



Vol. V. No. 22.

December 4th, 1926.

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# Αν τ-Όζλάς

Vol. V. No. 22.

DECEMBER 4, 1926.

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# An t-Oglach

DECEMBER 4, 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.*

## CÓMRAÐ AS AN EASARCIÓN.

### FRIENDS ABROAD.

ONE of the pleasantest tasks in our editorial routine is the perusal of the American military journals which reach this office.

Despite disparities of age and strength there is much in common between the Army of Uncle Sam and the Army of Ireland. Both are continually assailed by carping critics on the ground of unnecessary expense and in the States these Ballyhoos experts apparently have succeeded in stinting the Army of many necessities, to judge from the comments in our transatlantic contemporaries. In addition, our American comrades are beset by a veritable mosquito plague of pacifists, who have conceived the brilliant idea of abolishing war by first abolishing their own army and navy.

Apart from our common nuisances, however, there are many ties between us. A very large proportion of the American Army and Navy is composed of Irish-born men, or men of Irish descent. This is a fact as indisputable to-day as it was a quarter of a century ago when the sinking of the "Maine" inspired the author of "The Fighting Race" to pen one of the finest tributes ever written to the sea-divided Gael. It is a fact which persists in the back of the mind when reading these American army magazines—one always has the feeling that he is reading about matters which intimately affect many thousands of his exiled countrymen. Furthermore, the American military system seems to be more attuned to our own than any other we have encountered

(making all the necessary allowances in proportion).

The forces of the United States have every reason to be proud of their service journals, which are unique amongst magazines of that class. Their format is distinctively American and they are one and all stamped with that intellectual alertness which seems to be a national characteristic over there. Whereas European military periodicals are solid and stolid, relying solely upon the military erudition contained within their covers, and essaying no further illustration than an occasional map or diagram, their U.S. contemporaries believe in brightening their pages with pictures, and leavening the dry bones of warcraft with lighter articles of military appeal. A special feature of the American journals is the space devoted to the social side of the soldier's life and his relations with the civilian population.

Bearing in mind the general excellence of the "Doughboys'" own papers—the *Infantry Journal*, *Military Engineer*, *Quartermaster Review*, *Coast Artillery Journal*, *Field Artillery Journal*, *Cavalry Journal*, *U.S. Air Services* and the rest, not forgetting the "gob's" special irrepressible and irresistible bunch of chuckles, *Our Navy*—we are all the more deeply touched by the compliment paid to "An t-Oglach" in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Since Colonel Hugh MacNeill and Captain Michael J. Costelloe, of the General Staff, were posted to the General Service Schools, at Fort Leavenworth, we have regularly supplied them with copies of our Army

journal and we are glad to learn from a recent letter that it is very popular in the camp. "I cannot estimate," writes Colonel MacNeill, "how many hands it goes through when I have done with it." This, as we have indicated, is especially gratifying in view of the splendid fashion in which American service papers cater for their readers and we can only hope that we will be able to maintain that flattering interest in our paper amongst our American comrades.

The interest evinced in "An t-Oglach" by our friends across the Atlantic is in sharp contrast with the treatment accorded to it in one unit at home. We can only explain the attitude adopted towards the paper in this case by assuming a strange, unreasoning prejudice which it is beyond us to explain. Fortunately this is an isolated case—the exception which proves the rule—and the general rule is that "An t-Oglach" is appreciated and welcomed throughout the Army.



## OGLAIGH NA h-EIREANN.

### CADETSHIPS IN THE ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS.

Vacancies exist for not less than twelve Cadets to be trained as Officers in the Army Corps of Engineers.

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Cadetships will be awarded by the Minister for Defence on recommendations of the Civil Service Commissioners, who will investigate the qualifications of candidates with the assistance of a Selection Board appointed by those Commissioners. Candidates will be required to attend in person before the Board. Fee £1. Preference will be given to candidates with approved Army service and to those with a knowledge of Irish.

Applications must be made on the prescribed forms, copies of which, together with copies of the regulations, may be obtained from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 33 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, to whom the forms, duly completed, should be returned so as to reach him not later than the 20th December, 1926.

76/H4528.

W. H. Co.

# IN CAPTIVITY

From "WITH THE IRISH IN FRONGOCH."

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

(Being the Forty-second 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 XXIX.—continued.

"We have to go by the Colonel's orders unless a man's life is in danger," he replied.

"But how do you know a man's life is not in danger," I queried, "when he reports sick at your hospital door, as I did, and you won't so much as see him?"

He repeated that they were under the Colonel's orders. I then asked him if he knew why it was the prisoners would not reveal their identity; and he replied that he had heard.

"Then," I retorted angrily, "you actually consent to allow the medical profession to be used as an instrument for the degradation and demeanment of suffering humanity?"

He got very angry at that, and said they were there to do their duty, and that the political aspect of the case did not interest them at all. I replied that their actions all along proved conclusively that they were biased and prejudiced, and that I could not resign myself into such hands. He then asked me again to let him examine me. I declined to do so.

"If you don't allow me to examine you, you will be carried to cells," he threatened.

"If you wish to use brute force I cannot prevent you," I answered "Call your escort."

At that he went off, and in about half an hour's time returned with "Buckshot" and the Adjutant. Expecting to be dragged off to cells I had got up and was bundling my kit together.

"This is the man," said Dr. Roberts.

"In heaven's name, Whitmore, what is all this trouble about?" asked the adjutant.

I began at the beginning and took my time; when I came to the part defining the informing upon our comrades by revealing their identity as constituting a moral wrong, "Buckshot" broke into my narrative.

"We do not want a speech, or your political opinions," he said, haughtily.

"I did not ask you what you wanted," I returned in a white heat of passion. "I am not speaking to you; I am addressing the Adjutant."

At that "Buckshot" turned on his heel and stalked off on his tour of inspection. The Adjutant and the doctor heard me out in silence. When I had finished,

"Come, Whitmore, my boy, let the doctor examine you, and take your medicine," said the Adjutant in a bluff voice, and patting me on the back.

"I haven't the least intention of doing so. I will apply to the Home Secretary to be examined and treated by a private practitioner."

"Come, Whitmore," he argued, smiling good-humouredly, "be a man. I've known you now since you came to the Camp, and I know you to be an intelligent young man. Act like one. You are young yet; and all your life is before you. Don't ruin your health and prospects by this kind of tomfoolery. You're not looking well. Let the doctor examine you now and take your medicine like a sensible man."

"Do you call it tomfoolery to refuse my comrades treatment unless they give their names?" I asked.

"There has been a damnable mistake somewhere," he replied.

"If you promise that my comrades will receive medical treatment whenever they report sick without having to give their names, I will submit to examination," I said.

"Do," urged the Adjutant, "and I will inquire into the matter."

Several of the prisoners at this time were refusing to allow either of the doctors to examine them on the same grounds as I have set out above. Daily accounts of the situation were going out to our friends in London, who were raising Cain with the authorities there over the matter.

There was no doubt about the fact

that the doctors had unfortunately allowed the Colonel to take a most unfair advantage of their position. In a great many ways, of course, they were subject to the jurisdiction of the Camp Commandant; but they had no right to permit him to order them to refuse examination and treatment to a prisoner who was ill. The name and number of a prisoner had no physical connection with his symptoms; and were not, therefore, necessary, for a diagnosis or treatment. To refuse them medical assistance was to use that profession and the man's illness as instruments or means for the gaining of political ends. A most reprehensible and scandalous proceeding. No words or acts of the prisoners would be too strong to combat such moral turpitude on the part of the Camp authorities, even though they were only the tools of the scheming, plotting politicians. Our anger was red hot after poor Tierney's collapse.

Yet we were genuinely sorry for the tragedy that occurred a few days later.

When "Buckshot," on the morning of the 14th December, came in on his tour of inspection he paused before the body of prisoners, who as the morning was fine were drawn up in the outer compound, and addressed them:

"I have some news to communicate to you to-day," he said. "It will interest some of you, but not the majority I am glad to say. Some men have done everything within their power to prevent the doctor carrying out his duties by infamous lies spread by themselves and their friends in Parliament." He then proceeded to inform us that Doctor Peters—the medical officer in charge of the Camp hospital—had taken his own life by drowning himself; and that he would leave those responsible to settle the account with Almighty God. And so saying he pointed heavenwards with his finger.

The prisoners broke out in a storm

of protest. They charged the Colonel with being the cause of his death, in that he would not allow the deceased to perform his professional functions unless he consented to become a political instrument of torture. They reminded the Colonel of Captain Kelly, Thomas Halpin, Devitt, and poor Tierney, all of whom had become insane through the provocative measures adopted by the Colonel.

He did not wait for the storm to subside; but stalked off on his tour of inspection. And of a truth the Colonel had reversed the facts. We had always regarded Doctor Peters as a kindly, inoffensive man, who had always done his best. The greatest friendliness and good-will had existed between the prisoners and the medical staff, until "Buckshot" had ordered them not to treat us unless we gave our names and numbers. If the Camp affairs were in anyway connected with the doctor's sad and untimely death, and there was a considerable element of doubt about it, the fault certainly did not lie with the prisoners.

But it was typical of the ingrained hypocrisy of the average Englishman that "Buckshot" should with pious smugness, accuse the prisoners of his own default. Moreover, he believed in his sincerity and did not realise his hypocrisy.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

AMONGST the privileges denied us in the South Camp was that of drawing necessary clothing or boots unless we gave down our names and signed for them. It was no more possible to do this, under the circumstances, than it was possible to put down our names for medical attendance. A long and exasperating wrangle took place over the matter.

At the Military Court which assembled on the 25th November for the trial of the Hut Leaders, Mr. Gavan Duffy has referred to us as "collarless, tieless, and even coatless." It was no exaggeration.

One of the reasons we gave for being in bed in the middle of the day, or refusing to turn out for the Colonel's inspection, was the dilapidated condition of our clothes. Some of the prisoners waggishly seized the opportunity to go strutting around the compound at all times with their blankets draped *à la* Red Indian around their body.

The Adjutant pointed out that he had to make up a roll of prisoners' names, and had to get a receipt for every article of clothing issued by him. We quite understood that point. He said that he would give us the clothing without a receipt if he could; and we credited him with the good intention. But necessity knows no laws; and in our endeavour to save our companions we could make no compromise with official rules or regulations.

One day, after a particularly heated argument, the Adjutant said that as far as he was concerned he "didn't care a damn what name we gave or what we signed" so long as he could

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have both on his vouchers. Many of the men were inclined to fall in with this idea. But we intervened, and ordered them not to give fictitious names. We did not want to run the risk of them being subsequently followed up on a charge of false pretences. Thus the days went by.

One morning towards the end of the first week in December the Adjutant sent for Paud Brennan, who was our Quartermaster, and told him he had made arrangements whereby the prisoners in need of clothing could go up to the stores, draw them, and sign without anybody being the wiser. The Adjutant gave his word that nobody would be in the stores but the British Quartermaster-Sergeant—an individual who never mixed with the prisoners, and who knew nothing about us in an individual sense. This suited us admirably; and we consented to the arrangement.

What surprised us though was the vigour of the re-clothing measures then taken by the authorities. To have the least tear in your coat, or crack in your boots was to ensure a new supply. Neckerchiefs, shirts, socks, braces, caps, etc., were to be had for the mere asking. On former clothing parties, no new article would be given us unless we had a corresponding old one to give up. Frequently old articles of clothing and boots were given back with orders to get them mended. But now it did not matter whether we had old articles for exchange or not: the only question asked was: "What do you want?" We wanted everything, and got all we asked for. The Quartermaster-Sergeant wrote down each article as the prisoner named it, then he went away to get the articles; and the prisoner went over to the table and signed the book. The majority of us signed in Irish. At first there was an inclination to kick at this; but we declared it our signature and refused any other. So they let it stand.

"Jack-knives" seeing the plenitude of one of the replenished parties remarked:

"Well, I see if you couldn't — well smash old England fighting her; you are — well determined to bankrupt her!"

(To be continued.)

#### SEVERELY SUB-EDITED.

A fussy diner called the waiter in a Dublin restaurant and said: "I want a nice mutton chop. Give my compliments to the chef and ask him to do his best for me. Tell him to put a little piece of fat on the top when he grills it, so that it will melt and make it juicy. I don't want the chop underdone—nor do I want it burnt up—just nicely done, with plenty of gravy. Tell the chef exactly what I require, won't you?"

"Yes, sir, certainly," replied the waiter.

Then he shouted down the speaking-tube: "One chop, Joe!"

# THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

## HISTORY.

Lesson No. 4.

### PAGAN IRELAND—continued.

Ere we pass on to the history of early Christian Ireland it is highly important that we should give a brief resumé of the manners, customs and institutions of Pagan Ireland, the grades and groups of society, system of land tenure and division, and such other matters as will enable us to understand the growth of institutions and the development of the country from the earliest ages.

### GRADES AND GROUPS OF SOCIETY.

As was the case with most primitive peoples the earliest form of social life in Ireland was centred about the family as a unit. Each family appears to have been allotted a portion of land or territory which as the family grew and expanded was divided and sub-divided to provide for each successive generation as it matured. We can therefore easily trace the introduction or formation of the next social unit, i.e., the **Clan**. The clan was nothing more than the growth of one family into a group of families—all of whom could claim descent from a common ancestor, all closely related both by blood and marriage and all resident in, and common owners of the same territory. The head of the clan was called a **flaith** or chief. To the flaith was allotted a certain portion of the clan land for his own immediate use. This portion which passed from chief to chief was known as **mensal land**. The flaith or chief was elected by the clan; preference being given to eligible descendants of the common ancestor. No chief was elected who was either too young or too old to assume the administrative duties of his office, and any physical blemish or deformity was regarded as a disqualifying factor. During the rule of a chief his successor was generally appointed. This appointment usually fell, though not always, to the eldest son of the chief

then in office. The elected successor was called a **Tanist**. The extent of clan territory was known as a **Tuath**. The residence of the flaith or chief was called a **dun**.

Within the clan there were well defined grades, the highest being a class of limited numbers and composed of the nearest direct relatives of the flaith, while the lowest were the slaves or bondsmen. The slaves were for the most part the spoils of conquest, and quite a number were of foreign birth. On the death of a landowner all the lands of the clan were redivided and the sons of the deceased landowner shared in this division. This method of land succession was known as **Gavelkind**.

The name **clan** is apparently identical with the word **clann**, which means children. At a later period the members of the same clan took the same surname, and thus we still can trace evidence of the old clan system in the survival even to the present day of numbers of people bearing the same surname and living in districts which would roughly correspond in extent to the ancient tuaths.

In due course clans overgrew and by natural division kindred clans sprang up. Groups of kindred clans were known as **Tribes**. Inter-marriage between non-kindred clans and the admission of strangers into clan territory gradually did away with the theory of common descent though the clan and tribe continued to exist as units of society rather than family groups. The tribe was also ruled by a chief, to whom the clan chieftains were subject and paid tribute.

Tribes closely akin were often grouped and formed into minor kingdoms, which generally bore the name of the parent clan or tribe. These minor kingdoms were in turn subject to jurisdiction (often merely nominal) of a provincial king or **Ri**. The provincial kings were practically independent, as indeed were most of the minor kings, and this independence led to continued warfare and internecine strife.

Each clan had an official **Brehon** or judge who was supported by the clan and was in return called upon to settle all disputes. These Brehons were well versed in legal matters and the code of laws evolved by them became known as the Brehon code. No man could aspire to the position of Brehon without having served an apprenticeship of at least twenty years in the study of law. The greater part of the punishments inflicted were in the nature of fines or restitution. These fines were paid in kind, i.e., in cows, sheep, slaves, precious metal,

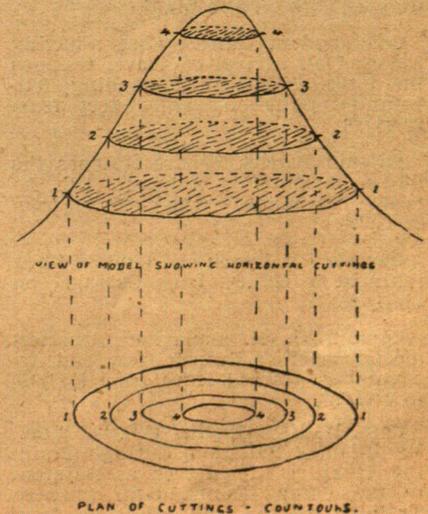
etc. A cow was the unit of value. This unit was called a **sed** (pronounced shade). A female slave was equivalent to three cows or seds.

The Brehon laws were very extensive and covered every possible cause of dispute in minute detail. These laws were finally compiled in book form, of which the **Senchus** (Shanacus) **Mor** and the **Book of Acaill** are the most important.

## TOPOGRAPHY.

To complete Lesson No. 28.

1. The accompanying diagram illustrates the practical exercise outlined in Lesson No. 28.



Top—View of model showing horizontal cuttings. Bottom—Plan of cuttings contours.

2. We have selected the simplest type of hill for this purpose, viz., an isolated cone-shaped hill of regular formation.

3. Those who worked the practical exercise will have already grasped the principle of contouring, but for those who had not the opportunity of working from an actual model a close study of the diagram is essential.

4. Irregularities of contour and the different kinds and degrees of slope will be dealt with in our next lesson on this subject.

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## ARMY NEWS.

Major-General M. Brennan, Adjutant-General, returned to G.H.Q. from London, on 22/11/26.

Colonel S. O'Higgins, Chief Staff Officer, returned to G.H.Q., from London, on 22/11/26.

Major McGrath, Quartermaster-Gen'l's Branch, G.H.Q. (Contracts), proceeded to Tralee on temporary duty, 29th ult.

Comdt. J. Clancy, Army Transport Corps, G.H.Q., returned from temporary duty in Cork on 27th ult.

Commandant Patrick Casey, having reported his arrival off leave, resumes the duties of Officer Commanding, 18th Infantry Battalion, with effect from 22/11/26.

Captain Patrick Sellars resumes the duties of Battalion Adjutant, 18th Infantry Battalion, with effect from 22/11/26.

Captain J. J. Lynch and Captain Knox returned to G.H.Q., from Curragh, on 24/11/26.

Captain H. M. Dallaghan, Quartermaster-General's Branch (Pay and Accounts) is granted leave from 8/11/26 to 7/12/26.

Capt. Maurice Higgins, O.C. "C" Co., 8th Infantry Battalion, Curragh Training Camp, is transferred as Adjutant to the Camp Commandant, Curragh Training Camp, with effect as from 23/11/26.

Capt. Joseph Clinton, Adjutant to Camp Commandant, Curragh Training Camp, is transferred as O.C. "C" Co., 8th Infantry Battalion, with effect as from 23/11/26.

The Executive Council has accepted the resignation of Capt. Vincent E. Lee, Army Medical Services, as from 24/11/26.

Capt. Nicholas A. Ryan, Adjutant-General's Branch (Administration), is transferred as from 1st inst. to No. 2 Battery Staff, Artillery Corps, Kildare.

Captain P. J. Dalton, 18th Battn., has been granted leave of absence from 23/12/26 to 6/1/27, inclusive.

Capt. Michael Kirwan, Quartermaster, Reception and Training Depot, Curragh, and temporarily attached to Stocktaking Board at Gormanston, is transferred as Quartermaster, General Headquarters, Barrack Staff, with effect as from December 1st, 1926.

Lieutenant Anthony Noonan, No. 4 Brigade Staff, was granted leave of absence from 8/11/26 to 22/11/26, inclusive.

2nd Lieut. Patrick McDonald resumes the duties of Acting Assistant Battalion Adjutant and O.C., "H.Q." Company, with effect from 22/11/26.

No. 64672, Pte. Kavanagh, John, "H.Q." Coy., 15th Infantry Battalion, having successfully passed Trade Test as Shoemaker, reported his arrival from Island Bridge Barracks on the 23/11/26, and is taken on rations as from 24/11/26.

No. 57014, Sgt. Bell, John, is transferred to "D" Coy., from "H.Q." Coy., 15th Infantry Battalion, with effect from 24/11/26.

No. 35607, Cpl. Curran, Mathew, "C" Coy., 10th Battn., reported his arrival from Valentia on 22/11/26, for temporary duty at Battalion H.Q., as from 23/11/26.

No. 45834, Pte. Keane, Francis, "A" Coy., 12th Infantry Battn. (presently on detachment at Limerick), is transferred to Horse Transport and Remount Depot, McKee Barracks, Dublin, on probation, with effect from 24/11/26.

No. 952, C.Q.M.S. Thomas McGarry, Store Accountancy Sub-Department, Southern Command, has been granted leave of absence with ration allowance and free railway travelling warrant, from 25/11/26 to 8/12/26, inclusive.

No. 26431, Cpl. Michael J. O'Brien, "H.Q." Coy. 16th Battn., has been appointed Provost Corporal, with effect from 25/11/26.

No. 64850, Pte. John Farrell, having completed period of probation, is taken on the effective strength of the Horse Transport and Remount Depot from 24/10/26.

No. 40571, C.Q.M.S. J. McEvoy, Quartermaster-General's Branch (Barrack Accountant, Stewart Barracks, Curragh), is granted additional pay at rate of 1/6 per diem as from 28/9/26.

Ptes. D. O'Sullivan and E. Walsh, "D" Coy., 10th Infantry Battalion, are granted leave of absence as from 25/11/26 to 8/12/26.

### MILITARY WEDDINGS.

The marriage took place at St. Michael's Church, Dun Laoghaire, on 24th ult., of Colonel McGauran, Director of Training, General Headquarters, to Miss Lily Mulholland, B.Sc., Crumlin, Co. Antrim. Colonel M. Gilheaney, Officer Commanding No. 6 Brigade, acted as best man, and Miss Nancy Hyland as bridesmaid.

Capt. Eamonn de Buitlear, Chief of Staff's personal staff, G.H.Q., was married on 24th ult., to Miss Nora Uí Bhriain, eldest daughter of Mr. Tomas O'Briain (Portlairge), 139 Phibsboro' Road. The marriage ceremony was conducted in Irish by Rev. Father O'Callaghan, followed by Nuptial Mass at Berkeley Road Church. Miss Mairín Uí Bhriain, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and Capt. Sean Hayes, General Staff, General Headquarters, was best man. The happy couple left in the evening for Paris, where the honeymoon is being spent.

The marriage took place at Rathmines recently of Lieut. Cornelius Barry, A.C.E., Curragh Training Camp, to Miss Mal Poole, eldest daughter of James F. Poole, The Heath, Maryborough, Leix.

## INFORMATION BUREAU.

IN A QUANDARY.—All such communications must be made through your O.C. You may, however, write to "An t-Oglach," giving the full particulars, and every effort will be made to furnish replies to your queries.

### Correspondence Routine.

"IONA."—The informal "minute," as distinct from the more rigid letter, need not be prefaced by the usual courtesy opening—"Sir,—I have the honour," etc. The word "Submitted" implies the more elaborately expressed respect of a junior for a senior, and may be used in such a medium of correspondence as the minute. Minutes are, however, only used in routine inter-office work, and correspondence of an important nature or directed to outside formations should take the form of letters. The use of the terms "Sir" and "Submitted" should not be used in the same minute—either is sufficient.

### Change of Christian Name.

BOYLE.—An N.C.O., who gave his Christian name as "Joseph" when enlisting, whereas his full name was "Patrick Joseph," asks if it will cause any hitch now, when, under the terms of the D.O. relating to marriage allowance, his Baptismal and Marriage Certificates are being called up for verification.

Answer.—A change of surname involves a very definite legal procedure, but where a soldier unintentionally gives a wrong Christian name on enlistment is of comparatively negligible importance.

The amendment of your Christian name can be effected if you make a statement in writing of the facts and submit it, together with your Birth Certificate, to your Commanding Officer for transmission through the usual channels to the Officer, I/C Records, Portobello Barracks, Dublin.

### Military Pension.

INTERESTED.—A military pension is not payable to any officer, N.C.O. or man whilst serving in the Army. If you have been granted a pension under the Military Service Pensions Act, 1924, payment of such pension will commence from the date of your discharge from the Defence Forces.

### ALL-ARMY TUG-OF-WAR CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Eastern Command Police Corps had an easy victory over Artillery Corps for the All-Army Tug-of-War Championship at Kildare on 25th ult.

By two clear tugs the Police proved their superiority. The team consisted of Corporals Clery, O'Reilly, Keane, O'Brien, O'Dwyer, Curtis, Murphy, Fallon, and Sgt. Kirwan. Corpl. Peter Dunne acted as coach for the winners.

“FOREIGN FIELDS.”

Irish Regiments on the Continent.

Of special interest to all ranks in the Irish Army was the paper read at Tuesday's Stated General Meeting of the Royal Irish Academy by the Marquis MacSwiney of Mashanaglass. During the past three years the Marquis has spent a considerable time in searching the Neapolitan archives with a view of finding details about an Irish regiment in the service of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies in the 18th century, and his patriotic and unselfish labour has met with a very large measure of success. His paper, modestly entitled "Notes on Some Irish Regiments in the Service of Spain and Naples in the 18th Century," threw a flood of light on a little-known phase of the "Wild Geese" adventurings, and when it is published by the Academy there should be a big demand for copies from the present-day soldiers of Ireland.

There was a very good attendance at the meeting, over which Professor MacAlister presided, those present including—The President, Major-General Brennan, Adjutant-General; Chief Justice Kennedy, Dr. Douglas Hyde, and Dr. Walter Starkie (the well-known authority on Spanish literature). The Editor of "An t-Oglach" had the honour of being present as the guest of the Marquis, who rightly considers that his researches should have a special appeal to Irish Officers, and is anxious to have it known amongst us that this very much neglected subject at last has been taken up seriously.

We regret that unusual pressure on our space prevents us from giving an adequate report of the Marquis's deeply interesting paper in this issue. A summary has appeared in the daily Press, but a summary conveys little idea of the erudition and research involved. When almost despairing of finding any record of the Regiment of Limerick prior to 1739, he came by mere chance across a few loose rolls of the regiment for 1736 and 1737.

The find was interesting, especially as these were the first documents he had discovered in which figured the name of the Irish Battalion mentioned by the Duke of Berwick and Liria, and stationed in Elba in 1735. The Regiment of Limerick remained there until 1737, when its commanding officer, Brigadier Don Raymundo de Burke having been promoted to major-general, was succeeded in the colonelcy by Don Juan O'Dea, a Clareman, who had served during the war of the Spanish Succession. In his searches the Marquis found the names of persons who attained positions of trust and responsibility, such as Sir John Higgins, chief physician to Philip V.; Dermot MacAuliffe, chief physician to the Spanish Army, and Timothy Scanlon, chief physician to the Spanish Navy.

The Marquis maintained that the

person mentioned in an autograph letter by Don Raymundo de Burke was the brave defender of Aughrim Castle himself, Walter Bourke, or de Bourke, who having followed King James to France, was given, successively, command of the Regiment of Athlone and of that bearing his own name, and finally was raised by Louis XIV. to the rank of a Marechal de Camp.

So the Regimiento de Irlanda, whose heroic deeds were written in golden letters in the military annals of Spain was none other than Bourke's regiment itself. It was an indisputable fact even at the time when that Irish Brigade in the service of Spain was in the zenith of its glory little was known about its origin, composition, and achievements outside the frontiers of the State of which it was one of the stoutest bulwarks.

We hope to publish an interview with the Marquis MacSwiney of Mashanaglass in our next issue, which will give a comprehensive idea of his researches and the results obtained.

CADETSHIPS IN THE ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS.

In this issue the Department of Defence announces twelve vacancies for Cadets in the Army Corps of Engineers. An Army career is a new channel for the enrolment of our young Graduates in Engineering, and is no doubt one which will be eagerly sought after by a large number of qualified Engineers who hitherto went abroad.

The activities of the Corps of Engineers cover the various branches of Field Engineering and the maintenance duties associated with all Military property. The interesting work of Military bridging, mining, demolitions and field fortifications, etc., is hence closely coupled with the duties of the regular Engineer, and in both spheres the Army presents excellent opportunities for the enlistment of suitable candidates.

It is of interest to record that the municipal duties carried out by the Board of Works at the Curragh Camp after the British evacuation in 1922, were undertaken by the Army Engineers in June, 1924. The Engineer staff now in charge, in addition to being responsible for the general maintenance of the Camp, control all its essential services—electric light, water supply and sewage disposal. Facilities at the Camp, which is the main training centre for the Army, are probably unique for the training of Engineers, as in no other centre can be found so many and varied aspects of the profession.

We regret that, owing to pressure on our space we are compelled to hold over this week's instalment of "Ireland's Battles and Battlefields."

Push the sales and help us to make YOUR journal bigger.

NOTAÍ ó'n IAD CAÉ.

Náé b'ónac an tseal tóinn zo b'pail lá baire na mbádo curta ar ac-ló de b'árr rtoime a bí ann le óeanaí, asur zo maib ár néibí paol lán rceóo ar furo na mbánta! D'éirigh zo zceapao óoime ná fuil im tásairt acé masao; acé acá cor-óime ann a tuisgeann an tseal zo maib.

níl lon teóma acé an comórtar acá pa caé le zoimio, ó poillpisead zo mbealó bheir pása as ual'oo raióitúir a tuillpead zráóó ó S.S. zo oí S.P. ? Deállmuizeann pé ná bealó an caé zan cuitaca? Ir péitir a máó zo b'pail páp na mbeir na acio tózálaé i látair na h-uairé—rázáimio rúó maip acá pé!

Óo éuaró an Caipín Liam ó Conaíl zo oí Dunáir na 2ao Dhuosáiroe le óeanaí, an áit 'na b'pail pé paol látair as munealó rocal óroime zaeóitge oo rna h-oirgib. Óo péir maip ir éol tóinn acá as eirgise leir an oisg-obair éar éim.

Tár as 'cuile tóime paol an t-rean-pocal peo "beró lá eile as an b'paoiác" ? Bel pé 'ca as masao nó i noairiub tóinn ir bhóo liom a éur in iúl zo maib lá as an leir De paor ar ócáio a pórtá le ríoir zoimio. Cuipcear tpaorlú 7 míle ó'n zcaé as tpaill ar an leir De paor 7 a mínao; 7 páitú maip an zceapna ar ríoiéne lúmpéara an caéa tóóta. Zo zcuipóo oia zae raé 7 séan oiaib beiré.

Seo ríora rilíóca oo ceapao nuair a bí neair ríoióbnóir 7 rilí pa caé, 7 oíreac maip ir sual bíoir 7 zcoimnuicé as tásairt oo'n a céile i noántaib 7 i n-áirnánaib:—

I.

ní féadar "ní féadom" an as masao acáio!

ár zcúno ar reacrán—an peannairé laoi! A eacrpáizead zae reacránin zo beacé ir zo himn

paol éurraí an caéa i oteangair na noiraio!

II.

ir cóir oam, a óis-rir, a rósairé zo cuibe,

zo b'pailcear zo b'ónac las teómaé na óiaó;

ir móir linn océ b'péirpíns ar an ósilaé oo oíol.

níl neair in oo notaí, tá oo zceóitca zpa b'pís! scriobáiluire.

THE FIGHT AT KILMALLOCK.

In all the stirring history of the long Anglo-Irish War there is no more exciting and dramatic encounter than that of the fight for Kilmallock R.I.C. The garrison, 28 strong, in a well-fortified barrack, armed with every device for defence, put up a fierce and bloody fight against seventy of the I.R.A. The fight raged for over seven hours. An oil tank was brought into play, and eventually the barrack was set on fire. None the less the defenders retreated to an outhouse, and continued the defence. A full and detailed account of this historic struggle, told in simple, yet graphic language by one of the actual participants, will appear in the Special Christmas Number of "An t-Oglach," price fourpence net. Order early to avoid disappointment.

## SITUATION IN CHINA.

### The Origin of the Present Trouble.

#### EXPLANATORY RETROSPECT.

*Specially written for "An t-Oglach."*

Every soldier likes to read the details of news "when there is a war on," but it is only lately that it has become possible to make head or tail of the fighting in progress in China—though it has been in progress for half-a-dozen years. But before analysing the present situation it is necessary to go back about ninety years to ascertain precisely "what they fought each other for."

Briefly, then, the development was as follows:—Early last century the several powers, one after another joining in, entered into competition for trade and industrial openings in China. The Chinese did not want this and refused facilities. In this there was nothing surprising; there was very "big money" in the trade and the Chinese naturally wanted it for themselves, but the powers gradually forced one concession after another from the Chinese Government at Peking and ended by securing a firm hold on most of the country's economic and commercial interests. As a result in practice China has not been an independent power for well over half a century.

The Chinese have made three clearly defined attempts to get rid of foreign control: the Taeping War sixty years ago, the Boxer War twenty-six years ago, and the present war. In each case these were unofficial wars, carried on by provincial forces, or extreme anti-foreign societies or both combined. In no case did the Peking Government—a looker-on in a detached corner of the country—take any real part either for or against the foreign forces. Officially indeed the wars were described as revolts against the Peking Government. Actually it seems unlikely that Peking can ever be geographically an effective capital.

The collective name for the trading and other privileges enjoyed by the foreign powers in China is "Extra-territoriality," and it means that the Chinese have no jurisdiction over foreigners. This status of extra-territoriality originated in treaties between the several powers and China. Now as a result of the world war Germany and Austria lost their status, as did Russia later on—in no case was the status renewed. The Chinese then apparently decided to cast around for some way of decreasing the number of extra-territorial powers. Last week they pitched on Belgium as the safest one to start on. This action was taken by the Peking Government, which so far is the only one to deal with foreign states. The treatment of Belgium—in cold blood and not as a result of any quarrel—is very interesting. Holland will probably soon follow suit, the stronger powers being left over for the present.

The recent successes of the National Army (Quo-Min-Chun) have resulted in their securing a working control of the

southern half of China. Starting from Canton in the extreme south they have now secured the line of the Yang-Tse River, which runs across the country in the middle from west to east. This river is navigable for large ships for 1,000 miles up from the sea, and is one of the greatest trade routes in the world. Shanghai is at the mouth of the Yang-Tse, and is in the hands of an anti-Kuo-Min-Chun "Tuchun" or Military Governor. This Tuchun—Sun Chuang Fang by name—at one time controlled five provinces around Shanghai. It might have paid some of the powers with big commercial interests to arm his forces properly and organise them, but the opportunity was missed and he is now being gradually pushed back.

At the same time the Kuo-Min-Chun have pushed an advance guard about 50 miles north of Hankow, their recently secured base and the real military centre of China. The progress of the Kuo-Min-Chun has been very steady, and they seem—so far at any rate—to have consolidated each step before taking the next one. Their troops are apparently pretty well armed and trained, having a number of Russian instructors.

Their northern fractions would probably be now in contact with Wu-Pei-Fu's forces in the region south of Peking. This commander was at one time regarded as the most important figure in China, but latterly has dropped out of the picture. So, too, has the "Christian General" to the west of Peking. Either or both of these may again come into prominence; they cannot be written off.

There remains Chang-Tso-Lin, the Tuchun of Manchuria, in the extreme north. Chang's Japanese-trained army of 100,000 men is easily the best force in China, with plenty of heavy artillery, aeroplanes, armoured trains, and Japanese instructors. The Tuchun himself has always been a friend of Japan—having commanded irregular bands on her side in the war with Russia over twenty years ago. He has seldom moved into China proper, and his own territory is practically unassailable at the moment. Being twelve times as large as Ireland, with 20-25 million inhabitants and enormous natural wealth. Manchuria is worth staying at home in and governing. Chang has done this, and for the last half-dozen years his territory has practically been alone in enjoying "law and order," i.e. quite good government, prosperity, and as much liberty as the next. Chang and Japan have so far got on excellently together; they are a combination to be reckoned with whatever happens.

#### SOLDIER ON LEAVE ASSAULTED.

Pte. Edward Moran, 15th Infantry Battalion, Limerick, whilst on leave at Corragau, Carrick-on-Suir, was held up near Kilmoganny by two armed and masked men. Pte. Moran was ordered to take off his boots and leggings and a shot was fired over his head. The soldier seized a rifle which one of the armed men had, and, in the struggle which ensued, his tunic was torn by his assailants, who afterwards ran away.

#### LATE GOSSIP.

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

The No. 2 Billiard team scored a further success on Friday, the 26th November, beating the No. 1 A.S.M. team on points.

Yes, Ned, we too noticed that "Me Larkie" did not say a word about the Record victory over the A.C.E. Perhaps he was too modest, or is he reserving his little say for the final?

From time to time we have referred to the ability of our friends "The Bats" to play handball in the dark, but we did not think that because of their name they would also develop the habit of "keeping things dark." One worthy member of this combination was the principal party in an interesting event which took place early this year, but the news only leaked out during the past week. We wonder if the publication of D.F.R. had anything to do with the belated announcement.

Our old friend "Bet-you-a-dollar" has taken up cross-country running and is going "great guns." Look out for some record smashing when he "gets into his stride." His former trainer has, however, deserted him, due, no doubt, to the fact that it is impossible to cycle across country.

The "horsey" men are still looking forward to the new organisation, but we think that "2 L.O." has now a clear field, as the remaining candidates have got the "wind up" lest the Army authorities should take our advice and substitute camels for horses. They candidly admit that they could not shoe a camel, and are doubtful if they could sit on his hump.

Do "daubers" get Grade Pay?

Where is the Barrack Plumber?

What did the Painter say to the Barber regarding a recent accident?

Does the B.F.W. always keep his promise?

This week's Slogan:—"He wouldn't beat me by more than Seventy-five anyhow."

"CAT'S WHISKER."

(For the love of Mike get your contribution to this office before Tuesday morning. This is being squeezed in at the last moment just because you're a friend of ours—Ned.)

PHONE 587.

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## ARMY GOLFING SOCIETY.

### Annual General Meeting— Election of Officers.

The annual general meeting of the Army Golfing Society was held at Newlands Golf Club on Sunday, 28th ult., Col. T. O'Higgins (captain) presiding. Other members present were—Major-General Cronin, Quartermaster-General (treasurer), Col. Bennett (secretary), Major-Genl. P. O'Daly, Comdt. Stapleton, Comdt. Burke, Comdt. O'Sullivan, Comdt. Stewart, Comdt. Delaney, Commandant McEvoy, Captain D. J. Lawlor, Capt. King, Capt. Fitzpatrick, Capt. Kelly, Capt. Hannon, Lt. R. Waters, Lt. Whelan, Lt. Flaherty.

The secretary read a letter from the chairman, Rev. Fr. O'Callaghan, in which he expressed his regret at being unable to attend the meeting owing to duty, and intimated that he did not wish his name to be put forward for the office of president for the coming year.

#### Secretary's Report.

The secretary read the results of the various competitions for the year which were as follows:—

**Army Golfing Championship**—1, Comdt. Hugh Byrne; 2, Comdt. Stapleton; 3, Comdt. W. O'Reilly.

**Inter-Command Championship.**—Winners, Eastern Command team, which comprised the following players:—Comdt. P. Delaney, Lt. H. Whelan, Comdt. H. Byrne, Comdt. R. Feely, Capt. P. Fitzpatrick, and Lt. Coffey.

The Curragh Command team of the following were the runners-up:—Capt. Kelly, Capt. Boland, Lt. O'Flaherty, Lt. McEntyre, Capt. Martin, and Capt. Feely.

**Collins Cup**—Winner, Lt. O'Flaherty.

The monthly competitions for Replicas of the Clarke Cup were won as follows:—July—Comdt. Byrne; August—Lieut. Waters; September—Comdt. O'Sullivan; October—Lt. Whelan and Ex-Major-General P. O'Daly tied; November—Lt. Whelan.

The Treasurer's Report for the year showed receipts amounting to £164 16s., expenditure £112 7s. 3d., leaving a credit balance of £52 8s. 9d.

Arising out of a suggestion that the A.G.S. should enter for other Golfing competitions, the chairman pointed out that, according to the rules, they would have to establish some headquarters, and on the motion of Major-General O'Daly, seconded by Lieut. Whelan, it was decided to give the committee authority to enter for any competitions. It was also decided to establish a headquarters, and that consideration of terms be left to the committee, whose recommendations would come before a special general meeting called for the purpose.

#### Collins Cup.

The fixing of a date upon which the Collins Cup would be played for during the coming year was left to the con-

sideration of the new committee. The cup, for the future, will be played for by stroke competition.

#### Presentation of Cups.

Cups for the monthly competitions were distributed, amidst applause, to Comdt. O'Sullivan, Comdt. Byrne, and Lt. Whelan. In one competition there was a tie for the cup between Major-General O'Daly and Lieut. Whelan.

#### The Captain's Prize.

On the motion of Capt. Fitzpatrick, seconded by Comdt. Stapleton, it was decided that this competition be also played by stroke.

#### Monthly Competitions.

With regard to the monthly competitions it was decided that at least one should be played at the Curragh.

#### Election of Officers.

For the office of president Comdt. Stapleton, in proposing the re-election of Father O'Callaghan, said he was a very effective link between the Army Golfing Society and other golfing clubs, and they would all very much regret if such an enthusiastic officer severed his connection with the A.G.S.

Lieut. Waters seconded and the chairman declared Fr. O'Callaghan unanimously re-elected president.

Comdt. Stapleton was unanimously

elected captain, and for the office of secretary Col. O'Higgins, Lt. Waters, Lt. Crowley, and Col. Bennet were duly proposed and seconded. On a vote, Col. Bennet was re-elected. Major-General Cronin was unanimously re-elected treasurer.

The following were elected to constitute the committee for the year—Major-General O'Daly, Comdt. Burke, Colonel O'Higgins, Lt. Whelan, Lt. Waters, Mr. Eugene Sheehy.

The chairman asked for suggestions regarding fixtures for the year, and Lt. Waters proposed that no cards be given out without a draw.

Lt. Whelan seconded, and the proposal was declared carried.

Colonel Bennett asked whether a charge for admission to the monthly competitions should be made, and, after some discussion, it was decided to charge an entrance fee of 2/- for the monthly competitions in future.

In connection with the Inter-Command competitions it was pointed out that there was a lack of interest in these fixtures, G.H.Q. and the Curragh Training Camp being the only competitors. It was decided to make application to the Army Athletic Association for permission to abolish the Inter-Command championship, and that the A.G.S. Committee design a new form of competition for the medals given by the Army Athletic Association.



[Photo "An t-Oglach."]

Members of the Army Golfing Society at Newlands on the occasion of the Annual General Meeting, 28/11/26:—

Front Row—Comdt. Stapleton, ex-Major-General Daly, Colonel O'Higgins, Major-General Cronin, Lieut. Waters. 2nd Row—Comdt. O'Sullivan, Lieut. Crowley, Capt. Kelly, Capt. Fitzpatrick, Capt. King. Back Row—Comdt. Bourke, Lieut. Flaherty, Capt. Hannon, Comdt. Stewart.

# THE SWORD OF O'MALLEY

BY  
JUSTIN MITCHELL.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

At a certain spot on the rocky bank of the River Blume, the exploring-party, hitherto a compact group, found itself compelled, by the narrowness of the pathway, to divide into couples. Bartolome and Countess Wanda led the way, closely followed by Duke Sergius and Marshal Grupp. Eugene, grave and courteous as ever, offered an arm to the Lady Allegra. There remained King and Cardinal as escorts for Irene and Monica.

If the cavaliers hesitated in making choice, the ladies showed no indecision. The Princess laid a hand on his Eminence's sleeve and put a question about some feature of interest on the opposite bank. Tacitly, but effectively, this settled the matter. Rudolf, with the fair-haired damsel on his arm, followed the tortuous track in the wake of the Guardsmen and presently disappeared behind an abutting rock. Cardinal and Princess were left *vis-à-vis*.

The little expedition had not been a conspicuous success. There was an indefinable sense of restraint in the air. His Eminence detected an undercurrent of feeling which took sensible shape in one remarkable fact. In the promiscuous flow of conversation, Irene never once addressed a word to Sergius or to Grupp, and the Guardsmen studiously avoided even looking at the Princess.

The Cardinal drew his own conclusions. There had been happenings. But of what nature?

"Your Highness," he said, "you may deem yourself unfortunate in being allotted an escort who is no longer young. You have a grievance."

"Not at all," the Princess answered pleasantly. "With six possible cavaliers to choose from, I deliberately selected the one man in whose company I can feel perfectly at ease."

"Dear lady, you astonish me," his Eminence said.

"A woman, especially a Princess, must be allowed to make her own choice," she replied. "As my escort, the Guardsmen are impossible, and the King, if I must say so, undesirable; it has fallen to your Eminence to act as *cicerone* to that very wilful person, the Princess of Caronia."

The Cardinal put his finger on a difficulty—a bewildering difficulty.

"The King undesirable!" he repeated

questioningly. "What can your Highness mean? Undesirable? Why, his Majesty loves you!"

"Has he told you so?" she demanded sharply.

"No, but—" the Cardinal began. Impetuously she broke in.

"Oh, I know what you would say—what everybody is saying! All Rhonberg is ringing with it! The King will wed the Princess! Will he, indeed? Your Eminence, the King shall do nothing of the kind."

The saintly old churchman was pained. Clearly there was disappointment in store for somebody. If broken hearts were toward, an old man's advice might be helpful.

Irene seated herself on a boulder and petulantly tapped her heel upon the flinty pathway. His Eminence leant his weary elbow on the abutting rock and rested his cheek on his thin, white fingers. For a moment he silently considered the scornful damsel who seemed bent on rejecting the hand of a King.

"Dear daughter," he said presently, "are you quite, quite sure that your decision is final. Do you see your way clearly? Have you considered the consequences?"

"The gentlemen of the Royal Guard have spared no effort in striving to convince me of the enormity of my crime," she said bitterly. "Consequences indeed! The Duke has limned a lurid picture of a King unmade and a Kingdom ruined because—because I refuse to give my hand where my heart can never be bestowed."

The Cardinal knew the Princess of Caronia for a damsel of mettle and spirit. He observed with trepidation that, at the present moment, she trembled on the brink of tears.

"A King unmade and a Kingdom ruined!" he murmured reflectively. "Twere a thousand pities if such disaster befall!"

"Worse disaster may follow," she cried, bristling. "Is your Eminence aware that at this moment I am at war with your Guardsmen—not a mere matter of high words and stormy threats, but red, reeking war, which will make an end, once and for all, of Caronia and its Queen, or of Rhonstadt and its Guardsmen!"

"God bless my soul!" the old man ejaculated.

"If Duke Sergius persist in his policy of revenge, then I, too, will exact vengeance to the uttermost. Blood for blood!" she cried. All trace of tears had vanished. The spirit of Hildebrand and a line of warrior chiefs spoke in the words of this indignant damsel.

"Duke Sergius—revenge!" the Cardinal repeated in bewilderment. "Revenge on whom?"

"On my—on Captain O'Malley!" she replied. "Your Duke and his officers have seen fit to decree that Captain O'Malley shall die."

"But wherefore?" queried the old man, amazed.

The Princess suddenly dropped her pose of queenly defiance and haughty

anger. It was a grieving, heart-stricken girl who hid a tearful face in little brown hands and answered, between bitter sobs:

"Because I love him."

Feebly, in incredulous astonishment, his Eminence repeated: "God bless my soul!"

Silence fell between the pair, and for a space the damsel's sobs mingled with the tumult of the waters. Long and earnestly the Cardinal considered the situation, his glance resting on Irene's drooping curls.

Suddenly, with a little wan smile, she looked up into his kind eyes.

"I am not at war with you," she said pacifically. "Dear friend, I have a confession to make." She rested her clasped hands on her knees and turned tear-dimmed orbs on the swirling river. The Cardinal leant his elbows on the rugged boulder, beyond which lay the shrieking whirlpool dominated by the inn gable.

"Your Eminence," she said, in low, plaintive tones, "I loved Captain O'Malley from the moment I first beheld him in the Throne Room of my palace at Zurst—yea, long before! I cherished the memory of the brave man who saved my life in Rome, and pictured him as a sort of dream-hero—my girlhood's ideal. My dream came true. My ideal was precisely fulfilled when Edmund O'Malley first bowed obeisance before me. We were utter strangers, but I felt that I had known him—loved him—since my life began!"

(To be continued.)

## POPULAR OFFICER RESIGNS.

The retirement of Lieut. Morgan Portley from the Army has caused feelings of regret, not only to the 14th Battalion, of which he was Quartermaster, but to all who knew him in Army circles. The passing of this popular officer into civilian life has deprived the 14th Battalion of one of its best workers and the Army of one of its most zealous officers. During his two years' connection with the 14th Battalion he endeared himself to all ranks and his sympathy and assistance were always at the disposal of whoever claimed them. Those who knew intimately saw in him the fearless fighter, the perfect officer, and the soldier's friend.

Lieut. Portley was a Volunteer since the inception of that organisation. He commanded a Battalion and was later appointed an officer on the Staff of the "Mid Limerick Brigade." He suffered incarceration in those days, but during his periods of freedom he met the foe in many a hard fought duel—incidents that have made episodes for the history of to-morrow.

We wish him well in his quieter sphere of life and in the same breath welcomes his successor, Capt. Murray, late of "Records," and Capt. Hoey, who came to us from the A.S.I. as Adjutant.

M. Sr. L.



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

**DEPARTMENTAL DOINGS :  
PORTOBELLO.**

Overheard at our last Dance:—

Sweet but somewhat unsophisticated young lady: "Oh, this dance is simply heavenly. Do you have them on every night?"

Percy: "Oh, jolly-well rather—and a matinee at Reveille."

I'M ON THE POLICE—THE BARRACK POLICE.  
I'm on the Police, the Barrack Police,  
And when I'm around all troubles must cease,

With my badge on my sleeve,  
I check "local leave,"

I've lots up my sleeve,

I'm on the Police.

With my silver-mounted stick inside  
the gate  
My nightly watch I keep for ginks  
who're late,

With the Battalion Pass-out roll  
I check the "late birds" toll,  
And not those "up the pole,"

I'm on the Police.

I parade up and down the Barrack  
Square,

And I've counted every pebble stone  
that's there,

Should the sea gulls in their flight  
On that sacred spot alight,

Full particulars I write,

I'm on the Police.

I'm a giddy bloke on duty or parade,  
And I'm strafed at yet I'm always  
undismayed,

Many things sure I pass by,  
If they're square—not on the sly,  
And don't try to wipe my eye,

I'm on the Police.

The Records Billiards team wish to thank very sincerely the officials, N.C.O.'s and men of the A.C.E., Griffith Barracks, for their kindness and hospitality on the occasion of their visit to Griffith in connection with their recent Billiards match and hope to reciprocate at an early date.

We are all looking forward to the Boxing Tournament that is to be held on the 3rd December under the auspices of the Brigade Area Institute. When I mention that the Institute are running it it is scarcely necessary for me to elaborate or shout the odds about

it. It will be—as everything that the Institute organise—the Best.

The Super-Optimist—The gink that lights a match before asking you for a fag.

Thanks to our new and very welcomed scribe "Rambler" from Griffith Barracks for his congratulations on my engagement. *En passant* it is the only congratulations I have ever received on the same engagement, which I may inform him is a two-year one, and the "lucky" lady is Miss Oglagh na h-Eireann.

Gink: "Oh, Sargin', Christmas is coming."

Sergeant: "Strange how news leaks out."

The boys in the 'Bello were all delighted when the one and only Father Casey informed them on Sunday last that the long-expected supply of books for the Institute Library would be delivered this week. Father Casey, you've a wonderful way with you.

An American journalist states that the after effects of alcohol should be brought home. We should smile. They generally are the next morning Five bob for first offence; ten bob for the second (if my memory serves me correctly).

The Command Cross-country run was held at Baldonnel last week and most of the Command Groups sent a team. The boys from the Artillery sent a strong pack and secured both the individual honours and team placings. Congrats. Artillery. The G.H.Q. boys, under the able tuition of Sergt. Jackie Price and, of course, "Doctor" Paddy Kinsella were very much to the fore. The Portobello and Griffith Barracks crowd did well. In fact two of the Records team did remarkably well—too well in fact for the search party that was sent out to look them up. The Air Corps contingent did splendidly. The day was a most enjoyable one and those responsible for organising the fixture deserve congratulations. A special word of praise for the ever-popular B.S.M. White from the Air Corps. He arranged the event most satisfactorily for all concerned, and all the boys were entertained to tea, etc., afterwards. And when I say that all were perfectly satisfied with all and the G.H.Q. and

the 'Tillery boys were smiling—well, I didn't think it possible.

Overheard at our Dance:—

"Hi, Mac, do you have to be "loopy" to be able to do the Charleston?"

Mac: "Well, no; but it helps you a lot."

Congratulations to my "Half Section," "Ixion" of "G.H.Q. Calling" on his definitions in last week's issue. I thought the Sergeants' Mess one perfectly priceless. Yes, I remember the Board of Keys—not Jimmie, of course, and the "Fire Picquet parade state."

Gink: "Hey, Mac, what's a myth?"

Mac: "A female moth."

Amongst the dancing elite in Dublin the Portobello Dances have now been ranked with the best conducted in town. Deservingly so. Last week, from a dancing point of view, was a unique one. We had the Officers' Dance on Saturday, the Cinderella for the men on Wednesday, and the N.C.O.'s Dance on Friday. A proof of the popularity of the weekly dances is the way the boys in the Barracks patronise them and bring their friends. If the Institute keep on the way that they are forging ahead with their Indoor Amusements an application for an outdoor pass will be a sensation in the Barracks.

The Cheerful Gink: "It's a foggy old morning, Sargin'."

Sergeant (a trifle liverish): Aye, and when its gone it won't be Mist."

Congrats. to young O'Donnell and Georgie Collins on their recent success in the roped arena. Both are very good lads and will deliver the goods in more senses than one.

Overheard at the Cinderella:—

"Hey, Mac, can't 'your man' Murphy do the Charleston great?"

Mac: "That's not the Charleston he's doing; it was Kelly that put a pea down his back."

The deservedly popular Bt.-Sergt.-Major Jimmy Lawlor of the 27th had a big muster of the 27th boys out for a cross-country run the other day. There was quite a gathering of the "Lambs" from "D" and all the boys enjoyed the spasm immensely, especially "Jeff," who succeeded in killing two birds with the one stone.

Overheard at the N.C.O.'s Dance (as the dancers were applauding for an encore):—

"Forgive me for not clapping, old thing; you know it stops my beastly old wrist watch." (Woolworth's again!—Ned.)

The boys from "The Lambs" were all delighted at the return of "Betty" from his recent furlough. "The Lambs" under the able direction of Jimmy Brennan, Frank Dunne and "your men" Dawson and Coughlan succeeded in securing quite a large number of carnival hats the other night. "D." Coy. boys obviously enjoyed themselves at the Cinderella and are clamouring for an All-Night Dance for the boys. I can assure them that the Committee have it under consideration. (But what about Reveille and the hopeless dawn?—Ned.)

Silence is golden—we wonder. Personally I know that you will get little change by jingling a few silences together when you are up on a charge.

Overheard:—"I wonder will Joner get any of the pumps that were left over after the dance for his Fire-Engine?"

The three ginks had admired a posh hat in the Quarterbloke's stores and afterwards they were talking about it. "I wish it were mine," said No. 1. "It's mine now," said No. 2, with a grin. "It was," murmured No. 3. That's that!

People in cookhouses should not throw bones.

Oil it with "waste" and pull through at your leisure.

#### THE BUGLE.

In thy sad and pleading strain,  
Let thy warbling lute complain,  
And let thy sad music sound,  
Till in Barrack rooms around  
Thy shrill cadences resound;  
Harbinger of the day,  
With thy discordant lay,

Reveille!

Hark! thy numbers sweet and clear  
Gently steal upon the ear,  
Exulting, thy triumphant notes  
Thy Orphean melody denotes,  
Epicurean joys  
For all the boys,

The "Tay" Horn.

Overheard in the Barber's Shop:—

Percy: "Are you the young man that trimmed my hair last?"

Your Man (having studied Percy's nob): "No, not me; I've only been here five months."

So my old friend "Cats-Whisker" from the Engineers gave his B.S.M. a sandwich on his return from leave. That's nothing, why my B.S.M. is that hot that when he comes back off local leave we put mustard on ours for him—"barrin'-de-beef," of course, and he doesn't belong to the Mustard Club.

I extend to our more than welcomed scribe from the No. 1 Brigade, "ENABARTS" (you spell it backwards) a hundred thousand welcomes and appreciated his little "spasm" immensely.

Oh, I welcome a free lancer, a townie, not a chancer, for he must be one of the best. So here's luck to a scribe whose health I'll imbibe and I'll drink to a townie with zest. (Somehow I am inclined to imagine that the shade of an old colleague of mine, Maurice Casey, Pay and Accounts, is floating in the shadows of Finner Camp.)

A Naturalist states that certain birds stammer. It is a good job that the 'Bello clock is not a cuckoo one.

A medical journal states that a healthy person can hold his breath for 50 seconds. I doubt it. I know several very healthy Sergeant-Majors in Portobello and I've never known them to hold it that long—not even on the "Bank-of-Ireland-Government-Building-Crown-Alley-Guards spasm."

Gink (as the Barrack Service Sergeant enters): "Take a chair, Sergeant."

Barrack Service Sergeant: "Bedad I will and three along with it—two forms, one table, iron bedstead and one scrubbing brush that are not on the Billet Inventory Board."

I regret to see by the Eastern Command notes that my old friend "Ard Airdid's" old billet fire is a trifle short of coal. However, Ned, you can send him this to put on, ";";" with my compliments and regards.

1st Young Lady: "My young man is in Portobello; he says that it is "Cush."

2nd Young Lady: "My young man is in Arbour Hill; he says that it is "Mush."

The boys in "The Lambs" all wish the popular Jimmy Devanny good luck and fortune on his transfer to Islandbridge.

Hearty congratulations to the genial Jimmy Ryan, Pay and Accounts Staff, Collins Barracks. More power, Jimmy.

This week's Slogan:—"Standing Load."

"ME LARKIE."



#### A RAMBLER'S DIARY.

The second round draw for No. 4 Group Billiard Tournament resulted in A.C.E. (No. 2) team having to play School of Music (No. 2) team at Beggar's Bush Barracks on 26th November. Byes were drawn for Records, Officers' Pay Section, and A.C.E. No. 1 teams.

The semi-finals will be decided as follows:—Records versus Officers' Pay Section, and the winner of the second round match against A.C.E. (No. 1).

The game between A.C.E. and School of Music resulted in a win for the tradesmen by 745 to 663 for the musicians. Closely contested games were the order of events and both teams having won two games each it was the higher scoring of the "tradesmen" that gave them the victory.

A cordial invitation having been received from the Rev. Fathers D. Ryan and R. J. Casey to stage the final in The Soldiers' Club, No. 5a College

Street, the Committee have gladly accepted same and accordingly as soon as they are in a position to specify a date the fixture will be brought off there. Those games will be well worth witnessing ("Apt alliteration's artful aid") and it is expected that a big crowd will assemble at that venue on the night in question.

The Cinderella on Wednesday, 24th November, and the N.C.O.'s All-Night Dance on Friday, 26th, held in the 'Bello Gym. were a great success. The decorations installed for the Officers' Dance on 19th inst. had been allowed to remain and enhanced the picture.

The next show to be given by Portobello Musical and Dramatic Club promises to reach a standard rarely excelled by amateurs. With the assistance of such well-known artists as the Misses Terry Owens and Joan Burke and Mr. Tom Burke the Prison Scene from "Maritana" is being staged. A variety concert and the comedy "The Counter Charm" are being presented on the same occasion. When it is noted that the Misses Catherine O'Neill, Irene Albany and McAllister, and Ptes. Meggs and Birmingham constitute the cast of the latter production it will scarcely be necessary to urge those who are not already in possession of tickets of admission to get them at once. They may be obtained from C/Sgt. Diack, Records Office, Portobello, Hon. Sec. of the Amusements Sub-Committee.

The Cross-Country race organised by G.H.Q. Command at Baldonnel on Wednesday, 24th, should give encouragement to the promoters. It was a pity that neither Gormanston nor Islandbridge were represented, as we could then have got a clear line as to the capabilities of the various Groups. For some obscure reason only the first twelve in were supposed to count for points, but it was apparent that, at present anyway, the only team capable of putting up a decent show is that of the Artillery. It is unnecessary to stress the point that for such tests of endurance the N.C.O.'s and men who participate and represent their units should be given some time off ordinary duty for training, and we observed that in the cases of some runners they neither had a "touch up" of embrocation before nor a "sponge over" with vinegar after the race. (Hey; did "Me Larkie" use vinegar?—Ned.)

The marking of the course left much to be desired and consequently the complete distance was not traversed. On the whole the fixture may be regarded as a success and the points neglected have only to be noted to obviate such at future meeting.

The run was a four-mile one, with obstacles such as walls, ditches, etc., intervening. The first man home completed his distance in 24 minutes. The following shows the order of arrival:—1. Gibbons (Arty.); 2. Sullivan (McKee); 3. Townsend (Air Corps); 4. Behan (Air Corps); 5. Owen Murphy (McKee); 6. Jordan (Arty.); 7. Shanahan (Arty.); 8. Carroll (Air Corps) and Carroll (Arty.); 9. Dolan (A.C.E.); 10.

Cross (Arty.); 11, McCaffrey (Arty.); 12, Curtis (Arty.).

The numbers in the first twelve were therefore:—

Artillery	...	...	6
Air Corps	...	...	3
McKee	...	...	2
No. 4 Group	...	...	1

and these figures point the obvious moral.

After the run the visitors were very well entertained. Sergt.-Major White, Air Corps, was very busy the whole afternoon engaged in doing all that was possible for the visitors.

At the Garda Siochana Depot on Friday, 26th inst., several Army boxers were engaged, but the only one who was successful was Pte. O'Donnell, 23rd Battalion, Portobello, who gave a very creditable performance in disposing of his opponent, J. Cronin (University College) in three rounds. Pte. Walsh (A.A.A.) was only beaten on points by D. Behan (Phoenix), and Pte. Spittle (A.A.A.) was no match for his adversary T. Hickey (Phoenix), who knocked him out in the first round.

“RAMBLER.”



### SPECIAL SERVICES, CURRAGH.

The Beresford Football team met their old rivals, the 8th Battalion, on Saturday, the 20th November, in a friendly practice by way of preparation for their meeting with the 23rd Battalion. After a keenly contested game in which both sides showed plenty of science and some pretty flashes of close passing the result was a fourteen points draw.

On the 24th November the Beresford team played the 23rd Battalion at Croke Park in the semi-final of the Medical Services Cup. Some splendid passages were witnessed and for the first half it was hard to say which team was the better. On resuming the “23rd” proved their training, and though the Special Services boys fought gamely they were “also rans” at the long whistle. We congratulate our victors and wish them luck in the final. (That’s the true sporting spirit!—Ned.)

A Library has now been opened in the Curragh Camp from which all ranks can obtain reading matter. It opened on the 22nd inst. under the capable supervision of Comdt. Colgan. There is a large number of very interesting books, both fictional and educational, by the most famous and popular authors. In addition, the books have been selected so well that no person finds any difficulty in making his choice. It is opened every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 2 o'clock to 4 o'clock. The rules under which the books are lent are very simple and can be complied with by everyone.

I heartily agree with “Ros Cairbre’s” advocacy in your issue of the 16th of October re educational classes in our Army. According to reports the 15th Battalion have made progress in this

matter, as I believe the boys of this Battalion can avail of the opportunity of attending an educational class several nights a week. Classes like this, one in every branch of the service, would bring the Army to a very high educational standard.

Sergt. Alec Noble of Camp Headquarters—all his colleagues join in wishing him all the joy and happiness married life can provide.

- Was that marker ambidext'rous?
- Was the ammunition bad?
- Did the marksman oil his whiskers?
- Was the rifle looking sad?
- Did the bayonet lose its lustre?
- Was the sandbag full of sand?
- Did the target start a quaking
- When it saw that marksman's band?
- Did the ground seem wet and sodden?
- Was the ground sheet nice and dry?
- Did the veterans think of Flodden?
- Or of “Coming to the Rye”?

“PERCIVAL.”



### EASTERN COMMAND H.Q. COMPANY.

Since my last notes several matches in the Command Gaelic Football League have been played, lost and won. A glance at the League table appended hereunder, complete up to and including Tuesday, 25th November, will show the progress we are making.

On Monday, 22nd November, a match between “A” team, captained by Jack Higgins, and “F” team, under the able captaincy of the genial “Cocker,” resulted in a win for “A” by 2 points. The scribe was unfortunate in that he was unable to get the details of this match, but some of the spectators gave him the impression that it was a “death-or-glory-fight-to-the-last-man” sort of style. Other matches played since have not got the same kind of ovation.

LEAGUE TABLE.

Teams	P.	W.	L.	D.	Points.
“A”	4	4	—	—	8
“B”	2	2	—	—	4
“C”	4	—	4	—	0
“D”	3	2	1	—	4
“E”	2	2	—	—	4
“F”	4	2	2	—	4
“G”	2	2	—	—	4
“H”	2	—	1	1	1
“K”	3	3	—	—	6
“L”	3	1	2	—	2
“M”	2	—	1	1	1
“O”	4	—	4	—	0

The Hurling League have commenced operations; they beat the team of No. 1 Command Co., A.T.C., in a brilliant match at the Esplanade, Collins Barracks, Dublin, on Tuesday, the 23rd November. Ginger, in goal for the Command H.Q. Coy., made an “impressive” display, and Keehan’s fine display in midfield made a match worth seeing. The following extract from the “Irish Independent,” dated 24th November, describes the match better than I can (Query—Ned):—

“In the Army Hurling Inter-League

competition at the Esplanade, Collins Barracks, yesterday, Command Coy. defeated Transport Corps by 3-2 to 2-1. Scores for the Command were got by Rev. Fr. Pigott (2 goals), Jim Carroll (point), Ferris (goal) and “Bud” Armstrong (point), while Brennan (goal), Butler (goal) and O’Connor (point) were responsible for Transport’s score.”

The Billiard Handicap at the time of writing these notes has progressed to the fourth round and some of the hot favourites are still in the running.

A few of the boys stayed in Barracks for several nights in succession. Surely something strange must be afoot. On investigation it was found that they had purchased “Michael Collins and the making of a new Ireland,” and once they started to read it took “lights out” to stop them. (And did that stop them—Ned.)

Corpl. Kelly says he now knows the one and only “Price” of the School of the Soldier “A” and “Snowy” says its “Merryweather” since they started their course in the schools.

We wish Sergeant Gallen all success on his return to civilian life after a long sojourn amongst us.

It is reported that a certain member of the Command Staff intends making a big move soon. Congratulations, “Bundoran.”

It must be rather difficult to “jazz” in Army boots, Tom!

Buff Stick: “Ah only got ma hair cut a wheen o’ days ago an’ Ah was pulled for a haircut!”

Early Riser: “But sure you don’t get it cut?”

Buff Stick: “And what do they do? Push it in.”

It is rumoured that “Bud” lost his “Bob.”

When will “the match men” get that overdue issue?

This week’s fairy tale told by the Room Orderly:—“The man in the coal-yard gave me a double issue of coal for the Billet this week.”

Congratulations to Carroll on his recent “whist” win.

It is rumoured that Cpl. W. and Sgt. G. are anxious to help the scribe.

We are glad to be in a position to say that “Dick” is still at his old job down the “mine.”

Our heartiest congratulations to Pte. McCarthy on his recent marriage. Big Paddy has taken up the spot near the fire now.

This week’s Slogan:—“Don’t luk at me; Ah’m no beauty!”

“ARD ATRGD.”

**SONGS AND BALLADS**  
for CONCERT AND HOME in  
**Erin’s Call, Hope, Pride and Flag**  
**SONG BOOKS.**  
**Price 3d. each.** Of all Newsagents  
and Dry Canteens.

**4th BATTALION, CASTLEBAR.**

On Sunday, 21st November, at Castlebar Asylum Ground, the Battalion by a meritorious victory over Ballyhane was successful in winning the Mayo County Hurling Championship. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the spectators were only about 200, mostly military. The ground being on the soft side owing to heavy rains on previous days the hurling did not come up to the championship standard, but taking ground and weather into consideration the game was well fought out by two clever if over anxious teams. The military held the upper hand throughout and at the final whistle the score was:—

Military, 4-1; Ballyhane, 1-1.

The Battalion Amusement Committee held a meeting on 19th November for the purpose of catering for indoor games during the winter period. After a prolonged discussion it was decided to form a Dramatic Class at Castlebar and to purchase daily, weekly and monthly newspapers and periodicals for the Men's Recreation Room, which is at present under repairs. It was also decided to hold weekly whist drives. The meeting closed with a suggestion from Lieut. Clancy to purchase a few sets of Indian clubs. (O! woe be to the men found in bed one minute after Reville now.)

Reports received from the Companies on outpost duties prove that they have taken a lively interest in both outdoor and indoor games. At Ballina a handball tournament is in progress; also their boxing and cross-country teams are in strict training for the forthcoming contests. "C" Company, who are the musical experts in the Battalion, have procured a variety of instruments (not all musical). The nightly performance is a great attraction.

Lectures given to N.C.O.'s three evenings of the week by the Battalion Staff are eagerly looked forward to, and not a few of the stationery shop proprietors in the town are shaking hands with themselves. The lectures are very instructive; they embrace all the duties that an N.C.O. is expected to know, from calling the roll of his squad to the final assault.

Owing to the objection brought against the Battalion Hurling team by the 16th Battalion, Cork, not being proven we are now in the final of the Chaplains' Cup. We are very optimistic about bringing that coveted trophy to the West.

Congratulations to our Assistant Battalion Adjutant, Lieut. Sean Clancy, on his marriage. We all wish him the best of luck.

"SPARKS."

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

**8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.**

Monday, 22nd November, was a gala night for the finalists of the Brigade Inter-Coy. Tourney, which was the occasion of the presentation of the cup and medals to the winners—"H.Q." Coy. Both teams were splendidly entertained in the Battalion Recreation Room, most of the officers of the Battalion being present. Prior to the concert the winning team was presented with the cup and medals by the Brigade Commander, Col. A. Brennan, who was accompanied by the Brigade Adjutant, Comdt. Kingston.

Col. Brennan in presenting the cup said he was very glad to see that two Companies of the 8th Battalion had the distinction of reaching the final. He referred to the sporting abilities of the Battalion, the keenness which was taken in all form of sports by the officers and men, and the great marching tradition which the Battalion held (no wonder we are proud of the old "Gravel Crushers").

Comdt. Kingston emphasised on the necessity of officers encouraging and taking part in all games with their men (a remark I am sure which has the approval of every man. We would be delighted to see the officers help us out in all our games). The Commandant also said he would be delighted to see an Inter-Platoon Football Tourney set going in each Battalion. This is how footballers are created as well as every other form of sportsmen. We have the youth and best sinew of the country. All it wants is developing and training, and the Army should be the place to instil the necessary principles.

Speeches were also made on behalf of the winning and losing teams. After the speech-making a very enjoyable concert was staged, in which both officers and men participated, concluding with the "Soldiers' Song." One was struck by the excellent talent produced from such a comparatively small assembly. Comdt. Cullen, Lieuts. Hogan and Guy distinguished themselves as really artistic vocalists. The rendering of "Pat O'Donnell" by Sergt. O'Neill was loudly encored.

We would like to see a Dramatic and Vocal Society formed in the Battalion this winter. It can be plainly seen we have excellent talent; it only requires digging out.

Much improvement has been made in the Men's Recreation Room of late. A valuable gramophone with an ample supply of records has been purchased. The rooms are equipped with plenty of reading material and the Committee which was recently formed is to be congratulated on the efficient manner in which they are functioning. A Billiard Tournament for the men is to be started very shortly, and valuable prizes are offered to the winners and runners-up of the tourney, also a special prize is to go to the man who makes the highest break. It is hoped all will avail of this splendid opportunity.

With regard to the Billiard challenge which we accepted from Beresford some time ago, it is regretted that, owing to the departure from the Battalion of some of our best Billiardists, which left us very weak in that branch of sport, we were unable to produce a selection that would be able to combat Beresford on the "Green Balze." However, after the termination of our Billiard tourney, which no doubt will be in progress by the time these notes are published, we intend to again accept that challenge. We hope Beresford will agree to this proposal.

A Battalion selection played Beresford Football team on Saturday, 21st November. Both teams were not up to full strength, but a very fast game was witnessed, the final score being 14 points each. We were all very sorry to hear of the Curragh Champions being beaten in the Chaplains' Cup by the 23rd Battn. at Croke Park on the 24th November, but we are pleased to know that they made a gallant stand against such formidable opposition as the 23rd. Better luck next time.

I am given to understand that we have thrown out a challenge to the 23rd Battalion Football team. Speaking from the repute which our footballers hold, we should be able to give them a rattling good game. All will agree that we were very unfortunate in being beaten by Beresford in the Command final.

The Brigade Inter-Coy. Cross-Country run took place on the afternoon of the 24th November. The three Battalions sent a team of 6 men per Company, which gave a field of 90 runners. The distance was over 6 miles. We congratulate Lieut. Dalton, "C" Coy., 5th Battn., on the grand display of endurance given by his Company and also on winning the cup and gold medals. I might mention that this team is well trained, and I am sure it was that advantage which gave them victory. We also congratulate Lieut. Guy and "A" Coy.'s team of our Battalion for obtaining second place. Therefore the set of silver medals goes to "A" Coy. Although we were beaten by a much superior class of runner we at the same time feel justly proud of the Battalion for the noble bid each Company made for victory. We can safely say that all our Company teams completed the course, and I cannot let this pass without adding a word of praise in favour of the officers who captained their respective teams. None of them was famed for running long distances, but they stuck to their guns with grit and determination encouraging their men on. That's a grand spirit; that's the spirit that makes men go through fire and water, and that is the spirit we want in our Army.

"GRAVEL-CRUSHER."

**KEEP YOUR COPIES OF  
"An τ-ΘΣΛΔΪ."**

**15th BATTALION, LIMERICK.**

We have one and all often heard the "old folks" reiterate the fact that "schooldays are the happiest days of one's life." Only now do we painfully realise that such is the case and that the little cares and worries of boyhood days are very insignificant in comparison with the trials and anxieties arising from the vicissitudes of after life. However, for us in the 15th Battalion we hear that these days are to come again and that shortly we will down our rifles for some few hours during the day and betake ourselves to the pursuit of lore (ancient and otherwise). We are all very anxious to polish off and add to our present stock of knowledge and will undoubtedly avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded us.

Three tips for the Pedagogue:—

(a) Learn the art of boxing, it will come in useful to you.

(b) Hire the services of a capable "chucker out," you will require him.

(c) Don't feel small when a fellow says, "I can't do it, Mac." Pat his head gently with a hurley and reply "Try it again, sir."

Some time ago we got a glimpse of the list of books that are to constitute the New Barracks' Library. We noticed that all our favourite authors are represented and were pleased beyond measure. But when the library is going to open we know not and are anxiously awaiting the time when its goodly selection of books will be the centre of attraction. (It's not a full stop: they're probably only waiting to get the colon—Ned.)

Recently a stream of boys from other units has been pouring into the Barracks. The 12th, 10th, 16th and 18th are represented. They are heartily welcome to the fold. The New Barracks are to be the centre of the Command School of Instruction and a course for junior N.C.O.'s will commence on the 29th November. Soon we will be able to carry out football and hurling contests between the School and the Battalion.

The final in the Battalion Inter-Coy. Football Championship between "D." Coy. and "H.Q." Coy. was to take place on Sunday, 20th November. However, during a Sports meeting which took place on Friday, 18th November, it was proposed by the representative of "D." Coy. that the match be postponed until Wednesday, 23rd November. The proposal was seconded and carried and consequently the long-wished for match was postponed. Instead the Committee decided that a match between "Possibles" and "Probables" be carried out. The "Possibles" were the Battalion team and the "Probables" were those that showed prowess during the Inter-Coy. matches. The game was somewhat uninteresting as the "Possibles" were on the strong side and the result was: "Possibles," 5 goals; "Probables," 2 points.

It was up the steep hill of Kilbride  
That "Jess" of our Battalion tried  
to climb,  
But when half way up he slipped in  
the mud  
And rolled down in double quick  
time.

**COMPANY DOINGS.**

"A" Company—Sergt Kinsella of our Company has taken the final plunge. He has our heartiest congratulations. We notice that the nom-de-plume of the 20th Battalion is changed. Hope they will keep it as long as we did.

"B" Company—We notice that many of the men of this Company have taken to Soccer. Is it because we were beaten by "D" Coy. in Gaelic? The following was submitted by Johnny:—Jazz-mad young lady (not hearing the tram conductor's punch ring as he punched her ticket): "Say, conductor, that punch did not ring." Tram conductor: "My good woman, is it a jazz-band you want for three ha'pence?"

"C" Company—We are on detachment in the Castle Barracks now and are beginning to like our new abode. We had hard luck during the recent Inter-Coy. matches, but all is not finished yet and we expect better look as the sporting season continues.

"D" Company—I am puzzled for some item of interest to write on, but I understand that a prize will be given to the soldier who submits a good yarn and submit the following:—

Irishman drinking with Yank: "Say, Mike, what yours?"

Yank: "I guess I'll have a brandy."  
Irishman: "Guess again, Mike, I've only tuppence."

(Here's another. Half-a-dozen men were circulating the wine cup in a Dublin hostelry and one, who apparently had no money, calmly ordered brandy and soda for himself on every round. It came to the turn of the first man to stand again. "What will you have, Paddy?" he asked the sponge. "Brandy and soda," calmly replied the other. His friend looked at him more in sorrow than in anger and finally remarked, "I'm afraid, Paddy, you are living beyond our means."—Ned.)

"H.Q." Company—Talking about raids, a daring raid was carried out on our lines at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 24th November. There were eight casualties. The raid was continued whilst the lads were at dinner on the same day and four more casualties were added to the list. At the time of writing the condition of the last four is rather critical, if not in body at least in mind.

Our war cry:—"Fall in, the civie clothes mob."

"GARRYOWEN."

**No. 3 BRIGADE H.Q., CORK.**

I do not claim absolute originality for the following, but every little helps, as Reilly said when he spat in the Lee on his way to the "Works":

Blessings on the little dame,  
Bare back girl, knee the same,  
With thy rolled down silken hose,  
And thy short transparent clothes.  
With thy bobbed hair's saucy grace,  
And the make-up on thy face.  
With thy red lips, red as gore,  
Smeared with rouge, and then some  
more,

From my heart I wish thee joy,  
But, praises be, I was born a boy.

In almost every newspaper you pick up you are pretty sure to find a lot of talk about the man behind the counter and the man behind the gun, the man behind the buzz saw and the man behind the fun, the man behind the times and the man behind with rents. But they have missed another chap of whom not much is said, the fellow who is even, or a little way ahead, who pays for all he gets, and whose bills are never due, he's a darned sight more important than the other chaps you knew.

A few words about our Indoor Amusements. We have, or at least had, a splendid wireless set in the Recreation Room, but some interfering gink started to meddle with the batteries and burnt out the valves. It is impossible to find out who he is, as through a mistaken sense of comradeship anyone who may have seen him interfering will not report. Quite a lot of chaps believe in the "not giving away" stunt. It is quite laudable at times, but when damage like that to the wireless set is done and no assistance can be obtained in tracing the culprit it is carrying this idea too far. (If he had any sense of decency he would have replaced the valves—sur-reptitiously, if needs be—Ned.)

I have had the pleasure of inspecting the large consignment of books received from G.H.Q. during the week for our Library, and I must say they are well chosen. We cannot complain, like "Me Larkie," of a depleted Library, as the present stock should last some time.

I quite agree with Sergeant Lynch's letter published a short time ago. If we had some healthful amusements by way of whist drives and dances they would be a source of great pleasure to the men in this Barracks. They would also help to keep the men from going to certain dance halls outside. I am also of opinion that they would appreciably help in raising the general morale.

It should be a very easy matter to start a Dramatic Corps in Barracks. The material is at hand and only wants utilising (you mean "mobilising"—Ned). In fact with the help of some of the sentimental songsters of the 16th Battalion Headquarters, and the instrumentalists throughout the Barracks, it would be possible to stage a musical comedy. (With a masculine beauty chorus—Ned.)

I notice that it is a habit with some of our lads, one of my own room-mates included, to borrow rather than buy "An t-Oglach" each week. Surely if it is worth reading it is worth buying.

I consider it sufficiently interesting to send home. If anyone asks me in future for a "rub of" my paper I know what I'll say. (We had to complain about the activities of the Ancient Order of Deadheads before, but I thought there were no members left nowadays—Ned.)

I am informed that a Sergeant-Major is engaged in trying to find out the identity of yours truly. He says it is a certain Corporal, but I don't think he would like to have a bet on it. It is always hard work climbing to the summit, but it affords amusement to see the attempts. We will give him "Fair Play" anyway, and hope he finds a winner. (Note for that Sergeant-Major—"Keep off the grass"—Ned.)

Anent my remarks of a few weeks back about the Special Service Men's Mess, I am pleased to hear that a serious effort is being made to better the Men's Mess of the 16th and 18th Battalions. It is realised that there are a lot of difficulties to be faced, such as frequent movements of troops, still these should be easily overcome by the co-operation of all concerned. (It is a consummation devoutly to be wished—Ned.)

I have just been informed that a meeting of the Indoor Amusements Committee was held on the 25th inst., at which it was arranged that a Billiards Tournament between teams from each Battalion, including what is known as the Special Services Battalion, should be held for the Indoor Amusements Shield. I am prepared to back the Special Services. The repair of the wireless set referred to above was also provided for. I hear that several other interesting items were discussed, but at the moment I am not in possession of full particulars.

It would be interesting to know at what time during the night did Mac undo his Apple Pie bed. He "enjoyed" it for a long time?

Who is "Cushy"? (And why?—Ned.)

When will "R" join the Boxing team? "APEX."



### 16th BATT., H.Q., CORK.

It is about time that we thought of letting you know some of our doings here in the 16th Battalion, Collins Barracks, Cork. It seems ages since we last appeared in your journal and I am not going to make excuses, as I am sure you are about "fed up" with hearing this every day, so I am going to break into song right off the reel.

I see by the last issue of our journal that we lost the objection we raised with the 4th Battalion in connection with the recent hurling match for the Medical Services' and Chaplains' Cups. However, I wish to show there is no ill-feeling, and I wish the 4th Battalion the best of luck in their matches to come. All I hope is that the 16th Battalion will get the opportunity of meeting them again, as I am certain that

their luck was "all out" when they played them last.

Quite a lot of our N.C.O.'s and men are joining the ranks of the "Benedicts." The most recent marriages were C.Q.M.S. Holloway and Sergeant B. O'Shaughnessy. To these two most popular N.C.O.'s we offer our heartiest congratulations and wish them the best of luck. Come on, wake up "C" Company.

At the rate our Billiard players are going, especially a certain N.C.O., we shall shortly be able to issue a challenge. Who is the N.C.O. that mentioned in the Mess the other day that all that was wanted was to be able to "cut a dash" with the cue.

Outdoor sports are at present practically at a standstill owing to the numerous duties that have to be performed. We are patiently awaiting a G.R.O. to bring the Recreational Half-holiday into being again.

The Shannon Scheme here is very far advanced. We hope to be in a position to supply "X" Block with electricity shortly. Sergeant Kelly is very busy at present endeavouring to get the Transport personnel into a "warlike" trim.

Woe betide the Company Clerk that said our A/B.S.M. was like a modern Napoleon. Much regret was felt recently when "D" Company left for "foreign service" at Castletownbere. Let us hope, "D" Company, that your absence from our midst will be short.

Since the Irish class started you can hear nothing but Irish words and phrases. A certain N.C.O. in "C" Company seems to be taking a special interest.

Has the B.Q.M.S. found that missing Inventory Board yet?

"Tex" Higgins and his Bronco pals are at present busily engaged in a "General Round Up." He will be back in Mess again shortly. Why is there such clamouring for "Union Quay Guard?" Special grub, I hear.

Let us hope that the football team will be successful in the first round of the Horgan Cup. It does not matter much about the second—the first round is the "Tunney" point. Is it not a fact that the C.Q.M.S.'s of "A" and "C" Companies have asked permission to attend the 09.00 hours parade on Saturday mornings on account of a recent protest?

Who boasted that "B" Company was the best all-round Company in the Battalion?

Who is the crack shot?

"DAUNTLESS."



### SPECIAL SERVICES, KILKENNY

Since writing my last notes Lieut. Mitchell, D.A.P.M., who has endeared himself to all whilst in the Marble City, was the recipient of a silver-mounted walking stick presented by the Military Police, 5th Brigade, on his transfer to Dublin. He carries with him the best wishes of all for his future

success and we extend a hearty welcome to Lieut. Kerrigan, D.A.P.M.

Yes, "Me Larkie," we are old friends, but I don't believe that yarn of yours about blushing. (When "Me Larkie" blushes it will rain pink mice—Ned.)

On Thursday, November 25th, the 20th Battalion hurling team met G.H.Q. in the replay first round of the Chaplains' Cup at St. James's Park, Kilkenny. There was a fair attendance of civilians, the 20th being there in full strength.

From the throw in the 20th got well away, and after seven minutes' play Lieut. Connolly beat Power in the G.H.Q. goal for a great goal. The 20th returned from the puck out and Lieut. Lennon added another goal. Leeson, McGrath and Kelly scored in turn for G.H.Q., leaving scores at half-time:—

20th Battn., 2 goals 4 points; G.H.Q., 3 goals.

In the second half Lieut. Connolly and Sanders scored in turn for the 20th. Power made some great saves in the G.H.Q. goal. M. Hayes, Stapleton and Foley put up a wonderful defence for the visitors, Hayes being the outstanding figure. Though the scores were high it does not at all represent the play, which was fast and exciting for the hour. The final whistle found the 20th good winners on the score:—

20 Battn., 6 goals 4 points; G.H.Q., 3 goals 1 point.

Corpl. D. O'Neill, who had charge of the whistle, was a strict and impartial referee.

What has happened "Soapex"? Is he on leave, or is it only a rumour?

Who said elephants are rare because they are scarce?

Does drinking milk going to bed give you "Troublecolosis"?

Did "Mull" make a rat-trap of the meat safe, or did he only "Set it"?

What do Tom Hayes and Jimmy Keyes think of Kilkenny?

Did Jimmy bring the "Solingen" to have a shave?

Did "T.H." tell someone in Kilkenny what he "did" think of blank ammunition? (S-s-sssh! I know a man that makes it—Ned.)

Who is A.F. 117? (Don't tell them, Ned.) (Wild horses and infuriated Fords would not extract these editorial secrets. Sleep soundly—Ned.)

Is it a fact that a certain N.C.O. contemplates a visit to Spain in the near future, and is it because he is fond of "Bull Fighting"?

When is the P.A. Sergeant playing in the Billiard Handicap?

Who stitched Peter's and Martin's sheets?

We noticed our late pigeon shooter has been succeeded by an equally keen lover of sport.

Private "X" says everyone knows now "that I had nine button sticks," to use his own words. (And how many buttons?—Ned.)

Great excitement prevails regarding the new Library.

I understand we are to have another concert shortly (dress optional). Corpl. "R" says "Double-breasters preferred." What has Corpl. "B" to say?

This week's lament:—"Ah, those new sheets."

This week's profound thought:—"A rifle is a beast of burden whose sole tormentor is man. (In my days at the Curragh it was the other way about—Ned.) "A.F. 117."



### 5th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

The following is the result of the Brigade Cross-Country Running Championship held on 25th ult.:

- 1st—"C" Coy., 5th Battalion.
- 2nd—"B" Coy., 8th Battalion.
- 3rd—"H.Q." Coy., 8th Battalion.
- 4th—"D" Coy., 5th Battalion.

Lieut. Dalton, who was the first man home, deserves the highest praise for the manner in which he trained his team for the occasion.

The 8th Battalion did exceptionally well and we congratulate them on being the runners-up.

Cross-country running appears to be all the craze at present. We wonder if it is being encouraged with a view to counteracting the scarcity of coal, for it appears to be the only way of keeping war in the present circumstances. Overheard on manoeuvres:—

Officer to Sergeant: "Don't allow these men to eat so much fruit, Sergeant, it is not good for them."

Sergeant to Men (sternly): "All right, sir. You fellows, throw away those turnips." "WATCHMAN."



### G.H.Q. CALLING.

An American tells us that in a certain part of America the onions grow so big that they are irrigated with their own tears.

It would be a good idea to instal a plantation of those onions in our baths in McKee. It would save Paddy the price of a naked light.

Wonder of wonders, we now have a new Mess in McKee, and rumour hath it that we are about to have a new menu. "Jampot," we hear, is drawing up the new menu, which will include those favourite old dishes, "knuckles" and "jippo."

### BEDTIME STORIES—No. 1.

A certain N.C.O. met a man whom he was after detailing for fatigues. The following ensued:—

N.C.O.—"Didn't I tell you to get a bit of 'guy' into it and carry stores to the cookhouse? Now, don't answer back. I carried them all myself. Here's half a dollar for letting me do it."

Guy: "Gee! and he's only a 'Cor-polar.'"

The fruits of chewing "chewing gum" (non-smokers beware):—

The boy stood on the burning deck  
And cursed his bitter luck,  
He could not flee for life because  
In gum his feet were stuck.

A few of the boys were vaccinated this week. It would be a good idea if we were all vaccinated against that terrible disease—"Ord. Room 9.30 hrs."

A lot of these open spaces we read about are under some guys' hats.

"You can't keep a good man down," said Jonah to the whale.

Most guys want to be treated well—and often. Yea, bo!

Some "doings" from our Encyclopaedia:—

*Knuckles*.—A tasty dish containing "grunt," "hare," "cookum," "sauce bernaise a la coal-tubbio."

*Jippo*.—A very palatable "mouthful" of frog's eggs, water, oil bottles, pull through, bolt heads, and a few as yet unanalysed constituents which are only known to our friend "Luke."

*Sausage*.—A longitudinal composition of canine granules. (And sawdust—Ned.)

*Guy*.—We don't know this one. Tommy Allen does.

Who is the junior N.C.O. who went out on the verandah at 3.30 a.m. one morning last week with a candle in his hand in order to have a look at the clock?

Who is the "gink" with the "timber head"?

What does Tommy Phelan think of cards, and is he off to Monte Carlo on a "recovery" trip?

Generally speaking, what does "Old Dadelums" think of Mess Orderlies and does Daly concur?

Who said that the barrel was the principal gas escape on the rifle? Did he get the offer of a job from the Gas Company?

Who mistook Jack Hill's "tash" for the poles of 2RN?

What does Tadg O'Leary, late of G.H.Q., think of the Scribe and the P.A.'s tug-of-war team in particular?

Is it true that John said, "Fall out those overcoats"?

This week's war cry:—"I'll take that grin off your face!"

Is it true that our "Sargints" are starting a course of B.T. under the leadership of the one and only Bob Thompson? "IXION."



### 21st BATTALION, COLLINS BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

A further couple of matches (Inter-Coy.) took place on 27th ult., both being well-contested games. The results were a win for "D" Coy, against "B" Coy. (Cup Winners), whilst "A" Coy. and "H.Q." Coy. made a drawn game.

That Billiard match between T.D. and the Recreation Corporal came off all right, and Paddy Mac feels pleased with the result.

A Boxing Tournament has been arranged for Wednesday night (Decem-

ber 1st) to take place at the old Concert Hall in Barracks and a fine programme has been arranged. Report in next issue.

The 19th Scribe has apparently not yet come up to scratch with the "Doings," but it is noticed that an "Unknown" has commenced to supply the "Doings" of the Eastern Command Headquarter Unit. May he keep at it.

The boys at Hib. School are often asking when are they to see the Old Homestead again? They have a particular fancy for Collins.

Soldier Paddy D. of "B" Coy. had rather some experience one night lately. On awakening about midnight he was surprised to hear a lot of noise in an inner room and knowing that occupiers were on night duty he proceeded to investigate the cause of the trouble at such an hour. Having got some light on the subject he discovered that a large-sized rat was the cause of all the noise. He then proceeded back to his own room, and having donned leggings and boots and armed himself with a heavy weapon he re-entered the room and informed the rat that there were "only two for it," whereupon he launched an attack. He made more noise than ever, but eventually succeeded in leaving the rat hors de combat. The B.O. on duty for the night, alarmed at the terrific thundering, decided also to investigate, and after crawling cautiously to the said quarters met the soldier leaving the room in an exhausted condition. Asked what had happened the soldier replied, "Rats." A reply which took a lot of explaining.

Heard in a certain office lately at the distribution of letters, "Oh, there is a letter with German talk on the stamp."

Soldier (pulled up by P.A. entering Barracks the other night): "You needn't look at my pass—it's January all right."

Dan and Jim display their vocal talent in H.Q. quarters these nights.

Do you know the part of the rifle where you put the water bottle in?

Have you seen some of the Hib. School boys lately with the flash Eton crop?

Did P.H. find that lid yet that he was looking for in the dining hall one morning recently after breakfast?

The article in the last issue concerning the Officers' Association was read with much interest by the officers of the 21st, who are hoping that an early move will be made for such a much-desired want locally.

The 21st and Navan representatives again met and made a drawn game lately, after which the latter were entertained by the former.

Two successful "Whist" games were carried off at the Men's Recreation Room during last week and the winners secured many valuable prizes.

This week's Slogan:—"When are they Paying Out?"

## S.O.I., WESTERN COMMAND.

Our day on the range provided little excitement and much controversy arose as to whether the w.o. for the Signor's Group stood for a walk over or a wash out. Hard luck, Signor!

Hopper, of course, came out on top and was quite pleased with himself—thanks to the (Tra)jectory. On completion of the range practice one student found that the rifle was for his own protection and for the destruction of the country. Another student held the view that the rifle was only accurate at certain periods of the year, and that musketry practices should be carried out only at those periods. (Rifles are fearfully wonkey after a successful week-end leave—Ned.)

On pay nights one may see many students setting out on route marches. Indication marks are usually set from the night previous and most of the students go into town. (Those magnetic bearings!—Ned.)

There are usually two rings attached to the setting of the card, i.e., engagement and wedding rings, and cards can be had from all leading jewellers. Others dismally wander around the town where the only luminous parts observed are those opposite shop windows, and after treading their way from one stationers (?) to another return to the huts completely "off the map!" (Extraordinary effect of compass glasses—Ned.)

Here are some of our more pressing perplexities:—

How would you draw a diagram of a "horseman galloping"?

What is the length of a bayonet when the weight of it is 1 lb.  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch?

What was the strength of the squad that reported "one man sick: otherwise absent," and what formation did they adopt?

Who was it that, after watching the students learning the balance step, told them they would like it better when they came to the "School of the Fox-trot"?

Which of the students told the Musketry Instructor that the three different kinds of fire control orders were:— "Noble, brief, and antiseptic"?

"BALANCE STEP."



## ATHLONE GARRISON NOTES.

On November 23rd the Amusement Committee staged another successful entertainment. The programme was both long and varied and each item received due merit from the large and appreciative audience present. The programme opened with a recitation by Sergt. Heneghan, A.C.E. When it comes to reciting "Spottie," as he is known to his friends, is away on his own, but I understand he is only seen at his best in a certain Mess. A jig and reel by Master M. and Miss K. Murphy received prolonged applause from the house. A pipe and violin selection by Mrs. J. J. Murphy and Lieut. Power was highly appreciated.

Songs by Captain Young, Comdt. Mackey, Lieut. Dalton, Lieut. O'Neill, Capt. McKenna, Sergt. Delaney and Millar were also well received. The Barrack Choral Class rendered the following items:—"Little Tommy went a fishing," "Little Farm," and "A Policeman." Frankly speaking, those items were disappointing, the cause I understand is due to certain members of the class not attending rehearsals. "A Farmer's Boy," sung by Mr. Moore, was the outstanding item on the programme. By his clever impersonation of the farmer's boy he put the whole house in roars of laughter. This was followed by a one-act play, entitled, "Postal Orders." The cast included Mrs. C. O'Doherty, Miss Manning, Miss Parker, Miss Ryan, and Lieut. H. O'Neill. It would be rather hard to single out any player for special praise, with the exception of Mrs. C. O'Doherty, whose portrayal of Miss Evans was brilliant. Although the acting was good the piece itself was poor, and I hope that in future the Committee will select some better piece, thus giving a chance to these players to exploit their talents. During the intervals the Barrack orchestra rendered some very fine selections and the proceedings concluded with the playing of the "National Anthem." Captain Feeley, C.F., was an admirable M.C.

The first of our series of Whist Drives took place in the Gymnasium on Thursday night, 18th ult., and proved a huge success. Miss Kilroy succeeded in winning the first prize with a score of 164. Comdt. R. J. Feeley won the gentleman's prize with a score of 161. Colonel P. J. O'Connor presented the prizes.

The Billiard Tournament organised by the Committee tends to be a great success, an entry of fourteen teams having been received.

The Committee, in order to encourage the fine sport of boxing, and to develop any talent available, intend running novices' contests. It is proposed that each unit enter for each weight. Competitors must be strictly novices. No man who has taken part in contests under recognised rules for prizes will be allowed to compete. It is intended to hold the first tournament next month. Entries close on Saturday, December 4th. O.C. units are earnestly requested to take an interest and help to make this attempt a success.

"SPECTATOR."



## 25th BATTALION, ATHLONE.

On Wednesday last "A" and "B" Companies met in the first round of the Battalion Football League. The match was very fast and well contested. "B" were the first to score a goal per Ward. "A" then made a strong effort to equalise, but O'Reilly was unlucky and the kick out was sent in by Cuddihy for "B" Coy.'s full forward to rush the ball in for a second major. Just before half-time went "B" got a minor. From the start "A" got going and a nice drive beat "Neighbour" for

"A's" opening goal. Shortly after "B" came on to get another goal. "A" Coy. made desperate efforts to take the fat out of the fire, but "B" were all there in the back division and the end came with "B" the winners by 3-1 to 1-0.

Well, on the night of the 26th ult. a competition by the Amusements Committee for the best turn in song, dance or comedy in the Garrison, and our boys were there to the good. Corpl. Quinn and Pte. Donnelly secured first and second in singing. The concert on Tuesday also had its quota from the Battalion, and in all cases our men gave a good exhibition and were well received by the large audience.

I have been asked by a reader of our journal if his Company were the best supporters of it in the Battalion, but I am sorry to inform him it is not. In fact I refrain from showing the last Companies on the list lest he might get a shock. I will content him by giving the 1st, 2nd and 3rd, namely, "H.Q.," "D" and "B."

I am also glad to announce that the Novices' Boxing Championship is coming off in the near future. This fixture will be confined to men who have never won a prize in the ring. This is a great opportunity for our young blood, and I hope to be able to record numerous victories in these columns after the eventful night has come round. So, boys, I hope to see you on the square chasing the shadows in preparation for the fray.

The N.C.O.'s of the Battalion are presently being grounded in the use of Irish words of command and are, I believe, making great headway. I understand that their instructor, Captain Liam O'Conaill (Iadh Cath) has shown them the "Aire" of their ways. (Taitneann an gceal seo go mor linn agus ta suil againn go neireochaidh go geal leis an gCaptain—Eamonn.)

J. P. K.

## RUGBY FOOTBALL.

Kingswood Rugby football team, which is drawn from the personnel of the Army Air Corps at Baldonnel, defeated Bective Rangers "A" at Donnybrook, on 24th ult., by 28 points. The "Air knots" forward line gave a fine display of tactics which kept their opponents in difficulties throughout the game.

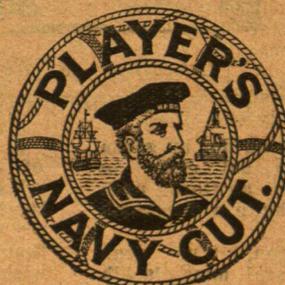
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Contributions to be sent to our Editorial Offices: General Headquarters, Park-gate.

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

Bhí an saighdiúr og ag dul ar garda an cead uair, agus bhí eagla an domhain ar ceannsaíde an Garda nach mbeadh se anonn a dhuite a dheanamh a gceart.

"Anois," ar seisean, "na dean dearmhad ar an General, agus glaoídh orm-sa ma thiocaidh se amach."

"O! na biodh eagla ort, a Shair-sint," ars an buchaill, "beidh gach rud ceart."

I gceann leath-uaire, no mar sin, tainig an General amach, ar aghaidh Seomra an Garda. Act ma thainig nior rinne an fearadoir tada, acht fanabaint n-a sheasamh ar aire. D'ionpaigh an t-Oifigeach agus labhar se leis.

"Bfuil fios agat ce h-e mise," ar seisean.

"Nil," ars an fearadoir.

"Is mise an General."

"O! ma seadh, a Dhuine Uasail; tog comhairle uaimse, agus imthigh as seo, ta Sairsint an Garda ar do lorg o mhaidin, chun tu a mharbh."

*Solingen razor awarded to Sergeant L. O Broin, Bunait na Roinne Thiar, Bearraic Custum, Atha Luain.*

A school teacher had been lecturing her class on virtue and its subsequent reward.

"Now tell me," she said, "what sort of people will wear the biggest crowns when they go to Heaven?"

"Them with the biggest heads," answered her brightest pupil.

Angry Wife (after a quarrel): "Seems to me we've been married about a hundred years. I can't even remember when or where we first met."

Husband: "I can. It was at a dinner party, and there were thirteen at table."

Worried Telephone Subscriber: "I say, my telephone hasn't been working for a month and you paid no attention to my letter of complaint."

Official: "We did. We rang you up to ask what was wrong and got no answer!"

A motor-car drove up to the entrance of the football field of an English school. The occupant called to one of the boys:—

"Will you tell the Hon. Algernon that his mother, Lady Fitzwalter, wishes to see him?"

A moment later the boy was heard shouting: "Grubby, your mater's landed."

"The worst of it is," she said, "that he has twenty thousand a year."

"But surely money isn't a drawback to a man?"

"No; but in this case the man is such a drawback to the money."

He: "Before we were married you used to say there wasn't another man like me in the world."

She: "I know; and now I should hate to think there was."

Friend (to Scotsman stripping wall): "Hallo, Mac! Goin' tae pit new paper on, eh?"

Aberdonian: "Na, na; I'm moving!"

"I would like to put it this way, my lord," said counsel. "Suppose I were to see your lordship going into a public-house—"

"Coming in," corrected the judge.

Two men left a banquet together; they had dined exceptionally well.

"When you get home," said one, "if you don't want to disturb your family, undress at the foot of the stairs, fold your clothes neatly, and creep up to your room."

They met next day at lunch.

"How did you get on?" asked the adviser.

"Rottenly," replied the other. "I took off all my clothes at the foot of the stairs, as you told me, and folded them neatly. I didn't make a sound. But when I reached the top of the stairs—it was Westland Row Station."

"But, madam," the registrar's clerk explained to a film-actress applicant, "the law compels me to record all previous marriages before I issue a licence."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed her prospective husband. "And I've got a taxi waiting!"

When O'Grady met an old friend in Dublin who persuaded him to remain in town for the evening, he wired to his wife: "Missed the six-thirty train. Don't keep supper waiting. Shall be home late."

It was very late when he did arrive home, and his wife met him at the door.

"Did you get my message?" he asked. "Yes," she said, "but I would like you to explain why you sent a message at four-twenty-eight telling me you had missed the six-thirty train!"

A man of sixty, who had been a grumbler all his life, and had long made a practice of changing his doctors on the slightest provocation, called in a young physician who had gained a considerable reputation.

He was telling the doctor what he thought was the matter with him when the doctor ventured to disagree.

"I beg your pardon," said the patient with a haughty shrug: "it isn't for a young man like you to disagree with an old and experienced invalid like me!"

Two young soldiers went to see a billiards match in which well-known professionals were playing.

Silently they watched one of the players pile up a masterly break, and at last one whispered to the other: "What do you call this game, Sean?"

"Why, billiards, of course," replied Sean.

The other was silent for a few minutes: then he whispered again to his friend:—

"Well, what do they call the game we play in our barracks?"

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