

Vol. V. No. 17.

October 30th, 1926.

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See page 20.



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An t-Ógláic

Vol. V. No. 17.

OCTOBER 30, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE



Military Terms Illustrated: "THE TRIANGLE OF ERROR."

No. 21

An t-Oglach

OCTOBER 30, 1926.

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

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

CÓMHRÁD AS AN EASARTÓIR.

WINTER READING.

THE announcement which we make in another page regarding the provision of Barrack Libraries will be hailed with unmitigated pleasure by our readers. We have had frequent complaints at this time of year of the lack of decent libraries in the different stations—only yesterday a Cork correspondent wrote lamenting the fact that they had three splendid bookcases in his barracks, but nothing to put in them. That state of affairs is now being remedied, and we are sure that full advantage will be taken of the facilities which are being placed at the disposal of the troops.

* * *

As stated in the announcement elsewhere the libraries about to be issued have been selected on a broad basis, so that practically every class of reader is catered for. We have seen the comprehensive list of volumes provided, and it would indeed be hard to find fault with it. The supply of fiction is most generous and contains nothing but good class works, the status of the author in most cases being commensurate with his skill as an entertainer. "Heavy" fiction of the psychological type has been eschewed, though there are very many novels in the list which cannot fail to stimulate as well as entertain. Needless to say, too, Irish authors are strongly represented.

But the Army Authorities, in placing these Libraries at the disposal of the Troops; have had in mind the educational development of the N.C.O.s and men (for whom the Libraries are primarily intended), as well as their recreation, and it is to be hoped that this aspect of the matter will not be overlooked by those who avail themselves of the wealth of reading material now at their disposal. In the public libraries the proportion of students to fiction readers is infinitesimal, but a different state of affairs should prevail in Barrack Libraries. The soldier who wishes to make progress in the Army cannot afford to neglect any opportunity for study which comes his way. Apart, however, from the use of books as an aid to professional knowledge, there is a wide field of human learning to be found between their covers and the practical and cultural development to be obtained from their perusal cannot be over-estimated.

* * *

It would not be a bad idea for every soldier to adopt the slogan, "While we live we learn," and make it a fact. No greater mistake could be made by anyone than to assume that the necessity for acquiring knowledge ceases when one has acquired sufficient for his particular calling in life. We should continually seek to develop our ideas, and to enlarge them—if necessary, to cor-

rect and change them. In short, we should be lifelong students in the general sense of the word. The winter may have its drawbacks, stopping outdoor sports and amusements to a large extent, but it also possesses undeniable advantages. The enervation from summer's heat no longer inconveniences us, and the strenuousness of training no longer concerns us. The evenings are fuller and freer for reading and research—ideal for study. Winter is the time to broaden and improve our minds by making guides, philosophers and friends of the volumes in the library.

THE OFFICER'S CAR.

We have just had a run in the new 15 h.p. Overland "Whippet" car, which is rightly described by the manufacturers as being "in a class by itself." The impression gained during the trip was that this is just such a car as the average officer-owner is looking for. It possesses all the good qualities of the heavy car; and all the finished appearance of the high-priced car, at a remarkably low figure. The appearance of the Saloon Model is particularly good, and we believe is inevitably bound to appeal forcibly to the average officer-owner who is in quest of appearance—plus efficiency. Seating five persons comfortably, it is remarkably handy to manoeuvre in traffic. Its hill-climbing ability was tested out on Knockmaroon and adjacent hills and proved eminently satisfactory. Capable of acceleration from 5 to 30 m.p.h. in thirty seconds, its running at 55 m.p.h. is very free from vibration. In addition there are internal expanding four-wheel brakes which no amount of water or mud will affect. Wide doors and underslung springs combine to make it a "posh" car in every sense of the word. The prices, considering the quality and comfort of the car, are extraordinarily low—Touring Model, £210; Saloon Model, £235.

The Irish agents, Messrs. W. B. Crawford, Ltd., 29/30 Dawson Street, will be glad to demonstrate the car to anyone interested.

ANY DIFFICULTY

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

ALL

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

BACK NUMBERS can be obtained at same rates.

IN CAPTIVITY

From "WITH THE IRISH IN FRONGOCH."

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

(Being the Thirty-Seventh 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 XXIV.—continued.

It was only natural, therefore, that we should conclude that the Hut Leaders were also bound for Reading. We were discussing possible lines of action, when a train steamed into the station, and a number of soldiers in full war kit disentrained. These marched to the Camp. Just then the Hut Leaders arrived back. They told us their story. Some of the staff sergeants arrived and ordered us into our huts. We let down the windows and called instructions from hut to hut. The huts were rather close to each other, and it was possible to stand in one of them and, gazing through the window, look into the fourth hut below you. When the instructions had gone round both sides of the Camp, and were understood by everybody, we struck up the "Soldiers' Song."

Meanwhile every soldier in the place was being mobilised and placed under arms. We afterwards learned that even the cook of the officers' mess, an old man of nearly sixty years of age, who hadn't his equipment on for nearly forty years, had to dress and turn out.

The reinforcement consisted of sixty young soldiers of the Cheshire Regiment, and had, I believe, come up specially from Wrexham.* They were accoutred as if advancing to a grand attack in Flanders. The men were cool and grinning as if enjoying the joke; but their officers were a little inclined to be excited, as if they expected the development of ferocious tactics by "the wild Irish."

This great force of military—nearly 400 soldiers—came marching into our compound with gleaming bayonets and loaded rifles. They were halted at the bottom of the compound. Then the Cheshires were advanced up along the lines, and three of them were placed

outside the door of each occupied hut. Then the officers issued the instruction in a tone of voice which ensured that every prisoner would hear it:

"No prisoner is to be allowed to leave his hut under any circumstances whatever; if any prisoner attempts to leave his hut without orders, bayonet him at once."

It was necessary to have that command modified. I went to the door of the hut and called to the officer who had issued the instruction.

"Well," he queried, "what do you want?"

"If you please, I require to go to the latrine."

"Well, you will have to wait until the roll-call is over," he declared.

"Well, I can't wait until the roll-call is over," I retorted. "It will take over an hour to call the roll, and I want to go at once. If you don't let me go to the latrine, which is only a few yards away, I can only conclude that you are a Hun of the worst type."

Other prisoners, taking up their cue instantly, came to the doors and requested to be taken to the latrines; and others gathered behind and booed and groaned when he refused. So he went and consulted his superior. After a few minutes he returned and said we could go to the latrines one at a time. From then on we gave those sentries a busy time escorting us to and fro. But they were a good-natured, cheerful lot, and when in the latrines with us they seemed anxious to know "wot all this 'ere — row is about." We gave them a hasty sketch of the reason of our action, and were astonished to find them express approval of it. Certainly the British Tommy is "a rum 'un."

When the posting of the sentries at the doors was finished, the remaining troops were drawn up at the ready in the bottom of the Camp. We on our part having completed all our arrange-

ments to our satisfaction, awaited further developments in silence.

"Buckshot," accompanied by his entire Camp Staff, and the senior officer of the Cheshires, entered the compound and made their way to No. 1 Hut, and there the Adjutant called the roll. All the men, including the Hut Leader, answered their names. In No. 2 Hut about four men refused to answer, and they were immediately told to pack up their bed and kit and proceed to the South Camp. In No. 3 Hut about six refused to answer; and in No. 4 Hut, the one I was in, twelve men, about half the number occupying the hut, refused to answer. The exact procedure was this: The men were already drawn up in two ranks in each hut near the door, with the Leader at their head. As "Buckshot" was about to enter, the Leader called his men to attention. "Buckshot" returned the salute. The Adjutant then produced the Hut Roll. He ordered that as each man's number and name were called he was to answer, step out of the ranks and proceed to the end of the room. When he had finished calling the roll he went personally to each prisoner and asked: "Was your number and name called?" Receiving no answer, he passed on to the next. Then we of the mute tongues were peremptorily ordered to pack up our beds and kit and proceed to the South Camp.

That morning I had received a large sweet-cake and some dainties from friends. It was utterly impossible to carry all my books, clothing, food and bedding in the one bundle. I asked the Adjutant to be allowed to make a second journey. He would not permit any such thing. So, asking a comrade to look after my private property, I bundled up my bed and the dainties and started off. The other prisoners also left their private property behind, only taking their bed and extra food.

In No. 5 Hut not a single man answered his name. "Buckshot" be-

*Vide Hansard, Vol. 87, No. 113, Col. 1,628.

came very uneasy at that and made a little speech, in the course of which he pledged his word as an officer and a gentleman that "he was not looking for any man." The roll was then called again. Every man stood solidly to attention, and quite mute. So all round the huts the procedure went with varying numbers answering. When all was over, out of 546 prisoners in the Camp, 342 had refused to identify their comrade Michael Murphy; and as a consequence were condemned to internment in the South Camp and deprived of every privilege.*

Now it must not be presumed that the 204 men who answered their names did so because they flinched. Two-thirds of them, and perhaps more, did so in obedience to the direct orders of the Camp Leaders. Many of the men were old, and some of them constitutionally delicate; others again were required in the North Camp for certain purposes. It was at first contemplated that "the boy from Clare" and myself should remain behind in order that there should be no break in the "publicity campaign." But we had been more or less left out of other resistances on this very excuse; and we thought it very unreasonable that we should have no share in the good work being done by the voluntarily endurance of hardship. Besides which we pointed out that the "publicity campaign" had been initiated by us in the South Camp, and we would probably be able to carry it on from there as well as from the North.

I do not wish to convey the impression that every single prisoner was desirous of not answering his name. That would be untrue. A few, and indeed they were very few, insisted on answering their names. They argued that we had now done everything that in our circumstances it was humanly possible for us to do. They pointed out that, thanks to the "publicity campaign," both Great Britain and Ireland were ringing with accounts of Frongoch. Indeed, the *Morning Post* of November 13 had made a bitter comment upon "the intriguing which goes on daily at Frongoch." They added that if there was any possibility of ultimate success they would gladly join us to the bitter end; but—and they named several means by which the authorities could identify the men required for military service.

Their arguments were most certainly reasonable and logical. It did seem a most futile thing for 546 unarmed prisoners, congregated in the small space of an internment camp, and surrounded by a large armed guard, to attempt the herculean task of saving 150 of their comrades from conscription. We admitted the logic of the argument; but stated that we were in honour bound to go on in our protest to the bitter end, irrespective of whether that end was victory or death.

*Vide Hansard, Vol. 87, No. 100, Col. 950; No. 112, Col. 1,406; No. 113, Col. 1,828; Vol. 88, No. 116, Col. 324; No. 118, Col. 633.

Both of us were yet to learn what an unfailing weapon was the Sinn Fein Policy in the hands of resolute men. However, it was essential to us that both Camps should be occupied; so we did not attempt to bend the logicians to our discipline.

CHAPTER XXV.

WE considered it very unfair that the 342 prisoners who were thus confined in the South Camp should be deliberately housed in the two worst dormitories in the place—No. 1 and No. 5. As we were denied every possible privilege—no tobacco, canteen, extra food, visits, newspapers, clothing, or medical attendance—unless we revealed our name and number, our punishment was drastic enough to allow us to inhabit the best and most sanitary dormitories in the place.

No sooner had we finished arriving in the South Camp than we started an agitation to get back for our private property to the North Camp. We threatened to do no fatigues, or to turn out for the Colonel's inspection. In order to placate us, we were told that the next day we would be allowed to go for our private property, so we settled down peaceably.

When we had appointed a new cook's staff, and a ration party, "Jelly-belly" made his appearance in the kitchen and got into conversation with the head cook on the erratic nature of our conduct.

"You Irish are a queer crowd," said "Jelly-belly."

"How do you make out that?" asked Matt.

"Why, here you are going into punishment for wot you call a principle, but you aren't all one on it. I shall believe all I ever read of you Irish," said "Jelly-belly" dogmatically.

"How do you make out we're not all one on it?" queried the cook.

"Why, some of you answered your names," retorted "Jelly-belly," "and some of you didn't."

"Well, would it surprise you to hear," said Matt, with fierce emphasis, "that those that did answer were ordered to do it? You people are talking about bringing German prisoners here since last August; but we've made up our minds that whilst we're here nobody else will be in Frongoch but ourselves. And let me tell you this, if we remain here for the next three years we are going to occupy both Camps. By keeping two Camps going you will have to furnish forty-eight sentries every day. We're not half as queer a crowd, 'Jelly-belly,' as you seem to think."

"Well, I'm blowed," exclaimed "Jelly-belly" turning on his heel and going off. We learned afterwards that he went straight and reported the startling piece of news to the Adjutant.

Next morning the first batch of prisoners went up immediately after breakfast for their private property. They had instructions to tell the men in the North Camp to buy up all the extra food and tobacco in the canteen and stuff it in with our private pro-

perty. In this way very large supplies of food and tobacco were carried down. In fact, we carried down a big crater full of home-baked cakes and a barrel of apples.

Meanwhile both Fintan Murphy and Barrett had been removed to London for trial, and Mr. Gavan Duffy had been directed to defend them. Barrett had been kept in the guard-room for nearly a week, but after he had stated to Phillips, on the occasion on which he was picked out, "I am not the man you want," he refused to speak to anyone only to Commandant Staines; and, of course, Staines was not likely to report what took place between them; so in the end they were forced to send him on to London for trial as an absentee under the Military Service Act! A man who had never been out of Galway in his life until his arrest! In London, of course, it was definitely established that he was not Michael Murphy of that city at all, but a totally different and quite innocent man. Moreover, as he had not represented himself in any way as being Michael Murphy, but on the contrary, had stated that he was not such a person, there was nothing for it but to send him back to the Camp.

This Barrett case had an important result for us. It was this. On a former occasion when a party was brought down to the South Camp in similar circumstances, the Adjutant and his staff had picked out all they knew personally and sent them back to the North Camp, thus appreciably narrowing down the number from which they ultimately hoped to pick out the man they wanted. But now, after the Barrett case, they could not pick out any of us unless we on our part admitted our identity. For instance, the Adjutant knew me quite well, and always called me by name whilst in the South Camp; but I would never admit that my name was "Whitmore"; had I done so I would have been packed off to the North Camp at once. Again, to take another case. A Captain Lynch, from the Co. Cork, who had acted as a Staff Officer in the South Camp, and was also for a time in charge of the Y.M.C.A. hut—a fine, big, able young man—was also personally well known to the Adjutant. During our stay in the South Camp a seven days' parole arrived for him. Phillips came into the dormitory, and coming down to the bed whereon Captain Lynch was engaged carving a harp from the shoulder-blade of an ox, said:

"Now, Lynch, the Adjutant wants you, me lad."

"Arrah, who the divil are ye Lynch-ing?" asked Miceal in his soft Cork drawl.

"Gawd strike me —," exclaimed Phillips. "Doesn't everybody in Camp know you are Captain Lynch. Wasn't you in charge of No. 4 dormitory, and wasn't you in charge of the Y.M.C.A.? Why, everyone in Camp since you came to it have called you Michael Lynch. Come on now, me lad, and none of this 'ere — coddin'!"

(To be continued.)

THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

GEOGRAPHY.

Lesson No. 28.

COUNTY DUBLIN.

The County of Dublin, comprising in or about 218,800 statute acres, or 340 square miles, is in point of size one of the smallest counties of Ireland, though in historical, political and commercial importance it ranks as one of the foremost.

It is bounded on the north by Meath, on the west by Meath and Kildare, on the south by Wicklow, and on the east by the Irish Sea.

It is drained by the Rivers Liffey, Tolka and Dodder. The Liffey, which flows centrally from west to east through the county, divides it into a northern and southern portion. The Tolka flows north of the Liffey and enters Dublin Bay at Clontarf, while the Dodder, rising on the borders of Wicklow, enters the Bay at Ringsend.

The north of the county is level, with small limestone hills here and there. South of the Liffey the county is flat until the slate and granite land south of Rathfarnham is reached. The hills then rise steeply to the borders of Wicklow and are known as the Dublin Mountains, principal of which is Slieve Roe (Red Mountain), now commonly called the Three Rock Mountain.

Dublin (Baile Atha Cliath) the capital of the county, is also the capital of Ireland. The two names Dublin and Baile Atha Cliath are both of Irish origin, though the former is commonly taken as being English. The name Dublin is derived from the Irish words Dubh (Duv) and Linn. While Linn clearly means a pool, the original meaning of Dubh is not quite clear. Some claim that it stands for a lady of the De Dannan race who is supposed to have been drowned in a pool which she herself by enchantment raised up to destroy a rival. The name would then mean Dubh's Pool. Others have it that Dubh is the present Irish word for black, and that the name means the dark or black pool because of the dark hue of the waters of the inner bay.

The name Baile Atha Cliath (the town or fortress of the ford of the hurdles) appears to have been an earlier name given to an early Irish settlement on the south bank of the Liffey somewhere in the neighbourhood of the present Cork Hill. In those early days a hazel clad ridge ran along the southern bank of the river and the settlers used the hazel boughs as hurdles with which to construct a ford or ath across the river.

The highway from north to south which still remains as Stoneybatter crossed the river at this ford of the

hurdles and the settlement became known as Baile Atha Cliath (pronounced blaw clea). In connection with the name Stoneybatter, it is interesting to note that it is half Irish and half English, the latter half "batter" being an English corruption of the Irish word bothar (a road). The name, therefore, means stoney road or rocky road, which in former years was styled "The Rocky Road to Dublin."

Though the Irish had a settlement on the banks of the Liffey the present city owes the foundation of its prosperity to the Danes, who established themselves on both sides of the river (particularly the southern side from Dame Street to Ringsend). The Danish settlement prospered until Brian Boru defeated them at Clontarf in 1014 and completely broke their power in Ireland. The Danes borrowed the name Dublin and changed it to Dyflin, while the Irish retained the name of Baile Atha Cliath.

(To be continued.)

GRAMMAR.

"LESSER" OR "LESS."

(A Reply to "Bede.")

We are grateful to "Bede" for his criticism of some of the assertions made in our lesson of the 16th instant, in which the correction of certain grammatical errors was dealt with.

With regard to the assertion "There is no such word as Lesser," we make an unreserved and unqualified withdrawal. The assertion was made without giving the matter due consideration, but nevertheless we feel that if we had altered our statement to read "There should be no such word as Lesser," we would be according the word full justice. We doubt if the Len-Lex page of the dictionary feels quite as much aggrieved as "Bede" would have us believe, and are inclined

to think that it would have been grateful rather than otherwise for the removal of a word which has of recent years marred an otherwise perfect page. If the vengeance of heaven was capable of being invoked by the page in question, such aid would undoubtedly have been sought when the word "Lesser" crept or intruded or climbed into its present position.

We regret "Bede" did not quote in full the particular proverb to which he refers. We do not speak with authority in this connection, but if memory serves us the original proverb ran, "Of two evils choose the less." If our rendering of the proverb is correct (and we are open to contradiction), the grammar of the proverb returns like a boomerang to confound "Bede" and destroy the greater portion of his hypothesis.

The fact that a word is to be found in a dictionary does not conclusively prove that such word is grammatically correct. Dictionaries are more or less at the mercy of the public in this respect. If a word is used by a classical or "highbrow" author, or is otherwise used to any extent in written or spoken language and is accepted by the public generally, then the dictionary has no option but must of necessity insert such a word in its proper place of alphabetical sequence.

Now let us consider the word which "Bede" alleges we have so grossly wronged, and for which we were to suffer a fate similar to that of Sodom and Gomorrah. It is obviously formed of the word *Less* and the comparative suffix *er*. It must therefore be considered as the comparative form of *Less*. But *Less* is itself a comparative and is used when comparing two things. Therefore *Lesser* must be a comparative of a comparative, or in other words, a double comparative. Wherever the word is used its place can be equally and adequately and more grammatically filled by the real comparatives *Less* and *Smaller*. The word "Lesser" may have originated in a desire to render the word "Less" forceful and emphatic, but such a word as "Morer" could lay equal claim to like recognition. Yet if the word "Morer" were to be used there would undoubtedly be a vigorous outburst of indignation. Why, therefore, admit and acknowledge a

(Continued on page 6 col. 3).

TEXT BOOKS

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ARMY NEWS.

OFFICERS IN LONDON.

Lieutenant-General P. MacMahon, Chief of Staff, Colonel S. O'Higgins, Chief Staff Officer, and Commdt. D. Bryan, Department of Chief of Staff, proceeded to London from G.H.Q. on 25th inst. to assist the Saorstát delegates to the Imperial Conference in the discussion of Defence matters.

ARTILLERY COURSE.

A course of instruction in Artillery practice and Ballistics for Infantry Officers is at present being considered and an official announcement of the particulars of the course is expected shortly.

OFFICER TRANSFERS.

Col. Feardorcha MacEnri, D.A.A.G., G.H.Q., to be Administration Officer, Curragh Training Camp (acting from 9th inst.; confirmed as from 16th inst.).

Commdt. Alphonsus O'Neill, General List, Curragh Training Camp, to be O.C. 15th Infantry Battalion, as from 12th October.

Captain Michael Hoey, Army School of Instruction, to be Adjutant, 14th Infantry Battalion, as from 1st November.

Captain Jas. Delaney, Assist. Adjutant, No. 4 Brigade, to be Asst. Command Adjutant, Southern Command, as from 1st November.

Captain James Guiney, Governor, Military Detention Barracks, Curragh Training Camp, to be O.C. Curragh Training Camp Company, Military Police Corps, as from 1st November.

Captain James McAuley, Staff Duties Branch, G.H.Q., to be Governor, Military Detention Barracks, Curragh, as from 1st November.

Commdt. Peter Conlan, O.C. 15th Infantry Battalion, to General List, Curragh Training Camp, as from 12th October, 1926.

Captain Liam McCarthy, Discipline Branch, G.H.Q., to be Q.M., Military Police Corps, as from 1st November.

Lieut. (A/Capt.) Patrick Jos. McKenna, Curragh Training Camp Company, M.P.C., to be O.C., Western Command Company, M.P.C., as from 1st November.

Captain Patrick Murray, Records Branch, Dept. of Adjutant-General, to be Q.M., 14th Infantry Battalion, as from 1st November, 1926.

Captain Hugh Edward McNally from "B," 7th Infantry Battalion, to Records Branch, Dept. of Adjutant-General, from 1st November.

Comdt. Michael Gantly, O.C., 7th Battalion, to General List, Eastern Command (attached No. 5 Brigade Headquarters), with effect as from 14th October.

Captain Jos. Connolly, "D" Company, 7th Battalion, to General List, Eastern Command (attached 24th Battalion), with effect from 14th October.

Captain Michael O'Carroll, Adjutant, 7th Battalion, to be Adjutant, 27th Battalion, with effect from 14th October.

Captain Patrick Farrell, Quartermaster, 7th Battalion, to be Quartermaster, 22nd Battalion, as from 14th October.

Captain Peadar O'Mara, "A" Company, 7th Battalion, to General List, Eastern Command (Temp. attached Records Branch, Adjutant-General's Dept.), as from 14th October.

Captain Hugh E. McNally, "B" Company, 7th Battalion, to Records and Administration Branch as from 1st November.

Captain Brendan Barry, "C" Coy., 7th Battalion, to be Quartermaster, 20th Battalion, as from 14th October.

A/Capt. David Smith, Quartermaster, 22nd Battalion, to be Quartermaster, 27th Battalion, as from 14th October.

Captain Sean Cooney, Quartermaster, 20th Battalion, to be A/Quartermaster, No. 5 Brigade, as from 14th October.

A/Lieut. Michael Duignan, Adjutant, 7th Battalion, to be Staff Officer to O.C., No. 7 Brigade, as from 14th October.

2/Lieut. Patrick Smith, "D" Company, 7th Battalion, "C" Company, 23rd Battalion, as from 14th October.

A/Lieut. Jos. McPeake, "G" Company, 25th Battalion, to be Staff Officer to Adm. Officer, Eastern Command, as from 14th October.

Lieut. Fred A. Ahearne, "D" Company, 7th Battalion, "C" Company, 20th Battalion, as from 14th October.

Lieut. James Keenan, General List, Eastern Command, to be Staff Officer to O.C., No. 6 Brigade, as from 14th October.

2/Lieut. Humphrey John Barry, Quartermaster, 23rd Battalion, to General List, Eastern Command, as from 14th October.

Lieut. James Cahill, "B" Company, 7th Battalion, to "C" Company, 19th Battalion, as from 14th October.

2/Lieut. William Donnelly, "A" Company, 7th Battalion, to "B" Company, 27th Battalion, as from 14th October.

A/Lieut. John Jos. Kenny, Intelligence Officer, 7th Battalion, to General List, Eastern Command (attached 27th Battalion), as from 14th October, 1926.

Lieut. Daniel O'Grady, Assist. Quartermaster, 7th Battalion, to be Assist. Quartermaster, 23rd Battalion, as from 14th October.

Lieut. Joseph F. O'Rourke, "C" Company, No. 7 Battalion, to General List, Eastern Command (attached 27th Battalion), as from 14th October.

2/Lieut. Daniel O'Sullivan, "C" Company, 27th Battalion, as from 14th October, 1926.

Lieut. Charles E. McGoohan, "A" Company, 7th Battalion, to "C" Company, 24th Battalion, as from 14th October.

Lieut. James Clear, Staff Officer to Administrative Officer, Eastern Command, to Chief Staff Officer's Branch, as from 1st November.

ACCIDENT TO OFFICER.

Major J. V. Joyce, General Staff, is at present in St. Brice's Hospital with a broken leg as a result of a fall from his horse.

ARMY PENSIONS.

During a meeting at Swinford Mr. Hogan, Minister for Lands and Agriculture, was asked whether it was proposed to discontinue the payment of pensions to Army officers.

"As long as this Government stands," he exclaimed with great emphasis, amidst applause, "the pensions we are paying to the men who restored law and order will be paid. You can take that definitely from me."

GRAMMAR

(Continued from 5).

word that can lay no claim to filling a recognised want, and which being a comparative is not derived from a positive root or stem. Though admitting the existence of the word, we do not admit its use in any but a very restricted sense, and never in such sentences as that which has given rise to "Bede's" criticism.

Finally, in what is considered one of the best of modern Grammars (the 1925 Edition of the Grammatical Works of J. C. Nesfield, M.A.) we find "lesser" described as "a double comparative and modern." The author does not commit himself to anything further than to point out two things, (a) that it is a double comparative, and (b) that it is modern. As a double comparative it would apparently be redundant, and its modern origin points to the fact that for many years the English language, and incidentally the Len-Lex page of the dictionary, succeeded in existing without it.

Coming to the second point raised by "Bede," we would like to point out that the assertion was made with direct reference to the correction of particular sentences and might not be regarded as a general statement. In the correction of a number of sentences the explanation for the correction should be as brief and concise as possible. To enter into a dissertation on the uses or abuses of a particular word would be out of place and would obviously be a matter for a substantive lesson. We hope to explain in detail the uses of *each* and *every* at a future date.

There are other points in connection with the self-same lesson which apparently have escaped the critical eye of "Bede," and which were not explained by us, as such explanation might lead to a certain amount of confusion and misunderstanding. For instance, we pointed out that among others the words "Round" and "Irish" did not admit of comparison. This is strictly correct, and yet we often hear one thing described as being *rounder* than another; while also we are told in history that some of the early Anglo-Saxon invaders became *more Irish* than the Irish themselves. This would lead us to believe that notwithstanding our assertion to the contrary, the words *did* admit of comparison. The word *rounder*, however, when applied in a comparative sense indicates a degree of rotundity; while when speaking of people as being *more Irish* we do not refer to place of birth or origin, but to degrees of citizenship or patriotism.

IRELAND'S BATTLES AND BATTLEFIELDS

THE DANISH WARS.

II.—THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF.

By WESTON ST. J. JOYCE.

Brian Boru having defeated the Danes and the Leinster Irish at Glenmama, adopted a policy of conciliation towards them, in pursuance of which he gave his daughter in marriage to Sitric, King of the Dublin Danes, and himself married Gormflaith, mother of Sitric, and sister of Mailmora, King of Leinster. This Gormflaith was a woman of celebrated beauty but questionable antecedents, as she had been previously married to and repudiated in turn by Amlaff, the Dane, and King Malachy II. She appears to have been of a deep and vengeful disposition, and continually hatching mischief. Having formed this confederacy with his vanquished foes, Brian returned to his palace at Kincora, near Killaloe, whither he was accompanied by Gormflaith. Here he held his court, and received the homage of many princes and chiefs. But the great victory of Glenmama seems to have awakened in his mind the ambition to make himself ruler of all Ireland, and accordingly, with this object, he organised a conspiracy in violation of his treaty with Malachy to depose him from the throne. After some trifling engagements between them, Malachy reluctantly gave his informal consent to an arrangement by which he became a vassal of Brian's with the nominal title of King of Meath, and then Brian became sole King of Ireland.

Meanwhile Gormflaith was plotting as usual, and this time against Brian, her husband. Mailmora one day arrived at Kincora, bringing as a present to Brian three pine masts which had been cut in the forest of Figile near Clonsast, five miles north-east of Portarlinton. In conveying the trees from that place Mailmora personally assisted in lifting one of them for a few moments. He wore a tunic of silk with silver buttons, a present from Brian, and in the exertion one of the buttons got torn off, which, on his arrival at Kincora, he asked his sister, Gormflaith, to replace. She took the tunic, but, to his surprise, threw it into the fire, reproaching him bitterly for his meanness in submitting as vassal to any man, adding that his father or grandfather would never have been guilty of such.

This incident greatly excited Mailmora, and before long another incident occurred which precipitated the inevitable result. Brian's son, Murrogh, was playing a game of chess with his cousin, when Mailmora looking on, suggested a move by which Murrogh lost

the game. Murrogh, annoyed at this, said, "That was like the advice you gave the Danes which lost them the battle of Glenmama," to which Mailmora replied, "I will give them advice again, and they shall not be defeated." Murrogh answered bitterly, "Then you had better remind them to prepare a yew tree for your reception," alluding to his having taken refuge in a yew tree after Glenmama. Mailmora was so much exasperated by this reply that he left Kincora abruptly next morning, and set out for Leinster, vowing vengeance against Brian and his allies. On his arrival he lost no time in rousing his tribe to revolt, in which they were soon joined by the Dublin Danes.

In 1013 they made an expedition into Malachy's kingdom, ravaging it, murdering the inhabitants, and plundering the churches, whereupon Malachy sent messengers to Brian to demand the protection to which he was entitled as a vassal. Brian collected his Dalcaessian troops, with their allies, and marched into Leinster, ravaging the hostile districts with fire and sword. His son, Murrogh, in command of an auxiliary force, proceeded by a different route and devastated the whole district from Glendalough to Kilmainham. As the country lying directly between these two places is even now little more than a desert, it may be safely presumed that his line of march lay along the coast. The two armies, under King Brian and his son, met at Dublin, the walls of which they surrounded, forming a blockade. There they remained from 9th September till Christmas without a move being made by either party, the Irish resting in their camp and the Danes keeping close within their walls. Then, as events began to prove, it was the besiegers who were really blockaded, for their provisions became exhausted long before those of the besieged, and so Brian was obliged, much to his disappointment, to raise the siege and return to his headquarters in Munster.

But the Danes well knew that he was not a man to be easily diverted from his purpose, and accordingly news soon began to reach them of preparations for a second and greater expedition. Thoroughly alarmed, for they had not forgotten Glenmama, and greatly distrusting their own strength to cope with him, they sent ambassadors to their various allies abroad, to raise the standard of war and invoke assistance for a final contest with this formidable foe. All Scandinavian Europe now bustled

with preparations for the coming struggle, and every armoury in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark resounded with din and clangour. In the following spring detachments began to arrive, and fleet after fleet poured into Dublin mighty cohorts of mailed and armed warriors in corselets of gleaming brass or glittering steel. And there came nobles and chieftains of mighty renown from Saxon-land, from the far isles of Orkney, and from the bleak Northern coasts. But Brian, unawed by these preparations, strove night and day to perfect his plans to crush "the proud invader." He again marched into Leinster, burning Howth and Fingall. And when the Danes from the battlements of Dublin saw afar the blaze and glow from the plains of Fingall, they knew that he was on the march, and they sallied forth to attack him on the "Plain of the Bird Flocks," which extended from Tallaght to Howth. Brian was now encamped on the Green of Dublin, probably at the northern side of the Liffey. On the eve of Holy Thursday, hearing that the Danes were determined to fight next day, he held a council of war with his nobles, and, after lengthened deliberations, it was decided to prepare for battle, though they were very unwilling to fight on a day hallowed by such sacred associations. When Good Friday, 23rd April, 1014, dawned the two armies stood face to face, deployed in battle line, waiting for the signal to begin, the Danish fleet lay moored along the northern side of the bay, and a small portion of their army garrisoned the fortress of Dublin.

The weight of evidence would seem to indicate that the battle was mainly fought south of the Tolka, instead of north of it, as has been generally assumed; in other words, that the battlefield was not Clontarf, but the ground now covered by the north side of the city.

In proof of this it is recorded that the progress of the battle was anxiously watched from the battlements of Dublin by Sitric and the Danish garrison, who, it is stated, could distinguish friends from foes. These battlements must have been somewhere on the hill at present occupied by the Castle. Now, assuming that all north of the Liffey was then open country, and without taking into account the inequalities and undulations of the ground, it may be safely asserted that the range of distinct vision could not extend beyond the Tolka, two miles distant.

The fact that the battle is now known as "The Battle of Clontarf" does not afford much clue to the site, for in the contemporary Scandinavian records it is called "Brian's Battle," and in the Irish records "the Battle of the Fishing-weir of Clontarf," and there is good reason to believe that this weir stood not at Ballybough-bridge, as has been supposed, but higher up the Tolka, near Clonliffe, which was more likely the mouth at that time.

In 1763, when opening some new ground at Cavendish-row and Granby-row, a great quantity of human bones, accompanied by the remains of arms

and armour, were discovered in trenches—relics, no doubt, of this great battle.

The Irish account of the battle (*Wars of the Gaedhil with the Gaill*) states that a few days before the engagement, part of the Danish army sailed in their fleet to Howth, probably to attack the Irish there, but, returning, effected a junction with the main body of the Danes and the Leinster Irish under Mailmora, upon which the battle commenced immediately.

From the foregoing facts it may be reasonably concluded (1) that during the combat the Danish fleet was moored along the coast immediately north of the Liffey, and that the Danish army formed on the shore with their backs to the sea; (2) that King Brian having chosen his ground so that the Liffey interposed between the battlefield and the fortress of Dublin, the Danes were forced to abandon Dublin as a base of refuge and to depend solely on their fleet in case of retreat, and (3) that the bulk of the fighting took place, as I have stated, between the Tolka and the Liffey.

The waters of Dublin Bay then flowed very much farther inland than now, and the seashore extended from about Grattan Bridge by Abbey street, O'Connell (or Sackville street), and thence somewhat eastward of Mountjoy square out to the Tolka between Ballybough and Drumcondra.

The position then of the two armies in action would lie, roughly speaking, in a line from the Four Courts to Drumcondra. Of course Dublin was then only a small town south of the Liffey, of which the (Danish) Castle was the centre or citadel.

Just before the battle commenced, King Brian, who on account of his great age did not personally engage in it, rode along in front of his army, and holding aloft the cross, the emblem of their prescribed and persecuted religion, reminded them of the great sacrifice of that day, and exhorted them to fight valiantly for their faith and fatherland. They then advanced to the combat, the details of which are given in extravagant and bombastic language by the old historians.

The battle raged from early morning till about four o'clock in the evening, when, nearly all the Danish leaders of note having fallen, the Irish appear to have made a concentrated attack upon their centre, whereupon the Danes having no one to rally them fell back in disorder. The confusion now became general, and they fled on every side; one portion attempted to reach their comrades in Dublin by crossing the Liffey at Duffgall's Bridge, supposed to have been near the present Queen's-street Bridge, but the Irish had anticipated them there, and cutting off their retreat, not a man escaped. Another large body fled back to the strand to regain their ships, but when they reached the shore they found that it was high water, and they were thus cut off from all refuge in that quarter. In despair many threw themselves into the sea, and endeavouring to swim out to the ships were drowned in great numbers.

A wood called Tomar's Wood then fringed the northern shores of Dublin Bay, and in this wood some of the Irish took up a position, killing many of the fugitives who came that way.

The Danes, now hemmed in between the Tolka on the north and the Liffey on the south, with the Irish on their west side and the sea on the east, made a desperate rush to force a passage across the Tolka, then swollen by the returning tide; here the greatest slaughter took place, the river bed being in places choked up with the bodies. A considerable number, however, succeeded in escaping across it and over to the northern shore of the bay, and, being pursued, a running fight was kept up along the Strand from Clontarf out to Howth. The recollection of this may have originated the local tradition that the battle was fought at Clontarf, though probably very little of the actual fighting took place there. It is likely, however, that the district of Clontarf was then more extensive, and reached inland as far as Drumcondra and southward as far as the Tolka. Another tradition states that a party of Danes who were pursued out to Howth took refuge on the Bailey promontory, on which a ruined fortress stood, and there defended themselves against desperate odds till their ships took them off in safety.

The battle was all open fighting, the nature of the ground admitting of no ambushes and little strategy. The combatants fought man to man and breast to breast, and the victory was gained by dint of sheer physical strength and personal valour. No mention is made of any cavalry having been used in the engagement, though there are evidences of the existence of Danish cavalry in Ireland before this period.

Towards the close of the conflict, when King Brian was praying in his tent, his attendant noticed a small party of Danes approaching and directed his attention to them. They were about to pass him by, when one of them recognised him as the Irish King. Thereupon Brodar, the commander of the fleet, who was one of the party, raised his gleaming battle-axe and attacked him. Brian drew his sword, and with one furious blow cut off his leg at the knee, but the fierce Viking before falling had time to cleave the King's head with his axe. So fell the mighty Brian Boru, the one Irish sovereign who rose superior to the petty jealousies and tribal disputes of his time, and united his country in a supreme and successful effort to free it from the Danes, who at that time and for long afterwards held undisputed sovereignty in England.

Brian's son Murrough also fell in the battle. He engaged in combat a Danish chieftain, but his hand was so disabled that he had to drop his sword; he then seized his adversary by the helmet with his left hand, and tearing off his armour threw him to the ground. Murrough then being uppermost, seized the foreigner's sword and stabbed him thrice with it, but notwithstanding this

the dying chieftain drew his long knife and gave Murrough a deadly wound, of which he expired next morning. Brian's grandson Turlough, only 15 years of age, the son of Murrough, was found drowned at the fishing-weir after the battle with his hands entangled in the long hair of a Dane whom he had pursued into the river.

Among others that fell in the battle were the traitor Mailmora and Brian's nephew, who played the celebrated game of chess at Kincora. They fell in combat with each other.

Thus at a blow the reigning family became extinct, and there can be little doubt that the dynastic wars which followed, bringing Ireland to the verge of social and national dissolution, ultimately paved the way for the invasion of Strongbow and the Anglo-Normans.

Among the incidents of the battle it is recorded that in the earlier part of the day, while the issue was yet doubtful, Sitric, who was on the battlements of his watch tower in Dublin, said, "Well do the foreigners reap the field; many is the sheaf they cut down," to which his wife (Brian's daughter) replied, "That will be seen at the end of the day." But when it was evening, and the Danes were in full retreat towards the sea, she said to him, in bitter irony, "The foreigners are going into the sea, their natural inheritance. I wonder is it to cool themselves?" Whereupon he became so angered that he struck her a blow in the mouth which knocked out one of her teeth!

Sitric was the son of Amlaff, and brother of Harold who fell at Glenmama, so that it may be naturally supposed that he felt great enmity towards the Irish. His marriage with King Brian's daughter, which took place soon after Glenmama, was a diplomatic alliance for which Brian himself was mainly responsible.

There is curious corroborative evidence to show that the writer of the Irish account of the battle must have been an eye-witness or got his details from one who was. It is stated that on the day of the battle (23rd April, 1014) full tide coincided with sunrise, and that the full tide again in the evening cut off the Danes from their ships. This has since been proved to be true by Dr. Haughton, T.C.D., who, without a knowledge of the Irish account of the battle, by a difficult and abstruse calculation found that on that particular day it was high water at 5.30 o'clock in the morning and again at 5.55 o'clock in the evening.

(To be continued).

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THE
SWORD
OF
O'MALLEY
BY
JUSTIN MITCHELL.

CHAPTER XXV.—continued.

"When his sword is at your neck, you will alter your view," growled Brant, white and thin-lipped.

"I think not," said Lotz sturdily.

"What a cursed mischance that he should escape from the burning lodge at Wuldner!" Brant murmured moodily. "We deemed we had him trapped and trusted securely as a basting fowl."

Lotz regarded his companion questioningly.

"What hand had you in the burning of the lodge?" he inquired in amazement.

Brant assumed a weighty air of mystery and importance. He positively swaggered.

"Lotz," he said exultingly, "when my master, the Duke, has matters of moment afoot, and looks around for a trusty agent, he doesn't choose a bluff, outspoken fool whose only boast is that he can fence tolerably and ride straight. He selects a man of judgment and experience, craft and skill, a man versed in the subtleties of intrigue; secret, silent, swift—such a man, in fact, as your humble servant. I was honoured by the Duke's command. I fired the hunting-lodge."

Lotz looked and felt as though the earth had opened at his feet. Involuntarily he backed towards the door. Brant's livid grin filled him with unutterable loathing.

"By the merest chance," the boaster continued, "our two birds escaped from the snare. The Irishman and the Prince surrendered their quarters to the ladies and retired to some hut or out-house near by. The women were only rescued in the nick of time."

"By whom?" Lotz queried thickly.

"By the mad Irishman, of course," Brant sneered. "Who else, think you, would step boldly into a pit of raging flame and court almost certain death, merely to save a woman?"

Brant's code of ethics was beyond Lotz. The bronzed trooper drew his hand across his brow. Such monstrous villainy was past comprehension. The thought uppermost in his mind found utterance from his lips.

"O'Malley is a hero," he said simply.

Brant's discordant chuckle had in it a note of mockery that sent Lotz's blood to his brow and his hand to his sword.

"Have a care, Brant," he said

hoarsely. "You may taunt me and tempt me too far."

Brant was reckless now. His hatred of O'Malley spurred him to find fresh insults for his enemy's admirer.

"You fear the swaggering braggart, Lotz," he sneered, "and I believe you mean to curry favour with him. Were he here now, I trow you would cower before him and grovel at his feet."

"There may be some grovelling done presently, but not, I think, by Lotz," said a voice from the doorway.

Brant, retreating before the menace of Lotz's weapon, halted to stare over his comrade's shoulder at the tall figure on the threshold. He blanched, and his small, vicious eyes shot terrified glances here and there in search of some avenue of escape. There was none. The stable had only one door. Lotz, smiling at Brant's discomfiture, was reminded of a trapped rat.

Edmund regarded Lotz's naked blade questioningly.

"Why are you two quarrelling?" he demanded.

Lotz hesitated for a moment, and then blurted out: "The ruffian has offered me a monstrous insult. He insinuated that I am a coward and a lickspittle."

"I overheard the taunt," said Edmund. "But, verily, Lotz, a brave fellow like you can well afford to smile at the malice of such a scurvy toad as Brant."

"I shall smile if you wish," quoth Lotz grimly; "but I will kill him nevertheless."

"Your pardon, Lotz," said O'Malley quietly; "permit me to urge that my claim on Brant is paramount. When he has disposed of me, he may square his little account with you—perhaps."

"No, no!" Brant wailed piteously. His voice was almost a squeal. Edmund ignored the interruption.

"As a matter of fact," he continued, "I came here to fight both of you."

There was a moment's silence. Brant's cunning brain, a prey to vexation and deadly fear, was yet foxily searching, gauging, scheming. Surely there must be some way out! He saw that O'Malley's sword-arm and hand were swathed in bandages.

With his left hand, easily, as a man draws a dagger, Edmund drew his blade.

"Stand aside, Lotz!" he ordered, advancing upon Brant, who shrank before the shining weapon. "Come, Brant, engage," he said pleasantly, as though proposing to indulge in a friendly fencing bout.

Brant wore a sword, but he refused to draw. White-lipped and narrow-eyed, he grinned evilly at his adversary. Edmund was vaguely reminded of the Duke of Ungvar. The man had caught the mannerism of the master.

"I cannot fight. I am no swordsman," he pleaded.

"Merely a murderer," Edmund added civilly.

"Fight Lotz first," Brant suggested.

"No!" answered Edmund, inexorable.

"Fight us both together, then," Brant prompted.

"No!" came a gruff negative from Lotz. "One at a time is fair fighting. Besides, he is hurt and disabled. When

he has finished with you, I will take my turn."

Brant leered mockingly at the other. "I knew you were afraid of him," he snarled.

Lotz dropped his sword and dealt his tormentor a swishing slap across the face.

O'Malley made a gesture of impatience.

"We waste time," he said. "I have immediate and important business elsewhere. If you don't draw and defend yourself, Brant, I will shear the head from your shoulders at one sweep. Just in such fashion have I served traitors before."

Brant realised that further temporising was useless. He drew his sword.

The blades had crossed perhaps half-a-dozen times, Brant backing timorously, when Lotz beheld O'Malley's sword whirl in a lightning circle.

There came an agonising squeal from Brant. Severed at the wrist, his right hand, with the sword in its grasp, flew through the air and fell with a thud at Lotz's very feet.

Blood spouted from the handless stump as Brant, with a howl, sank to his knees, his left hand gripping his maimed forearm.

Lotz went ashen pale; but Edmund maintained a pose of stony indifference. Ere long Brant's frenzied howls changed to low moans of agony.

"Tear his scarf into trips and bind his arm tightly," O'Malley said to Lotz.

The trooper, who had some sort of rude skill in such matters, bound the wounded limb, and, with tightly-drawn ligatures, stanching the flow of blood.

"The hand that fired the hunting-lodge must pay the penalty," O'Malley said, spearing the bleeding member on his sword-point and stepping towards the door. A swing of his weapon sent the hand flying over the cliff and into the Pool of the Dead.

"'Tis but a morsel to whet the merman's appetite," he said. "The full meal follows presently."

Returning to the stable, he addressed Brant.

"Get you gone to the city," he said sternly. "Seek out some leech to heal your hurt, and beware how you cross my path again. Go in silence. Speak not a word until you reach the heart of Rhonberg. If you attempt to cry out, or to warn your master that I am here, you shall follow your hand into the pool. Go!"

Brant was weeping now, snivelling like a whipped cur. He crept away silently, and drifted from the courtyard. Beaten and broken, he passed from Edmund's life for ever.

Swinging his sword, O'Malley turned smilingly to Lotz.

"At your service, sir," he said, with a profound bow.

Sturdily Lotz faced him, and the pair engaged. O'Malley found his opponent no mean swordsman. The trooper had a supple wrist and a stout arm. His skill was not of the highest, but still he showed no sign of blenching before the blinding play of Edmund's swishing blade. Like most swordsmen, Lotz found himself at a grave disadvantage in tackling a left-handed opponent.

(To be Continued.)

INTERNATIONAL ARMY BOXING.

Huge Audience Sees Splendid Sport in Portobello Gymnasium.

ENGLISHMEN WIN FOUR AND LOSE FOUR CONTESTS.

"It was a pleasure to be here to-night and to witness the manner in which the several fights were carried out and the true sportsmanlike spirit manifested by both victors and losers in all the contests. Everything was fair and above board and without fear, favour or affection for anybody."

So said the Minister for Defence at the presentation of souvenir medals to the contestants in last night's great International Army Boxing Competitions at Portobello Barracks. In the name of all present and in the name of sport he extended a *Cead mile failte* to the British Army representatives, and the audience cheered the sentiment to the echo.

Colonel R. V. Cowey, on behalf of the British Army Boxing Association said it was his privilege to return thanks for the magnificent welcome which they in Ireland had given the English team. "A night like this," he said "cannot but help on the good cause of international friendship, and I hope that I am voicing your feelings when I say that it ought to become an annual event," (loud cheers).

The spacious gymnasium of Portobello Barracks was packed to the last available inch of space, and many hundreds who had delayed getting tickets until the last day were disappointed. The Army has brought about such a boxing revival in Ireland that it looks as if Portobello gymnasium will have to be enlarged for future contests. The huge audience, on the whole, displayed amazingly good order—a fact to which the Minister for Defence paid tribute.

The British representatives carried off the Bantam, Feather, Middle and Cruiser Weight honours, whilst the Fly, Light, Welter and Heavy Weights were won by the Saorstat representatives, the honours in the Heavy going to Guard O'Driscoll. The boxing was of good quality all round and all the bouts went the full six rounds of two minutes each.

BOUTS DESCRIBED.

FLYWEIGHT.

Corpl. McDonogh (25th Battn.) beat Corpl. Connell (1st Cameronians) on points.

McDonogh landed the left early to the head, but Connell replied with a left to the body. Connell forced McDonogh to the ropes, but the latter covered cleverly. Honours were even at the end of the round. In the second meeting McDonogh scored freely with the left, but the Englishman almost landed a right uppercut, McDonogh evading the attempt. McDonogh covered up well in the third session and had the better of a good round in which infighting was the order. Connell forced the pace in the opening of the fourth, but McDonogh fought back well, landing the left frequently to the head. Connell sought a k.o. route home, but it proved unavailing. In the fifth Connell scored frequently to the head with both hands at the start, but clever ducking and splendid ringcraft left McDonogh well in front. In the final meeting a good right to the head by Connell shook McDonogh up, but the latter scored freely with the left and gained a well-merited victory.

BANTAMS.

Corpl. G. H. Aguzzi (1st Northampton) beat Pte. Leslie (A.S.C.) on points. Both boxed cautiously at the start

and a dangerous straight left by Aguzzi kept Leslie on guard. It was an even first round with little forcing. Aguzzi gave a clever exhibition in the second and boxing well with both hands had Leslie perplexed before the end of the round. In the third Leslie got the right home to the head often, but the visitor plied a telling left in return and continued to gather points. Aguzzi sent home terrific rights to the head and body in the fourth and shook Leslie up. Leslie improved towards the end of the round but failed to follow up some good chances of finishing the fight. The fifth proved an infighting round, with little advantage to either. At the final meeting Aguzzi did most of the attacking, and although Leslie had his opponent groggy near the end Aguzzi was a good winner at the finish.

CRUISERWEIGHT.

Lieut. J. Courtis (R.A.S.C.) beat Pte. Kidley on points.

Courtis used the ring well in the first round and showed no desire to mix matters. He landed a few good lefts to the head in a tame round. There was again little boxing in the second, with Kidley landing an occasional body blow in reply to some good work by the Englishman's left. Kidley forced the fight in the third, but little progress was made by either from a boxing point of view. The fourth showed Courtis

the speedier boxer, but their was little sting behind the blows of either. Courtis put more vim into the next round and gathered points as the fight progressed. In the final round Courtis used the ring well, and scored with his life often, to gain a good decision.

FEATHERWEIGHT.

Sergt. W. D. Beale (2nd The Buffs) beat Pte. Clarke (8th Battn.).

A good left to the head by Clarke caused his opponent to wince back, but the Englishman replied with a right to the ribs. Clarke boxed coolly throughout the round and held a slight lead at the finish. In the second Clarke got home to the head and ribs and carrying the fight maintained his lead. Beale in the third improved, scoring often with right to the head and body, whilst Clarke fought gamely and shared the round. In the fourth a right to the jaw by Clarke steadied his opponent, who tried to play on Clarke's damaged eye. Clarke had the better of the exchanges. In the fifth after even exchanges Clarke slipped to the boards, and Beale in lifting his opponent clear was warmly applauded for his sporting spirit. The sixth saw Clarke forcing matters and he got home a straight left frequently to the head, and although Beale showed improvement he seemed to be behind at the finish, when he received the verdict.

WELTERWEIGHT.

Sergt. P. Dwyer (16th Battn.) beat Corpl. A. Watts (1st Lanes. Fusiliers).

The opening round consisted of hot exchanges in which Watts proved a clever two-handed boxer. Dwyer tried to connect often with his right, but clever ringeraft by Watts denied him. Half way through the second Watts got the right across to the head, but there was little sting in it. Dwyer fought back well and scored on Watts' body. Watts in the next used his longer reach to advantage, but Dwyer possessed the stronger dig when his right proved dangerous and Dwyer went for his man early in the next and did most of the fighting. Watts appeared tired. In the fifth Watts frequently shot his left home and Dwyer levelled up matters with rights to the head and ribs. Watts in the final session got through Dwyer's guard with right uppercuts, and although the Englishman seemed to have a slight lead the judges disagreed and the referee (Surgeon F. Morrin) awarded the fight to Dwyer.

MIDDLEWEIGHT.

Sergt. F. P. Crawley (R. Tank Corps) beat Pte. Morgan (23rd Battn.) on points.

Both were slow at the start, but there was early evidence of a damaging left coming from the visitor. The second round saw plenty of tackling by Morgan, but his opponent was wary and little damage was done by either. Morgan landed a good right to the head in the third and then carried the fight, forcing Crawley about the ring. At the next meeting the Englishman tore in to Morgan, who replied with a great right to the head. Crawley got his left home often but did little damage. Morgan started the fifth well, following up a good right to the jaw with another. Morgan had the better of the round. In the last round there was plenty of strong boxing, both showing little signs of stress. Crawley did most of the attacking and earned the verdict with a useful left.

LIGHTWEIGHTS.

Pte. "Mossy" Doyle (16th Battn.) beat Pte. Grimes (2nd E. Lanes) on points.

Doyle started to work at once and in a clever round, in which both showed good boxing, got home to the ribs and head with a dangerous right. In the next a right swing to the head by Doyle shook Grimes up, but the latter cleverly ducked dangerous lefts to the head. Doyle had the better of the round. Grimes was kept to the ropes for most of the next round but fought back gamely. Doyle had easily the better of the exchanges. In the fourth, although Doyle was the aggressor, Grimes fought back well from clinches, but was weak in delivery. In the fifth Grimes was dropped for six, but rose gamely. The sixth round provided a good mill with plenty of hard hitting. Doyle was the cleverer throughout and gained the decision over a plucky opponent.

HEAVYWEIGHTS.

Garda O'Driscoll beat Guardsman J. Harrison (1st Grenadier Guards) on points.

The first consisted of infighting in which Harrison showed up slightly the better. O'Driscoll in the second got home to the head with a good right, but clever dodging by the Englishman prevented any damage. In the next O'Driscoll kept Harrison to his corner, but inflicted little damage in an uninteresting round. The fourth provided better boxing, O'Driscoll still forcing the fight. Harrison did most of the work in the next and often had the Garda on the retreat. Harrison carried the fight to his opponent at the beginning of the final session, but a right uppercut by O'Driscoll almost found its billet. O'Driscoll won on points in a disappointing bout.

FLYWEIGHTS.

Pte. Joynt (15th Battn.) beat J. Kearns (Phoenix B.C.) on points.

The civilian put up a splendid show, but the experience of Joynt told in the end, when he received the decision.

Guard McAlinden (Garda Sioghana) and Sergt. M. Duggan (18th Infantry Battalion).

The last fight of the night between the ex-Army man Garda McAlinden and Sergt. M. Duggan provided one of the best contests of the night. There was plenty of give and take, with hard hitting throughout. After a splendid contest the judges disagreed and the referee declared a draw.

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS.

The vast majority of the audience, despite the lateness of the hour, remained in their seats for the ceremony of the presentation of medals by the Minister for Defence.

At 11.25 the English team, led by Lieutenant Courtis, entered the ring and lined up against the ropes at one side. They were all in civilian costume and some of them bore signs of the conflict in the shape of bandaged hands, whilst Aguzzi had a big patch of plaster under his left eye. Immediately afterwards the Irish boxers took up position along the ropes facing their former antagonists. Some of the Irishmen, all of whom save two were in uniform, also showed bandaged hands.

Terrific cheering greeted the appearance on the platform of the Minister for Defence, who was accompanied by Colonel R. V. Cowey, D.S.O., Chairman of the British Army Boxing Association, Captain M. J. Chamberlain, M.B.E., and a number of the Irish Army Chiefs.

"In the first place," said the Minister, "I want to congratulate you all on the good order maintained. It was a wonderful attendance and the order was very good indeed. I wish to extend to our visitors, the representatives of the British Army here, a hearty *Cead míle fáille* in your name and in the name of sport (loud applause). It was a pleasure to be here to-night and to witness the manner in which the several fights were carried out and the true sportsmanlike spirit manifested by both victors and losers in all the con-

tests (applause). Everything was fair and above board and without fear, favour or affection for anybody (applause).

"The success of to-night's proceedings was a great pleasure. I am sure that the management and the persons who were responsible for getting up these fights and I am sure that when the visitors go back to their own country they will say that they have received genuine Irish hospitality and fair play in the City of Dublin" (loud and continued applause in which the British representatives joined).

The Minister for Defence then presented the medals, shaking hands with each man as he came up and in some cases adding a word of congratulation or a sympathetic comment at the sight of some slight injury sustained in the bouts. Medals were also presented to the trainers of the respective teams.

The Minister then introduced Colonel Cowey, who met with a most enthusiastic reception.

When the applause had subsided the Colonel said:—

"Gentlemen, It is my privilege to-night to thank you on behalf of the British Army Boxing Association for the magnificent welcome which you in Ireland have given our team. I think you will agree that no one need look for cleaner, gamer, or more sporting boxing (hear, hear, and applause). A night like this cannot but help on the good cause of international friendship, and I hope that I am voicing your feelings when I say that it ought to become an annual event (loud applause).

"We in England shall look forward with great pleasure to the visit of the Irish Army Boxing team to our own country. We may not be able to equal your hospitality, but we shall do our best (applause).

"I must not say much more. It has been a great night's sport and all of our party are only too glad to visit your beautiful country and to compete with you on equal terms in good hard sport. Gentlemen, I think you for your kindness to me and our team. We shall not forget it." (Loud applause.)

The Colonel then called upon the British team to give three cheers for the Irish Army Boxing team, which they did with a vigorous enthusiasm that made the roof ring.

The Minister for Defence immediately stepped forward and called upon the Irish team to reciprocate, and the Irishmen gave as good as they got in cheering, and at the finish the audience added another cheer of their own for the visitors.

The proceedings then concluded.

THE OFFICIALS.

Referees—Surgeon F. Morrin, Hon. Pres., I.A.B.A.; Mr. Thos. P. Walsh, Hon. Sec., I.A.B.A.

Judges—Major-Gen. W. R. E. Murphy, Garda Sioghana; Lieut.-Colonel R. V. Cowey, D.S.O., Hon. Chairman, B.A.B.A.; Capt. N. J. Chamberlain, M.B.E., Hon. Treasurer, B.A.B.A.; Dr. C. Hannigan, National University B.C.; Mr. F. St. John Lyburn, Dublin University B.C.; Capt. S. O'Beirne, A.A.A.; Capt. Brennan, A.A.A.; Sergt. Kelly, A.A.A.

Timekeepers—Col. J. Byrne, A.A.A.; Capt. M. Wilson, A.A.A.

M.C.—Comdt. L. O'Hegarty, A.A.A.

HURLING FINAL. Disappointing Day at Croke Park.

CORK'S HOLLOW WIN.

The sodden state of the ground at last Sunday's final of the Hurling Championship could hardly be used as an excuse for Kilkenny's defeat. The result would not have been altered under any conditions. At no stage of the struggle did Kilkenny shape like winners and their opponents form the best hurling combination seen for a long time.

Considering the adverse weather conditions the crowd must have been a satisfactory one from the point of view of the Central Council, who, by this time, have made up for last year's many deficiencies. About 26,800 paid £2,631 for admission, but it hardly could be said that they got their money's worth—at least in the second half.

Fast up-and-down play ruled in the opening exchanges, but Cork were first to score. This augured well, since they were playing against a stiff breeze. Ahern's goal was a fine piece of opportunism. Kilkenny replied with a goal per Roberts, who scored with an angular shot from 15 yards' range.

Cork gradually asserted superiority and scored a minor per Higgins and a thrilling goal by the now famous "Judy" Coughlan. From the loose in midfield Meagher (L.) shot a nicely-judged point, but the score was disallowed on the grounds, obviously, that Murphy, the Cork centre full, had committed an infringement before the ball had crossed the bar. Even though Kilkenny scored a goal from the scramble which followed the resultant free I question whether the referee's ruling was correct. His whistle may have sounded before the ball actually crossed the bar, but I did not hear it, and, furthermore, the flag was raised.

Rule Needing Revision.

An incident not without importance occurred earlier in the first half. L. Meagher, who was perhaps the best of the Kilkenny men, cleverly placed the ball high up between the posts from a side line puck. As no one else had touched the ball no score was allowed, and rightly so, according to the rules. Here is, I think, a rule which would bear revision, since it is only one man in a hundred who could perform the feat. As the rule stands now Meagher was penalised for what most hurlers agree is one of the most spectacular and difficult feats in the game.

The second half needs little description. Assisted by the freshening breeze Cork made it nothing less than a procession. In every department they were superior. The final score of 4-6 to 2-0 by no means flatters them. They really missed scores owing to the greasy surface and the heavy ball.

Cantwell's Two Camans.

I do not think Cantwell can be blamed. Indeed to my mind he did well. I am intrigued though by his

rather original idea in having one stick for pucking out and another for the rest of the play. Cantwell, though it did not avail him on Sunday last, has probably a good reason for this, because he drove the longest ball on the field either with or against the breeze. L. Meagher and both Dunphys were sound enough, but Grace and Power, especially the former player, were very disappointing. Kilkenny, on the whole, covered up very poorly and allowed the Cork midfield men altogether too much rope.

Who has not heard of Sean Og Murphy? None but a recluse indeed, since the magic name has been borne on ethereal waves to the confines of the globe. Murphy is more than a good hurler. He is a thoughtful hurler. He not only defends, but opens up the game for the forwards by shrewd placing. The big West Cork man, Hurley, is a vigorous hurler, who met the ball from every angle with unerring judgment. His placings from the frees were always on the mark. The Coughlans played as Cork expected them to play. I can say the same about Clann Aherne, from the personnel of which most of the scores came. The Clann has been as successful on the field of sport as they have hitherto been in Ireland's fight for freedom. The way in which the Clan as a whole combined was delightful to watch.

Provincial System's Drawbacks.

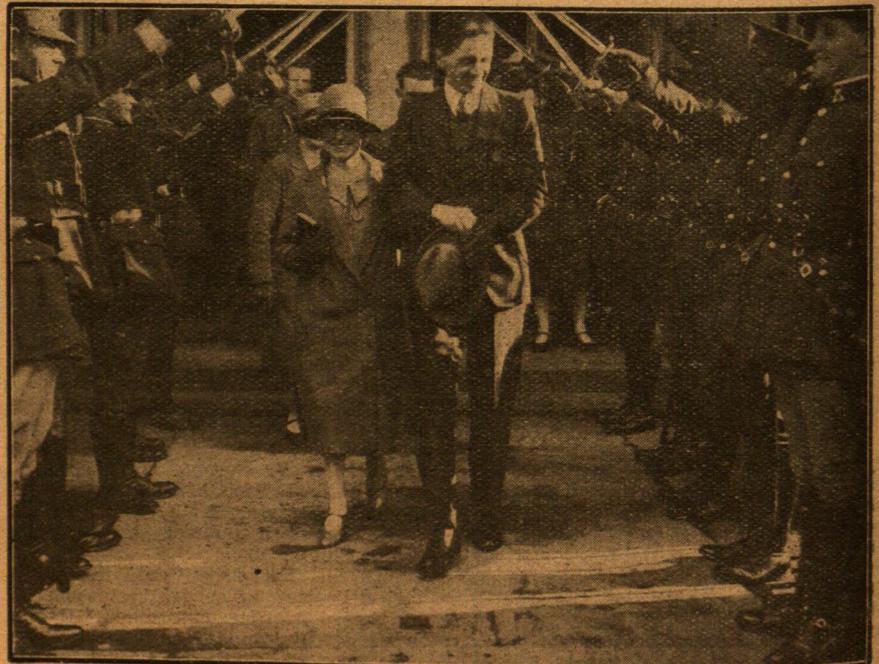
The game, by the way, has been put forward as an argument against the

present Provincial system employed by the G.A.A. It is contended that under any other arrangement Kilkenny could not have hoped to reach the final. There is unquestionably a good deal in this argument. Take the case of Tipperary, for instance. Cork could only beat them at the third attempt, yet they (Tipperary) did not reach even the semi-final. I think though that an alternative of an All-Ireland draw for the Championship would entail more expense than the counties engaged could bear. I would like to hear if there is any other point in favour of the present system.

The Army was represented on the Cork side by Murphy and Higgins, and on the Kilkenny side by Meagher (L.) and Power. With the exception of the last-named player they all played splendidly. Power is capable of a much better exhibition, however.

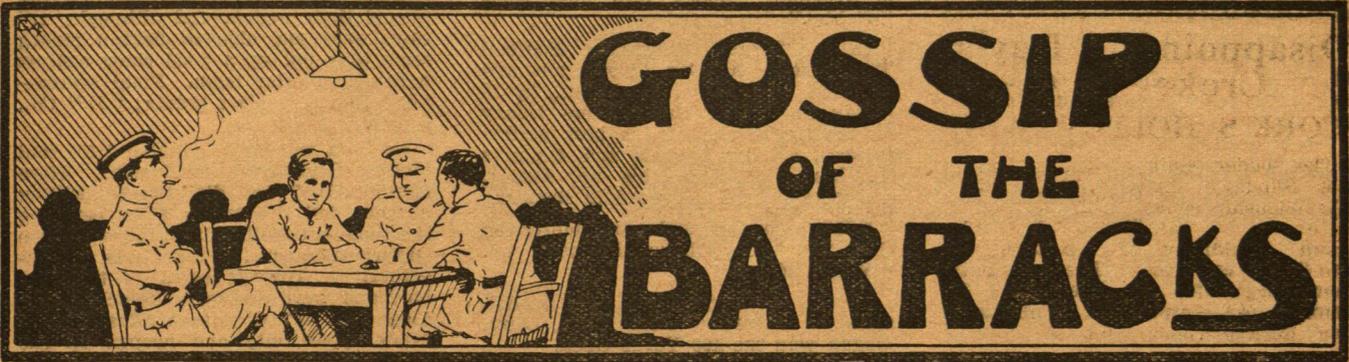
The Invisible Ball.

Though loud in his praise of our National Game I once heard an American say that it was "too fast to follow" though he guessed he had pretty good eyesight. A 6/6 from the M.O. would not avail him at Sunday's match, since there were times when it was impossible to see where the ball was. The game was not a very fast one by any means, yet one had often to wait for the ball to go dead to pick up the threads of the play. This, from the spectators' point of view, is a defect that I am surprised has not been remedied long ago. "CORMAC."



The marriage of Capt. P. Duffy, Assist. O.C., 21st Battalion, Collins Barracks, to Miss Markey, of Annagassan, Co. Louth, took place on Tuesday, 26th inst., at St. Joseph's Berkeley Road, Dublin, at 9 a.m., followed by Nuptial Mass. The bride was given away by her brother, the Junior Cham-

pion Handball player of Co. Louth. Capt. Sylvester Duffy, the bridegroom's brother, acted as best man, while the bride's sister acted as bridesmaid. Brother officers of the bridegroom formed a guard of honour under the command of Comdt. Cunningham, O.C., 21st Battalion, Collins Barracks.



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

**DEPARTMENTAL DOINGS :
PORTOBELLO.**

Sergt.-Major—I can't get into these new boots."

Batsman (unthinkingly)—"Feet swollen, too, sir?"

Daily Press:—"Consternation in Geneva—Musketry Courses started for Records Staff."

(Stop Press:—"Me Larkie' summoned to Geneva"—Ned.)

THE MEDICAL ORDERLY MAN.

Oh, he seeks not for the laurels, nor seeks he for the bays,
He only seeks to help you in a thousand different ways.

When your head is nigh abursting and your temperature too high,
Sure he'll bring you back to normal, he will not let you die.

He will always keep you cheerful and always raise a smile,

He'll spruce you that you are "O.K." tho' he's kidding all the while;

He'll dish you out with Mist. Expect. and Mist. Alba—they're fine,

For what they are intended for; Pot. Brom, for sleep divine.

He'll introduce you to Mist. Senna Co. and Ethyl. Chloride, too,

Mag. Sulph., Ung. Merc., etcetera, when things are looking blue,

Pot. Permang. and Tinc. Gentian and our old pal's "No. 9,"

And to Mist. Bis. and Pot. Chlorid and Eau-de-vie sublime.

He'll take your pulse and temperature and mark it on the chart,

He'll poultice and he'll plaster you, and he has the massage art;

And when you're up and well again to beeswax wards he'll teach you,

And of cushie wards sure No. 8 of E.C.H.'s the peach, too.

Scientists teach that sound travels at 68,000 feet a second, but that's nothing. Why in Portobello sound is umpteen laps behind rumour.

Recent statistics show that fifty per cent. of married persons attached to the Army are women. Strange!

The Gink who laughs last should have started a trifle sooner.

We all regret the cancelling of the Recreational parades. However, the Musketry parades are much appreciated. ("Please may I have a special Musketry course instead of Christmas leave, sergeant?"—Ned.)

There was a young man from Belmullet Didn't think 5 lbs. pressure would pull it,

His head got in the way
And I'm sorry to say
He lost it and they can't find the bullet.
(I see: he rang the Belmullet—Ned.)

SOME MUSKETRY DEFINITIONS.

First Catch—Caught in bunk after Reveille.

Half Bent—A defaulter picking weeds when the Sergeant is absent.

Full Bent—Defaulter picking grass when the Sergeant is present.

6 o'clock aim—To lie on.

Reinforce—The second evidence.

Nose-cap—A.G.S. handkerchief.

Fine Adjustment—Stoppage on pay day.

Extractor—Dental department.

Distance Washer—The Gink who washes the Billet steps with the hose.

Nose of the Sear—Quarter-bloke on the lookout for a Fatigue party.

Bull's Eye—Cigar or nuts.

Butt-trap—The Pioneer's barrow.

Danger Space—The G.H.Q. Orderly Room.

Fine Sight—A free voucher and a double week.

Back Sight—Hair inspection. (Hair trigger—Ned.)

The strength of the first pull-off is from 4 to 5 pints, the strength of the second depends largely upon the barrel.

Because the instructor had stated That the soldier and rifle were mated,
Said the rifle "Perforce
"I'll get a Divorce,"

And the "Decree" is now "nickel-plated."

This week's Musketry Slogan:—"What can be the smallest screw in a rifle?"

We wonder if a "cross-eyed" can shoot,

With a rifle that is bent for to suit,
Then that Gink Johnny Horner
Ain't so safe in his corner
When the lad that's cross-eyed is about.

The weekly dances continue to be a big success. "Jazzer" Walsh and a lot of the G.H.Q. boys were welcome visitors last week.

The Institute Committee are still showing their energy and enterprise. Look out for two big shows soon. The big boxing events and Sunday night dances are but a few trifles to be going on with.

The ever energetic Sergt. McAllister is starting an Irish Dancing Class for the beginners, an innovation that will be welcomed by the boys—Kit Kearney, Gimlet, and the rest will be delighted.

"Foam's" descriptive sporting notes were greatly appreciated in last week's issue. We would welcome a few encores.

"IT'S ONLY FOR YOUR GOOD."

Oh, of all the blinking ginks
That are clever at their "thinks,"
And imagine that they are so goody-good;

There's one gink gets me sick
With hypocrisy and lick,
As he chants and cants "It's only for your good."

Most of us know we ain't
Any sort of plaster saint,
But for follies always pay—as pay we should;

But a gink who should be dead,
With a halo round his head,
Comes and says "It's only for your good."

If Orders sure we've scooted
Our pay-books have restituted,
And if we click for pack-drill, well and good,

But instead of "mucking-in"
To make packs nice, light and thin,
The gink will sigh again, "Tis for your good."

GILLETTE BLADES Genuine U.S.A., 10 for 3/2 5 for 1/8, post free. **GORE** 17 MOORE STREET DUBLIN.

When you next see some defaulters
With their packs and buckshoe halters
Being paraded up and down the Barrack Square,

Think, if all was for *your* good,
You might pause before you would
Use again that sickening slogan "For
your good."

We all welcome back our old friend
R.S.M. Phelan (of the "Snake Char-
mers" after a well-deserved holiday.

"D" Company of the 27th are
as lively as ever. They evidently
thoroughly enjoy the Bello and its
surroundings—especially Palmerston
Park direction.

I have recently read a poem on the
"North Wall" and it takes some beat-
ing—however, more about it later.
Yes, the 27th has some undiscovered
talent! (The North Wall is a cold
place to read poems just now—Ned.)

The rumour is contradicted that Jeff
and Joner are to be issued with fire
helmets. *En passant*, the fire alarm
turnout the other day was thoroughly
appreciated by all—even the old engine
got the surprise of its life. (Great
Scott, is that poor, old invalid still in
Portobello?—Ned.)

By the way, I've got another record
joke for you. The Records billets have
been provided with a new gramophone
—and records (sal volatile? (No; not
sal volatile—arsenic—Ned.)

This week's slogan:—"No Jazzing
till the billet's cleaned."

"ME LARKIE."



8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

Cross-country running, which is an
ideal winter game (Everyone to their
fancy. You can have it—Ned) has
started in real earnest here. We are
glad to see that a Brigade Order has
been published allotting special days
for different units to participate in this
splendid outdoor recreation. The day
allotted to our Battalion is Tuesday.
The Battalion took part in their initial
cross-country run on Tuesday, 20th inst.
Owing to being engaged with Garrison
duties we had to field a very small
team. The run was for about a dis-
tance of 3 miles and I am glad to relate
that the old warriors were able to hold
their own with the young "uns."
(Sweet memories of the horse-chopped
ranges!—Ned.)

The Whist Drive and Dance men-
tioned in my previous notes is, I regret
to say, held back until November 5th
owing to other functions clashing with
the dates which were selected.

In the International Trial Boxing
Tourney held recently in Dublin we
were all sorry to hear of "Nobby"
Clarke meeting with defeat at the hands
of Cooper of St. Andrews. But we are
pleased to know that he made a heroic
fight against such a formidable oppo-
nent as the Featherweight Champion

of Ireland. Better luck next time,
"Nobby."

In the Brigade Inter-Coy, Football
Tournament "A" Coy. of ours met and
defeated "D" Coy., 5th Battn., by 23
points to 3. For the winners Denny
Holland gave one of his best perfor-
mances, scoring 2 goals and 4 points
for his side. Keep this up, Denny,
and we won't be backward in shouting.

"HQ" Coy. are under the impression
that "A" Coy. have the wind up.
"Wait and see."

At the Artillery Sports held in Kil-
dare on Saturday, 16th inst., Lieut.
Hogan won the 100 Yards Open.

In the Tug-o'-War we were beaten
by the Artillery by 2 pulls to nil. Lack
of training, I am sure, accounts for this
defeat. I must admit that the Gun-
ners have a good team and work in
accord with their trainer.

Congratulations to our old formidable
opponents, the 15th Battn., on winning
the Southern Command Tug-o'-War at
Limerick. The hard tussles we had on
the rope together, I am glad to see,
bore good fruit after all.

The latest to vacate our ranks for
civilian life are C.Q.M.S. Johnny Gavin,
Sergt. Paddy O'Neill, Sergt. Frank
Warby, and the "Mudder" Mac-
Donald. To them we wish the best of
good luck.

The latest make of a velocipede
known as the "Wireless Bike" has
made its way into "B" Coy. and is
now the sole property of "Garrett."
It is hoped that the guardians of the
law will not disturb him on the various
expeditions he is about to undertake.

All ranks sympathise with Lieut. G.
Higgins in his recent sad bereavement
by the death of his sister.

"GRAVEL-CRUSHER."



24th BATTALION, DUNDALK.

Once again the scribe has arisen from
his slumbers (They ARE waking up!—
Ned) to record the doings of two and
four. To make excuse for our long ab-
sence from the columns of the journal
would prove too long a tale; enough to
say, in the words of O'Boy of "C"
Coy., that "When a man is on active
service he can't be expected to write
home." It is now too late to give in
detail all the happenings that occurred
during the period of collective training.
(And so say all of us—Ned.)

On the 29th September the Battalion
arrived in Dundalk and in a few days
had comfortably settled in their quar-
ters; "C" Coy. doing the garrison
duties in Gormanston and Drogheda.
Necessarily a few days had to elapse
before the sporting side could be taken
up.

It being so late in the season and a
desire existing to have the Battalion
Football and Hurling Championships de-
cided it was agreed to play them off
on the K.O. system. On Wednesday,

October 20th, "B" and "D" Coys.
played their match, and although "D"
Coy. were not able to field a strong
team they put up a good show against
a much superior team. Final scores—
"B" Coy., 2 goals 4 points; "D" Co.,
3 points.

Late on the same evening "A" and
"HQ" Coys. tried conclusions. Here
again "HQ" had difficulty in fielding
a team, but eventually after perusing
the nominal roll with "Steve," the
Orderly Sergeant, a team was got to-
gether. "HQ" pressed in the first
half and were decidedly unlucky. Mc-
Aleer of "A" Coy. took advantage of
every opportunity and heaped up the
points for his team. This was the
biggest thorn in the side of "HQ." It
would be unfair to pass over this match
without mentioning the herculean
efforts of Dr. Power to raise a winning
flag for "HQ," as also did Lieut. Coffey
and Pte. Dolan. "HQ" were doomed to
fall and when the final whistle went the
scores stood:—"A" Coy., 2 goals 6
points; "HQ," 4 points. (That's the
sort of snappy report we want of such
events—Ned.)

Inside the next fortnight we will be
able to give the winners of the Cham-
pionship.

All ranks are looking forward to the
return of Commdt. Ryan from hospital.

"NORTHERN LIGHTS."



12th BATTALION, TEMPLE-MORE.

On Friday, 22nd instant, we
had the pleasure of hearing a
recital from that wonderful musical
combination, the Army No. 1 Band. The
programme was greatly appreciated,
especially the Irish pieces. (All the
Irish airs you mentioned are included
in the "Irish Fantasia" of Colonel
Brase.—Ned.)

A very successful Whist Drive was
conducted in Barracks on Tuesday
night, the 19th inst. The prizes were
valuable and the admiration of all.
All the civilians who attended were at
one, in their praise of the arrange-
ments.

On Tuesday night, the 26th inst., we
are to hold the first dance of the sea-
son. The Editor will be pleased to
know that Irish dances are to hold
pride of place.—(He is.—Ned.)

Up to the time of writing (the 22nd
inst.) "A" Coy. have not yet returned
to these Headquarters from the Lime-
rick area. Our friend, Sergeant "Duck"
Manning, popularly known as "The
Burgomaster of Ennis," is still on de-
tachment with a platoon of "D" Coy.
that is in occupation of Ennis post.

Congratulations to Sgt. Paddy Dwyer
on honours recently received in boxing
competitions. We knew he could do it.

While on the business of congratula-
tions, we feel it our duty to place on
record our admiration of the Kerry
Football team on their recent meritori-
ous victory.—(And he's a Corkman—
Ned.)

"ROS CAIRBRE."



BERESFORD BARRACKS, CURRAGH.

Capt. W. Carmichael and Lieut. R. Woodlock were the guests of the Officers of Camp Headquarters at a dinner given at Beresford Barracks Mess in honour of their recent weddings on Tuesday evening, 14th inst. Colonel Henry, Camp Administrative Officer, presided, Major McCabe, Camp Adjt., and Major McDonald, A.C.C., being also present. After dinner and a number of tributes to the guests of the evening, an enjoyable musical programme was contributed. Speeches were delivered by Capt. S. O'Carroll, Capt. J. P. Harpur, Capt. W. Bruen, and Capt. S. O'Donovan. The No. 3 Band and the Beresford Jazz Band contributed to the musical entertainment. Capt. Carmichael and Lieut. Woodlock returned thanks and the function closed.

Beresford Barracks has contributed £17 5s. to the Drumcollogher Disaster Fund.

We agree entirely with "Gravel-Crusher," who, in last week's issue of "An t-Oglach," said that the cancellation of the Recreational half-day sounds the death-knell of sport as far as the soldier is concerned.

Repeatedly since we referred to it in these columns, now some weeks ago, we have been asked by various interested parties, when the Billiards contest between Beresford and A.S.I. is to take place. Unfortunately we have not been able to tell them, for the very good reason that we do not know. However, when the people in charge of the arrangements enlighten us, the date will appear here. (Apparently the secret society habit still exists in some quarters.—Ned).

The Camp Choral and Dramatic Union, which, under the directorship of Capt. S. O'Carroll and Comdt. Greene-Foley, has been rehearsing assiduously for more than two months, and has now entered upon the final stage of its training. All going well, mid-November will see the Union's first public appearance. Judging by the variety of the compositions rehearsed, their superior quality, and the talent practising them, it is safe to predict that the music lovers of the Curragh will on the occasion of their Union's debut experience a unique treat. Everything is being done to ensure that the tastes and desires of all shall be satisfied. As promised we give below the constitution of the Union:—

Commandant Greene-Foley, Captain O'Carroll, Captain Harpur, Captain Higgins, Captain Cunningham, Captain Murtagh, Captain McIntyre, Lieut. Hogan, Lieut. Grey, Lieut. McDevitt, Lieut. Shevlin, Lieut. Lord, Lieut. Gaughan, Sgt.-Major Flahive, B.Q.M.S. Birch, Q.M.S. Doherty, Sgt. Singleton, Sgt. Carolan, Corporal Flaherty, Ptes. Murphy, Maher, Ryan, Keen, Reilly, Doherty, Markey, and Smith.

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

A.C.E., GRIFFITH BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

I must apologise for the non-appearance of notes in the last few issues, which was due to circumstances beyond my control. (Let off with a caution.—Ned).

The cancellation of the recreational half-holiday, coupled with the short evenings, has put an end to outdoor sport in the Barracks, with the result that under this heading there is "nothing to report." However, everything is O.K. for indoor pastimes during the coming winter months. The Sergeants' Mess was recently equipped with a Billiard table, and all the champions of the cue are now busy creating records and "breaks."

The Men's Recreation Room is already provided with a Billiard table and other games, together with a loud speaker, and, last but by no means least, a well-stocked library, so that things should not be dull during the dark, dreary evenings.

Recent departures to the Army School of Instruction were Capt. D. Sheridan and Sergt. M. Higgins on a special musketry course, and Lieut. D. Hampton and Sergt. D. Rowe ("2R.N.") on a general course. We all wish them the best of luck and trust they will enjoy their stay at the Curragh.

There are rumours of big speculations on turf recently (not the "bob-each-way" stunt), and the names of three well-known N.C.O.s are mentioned as having endeavoured to "corner" the market.

Who was it that recently confined one of "Spud's" forms in the Guard Room? Is it true that "Spud" applied to the Company Officer to have it released?

Ptes. McCormack and St. Leger have retired into "civvy life," and carry with them the best wishes of their former comrades.

This week's slogan—"Say it with turf."

The heartfelt sympathy of all ranks goes out to the relatives of the late Sergt. Dobbins, H.Q. Coy., A.C.E., who died following an operation at Ballyshannon Hospital on the 8th instant.

Deepest sympathy is also extended to Sergt. M. O'Sullivan in his recent very sad bereavement.

"CAT'S WHISKERS."



No. 3 BRIGADE, COLLINS BARRACKS, CORK.

Now that our Progressing, Collecting, and Manoeuvring programmes are over for 1926, we can start revising and soliloquising for a while. It seems that we of the South have been thinking a lot but saying little of late, as it is a long time since our doings have been chronicled in "An t-Oglach." (Well, it wasn't our fault. Welcome home.—Ned).

It was somewhat a surprise to us that the 16th Battalion Hurling team should have been beaten in the Medical Services Cup, but the 18th made amends by winning the Football.

"Mossy" Murphy, "Love" Higgins, and "Fox" Aherne are still going strong in the Hurling field, and by the time these lines appear in print, we are confident that they will have assisted Cork in annexing the All-Ireland Hurling Championship. (See "Cormac's" special report on another page.—Ned).

"Mossy" Doyle and Sgt. Dwyer are still supreme in the roped enclosure. More power to them. Our only regret is that we cannot obtain a bet on them. Everyone is confident that they will win each time, so we can find no one to "take us on!"

We would like to know when the Indoor Amusements Committee is going to get busy. We would all like "something doing" in Barracks, now that the long nights are here. Of course there are plenty of attractions, illus-



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trated, decorated, and otherwise, in the environs of Patrick Street, but surely some form of entertainment could be started in Barracks to obviate the necessity of proceeding out town in search of enjoyment. I would suggest that the Committee be reformed and some enterprising N.C.O.s and men included in it.

I do not intend these remarks to be taken as just wild criticism. We all appreciate what the Indoor Amusements Committee has done in providing Billiard tables and newspapers, but is it not a pity to see three beautiful bookcases standing empty and forlorn-looking in the Reading Room? We have a first-class Recreation Hall, and a first-class man in charge of it. It only remains to have the Reading Room well stocked, and an energetic committee. (You will be pleased to read the announcement about Barrack Libraries in another page.—Ned).

"APEX."



15th BATTALION, LIMERICK.

We regret to announce the departure from our midst of our O.C., Commandant Peadar O'Conlon. He was beloved by every Officer, N.C.O. and man amongst us, and his great interest in games and desire to see the Battalion foremost in everything was instrumental in winning our hearts. Whilst under his command the Unit made its name in the sporting field, the boxing ring and on the Square. He was always on the spot to urge the boys on to victory, ever ready to congratulate them if they won, or console them if they lost. His departure is keenly regretted by all.

Comdt. Peadar O'Conlon is succeeded by Comdt. Alphonsus O'Neill, who was our Bde. Adjutant in the late 8th Bde., when he took a deep interest in our well-being. He was assured of a whole-hearted welcome as our new O.C.

Since our arrival in Limerick the Battalion Hurling team has received many challenges, and has already played two good matches. Its first encounter was against the "Young Irelanders," the Market Field being the place selected for the match, and there was a large attendance. In the first half the lads played well, but it was the general opinion that the game would be a "runaway" for the "Young Irelanders," the scoring being at half-time—"Young Irelanders," 5 points; 15th Battalion, nil. In the second half the lads seemed to come back to their old form, and a draw marked the finish of a great display. At full-time the scores were—"Young Irelanders," 5 pts.; 15th Battalion, 1 goal 3 pts.

Our second encounter was against the Christian Brothers' Schools' team, the Battalion Sports Field being the venue. When the Schools' team took the field a glance showed that they were a fine stalwart crew—the cream of the many young hurlers who attend the Christian Brothers' Schools in the city. The match started promptly to

time, and was ably refereed by one of the Brothers. The match was very even throughout and clean play marked every stage of the game. It paid the goalkeeper to be always on the alert, as the goalmouth was frequently the scene of many a well-fought contest between backs and forwards. Ptes. Tierney, Neville, Dalton, Dowling, Sgts. Kinsella, Reynolds, Cpl. Hegarty, and Lt. Ryan played a great game for the Battalion, whilst on the Schools' side Clausey, Maloney, Fitzgerald, Burke, Mullane, O'Dee, Hurley, Flavin, and Ryan played a great game. Both goalkeepers, Pte. Lennon and young Ryan, are deserving of special tribute for the praiseworthy way they defended their respective goals. At the final whistle the result of a clean, well-contested match was—15th Battalion—4 goals 1 point; Schools—4 goals 3 points.



A.M.C., KILKENNY.

We have noticed in a recent issue of "An t-Oglach" the challenge thrown out by one of our worthy Medico's in the Southern Command, and are anxiously awaiting the inevitable result. Good luck, Jimmie!

We also noted "Ros Cairbre's" clamour for attention, and sympathize with him in his endeavours to bring to light the obvious necessity of educational classes in the Army.

At least our Military entertainments should be as "Irish" as possible. It looks anything but well to see an Army Concert being devoid of a single Irish item. This has happened very recently. *Maith an fhear, Ros Cairbre!*

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The departure of George for the Depot has left a considerable gap in our establishment, and we escorted him to the Station on Friday, the 22nd inst., with many symptoms of regret.

Thanks to Me Larkie's "Old Billet Fire," the Barrack coal-drawers realise that the troops would appreciate a bit of heat in their bones on arriving off Freezing Fatigues. We most reluctantly bow to the Superior Cerebrum contained in the cranium of our noted Poet

Lost, stolen or strayed:—20th Battalion Handball Team.

This Week's Fairy Tale:—Crow passes unhurt!!

This Week's Slogan:—Do you refuse!!

The Week's Query:—What's the time by the Barrack Clock.

THE STRONG ARM OF THE LAW.

There's a little red-bricked building just across the Barrack Square,
There's a sign upon the door,—'tis plain to see,

There's a Red-cap tall, reclining in a Married Soldier's Chair
'Tis the quarters of our local C.M.P.

As they move along the Town with swing-
ing arms and stately tread
As formidable a squad as one could see,
"Do not stand but get a move on"
reaches he who'd swing the lead
From the Phalanx of our local C.M.P.

"SOAPEX."



21st BATTALION, COLLINS BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

As the scribe is typing these few parts a happy event is taking place in one of the City Churches and the happy couple carry the best wishes of all, for their future happiness and welfare.

Sergt. O'Hanlon keeps pushing in "What is the definition of Man?"

Cpl. Jim has become a friend of the Black Cat.

Orderly: I want some ink for the Office.
Clerk. What sort?

Orderly: "Black and White."

Things are looking up in Barracks for the past few mornings, and many are thinking over that old saying, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." And, I suppose, thinking that it is as cock-eyed as the rest of the proverbs.—Ned).

The Annual Billiards Handicap is about to open in connection with the Mens' Recreation Room, and judging by entries received, seems to go one better for success than any held previously.

What "Guy" went for a run the night before breakfast the other morning? (He must be a "dark" horse.—Ned).

Who was the contractor's assistant who said he had sent the peas and beans, and that the cheese was "going along by itself?"

"Whist" has again commenced at the Men's Recreation Room and will take place on Tuesday of each Week until further notice. Friend McCalliskey was amongst the Winners on the opening night.

*"I love everything that's old :
old friends old books,
old wine"*

—Goldsmith.

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Good reports to hand from our Curragh and Baldonnell contingents.

When will Boxing Tournaments in Barracks commence?

Are we to have any Smoking Concerts?

Are we to have extras for Hallow-Eve?

Are N.C.O.'s contemplating running a Dance soon?



23rd BATT., PORTOBELLO.

This week is a dark one, in the annals of the 'Bello; at least amongst the adherents of the short-grass county, the majority of whom journeyed to Croke Park on Sunday, the 17th inst., to witness the defeat of their champions, at the hands of the "Kingdom." Great crowd, great game, great day in the history of Gaelic Ireland. Proud we were, to see our little Army represented on both sides, and who can doubt them worthy of their trust.

By the time these notes appear the Hurling Final will have been decided, and another exodus from the 'Bello will have taken place on Sunday, the 24th, for Croke Park. (Let us hope they all got back safely.—Ned)

On Wednesday, 20th instant, a friendly match was played between the 22nd Infantry Battalion and our No 2 team. The 22nd were without the services of some of their stalwarts and the match resulted in a rather easy win for us. Final score:—23rd Battalion (No. 2), 4 goals 2 points. 22nd Battalion 3 points.

Our recent departures for the A.S.I., Curragh, include Captain T. Magee, Captain T. Cullen, Captain M. Flynn, and Lieut. F. Tummon; Serjts. M. Murphy, W. Devine, K. Phelan, G. O'Hara, H. Halls, and J. Garry. We wish them a pleasant sojourn in the land of "Wind and Wire"

Our Dance Class is going "Great Guns" and on Wednesday, 20th inst., a most enjoyable evening was spent by a large number of patrons.

Once again, we congratulate Tommy Morgan on his splendid victory in the All-Army International Try-Out. Against such an opponent as Garda Chase, his success is a note-worthy event, and augurs well for his career as an amateur Middle-Weight. "Some Boy" is our "Tommy."

A "Quick one" was pulled on Wednesday, the 20th instant, when the "Fire Alarm" shattered the peaceful stillness of the 'Bello. All were on parade in record (not records) time, only to discover that it was merely a practice. The only one "Put Out" I hear, was "Joner" who was the recipient of a "Buck-shee" Shower Bath.

COLLAR BADGE.

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—AND OURS—THAT YOU
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25th BATTALION, ATHLONE.

On Saturday, 16th inst., "C" Company played the Engineers Company a game of Rounders. Both teams were new to the game, but all hands showed a keen interest in the success of their respective sides so that the return match is looked forward to with interest by all parties.

"C" Company took up the first innings and put up a score of 40. "Jerry" Long hit a few nice boundaries during the play. When the Engineers went in it looked blue for "C" Company. Not one could we get out and the scores were practically level when a brace of nice catches by Keane and another by Patterson let the scores 46 for "C" Company and 42 for the Engineers.

Then there was a Football match between Headquarters Company and the Transport. "HQ" who fielded their full team had an easy victory from their opponents who were not up to their usual strength.

On Wednesday, the 20th inst., "C" Company played Command HQ. Company in the same league. The result proved a draw of 7 points each. The match was very fast and exciting.

The following is now the position of the League:—

Company	P.	W.	L.	D.	T.
Bn. HQ. Coy.	2	1	0	1	3
A.M.C. Coy.	1	1	0	0	2
"A" Coy.	1	0	0	1	1
"C" Coy.	1	0	0	1	1
Comd. HQ. Coy.	1	0	0	1	1
"B" Coy.	1	0	1	0	0

J.P.K.

ARMY HURLING REPLAY.

In consequence of an objection lodged by the 20th Infantry Battalion it has been decided by the Executive Council of the A.A.A. that the hurling match between the 20th and No. 5 Group in the first round of the Chaplains' Cup shall be replayed at a date to be announced later.

THE ORIGIN OF "GINK."

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

Sir,—I crave the liberty of trespassing on your valuable space to inquire if any readers of your popular journal could inform me what is the origin of the word "Gink"? I have tried several dictionaries but still seek elucidation. Your esteemed correspondent, "Me Larkie," makes great use of it, and I observe that several of your correspondents are following suit.

Perhaps if "Me Larkie" can find time he will oblige—or did he coin the word himself? The word has certainly found adoption in the barrack rooms and messes. Thanking you in anticipation.

"ENQUIRER."

LIBRARIES FOR BARRACKS.

Ten to be Equipped Immediately.

We are glad to be able to inform our readers that arrangements have been completed for the provision of completely equipped Barrack Libraries and within the next week or so a number of them will be installed.

The following stations will be supplied almost immediately:—

McKee Barracks, Dublin;
Collins Barracks, Dublin;
Portobello Barracks, Dublin;
Kilkenny Barracks;
Beresford Barracks, Curragh Training Camp;
Army School of Instruction, Curragh Training Camp;
Collins Barracks, Cork;
New Barracks, Limerick;
Custume Barracks, Athlone;
Finner Camp, County Donegal.

We understand that two bookcases are being issued with each Library, together with catalogues giving the Library number, title, author and classification of the books forming the Library.

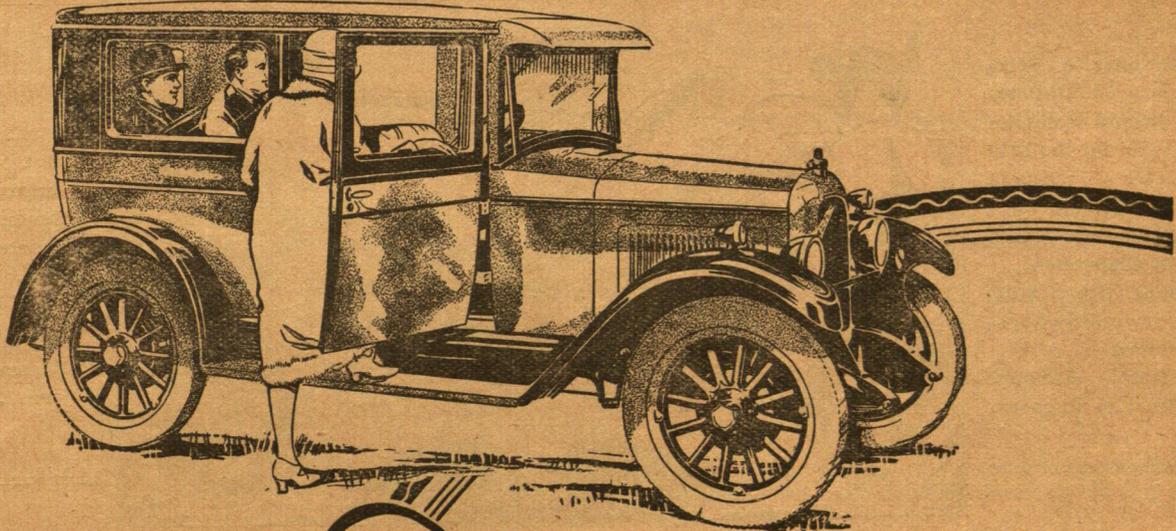
The Army authorities in placing these Libraries at the disposal of the troops have had in mind the educational development of the N.C.O.'s and men, as well as their recreation. The Libraries are broad in their selection and it is hoped that they will give such a stimulus to useful reading that each may become the nucleus of a thoroughly up-to-date Standard Library suitable to each unit. The books are the best and most recent editions of their kind.

The books are primarily intended for the use of the N.C.O.'s and men, but officers desiring to do so may borrow books from the Library. A borrower's ticket will be issued to any officer, N.C.O. or man who makes application for same to the Librarian. A borrower may have the use of not more than two volumes for a period not exceeding ten days, which period may be extended on application to the Librarian, who will then re-issue the book to the borrower, provided it is not required by another reader.

Full details for the regulations governing the Library may be had from the Librarian in each case.

REMEMBER DATES.

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



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

While a batch of recruits were undergoing musketry instruction the fiery Sergeant-Major noticed a dull-looking private yawning.

Striding up to him he snatched the rifle from his hand and, after a few biting remarks, gave him a "quick fire" synopsis of the lecture.

"But," he said when he had finished, "I suppose it's no use trying to get anything about the rifle into your head. What the deuce were you before you joined the Army?"

Said the private, meekly:
"A gunsmith," Sergeant."

Prize of Solingen razor awarded to 21813, Pte. S. Croghan, Army Corps of Engineers, Oustume Barracks, Athlone.

"The study of the occult sciences interests me very much," remarked the civilian acquaintance. "I love to explore the dark depths of the mysterious, to delve into the regions of the unknown, to fathom the unfathomable, as it were, and to—"

"Come up to Barracks and see our stew," invited Private O'Leary.

Donal ran lightly up the steps and gave the door-bell an impatient pull. The door was opened by a new maid who had never seen the young man before.

"Is Miss Maire in?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," said the girl, "but she's engaged."

"I know it," he replied; "I'm what she's engaged to."

The sergeant was taking the recruits' squad.

"For the last time," he shouted, "I ask you the simple question: 'What is a fortification?'"

The recruits stood fast to a man. No one answered. Striding up to the most intelligent-looking man, the N.C.O. bawled: "Tell me, what is a fortification?"

The answer came like a cork out of a bottle:—

"Two twentifications, sergeant!"

Soldier at Sea: "I say, Harry, we're two days overdue. Why do you suppose we've not sighted land?"

The Other Gink: "Can't imagine, except possibly that ever since the compass fell overboard I've been steering by the bally barometer."

"Have you heard that Me Larkie lost his voice yesterday?"

"No; I must send my wife to see him at once."

"Why; are you a friend of his?"

"No, but it may be catching!"

Old Gentleman: "My little man, you mustn't say, 'I ain't goin'. You must say, 'I am not going,' 'He is not going,' 'We are not going,' 'They are not going.'"

The Barrack Prodigy: "Ain't nobody goin'?"

Miss Flatt: "I'm sorry you don't think much of my voice, professor. people next door say I ought to go abroad to study."

Professor: "Yes, but I don't live next door."

"That was rough on Murphy,"

"What?"

"He stepped on a piece of orange peel, fell, and was arrested by the Gardai for giving a street performance without a licence."

"I used to think you were so affectionate, Sean. Before we were married you used to hold my hands for hours."

"Well, that was to keep you away from the piano."

A sailor returned to his ship after having exceeded his leave by four and a half days.

Asked by the commander in his "Number One" manner, what he had to say for himself, the able-bodied one scratched his head, meditated deeply, and replied:—

"Well, sir, my alarm clock got busted."

He was an Aberdonian dentist, and he died. His widow used his door-plate for the name-plate on the coffin.

"Here's a letter it would scarcely do for us to publish," said the patent medicine quack. "A man writes: 'I have just taken a bottle of your medicine.'"

"Well?" said his partner.

"There it breaks off short, and is signed in another handwriting, 'Per Executor.'"

Private O'Grady was shy, but he responded nobly when the pretty girl gave him an opening.

"I hope," she said, "you will invite me to your wedding when you get married."

"Yes," he replied. "I'll invite you before I ask anyone else, and if you don't accept there won't be any wedding."

Garda: "How many times is this I've arrested you?"

Prisoner: "Don't—hic—ask me. I thought you were keepin' th' score."

"Grandpa's a hundred and three years old to-day, doctor."

"Isn't that splendid! And does he read or do anything?"

"No, 'e don't seem to 'ave no ambition for nothin'."

Asked to compose a sentence containing the name "Beatrice," little Jimmy wrote: "My sister wants to Beatrice cyclist."

Mrs. Binks: "Well, this is good news, anyhow. Me daughter's written to say she's got a reg'lar job at last, as bridesmaid to a film actress at Hollywood."

"Darling, you are the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Oh, Seumas, how quick you are at noticing things!"

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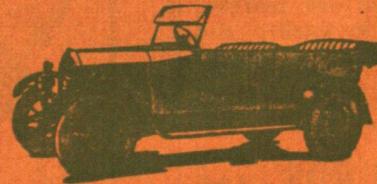
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And back of the mill, the wheat and
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