

PRIME COURT RULING GOVERNS DEFENDMENT CASE

PRIME COURT ruling governing the occupation of land under the Irish Sailors' Land Trust was the deciding factor in a case came up for hearing before C. S. Kenny at Rathur on Monday. The case in which the Irish Sailors' Land Trust brought proceedings against the trustees of the late Wm. Doyle Mungret.

Mr. M. F. Noonan (Messrs. Co., solrs.), for defendants, set applied for liberty to set defence, the application used by Mr. P. Downes (Mr. Doyle, solr.), who said he was a witness from Dublin in view of certain relations being made to plaintiffs as a result of which it was in case might be settled.

Downes disagreed and said it was in his office the previous week that no was being entered and that he wanted a stay for a few weeks. They were informed that they were not in a position to do so.

The Justice granted Mr. Downes application, evidence of notice to quit was given by Mr. Mungret, who said he refused to give up possession of the house.

Downes then explained that he had Mathew Mullins, was put in occupation of the house in 1929, and he died in August, 1930, leaving in occupation his two daughters and a son, etc.

Downes said that in 1933 the plaintiffs sought certain reliefs in the Supreme Court, decided that no rents were to be paid as the original Act setting the whole scheme was enacted in the British Trust was involved in a series of actions by tenants for the year of rents that had been paid at the time it was decided that tenants were tenants at will and that they had no estate, etc.

It was thus established that the tenants were merely tenants at will, and that in the event of the death of the tenant, etc. And because he was family, etc.

Downes said that in his opinion, the Supreme Court, etc. And because he was family, etc.

Recollections of Early Days of The Volunteers in Limerick

(By A. J. O'Halloran)

I NEVER encounter a group of the F.C.A. on their way to or from the Sarsfield Barracks, but my thoughts wing back to the days when, without mentors or arms, we sought to create an army to face the challenge of the North. And what a contrast between then and now. The F.C.A. are being trained under men who have devoted a lifetime of study to all that might appertain to a war staged in Ireland, they are instructed in the use of the most modern weapons of defence, they are supplied with a serviceable uniform, and full equipment; lacking, indeed, nothing to fit them out as soldiers.

Let it not be assumed from this that I am in any way attempting to belittle the men of the F.C.A. Far from it. We must salute the spirit that induces them to devote leisure hours to preparing themselves to do battle for their country, and if necessary to lay down their lives for it, and I only refer to the facilities offered them to learn the soldier's trade to emphasize the difficulties that faced the Irish Volunteers in 1914.

Perhaps competent leadership was what we lacked most. Whilst the men of the North had offers of help from every other retired officer of the British Army, only a paltry few tendered their services to the I.V. In Limerick we had to depend for direction on Mr. John Holland, who was appointed to command, but whose qualifications were based on such experience as he had as a member of a college cadet corps. Of middle height, slight in build, and dapper in appearance, he was the beau ideal of a second lieutenant, and even when at a later stage he had been elected Commandant, he was invariably referred to as Lieutenant Holland. Of gentlemanly manners and address, he was very popular with the Volunteers generally, though never regarded by them as a leader.

Practically all those ex-soldiers were qualified as drill instructors, though some, of course, were better than others, and in this respect I recall an interesting experience. For about two weeks after the Volunteer movement had been publicly launched at the Athenaeum Hall, the offices at No. 1 Hartstonge Street were kept open in the evenings, so that cards applying for membership could be handed in. It fell chiefly to my lot to receive and file those cards.

Holland told me to enquire of each applicant whether he had any previous military experience, take particulars of same, and file those cards separately. One evening a very quiet-spoken young man of refined appearance informed me in answer to this query, which I had put to him more or less formally, that he had held the rank of regimental sergeant-major, giving the name of the regiment, and other particulars. When later on Holland examined those cards, he was very much impressed by this one, and in a tone almost of awe informed me that what a man who held that rank did not know about drill was not worth knowing. He added that when large-scale manoeuvres were being held he stood alongside the colonel and told him what orders to give. But some time afterwards he lamented that this man had been a flop as a drill instructor. Curiously enough one of the best was a young fair-haired Irish Cockney, whose sole military experience, I was given to under-

stand, had been gained in the ranks of an English militia regiment. THE DOYEN OF THE INSTRUCTORS. But perhaps on the whole John Canty, who was a member of the Limerick Corporation, and had been, I think, a non-com. in the British Army, might be regarded as the doyen of the instructors. At all events, he was selected to train a squad to enter for competition at Killarney in August, 1914, and had the satisfaction of seeing them carry off the first prize, and this against squads not only from Kerry but from Cork and other places. Still, it might be said that all the ex-servicemen were very good as instructors, and threw themselves into the work of training the Volunteers with the greatest zest.

Our first actual experience of soldiering took place at Whit weekend, 1914, when we camped out at Ballybrown. In which about two hundred Volunteers took part, and which I refer to for one very significant reason. All the camp impedimenta was brought out early on Saturday on wagons, escorted by about twelve men who marched in military formation, and all of whom were armed. It must have been the first time since 1691, when on the capitulation of Limerick when the defenders emerged with drums beating and guns at the ready, that a body of Irishmen, not being in the service of the British Crown, paraded through the streets of this city bearing arms. True they were only miniature rifles, discharging 22 ammunition, but they were lethal weapons, and it was a serious offence under British law to have them so borne. That little parade marked, perhaps, the beginning of a new era in Ireland.

HUMOROUS EPISODES. But it is on the humorous episodes that were bound to occur in such a movement that I like to dwell, and indeed it has often been suggested to me that I should put them on record. Anyway some of them are worth telling, and so I set them down. It was customary for the Military Committee to appoint two of its members each week to act as aides to Lieutenant Holland. In addition to carrying orders here and there they helped late comers to locate their companies, and took care that no mere onlookers were allowed on their drill grounds. One evening I was acting in that capacity, and was just leaving the Butter Market Hall when I encountered Holland entering from the Corn Market, where he had been supervising the drilling. Now I do not think that on the whole he had a very keen sense of humour, but on this occasion he was so much moved to laughter that he found it difficult to tell me the cause. It seems that he had been very much puzzled by the "commands" given by one of the instructors and it was only after a few minutes that the explanation dawned on him, which was that the man had been a cavalry soldier and was putting his squad through cavalry drill!

THE REAL FIGURE. One said 280; the other 90. Both of those were, I should think, of more than average intelligence, but as the real figure was about 130, they were very much out in their reckoning. Later on during the Civil War, I, as a guest of the Free State Government, was with many other Republicans, conveyed from the Limerick Docks to Dun Laoghaire on the s.s. "Arvonnia" on our way to internment. Some years after I was writing an account of this voyage, and considered it well to enquire of some of my fellow voyagers how many we numbered. Some had not even the haziest idea, others gave me estimates ranging from 250 to 750. These instances go to show how inexact such estimates are generally.

WOODEN GUNS. I think we had been some months in existence before we secured a small number of wooden guns, which were less like rifles than broom handles, and I have a very distinct recollection that on the evening they arrived they were distributed among the instructors, who thereupon grouped their "commands" around them and sought to instruct their pupils as regards the different parts of the rifle, and its mechanism through these unpromising mediums. I glanced around the great Butter Market hall that night and saw all the rank and file, young, middle-aged and elderly, merchants, dock labourers, shopkeepers, clerks and

tradesmen, ninety-five per cent of whom had never handled a firearm, standing cheek by jowl, with intense expressions on their faces trying to follow the explanations of the instructors, who, obviously, had been set an impossible task. Surely there was something pathetic about that spectacle. CAMP AT BALLYBROWN. Our first actual experience of soldiering took place at Whit weekend, 1914, when we camped out at Ballybrown. In which about two hundred Volunteers took part, and which I refer to for one very significant reason. All the camp impedimenta was brought out early on Saturday on wagons, escorted by about twelve men who marched in military formation, and all of whom were armed. It must have been the first time since 1691, when on the capitulation of Limerick when the defenders emerged with drums beating and guns at the ready, that a body of Irishmen, not being in the service of the British Crown, paraded through the streets of this city bearing arms. True they were only miniature rifles, discharging 22 ammunition, but they were lethal weapons, and it was a serious offence under British law to have them so borne. That little parade marked, perhaps, the beginning of a new era in Ireland.

There was one incident that brings a smile to my lips when I recall it. Again it was after the Split, and it became customary for many of the Volunteers to attend at the offices every Saturday night, when for one penny they were allowed to discharge three slugs from an air gun, so as to prove or improve their aim. This particular gun was very apt to get out of order, and one particular night, when we had only just begun to practice, it staged a lightning strike. It looked as if the proceedings were to terminate there and then, when someone had the brainwave to suggest that an effort should be made to locate Captain John Grant, who was our Regimental master of arms, and an expert in all apparatus relating to all guns, large or small. Scouts were sent out in all directions with the result that in a very short time he made his appearance, dismantled the offending gun, re-assembled it and handed it over in working order. But by that time his hands were coated with oily grime. Now! John could assume a preternaturally grave expression, and turning to a youthful Volunteer who stood near him he said: "Go and get me a basin of hot water, a nice cake of soap, and a clean towel." "Yes, sir," responded the youth, "where will I get them?" "Next door," said John tersely.

Next door, said John tersely. Out went the lad and knocked loudly at the next door, inside which lived an elderly tailor, who in all probability was busily engaged in finishing off someone's new Sunday suit. He opened the door and the visitor stated his requirements. "What are you saying?" shouted the tailor, hardly able to believe his ears. "Mr Grant sent me out for a basin of hot water, a nice cake of soap and a clean towel," repeated the youth nervously. The affronted tradesman left a roar of rage out of him that sent the messenger scampering back to the offices for safety. But for about half an hour after, the tailor could be heard denouncing the Irish Volunteers as he stood on his own doorstep, and calling on the world in general to revenge his wrongs. If someone's new suit was badly finished that night it was Captain Grant's fault.

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Advertisement for Matternons succulent Irish Carrots. Features a drawing of a smiling sun and a can of Matternons Shamrock Carrots. Text: 'tween seasons thank goodness for... Matternons succulent IRISH CARROTS

NO CONSENT FOR TRANSFER. Mount Eagle Estate, etc. in which they brought proceedings against Jack Walsh, Ballinderry, Nenagh and Richard Jackson, etc.

Obituary THE LATE MISS E. SCANLAN APPLE-TOWN HALL, FEHENAGH. Sincere and widespread regret was witnessed in the Feohenagh district on the 19th inst. when Miss Scanlan passed to her eternal reward.

THE CHIEF MOURNERS WERE: Patrick (father); Mary (mother); Betty and Peg (sisters); John (brother); Laurence, Eugene and John (uncles); Lizzie (aunt); John, Cyril, Mrs. Murray, Nora, Biddy, Mrs. Naughton and Miss Dore (cousins).

IRISH LABOUR PARTY ELECTION MEETINGS. SATURDAY, MAY 15 - PALLASKENRY, 8 p.m., O.T.; KILDIMO, 9 p.m., O.T. SUNDAY, MAY 16 - TEMPLEGLANTINE, After 8.30 Mass; MOUNTCOLLINS, After 10 o'clock Mass; TOURNAFULLA, After 11 o'clock Mass; MONEGAY, After 11.30 Mass. MONDAY, MAY 17 - ADARE, 8.30 p.m., S.T.; PATRICKSWELL, 9.30 p.m., S.T.

Speakers - Mr. M. J. Keyes and Gerard Hayes. VOTE I, HAYES, GERARD

Advertisement for De Witt's Antacid Tablets. Text: THE LABOUR PARTY LABOUR UNDERSTANDS The needs of the people of Ireland. It has a concrete policy designed to foster prosperity and alleviate misery. Your vote is needed to implement the Labour Policy of FULL EMPLOYMENT RESTORATION OF FOOD SUBSIDIES DECENT LIVING STANDARDS KEYES IS THE MAN YOUR OWN INTERESTS

