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D.M.P.

(1858.) Wt. 5333—66.4000.12/14. A.T. & Co., Ltd.  
(6559.) Wt. 3103—96.20,000.8/15.

Telegrams: "DAMP, DUBLIN."  
Telephone No. 22.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE:

Detective Department,

Dublin, 3rd. January, 1916

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 1st. and 2nd. Inst., the undermentioned extremists were observed moving about and associating with each other as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St., Saturday, John T. Kelly, T.C., from 11-45 a. m. to 12 noon. Joseph McGuinness for twenty minutes between 1 & 2 p. m. Joseph Murray and John O'Mahony from 7-45 till 8-10 p. m. F. J. McCabe for ten minutes from 8-20 p. m. John McDermott and William O'Leary Curtis for half an hour between 8 & 9 p. m. Michael O'Hanrahan from 9 -30 to 10 p. m.

H. M. Pim, accompanied by Mr L. Ginnell, M. P., left Broadstone by 9-15 a. m. train 1st. Inst., en route to Mullingar. R.I.C. informed.

Ernest Blythe and E. O'Duffy in Volunteer Office, 2, Dawson Street at 11-45 a. m. Blythe afterwards left for Limerick. R.I.C. informed.

Ex. Dynamite Convict John Nolan in company with Laurence Reddy in College Green between

The Chief Commissioner.

*The Under Secretary,*

*Submitted*

*W.E. Whiston*

*Comm. 3/1/16*

*Under Secretary*

*Submitted*

*WML*

*4/16*

*Th.*

*4/1*

*Chief Com*

*WML*

*4/1*



(2) 175/21 TD/CSO

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between 1 & 2 p. m. Reddy is, by trade, a Compositor, and was formerly in very close touch with Nolan and his confederates. He has not, however, in late years been seen to identify himself with any of the local extremists, or their organisations.

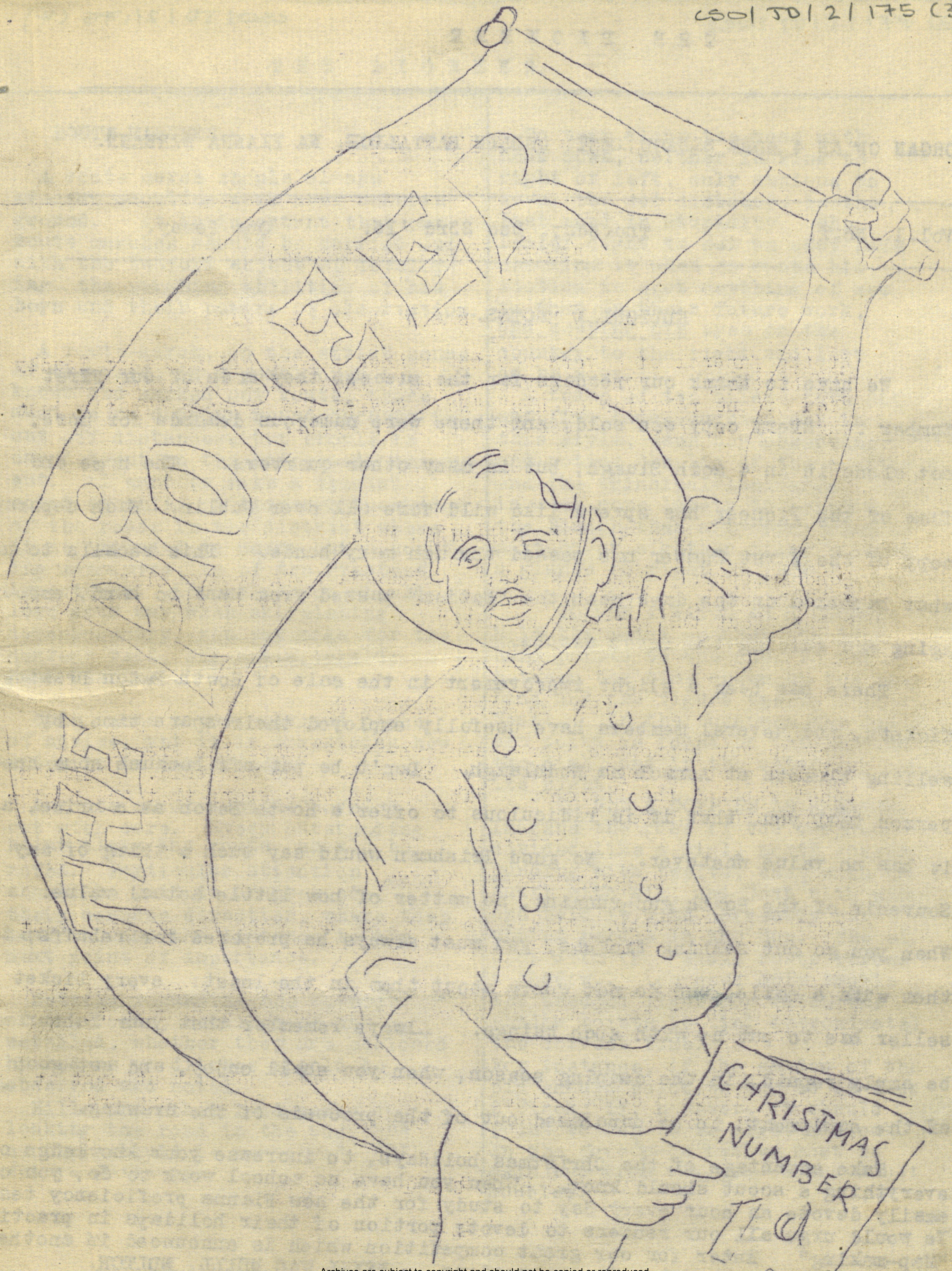
With Thomas J. Clarke on Sunday - John T. Kelly, T.C., Joseph McGuinness and John McDermott for over an hour from 1-30 p. m.

Charles S. Power, B.L., and John Neeson, Drogheda, arrived at Amiens Street from Belfast at 6-50 p. m.

I enclose a Copy of a type written magazine, for December, edited by Neal McNeill, son of Mr. John McNeill, which has been distributed among the Sinn Fein Boy Scouts, and Irish Volunteers, at a penny each. It is the second number, and as far as is known is not on Sale at any of the Newsvendors places in the City.

Owen'Brien  
Superintendent.







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ORGAN OF AN 4 AODH SLUAGH, BEST. DUBLIN BATTALION, NA FIANNA EIREANN.

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Vol. 1. No. 2.

Thursday. Dec 23rd '15.

One Penny.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

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We have to thank our readers for the success they made of our First Number. Every copy was sold, and there were numerous demands for more, not alone in An 4 aodh Sluagh, but in many other quarters. The name and fame of the Pioneer has spread like wild fire all over Dublin. Each separate copy of the First Number has passed through many hands. This recalls to us what happened in the days when the "Nation" passed from hand to hand, encouraging and guiding the Irish people.

There has been a slight improvement in the sale of Howth Baton Drawing Tickets, and several members have usefully employed their spare time, by selling tickets at Aonach na Nodhlaigh. Don't be put off because some nasty person tell you, that it is ridiculous to offer a Howth Baton as a prize, as it has no value whatever. No good Irishman would say such a thing of any Souvenir of the Howth gun-running, no matter of how little actual value. When you go out selling tickets, you must always be prepared for rebuffs; take them with a smile, and do not worry about them in the least: every ticket seller has to put up with such things. Always remember that your labour will be amply repaid, in the camping season, when you shall enjoy, and get good out of the equipment, to be purchased out of the proceeds of the drawing.

Take advantage of the Christmas holidays, to increase your knowledge of everything a scout should know. When you have no school work to do, you can easily devote an hour every day to study for the new Fianna proficiency test. We would urge all our readers to devote portion of their holidays in practising "Map-making". Enter for our great competition which is announced in another column. A happy Xmas to all our readers. NEILL MAC NEILL, EDITOR.



## THE PIONEER.

## ROUTE-MARCHES.

A route march should always precede scouting work over unknown ground. It is important that our route marches should be carried out with the twofold object of developing the marching abilities of his boys and their powers of observation.

A route-march, in the strict sense of the word, is a march over a known and marked out route, there must be no dodging round corners to cut off distances, but should be carried out on the main roads through out. I want to make a special point of this. A thorough knowledge of the roads in the district where it is intended to carry out a scouting manoeuvre, is of the greatest importance. If one of you should lose your way when skirmishing across country, you may make for the nearest road, and again take up your bearings.

This seems a very obvious piece of advice, yet it is surprising how often it is neglected.

A route march must be carried out with care. Every outstanding point along the route should be noted. Particular attention should be paid to cross-roads, their compass direction, where they lead to, and the distance to the next point of importance.

Details regarding the surface of the roads, metalled or un-metalled, whether they are enclosed by hedges or ditches should be observed and noted.

Hills and other land-marks overlooking the road in the adjacent country should be memorised for future guidance.

To tear along the road with head down, neither looking to right or left, only anxious to cover the set distance, is the last word in stupidity. The leader ought to set an easy pace checking it when he wants his section to spot anything of use to them in their future work, and keeping his eyes on the country to the right and left as he goes.

A tramp of ten miles--five out and five home--carried out in this style, each boy observing and noting the lie of the country and the principal landmarks, is much more likely to benefit the Sluagh than a tearing rush of sixteen or eighteen miles without a glance to right or left.

## TO USE A WATCH AS A COMPASS.

Hold the watch so that its hour hand points to the sun. In the mid between the time shown by the hour hand and the figure twelve lies the South. In the forenoon the southern point is found on the left hand the dial, and in the afternoon on its right.

## TO USE A COMPASS AS A WATCH.

Imagine the rose of the compass divided like a dial, north corresponding with twelve, east with the South with six, and West with nine, and hold it with correctly regulated needle in the Sun. The pin upon which the needle rests throws a shadow. You need only double the assumed figure on which the shadow points to find approximately the correct time.

For instance, if the shadow of the pin should point to two it is four O'Clock; if, however, it should point to ten it is eight O'Clock. In the forenoon twelve must be deducted from the figure previously doubled.



## THE CROPPIES' VENGEANCE.

A thrilling tale of '98.

by

Aodh Mac Neill.

Chap. I.

Two men walked quickly through the woods. Both were young, but, one who looked the youngest was more richly attired than the other. He wore the ordinary dress of a country gentleman of that period, but in addition he had a brace of pistols and a heavy sword slung from the belt he wore outside his coat. This young man was none other than "Captain" Shawn O'Kelly, a well-known rebel leader in the district. Large sums of money were on his head, and, once a whole troop of yeomen hunted him for three days without rest, but, what did Shawn care for all their dirty money and Dragoons. When the Yeomen had nearly got him he blew half the troop to pieces with a keg of gun-powder, and, ambushed the rest, and they fell, every man of them.

The other young man was Mat Reardon, Shawn's trusted Lieutenant. Mat had no sword but carried a heavy musket which he had captured from the Yeos when they were after his Leader. After walking for about a half-hour all the while conversing in low tones they stopped. "Remember to-night", whispered Shawn. "At the old Mill", answered his Lieutenant and was gone.

After a minute Shawn turned and went off in the other direction, but, scarce had he gone six paces, when, he heard a low call, "Captain, Captain" and hearing running footsteps behind, he wheeled round. There was Shawn, running after him, his face white as death, and his long hair streaming over his shoulders. "What's wrong, Lad" said Shawn. "Oh, Captain come - come with me" moaned his faithful lieutenant. "But what's happened, tell me Mat" replied Kelly. "Oh I cannot - I could not bear to, my Captain, but come - follow me and I'll show you," answered the distressed man.

Wondering if Mat had suddenly taken leave of his senses Shawn did so, and after a few minutes they came to an edge of the wood. "Look here" added Mat, agony in his eyes. Shawn saw a little cabin its roof was burned off, but that was nothing unusual in those days. Then a cry of horror, burst from his lips, as he saw something else.



At the side of the house was an old door, - and - on it, was the figure of a man his arms stretched out, and, or horror - his hands were pinned to the planks with bayonets, another bayonet fastened his right foot to the door, while a fourth, was driven through his left hip, and to make matters worse, the hounds who had committed this deed, had another smashed bayonet through the poor man's face. He was about sixty years of age, tall, white-haired, and much as his face was disfigured, it was seen to wear a look of saintly peace and contentment.

Anyone's heart would be torn with sympathy even if this poor old man was a stranger, but, what made Shawn's grief so heart-rending, was, that this poor old peasant was - the priest in disguise and, the yeas - for it was they who did this deed - evidently knew it, for on a paper fastened to the board was written:-

This Popish priest was executed for the greater honour and glory of our Lord the King. Thus wise, will every traitor we catch perish, including that son of His satonic Majesty the arch traitor Shawn O'Kelly.

(Signed) JABEZ KENT, Captain.  
His Majesty's 18th Loyal Yeomanry.

Shawn and Reardon ran forward. They saw two more bodies. One was poor old Birdget Murphy the owner of the cabin. She lay across her doorstep, in a pool of blood; she was horribly mutilated, and of course quite dead.

The other body was of a young boy. His head was a mass of clotted blood. The two men saw it was Tom Daly, a poor hunch-back, and, also a good friend of the rebels. Shawn saw the boy stir, and hurried over to him. He gave him a drink from his flask, and in a few minutes the boy opened his eyes.



# THE PIONEER.

He gazed about him wildly, and, when he caught sight of Shawn, he broke into a torrent of abuse directed against the hated yeos.

Then he broke down completely, and sobbed as if his heart would break. "Tell me what happened, Tom," said Shawn gently.

"Oh the brutes!" moaned the lad, "The poor priest, poor Father Tom." after a while he calmed down, and, told his tale.

It appeared, he was in the cabin with old Bridget, when the priest rushed in. He told them the yeos were in pursuit, and even as he spoke, they heard the tramp of armed men outside. Poor old Bridget could only hide him under her bed. Then she went out to meet the yeos. They demanded her to let them search her cabin. Seeing all was lost, she seized a heavy axe that was lying near, and picking it up, she stood at her cabin door. A yeo rushed at her with a musket. With a mighty swing she cut him down with her axe. One shared the fate of his comrade, but the other managed to get past her guard, and staggered her with a blow on the head.

Then others rushed at her and she was over-powered and knocked down. Then an awful scene of slaughter ensued. As Tom was relating it, he broke down again, and, sobbed bitterly. When he had calmed down a little he went on with his tale. The Yeomen hacked poor old Bridget to pieces with their bayonets, and, entered the cabin over her dead body. The unfortunate priest, when he saw what was happening, rushed to the aid of his brave defender. He was met by the stream of yeomen entering the cabin, and in a trice he was over-powered and captured. When Tom saw his beloved soggarth taken, he picked up poor Bridget's blood stained axe, and rushed out into the open.



## THE PIONEER.

He made for the two yomen holding Father Conn, but, another fellow, hit him a cracking blow on the head, and he dropped to the ground. Though too badly wounded to move, he had still enough senses left to grasp what was going on. He saw the Yomen taken the door off the cabin, and laying the priest on it drove bayonets through his poor hands and feet.

"Bat" sobbed the lad "They couldn't get Father Conn to utter a cry." He was prayin all the time". Then, the yomen raised up the door and placed it against the side of the cabin.

Then, the officer in command found he could not get Father Conn to utter a word, he went up to him, and with a jeer, he drove a boyonet through the priest's face. When this happened, the priest gave a quiver, and death put an end to his torture.

"Then I fainted, and saw no more till you came" said the lad. and as he spoke, he again fainted away in Shawn's arms. Shawn looked up with tears in his eyes. Mat was sobbing openly.

"Call the boys, Mat" said Shawn "We must bury Father Conn, and poor old Birdget." "And, Captain" said Matt "We mus also have revenge" "Ay, and a full bitter revenge too" replied his Captain. Mat pulled out a whistle made of bark, and blew a long blast and two short ones on it. Hardly had he ceased, when the whole wood resounded with the tramp of many feet, and before Mat and his Captain could make a move they were surrounded by a ring of armed men.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.  
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A Serial by Leader B. Mac. Neill.

(continued)

Synopsis of first instalment.

A half-company of Fianna go camping into the Wicklow Mountains on a certain day. Three of them, a Corporal and two Privates, Mahon and Connolly, go out for a walk. After a while they come on six men whom they overhear plotting to rob a certain Gentleman. They then proceed to crawl away, but one of them knelt on a dry twig which snapped, thus disclosing their presence to the men, who seized and stunned them.

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CHAP. II.

It was already after nine O'Clock, and those who were at the Camp began to wonder why Mahon and Connolly and I had not returned.

They all began to be uneasy as the time kept flying, and there was no sign of us. The lieutenant despatched men to search for us in every direction, but they searched all in vain and returned home to camp weary and sad and betook themselves to bed.

In the morning the search was renewed without success. One of the leaders was sent down to tell the parents of the missing three. What had happened. A Council was called to decide on some means to find those who were missing. After a long deliberation no decision could be arrived at. Every possible plan was proposed but it was rejected. "Oh I've got it" exclaimed a corporal called Brown. "What is it, what is it!" was heard from all sides. "Well my plan is to scatter our men, across the whole country side, and if they come on any likely place where the lads might be hid, to raise the distress cry of our Sluagh, and if they are anywhere near they will answer us." "That is a good idea" exclaimed the Lieutenant, and he forthwith put the plan into action.

CHAP. III.

I awoke from a sound sleep as it seemed to me, with a splitting headache. From what I could see, it was pitch dark, and I was in a strange room. Then the events of the evening began to dawn on me. I looked round me and saw with difficulty my two companions lying on blankets on the floor. I awoke them and they also complained of headaches.

We wondered what had happened to us after we had encountered those men. As we were thinking thus a woman unlocked the door of



## THE PIONEER

our room and came into us. She gave us some tea and dry bread, and then withdrew locking the door after her. When we had finished our meal, we began to think of some method of escape. We racked our brains, to no purpose.

All day long we kept on planning and thinking how to escape. At length we relinquished our efforts and tried to pass the time by telling stories. Meanwhile we were given two other meals. At nightfall we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and slept soundly until morning.

The next two days were passed in a similar manner. One the night of the third day as we were about to lie down we heard a shrill cry some distance away outside the house. We recognised it as the distress cry of our Sluagh.

The three of us answered the cry several times. Then we listened, and could hear the hum of conversation which soon died away in the distance. The door was opened savagely and in came the old woman and a man whom we recognised to be one of the Conspirators. He asked us what was the meaning of this noise and then roughly proceeded to gag us.

As the night passed we hoped against hopes that help would come. Just before dawn I heard a voice, which I recognised to be that of the Lieutenant.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## THE ANIMALS OF IRELAND, THEIR HAUNTS AND HABITS.

### INTRODUCTION.

In Ancient Ireland there were many more kinds of noble animals than there are in modern Ireland. The largest wild animal that remains to us is the Red-Deer. The wild boar the Irish Elk and the old the Wolf are no longer to be found in our Island; they have now become extinct. It is not so long ago that the last wolf heard of in Ireland was shot.

In spite of the fact that the animals I have mentioned were hunted down until they became extinct, There still remain in this country a large number of four-footed animals. The chief ones are the fox, The Red Deer, Fallow-Deer, the Badger, Otter, the Hare, the Rabbitt, the Stoat, the Hedgehog, the Squirrel, the Rat, the Bat, and the Mouse.



# THE PIONEER.

It is a very easy thing for a boy to find out for himself the habits of these animals. Provided a boy practices stalking, he will very easily be able to get sufficiently near these animals and note all their peculiarities.

In treating of these animals I intend giving particulars as to how they may be caught or trapped. The reason why I intend doing so is that when any Company of the Fianna are at camp they may be able to considerably reduce the cost of living by catching their own dinner. There is however, one thing that must be emphasised, and that is, that I hope no member of the Fianna will take advantage of these instructions to kill animals for the sake of killing. The very fact that so many of the larger of our Irish animals have been exterminated by hunting ought to be sufficient to keep any Irish boy from killing anything no matter how small, wantonly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"SOME" JOKES; "SOME" JOKES: HAW! HAW! "SOME" JOKES.

## The Long Arm.

A stutterer in a Restaurant, said to a Waiter. "B-bring me a p-p-plate of b-b-beef." The Waiter who also stuttered, answered "W-we're out of b-b-beef, Sir." The Guest thinking he was being mocked rushed at the Waiter to knock him down, but another Patron interposed hurriedly. "Don't hit him," he said. "He -he-he's not m-m-mocking you, he-he-he's stuttered, the same as I-I-I did b-b-before I w-w-was c-c-cured. --Diarmuid Mac Neill.

## Awful Tregedy.

"Have you heard about that Dean that was found dead in a box?" "No" answered the Rector excitedly. "What Dean was it?" "Why the Sardine of course."

## Kevin Wins.

"Keven," said the School Mistress, "Give me a sentence with the word 'income' in it?" "Yes 'um" replied the youngster promptly. "Ma opened the door and in come the cat"--Lender Aodh Mac Neill.

(continued on last page)



THE PIONEER.

COMPETITION FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

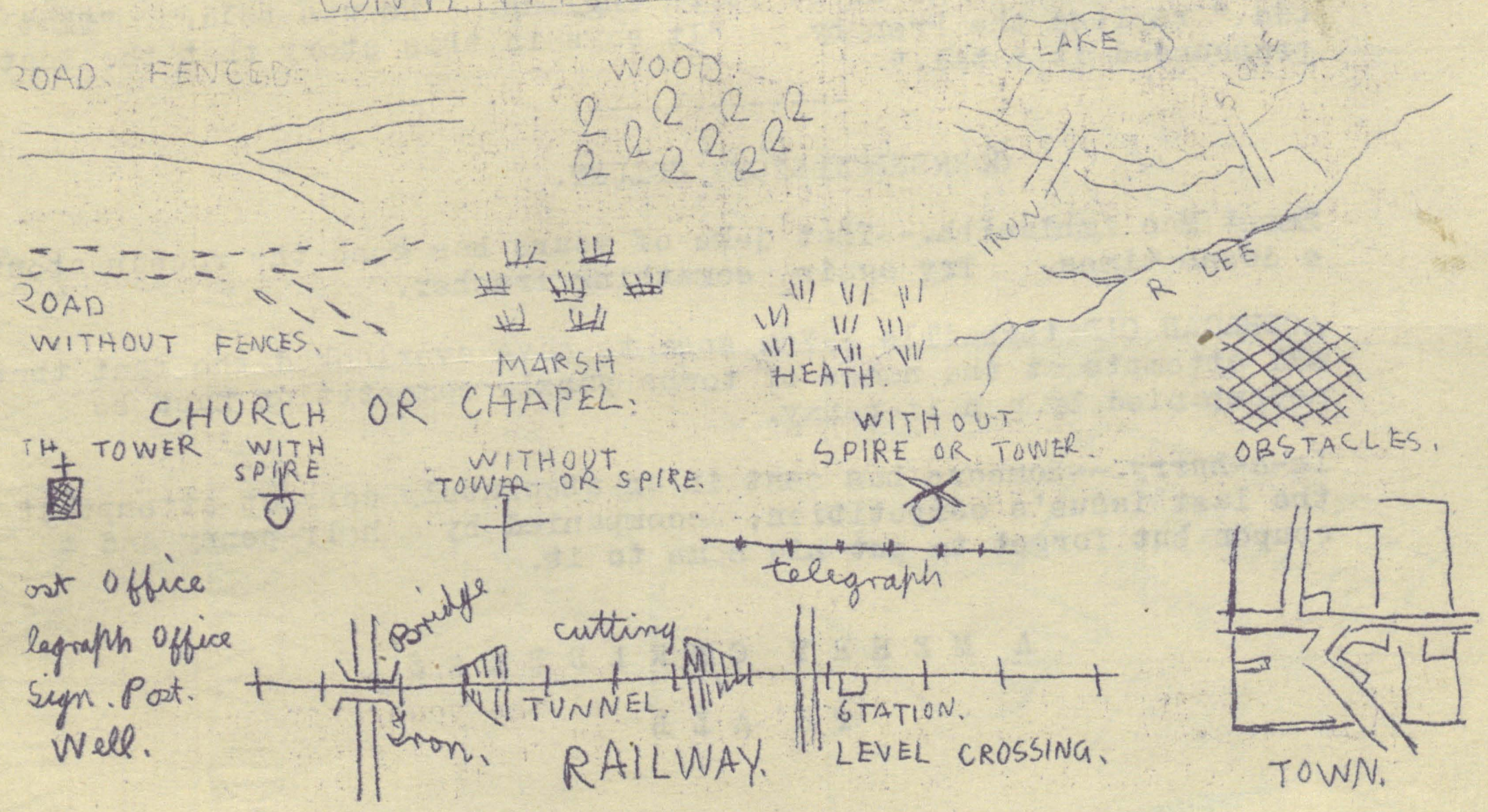
FIVE SHILLINGS FOR A SCOUT'S MAP.

Here is an opportunity of testing your skill in map-making, and of winning 5/- during the holidays. We offer a prize to the value of 5/- (in Fianna Equipment) to the boy who send into the Editor of "The Pioneer", on or before Monday, 3rd January, 1916, The best Scout's map of any piece of country he chooses of about five square miles in the County Dublin. The "Conventional Signs" printed below should be used. Each Competitor is bound in honour not to use any printed map in any way whatsoever for the purposes of the Competition. The drawing of each competitor should be accompanied by a brief report explaining any features in the ground not made clear in the map. Your map should be drawn to scale, and the direction of the north clearly marked at the bottom of the right hand corner of the paper. It is not desirable that your map should be larger than the size of this paper. Commandant Padraic O'Riain, will act as adjudicator.

RESULT OF OUR "TOWNS" COMPETITION.

The only competitor who sent in the correct solution, and at the same time fulfilled all the conditions laid down was Corpl. Diaemuid MacNeill who is accordingly awarded the prize.

CONVENTIONAL SIGNS & LETTERING.





# THE PIONEER.

"SOME" JOKES, (continued)

## A VERY BAD AFFAIR.

At the funeral of a very wealthy banker a poor old man wept loudly and bitterly. "Why are you crying?" inquired a bystander. "You are no relation of his" "No," howled the mourner "That's just why I am crying." -- Corporal D. Mac. Neill.

## J O B. THE MEDICINE MAN.

Schoolmaster. "Who was Job," Student. "A Doctor Sir"  
Schoolmaster. "Why do you say so." "We'll Sir, I've heard  
a lot about the patients of Job."

## THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

"How do you pronounce 'p-n-e-u-m-o-n-i-a'?" asked the French boy who had come to England to learn English. He was told. "That's odd," replied the Frenchy. "It says in this story that the Doctor pronounced it fatal."

## CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Emmet Mac Amhlacibh.--That joke of yours has gone the rounds about a dozen times. Try again, something fresher.

AODHAGAN O'Rathghaille.--You seem to have overlooked the fact that all attempts at the names of towns puzzle competition must be accompanied by a half-penny.

In-a-hurry.--Someone has sent in an absolutely correct attempt at the last issue's competition, accompanied by a half-penny and a coupon but forget to put his name to it.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
TO ALL