

AN t-OGLACH



REGISTERED]

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An t-Oglach

A HISTORY-MAKING JOURNAL.

(Continued.)

The continued appearance and circulation of "An t-Oglach," despite all efforts of the British to discover how, where, and by whom it was produced, made a strong impression on many people. There were many speculations as to the mystery attending this journal on the part of Pressmen. A few trusted newspaper men, Irish and American, met the editor daily, and as each issue of the secret journal appeared copies were handed to them. The Pressmen carefully concealed them in their socks, their boots, or inside their vests before leaving the editor, for British foot patrol searches were the order of the day, and the penalty for possessing a copy of "An t-Oglach" was in many cases penal servitude.

A dishonest and unscrupulous American journalist called Hayden Talbot has published in the "New York American" (with much other fiction, falsely attributed to the late General Collins) what purports to be the secret history of "An t-Oglach." Lest copies of the matter referred to should reach the readers of this paper, it may be mentioned here that every statement in Talbot's article about "An t-Oglach" is untrue and drawn from his imagination, and that his alleged interview with the editor is a bogus one. The editor never met Talbot in his life.

The Printing Office.

In addition to Mr. Joe Cullen, the compositor, and Mr. Walker, the printer, mention should be also made of Mr. Pat Caldwell, now stationed in Gormanstown, who was at this time in charge of the arrangements *re* publishing, distribution, etc. The little room at the back of the tobacconist's shop in Aungier Street was pretty well crowded between the manager, printer, compositor, platen machine, founts of type, stacks of paper, and other accessories—all in a room where there was hardly "room to swing a cat in." It was found necessary to introduce electric light, and an arrangement was made with the tabacconist to have this credited to his account by the Corporation. Copy and proofs were brought backwards and forwards between the editor and printers by Mr. Cullen or Mr. Caldwell, and later by the editor's typist, now employed in Portobello.

An Electric Motor.

As the paper was now being run off weekly, it was decided to purchase an electric motor to work the machine. After some negotiation, the editor purchased an electric motor, and this was worked from the electric light current. The noise of the motor made the occupants nervous of discovery, and it was found necessary to make a concrete foundation under it, after which it worked smoothly and comparatively noiselessly.

It was feared that the huge increase in the tobacconists's consumption of electric light would awaken

the suspicions of the Corporation inspector, and it was decided that the shopkeeper should apply for permission to use an electric cooker in order to cover this up. Capt. Sean MacGarry, as an electrician and a member of the Corporation, undertook to see to this, and the matter was still in hands when the Truce arrived. The working of the electric light current caused other troubles which would only interest experts. Despite all difficulties, the paper was run off regularly and with expedition.

A Curious Incident.

During this period a curious incident took place in which Mr. Erskine Childers, now of "Irregular" fame, was concerned. This man, as Dail Publicity Director, used to meet the editor daily and receive from him such information on military affairs as was thought suitable for the "Irish Bulletin." On one occasion an ambush of British troops took place in Merrion Square, and one of the ambushers, when retreating, noticed a piece of typewritten paper lying on the ground and picked it up. When he got to a place of safety he examined it, and was amazed to find it contained summarised accounts of a number of military operations by the I.R.A. in Dublin and the Provinces. He handed it to his Company Commander, it reached the Brigadier, and was by him forwarded to G.H.Q. The Chief of Staff could make nothing of it; the Adjutant General reported that it seemed based on reports which reached his department, but varied in wording and in detail. After it had passed through several departments, somebody observed that it was identical with matter which appeared in the current issue of "An t-Oglach," and it was sent to the editor for his comments. The editor at once recognised it as a paper he had handed to Mr. Childers on the morning of the ambush, and which that prudent gentleman had apparently crammed loosely in his pocket and dropped in Merrion Square when cycling across town. It even contained a mark which Mr. Childers had made in the editor's presence.

(To be continued.)

THE IRISH IN ENGLISH ARMIES.

The foreign military achievements of the Irish began on their own account. They conquered and colonised Scotland, frequently overran England during and after the Roman dominion there, and more than once penetrated into Gaul. During the time of the Danish invasion they had enough to do at home. The progress of the English conquest brought them again to battle on foreign ground. It is a melancholy fact that in the brigades wherewith Edward I. ravaged Scotland, there were numbers of Irish and Welsh. Yet Scotland may be content; Wales and Ireland suffered from the same baseness. The sacred heights of Snowdon (the Parnassus of Wales) were first forced by Gascon mountaineers whose independence had perished; and the Scotch did no small share of blood-work for England here, from the time of Monro's defeats in the seventeenth century to the Fencible victories over drunken peasants in 1798.—Thomas Davis.

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AN T-ÓSLÁC

NOVEMBER 18, 1922.

Our Work

THE officers and men of the Irish Army continue to make steady progress in the work of restoring peace and order to a distracted country. The work of years of revolution, chaos and foreign anarchic tyranny cannot be undone in a few days, but the progress made is remarkable and unmistakable. What the Army has to contend with now is no longer the organised revolt of a section of persons acting in support of a political policy, but the general spirit of unrest and lawlessness engendered by the events of recent years. The task of dealing with these conditions is a difficult, a delicate and an arduous one. It requires not only courage and energy (and these it demands in full measure) but discipline, patience, self-restraint, tact and cool judgment on the part of both officers and men. Those of the Army who served formerly in the ranks of the Volunteers and the I.R.A. may be regarded as seasoned troops. It is for them to give the many young recruits who have enlisted in the national service an example of all those qualities we have mentioned—qualities for which the Irish Volunteers were renowned. There has been no real break in the historic continuity between the force established in 1913 “to safeguard the rights and liberties of the whole people of Ireland,” and the present National Army; and the high ideals which inspired the men of those early days should guide our conduct and proceedings now. The people of Ireland look to the National Army with confidence to carry out the task entrusted to it loyally and well. They are proud of the “lads in green.” They look to them for an example of what is best in young Irish manhood. Any improper or unseemly conduct on the part of individuals is resented as a smirch on the national honour. Every soldier down to the rawest recruit should realise what an honourable force he belongs to, what an honourable service he is called upon to perform and what the Nation expects of him; and he should endeavour, wholeheartedly, to live up to the Nation’s expectations. Each individual should act as if the honour of the Army depended on himself alone.

“Fontenoy”

VICTORY FOR IRISH TROOPS.

Louis in person had laid siege to Tournay: Marshal Saxe was the actual commander, and had under him 79,000 men.

The Duke of Cumberland advanced at the head of 55,000 men, chiefly English and Dutch, to relieve the town.

At the Duke’s approach, Saxe and the King, advanced a few miles from Tournay with 45,000 men leaving 18,000 men to continue the siege, and 6,000 to guard the Scheld.

Saxe’s Position.

Saxe posted his army along a range of slopes thus: his centre was on the village of Fontenoy, his left stretched off, through the wood of Barri, his right reached to the town of St. Antoine, close to the Scheld. He fortified his right and centre by the villages of Fontenoy and St. Antoine, and redoubts near them. His extreme left was also strengthened by a redoubt in the wood of Barri, but his left centre, between that wood and the village of Fontenoy, was not guarded by any thing save slight lines. Cumberland had the Dutch, under Waldeck, on his left, and twice they attempted to carry St. Antoine, but were repelled with heavy loss. The same fate attended the English in the centre, who thrice forced their way to Fontenoy, but returned fewer and sadder men. Ingoldsby was then ordered to attack the wood of Barri with Cumberland’s right. He did so, and broke into the wood, when the artillery of the redoubt suddenly opened on him, which, assisted by a

constant fire from the French tirailleurs (light infantry), drove him back.

The English Great Effort.

The Duke resolved to make one great and final effort. He selected his best regiments, veteran English corps, and formed them into a single column of 6,000 men. At its head were six cannon, and as many more on the flanks, which did good service. Lord John Hay commanded this great mass.

Every thing being now ready, the column advanced slowly and evenly, as if on the parade ground. It mounted the slope of Saxe’s position, and pressed on between the wood of Barri and the village of Fontenoy. In doing so it was exposed to a cruel fire of artillery and sharpshooters; but it stood the storm, and got behind Fontenoy. The moment the object of the column was seen, the French troops were hurried in upon them. The cavalry charged; but the English hardly paused to offer the raised bayonet, and then poured in a fatal fire. They disdained to rush at the picked infantry of France. On they went till within a short distance, and then threw in their balls with great precision, the officers actually laying their canes along the muskets, to make the men fire low. Mass after mass of infantry was broken, and on went the column, reduced, but still apparently invincible.

Duc Richelieu had four cannon hurried to the front, and he literally battered the head of the column, while the household cavalry surrounded them, and, in repeated charges, wore down their strength; but these French were fearful sufferers.

The Irish Brigade.

Louis was about to leave the field. In this juncture Saxe ordered up his last reserve—the Irish Brigade. It consisted that day of the regiments of Clare, Lally, Dillon Berwick, Roth, and Buckley, with Fitzjames’s horse. O’Brien, Lord Clare, was in command. Aided by the French regiments of Normandy and Vaisseany, they were ordered to charge upon the flank of the English with fixed bayonets, without firing. Upon the approach of this splendid body of men, the English were halted upon the slope of a hill, and up that slope the Brigade rushed rapidly and in fine order. “They were led to immediate action, and the stimulating cry of ‘Cuimhnighidh ar Luimneach agus ar fheall na Sacsanach’ was re-echoed from man to man. The fortune of the field was no longer doubtful, and victory the most decisive crowned the arms of France.

The English Rout.

The English were weary with a long day’s fighting, cut up by cannon, charge and musketry, and dispirited by the appearance of the Brigade—fresh and consisting of young men in high spirits and discipline—still they gave their fire well and fatally: but they were literally stunned by the shout and shattered by the Irish charge. They broke before the Irish bayonets, and tumbled down the far side of the hill, disorganised, hopeless, and falling by hundreds. The Irish troops did not pursue them far: the French cavalry and light troops pressed on until the relics of the column were succoured by some English cavalry and got within the batteries of their camp. The victory was bloody and complete. Louis is said to have ridden down to the Irish bivouac, and personally thanked them; and George II., on hearing it, uttered that memorable imprecation on the Penal Code, “Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects.” The one English volley, and the short struggle on the crest of the hill, cost the Irish dear. One fourth of the officers, including Colonel Dillon, were killed, and one-third of the men.—THOMAS DAVIS.

THE INSPIRATION OF HISTORY.

From a knowledge of local history comes that permanent and proud nationality which appears to sacrifice life and wealth to liberty, but really wins all together. The story of one great native soldier would create more martial zeal than a college of engineers. There is an inspiration arising from each field of native victory, and a call that is obeyed from each well-told song or story of national honour.—Thomas Davis.

How the Germans Bombarded Paris

[Note.—The following article from the London "Times" is very interesting as exemplifying the development of modern military technics. Development of material, co-operation of new technical arms, and the effect of both on strategy and tactics are made very clear. It seems possible that in certain military conditions only two kinds of artillery will be of use: (a) Artillery like "Big Bertha" of truly enormous power, and (b) quite small and very mobile guns; and that the former will only be of limited application.]

Though the main secret of the German guns which bombarded Paris was soon known to British artillerists, the gun and its story long remained a mystery to the public. Commander Kinzel, of the German Navy, who took part in the design, construction, and tests of the gun, has now made public an account of his experiences with it.

The gun, he says, was a naval gun in that it was invented and served by naval personnel. It was not altogether a sudden idea to produce a gun that could shoot as far as Paris from the German line. The range had steadily risen. When the war broke out the heaviest German gun could only fire a distance of 35 kilometres (nearly 22 miles). Then the need was felt for a gun with a range of 45 kilometres (about 28½ miles), so as to be able to bombard Dunkirk. A 38-centimetre gun was designed, and on April 28, 1915, the first shell was projected into Dunkirk harbour. By January, 1917, a German gun had been constructed able to bombard St. Omer and Doullens from Cambrai, a distance of 62 kilometres (nearly 39 miles).

In the spring of 1916 General Ludendorff had given his consent to materials being assigned for the construction of an experimental gun that should be able to bombard Paris from the German line, then distant only 90 kilometres (56½ miles). The Naval Ordnance Staff at once went to work on the difficult problem of ballistics involved. Before they could embark on construction work they had to form in their minds some picture of the loading chamber, to calculate the weight of projectile, and decide what propellant must be used. Something like double the usual initial velocity was required, and an immense amount of research was necessary. It was done in complete secrecy.

For a long time the designers were at a loss, but ultimately they seem to have overcome all ballistic difficulties and the gun was built. The charge, ordinarily one-third of the weight of the projectile, was twice as heavy. The length of the chamber was monstrous. At an angle of 45 degs. the barrel towered over houses, trees, and roofs. It needed some courage to shoot with a thing like "a stick of gigantic asparagus." But the material stood it.

Commander Kinzel gives an interesting account of the testing; no artillery trial ground, he says, was large enough, and the proposal to fire over the enemy territory was rejected because that would have given away valuable technical information. In conjunction with the Ministry of Marine, the decision was reached to fire the gun from land at about the approximate distance from the sea the shell was calculated to carry. Batteries on the shore were warned, the ground divided into observation areas, and two seaplanes were sent out to sea to watch for the shell. It was estimated that it would explode at 110 kilometres (68 miles) from the gun.

At 3.15 one afternoon the seaplanes were warned by wireless. "Attention shell fire." Three minutes was the time estimated for the shell to reach the

marked area. Then came a ring on the telephone at the central station: "Reports of explosion heard." It was found on inquiry that the shell had fallen at 95 kilometres (59 miles) from the gun, and 1,400 yards inland. It had hit a cowshed, but there were no casualties.

The pieces were collected and examined. They showed that the shell had been to an altitude of 40 kilometres. The distance, however, was short of that for which the gun was designed, and there followed new consultations, calculations, and designs. Finally, a few weeks later, they were in a position to bombard Paris.

Two guns were made and a third put in hand. Commander Kinzel gives some details of the two when they had been brought into position in a wood behind Laon in March, 1918. The nearest enemy lines were 12 kilometres (7½ miles) away. Paris was 128 kilometres (80 miles) distant. The crew were naval gunners. Special dug-outs had to be made for the cartridges and shells and special smoke apparatus for concealment, since at 45 degrees the barrel overshot the forest. The shells, he says, looked modest side by side with the cartridges, which were three and four times as long as the shell and the length of two grown men.

The Germans reckoned on a panic in Paris. "We imagined," he said, "if suddenly a shell of this kind detonated in the Potsdamerplatz, then one in the Alexanderplatz, 10 minutes later at the Zoo, and then on the Schlesische Station—what would happen in Berlin. That the gun could not lay Paris in ruins was plain; this was a 'moral' gun."

They laid the guns at 50 degrees. Commander Kinzel goes into some detail about the laying, which was important, seeing that an error of one degree elevation apparently meant missing the target by more than 2,000 yards. On March 23, at 7.15 a.m., they opened fire, and then continued every quarter of an hour, later speeding the rounds. At 2 o'clock the sun came through, and they ceased for the day, so as not to give away the position, as French observation balloons were searching the district. They fired for three days before they got the first news of where their shells had fallen. Within 30 hours French artillery had located and shelled them, but they continued to fire. Neither gun was hit.

The guns, however, had a life of less than 100 shots before the ignition chamber was so damaged that further firing was impossible. The old barrel was returned to the factory, a new one being ready. The battery lost seven killed and thirteen wounded, and was afterwards moved forward into the triangle, Soissons, Chateau-Thierry, Reims. Of its activities there Commander Kinzel has little to say: The French soon made the position too hot for them, but they got the guns away without mishap.

An Army's Tradition

In an Army the chief thing to remember is its tradition.

Go back 500, 600, 1,000 years, you will find that every National Army has a record to look back on. Cæsar could address his "Tenth Legion" as "civilians." Greater insult than that he could not give it, of course. It wiped out the insult by crossing the Rubicon and beating the pick of the legions of the Consul. What enabled it to do so?

They, the soldiers of the legion, looked back on a long and glorious record. They found it hard to be addressed as "civilians." We too have a glorious record, not a long one. How are we to maintain it?

Simply by a rigid adherence to the regulations laid down by G.H.Q.

Be alert. Let no order slip. On the humblest duty be as careful as if the fate of an Army depended on you. A smart appearance is one half of the success of a soldier.

Looking Backward and Forward

To secure and maintain the liberties of the people of Ireland the Irish Volunteers were founded in 1913.

In 1916 six hundred gallant Irishmen and a few Irishwomen rose in arms in Dublin and proclaimed to the world the right of the Irish Nation to govern itself.

From 1917 to 1921 a gallant band of men and women continued the fight against the invader.

Through all these years a little more than 1,200 men bore the brunt of the battle against the armed forces of England.

After Easter Week Patrick Pearse surrendered, unconditionally, to save the lives of the people and the destruction of their property.

In 1921 representatives of the Irish people were offered terms of peace by England. To save the lives of the people and the destruction of their property the representatives of the Irish Nation signed a Treaty embodying these Peace Terms.

The National Assembly endorsed the action of the signatories to the Treaty. The wishes of the people they represented were not in doubt.

The people of Ireland were satisfied that their representatives in the existing circumstances had done the best they could for the Irish Nation.

To secure that the fruits of the gallant struggle from 1916 should not be lost the National Army came into being.

One thousand of the twelve hundred odd men who composed the Active Service Units fighting against the English formed the nucleus of the National Army. Thousands more from the ranks of the Irish Volunteers or I.R.A. joined up. With a few notable exceptions all the men who had done anything for Ireland took their stand with the Army of the Nation.

The National Army is not the Army of an invader. It is the Army of the people of Ireland. Surely those who are in arms against the Government of their country do not expect the Army to evacuate. Were the Army of Ireland to fail in its duty to the people, from whom it springs, what would happen? There is no use in considering such a possibility. The Soldiers of Ireland will not fail the people in whose interests they face death fearlessly and ungrudgingly. They will not fail their Motherland.

The protection of the rights of the citizens is the first duty of the soldiers of a Nation. The Soldiers of Ireland are doing their duty nobly and well.

CLANRICARD.

Cursai Cogaidh

Oidhehe Dé Dómhnaigh i nDeilginis tugadh fé bheirt shaigndiúir—oifigeach duine aca—a bhí na geomhnuidhe i nDun Laoghaire. Is amhlaidh a shroicheadar stad na dtraen timcheall a 7.30, agus bhíodar ag siubhal go dtí Slighe Deilginise. Bhí fir armtha san áit agus do leanadar na saighdiúirí agus do ghlaodar ortha stad. Sé an freagra a thug an bheirt ortha ná iompódh ar a salaibh agus scaoileadh leo. Chuadar isteach i ngáirdín annsan, agus bhí na pleuracha ag tuitim go tigh ar feadh tamaillín. Ní fios ar gonadh éinne de sna Nea-Rialtaigh ach tháinig an bheirt as go slán sabháilte.

CUIGEAR TOGHTHA.

Rinneadh troid fhíochmhar i gCarraig Galligáin Dia Sathairn nuair a thóg trupaí ó Bhrí Cualainn cúigear ina bpríosúnachaibh. Bhí an cúigear far éis a lán gaduíoicta a dheunamh le deunaighe, agus tógadh an seúl go dtí na saighdiúirí. Oidhehe Dé hAoine do thuirling na Nea-Rialtaigh ar Choill na hAbhainn, ina geomnuigheann Sir Stanley H. Cochrane, Bart., agus do ghoideadar biotáille is fíon. Mar sin, d'imthigh deichneabhar des na trupaí ó Bhrí Cualainn go moch ar maidin agus fuaireadar amach go raibh an dream eile i mbothán le fear darbh ainm Jackson. Do thógadar áiteanna timcheall an tigh agus dubhradar leis na daoibh istigh géilleadh, ach ní ghéillfidís. Do dhein na trupaí usáid de ghunna Lewis annsan agus dfhreagair na Nea-Rialtaigh le bumbaibh is le piostalaibh. Bhíodar ag caitheamh len a chéile ar feadh leath uair a chluig, go dtí go raibh an

bothán n-a smidiríní beagnach. Tháinig an cúigear amach annsan agus tógadh iad. Is beag nár múchadh Jackson agus an troid ar suibhal. Bhí sé ar an leabaidh nuair a thosnuigheadar, agus dfhan sé ann go dtí gur thuit píosaí de dhíon an tigh anuas air. Do thóg na saighdiúirí amach fé dheire é.

FOGHA GAN EIFEACHT.

Bhí saighdiúirí ag dul síos Sráid Uí Chonaill tráth-nóna Dé Luain i geúpla mótór Crossley. Nuair a bhíodar in aice Cearnóg Pharnell do caitheadh leo le bumbaibh agus le piostalaibh. Gonadh Seághan Freeman agus é ag dul treasna na sráide mar gheall ar an bfogha. Caitheadh dhá bhumba, ach níor phleuse ach ceann aca. Do stad na gluasteáin agus do thuirling na trupaí agus chuadar fa dhéin na Nea-Rialtach. Tar éis ceathramhar uaire an chluig chuaidh na saighdiúirí suas go dtí Cearnóg Pharnell. Níor thógadar éinne ina bpríosúnach. Tamall ina dhiaidh san tháinig gluasteán eile agus bhí sé ag dul siar is aniar i Sr. Uí Chonaill, ach níor tógadh éinne.

The Vulture

Years back, when all but some fair face,
The winner for the next big race
To me were but a name,
There crossed my life a superman
To me such contrast, I began
To view my past with shame.

'Twas living fire dropped from his tongue
As Ireland's wrongs, her deeds were sung,
And of the dreams she dreamed;
Of those who kept the torch alight,
Who for her fought, who yet would fight,
That she might be redeemed.

My eyes saw light—his words bore fruit,
The soul wherein they would not root
Were barren soil indeed.
I vowed with what strength I could boast,
To stand in the avenging host
That one day he should lead.

And the appointed time appeared
When green-clad hunters rose to beard
The lion in his den;
And he—he filled a feather bed
That week of dawns and sunsets red
While striplings died as men.

Yes! stayed at home o'er tea to muse,
While lady friends brought in all news,
Nice "loyal" folk would give;
A point to red or green he veered
Yet on an even keel he steered
Between the two—to live.

More or less on "retreat" he went
The time the wounded lion rent
With claws of "Black and Tan";
Then God's peace came and brightness loomed
When marvel! he war-paint assumed,
And was once more a "man."

He stumped the town, he frothed, prayed,
And swore "Though we have been betrayed
We'll fight th' old fight anew."
His hearers nudged, some sniggered out,
I phrases caught like "windbag" "spout,"
And added one thereto:—

A "vulture," always hovering where
Prospective carrion in the air
His vulture sense desries;
Who will not fight, yet war will make,
For that within the battle's wake
His filthy garbage lies.

ENKA.

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