

AN t-OGLACH



REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

Vol. IV. No. 24 (New Series).

NOVEMBER 25, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

An t-Oglach

A HISTORY-MAKING JOURNAL.

(Continued.)

During the last few months of the war the circulation of "An t-Oglach" was greatly increased, a much larger number of copies being printed weekly. Each of the heads of the departments of G.H.Q. had an office of his own in a different part of the city, all these departments being kept in touch with one another by orderlies, who delivered messages. These orderlies took terrible risks in bringing despatches daily between the different offices, in view of the activities of search patrols of British, and their coolness and daring contributed largely to the successful organisation of G.H.Q. Some of these messengers now hold important positions in the National Army.

A Narrow Shave.

The editor's office, as has been stated before, was situated in North Great George's Street, while the printing office was situated in Aungier Street, and bringing copy and proofs between one and the other was a risky proceeding; but the work proceeded without a mishap. The editor also spent a considerable time daily in the Dublin Brigade Headquarters, La Plaza, Gardiner's Row, where he received reports and where also he kept in touch with Lieut.-Genl. O'Connell, at that time one of the principal contributors to the journal. A chemist's shop in the neighbourhood served the editor as a "dump" for his papers when he was leaving for the night. One morning this chemist's shop was raided by British forces. Fortunately, the lady of the house was able to conceal on her person the few I.R.A. documents which were in the place, and no discovery was made. After this warning the use of the "dump" was discontinued, and the editorial documents were taken home by the typist nightly. Six weeks or so had gone by with this arrangement working, when, one night after the typist had left the office, the editor received a big parcel, containing about 100 documents—statements of interest smuggled out of Ballykinlar. As it was impossible to leave them in the office (which was used as a dancing-class room at night) he had no resource but to dump them at the friendly chemist's, who received them with his usual cheerfulness. By an extraordinary coincidence the chemist's shop was raided that very night; but, still stranger, though the house was carefully searched, the British troops never thought of examining the innocent-looking brown paper parcel which was lying on a shelf in the shop. But it was a narrow shave.

Friendly Pressmen.

The editor used to meet certain Pressmen daily at one or other of three hotels in the neighbourhood—one of them being the very one from which he had had such a thrilling escape on November 20th, 1920. Two representatives of the American Press, both Irishmen, Mr. Denis O'Connell, of the Hearst Newspapers, and Mr. P. J. Kelly, of the "New York World," were trusted friends of the cause and gave valuable

assistance. A "Freeman" reporter, Mr. Pemrose, who also kept in constant touch with the editor for publicity purposes, is now serving in the National Army. On the day of the burning of the Custom House, the editor had an appointment made with certain Press representatives, and was the first to inform them of the event, having been watching the proceedings from the outside.

The Truce.

The coming of the Truce placed AN tOGLACH in a difficult position. It was necessary to continue to produce it by the same means, and consequently in the same form under the same secrecy in view of a possible resumption of hostilities; but the range of subjects that could be treated of became severely limited, and the uncertainties of the political situation made all editorial comment a very delicate and doubtful business. The leading articles could only dwell on the necessity of discipline and of being prepared for all contingencies, while the other contents were chiefly articles on training. When the Treaty brought evacuation and the Irish troops took over Beggar's Bush, the platen machine and fount of type were transferred to that place. It was felt, however, that there was no longer any necessity for bringing out AN tOGLACH by such a primitive method, and the printing of it was placed in the capable hands of Mr. Patrick Mahon, who has produced it for us ever since. The type and platen machine were employed for printing Army passes, forms, letter-headings, etc. They remained in Beggar's Bush until recently when they were transferred to Portobello.

This concludes the history of AN tOGLACH up to date, the story of a journal which played a big part in Ireland's fight for freedom and whose name will figure in the history of Ireland when the story of those wonderful years comes to be written.

GOOD MEN.

"In war it is not the number of men but the number of good men that gives the advantage."—CYRUS THE GREAT.

THE SOLDIER.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor,
But glory is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wealth his honour.
The poor brave soldier ne'er despise
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

—BURNS.

COURAGE.

Say not the struggle nought availeth
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
It may be, in you smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase even now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field

AN T-ÓSLÁC

NOVEMBER 25, 1922.

Reconstruction

It is unfortunate that the most virile elements of the Irish race were compelled, in their recent struggle with the British, to devote so much attention to work of a destructive nature. The result has been that the destructive instinct has been developed among our people to an extent altogether out of proportion to the constructive. It is always far easier to destroy than to build up.

The Irish-Ireland movement in which the War of Liberation had its origin was essentially a constructive movement. The men who sowed the seeds of the harvest we have reaped were genuine nation-builders. To-day we are confronted with a movement which, profaning the name of patriotism, sets out to destroy the nation. To kill and maim Irishmen, to destroy buildings, roads, railways and property, and to reduce our country to poverty and anarchy, is the only policy propounded by the adherents of this movement.

The National Army's duty is to stop the work of destruction, to leave the road clear for the great work of national reconstruction which Ireland desires. Every soldier in his brave and arduous task should be inspired by a vision of the new Ireland which we seek to build up—that Gaelic State which will express the highest ideals of our race in concrete form. The nation which has suffered and sacrificed so much for a great ideal is not going to go down in a welter of bloodshed and anarchy. It is going to achieve itself and give out brave and beautiful gifts to the culture and civilisation of the world. The stern task of ensuring this is now in the hands of the soldiers of Ireland. They will not fail the country. The people wish for peace and order; the Army will ensure it to them. Disorder and crime will be suppressed with a firm hand; if very drastic measures are needed we will not shrink from them. A hundred deaths now may prevent ten thousand later on, and the end of Ireland's hope of freedom. But the Army must realise that their work is fundamentally a constructive work. They are not out to attack or crush anything save crime and disorder. They are here to enable the people of Ireland to carry out the great nation-building work on which the wisest heads in the nation have long pondered.

Cursai Cogaidh

Cluineadh pleuscadh uathbhásach in Inse Chaor timcheall a hoet a chlog oidhche Dé Sathairn. Is amhlaidh a chonnaethas seisear ag gabháil an bhóthair in aice Droichead an Chapail Dhuibh, agus rud mara bheadh bosca trom á iomchur aca. Lasadh suas an spéir go hobann annsan agus rinneadh torann millteach. Tamall ina dhiaidh sin tháinig dhá larai a bhí ag gabháil an bhóthair cheudna go dtí an ball. Thúrling na saighdiúirí agus sé an rud a chonnaiceadar ná iarsmaí dfhear-aibh scaipithe annso is annsúd ar fuaid na háite. Marbhuigheadh triúr láithreach, deirtear, agus tógadh triúr gonta go dtí ospideul. Samhluigheann sé go raibh an seisear chun an mianach dfhágaint ar an mbóthar i gcóir na saighdiúirí, agus laochán a dheunamh annsan.

LAMHADH AG CRUINNIU.

Bhí cruinníú ag mnáibh Dia Domhnaigh i Sráid Uí Chonaill. Bhí cás na bpriosúnach á phlé aca, agus tuairim dhá mhíle duine, mná a bforamhór, ag éisteach leis na cainnteoirí. Tháinig cara iarainn is larai suas an tsráid nuair a bhí an chaint ar siubhail, ach ní bhfuigheadh siad dul tríd an sluagh, cé go rabhadar ag imtheacht go mall réidh. Thosnuigh na mná ar sgréachaigh agus ar cháinséoracht agus fá dheire caitheadh urchar ó phiosal le sna saighdiúirí. Do chaith na saighdiúirí sa larai cúpla pleur san aer, agus

rinne fuireann an chara iarainn an rud ceudna le gunna maisín. Do ghlac scannradh an sluagh, is bhíthas ag teicheadh ar gach taobh. Braithheadh daoine ina luighe ar an sráid ina dhiaidh sin, agus fuaireadh go rabhadar gonta, agus tógadh go dtí ospideul iad. Gonadh cúigear go léir—beirt chailíní, beirt fhear is garsún.

AN TROID FAN dTUAITH.

Rinneadh laochán ar sgata saighdiúir i gCill Mhuire. Bhí fiche duine de sna trúpaidh ar an mbóthar in aice siopa Uí Chonchubhair nuair a chuir nea-rialtaigh gunna maisín is museadaí i bhfeidhm orra. Do chuaidh na saighdiúirí i gelúdach agus dfhreagradar iad. Bhíodar uair ag caitheadh nuair do stad na nea-rialtaigh. Chuaidh na trúpaí amach ag iarraidh teacht timcheall an dhreama eile, is thosnuigh an troid arís. Gonadh a lán des na nea-rialtachaibh agus d'ímthigh siad, agus thógadar a raibh gonta aca in éinfheacht leó. Níor aimsigheadh éinne des na saighdiúiribh.

SAN CHLUAININ.

Thug nea-rialtaigh fogha fé an gCluainín (Manor-hamilton) Dia hAoine seo caithte. Bhí dream maith aca ann, is bhí roinnt saighdiúirí ar fuaid an bhaile. Do chaith an lucht fogha le tigh na cúirte chun na saighdiúirí a choimeád istigh. Chuaidh cuid aca go hoifig an phuist annsan ar lorg airgid. Oifeagach a bhí istigh, is nuair a chuala sé glór na bpleur tháinig sé amach. Ní raibh sé ach san doras nuair caitheadh leis is gonadh sa bheul é. Ba chuma leis rud beag mar sin, agus thóg sé piostal amach is do chaith leó. Ní gan éifeacht a bhí a lámh, mar gonadh taoiseach nea-rialtach go hól. Do léim an t-oifeagach thar falla annsan agus chuaidh sé go dtí an ospideul gan a thuille trioblóide.

SEÁN NA SGUAB.

A Fenian's Vigil

A glint of former fires to-night
Awakes within my breast,
Dead comrades' faces seek the light,
Cold hands in mine are pressed;
Forgotten watchwords reach my ears
That once stung souls aflame—
Aye, lead through chains and prison bars
To death, but ne'er to shame.

We talk the past, these ghosts and I,
The days of sixty-seven,
Our meteor-lights, that flashed to die
Like fitful hues of even;
The convict ship, the felon's shroud,
Our land, an Empire's pawn—
Lo! all merge with night's lifting cloud
And I behold "The Dawn."

The Dawn of Freedom! Liberty!
Great God! its fight is won
A freeman! I, on bended knee
Will greet that risen sun:
To my strained senses lesser thing
Has neither voice nor form:
Inside the bar, no terrors bring
The echoes of the storm.

The rude blast from some barren height
Where winter's snows yet cling,
Checks not in their advancing might
The green-clad hosts of Spring:
Though they a moment gleam foam-flecked
With June's erratic hail,
Who doubts 'tis June's sun has bedecked
And perfumed hill and dale

Oh! may that sun to-day a flood
Of pent-up bliss set free
And kindle trust and brotherhood
On Lagan as on Lee,
Illume where slav'ry darkness bred
Where hope's bright ray ne'er gleamed
And generate men like those dead
Through whom we stand redeemed.

N.K.

COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES

An Artillery Duel

A FRENCH BATTERY AT SEDAN.

Maurice, who was lying in a furrow, raised himself up, enraptured, and said to Jean: "There, that is Honoré's battery on the left. I recognise the men." With a back-hander, Jean threw him to the ground again. "Lie flat and keep still," he said.

With their cheeks resting on the soil, however, they both continued watching the battery, feeling greatly interested in the manœuvres that were being executed, and with their hearts beating quickly, at the sight of the calm, active bravery of the artillerymen, from whom they yet expected victory. The battery had suddenly halted on a bare summit, on their left hand, and in a moment everything was ready; the gunners sprang from their boxes and unhooked the limbers, and the drivers, leaving the pieces in position, wheeled their horses and withdrew to a distance of some fifteen yards, where they remained motionless facing the enemy. The six guns were already levelled, set wide apart in three sections, commanded by lieutenants, and united under the orders of a captain whose slim, extremely tall figure rose up, unluckily for him like some conspicuous landmark. And when he had rapidly made a calculation, he was heard to exclaim: "Sighted at 1,700 yards. The mark was to be a Prussian battery established behind some bushes on the left of Fleigneux, and whose terrible fire was rendering the plateau of Illy untenable. "Do you see," again began Maurice, who was quite unable to hold his tongue, "Honoré's gun is in the central section. There he is leaning forward with a gun-layer—Little Louis—we drank a glass together at Vauziers, as you may remember. And that driver over there who sits so stiffly on his horse, a beautiful chestnut, is Louis' chum, Adolphé." The whole stream of men, horses, material, was disposed in a straight line, about a hundred yards in depth.

First was the gun with its six gunners, and its quartermaster, farther off the limber and its four horses, and its pair of drivers, further still the ammunition and forage waggons and the field smithy: whilst the spare caissons and spare men and horses, provided to fill up any gaps in the battery, waited at some distance on the right, so that they might not be unnecessarily exposed in the enfilade of the firing. Honoré was now attending to the loading of his gun. Two of his men were already bringing the charge and the projectile from the caisson, over which the corporal and the artificer was watching; and two other gunners, after inserting the serge-covered charge by the muzzle, at once rammed it carefully into position and then slipped in the shell, the points of which grated as they slid along the grooves. Then the assistant gun-layer, after pricking the cartridges with the priming-wire, swiftly applied the match to the touch-hole. Honoré was desirous of aiming this first shot himself, and half lying on the block-trail, he worked the regulating screw to obtain the correct range, indicating the proper direction, by a gentle continuous wave of the hand, whilst the gun-layer, holding the lever behind him, imperceptibly moved the piece more to the left or more to the right.

"That must be right," said Honoré, rising up. The captain, with his lofty figure bent double, inspected the sighting. At each piece the assistant gun-layer was in position, holding the lanyard in readiness to pull the saw-like blade that ignited the fulminate. And the command was then given slowly, and in due order; Number one, fire! Number two, fire!

The shells were hurled into space, the guns recoiled and were brought back into position, whilst the quartermasters noted that their fire had not nearly reached the required distance. They rectified it; the practice began afresh in the same orderly fashion as before; and it was this precise routine, this mechanical labour that needed to be calmly and deliberately accomplished, that sustained the men's firmness. That beloved creature, the gun, grouped a little family around her, whose members were closely united by the bonds of a common occupation. The gun was the connecting link, the one object of concern: it was for her that they all existed, the caisson, the waggon, the horses, and even the men themselves. And from all

this sprang the great cohesion of the battery, a steadfastness and tranquillity such as prevail in happy families. Some acclamations from the men of the 106th had greeted the first discharge. At last, they were going to stop the jabbering of these Prussian cannon. But a feeling of disappointment followed, when it was seen that the shells did not travel the distance, most of them bursting in the air before reaching the bushes amongst which the enemy's artillery was hidden. "Honoré," resumed Maurice, "says that the other guns are mere nails by the side of his. In his estimation his one will never be matched. See how lovingly he looks at it, and how carefully he has it sponged so that the dear thing may not feel too warm." In this way he jested with Jean, both of them quite inspired by the smart, calm bravery of the artillerymen. In three shots, however, the Prussian batteries had regulated their fire: their range had at first been too long, but their practice now became so wonderfully accurate that their shells fell upon the French guns, which despite every effort to increase their range, still failed to carry the distance.

One of Honoré's men on the left was killed. The corpse was pushed aside, and the firing continued, still with the same careful regularity, and without the slightest display of haste. Projectiles were coming from, and exploding on all sides, whilst around each piece, the same methodical manœuvres were repeated, the gun was loaded with its charge and shell, the sighting was regulated, the shot was fired, and the gun having recoiled, was run up again as though the work absorbed these men to such a degree, that they could neither see nor hear anything else. Maurice, however, was especially struck by the demeanour of the drivers, who, stiffly erect on their horses, confronted the enemy, fifteen yards or so in the rear of the guns. Adolphé was among them with his broad shoulders, fair moustaches, and rubicund face, and a man needed indeed to be brave to stay there like that without so much as blinking his eyes, whilst he watched the shells coming straight towards him, and without being able to bite his nails by way of occupation, and in order to divert his thoughts. The gunners on their side were working; they had so much to attend to that they could not think of danger, whereas the motionless drivers saw but death before their eyes, and had full leisure to ponder upon it and await its coming. They were compelled to face the enemy, because, had they turned their backs upon him, an irresistible impulse to flee might have carried both men and horses away. A man can brave danger when he sees it. There is no more obscure, and yet no greater heroism than this. Another gunner had just had his head carried off; two horses harnessed to a caisson, had fallen with their bellies ripped open; and the fire of the foe was proving so slaughterous that it was evident the entire battery would be dismounted if they obstinately remained on this same spot. Despite all the inconvenience of a change of position, it was necessary to foil the enemy's fire, and the captain no longer hesitated, but ordered up the fore-carriages. The dangerous manœuvre was executed with lightning-like rapidity; the drivers wheeled round again, bringing back the limbers, to which the gunners at once hooked the carriage trails. Whilst this was being accomplished, however, a lengthy front was developed, at sight of which the enemy redoubled his fire. Three more men thereupon fell to the ground. Then the battery dashed off at a fast trot, describing an arc through the fields, and establishing itself some fifty yards farther away on the right, upon a little plateau on the other side of the position held by the 106th. The guns were unlimbered, the drivers again found themselves confronting the foe, and the fire began afresh, without a pause, and with so much commotion, that the ground did not cease shaking. All at once Maurice raised a cry. In three shots the Prussians had again regulated their fire, and the third shell had fallen on Honoré's gun.

Honoré was seen to dart forward, and feel the freshly made wound with a trembling hand; a large piece had been chipped off the bronze muzzle. The gun could still be worked, however, and as soon as the wheels had been cleared of another gunner, whose blood had splashed the carriage, the practice was resumed. "No, it isn't little Louis," continued Maurice, venting his thoughts aloud. "There he is aiming: COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES



wounded, however, for he is only using his left arm. Ah! little Louis—he got on so well with Adolphé, on condition though that the gunner, the footman, should in spite of his superior education act as the humble servant of the driver, the mounted man.”

At this moment Jean, hitherto silent, interrupted Maurice with a cry of anguish: “They can never stay there; we are done for!” In less than five minutes indeed this new position had become as untenable as the previous one. The enemy’s projectiles rained upon it with precisely the same accuracy. One shell smashed a gun and killed a lieutenant and two men. Every shot took effect to such a degree, in fact, that if they obstinately lingered there neither a gun nor an artilleryman would soon remain. The enemy’s fire was destruction incarnate; it swept everything away. And so for the second time the captain’s voice rang out ordering up the limbers. Once more was the manoeuvre executed, the drivers setting their horses at a gallop, and wheeling that the gunners might again limber their pieces. This time, however, during the movement, a splinter gashed Louis’ throat and tore away his jaw, and he fell across the block-trail which he had been raising. And just as Adolphé came up, at the moment when the enemy obtained a flank view of the line of teams, a furious volley swooped down. Adolphé fell with his chest split open, and his arms outstretched, and in a last convulsion he caught hold of his comrade; and there they lay embracing, fiercely consorted, coupled together even in death. But, despite the killing of many horses, despite the disorder the slaughterous volley had wrought in their ranks, the entire battery was already ascending a slope, establishing itself in a more advanced position at a few yards from the place where Maurice and Jean were lying. The guns were now unlimbered for the third time, the drivers again found themselves facing the enemy, whilst the gunners immediately opened fire with unconquerable heroism.

“This is the end of everything,” said Maurice, in a dying voice. It seemed, indeed, as though earth and sky were mingled. The stones split asunder, dense smoke occasionally hid the sun. The horses stood with their heads low, dizzy, stupefied amid the fearful uproar. Wherever the Captain appeared he seemed abnormally tall. At last he was cut in two—snapped and fell like a flag-staff.

The effort was being tenaciously, deliberately prolonged, however, especially by Honoré and his men. He, himself, despite his stripes, now had to help to work the gun, for only three gunners remained to him. He levelled and fired, whilst the three men fetched the ammunition, loaded the piece and handled the sponge and the rammer. Spare men and horses had been asked for to fill up the gaps that death had made, but they were a long time coming, and meanwhile it was necessary to do without them. The worry was that the gun still failed to carry the distance, almost all the projectiles bursting in the air, and doing but little harm to these terrible batteries of the foe whose fire was so efficacious. And all at once Honoré swore an oath which rang out above all the thunder of the cannonade: there was no end to their ill luck, the guns right wheel had just been pounded to pieces. Thunder! So now the poor creature had a leg broken and was thrown on her side, with her nose to the ground, crippled and useless. Honoré shed big tears at the sight, and clasped her neck with his twitching hands, as though he hoped to set her right again by the mere warmth of his affection. To think of it!—the best gun of all, the only one that had managed to send a few shells over yonder. Then a mad resolution took possession of him, that of immediately replacing the shattered wheel under the enemy’s fire. With the assistance of a gunner, he himself went to fetch a spare wheel from the ammunition waggon, and the work then began, the most dangerous that can be performed on the field of battle. Fortunately, the spare man and horses had eventually arrived, and a couple of fresh gunners lent a helping hand. But once again the battery was dismantled. This heroic madness could be carried no further. Orders to fall back for good were on the point of being given. “We must make haste, comrades,” shouted Honoré, “we’ll get her away at any rate; they shant have her.” ’Twas his one idea to save his gun, like others save the colours. And he was still speaking when he was ripped

open, annihilated, his right arm torn away, and his side ripped open. He fell upon the gun, and remained there as though stretched upon a bed of honour, his head still erect, and his face unscathed, turned with a fine expression of anger towards the enemy yonder. A letter—Silvine’s—had dropped from a rent in his uniform, and was stained with drop after drop of his blood, as he grasped it with his twisting fingers. The only lieutenant who had not being killed now shouted the order: “Limber up.” One of the caissons had already blown up with the commotion of fireworks, fusing and bursting. The horses of another caisson had to be taken to save a gun whose team was lying on the ground. And, this last time, when the drivers had wheeled, and the four remaining guns had been limbered, the battery galloped off without stopping until it was some eleven hundred yards away, behind the fringing trees of the wood of La Garenne.—From Emile Zola’s *Debacle*.

The Battle of the Boyne

On June 14th, 1690, William landed at Carrickfergus. The Williamite forces in Ireland now numbered 40,000 and 50,000, the bulk concentrated in the Lagan Vale. Most of the troops were excellent—continental mercenaries, or Anglo-Irish, now equal to the best. They were abundantly supplied, having for example, 60 pieces of artillery. James had 23,000 men and 12 pieces of artillery, and his troops were worse trained and supplied. Now in the Irish wars we have repeatedly seen that the possession of Leinster afforded unmistakable military advantages, so that the desirability of maintaining oneself in that province was not to be questioned. But desirable or not, James had not the means of doing it—his army was numerically but little more than half of William’s, and in fighting power was less than half. And there were no naturally strong positions to compensate for this. In the circumstances the only sound strategy was to fall back and hold the natural strong line of the Shannon: in this way he would secure time to train his troops, to raise new levies, and to get arms and reinforcements from France. But James would insist on fighting a battle, and marched out of Dublin on June 16th, reaching Dundalk on the 22nd. But he was too late to hold the border mountains, for William’s advanced forces were at Newry. In face of the great numerical superiority, James now retreated and took up a position on the southern bank of the Boyne. The Boyne was by no means a formidable obstacle, there being numerous shallow fords; but there was no other possible line at all.

On July 1st William attacked the Jacobite army and drove it southwards in a demoralised condition.

A total rout was only avoided by the really splendid fighting of the Irish cavalry. The Jacobites—James himself fled to France—had now to do what they might have done before without losing a battle at all. They retired behind the Shannon, and their successful defence of that line is the best proof of what might have been effected earlier by sound strategy.—(From *The Irish Wars*, by Lieut.-General O’Connell, published by Martin Lester, Ltd., Dublin.)

WAR A DUTY.

“War—the exposure of ourselves to wounds, toil and death—is as much our duty in a just cause as any other mode of sustaining justice. We are as surely bound to encounter the march, the watch, the breach, and the battlefield for country, altars, friends, rights and freedom, as we are to sustain our parents, defend our wives and children, and adhere to our religion and virtue, by any other less hazardous means.”—Thomas Davis.

DIVISION.

“He who believes it possible to achieve independence with a divided people has not read Irish history, nor any history like it. He who has read it, and still pursues the course which so often flung us bound and bleeding to be rifled by the stranger is a bad citizen, and, if in power, is a dangerous one.”—Thomas Davis.

Printed for Army Headquarters at Mahon’s Printing Works, Yarnhall Street, Dublin.

COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES