

THE  
**BLACKTHORN**

VOL. I. Nos. 2 & 3

PRICE ONE PENNY

MAGAZINE OF THE 10<sup>TH</sup>  
(COMMERCIAL) BATT<sup>N</sup>  
ROYAL DUBLIN ♦ ♦ ♦  
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ FUSILIERS

MAY & JUNE,  
1916



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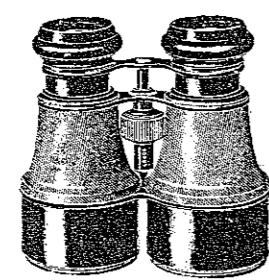
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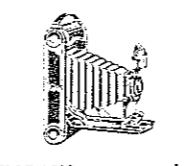
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# The Blackthorn

MAGAZINE OF THE  
10TH (COMMERCIAL) BATTALION ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS

VOL. I. NO. 2 & 3

MAY & JUNE, 1916

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## Editorial Notes.

We have to apologise most humbly for the non-appearance of THE BLACKTHORN last month. We can quite understand the longing with which thousands of our readers looked forward to the next edition of THE BLACKTHORN and their bitter disappointment when day after day went by and it did not appear on their breakfast table. But it was not our fault.

The Rebellion in Dublin held up a great number of things almost as important as the publication of THE BLACKTHORN. But we cannot help thinking that had those responsible realised the awful hardships they were forcing on the thousands and thousands of our readers they might have waited until after the publication of this popular magazine.

In the course of the fray the printing works of Messrs. Thom, the well-known printers, were burnt down and all our blocks, manuscripts, etc., were destroyed, and this necessitated designing a new cover, and, in fact, starting all over again. It is said that the Sinn Feiners were responsible for the burning of our valuable drawings and manuscripts. But we know what we know! We have our eye on other magazine proprietors! Journalistic jealousy is a bye-word.

When all this was over the Editor took it into his head to get pneumonia and the rest of the staff went on leave, from which he did not return for a lengthy period. And so THE BLACKTHORN was delayed.

Now, however, we are in working order, and with the help of a larger staff we hope to go on from success to success.

We have great pleasure to announce that we sold over 3,000 copies of the last issue, and hope to increase greatly this month.

(Jealous editors please note!)

A great number of manuscripts received have been crowded out of this number, but we hope to be able to publish them in future issues.

Several new members of the Battalion have helped very materially with this issue, which makes us look to the future with increasing confidence. Well as all have done we wish specially to thank Pte. Boyle, B. Coy who has given us so much of his time turning out the design for the cover and other illustrations for this issue.

A great feature of this issue is that the contributions are almost entirely from the N.C.O.s and men of the Battalion; thus making it a magazine by the men for the men, which was the idea with which it was started.

We are again offering the same prizes next month, viz., 10s. for the best article or short story; 2s. 6d. each for the best yarn, things we want to know, answers to correspondence, or the best suggestion for making the Magazine popular.

The results of this month's competitions will be announced in the next issue.

## Pugilistic Progress.

By "ARI NOBLE."

(All rights reserved.)

I

Our first meeting was purely accidental, but even in those early days he seemed destined for leadership; for, although smaller, he was more agile than the others, and they seemed to follow and watch his every action with breathless excitement. Heedless of the commotion he was causing, he swung quickly along the crowded thoroughfare and turned into the brilliantly-lighted hall with his faithful pack pressing closely at his heels. Inside a thousand lanterns flooded the chamber with subdued light, while a strange-toned Eastern melody assailed the ears. Passing down the central passage, our hero paused before an elaborately-mounted table upon which a pair of silver handles were idly resting. These he seized with a vice-like grip, and the expression upon his face became strained with what seemed to be a mixture of pain and almost superhuman intensity of will. Curiously enough, his action coincided with the outburst of a distinctly audible but not unmusical humming sound. Behind him his faithful followers silently stood in a semi-circle watching his actions with ever-increasing anxiety. Suddenly the curious humming sound ceased with the loud chiming of a silver bell, the sounding of which caused a relaxation of the tense anxiety which had hitherto been the dominating attitude of the waiting pack, and they immediately manifested their relief by giving vent to a lively babble of congratulatory expressions.

The beings who had been so fiercely absorbed by this uncanny spectacle turned away and followed their now perspiring leader to another corner of the chamber, where again they pressed around him and watched while he gravely divested himself of his jacket and rolled up his sleeves. He then approached what appeared to be an enormous pear, and, clutching this globule with a quick panther-like movement, he drew it downwards with a spiteful jerk. His followers still preserved that curious semi-circular formation previously noted, and with a backward wave of his arms he signalled them to fall back three paces, which they did, whispering together in an anxious undertone.

Then, momentarily posing himself for a wild leap, he sprang towards the suspended object and lashed it furiously. For one breathless moment all followed the velocity of the stricken object with painful suspense. Then, with a triumphant cry, the leader sprang back, the globule slid easily into its original obscure position, an unseen gong boomed melodiously, while from the centre of the now excited throng a young shrill voice cried, "You've done it, Mickey; you've done it—got yer penny back again!"

Before their entry these gladiators had apparently divested themselves of their usual suit of

II.

Outside the prevailing conditions were dismal in the extreme, but the ardour of the fight "fans" could not be gainsaid. All roads seemed to lead to the rendezvous, and a constant stream of vehicles discharged their human cargo before the venue's palatial entrance. Outside a series of electric arc-lamps hung from the ceiling, shedding a somewhat fitful but brilliant lustre over the seats which rising in tiers, filled the hall from the raised platform in the centre to the outer walls. The central position occupied by this platform, together with the curious fencing of rope which enclosed it, attracted the immediate attention of the gathering multitude; their secondary consideration being the amazing number of white shirt-fronts which formed an outer encircling barrier.

The sense of impending excitement pervading the place served to subdue the conversation, save in the case of some isolated individuals who stood upon their seats and with harsh voices loudly reiterated their determination to take six to four. After a time two beings of Herculean proportions, dressed in immaculate white, slowly mounted the central staging and climbed through the ropes. Each carried a small vessel, and from these they gently shook a golden powder over the surface of the staging. Their action evidently met with the approval of the gathering for a sound like the patterning of a thousand raindrops upon the autumn leaves immediately arose from all parts of the crowded hall, and, having accomplished their object, the figures in white walked slowly across the platform, bowed twice with great deliberation, and then withdrew. The hub-bub created by this incident had hardly subsided when a fresh collection of white shirt-fronts advanced and, in a dignified manner, occupied the reserved seats situated upon a raised dais at one end of the platform. One of their number, however, temporarily disdaining his seat, climbed slowly into the roped enclosure and in tones not altogether unmusical commenced a mysterious address.

It is regrettable that the substance of this address cannot be reproduced, but the intonation affected by the orator made it impossible. Here and there an odd word was distinctly audible. "Contest," "Championship" and "Belt" were amongst these, and must suffice. While the orator was still addressing the multitude another diversion was created by the stately entry of two gladiators, and a recurrence of the afore-mentioned sound of patterning raindrops completely drowned his peroration.

Before their entry these gladiators had apparently divested themselves of their usual suit of

## Pugilistic Progress—continued.

shining armour, for, with the exception of a cloth worn around their loins, their figures were completely nude. As they moved their rippling muscles caused a babble of admiration to arise from the audience, and when the white shirt-front occupying the centre of the stage announced their nom-de-guerres this babble increased in volume until it reached the dimensions of an ovation.

As this died away, white shirt-front beckoned to the gladiators, and a prolonged consultation between the three thereupon ensued. At the conclusion of this they returned to their original positions and proceeded to work their feet into the golden powder which lay about in abundance. About this time the white-clothed figures reappeared, and they, with great earnestness, now proceeded to cover the hands of their principals with small leather bags. Following upon this operation the gladiators were seated each in opposite corners of the roped enclosure, a proceeding with which they were evidently in favour, for they both adopted reposeful attitudes and gazed at the ceiling with expressions of great contentment.

A great hush now fell upon the multitude, and lasted until the booming of a deep-toned gong caused the gladiators to spring forward and embrace each other in the centre of the arena. The embrace, however, only lasted for the briefest possible time, for after making contact each combatant sprang back as though he had received an electric shock. Adopting menacing attitudes they now began a curious circling movement, each apparently endeavouring to approach his opponent without being approached by him. The watching audience appeared quite satisfied with the progress of these manoeuvres, and grew noisily enthusiastic when a gladiator threw one of his small leather bags at his opponent's head for they knew that this indignity would not be permitted to pass unchallenged.

In this they proved to be right; retaliation was immediately attempted, and the bags were soon being flung with lightning rapidity. The skill and speed with which each of the combatants was able to fling his bags and yet retain complete possession of them was amazing. Sometimes the missile would land upon its mark, more often the mark would be quickly moved out of the way of the oncoming bag, or a defending bag, forearm or elbow would be interposed to break its force, and when this was successfully accomplished the joy of the onlookers increased many-fold.

Just when the excitement engendered by the combat had reached its maximum the sudden booming of the gong stopped the contest and caused the gladiators to walk swiftly back to

their seats. Happily the stoppage proved to be only an interlude between the active sessions, and a large number of these were reeled off before the termination arrived. Then, when the combatants had finally retired, White Shirt-front again ventured within the arena. Advancing to the centre he took a full breath, and, with the fulness of his stentorian voice, ejaculated, "Mickey —— the winner." Fortunately the orator had arranged to make only a brief announcement on this occasion, for his remarkable utterance immediately created a terrifying outburst. Cheering, booing and hissing increased in volume until the roof gave unmistakeable signs of resentment. Seeing their danger, the "fans" made speedy tracks for the exits and dispersed.



UNDER THE SUN-HELMET AT MYTELENE JULY 1916

W. &amp; M. TAYLOR ::

:: "Bendigo Tobacco."



## One Week.

(BY A GRADUATE FOR THE VICTORIA CROSS.)

The sun had risen in splendour, and the birds having breakfasted twittered round the windows of the house. A gentle tap on the bedroom door warned S.F.X. that his morning bath was ready, and the cup of tea and biscuits awaited his pleasure. Slowly he rose, as the clock struck eight, and sought the comforts—nay, necessities—mentioned. Breakfast as a rule is the dreariest meal of all. Newspapers and letters absorb the attentions of everyone—but this breakfast was an exception. S.F.X. was to leave that day for Dublin to join the 10th Commercial Battalion of the Dublin Fusiliers. The lawn, seen through the French windows, looked splendid in the morning light, and the roses opening into full bloom looked as though putting on their best appearances to say good-bye to S.F.X. The previous night's dinner, at which friends had helped to make merry, did not affect the appetite of the prospective soldier. A nice sole, some perfect cold ham and chicken, prunes and *real* coffee fortified him for his journey. Overwhelmed with marks of affection, loaded with provisions of the daintiest, and warned by loving lips to take the utmost care of his valuable self, S.F.X. sallied forth leaving misty eyes and golden heads at the gate. Two big gulps, and then an effort to stride in military fashion to the station completed his last conscious link with home.

The Royal Barracks, Dublin, to one who had never been acquainted with such places before, seemed peculiarly suited to the common conception of military institutions. There was the sentry at the gate, looking very self-conscious. There the guard room—there the stone walls, the quadrangle and then the square. S.F.X. was directed to the company office, and after close scrutiny by a fierce looking officer (since discovered to be anything but fierce) was given over to the tender care of an orderly, who, doubtless feeling his responsibility, led him to Room—for dinner. Now dinner, to one who has journeyed far holds out great attractions, and S.F.X. had visions of long tables and jolly pals. The boys, for so he desired to think of them, doubtless through the exuberance of youth and the glory of the uniform, were boisterous in the extreme whilst waiting for admission to the dining hall! Suddenly a rush, S.F.X. was borne off his feet into what seemed to him a lumber room. Boards on trestles formed a table, and all around lay rifles, beds, equipment and the orderly disarray of men living in common. A kindly disposed neighbour advised him to seize a plate, and having lent him a knife directed him to a man who, with little grace and considerable vigour, distributed what looked like stew. Potatoes in their elementary state (cooked certainly) lay around the board. S.F.X. dined that day on a bun and a cup of coffee. Tea was a minor offence in itself. The tea cups were of various patterns—the designs on some looked strangely like labels on jam jars. The boys—having at-

tended to their own needs—hurled bread in friendly fashion at their neighbours. Night came, and the honour of sleeping in No. — was conferred on the scarce awake recruit. The arrangements seemed jolly enough. Three boards, and what for some reason are named biscuits, formed a bed. Three blankets and a piece of iron covered with canvas and designated a pillow, completed the outfit. Such an eventful day closed early for our recruit. Scarce had he laid his head down ere sleep overcame his weary limbs. A disturbance outside, like the cry of a lost soul, roused him in the early morning. He alone moved. "Surely that was a bugle? Why yes, this is a barracks, and by the Lord," thought S.F.X., "I am a soldier." (The bugler S.F.X. has discovered since is a particular favourite with the boys. His efforts are rewarded with prolonged cheering on many occasions—but not at reveille. Doubtless he is not at his best in the early morning.) Rising from bed S.F.X. thought of his cup of tea and then remembered—there were no cups of tea in bed here. The bath! he wandered out but no bathroom appeared in sight. A shaving stick of soap and a towel lent by some Christian helped the morning ablution. Then came an interview with the colonel—apparently S.F.X. was accepted—though the astonishing reticence of the Staff seemed to suggest, if not conspiracy, at least doubt. A uniform was given to him and he was a soldier in all but knowledge. Steadily S.F.X. pads the hoof on the Square, his feet shod in iron with glue soles. Daily he forms fours and other things, and when not engaged in these intellectual pursuits, polishes buttons and keeps guard—over his cap badge. (He has discovered that the boys have a pretty custom of bestowing these badges on their lady loves.) Knowledge is coming to S.F.X. day by day; and he now understands that friendly intercourse is reserved for his own rank. No longer does he give friendly nods to sergeant instructors or smile respectfully to officers—to the profound indignation of the one and the amused indulgence of the other. No longer does he consider the other fellow at the table—or invite all and sundry to libations of Guinness in the Canteen. No, he is a soldier in that at any rate. Doubtless before long he will be taking some other fellow's pillow, and borrowing soap, matches, cigarettes, polish and laces. One week has worked a wonderful change in him and he is the better for it. Even the crease in the trousers, once a matter of considerable moment, is now a cause of irritation. It is the mark of the recruit! The veneer has been rubbed off a little by contact with veneerless peers, but the contact has not injured the fabric. Yes! S.F.X. will certainly become a soldier, and when, in the good days to come, he returns to the old life, it will be with a wider outlook and longer vision. Carry on, S.F.X.

## Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree.

## FALLING OUT.

A recruit in the 10th Dubs, who had tender feet, was on a route march recently. During a march of four miles he had fallen out eight times.

"You're for the next war," remarked the exasperated Sergeant.

Again the recruit fell out.

"Go and join the Flying Corps," came a voice of thunder, "and be —, you'll only fall out once there."

Recruit—Say, chum, our Major is a funny bloke! I can't make 'im out.

Veteran—How's that?

Recruit—Well, the other night I said to him, "Halt! who goes there?" and he says, "Friend," and the following morning he passes me on the square and doesn't even look at me

## IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

C.O. (to barber, who has just cut him)—Drink, my man, is a terrible thing.

Barber—It is that, sir! It does make the skin so tender.

## ORDERLY ROOM.

C.O. (to Pte. Muldoon, charged (not for the first time) with being absent off parade)—What have you to say about this?

Muldoon—Well, sir! if you say nothing about it, I'll say nothing about it and we'll let the d— thing drop.

Would-be recruit on being told that he was too small for the Army—Too small! I am as big as Lord Roberts was.

Recruiting Officer—Yes, my boy, but we are not recruiting Field Marshals now.

Colonel (with long lived memory for faces).—I've seen your face before. What was the charge last time?

Defaulter (once a waiter).—Only sixpence, sir; you took it neat.

## SCOTCH.

Scot—One ticket to Dollymount please. Tram Conductor—Two pence, please.

Scot—Twa pence, are there no excursions?

## MORE SCOTCH.

Sandy—Have a cigar, Jock.

Jock—Why, what's the matter with it?

## STILL MORE SCOTCH.

Scot to heroic 10th Dublin.—Are you the mon that saved my child frae drowning?

10th Dub.—Yes, sir.

Scot—Then where's his cap?

Sailor, just back from voyage, surveying the ruins of Sackville Street, "Blimey! They must have got Home Rule at last."

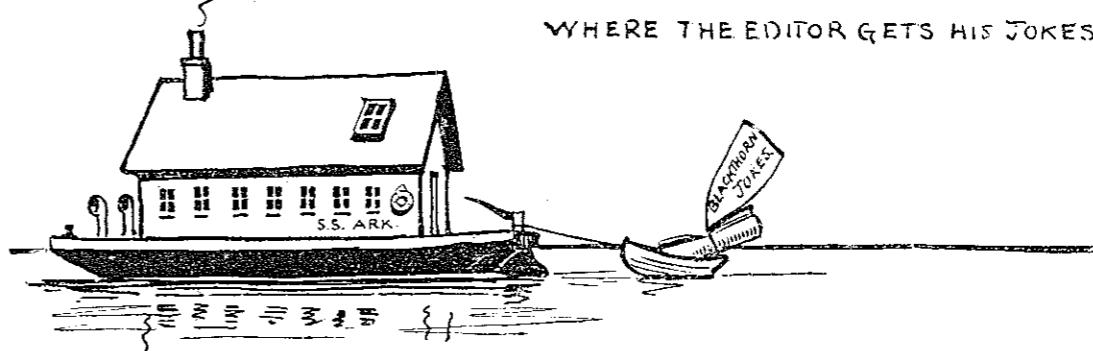
During the Rebellion.—A sad little artillery man to enquiring stranger: "Why do I look miserable, eh? I am on leave. I shall be late back. I shall be taken before the Colonel. He'll say to me, 'Where have you been?' I shall say in the battle of Dublin. Then he'll say, 'He's drunk again, Sergeant, lock him up.' Why am I miserable? Garn!"

## OVERHEARD AT "THE" FAREWELL SUPPER

"Seuse me (hic), but have you (hic) seen anything of the Sergeant Major?"

Waiter—"Oh! yes, he was here five minutes ago."

"Oh! thank you, w-w-was I with him (hic)?"



## As the Clock Ticks.

I had just been making a little inspection of the 10th Dublin's Barracks, and the other things which the unobservant have passed by unnoticed I intend to chronicle here. For, friends, you must realise that I flatter myself, some grant truly, on being a philosopher. You will not be surprised, therefore, to find fact and fancy fighting for place in these cogitations, for a philosopher is a lover of fantasy, and I, by your leave, being a philosopher—the inference is obvious. But I digress. II.

I heard a gentle and unassuming private of B. Company say, lately (in connection with K of K's death), that the mere thought of the possibility to omit the probability, of his being remembered and extolled as a great man a century hence, yea, centuries hence, made him swoon almost with delight. In any capacity, as a private, as an officer, as a civilian, provided he gained the laurel wreath. Behold one yearning for immortality, one incredulous of the unreal world of existence, yet, sad to relate, his room fellows are not enkindled by his "fire divine." How glorious a thing to have a Battalion of Philosophers. When the cannons roar and the bullets—but I am still digressing. III.

Who can reproach me for indulging in these thoughts, sitting as I am in my dormitory. It is near the gods, and surely they are styled immortal? IV.

A word about the dormitory! It declares, manifestly, I think, that art is subjective not objective. Consider the adornment of the rooms. Here in one soldiers' property, unrelieved bareness; there profuse display. In one, geometrical precision; in another, disorder unconcealed. Bareness, I prefer, and I, display. Hence subjectivity is disclosed. Am I clear? If not consult J. S. Mill on subjectivity. I cannot refrain from digression. Far over the square I hear a sergeant call "Attention" (or *long* of the word) and I return to my subject. V.

I am standing on the top of the stairs. Incidentally this always reminds me of the Bridge of Sighs, its associations are so severe, yet unlike that notorious passage it never leads to

condemnation, but "sometimes to quiet and repose Hark! The bugle the grim monitor of a toilsome day. (I am not sure of my simile!) Toil causes immortality yet unwelcome is the voice of him that calls to toil. Let the self same voice call us on Friday for pay, or call the living soul to bed or to hush the hungry (and thirsty often-times) cry of our surrounding clay and behold how merrily we march to its commands, or rather invitations Hark, again the bugle sounds! I ask is music also subjective. Verily a great deal depends on the bugler. Do you still accuse me of digression? VI.

Recently I heard a private remark that "Money is everything," and a classical wag added, "O milites, milites pecunia quaerenda primum," which is freely translated by

"Make money here, make money there,

But not a drop to drink.

What a tag of Latinity for a private and in a Civilised Battalion

VII.

A word of advice. In the courtyard many a groan and many a moan rises against all the unnecessary commands included in the soldier's training. Unbecoming! Illogical youth cannot, it appears connect the sowing of the seed and the will, the growing crops of the golden harvest time. God be with the days when we were so well disciplined and laborious that even at the command of "Stand at ease" each man kept standing to attention. (But was the sergeant slightly irritated? "Who knows!") Why did Adam fall? Had he not done so, I am told there would have been no inspections, no drill, no pay(!), and other little things. Then, pray, why did Adam—the question fades away, for the voice of a sergeant (small but well shaped) invites me to "Buck up"—too pressing an invitation to be refused with thanks.

VIII.

Dear Reader, I am even tired of digression so now we part. If you are ever *blasé* (if I may use the word) cogitate and say to yourself is life subjective or objective? If the latter well if the former well, and so the philosopher sings,

Content, sweet content

I am finished for the bugle calls "Come to the cook house," and "somewhere a voice is calling

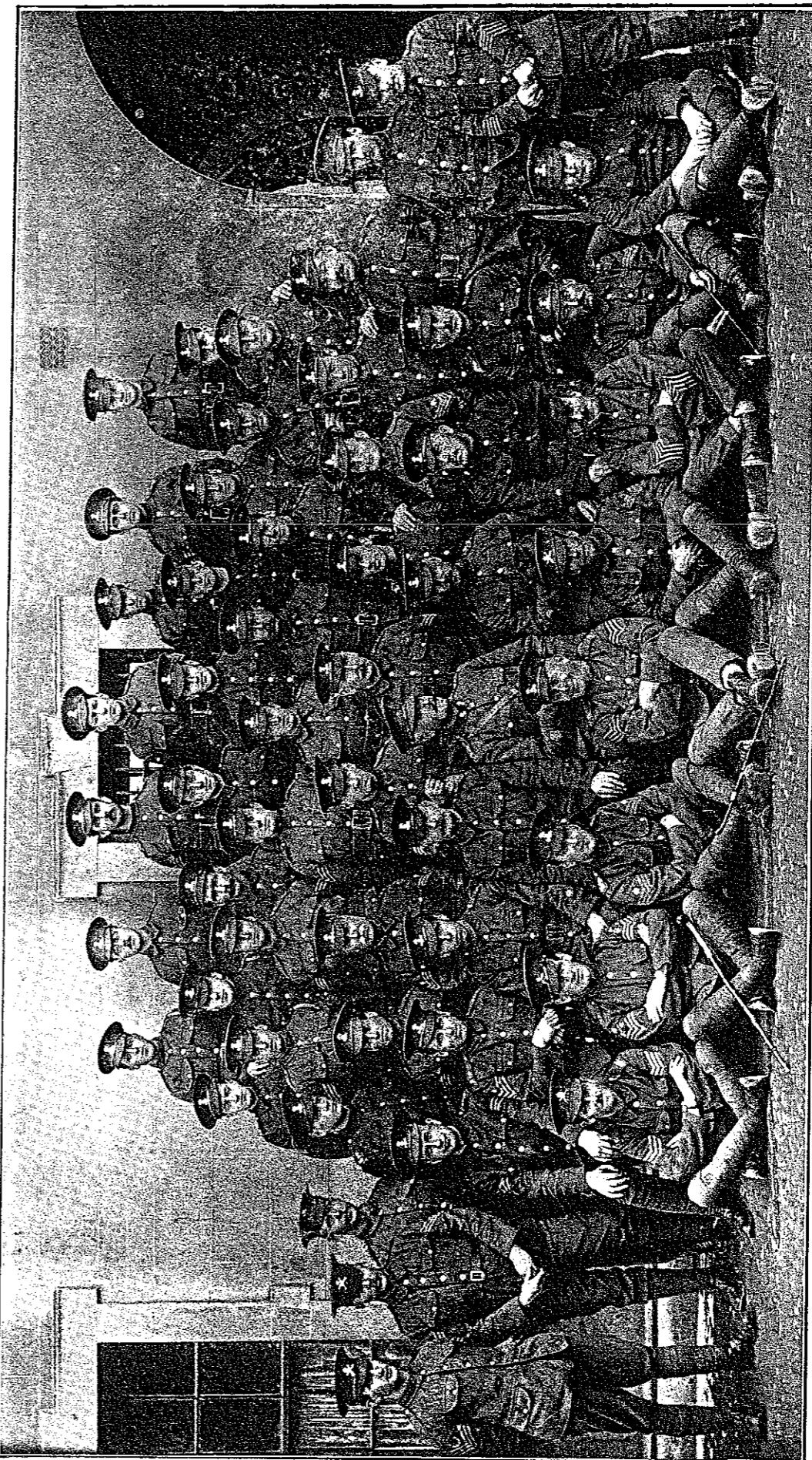
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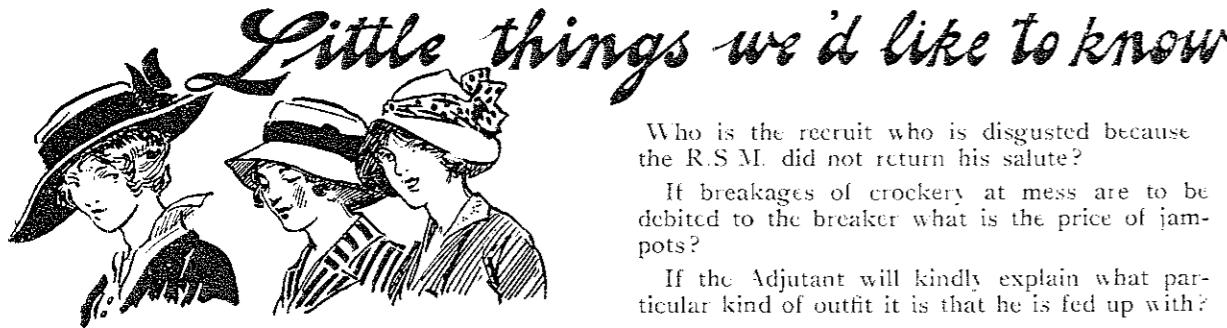
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[Alex. Redding, Dublin.]

THE SERGEANTS' MESS.

Photo by



The date when we may again beautify the streets of Dublin after 10 p.m.?

When the Cavalry are going to guard their own gate?

The name of the noisy Sergeant in the Mess?

Was Pte. S——y (B. Coy.) justified in applying for his discharge because he was not appointed to the recently vacant office of R.S.M.?

Is it true that the battalion buglers have given up smoking in order to preserve their wind!—and whether it is to prevent them from getting "fagged"?

The name of the newly appointed lance-corporal who will persist in beginning his yarns with "When I was a private"?

Who is the private in Room 48 who indulges in a prodigiously tough snore?

The name of the newly appointed lance-corporal who gave these orders:—"Right turn please," "March"—"Stop," "March. One by one."?

When Queenie and Aggie are going to speak?

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## The Sergeants' Mess from the Inside.

Tis virgin soil. No hand, rude or otherwise, in literature has yet plucked aside the curtain (of the bar) in a Sergeants' Mess. No tree held sacred by religious awe, or rite of the Eleusinian mysteries has been more carefully guarded from the vulgar gaze than the inside of a Sergeants' Mess. Witness the swift discomfiture of any Private or even Corporal venturing within its sacred precincts *albeit* on legitimate business. At the moment of entrance he senses an atmosphere subtle yet direct and superseding that of beer which titillates his nostrils. The room swims round him and he can see only a pair of stern and accusing eyes and a grey pointed moustache bristling with resentment. A voice, resonant and abrupt as a pistol shot, reaches him through the intervening ether and as his palsied faculties gradually recover he gathers that the question before the meeting is: "What the Devil are you doing here?" He murmurs something incoherently and stumbles forth, never, never to come again, unless that it so hap that Fortune's smile and the succouring Fates procure his promotion to Sergeant's rank. And should this come to pass he quickly becomes as jealous a guardian of the Mess as any old time martinet. The Officers' Mess is not nearly so exclusive: given necessary business to transact one can effect entrance and withdraw without bewilderment.

One man of the Victorian Era, a certain Thackeray, might, had he been privileged to be a Sergeant, have done something like adequate justice to the Sergeants' Mess, but the gods do not give with both hands, nor is it lawful to know everything. Blatchford, whose bump of reverence has never been noticeably prominent, and whose delight it is to strip the stark naked soul, is given pause to the Sergeants' Mess, and though he tells us of Sergeants freely, will say nothing of the Mess. Himself a one-time Sergeant in the "Rambundlers," a thin veil for the Dublins, he is silent concerning the Mess, showing how the traditional secrecy of a Sergeant concerning the doings of the Mess has stayed even his irreverent hand.

The personnel of the Mess is worthy of individual description, and it is only fitting that we should deal first with the *primum mobile*, round whom the Sergeant satellites circle in most obsequious-wise. The Regimental Sergeant-Major, to wit. A man tall of his hands who will not be drunk, for he has a vice even more greatly contemned of the ancients (though himself an ancient in Shakespearean phrase) in that he is guilty of more than mixing water with his wine, for he mixes lemonade with his beer. After the Colonel he is the dispenser of laws and dooms, and should Rhadamanthus of the underworld ever go out of office our Regimental



could readily fill his place, for he can put a man on the "peg" or "clink" him good and proper with the same automatic indifference with which Rhadamanthus consigned a stale corpse to the Land of the Impious. See him in the chair at a Mess Meeting and you will know his worth and his weight of authority. He is the arbiter of social taste and convention for the Mess, and largely for the Regiment, too. Still, notwithstanding all this greatness he is a man and human, there is a gentler side to him, he is not indifferent to the endearing elegance of feminine society and what time the Regimental band plays on the Square he may be readily distinguished the centre of the brightest patch of colour conversing genially with the admiring fair. At such times his sawed-off hunting crop is held loop downwards and he makes play with it against his well turned calf. On parade the crop is held loop upwards and is wagged *staccato sforzando*. We are led into a digression.

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The Sergeants' Mess from the Inside—*continued*.

here to remark that there is much material for the psychologist in the conduct of canes. Note the Colonel's method, he carries his cane in either of two ways (a) parallel to the ground, indicating his belief in the division of society into horizontal strata, (b) the ferrule resting lightly against his right hip and his right hand clasping the cane about four inches from the head. This method has the sanction of tradition and great authority, and indicates his regard for constitutionalism.

The Adjutant proceeds with a forward and downward thrust of the cane killing imaginary worms, and switches the cane in short curves against invisible heads. The Quartermaster has a duplex movement, with one hand he presses the cane down in a series of hops towards the Antipodes, while with other he stabs the air with a forward thrusting movement of his pipe. These movements indicate Retrenchment coupled with Progress.

But let us return to the Sergeants.

The Caterer is worthy of note. This office is greatly sought after, for it confers many advantages. As a Caterer you can have as many and as late breakfasts as you like. The market price does not affect him, let eggs rule at 3d. each and he can still be seen with two for tea. If any comment is made he will tell you, with

his mouth full, of the eggflip he had that morning.

The Cook Sergeant who fulminates fierce threats against all Huns and is the Imperialist of the Mess. He may be seen outside patting a young recruit on the shoulder informing him that no difference of rank should come between them and that they are all brothers fighting for the one great cause of Empire, and—the Germans Orderly officers go in fear and trembling of him.

The Sergeant Drummer discourses sweet music and nothing more.

The Provost Sergeant goes about quietly hinting darkly at the identity of some desperate criminal whose trail he is pursuing hotly.

The C.Q.M. Sergeants are the most maligned and patient members. They never brawl and scarcely ever play cards. Their chief delight is to compare notes as to the number of observations each has been favoured with by the Paymaster. They agree well together and heartily curse Rations. When they fall out, which rarely happens, you will hear such taunts as: "Who claimed rations for a deserter?" with the reply "Well, I never claimed rations for a dead man, anyway!"

Such are some of the elements that compose a Sergeants' Mess, and the whole is an atmosphere genial, brotherly, and unconstrained.



THE MESS IN ROOM NO. — HOW IT APPEARS TO THE RECRUIT.

## Answers to Correspondents.

*Recruit*.—The command "Toye Up" means stand at attention. No; you need not reply to the remarks just stand still and drink them in.

*War Babies*.—Reports circulated at the time were grossly exaggerated. We only know of one authentic instance.

*Antiquarian*.—Yes; the Duke of Rutland was Lord Lieutenant in 1765, but the building in question has nothing whatever to do with this.

*Veritas*.—Yes; *The Blackthorn* is certainly a good magazine. True to its name it has a *whack* at everyone.

*Bomber*.—One does hear a lot about "Stand to" on the Square but there is not so much "Stand two" in the Canteen.

*Hungry*.—You ought to pick up *Catch as Catch Can* in order to procure your rations.

*Motto*.—The privates' motto is *Spectamur Agendo* (we are known by our actions). We are informed that the Sergeants' motto is "Spectamur Dicendo" (we are known by our language).

*Official*.—There is no truth in the statement that Lt Cox was transferred from the Bantams for *laying* in the trenches. He still has something to crow about.

*Injustice*.—When you saw Pte — toiling across the Square with two buckets of tea it was evident he had been ordered to "Carry on." But another private interviewed in the Clink said that he too had been "Carrying on."

*Pte. Brown*.—Yes! We know what you think but Colonels are human, so be merciful!!!!

"A" Coy.—No! Mr. McMahon's order to Slow pipes has nothing to do with the Pipers' Band. He merely means Slope Arms.

*Tippler*.—No! The porter sold in the Canteen is non-intoxicant. Hence you never see the Provost Sergeant there.

*Newlywed*.—As you say it was an awful *fright* you got the day you were married. We should like to know have you still got her?

*Mal Apropos*.—No; you should not ask a widower how his wife stands the heat.

*Subaltern*.—No; you should not slap the Colonel on the back and call him "Old Man." He might resent it. Remember he is the most important person in the Battalion next yourself.

*Another Sub*.—It is not necessary to inform the Major that the green liqueur is Crème de Menthe. We have heard that he knows, and has even tasted it.

*Enquirer*.—No! We have no intention of asking Horatio Bottomley to edit *The Blackthorn*. This magazine has a "business government" of its own! Thanks!!

## Promotions.

*R.S.M.*  
Marsh, F.—B. Coy

*C.Q.M.S.*  
Conway, E.—D Coy

*C.S.M.*  
Henderson, J. C.—C Coy

*Sergeants*.

*A Coy*.—Fitzgerald, J.; Crowley, M.; Daniels, P.; Martin, M.; Cassidy, J.

*B Coy*.—Hoey, B.; Robinson, S.; Allen, L. B.; McCormack, J. J.; McDonagh, T. G.

*C Coy*.—Burke, R.; Connelly, R. W.; Anderson, A.; Liddy, A.; Roddick, R.; Norman, G. C.; Peck, H. J.; Strachan, A.; Kelly, M.

*D Coy*.—Correy, M.; Marshal, B. J.

*Corporals*.

*A Coy*.—Sergeant, A. R.; Blackwell, E.; Carlisle, F.; Cunningham, J. G.; Davidson, A.; Watson, A. F.; Willers, H.; Hope, J.; Nevin, M.; O'Connell, J.

*B Coy*.—Preece, J.; Burke, F. W. R.; Priest, I.; Allan, L. B.; Marmon, P. R.; Whelan, C.; Allen, A. H.; Robinson, J. R.

*C Coy*.—Norman, C.; Anderson, A.; Roddick, R.; Peck, H.; Connolly, R. W.; Eastwood, J. W.; Findlater, C. A.; Harding, S. W.; Holland, L.; Lea, A. V.; Synott, E.; Brett, R.; Cullen, J.

*D Coy*.—Holland, H.; Seville, W. A.; Conway, C.; Varnham, H. C.; McCullagh, McGuinness; Fitzgerald, E. J.; Roche, E. W.; McKenna, J.; Coleman, A.; Hastings, J. S.; Gallagher, G.; Kelly, J.; Conlon, J. J.; Sheridan, M.; Pierson, S.

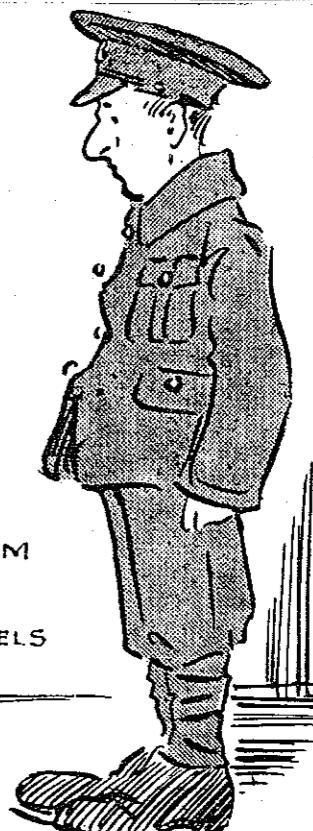
*Lance-Corporals*

*A Coy*.—Devin, F.; Lowe, J.

*B Coy*.—Nolan, M.; Goggins, J. G.; Ryan, I. F.; Holmes, W. J.; Arnot, I.; Daly, J. C.; Lindsay, G.; Purcell, J. J.; Coulter, —; Jackson, H.; Ward, B.; Spreag, E.; Cox, T.; Trotter, J.; Sheridan, T.; Peterson, C.; Herbert, H.; Field, L.; Algar, W.; Spain, P.; Hargreaves, J.; Gouravan, J.

*C Coy*.—Gordon, J.; Jenkins, E. E.; Gibson, H. W.; Eastwood, J. W.; Lea, A. V.; Findlater, C. A.; Harding, S. W.; Synott, E. F.; Laird, F. M.; O'Neill, C.; Adams, H. G.; Holland, L.; Brady, A.; Quin, R.; Kennedy, E.; Willis, P.; Murphy, P.; Eason, W.; Maley, A.

*D Coy*.—McAllister, C.; Conway, C.; Colton, J. J.; Strachan, A. H.; Varnham, W. C.; McCullagh, C. D.; McGuinness, P.; Fitzgerald, E. J.; Roche, E. W.; McKenna, J.; Coleman, A.; Hastings, J. I.; Gallagher, G.; Kelly, J.; Sheridan, M.; Pierson, S.; Aylward, J.; McLoughlin, E.; Quinn, J. P.; Gilligan, J. F.; Coade, J. R.; Amoura, L.; Love, R. S.; Carson, J.; Kendall, J.; Strachan, A.



IN UNIFORM  
AT LAST.  
HOW IT FEELS

## Some Resources of Civilization.

No 2—"THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS" (By JEREMIAH McMAHON)

The English language badly needs re-modelling. It is about the worst language in the world for conveying correct impressions, and the title of this disquisition is about the best example that could be found to justify this statement. The dictionary tells us that a "professor" is "one who professes something." Consequently by a simple process of reasoning we can see that "profession" is the act of professing, and this, as far as doctors, lawyers, teachers, etc., are concerned gives the whole show away in one fell swoop. Now it is clear from the foregoing sapient remarks that a doctor only professes to know something about medicine, a lawyer merely pretends to be learned in the law, a teacher just pretends to be able to teach, and so on, *ad infinitum*. No self-respecting country but this one would allow the tricks of the trade to be given away in this shameless manner. Thus the ancient Romans, who are acknowledged to have been a people who had their hair parted in the middle, derived the names of the professions from the subject matter of the professions themselves, and thus succeeded in gulling the guileless public to the satisfaction of all concerned. However, as I am not employed to give lectures on English I had better drop this subject and proceed to the matter in hand. When a boy leaves school with a smattering of education his parents come to the conclusion that it isn't good enough to be supplying him with the necessities of life and getting no appreciable benefit in return save the pleasure of his company. With the estimable intention of making him obtain goods under false pretences they give him a profession, and the following remarks will explain the result of their efforts:—Doctors are men of five feet ten inches in height who wear gold watches and frock coats and tall silk hats. If they have a good practice they grow beards and wear gold-rimmed spectacles, and this gives them a very venerable appearance and makes them look very wise. They keep a horse and trap, and sometimes a brougham, and employ a horsey-looking man in livery to drive them about, and in their breast-pocket they have a leather notebook with a piece of elastic round it. This notebook is filled with notes written in a mysterious cipher which only doctors understand. When a man is sick, they stand at his bedside and look at him for five minutes without speaking, this puts him into a great fright and makes him perspire freely, and the doctor then says that the perspiration is a very bad sign. He next examines the patient's tongue, and feels his pulse; after this he looks very grave and coughs gently. He then takes out his notebook and writes a prescription in the mysterious language above referred to, and tells the sick man to keep very

quiet and not to drink paraffin oil or eat paving stones. After this he again stares at the victim for five minutes, and stalks out of the room, saying he will call again to-morrow. He keeps up this until the patient gets well or dies. If he recovers everyone says what a clever man the doctor is, and if he dies the doctor says that he knew all along that he was bound to die, and that only for him he would have died a fortnight ago. I may remark that whatever the result is the doctor receives a fee. Doctors also help one another along. Sometimes when a man is very ill the doctor attending him pretends he would not like to risk trying to cure him by himself, so he calls in three or four other medical men, and they go into a room together and discuss matters for an hour or so, and then come out and say that their opinion about the case is unanimous. They then receive a cheque, and the doctor who called in the others receives from them a third part of the amount of their fee. If a man has not courage enough to become a doctor he becomes what requires courage of another kind, either a solicitor, or a barrister.

Solicitors are small men with side whiskers, who carry small black bags about with them all day long, and who keep a lot of papers and other useless things in what are called "offices." They employ clerks to sit in these offices and write out bills of costs from nine in the morning till six at night, and they pay these clerks about twenty pounds a week. The business of solicitors is to prove that their clients are being wronged, and when two solicitors stand up in court to prove that the other one is a liar some heated interchanges take place. If you ask a solicitor in the street to tell you the time he will answer you and then request you to pay him six and eightpence. You should always pay this without demur, for if you don't the solicitor will call a policeman and have you hanged. Solicitors are noted for their tender hearts and consciences, and are never known to tell a lie.

Barristers are clean-shaven men who wear dark clothes and eye-glasses, and call the judge m'lud. They have very loud voices, and extremely hard heads, and they behave very nicely to witnesses, especially to those on the opposite side of the case in which they are employed. They also carry a number of Law books about with them, and you will notice them, particularly in court, when the case is called in which they are engaged, to be studying carefully those books during the hearing of same. Very often little tiffs between counsel occur but serious notice should never be taken as it is a part of their profession.

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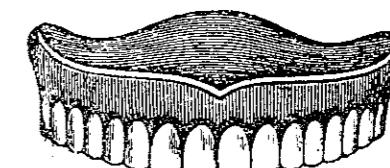
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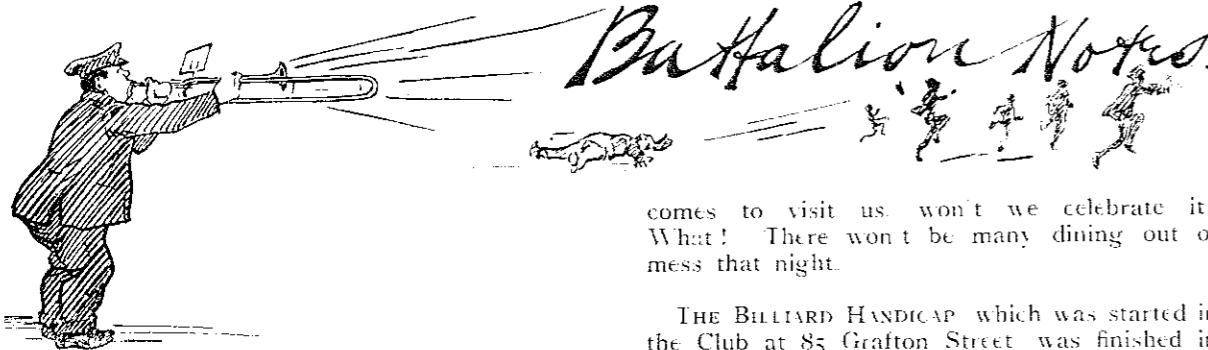
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comes to visit us, won't we celebrate it! What! There won't be many dining out of mess that night.

**CAPTAIN LAW**—Since the last issue of THE BLACKTHORN Captain Law, who was the first Adjutant of the Tenth, has left us to join his own Battalion, the 1st R.D.F., somewhere in France. In the early days of the Battalion "Bob" Law worked like a Trojan for us, and what is more important, made others help us. Did we desire anything he would go to someone with his cheery smile and breezy way and somehow or other he usually got what he wanted. Tact was a very prominent feature in all his dealings with us. We all wish him the best of luck and look forward to the time when he will be with us again, and on the first night he

*Final*—Pte Keating beat Pte. Leonard

**CONCERT**.—A concert was held in the Gymnasium on Thursday July 6th and the lengthy programme was very much appreciated. All the items were quite up to the standard expected in the 10th Battalion. Special mention must be made of Miss Clancy who sang as well as ever (we can give no greater praise than that), Cpl Murray, the Battalion's favourite comedian, was in his best form, and Miss Hickman's dainty singing.

#### List of Births, Marriages and Deaths,

*From month of April 1916.*

##### BIRTHS—Date 4/4/16 (No. 81)

Regt No	Rank	Name	Company	Remarks
10 25109	Private	McCaffrey J	A	Of a son, Henry Edward on 25-2-16 and baptised on 29-2-16.
10 24718	Private	Currey John J	A	Of a son, Henry James, on 15-4-16, at Rotunda.
10 23445	Sergeant	Hoey D. P (M)	B	Of a son Dennis Patrick on 19-4-16

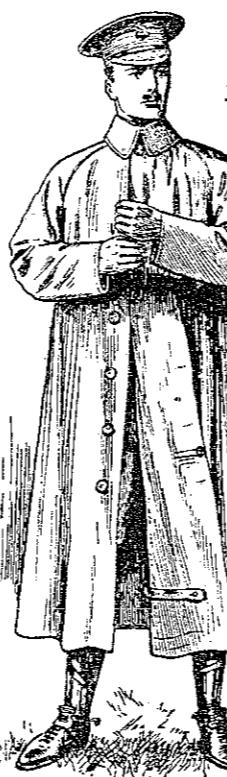
##### MARRIAGES—Dates 13 4 16 (No. 89) 8 5 16 (No. 99), 19 5 16 (No. 109)

10/24943	Private	Smyth, R	A	On 17-4-16 at Fisherwick, Belfast. No 89
26039	Private	De-Bothe, I. M	C	On 6-4-16 at Marlboro' Street, Dublin. No 89
26255 (S.)	Private	White W (S)	C	On 24-4-16 at Haslingden Lanes. No 99
M10 18755	Private	Ryan R	A	On 17-5-16 at Dublin. No 109.

##### DEATHS—Date 19/4/16 (No. 94)

10/26027	Private	Southwell I	C	Deceased on 18-4-16
10 15371	C O M S	Farrell, T	A	(Attached) Died at King George V. Hospital on 12-6-16.
10 25244	Private	Brennan, A	A	Deceased (Died of wounds received in action at Dublin) 24-4-16
24923	Private	Thompson J H	A	Deceased (Killed in action at Dublin) 24-4-16.
25692	Lance-Sergeant	Burke F W R	B	Deceased (Killed in action at Dublin) 28-4-16.

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