Barracks, Dublin, from the purely boxing point of view was that staged on Friday night, 16th inst., when a try-out for some of the Army team to meet the British boxers on 27th ended by the Army winning six of the ten fights in which they were engaged.

The best bout of the night was that between the Lightweight Champion, "Mossy" Doyle and the much-improved Whelan, the North City Club man, and had he not been so prone to rest on his opponent he might have earned a draw. Collins (St. Andrew's) and McDermott (Phoenix) also showed much improvement. Clarke (Curragh) proved the gamest boxer of the night in his fight with Cooper (Phoenix). The defeat of Burns at the hands of Finn (St. Paul's) was unexpected, but the former never got going beyond the 2nd round, from which time to the end Finn was a clear winner.

Excuses have been made in connection with the defeat of Garda Chase, the Irish Middleweight Champion, by our own Middles Champion, Pte. Morgan, but only one valid reason can be offered—the superior boxing of the Army man. Morgan, always a tough opponent, has improved beyond knowing. Kidley defeated Garda Healy after a great contest.

The alterations at the back of the hall were favourably commented upon. It certainly improves the holding capacity of the hall considerably. Details:

**Flyweights**—Pte. McDonagh beat Pte. G. Kelly (North City) on points.

**Bantamweights**—G. Collins (St. Andrew's) beat Pte. Lacy on points. W. McDermott (Phoenix) beat Pte. O'Shea on points. O'Shea's defeat was most unexpected.

**Featherweights**—E. Cooper (Phoenix) beat Pte. Clarke on points. Pte. Leslie beat L. McCullough (North City) on points.

**Lightweights**—Pte. "Mossy" Doyle beat J. Whelan (North City) on points.

**Welterweights**—T. Finn (St. Paul's) beat Pte. Burns on points.

**Middleweights**—Pte. Morgan beat Garda Chase on points. Pte. Devine beat J. Kinsella (Phoenix) on points. Devine gave a marvellous display against an opponent who seemed much heavier.

**Cruiserweights**—Pte. Kidley beat Garda Healy on points.

**AT ISLANDBRIDGE.**
**Novices' Great Boxing Display.**

The Novice Boxing Competitions held at Islandbridge on Monday night last, besides providing splendid boxing, pointed out two important facts, viz.:—What a Sports Committee can do

when energetic, and what the athletes themselves can contribute to the enjoyment of others and the benefit of themselves, when scope is allowed for their activities. There is evidently a revival in sport in Islandbridge, and, as to material at the disposal of the Committee, there seems no reason why Islandbridge should not in future play a big part in Army sport. None of those who patronised the Boxing on Monday, went there in the hope of seeing first-class boxing, but there were contests during the night which prompted the query—Where have you all been during the past year? The finals of the Bantams and Lightweights were splendid affairs, and the winners should be heard of again. True, little science was displayed, but the material is there. Lieut. J. Fitzgerald, the M.C., appealed for order during the progress of the fights and the audience readily responded.

With Capt. J. C. Doyle, Capt. Aubrey Mayne, Capt. Harry Cannon, Lieut. J. Fitzgerald, B.S.M. McAtee, and Sergt. Clarkin—all taking a deep interest in sport—all looks well for Islandbridge athletes. The following were the officials:—Referee, Sergt. J. Kiely; Judges, Capt. Aubrey Mayne and Sergt. Clarkin; M.C., Lieut. J. J. Fitzgerald. Results:

**Bantamweights**—1st Round—Private Nugent (Inspection) beat Pte. Kavanagh (Armourers) on points. Pte. Byrne beat Pte. Flynn (I.), the referee awarding the fight to Byrne in the second round. Flynn proved a game loser.

2nd Round—Pte. Maher (Ordnance) beat Pte. Murphy (A.), who, although often on the canvas, fought gamely until the fight was stopped in second round. Pte. Moynihan (Camp Staff) beat Pte. Dorrington (O.) on points. Pte. Maguire (C.S.) beat Pte. Nugent (I.) on points. Pte. Whelan (A.) beat Pte. Byrne on points, providing the best contest of the preliminary bouts.

1st Semi-final—Pte. Moynihan beat Pte. Maher on points after a rare mill throughout.

2nd Semi-final—Pte. Whelan beat Pte. Maguire after an extra round had been ordered by the referee.

**Final**—Pte. Whelan beat Pte. Moynihan on points.

A splendid first round saw little between the boys, both of whom showed progress as they came along. Whelan proved a veritable terrier and countered left swings by carrying his right across frequently to the head. At the final meeting Whelan was the aggressor throughout, and the judges failed to agree. The referee properly awarded the fight to Whelan.

**Lightweights**—1st Round—Pte. Bradley (O.) beat Pte. O'Donnell (C.S.), who was disqualified in the last round. Pte. Harman k.o. Pte. Kelly in second round with a right hook to the jaw. Pte. Gilheaney (O.) beat Pte. Boyhan (Supplies). Boyhan was no match for Gilheaney, but he took punishment gamely and asked for more. He should not be discouraged. Pte. Scales (C.S.) beat Pte. Donaghy (H.T.) in first round, the latter retiring.

(Continued on page 18).

## ARMY NEWS.

A meeting of the Reception Committee appointed in connection with the forthcoming visit of British Army Boxers was held at G.H.Q. on Monday last, when arrangements were made for the entertainment of the visitors.

\* \* \*

A meeting of those interested in the formation of "Group" Cross-country Teams "A" and "B" will be held on Tuesday next at 6.30 p.m., in No. 8 Room, G.H.Q., Lt. P. J. McNally presiding.

\* \* \*

Colonel Joseph McLoughlin, A.A.G. Dept. of Adjutant-General, has proceeded on temporary duty to the Army Air Corps, Baldonnel, from 12th inst.

\* \* \*

Colonel Michael Dunphy, Administrative Officer, Curragh Training Camp, has resigned his commission.

\* \* \*

Commdt. S. Mitchell, Command Staff, Western Command, has been transferred to be O.C. 25th Battalion, with effect from 25th Sept.

\* \* \*

Commdt. M. McHugh, O.C., 25th Battalion, transferred to Command Staff, Western Command, with effect as from 25th Sept.

\* \* \*

Captain James Johnston, Dept. of Adjutant-General, has resigned his commission as from 16th inst.

\* \* \*

Captain James Comerford, Corps H.Q. Staff, A.C.E., promoted to be Acting-Commandant as from the 22nd Sept.

\* \* \*

Second-Lieutenant (Acting-Lieutenant) Jeremiah O'Dwyer, Works Officer, Southern Command Coy., A.C.E., to be Acting-Captain as from the 1st Sept. 1926.

### SONGS FOR THE TROOPS.

Messrs. Nugent & Co., publishers, 45 Middle Abbey Street, Dublin, have issued an ideal series of song books at the remarkably low price of 3d. each. Now that winter has come, and we are of necessity compelled to look forward to indoor amusement—in which vocal items will largely figure—the issue of this series is very opportune; and, as the selection of songs is extremely appropriate for the Irish Army, we very cordially recommend them to the troops. The books can be had through any newsagent and in all dry canteens. The series are—"Erin's Call," "Erin's Hope," "Erin's Flag," and "Erin's Pride" song books. The excellent quality of the selection may be judged from the following songs selected at random—"My Mary of the Curling Hair," "The Donovans," "I Know My Love by His Way of Walking," "Herself and Myself," "The Horseman of Dunrone," "The Leprechaun," etc. etc.

## KERRY'S WIN.

### Sunday's Splendid Spectacle.

#### MERITORIOUS SUCCESS

The All-Ireland Football Final of 1926 has come and gone. Within recent years no more stirring struggle has been witnessed than that which eventuated in this year's competition. The game has proved the might and power of the men from the "Kingdom," but it has been an even greater triumph for the Gaelic Athletic Association in general, and the Central Council in particular. The pessimism which predominated last year has been swept aside by an unparalleled demonstration of loyalty once more, and deservedly so the game takes its rightful place in the hearts of the people. Both Kerry and Kildare are to be congratulated on the spirit in which the game was fought and on their scientific exposition of the game at its best.

The crowd, which numbered almost 36,000 and paid £3,370 for admission, was most expertly handled. Quite 5,000 more would easily have been accommodated without the slightest confusion, and yet in the previous game a crowd of the same dimensions became almost out of hand, and indeed might have caused the referee to call off the game. Mr. O'Toole and his staff were well prepared, and not a hitch occurred from beginning to end.

The game started and for three-quarter time continued at an amazing pace. Kerry lasted better, fielded, and finished better, and what was more important profited by every available chance. In the first half Kildare lost three points at least by poor marksmanship. The game was a triumph for both defences, and in this connection it would be impossible to single out anyone for special mention. It was a piece of good generalship on the part of the Kerry captain, Sheehy, to face the wind in the first half when the choice was his. He had behind him a glaring sun, which had receded considerably when the last half began.

Kerry made numerous changes, consequent on Murphy's inability to play and Sullivan's injuries. The alterations did not impair the efficiency of the side. Many maintain they were an improved combination, but I cannot understand any team benefiting by the loss of such a player as Murphy, who is perhaps without an equal in his position anywhere.

Kildare's changes left the impression that they were ill-advised. Certainly Fitzpatrick in any position in the forwards was no improvement on O'Neill, whom I look upon as one of the game's footballers. Playing on Murphy, the latter at the top of his form, O'Neill did not do well. That, however, reflected nothing on O'Neill, Donoghue, another change, played fairly well.

The best men afield were Jack Higgins and Slattery for Kildare and Kerry, respectively. Higgins played the game of his life. Of the others,

Graham, Doyle, and Loughlin for Kildare, and Russell, Sheehy, and Brosnan for Kerry, were outstanding.

No one will grudge Kerry victory on the day's play, but there is not a reasonable person in the "Kingdom" to-day who will deny that they had all the luck. Lucky to force a replay and amazingly lucky when, three times in five minutes, in the last half on Sunday, before Kerry scored their goal. Kildare found only the wooden structure of the posts stand between them and a score, and, who knows, victory. Certain it is the goal obtained had an electrifying effect on Kerry's play. How easily it might have been a goal for Kildare only Riordan in the Kerry goal can tell.

All the Army and Garda men played well. Brosnan improved considerably on the previous display. He gives the impression, however, that he is prone to wander from his place in his anxiety to get as much of the ball as possible. It is not meant to convey that he is selfish, but in that vital locality—the centre field—this tends to disorganise both defence and attack. Sheehy is also guilty of the same tendencies. If Riordan is only Kerry's understudy in goal, then they are to be congratulated if only for the fact that for two hours he never once allowed the ball to pass him. His save from Higgins' mighty kick from the 50 mark stamps him as a goalkeeper of the first class.

Stanley, for Kildare, was disappointing. He scored from a free close to the goal, but if he did anything else I cannot remember it. One would think with all his experience he ought to know that you must go for the ball and not wait for it to come to you. He simply made no attempt to tackle an opponent in possession. In justice to him, though, he was well marked. So also were John Joe Sheehy and Paul Doyle; nevertheless they secured possession as often as any opponent.

In conclusion, I can only say that I hope I shall live to see many such games.

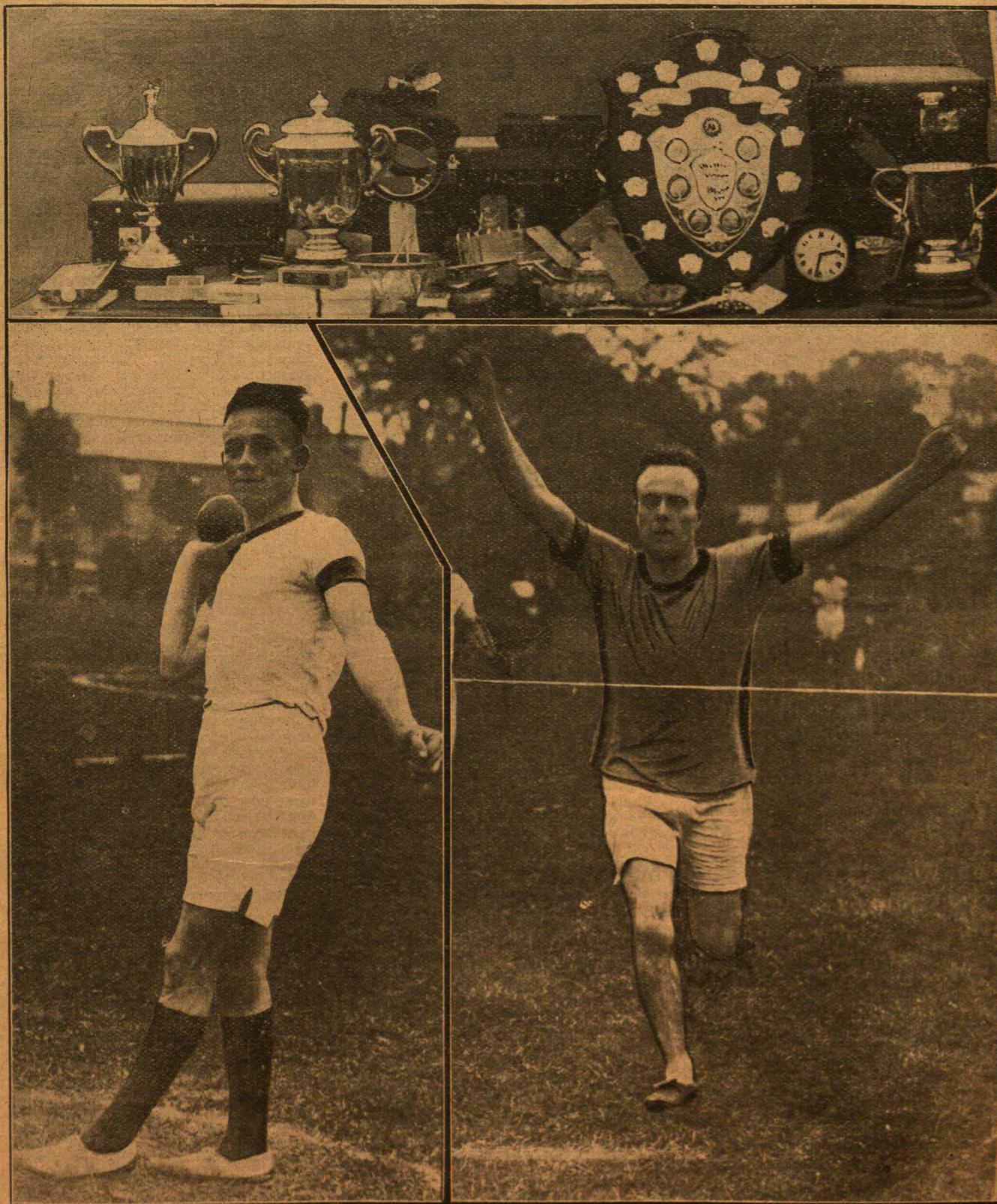
### ALL-IRELAND HURLING FINAL.

The match for the Senior Hurling honours of 1926 will take place in Croke Park, Dublin, on Sunday next, 24th inst., between the representatives of Kilkenny and Cork. The event is of more than usual interest by reason of the tense struggle between Cork and Tipperary in the Munster final, when it required three games before a decision was reached.

The Army and Garda are well represented on both sides. The methods and style of both counties are traditionally alike and a terrific struggle is bound to ensue.

Whatever glory might be reflected from the Football final, Hurling is after all the first National game. Next Sunday's struggle will not only settle the much discussed question of Hurling supremacy, but will also, in the process, produce an event that is bound to be marked as historic in the annals of the game.

## 23rd BATTALION SPORTS AT PORTOBELLO.



TOP—All-Army Middle-weight Boxing Cup. Eastern Command Football Cup (centre). Inter-Company Shield and other prizes. BOTTOM LEFT—Pte. Matthews, M., "B" Company, Putting 16lb. Shot. BOTTOM RIGHT—Pte. James Cox, Winning the Three Miles Handicap.

[An t-Oglach Photos.]

## ATHLONE SURPRISES.

## 2nd Round Chaplains' and M.S. Cups.

By "FOAM."

The matches in the second round of this competition at Athlone on 14th inst. provided two exciting games, each of which supplied a surprise result. The 3rd Battalion from Boyle suffered their first defeat at the hands of the 18th Battalion from Cork in the football game, whilst 16th Battalion, also from Cork, went under to the 4th Battalion from Castlebar.

Major McGrath refereed both matches.

The hurling contest was spoiled at intervals by the introduction of rough play, which at times was dangerous.

**As a preliminary step towards ending such tactics players who conduct themselves in this fashion will in future be named.**

## THE FOOTBALL.

Higgins was soon called upon in the 3rd Battalion's goal and after bringing off a few clever saves was beaten by Browne, who rushed in to register a great goal for the 18th. Hanley proved the best of the 3rd middle field, but Quane saved his side often. A free by Dillon for the 3rd was cleared, when afterwards Douglas and Dunne made tracks for Higgins, who cleared splendidly. A great shot by Duggan of the 18th brought Higgins again to his knees and he saved at the expense of a 50. Duggan took the kick and Burke should have sent over the bar. In the next minute a fine shot by Dunne struck the upright when Higgins had run out. The 18th backs were very sound and a good shot by Flynn of the 3rd was cleared well by Sullivan. The 18th forwards were speedier and a fine run ended in Douglas sending over a point. Keeping up the pressure McElligott added another. The 3rd had now a splendid chance of reducing the lead, but after Ward had stemmed the attack, Douglas came again and a terrific shot was saved by Higgins on the goal line. The 18th maintained the pressure and Douglas added another minor. After Keogh had cleared from Hanley the latter again got possession and scored the first point for 3rd. A period of good football followed with 3rd forwards showing up better. Hanley and O'Beirne especially put in good work, and from a pass by the latter Young secured and amid great excitement further reduced the 18th lead. The Corkmen came again and close on the interval Burke put on another point, leaving the half-time score:—

18th Batt. 1 goal 4 points.  
3rd " 2 points.

At the start of the second half the 3rd pressed and Sullivan saved a good shot from Doherty close in. Hanley

was again prominent for 3rd, but Keogh and Duggan repelled the 3rd attacks. Sullivan easily disposed of shots from McDermott and Smith before Doherty, following a free, added a point.

Duggan next cleared a free by Dillon and the 3rd had now most of the play. Dillon had a 50 for the 3rd cleared by Keogh, and in the next minute Sullivan ran out to clear from a bunch of the 3rd forwards. The 18th now took up the running and Dillon ran back to save at the expense of a 50. Duggan took the kick, but Higgins made a fine save. Smith had a good run for the 3rd, but Ward spoiled him when about to shoot. Douglas and Ward showed up well for 18th, and after Cullen had stopped Walshe of the 3rd Young missed a good pass from Smith when a goal for the 3rd seemed certain. The 3rd forwards now bombarded Sullivan and a free by Dillon was cleared by Ward. Higgins brought off some clever saves for the 3rd, but neither side added to the score, which when the final whistle went stood:—

18th Batt.	1 goal 4 points.
3rd "	3 points.

## EXCITING HURLING.

There were thrills throughout in this game. Ahearne almost scored for the

## G. A. A. All-Ireland Hurling Final

## CORK V. KILKENNY

At CROKE PARK,  
ON

Sunday next, Oct. 24, 1926

MATCH 3 P.M.

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Programmes Free on Ground.

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Booked Out.

16th in the first minute, whilst at the other end Maurice Murphy cleared a stiff shot from Clancy. Kelly and Houlihan were soon making headway for 4th, but encountered a stiff defence. Flynn of 4th was kept busy for a time, as Dwyer and Ahearne were a continual source of danger. There was little between the teams and both defences were very safe. After Kearney for the 4th had cleared from Dwyer, Ahearne sent over a point for the 16th. They continued the pressure until Morgan cleared and Kelly securing equalised amid great cheering from the 4th followers. With ten minutes gone it looked a doubtful affair. The 16th came again and Ahearne added another for 16th, and in a flash Dwyer almost beat Flynn for a goal. The 4th now improved, and Houlihan, Davis and Brennan harassed the 16th backs. After a great run by 16th Ahearne sent across to Dwyer, who scored a grand goal for 16th. Nothing daunted, 4th returned, and in less than a minute Brennan scored a goal. A great game developed and "Foxy" Ahearne added a point for the Southerners. Moran proved a great worker for the 4th, and after Flynn had saved from Ahearne a stiff struggle ensued, in which both Flynn and Moran were injured. Half-time arrived with the score:—

16th Batt.	1 goal 3 points.
4th "	1 goal 1 point.

Ahearne was again prominent for 16th at the opening of the second half, but Kearney proved the stumbling block, whilst Flynn in the forward line had hard luck with well-directed shots. Murphy saved the 16th often. The 4th forwards now kept up a siege on the 16th citadel, Moran and Houlihan in particular putting in great efforts. Following a free for the 4th some horse play was indulged in. A great centre by Brennan lobbed in the 16th goal-mouth, but Murphy cleared well and later saved from Houlihan. The 16th were now better and in a great rush Ahearne added a point. Nettled by this reverse the 4th again went forward and in a melee the ball went through the 16th goal and the scores were level again. Over-excitement spoiled many chances now for both teams. A free for the 4th enabled Houlihan to give them the lead, but Leahy got away for 16th and with a great shot scored a goal, giving the Corkmen a two points' lead again. Play continued at a fast rate and a goal from Flynn put 4th again in the lead. With only four minutes to go excitement knew no bounds and frantic efforts were made by both sets of forwards. Dwyer with a great shot beat Flynn all out, giving the 16th the lead once more. With less than a minute to go it looked like a Cork double, but Flynn received the puck out and with almost the last puck of the match scored a goal, giving the 4th victory on the score:—

4th Batt.	4 goals 2 points.
16th Batt.	3 goals 4 points.





# GOSSIP OF THE BARRACKS

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

## DEPARTMENTAL DOINGS : PORTOBELLO.

Overheard at the 23rd Batt. Sports : Gink (who has been watching them all the afternoon) : "Hi, Mac, when do the sports start ?"

Mac : "They started about two hours ago."

Gink : "Oh, sure I thought that they were only practising!"—(Collapse of "Joner").

\* \* \*

EXCELSIOR.

(Barrack Style).

The shades of night were fading fast  
When through the Barrack rooms there  
passed

A Sergeant who made little noise,  
But murmured softly to the boys,

"GET OUT OF IT!"

The shades of day were coming on,  
Reveille had proclaimed the dawn,  
The Sarge, foretelling new come joys,  
Whispered softly to the boys,

"GET ON PARADE!"

The shades of day had brightened,  
when

He murmured "Ord'ly room at ten";  
And after that he sweetly said,  
When on Defaulters sad Parade,

"You'll GILDY."

The shades of night were falling fast  
When through Billets a Sergeant passed  
And ended all nocturnal joys  
By cooing sweetly to the boys,

"PUT OUT THAT LIGHT!"

We have no flag with strange device,  
"Excelsior" stunts here cut no ice;  
But we have Buglers here go leor,  
Who'd wipe the eye of EXCELSIOR

MORE SHARPER.

Musketry Courses have now started  
amongst the Departmental Units in the  
'Bello.

Small Clerk—  
Gun bunched,  
Big bang,  
Time Punched.

EXPECTATION,  
REORGANISATION,  
PROMULGATION,  
EXPLANATION, and . . . ?  
(Consternation, Damnation!—Ned).

Scientists state that white fish live  
to a ripe old age. We should smile.

Some of the variety that we had recently must have been on a diet of monkey glands.

The Record Choral class—under the able conductorship of the ever popular Jimmy Redmond (of Montreal fame)—are now practising assiduously. Though their repertory is at present a trifle limited, it is more than a trifling effective—from a vigorous point of view. (Is it a record choral class or the Records Choral class?—Ned).

We all join in wishing the deservedly popular Sergeant Arthur Murray (Pay and Accounts) a speedy recovery from his present illness. Arthur well merits his popularity and the esteem in which he is held by all.

Overheard at the 23rd Sports : "Where is Private Mac—he is for the Long Jump competition?"

Your Man : "He's in the Billet, Sargin'."

Sergeant : "Well, he'll be for the HIGH jump in the morning."

Congratulations are due to your man, Young Morgan, of the 23rd, on his very brilliant victory at the recent Boxing Tournament. The 23rd have just reason to be proud. Morgan fought the best fight of his life, and I predict more laurels for him at the forthcoming Inter-Army Tournament. All the Army boys did splendidly, and with Mossey, Myles Mac, Kidley, Dwyer, to mention but a few, I anticipate that they will easily uphold our reputation in the forthcoming contests. *En passant*, congrats. to Georgie Collins (son of Coy.-Sgt. Collins, Signal Corps) on his splendid victory.

Rifle Courses, it's true,  
They have in H.Q.,

And the 'Bello has now followed suit.  
There will be a big score,  
For we've "Records" go leor,  
When our Courses we'll finally shoot.

We are all pleased to see your man, Pte. Dan Jordan, of the 27th, has recovered from his recent illness. Dan is a thorough good sport, and the boys in the Coy. are looking forward to giving him a welcome back.

Harry Brittin's slogan :—"Give it to Billy."

The Dancing season opened in the 'Bello last Wednesday, and the committee responsible for the arrangements are to be congratulated. Coy.-Sgt. Dack, Sgt.-Major George Merryweather, Coy.-Sgt. Mick Melia, Sgt. Billie Grogan, Sgt. McAlister, and the ever popular "Joner," to mention but a few, deserve great credit. Q.M.S. Murphy deserves a special word of praise for his endeavours. (Say, Ned, that reads like a good "Tee hee," so I better mention a few others, Pte. Tommy Clinton, Leo Gimlet, Jimmy Cox, etc.). (Were there many more there?—Ned).

The Medical Corps and the Pay and Accounts Corps Billet enjoyed their Reveille canter a couple of times round the square the other morning for the "Boy from Killane" stakes. It was not in "Record" time, however, (Come off that "Record" joke—Ned).

Pte. Matthews, of the 23rd, is "some" boy. At the recent sports he obliged the Batt. by half-hinchng 3 firsts, 4 seconds, and I forget the number of thirds. "Lave it till me" took the balance with Sgts. McCann and Doyle. It was a good evening's sport.

His colleagues in the 'Bello were delighted to see the ever popular Sgt. Billy Ennis, from the A.S.C., hale and hearty the other day. Billy is as full of fun and frolic as ever.

"Mucking-In" in the Army is all right, but it doesn't add to a gink's peace of mind when a sergeant gives him a piece of his.

An Army razor gathers no moss—but a "Solingen" gathers plenty of "Muckers-Ins."

Boxing Fans will soon have a treat in store for them. The proposed Boxing Tournament in aid of the Christmas Tree Entertainment is being eagerly looked forward to, and the Brigade Institute Committee can be relied upon to deliver "the goods." The Brigade Institute are again to be congratulated on their initiative and energy in always forwarding the welfare and interests of all in Portobello. (I suppose that will be a boxwood tree?—Ned).

We observe that the Loud Speaker is still hibernating in the Coffee Bar—

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October 23, 1926.

sadly mute. Surely it could be put to the use that it was provided for—the amusement of the boys—and not remain an ornament hidden away behind bars of soap, cakes, etc., in the grocery bar. The Dining Room or the Reading Room is its appropriate place.

We extend a very hearty welcome to the detachment of the 7th Batt., that have arrived lately in the 'Bello. They'll find it "dead cush" when they settle down.

"ME LARKIE."



### No. 1 COMMAND COY., A.T.C. (Collins Barracks, Dublin).

Football is now replacing musketry in the affections of H.Q. Coy. (When did musketry capture their affections?—Ned). Last Wednesday, the 13th inst., we proceeded to the Phoenix Park, and two teams were selected from Drivers and Fitters, who lined up to play Gaelic. The play for the first fifteen minutes did not reflect the real Gaelic of classic tradition; it simply murdered it. However, we can attribute this to "the error of the day," the ball never reaching its "culminating point." Being optimists we hope for better weather and the issue of handbooks on "Tactics." (My gosh! If you ginks are going to bring the language of the lecture hall on the playing fields somebody will have to "shoot."—Ned).

We read with pleasure that the newly-formed Gormanston Dramatic Society have made their initial appearance. This movement proves that the Irish soldiers have an inherent capacity for making their own amusements, and that they prefer the good to the mediocre or bad. (The later fact has been tested in this Company as the man who suggested a Transport Dramatic Society is still on rations in St. Brice's Hospital.)

And now, you ginks, just hitch your aeros and listen-in while I spill the beans about the Red and Blue fighting. I guess we settled in Brittas as Head-Cheese, and the sob-stuff about bivouacs and grub started. Then it seems that the Blue ginks were hitting the trail for Blessington, and the Red guys, realising there was a lotta loose jack around, and, being wise birds, kept their eyes peeled and kinda guessed something. Well both gangs met. There was sure some gun play, and the Blue guys fled into the mountains. Later the Red guys hits the trail and meets the Blue galoots agin, and they filled them so full of lead and bayonets they were since sold to a junk merchant in the Coombe as sieves. Aw, hell! Atta boy! (Orderly, bring the sal volatile, instanter.—Ned).

One of our drivers who was fined 15s. for driving a Lancia Tender without a tail lamp, is appealing for a refund. He says, as it was a "light" offence, it should be a "light" fine.

The dinner given during the Show Week was a great success. It will probably become an annual event. Yes, but not in our Mess.

Transport recently lost their head cook. It may be added that he was a good cook, as cooks go; and, as cooks go, he went. (A bit moss-grown.—Ned).

We regret Sergeant Caulfield's departure from our midst, as he was very popular with all, and it is to be hoped he will return from the Curragh at the termination of the month.

We read with interest in last week's "An t-Oglach" of the sums expended by U.S.A. on chemical warfare. There's no necessity for a repetition of such expenditure here. Apply to our Mess Orderly for last week's issue of cheese. Further, we associate ourselves with the spokesman that asserts "chemical warfare makes for shorter war, with far less loss of life and subsequent misery to masses of men" (that's the Transport). Therefore, let the true weapon of demobilisation be the prescribed certificate of discharge, and not another issue of cheese.

Officer : "Waiter, you have spilt soup over my trousers."

Waiter : "It's quite all right, sir; the soup here does not stain after 2.30 p.m."

(I have met that soup—at the Curragh and elsewhere.—Ned).

Driver to Infantryman : "Would you like to be a driver?"

Infantryman : "Yes, would you?"

"THE SHEIK."



### 8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

The Brigade Inter-Coy. Football Tournament, which opened some time ago and was postponed owing to the Brigade being engaged in military training, is now held in abeyance, and all matches played in that tournament are considered cancelled.

With the coming of the 14th Batt. into the Brigade a new tournament was drawn up. The draws for the first round are as follows:

"B" Coy., 5th, v. "H.Q." Coy., 8th Battalion.  
"A" Coy., 14th, v. "H.Q." Coy., 5th Bn.  
"C" Coy., 14th, v. "D" Coy., 14th do.  
"D" Coy., 8th, v. "A" Coy., 5th do.  
"A" Coy., 8th, v. "D" Coy., 5th do.  
"B" Coy., 14th, v. "B" Coy., 8th do.  
"H.Q." Coy., 14th, v. "C" Coy., 5th do.  
"C" Coy., 8th, a bye.

The first match of the tournament was played on the evening of the 11th, between "B" Coy., 5th, and "H.Q." Coy., of our Battn., the "Old Men's" Coy. coming out easy winners by 11 points to nil. Of the winners, their custodian (Peggy) had a very peaceful afternoon. "A" Coy., I am afraid, will have to look to their laurels if they are to win the tourney. I might mention that the "Old Men's" Coy. possess a great team, and I will be very disappointed if they don't win the competition.

Owing to the Battalion finding all the Garrison duties this month, we are very much hampered as regards to training and punctuality. We hope our neighbouring units will excuse us, for they know what Garrison duty means to a Battalion.

Since my last notes a number of our boys have taken their departure from our midst. We wish them the very best of luck. (I presume they are not dead, but in civies.—Ned).

We are glad to hear that "Milo," of "A" Coy., has been promoted and posted to "C" Coy. as Coy. Clerk. Another competitor for this year's "Nobel Prize."

In the All-Army Boxing Tournament, which recently concluded, we were much disappointed in not securing at least one of the weights. We all know it was not the fault of any of the boys who went into the Ring as our Battn. representatives. It was pure ill-luck which was against them. In the fight for the Welterweight competition, between "Ginger" Holian, of our Battn., and Paddy Dwyer, we must congratulate "Ginger" on the fine display he gave against such a noted boxer. Many who witnessed that contest believe that "Ginger" won easily. He is a mere youngster in the boxing ring, and has only recently emerged from the Novice rank. I am willing to wager anything that before long he will undoubtedly be the undisputed Welter Champion of our Army.

With regards to my notes of last week, in reference to the recreational half-day, I am now given to understand that this privilege is definitely cancelled. This will no doubt sound the "death-knell" of all sport as far as the soldier is concerned.

"GRAVEL-CRUSHER."

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SPECIAL TERMS TO A.A.A.



## 12th BATTALION, TEMPLE-MORE.

Generous subscriptions in the Battalion towards the Dromcollogher Relief Fund were in all cases forthcoming.

On Monday, the 11th inst., the Battalion A.A.A. and Sports Committee held their first meeting since the return from Kilworth Camp. As a result of this meeting there is one thing of which we can rest assured, and that is that our leisure hours need not hang wearily on us. So ambitious was the programme drawn up that the desires of all must needs be catered for.

A harmonium has lately been purchased for the use of the choir in the Garrison Chapel. A long-felt want has thus been supplied.

The Whist Drive and Dance Committee are sparing no pains to make the forthcoming entertainments successful. The first of the fortnightly Whist Drives took place on the night of Tuesday, the 18th inst.

The Dramatic Class might, with good results, "take a leaf from the book" of the Whist Drive Committee, and get down to hard work.

We still hear echoes of the great Hurling match at Thurles, and, of course, we had forecasts go leor of the All-Ireland Hurling and Football finals. Not the least of those to come into the limelight in our great games of 1926 were the Army players.

Captain O'Donnoghue, late Q.M. of our Battalion and the officer who had charge of the 12th Battalion Dramatic Class, when he was stationed in that unit, recently received a deputation of the N.C.O.s and men of the 18th Batt., with which he is now stationed, with a view of establishing a Dramatic Class in the 18th.

### WINTER RECREATIONS.

At a meeting of the 12th Battalion A.A.A. and Amusements Committee on the 11th inst., Comdt. Liam Walsh presiding, it was decided "that owing to 'A' Coy. and a platoon of 'D' Coy. being on outpost duty, and the possibility of their early return to Batt. H.Q., the Inter-Coy., Hurling and Football and Inter-Section, Basket-ball competitions be held over until such time as the units return."

Lieut. Powell was appointed to select and train a Battalion Boxing Team. Cpl. Christie was appointed instructor.

A sub-committee of one officer and four other ranks was appointed to deal with all matters in connection with amateur theatricals. The personnel was selected as follows:—Lt. Hill, B.Q. M.S. Walsh, Cpls. Morrison, Garrett, and Kelly.

Commandant Walsh intimated that permission had been received from Brigade Headquarters for the holding of whist drives and dances on every alternate Tuesday. He further stated that he wished it to be made known that these entertainments will be conducted for the amusement of N.C.O.s, privates, and their friends, and that success or failure would depend on their support.

A sub-committee of one officer and

four other ranks was appointed to deal with all matters in connection with the whist drives and dances. Personnel—Capt. Murphy, B.S.M. McInerney, B.Q.M.S. Walsh, Cpls. Hogan and Fitzgerald. It was further decided that this committee have power to co-opt a further member. The formation of a dance band and choir was referred to this committee, and it was resolved that persons under sixteen years of age be debarred from dancing.

Medals will be presented by the committee to the winning teams in the football, hurling, and basket-ball competitions. The following were appointed to take charge of the playing field and to be responsible for same to the committee:—C.Q.M.S. McKenna, Pte. Scanlan, and Pte. Dan Reynolds.

The committee authorised the purchase of 4 javelin poles, 2 poles for pole-jumping, together with uprights, and 2 Disci. The secretary was instructed to get estimates for the repair of the men's billiard table.

(It was a good idea of "Ros Cairbre's" to send along a report of the meeting of this committee, and we would like to see his example followed by other correspondents. But keep 'em short, boys.—Ned).

"ROS CAIRBRE."



## 21st BATTALION, COLLINS BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

Here he is again, after a long vacation, and it is hoped this will put an end to the weekly query: "What has happened the 21st Scribe?" (Welcome back, but don't do it again.—Ned).

One day recently great cheering was heard in the vicinity of the Battalion Orderly Room, and thinking it was a great football match in a neighbouring field a rush was made by the "boys," but to their surprise they found that it was only a little batch about to leave barracks for a short sojourn with H.Q. at A.S.I. Curragh. If rumour is correct, all have settled down nicely to their new surroundings. (The Instructors see to that, my lad.—Ned).

General regret has been expressed at the lamented death of Capt. Sean Tyrell, of the Command, and amongst many wreaths from the different units one was forwarded by the Commanding Officer and other officers of the 21st Batt., where the late officer was held with high esteem.

That "egg"-shaped ball has again made its appearance, and great things are contemplated.

Cpl. Devine and Pte. McDermott were prominent amongst the Dublin Juniors in their semi-final match against Kilkenny Juniors, which took place at Athy recently.

Heard in the Dining Hall: "What is the rice like, Paddy?"

"It's not bad; it's sago."

Pte. H. is very busy these times, crosswords and other comps, proving very intriguing.

Have you heard Mack's joke about the Whistling Whistle? (Why the conundrum? Tell us the joke.—Ned).

A gentleman of the Transport tells a good story about the load of gravel, and its strange manner of delivery. (Another mystery joke! Any of these subterranean jests worth a Solingen?—Ned).

Pte. John Sweeney is the latest about to join the big array of Benedictics.

Cpl. Clifford is now again seeing to the welfare of the boys and their supply of Christmas cards.

All ranks are sorry at the departure of Lt. J. Keenan to the Brigade Staff. During his short period with the Battalion he endeared himself to all, and was ever ready to associate himself with all class of sport.

"Jimmy" pulls up a popular figure—"You never let on you saw the poor on Saturday night when you were passing."

C.Q.M.S. Doyle, although on the defeated side in the All-Ireland final, held up his end well, and was prominent throughout.

The Handball competitions arranged for at the Hib. School are proving a boon to the 21st stalwarts at present separated from their Collins' pals. Will there be any champions discovered?

The latest lament—"Every Wednesday is like a week-day!"

B Coy. are pleased with themselves over their victory in the Inter-Coy. Football competition, and say that they could again defeat their opponents (H.Q. Coy.) of the final game, and now hold the fine cup presented by the Commanding Officer.

Our neighbours, the 19th, seem to have settled down to the ins and outs attached to barracks. (It took "An t-Oglach" from Friday forenoon to Monday forenoon recently to travel from the Main Gate to the 19th Orderly Room. Why? And when is the 19th going to send us a "brief chronicle and abstract" of its doings?—Ned).

Rumour says that our 2nd i/c intends to take his full month's leave very soon. 'Nuff sed!

This week's slogan—"Hush, hush."



## 22nd BATT., PORTOBELLO.

Outpost duty—a terrific drain on Bello strength last winter—has again started, but this year much better conditions obtain owing to the strengthening of the Battalions quartered here. Consequently duty, especially night duty, does not come round so often, and many of the lads have been able to proceed to their homes on leave. Which reminds me that Dan Cupid must have been working overtime lately as several of the boys have joined the noble army of Benedictics during their period of leave. Long life and happiness to themselves and their partners.

Congratulations to H.Q. Coy. on winning the Battn. Football Championship. Particulars of the final game are given below. The League championship should also be annexed by them if present form is any guide.



We offer a Prize of a 5s. Hollow-ground Solingen razor for the Best Joke received each week.

Consolation Prizes of Cigarettes.

Jokes with a military interest preferred.

Editor's decision final in all cases.



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

[None of the jokes submitted this week was worthy of a prize. Those we received were suffering from senile decay, or severe strain. Come on, soldier humorists! What are you thinking of?—NED.]

They were talking on the pavement when the doctor passed in his new car.

"The doctor seems to be blossoming forth," remarked Private Murphy.

"Yes," replied O'Grady. "Since he began specialising in diseases of the obese, he has been living on the fat of the land!"

Fair Newspaper Visitor—"And so you work in the composing room! Isn't that fine! Won't you sing something you have composed?"

Daughter—"Did you hear, dad, they've just caught the biggest hotel thief on the Riviera."

Father—"Oh! Which hotel did he run?"

If the truth were known it would probably be found that it was a plasterer who first suggested the Charles-ton as a ballroom dance.

Dolly—"I don't see why my vanishing cream should disappear."

Molly—"It's behind those invisible hair-nets."

Son—"Can you sign your name with your eyes shut, daddy?"

Father—"Certainly."

Son—"Well, shut your eyes and sign my school report."

"This unfortunate young man had the misfortune to enlist in the Army. He is the only son of a widow who died childless, and his earnings maintained his aged father and infant brothers whose sole support he was."—From a letter quoted in "Recruiting News" (Boston).

Hostess (who is endeavouring to fill a gap in the entertainment)—"Mr. Madder, I'm sure you'll help us out with a song."

Indifferently Groomed Bohemian—"Sorry, but I'm afraid my vocal efforts are confined to singing in my bath."

Hostess—"Oh, do sing; and I'll warn them that you're rather out of practice."

THOSE PROPHETIC ANCIENTS.—Among the most interesting pieces in the jewellery collection was an Egyptian acarab, inscribed with the date 1600 B.C.

"The collection this morning," observed the vicar, "will be taken on behalf of the arch fund, and not, as erroneously printed in the service papers, on behalf of the arch-fiend."

Wife (tearfully)—"You've broken the promise you made me."

Husband—"Never mind, my dear, don't cry. I'll make you another!"

The Paris police have arrested a man who apparently has a mania for tearing buttons off people's clothes. We shall be very surprised if he does not receive a tempting offer from our laundry.

Mother—"Yes, Doris has been learning to play the violin for six months. We were trying to keep it a secret!"

Suffering Member of the Audience—"I thought somebody had let the cat out of the bag!"

Kind Old Lady—"You say you were locked in a cage for ten years? Were you in prison, my good man?"

Tramp (sarcastically)—"No, mum; I was a canary."

London Magistrate—"You will be fined five shillings."

Defendant (despondently)—"My life savings."

"Do you realize what wonders there are in a drop of water?"

"Yes; my wife and I spent our honeymoon looking at one."

"What! Gazing at a drop of water?"

"Uh-huh! Niagara Falls."

\* \* \*

"So you were the sole survivor of a shipwreck! Tell me how you came to be saved?"

"Well, you see, I missed the boat."

\* \* \*

Teacher—"I have went. That's wrong, isn't it?"

Pupil—"Yes, sir."

Teacher—"Why is it wrong?"

Pupil—"Because you ain't went yet."

\* \* \*

The Sergeant's Daughter—"Why hasn't Daddy much hair?"

Mother—"Because he thinks a lot, darling."

Daughter (pause)—"But why have you such a lot, Mummie?"

Mother—"Get on, darling—go on with your breakfast."

\* \* \*

A Scotsman, off on a business trip, called back as he was leaving the house:

"Good-bye, all; and dinna forget to tak' little Donal's glasses off when he isna' looking at anything."

\* \* \*

There was a Scotch merchant who was very stingy, but it seems he could not do otherwise no matter how hard he tried.

One day he conceived what he termed "a grand idea." The next day he ran a big advertisement in the local paper, stating that he would give away presents to all his customers. Cigaretters and coat-hangers, he stated, were the presents to be distributed.

The following day his store was almost mobbed by a crowd anxious to view a specimen of his generosity. The two presents were neatly packed in one bundle—it consisted of a nail and a match.

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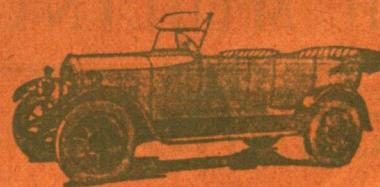
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