



AN ÓGLACH

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12th April, 1924.

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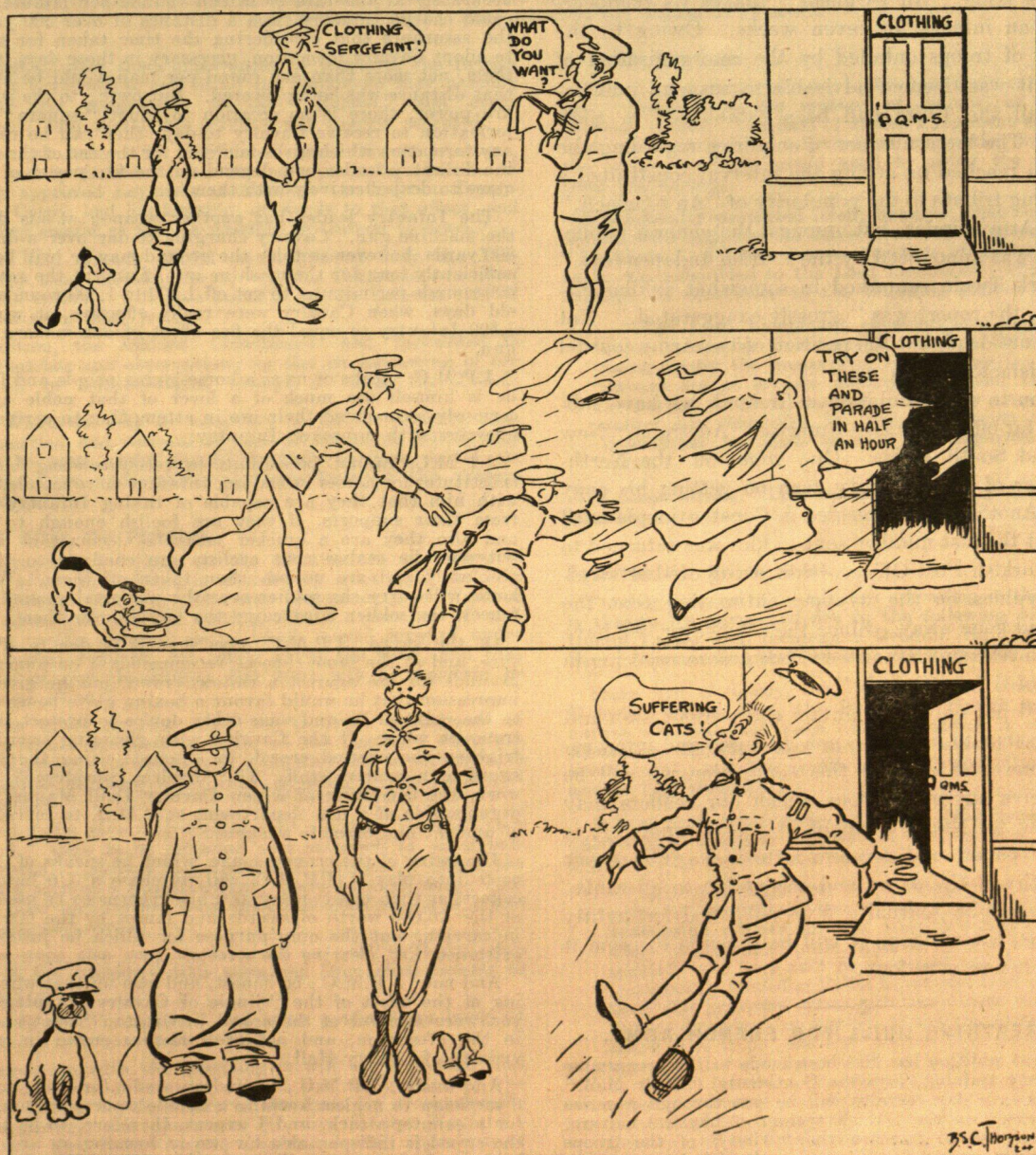


An t-Ógláic

Vol. II. No. 5. (New Series.) (Registered as a Newspaper).

APRIL 12, 1924.

Price TWOPENCE.



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Óglaigh
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

An t-Oglach

APRIL 12, 1924.

OURSELVES.

With this issue "An t-Oglach" makes its reappearance after an interval of seven weeks. Owing to the movements of troops entailed by the re-organisation of the Army, it was deemed advisable to suspend publication until all the Units had been established in their new posts. The large number of enquiries regarding the paper which reached us during the interval constituted a very flattering tribute to the popularity of "An t-Oglach," not only in Army circles, but amongst the general public. Our demise was announced by the "Irish Independent," but, as Mark Twain remarked in somewhat similar circumstances, the report was "grossly exaggerated." Not only are we not dead, but the position of the Army journal is more satisfactory than ever.

In addition to our circulation in Ireland, we have subscribers in far-off countries—America, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. One man on the North-West frontier of India is very keen on getting his copy regularly. Another reader resided in Constantinople until recently, but the last number sent to him was returned to us by the Turkish Post Office with a string of shorthand-like hieroglyphics on the wrapper intimating that the addressee had gone away. Since then, however, we have found him in Alexandria and he is once more rejoicing in the receipt of "An t-Oglach."

It is hoped not only to maintain the present standard of the paper, but to introduce new features and improvements as time goes on. In this connection we will be glad to receive any suggestions which our readers may care to make for the betterment of the Journal. It is the soldiers' paper, and our aim is to make it in every respect worthy of the Army and acceptable to all ranks. For the present the Journal will be published fortnightly as heretofore, but we hope it will be possible to issue it as a weekly before very long.

DEEP-BREATHING DRILL FOR FRENCH ARMY.

An important addition has just been made to the programme of French Army training, says the Continental "Daily Mail." For five minutes a day recruits will be put through a series of exercises based on the Danish system of physical culture, which are designed to increase the "wind" of the troops and tone up their general fitness as a result of better oxygenation of the blood.

The few minutes necessary for these breathing exercises is time well spent, for it has been proved that they are an astonishing aid to keeping the body in tune.

CAVALRY AND MOUNTED INFANTRY.

I must congratulate J.P.M.C. on his excellent attempt to put down a smoke screen to protect the vulnerable flank of Cavalry.

Since the advent of the Magazine Rifle military critics have taken many compass bearings on the Cavalry position, and J.P.M.C.'s smoke screen is certainly not sufficiently intensive to prevent them marching on these bearings and securing close reconnaissance of the exposed Cavalry flank.

Before the introduction of the Magazine Rifle and the training of Infantry in rapid fire, which enabled them to fire accurately at the rate of fifteen rounds per minute, Cavalry could charge Infantry from a distance of over 500 yards with the assurance that considering the time taken for the latter to adopt Cavalry formation, necessary in those days, to receive them, not more than one round per man would be fired while that distance was being covered. But owing to the increase of fire power, there is no occasion to adopt "square" or close formation to receive Cavalry to-day; they can be received in any formation which gives facilities for the use of the rifle, and the Infantry leader can depend on the fire power of the rifle alone to deal effectively with them.

The Infantry leader has another weapon at his disposal—the machine gun. Cavalry charging to-day over a distance of 500 yards, however suitable the ground may be, will be exposed sufficiently long for the machine gun, firing at the rate of over 600 rounds per minute, to get off 1,200 to 1,500 rounds. In the old days, when Cavalry were really effective, it would take 1,500 Infantry to equal the fire effect of one modern machine gun.

J.P.M.C. speaks of us as a horse-loving people and I am sure he is himself too much of a lover of that noble animal to seriously recommend their use in attempting to arrive at close quarters with unbroken Infantry.

J.P.M.C. cannot be serious in recommending bicycles as substitutes for horses in making Infantry more mobile. I agree with him that they are capable of taking Infantry 30 miles from their supports, if they are foolish enough to wish it, and also they are a quicker means of locomotion *on roads*, but does he realise that cyclists are confined to the roads absolutely and are useless when taken off them. While the horse will carry the soldier over the ploughed ground and the fences, the soldier must carry the bicycle over them.

Of the sword, J.P.M.C. says that it is deadly silent and sure, and at the same time he recommends it on humanitarian grounds for use against a riotous crowd, but he gives us the impression that he would favour a boxing glove being attached to the point of it, and some other device to protect the crowd from its edge. If the Cavalry with gleaming sword do not frighten the excited crowd, he suggests using the gleaming sword as a quarter staff. This involves considerable research work, the compiling of a new Cavalry Drill Manual and the organisation of a new department at G.H.Q. to revive the use of ancient and obsolete weapons.

The swing of the economic axe, which he speaks of, need not come into play if J.P.M.C. will purchase a 3/6 hatchet and collect, at that small outlay, 600 blackthorns to be used instead of the £6,000 worth of swords and lances by the 600 Cavalry in carrying out the only purpose for which he justifies their existence, i.e., clearing the streets.

And now, J.P.M.C., be honest, and own up that when speaking of the effect of the "jingle of Cavalry trappings, etc.," you were mindful of the crowd in Grafton Street about 4.30 in the afternoon, and not of a riotous crowd in, say, the vicinity of Liberty Hall.

And finally, J.P.M.C., I give you credit for being too sound a tactician to neglect keeping a mobile reserve in your pocket for a counter-attack, and I expect, therefore, to be told that the sword is indispensable for use in forming an arch for the bride and groom at military weddings and for cutting the wedding cake, and the lance for tent-pegging at military tournaments or for pig-sticking when on leave in Sardinia.



THE PRISON SHIPS OF 1798.

Was there a Mutiny Aboard?—Outbreak of Contagious Disease—After the Fighting in Wexford—Masterless Soldiers—British Horse Shortage—A Problem in Ethics.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED. EXCLUSIVE TO "AN t-ÓGLACH."

Extracts from recently discovered Correspondence Books of the British Army, dealing with the Operations of those Forces in 1798. The first instalment of these extracts appeared in Vol. 1, No. 20, of "An t-Óglach" (New Series), and regularly since. Back numbers can always be obtained.

Apparently, after their experiences in Wexford, the British thought it advisable to call in all the assistance they possibly could for the suppression of the "Rebels," and every "Loyalist" who offered his services was eagerly accepted.

On the 25th June, 1798, Brigadier-General Barnett, Athlone, was advised by General Lake that the proposed addition of "seventy approved Loyalists at Athlone" to Captain Pennyfeather's Corps, had his blessing, or words to that effect, and "that they should as fast as possible be trained to arms."

Barnett had already placed on permanent duty the Yeomanry, the local Yeoman Corps, and the Commander-in-Chief hoped this action "will give security on the Leinster side of which you seem most jealous."

In addition, the Athlone Commander had forwarded to Dublin sketches and observations for the strengthening of the town, and, in acknowledging receipt of same, the C.-in-C. wrote:—

"Whatever may be necessary to do for a ready communication and removal of guns to situations where they may be most useful should certainly be done, but I am averse from undertaking anything more in the present moment."

Wexford After the Fighting.

An interesting sidelight on the situation in the town of Wexford after the fighting is afforded by a letter of the 24th June. Colonel Courtney, who was commanding in Wexford at the time, had written stating that "a number of men belonging to the different corps which moved forward under Major General Johnson, are idling about the town, and that no officer of any description has been left to regulate or superintend them."

One can easily imagine what the patriotic inhabitants of the town would be likely to suffer at the hands of these uncontrolled soldiers, in addition to what they had to put up with at the hands of those who were properly "regulated and superintended."

General Lake gave instructions that all these heroes "at a loose end" were to be collected and attached to some particular corps, "perhaps the weakest in garrison," under the immediate care of a proper Officer, "and by that means keep them regular and render them effective until they can rejoin their respective corps."

Orders were also sent to Wexford to send on board ship "such of the prisoners who were not from their crimes to undergo Trial."

Evidently the "Argenta" had some predecessors lying off the Wexford coast in those days.

In connection with the foregoing it will be recollected that the Major General Johnson alluded to was the gentleman who had kept Dublin Headquarters in the dark for a considerable period regarding the operations in the County Wexford—particularly New Ross—despite frequent frantic appeals from G.H.Q., Dublin, and imploring personal letters from General Lake himself. From these subsequent letters it is clear that Johnson did not know where a large quantity of his men had got to, and probably was not very sure as to where he was himself.

A Horse Shortage.

The Cavalry seem to have suffered in their encounters with the "Rebels" in the matter of horses, as indicated in previous letters. The Earl of Roden's regiment seems to have been particularly hard hit, and the suggestion was made that the losses should be made good by using the horses taken from the enemy.

The difficulty presented itself, however, that the "Rebels' " horses were supposed to have been commandeered from the "Loyalists." It was a nice question of ethics, and, being such, was submitted to the Lord Lieutenant, who managed to assuage his conscience in the following manner:—

"The Lord Lieutenant considers the appropriation of these horses by Government rather a delicate measure, being chiefly the property of Loyal Subjects; yet, as their owners are at present deprived of them, that they can be turned to useful account, and that a certain compensation may hereafter be made to owners of the above description for such as may be employed by Government."

In other words, "Live horse-owner and you may get compensation."

Fever on the Prison Ships.

Further light on the conditions prevailing in the prison ships is thrown by correspondence in the following month between Dublin Castle and Lieutenant General Sir James Stewart, Bart., Commanding the Forces in the Cork area.

There had obviously been some sort of trouble on "His Majesty's Prison Ship, the Princess," though what its exact nature was deponent saith not. Whatever it was, the Lord Lieutenant directed that the trouble should be immediately investigated, and the result of the investigation taken into serious consideration.

A hint that the trouble may have been something in the nature of a mutiny is conveyed in the course of a letter from the Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. He writes:—

"His Excellency very much disapproves of the practice hitherto observed at Duncannon Fort of putting recruits voluntarily inlisted for His Majesty's Service into Prison ships of any description, and he desires that all men so inlisted, who may still be on board the Princess, may be immediately landed at Spike Island and kept wholly distinct from the prisoners whom you may have found it necessary to disembark on account of the contagious disorder on board that ship. He also desires that no man who may hereafter be sent from Cork to England may be suffered to embark until every symptom (sic) of such disorder is entirely removed, as representations on that head have been made from England, which are now the subject of a Courtmartial on Lieut. Hart of the 35th Regt."

It looks as if the "recruits voluntarily inlisted" may have been at the bottom of the trouble.

(To be Continued).



A CATECHISM ON THE RIFLE.

(Back numbers containing the first instalments of the "Catechism on the Rifle" can be obtained on application to Managing Editor, "An t-Oglach," G.H.Q., Parkgate, Dublin. Postage one penny per copy extra.)

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOCKING BOLT.

73. Q. Where is the Locking Bolt?
A. The Locking Bolt is on the left side of the Body-Socket of the Rifle.
74. Q. What are the visible parts of the Locking Bolt?
A. The visible parts of the Locking Bolt are:—
1. The Dumb-Bell Shaped Spring.
2. The Thumb Piece.
3. The Safety Catch Arm and Stem.
4. The Locking Bolt Stem and Flat.
75. Q. Where is the Dumb-Bell Shaped Spring?
A. It is the steel body shaped like a dumb-bell on the left side of the Body-Socket.

BODY

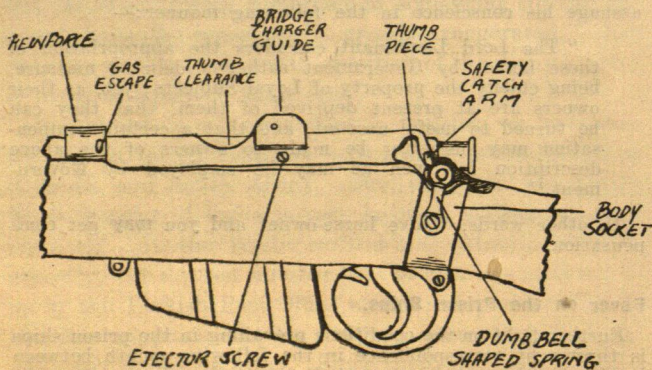


FIG. 6.

76. Q. Where is the Thumb Piece of the Locking Bolt?
A. It is the notched arm which lies behind the Dumb-Bell Shaped Spring and which can be moved backwards and forwards.
77. Q. Where is the Safety Catch Arm?
A. It is the small steel body behind the Thumb Piece.
78. Q. Where is the Safety Catch Stem?
A. It is the continuation of the Safety Catch Arm which projects into the upper hole on the inside of the Body Socket.
79. Q. Can you see the Locking Bolt Stem?
A. Yes. I can see it projecting into the lower hole on the inside of the Body Socket.
80. Q. What is the Locking Bolt Flat?
A. The Locking Bolt Flat is merely the flattened end of the Locking Bolt Stem.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BODY AND BARREL OF THE RIFLE.

81. Q. What do you mean by the Body of the Rifle?
A. By the Body of the Rifle I mean that metal portion of the Rifle which extends from the breech to the small of the Butt.
82. Q. What are the chief parts on the Body of the Rifle?

A. The chief parts on the Body of the Rifle are:—

1. The Gas Escape.
 2. The Reinforce.
 3. The Thumb Clearance.
 4. The Bridge Charger Guide.
 5. The Ejector Screw.
 6. The Shallow Groove.
 7. The Bolt Lug Recess.
 8. The Inclined Slot.
 9. The Body Socket.
 10. The Resistance Shoulder.
 11. The Retaining Catch.
 12. The Body Rib.
83. Q. Describe the Reinforce.
A. The Reinforce is the thick rounded portion on the front of the body of the Rifle, and directly over the Breech.
84. Q. Where is the Gas Escape?
A. It is the hole on the left side of the Breech.
85. Q. What is the Thumb Clearance?
A. It is that part which is cut away on the left side of the Body about one and a half inches behind the Breech.
86. Q. Where is the Bridge Charger Guide?
A. It is immediately behind the Thumb Clearance.
87. Q. Where is the Ejector Screw?
A. It is the screw immediately under the Bridge Charger Guide.
88. Q. What do you call the long, narrow groove which extends from the Breech to the Ejector Screw on the inside of the Body?
A. It is called the Shallow Groove.
89. Q. What is the Shallow Groove for?
A. It is for helping the ejection of the Cartridge Case.
90. Q. What is the Bolt Lug Recess?
A. It is the slot or recess on the inside of the Body immediately behind the Bridge Charger Guide.
91. Q. Where is the Inclined Slot?
A. It is the groove on the inside of the Body which is immediately behind the Bolt Lug Recess.
92. Q. What do you mean by the Body Socket?
A. By the Body Socket I mean the metal parts on both sides of the Body in front of the small of the Butt.
93. Q. Where is the Resistance Shoulder?
A. It is that part on the right side of the Body immediately in front of the Body-Socket.
94. Q. Where is the Retaining Catch?
A. It is the small Clip on the Body in front of the Resistance Shoulder and behind the Bridge Charger Guide.
95. Q. What do you mean by the Body Rib?
A. By the Body Rib I mean that part on the right side of the body which extends from the Retaining Catch to the Breech.
96. Q. Is there any other Gas Escape on the Body?
A. There is a second Gas Escape on the right side of the Breech opposite the first Gas Escape.
97. Q. Where is the Barrel of the Rifle?
A. The Barrel is that metal part of the Rifle which extends from the front of the Body to the Muzzle.
98. Q. Are the Barrel and the Body one part?
A. No, they are separate parts connected together.
99. Q. How are they connected?
A. They are connected by the Barrel being screwed to the Body.
100. Q. What is the thickened portion of the Barrel in front of the Body called?
A. It is called the Reinforce of the Barrel.
101. Q. What is the inside of the Barrel called?
A. The inside of the Barrel is called the Bore.
102. Q. Is the Bore plain or grooved?
A. The Bore is grooved.
103. Q. How many grooves has the Bore?
A. The Bore has five parallel grooves.
104. Q. Are the grooves straight?
A. No, the grooves are spiral.
105. Q. What is meant by the Knox-Form?
A. By the Knox-Form is meant that flat portion of the outside of the Barrel and Body just above where they meet.

(To be continued.)

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Cigarette, I hold you between my fingers, you are fragile and I could break you without the slightest effort, yet—you are a powerful wee thing. With every breath of you I am set to wonder, to reflect, and to marvel. I put you to my lips, breathe of you, take you to my lungs, and, eureka, I am at once your slave, and you lead me off in all manner of fanciful visions.

In your ascending smoke I see a picture of myself, sneaking away during "Break" from School, and sharing with Vernon, my chum, the First Fag. Heavens, how "mannish" we felt ourselves to be that day as we reclined 'gainst the tree and inhaled the smoke. How proud was I when I saw V. turning a paleish colour, and yet felt quite well myself. Truly I was on the road to Manhood, for I had smoked my first fag without being ill.

A little air-current changes your wreathes, and I see mad Jimmie McK, away in Kerry, cheerily puffing away as he tries to clear a barricade of stones under fire. He was always a villain for a smoke. I'm thinking he must have had a share in a cigarette manufacturing company.

Oh, your smoke is bringing many and many pictures, sad and gay, pictures on which one would dwell, and pictures from which one would turn aside. You seem connected with every memory, and I am wondering whatever can be the power you have to do this, to bring to mind those things I would forget.

I have often wondered which of the two, Lady Nicotine or John Barleycorn, have the most devotees. Your side, Lady Nicotine wins, I think, and I'll just say why. I cannot conceive a cigarette smoker who is niggardly, for one of the glories of smokers is that "hand it round" habit. The "box open—box shut" tale is just a fable, nothing more, and so, Mr. or Miss Cigarette, I like you for, if nothing else, that pleasant habit you make us have.

Your many relations, Virginia, Turkey, Russia, Egypt, and Havana all have their separate and distinct charms, with possibly separate and distinct trails of thought, and so, dear Cigarette, though you're now smoked through, and I'm going to cast you aside, I thank you for having led me off on other trails than may be expected in my daily round.

THE WANDERER.

"TRAFFIC MANAGERS."

A Plea for Our Friends in Blue Uniforms.

"A policeman's lot is not a happy one," so sang Gilbert (and ditto repeato say I about the men of the M.T.C.). Soldiers are notoriously prone "to grouse," and the M.T.C. boys think that it's all bunkum about the policeman's lot as compared with their own, but in my heart of hearts I'm not so sure. I own to a great regard for "our present boys in blue."

The Gardai are just—the Gardai. You just can't think of them as policeman at all. When you get the signal to stop you pull up expecting to be warned of some obstruction or of something amiss with your car. When he asks where are your number plates you get a shock.

You used to think of him as a useful sort of friend. He'd tell you the best road—where bridges are up—the best garage—and you came to think that *that* was his job. He doesn't seem half as decent a fellow now when he stops you to enquire for a tinkering little thing like a number plate, and when he says he'll take your name and Barracks and your number. Well (you think) he's *no friend*, that's all.

If he was aggressive you'd feel justified in refusing, but he's quite friendly about it—just as if he was telling you you'd dropped your tail-board—and still you can see it isn't a joke. You adopt a "more in sorrow than anger" attitude, and give the required information and big ex gratia display of dignity as well, and drive on.

Now, be fair. Is he really not a friend? Is he just a pin-pricking trouble-maker out for promotion? Are your second thoughts about him really best?

He's in uniform. So are you.

He's subject to discipline. So are you.

He does what he's told. So do you.

He's always willing to help. Are you?

The Other Fellow's Point of View.

Get into his place for a bit. Would you feel quite square with yourself if you pulled up some cars and ignored irregularities in other cars? Would you think it was playing the game to summon a stranger and fail to summon a friend when both were guilty? Of course, you wouldn't and he doesn't.

Would you like to be on point duty for hours at a time in the cold and sleet? Would your temper be perfect all the time? When a fool of a driver ignores your signal and causes a jam? When a car flies by close to you, squirting mud all over you, and you know that it means, perhaps, half an hour to brush it out next morning? No! Well, don't answer back if he "chaws the head off you" for mistaking his signal—perhaps he didn't give it clearly. He'll improve with experience, and it doesn't help any to try and take him down a peg. After all, it's his job. Let him be boss on it and it will be pleasanter and safer for all.

Pay strict attention to his signals. Generally he gives you precedent at a crossing, but if he gives you the high sign, well, take it—on the jump. He knows best. It's his job.

Go slow past the pointsman, particularly in wet weather. You won't lose *one* minute in all Dublin City by easing up so as not to splash him, and isn't it better to exchange that almost imperceptible glance of friendly comradeship in service than to fly by and be followed by a malediction? And whisper! "close up" speed seems greater, and if he forms the opinion that you are speeding he may follow you with a summons which might be worse for you than a malediction.

If he does summon you or report you, don't get a grouch against him. He's probably wrong, but he thinks he's right. He's not doing it for fun, and, remember, when he comes as a witness to Orderly Room or to Court, he has to come in his own time. His attendance doesn't count as on duty. He has to put in his full time as well, so you see it's a loss to him to summon or report you, and only a sense of duty would make him do it. Go against him by all means at the time. Fight your own corner. You'll find that even if you beat him on every charge he'll still be quite friendly. He may think that you're a bit of a rogue, and that the Peace Commission hasn't much sense, but he won't say it, and so far as you and he are concerned there's no personal feeling, and he'll probably ask you up to the next big night of the Force.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

G.H.Q. received their second defeat this year on Friday, 22nd February, when their second team was beaten by players from Island Bridge Barracks by the narrow margin of 11-10, the score being: Islanders, 4 games; G.H.Q., 3 games.

The following were the teams, showing games won:—

Lieut. J. Mallin	2nd and 3rd against
Comdt. Egan	1st.
Sergt. John Dowling	1st and 3rd against
Lieut. Sean O'Connor	2nd.
Sergt. J. Keenan	1st and 3rd against
Sergt. Myers	2nd.
Sergt. E. Carroll	2nd and 3rd against
Sergt. Morrison	1st.
Lieut. McKenna	2nd against
Lieut. O'Connor	1st and 3rd.
Pte. L. Ryan	Nil against
Capt. J. J. Burke	1st and 2nd.
B. Nolan	2 draws against
Capt. S. J. O'Reilly	1 win and 2 draws.

Showing win for Islanders by narrow margin of 11-10.

GAME PLAYED IN THE G.H.Q.—ISLAND BRIDGE MATCH.
CRITICISM INVITED.

MALLIN. (White).				EGAN. (Black).			
P.	—	K4.	...	P.	—	K4.	
Kt.	—	KB3.	...	Kt.	—	QB3.	
P.	—	QR3.	...	Kt.	—	KB3.	
P.	—	Q3.	...	P.	—	Q4.	
B.	—	K2.	...	P.	×	P.	
P.	×	P.	...	B.	—	QB4.	
Q.	×	Q.	...	Kt.	×	Q.	
Kt.	×	P.	...	B.	—	Q2.	
Kt.	—	QB3.	...	Kt.	—	B3.	
Kt.	×	Kt.	...	B.	×	Kt.	
P.	—	KB3.	...	Castles		(Queen's side)	
P.	—	K5.	...	Kt.	—	Q4.	
Kt.	—	K4.	...	B.	—	Kt3.	
B.	—	Q2.	...	P.	—	KR3.	
Castles		(Q. side)	...	P.	—	B4.	
P.	×	P. (en passant)	...	P.	×	P.	
Kt.	—	Kt3.	...	P.	—	KR4.	
Kt.	...	B5.	...	Q.R.	—	Ksq.	
B.	—	B4.	...	B.	—	Q2.	
Kt.	—	Kt7.	...	Q.R.	—	Kt. sq.	
B.	×	Kt.	...	R.	×	Kt.	
B.	—	B3.	...	R.	×	P.	
B.	×	P.	...	R.	—	B. sq.	
B.	—	Q5.	...	B.	—	K.B4.	
R.	—	Q2.	...	B.	—	K6.	
K.	—	Kt. sq.	...	B.	×	R.	
P.	—	B4.	...	R.	—	K7.	
B.	—	B4.	...	R.	—	B7.	
B.	—	K5.	...	B.	×	P. ch.	
K.	×	B.	...	B.	×	P. ch. (expose)	
K.	—	Kt3.	...	B.	×	B.	
B.	—	K6. ch.	...	K.	—	Kt. sq.	
K.	—	B4'	...	B.	×	P.	
P.	—	Q.R4.	...	P.	—	R3.	
P.	—	R3.	...	R.	—	K7.	
B.	—	Q5.	...	P.	—	B3.	

Resigns.

Fickle Fortune cast her mantle of success over the G.H.Q. Team in their return match with the Board of Works on Monday evening, 3rd March, at the Board of Works Office, Stephen's Green.

The G.H.Q. players went fully determined to wipe out their previous defeat and retrieve their lost honours. They put all their forces in the field, and, I am afraid, Board of Works team were not prepared for such an onslaught.

The programme for the night clearly indicated that while G.H.Q. might beat Board of Works at Chess, they would not beat them when it came to social entertainment. Congratulations to Mr. Malin, to whose indefatigable efforts the success of the evening was due.

The games started about 7 p.m. after a delightful tea, and continued until about 9 p.m. The result of the games was announced by Mr. Clancy, who presided as master of ceremonies.

The social part of the evening's proceedings was inaugurated by Mr. O'Beirne, the well-known entertainer. Practically everyone contributed a song, story or recitation. A ventriloquistic item by Mr. Macken caused much laughter. Mr. J. Maguire, baritone and Mr. Mulcahy, tenor, sang, and instrumental music was supplied by Mr. O'Beirne, Mr. Maguire, Mr. Nowlan, and Lieut. Tuke. The entertainment closed about 11 o'clock, and with hearty handshakes and happy memories the Army players separated from the gentlemen of the Board of Works, to meet again, we hope, under auspices just as pleasant and delightful.

CHESS RESULTS.

Capt. Cotter	Won 2nd game against
H. Beckett	1st and 3rd games.
Lieut. O'Connor	Won 1st and 2nd games
T. Malin	Nil.
Lieut. Tuke	Won 1st and 3rd, drew 2nd against
J. A. Mullen	Drew 2nd.
Comdt. Egan	Won 1st and 3rd against
A. J. Nowlan	Won 2nd
Capt. Mervyn	Nil, against
A. F. Kennedy	Won 1st and 2nd games.
Colonel O'Brien	Won 1st and 2nd against
Mr. Mackey	Nil.
Lieut. O'Duffy	Won 1st and 3rd against
Mr. Geach	Won 2nd.
Comdt. O'Donoghue	Won 1st and 3rd and drew 2nd.
F. J. Donnellan	Drew 2nd game.

G.H.Q.
6 matches.

Board of Works.
2 matches.

GAMES PLAYED.

13 and 2 draws against 6 and 2 draws.

na mbocht istig i nSaillim! Agus bis paol aodar ó éáinic tú éugaimn aniar ó Connamara."

Níor éireo sean mháireas a cluasa. Aét cuiread i gcéill ói gan mórán ádair go raib an éinne as an mbanalra. Agus mara éfuair sí bás de'n galar aisteac do-aicne, is beag nac éfuair sí bás leis an náire.

Dume dá bunad i vteac na mbocht! Céaro véarparde? Céaro véarparde siobán éarús antoine? Ócón! an cleas gránra u'mir a mac féin uirri! Aét u'ioctad sé as, u'ioctad sé as go trom pás!

* * *

D'éalaig sean mháireas as ospuóéal na mbocht gan mórán ádair. De shuáil cos a cuaró sí ábailé agus gan cosaíalac aon galar uirri ná aon éáinnit air. Ní véarna sí cainnt paol uaisleac a muinntire aét an oiread le sgéal, agus tá an tseirbe cainnte sgarta léite freisim. Aét más as a mac cleasac glac a véas an gabaltas, ní páro mise agus an aicne mór atá agam an a mátaim.

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(A énioc.)

SOME FAMOUS IRISH SOLDIERS.

Men Who Fought on "Far Foreign Fields."

When it became apparent to that Carlylean hero, Frederick the Great of Prussia, that his possessions were about to be seized by some of his European neighbours, he took measures to forestall any concerted movement among his enemies by invading the kingdoms of Bavaria and Saxony. Frederick, a keen student of military science, in reviewing the capabilities of the Generals who would be likely to lead the forces of his opponents during the coming struggle, decided that the only man he need fear was one Ulysses Brown, a Marshal in the service of the Austrian Empire. How well Frederick had judged his man may be gathered from the fact that Brown met and defeated the great strategist and soldier in decisive combat, but lost his own life at the moment of victory.

"A Consummate General."

Ulysses Brown was the son of an Irish exile who took service under the banner of Austria, and who rose to the rank of Colonel in that army. Young Brown was born at Basle, where has father's regiment was quartered for some years. Then at an early age he entered the Austrian Army, and soon became distinguished for his courage and military acumen. At the comparatively early age of twenty-eight he attained the rank of Colonel, and a few years later was appointed by the Empress Marie-Theresa to the supreme command of the Army of Silesia. During the war between Austria and France he captured Genoa, and crossed the French frontier, but being threatened on his flanks he was obliged to evacuate the positions he had gained. Military annalists say that Brown's retreat was one of the most skilfully-conducted manoeuvres of the war.

On the outbreak of the Seven Years' War Brown was, in conjunction with Prince Charles of Lorraine, sent in command of the Austrian forces to repel the Prussians. Dual command, as is usually the case, proved irksome to Brown and the Royal personage with whom he was associated, and eventually the Irishman offered to take the place of second in command. His masterly plan of battle was adopted by the Prince at the Battle of Lobositz, and as the result the Prussians were compelled to retire from Austrian territory. Brown met his end while leading a regiment of Grenadiers against the walls of Prague, "leaving the reputation of a consummate General and a successful negotiator."

One of the "Wild Geese."

Marshal George Brown, cousin of the great Austrian Marshal, was born in Limerick in the year 1698, and sailing with the Wild Geese, at an early age, took service under the Austrians, but was subsequently identified more closely with the armies of Russia. During the Seven Years' War he repeatedly distinguished himself, and was singled out by the Empress Marie Theresa for special honour. During the battle of Gorndorf he led a charge of Russian cavalry which turned the tide of victory, and won for himself the special thanks of the Czar. George Brown subsequently became governor of the territory of Livonia, where he died at the ripe age of ninety-four years.

It is a specially noteworthy fact that the Irish soldier who distinguished himself in foreign service during the eighteenth century was also noted for his great administrative abilities, and in this connection the name of Field Marshal Count Nugent occurs to one. Nugent, a Peer in his own right, entered the Austrian Army, where his military genius was quickly recognised. During the great campaigns which marked the progress of Napoleon's meteoric career Nugent assumed command of the army which drove the French from Italy, and in 1815 he entered Naples at the head of the victorious force which defeated that splendid adventurer, Joachim Murat himself. At the conclusion of the Napoleonic Wars Nugent was made Commander of the Neapolitan Army, but later he returned to Austria, and, curiously enough, was present at Magenta on the day when another Irishman in command of the French arms won the victory.

The O'Rahilly Sept.

It may be interesting to recall that no fewer than three of the descendants of the O'Rahilly sept distinguished themselves in the armies of Austria. Field Marshal O'Reilly, who dis-

tinguished himself during the Seven Years' War, was born in Ireland in 1740. His record as a soldier was unique in that age of military genius, and in his later years he was given the onerous and honourable post of Governor of Vienna. Alexander O'Reilly, a native of Baltrasna, Co. Meath, in his youth saw service in the Irish Legion in Spain, and subsequently enlisted in the Austrian Army. Later he joined the French, and then we again find him in the Spanish service. Charles III., struck by his great knowledge of military law, appointed him as chief organiser when the Spanish Army was re-modelled, and O'Reilly had the satisfaction of seeing the Spanish troops take Louisiana from the French. Among the other Irishmen who bore distinguished records in the Austrian service we find the names of General Maguire, who defeated Frederick at Zittan, and O'Donnell, who led the Austrian soldiers in their victorious charge against the Prussians at Hochkirken.

It is well that the records of those gallant and distinguished Irish soldiers in the service of the friendly foreign nations should be remembered by later generations. Their courage and unflinching discipline, often in the face of desperate odds, provide an admirable object lesson for those whose proud destiny it is to wear the uniform of the soldiers of the Irish Free State. J.

THE WILD GEESE.

O brown sails in the river and brown sails in the bay,
And far I must go, mother, before the break of day;
For I must fight for Louis and be a soldier bold,
And carry pike and musket, and win the stripes of gold:
Far I must go, mother, but weep no tears for me,
It's Ireland and honour when the Wild Geese put to sea.

Fair is France, they say, mother, a land of pleasant ease.
With vineyards and broad rivers and waving poplar trees;
But it's sore I'll be longing, to feel beneath my feet
The spring of Irish heather, the smell of Irish peat;
Where the curlew calls, mother, lies the heart of me,
Though it's Ireland and honour when the Wild Geese put to sea.

We go before the dawn, mother, but we'll come again,
With all our drums a-beating for a new campaign;
With all our drums a-beating and all our pikes a-shine,
With those that fought at Aughrim and those that fought at Boyne.

So kiss me for the last, mother, and weep no tears for me,
It's Ireland and honour when the Wild Geese put to sea.

J.W.

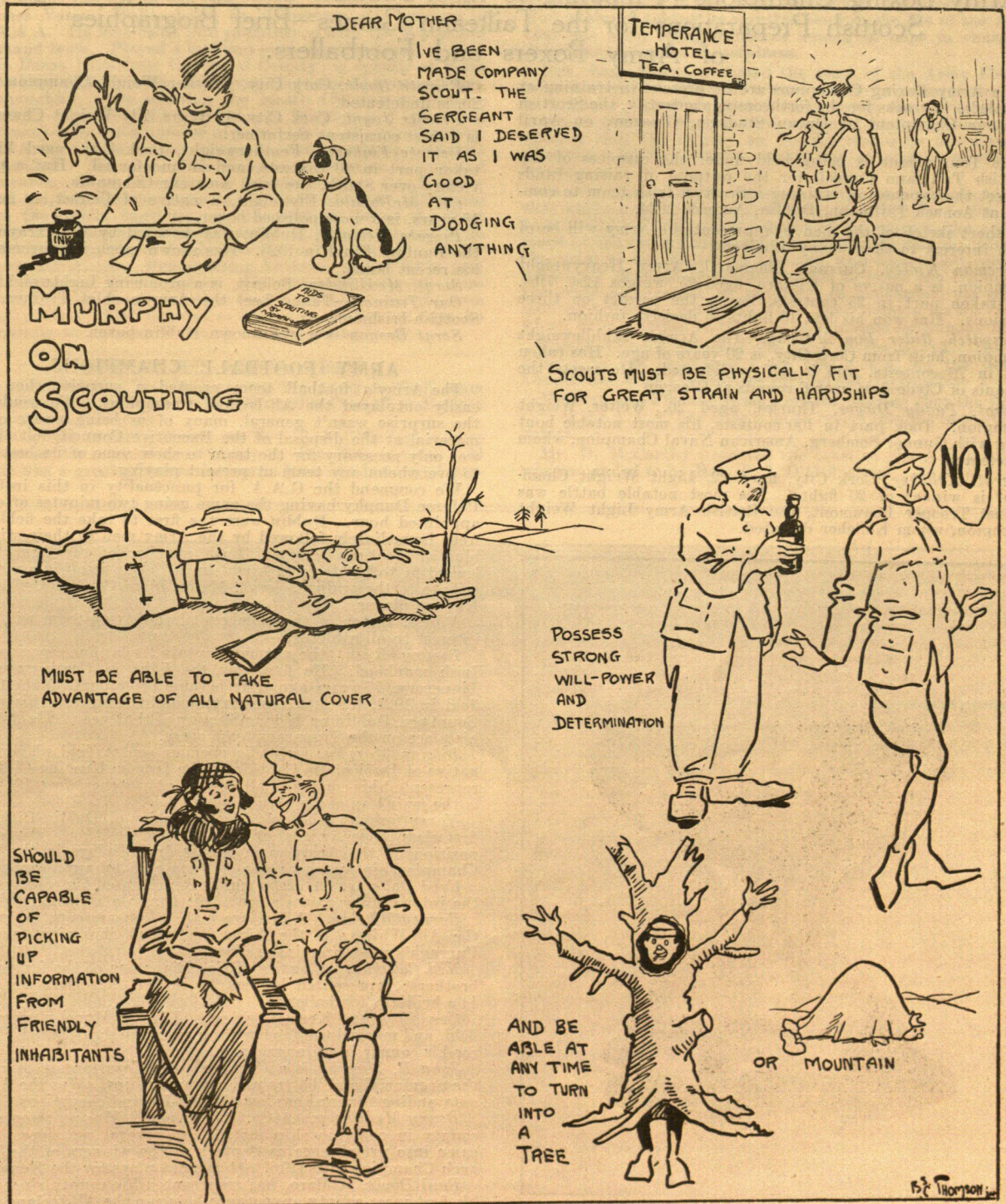
A LIMERICK PRESENTATION.

The N.C.O.'s and men of the Armoured Car and Transport Corps, Limerick Command, presented a beautiful engraved gold watch and Albert to Lieut. James Hussey, O.C., A.C.C., Limerick, on his departure from the Limerick Command. Lieut. Hussey has severed his connection with the Army, having opened a large motor works in Limerick City. Prior to obtaining his commission in the regular Army, Lieut. Hussey was attached to the 3rd Battalion, Dublin Brigade, with which Unit he served with distinction during the Anglo-Irish conflict. His many friends wish him success in his new rôle.

MORE BOUQUETS.

Extract from the letter of a high official in Dublin:—
"I read with interest the ramblings of the 'Wanderer,' and the Shrapnel from the pen of the Scribe. The issues are certainly very much improved. I was struck with the excellent articles now appearing, and consider the illustrations most apt and exceedingly well drawn. Your artists must be professionals."

Extract from the letter of a Parish Priest in Co. Kerry:—
"I am learning to look forward to my fortnightly reminder of the doings of Ireland's Army. 'An t-Oglach' is a journal that ought to be purchased by every supporter of the Government, for its tone is that very high one Copyrighted by the Military Archives from the Army."



ARMY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Army Boxing Champions—Preparing to meet Scottish Champions in Glasgow— Scottish Preparations for the Tailteann Games—Brief Biographies of Army Boxers and Footballers.

The Army Boxing Champions are at present in training at Portobello Barracks for the forthcoming contests v. the Scottish Amateur Champions at Govan Stadium, Glasgow, on April 26th.

The Tournament is being held under the auspices of the Scottish Tailteann Council for the purpose of raising funds to meet the expenses of training a Scottish-Irish team to compete at Aonach Tailteann, Dublin, August, 1924.

A short sketch of the men to represent the Army will be of much interest to their many admirers:—

Fireman Kidley, Curragh Command, Army Heavyweight Champion, is a native of Kildare, aged 25, weighs 12st. 7lbs. Has taken part in 25 contests, losing the verdict on three occasions. Has won his last 10 fights in decisive fashion.

Despatch Rider Boy Murphy.—The Army's Middleweight Champion, hails from Cork City, is 20 years of age. Has taken part in 70 contests, and is still undefeated. He meets the Marquis of Clydesdale over 6 rounds at Glasgow.

Sergt. Paddy Dwyer, Thurles, aged 26, Welter Weight Champion. Took part in 100 contests, his most notable bout being with Gunner Somberg, American Naval Champion, whom he defeated.

Sergt. Kelleher, Cork City, aged 22, Light Weight Champion, is winner of 20 fights. His most notable battle was against Trooper Beaumont, the British Army Light Weight Champion, whom Kelleher defeated.

Private Doyle, Cork City, Feather Weight Champion, aged 20, is undefeated.

Private Joynt, Cork City, 19 years, Fly Weight Champion, is a most consistent performer.

Private Flaherty, Featherweight, Cork City, aged 19, has taken part in 20 contests, and is undefeated. Has a points victory over Smith, the Irish Amateur Champion.

Cpl. McDonald, Flyweight, a native of Belfast, is not yet 18 years, is a most polished boxer.

Private Metcalfe, Dublin, was defeated by Vol. Traynor in the Bantam Final in 1923. Has shown much improvement in his recent bouts.

Sergt. McAllinden, Belfast, is a promising Lightweight.

Our Trainer.—Tancy Lee, the Army's chief Trainer, is a Scottish-Irishman.

Sergt. Brogan is a well-known Dublin boxer.

ARMY FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS.

The Army's football team created a surprise when they easily outplayed the All-Ireland Champions. We would say the surprise wasn't general, many of us being aware of the material at the disposal of the Executive Council, felt that it was only necessary for the team to show some of its best form to overwhelm any team at present playing.

We commend the G.A.A. for punctuality in this instance, Referee Dunphy having the game going two minutes after the appointed hour. Dublin were the first to take the field, and were immediately followed by the Army men in their striking blue and saffron jerseys. Each member of the Army team looked fit to battle for a kingdom, which in itself is a striking tribute to the trainer, Sergt. Major Joyce Conlon, the famous Kildare player.

A brief sketch of the members of the Army team will be of interest to all athletes:—

Tommy Ryan, the Army Captain, is a fine specimen of Irish manhood. He first saw the light in Castlegrace, Co. Tipperary, 25 years ago. He became prominent on the Gaelic field in 1921, his first important match being with his native County v. Dublin on Bloody Sunday of that year. He has held his place on the Tipperary team since.

Johnny Murphy, Ireland's premier centre field player, is a native of Dublin. Is Captain of the famous Keating Club, has represented his county in all important matches since 1918, and is the mainstay of the Army team.

Harry Cannon, the cul baire, a native of Dublin City, is a first class player in goal or in a forward position. Earned his position on the Army team by his fine displays in the Army Championship matches; is a club mate of Johnny Murphy's.

Fred Doherty. A Mayo man. Represented his county in all the inter-county games since 1919; is also a Keating stalwart.

Barney Whelan. A Kildare man. Appears constantly with the All Whites; is the Army's handball champion, and the Curragh's most prominent player.

Ned Collieran. A native of Co. Sligo; one of the famous five brothers; represented his county in the 1922 championships. Is a brilliant footballer.

Con Brosnan, Kerry, partners Johnny Murphy at centre field, and marked the famous Stanley in Sunday's match. Plays for his county in all engagements.

John P. Murphy is a Cavan man. Plays for his county in the provincial and All-Ireland championships. Was the Army's outstanding forward against the All-Ireland champions.

Benny McAllister. A Co. Dublin man. Has represented his county in championship matches on several occasions. First came into prominence as Captain of the winners of the Frongoch Championship, 1916. At present plays for the Keatings.

Paul Doyle, Kildare, has represented his county since 1919, his first inter-county appearance being in the All-Ireland Final v. Galway in that year. Is undoubtedly the most brilliant forward in Ireland.

The Higgins Bros, Jack and George (Kildare), are regular members of the famous "All Whites." Jack, although still



MEDICAL SERVICES' FOOTBALL CUP.

Won by General Headquarters, 1924.

"An t-Oglach."]

[Exclusive photo.]

in his teens, gave a most finished display against the Champions.

Joe Curtis, another Kildare man, partners Paul Doyle on the left wing on his county's team. Is the smallest man on the Army team, but one of the best.

James Nunan, Mullinahone, Co. Tipperary, is a product of the A.A.A. He first came into prominence with the Waterford Command team. Played a brilliant game for the Army.

Kit Doran hails from the Royal County; is equally at home on the hurling field or the ball court. Captained his home team, Dunshaughlin, when winning the Meath Championship some years ago. Transferred his affection to Wicklow and Captained the county team for a number of years. Is an all-round athlete.

The Army's team trainer, *Joyce Conlon*, needs no introduction to Gaels. His connection with the Association is long and honourable. *Joyce*, a native of Droichead Nua, Co. Kildare, played his first serious game as far back as 1900. He came before the public more strongly in 1903, he being the most famous of Kildare's famous forwards. His record is one to be proud of, having played for his county for 20 years in all their inter-county games. Representing Leinster in the inter provincial Railway Shield games. He probably possesses more football trophies than any other Gaelic footballer, having won 56 gold medals. Although not so fast as in the bygone days, he yet receives an amount of respect from opposing backs.

DINNER TO ARMY TEAM.

On the following Tuesday evening the Army football team was entertained to dinner by the Executive Council at Barry's Hotel, Denmark Street.

After a very pleasing dinner the Rev. T. J. O'Callaghan rose to propose the toast of the "Army." The Rev. speaker said that it was a great pleasure to him to have the honour of pro-

posing the toast of the Army, especially on such an occasion as this, when all those athletes, representative of every rank in the Army, had met to celebrate the Army's first great athletic victory. He looked to the Army athletes to bring to the surface all that was good in the Army's character, and prophesied that with athletics taking its rightful place in the life of the Army, that our Irish Army would be second to none in character, discipline and general usefulness.

Rev. Sean Pigott proposed the toast of the Army Football team and paid a splendid tribute to the prowess of the team as a whole. He made special reference to the spirit in which the men endured their severe course of training, and was of opinion that the victory on Sunday would be the means of creating a healthy rivalry, which was at present conspicuous by absence.

Comdt. Tommy Ryan, Captain of the team, in reply, said that whilst a great deal of credit was certainly due to the members of the team, yet in the minds of the players, the greatest meed of thanks was due and now offered by him on behalf of the team to the Executive Council, who had collectively and personally done all that was possible to make the training of the team as pleasant as possible. In conclusion, he paid a glowing tribute to Sergeant Major Joyce Conlon for his efforts, which were reflected in the play of the team on Sunday last.

Comdt. Colgan proposed the toast of the G.A.A. He paid tribute to the assistance given the A.A.A. by the Central Council and Club Committees throughout the country.

Mr. Eamonn Fleming briefly replied, stating that the formation of the A.A.A. had done a lot to revive interest in the Gaelic games.

Mr. D. McCarthy proposed the toast of the A.A.A., which was responded to by Rev. T. J. O'Callaghan.



The All-Army Football Team which defeated the All-Ireland Champions at Croke Park.

[Photo by courtesy of Keogh Bros.]

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THE GUIDE.

An Episode of the Operations in County Cork.

THE night was a pall of blackness, unrelieved by even a suspicion of moon or stars. And there were no lights in the column that was slowly picking its way through strange country towards the town of Macroom. To show lights was to invite annoying attentions from the persons whom we had been pushing steadily back in the Macroom direction since the previous afternoon.

Now and again the column halted in the narrow lane, whilst the Officers took a chance with momentary headlights and went ahead in their cars prospecting. A little later, as we sat and smoked, dozed or conducted murmurous conversations, a whistle would shrill briefly, and the procession would move off again.

If our Transport could have been seen it would have impressed the spectator chiefly by its variety. A large proportion of it consisted of country carts commandeered for the foot-weary soldiers, who, tired but cheerful, had made themselves cushions of hay and straw to minimise the absence of springs in the vehicles. We had also a double-turreted armoured car which had overtaken us that afternoon some ten miles back, an armoured Lancia, whose principal function was to tow the 18-pounder, a couple of other lorries, and two motor cars utilised by the officers.

The horse-drawn country carts regulated the pace to a large extent, and you can quite imagine that it was not exactly reminiscent of, say, Leopardstown. But, for obvious reasons, we could not have gone very fast in any case. We were feeling our way very cautiously, believe me.

The chaps in the low country carts were better off than those in the lorries, although they didn't seem to think so. On the rare occasions when we did pick up a bit of speed—as, for example, where the road widened and the hedges thinned on the downward slope of some hill—I'll bet they didn't get one-hundredth part of the disintegrating shaking that we in the Lancia suffered. And when we came to places where the full-foliaged trees swung low over the lane—which was most of the way—the fellows perched on the baggage in the high lorries came in for an unmerciful skelping, no matter how they tried to avoid it. However, let us get on with the story.

WE had come to the three-hundred-and-seventy-fifth halt (I may be slightly wrong in the count, but anyway this is not an official report), and, in the Lancia, we were trying to pick out softer spots amongst the baggage, which seemed to consist wholly of sharp corners, when there arose a semi-smothered confusion just ahead of us. Somebody was stumbling along at the side of the column and was being challenged at every stumble.

The old sailor turned soldier, who sat beside me, went into action with the unexpectedness of a railway penny-in-the-slot machine delivering the goods. He jumped up, cursed the baggage as it twisted under his feet, poked his 45 Webley over the side, peered into the darkness and remarked:

"HALT! HALT!! You Double-dashed So-and-so! HALT, or I'll blow your block off!"

From the darkness beside the car a scared voice came up to us:

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot. I'm a friend. FRIEND! I'M A FRIEND!"

By this time a number of soldiers had descended from various vehicles to investigate the truth of the statement as far as possible. We investigated our find by the flickering match's scanty beam, as the poet says, and discovered a middle-aged, very respectable-looking man with an affable sort of face.

He said that he had just come from Macroom, where our friends the enemy had set fire to the Castle immediately prior to their departure. He had left apparently a little while before them, but he had overheard some of them talking in the bar of the hotel, and they had said that the long bridge leading into the town had been wrecked for our benefit—just wrecked enough for us not to notice it until we went through.

"Cheery lot of blighters," commented the sailor-soldier.

Our informant had decided (he said) that it was up to him to warn us, if possible, so he had mounted his bicycle and come out to meet us. The other party's rearguard, falling back before us, had brought such tidings of our strength and temper, that it had been decided to abandon the town at once, although we had been met all along the way by stories of the great strength of the opposition, and the fearsome fight they were going to put up when we appeared before the walls, as it were.

OUR Officers came back at this moment, so we sent the stranger up to them for interrogation. Presently they sent him back to us with instructions to keep him until further orders. So the Lancia accommodated him with a space on the knobbly baggage.

He was a talkative sort of chap. His conversation consisted principally of assertions of his good faith and the enumeration of divers arguments against being taken with us. Some of the lads tried cross-examining him, and did not profess to be satisfied with the result. He didn't seem to be altogether satisfied either. The sailorman murmured blood-curdling threats in a sort of soliloquy, and this did not seem to make the passenger any happier, so I stopped the monologue.

We continued on our way as before. Now and again the motor vehicles managed a little sprint, but after every such event, we had to pull up and wait for the farmers' carts to catch up with us. And when we told the occupants of the latter what we thought of their tortoise-like methods, they accused us bitterly of trying to lose them.

About half an hour after we had picked up the passenger we saw a glow in the sky several miles away across the fields.

"There," cried the stranger, "that's the Castle burning. I told you they set fire to it."

"Waal," said the sailor, "it certainly looks as if somebody had set fire to something."

Regular doubting Thomas he was.

PRESENTLY our speed increased again. As we rattled and bumped past the mouth of a road leading off at right angles from the one we were on, the stranger gave a yell and commenced to give a good very imitation of an epileptic fit.

"Stop!" he cried, "Stop! That's the road we should go. We should turn off here. Stop, I tell you! Here, let me out! Let me out! Didn't I tell you the bridge is wrecked. We can't go this way."

And so on and so forth.

When he found that nobody was paying any attention to him he went fairly mad, and continued shrieking at us to let him out.

The sailorman became annoyed. I think he was easily annoyed, somehow.

"If you don't stop that squalling," he said, "I'll fix you so that you won't know whether we go through the bridge or not when we meet it."

"But we should have turned up that other road," whimpered the man.

"I guess," said the sailor, "that the folk what's running this trip knows what they're doin'. So that'll be about all from you."

The stranger subsided, but raised a further protest when we came to a halt shortly afterwards. He demanded to be conducted to the Officers.

As everybody had had about enough of his company by this time we acceded to his request, and detailed two men to take him up the line. We never saw him again.

Whether the Officers accepted his *bona fides* and turned him loose there and then, or whether they brought him with them to the town and released him there I do not know, but that he was eventually released I do know.

A little later we came to the bridge of sinister import. By this time the sky had cleared and there was enough starlight to glimpse the long, narrow causeway—just to glimpse it.

The Officers' car went first with ourselves and the 18-pounder next. The farmers' cart cavalcade was far enough behind to pick up the scraps.

But there weren't any scraps. *The bridge was quite safe!*

The population of Macroom got out of bed and welcomed us enthusiastically at ten minutes past midnight. It was a very comforting reception and we enjoyed it.

But in the middle of the celebrations I kept thinking of that guide. Was he making a mistake? And, if so, what kind of a mistake?

I am still wondering.

LE POER.

MORE DISCOVERED DOCUMENTS.

The spirit of research, borne unto some of our discoveries of correspondence pertaining to the 1798 period, has resulted in the following report from one of our correspondents, for whose veracity we cannot vouch:—

Sir,—While exploring the ruins of Bally— Police Barracks, I came upon a file of correspondence and reports which threaten to put your Dublin Castle disclosures absolutely in the shade, and I therefore forward them for publication.

Writing under the date January 15th, 1920, Officer Commanding No. 1 Post, Bally— addresses O.C. Police Barracks as follows:—

"I have the honour to report that at my orderly room this morning I had occasion to investigate a number of charges of 'Drunk—when not on duty,' and find that all the men charged reported the presence of yellow snakes in the village of Bally—. I should personally have been inclined to doubt such statements were it not for the fact that I personally, in returning from a dinner at the Hon. D. T.—'s place, saw a considerable number of bright red snakes crawling by the footpath. Under the circumstances, I feel compelled to draw your attention to this matter, and would request that the police be instructed to move in the matter with a view to the elimination of these reptilian creatures.—I have the honour to be, etc."

The next paragraph is dated January 17th, 1920, and is addressed to O.C. Troops, No. 1 Post, Bally— by Inspector i/c Barracks, Bally—, as follows:—

"I am in receipt of your communication (Ref. No. XX/43/52/3, and have duly made enquiries regarding the presence of snakes in the village. Sergt. J. H. Jones, in charge of 'B' Division, informs me that he has repeatedly seen blue monkeys hurrying through the bushes at night-time, and has, on one occasion, actually engaged with these creatures in fight. This would appear to be a further form of reprisal by the Republican Army, and I am requesting Dublin to strengthen the defences and forces of this district.—I have the honour to be, Sir, etc."

Evidently the Officer Commanding Troops at the village became impatient, for under the date March 4th, 1920, he writes to O.C. Police as follows:—

"I would draw your attention to the fact that the steps, promised in yours dated January 17th, in reference to snakes, menace of, have failed to materialise, and I must press for immediate action. Last night, in spite of very careful vigilance on the part of my sentries, I was personally attacked by a contingent of the red snakes referred to in my XX/43/52/3, dated 15-1-1920, and would possibly have been overwhelmed by them had it not been for the fact that I had, as very handy weapons, two large empty bottles. I am further communicating to Professor Rameis, a friend of mine, and a great authority on snakes, with a view to his visiting this place for a classification of this particular breed, which assumes such monstrous proportions.—I have the honour to be, etc."

The last letter evidently stirred the mud around Bally—, for the next letter of importance, dated 19/3/'20, from Dublin Castle, reads:—

"To O.C. Police Barracks, Bally—.



"An t-Oglach."]

[Exclusive photo.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS CHESS CLUB.
First Holder of the Shield, Captain J. P. M. Cotter.

"I am directed to acknowledge receipt of your communication dated 5th inst., 're' presence of snakes, monkeys, etc., in the village in which your barracks is situated, and have to inform you that a draft of two sergeants and 48 men has been detailed to proceed to your command. Instructions have been further given that G.O.C. Dublin arranges for the despatch of a large contingent of Infantry with a view to the complete elimination of the reptiles and animals complained of. You will please keep this Headquarters informed as to developments in the campaign."

Note is made in the Register of the arrival of the draft mentioned in the Castle letter, and a further communication received from O.C. Troops is filed, reading:—

"To O.C. Police, Bally—

"I have to inform you that 250 N.C.O.'s and men of the —shires arrived at this Headquarters to-day, March 10th, 1920, and enclose you a confidential document as to the measures it is proposed to employ in clearing the immediate vicinity of the various strange animals recently seen.

Nothing further seems to have come upon the scene after the arrival of the reinforcements, although I made the most diligent search for further correspondence pertaining to this strange invasion of Bally—.

Possibly some of your readers may be in a position to throw some light on this matter. Certain it is that, according to tradition, snakes were banished by St. Patrick from Ireland, and one is, therefore, compelled to assume:—

(1) That the snakes referred to were "Tans" in embryo, or

(2) That the snakes referred to were introduced into the village by the too frequent imbibing of the modern substitutes for mead.

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COUEISM AND THE TYPIST.

When I endeavoured in a previous issue of "An t-Oglach" to propound a doctrine of philosophy for the benefit of my fellow-workers I did so in all good faith, and in a spirit of disinterestedness which deserved better at their hands. Nevertheless, I understand my article has been subjected to some adverse criticism and its writer to somewhat uncomplimentary remarks.

Since its publication my Intelligence Department has been unusually vigilant and reports go leor have come in. From these I gather that the practicability of my theories is doubted by the majority of my comrades; that these theories have been deprecated in terms of sophistry by some, and that one young lady said if such "philosophy" met the requirements of a person of my obvious mental deficiencies it was not to be assumed that I represented the average G.H.Q. typist in the matter of intellect. Being a philosopher, these kind of remarks fail to hurt, and I find solace in the thought that the best of us have been misunderstood from time to time.

I understand I have been advised to try my Coue methods on Friday, when the Paymaster comes round, and to convince myself I have received my hard-earned wage. To a person of my aesthetic sensibilities this mercenary idea is particularly revolting.

It appears that some of my critics are developing what they like to term analytical minds, but I would like to warn them, even at the risk of further abuse, that such analysis is fatal to happiness, even in the case of typists. The secret of happiness is to take things as they are and make the best of them. Some of those superior young ladies can, I daresay, recall the pleasure afforded them at one time by a shilling doll. To them it was a thing of beauty, and they never thought of pulling it to pieces to discover if it was stuffed with horsehair or sawdust. No, dear typists, if you start analysis everything will become changed and ordinary. Even your ideal Officers will not be altogether faultless; and besides seeing a man in the moon, you will soon discover a spot on the sun, and perhaps a flaw in that glorious sunset in the admiration of which some of us idle half-an-hour after our bugler has contributed his quota to the Muses. For many of us life in Parkgate would be dark without that sunset (with or without bugle accompaniment), and I, for one, am content with it as I generally see it.

E.M. D.V.

BY WAY OF REPLY.

A private, who prefers to appear in print as "Hibernian," has apparently been brooding over our lady contributor's previous article in the intervals of his duties as military clerk. The result is a letter which, if published in its entirety, would occupy over a page of "An t-Oglach."

"The article," he remarks, "might be described as an extravaganza. Although Coueism, or Auto-suggestion, was misrepresented, the article possessed plenty of imagination and ingenuity."

That is a sort of a compliment.

The main object of our friend's letter is to enlighten the ten thousand or so readers whom he imagines asking themselves, as the result of the typist's article, "What is Coueism?"

As Gladstone remarked in 1886, "We don't think!"

But, even if we believed that such a large section of our thirty thousand readers were gasping for information on this Coue stunt, we would find it difficult to spare the space.

We are sorry that "Hibernian" is lacking the salt of life.

CORRECTION.

A typographical error crept into G.R.O. No. 65, as published in our last issue. The Badge for Medical Officers should have been described "As for Chemists, but with a silver hand in the centre of the Badge."

THE COMING OF SPRING.



Picture of two members of the Army enjoying a "soft day" in Spring. The artist also put their thoughts into words, but—well, the picture speaks for itself.

PAYMENTS TO "AN t-UGLACH."

All remittances for sales, etc., should be made payable to THE MANAGER, "AN t-UGLACH." Postal Orders and Cheques should be crossed "& Co." CASH SHOULD NOT BE SENT UNLESS ABSOLUTELY UNAVOIDABLE. IF CASH IS FORWARDED THE ENVELOPE SHOULD BEAR A REFERENCE NUMBER.

Attention should be paid to the Post Office Regulation which allows NOT MORE THAN THREE STAMPS on any Postal Order, and only up to the value of FIVEPENCE.

PAY AND ALLOWANCES.

Defence Order No. 43 contains the following:—

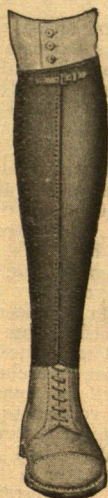
On and after the 1st day of April all Non-Commissioned Officers and soldiers will receive pay and allowances in accordance with the rates laid down in Defence Order No. 30. The services of every Non-Commissioned Officer and soldier entitled under the conditions of his enlistment to pay or allowances other than those specified in that Order will be terminated. The discharge of every such Non-Commissioned Officer and soldier, whether or not the term of his enlistment has expired, will, accordingly, be completed as soon as possible, and in any event not later than the 1st day of April next.

The provisions of Defence Order No. 20 regarding "Demobilisation" shall apply in the cases of Non-Commissioned Officers and men discharged in pursuance of this Order.

Non-Commissioned Officers and men discharged in pursuance of this Order may re-enlist and be re-attested at the rates of pay provided by Defence Order No. 30, provided that such Non-Commissioned Officers and men are regarded as suitable, having regard to the regulations for re-attestation already in force.

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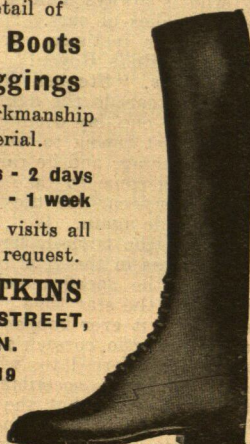
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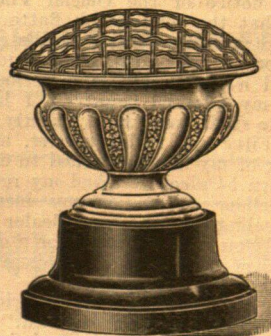
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THE DEFENCE OF THE FORD.

"THE FLYING BEDSTEAD" REPLIES TO THE ARTICLE IN THE LAST ISSUE.

If it was possible that a Ford car could have any legal or other locus standi, a legal action could be instituted at once—and this is how it might read in the daily press:—

UNIQUE LIBEL ACTION.

A most interesting and unusual case came before the High Courts to-day, when an Army Officer, acting as best friend for a certain Army Motor Car, brought an action to recover damages for alleged libel against the Editor of "An t-Oglach." Counsel for the plaintiff was Adam Tinopener, K.C., instructed by A. King Tutchariot, Esq. Counsel for the defendant was Shrapnel Colum, K.C., instructed by Ajoak Merchant.

The plaintiff sought an injunction restraining the Editor of "An t-Oglach," his servants and agents, from publishing certain defamatory and libellous articles regarding the plaintiff car, whereby the said particular plaintiff car was brought into contempt, injured in its duty and occupation, and otherwise undervalued.

The defendant, in denying the alleged libel, traversed the cause of action, and maintained that the article complained of was true in substance and in fact, was written in good faith, and without malice, and pleaded the Public Safety Act. The case is at hearing.

Of course, dear reader, you know it is not possible. Therefore, fellow citizens and soldiers, lend me your ears till I plead my cause in the saw-dusted arena where common men mingle.

I am only a poor Ford car. (Granted.—Ed.). One time I prided myself on being the nearest thing **ever** to perpetual motion. (Laughter.—Ed.). But even a poor, decrepit worn-out Ford has a heart. I may say I have never caused anyone any harm—except knocking down a stray pedestrian or two, and even then, dear reader, I can truthfully plead in extenuation that I have been in every instance driven to it.

The cause of my complaint lies in the fact that some cheap and alleged humorist has seen fit to write in the last issue of "An t-Oglach" an article entitled "The Flying Bedstead," accompanied by an exclusive photograph depicting me in the last stages of "Locomotor a taxi." If you examine that photograph closely (Back numbers can be had on application.—Ed.), you will doubtless observe that, among other defects, I don't seem to have any solar plexis or engine at all! But no matter. A friend of mine, the writer of this article, brought the matter to the notice of the Official Photographer, and was brutally told that the photograph flattered me!

Some people cannot afford a Ford a Ford's chance.

I was a bright, brand new Ford, when I joined the Army, and I have fulfilled a reasonably long period of useful and faithful service to my adopted country. I have been called upon on occasions to fulfil every kind of duty from Armoured Car, Tank, Flying-Fifty and ration carrier, and last but not least in the evening of my life, compelled to carry "Shrapnel" to the Editor of "An t-Oglach." And my reward at the end of my days—a libellous article on my incapacity! I can almost hear an unfeeling marine stores dealer saying, "Throw it on the scale: will you have a balloon or a draw?" I would remind these people of the words of Goldsmith—or is it Tim-smith?—in his "Deserted Fill-up":—

"A Ford pleasantry, an Army's pride,
Once gone can never be supplied."

However, like the chap in Beggar's Bush in the early days, who said, when lending an embossing machine, "Anything to create a good impression," I have never before demurred, in spite of the comments and alleged humour that is usually hurled at my race of cars. For instance, there was the case of a bright little Officer in the Chief Pay and Accounts Office, when asked one day if he knew anything about a Ford car, replied, "Yes, a lot of funny stories."

On another occasion during the last influenza epidemic I contracted a cold, or inflammation of the carburettor or something, and I started kicking and coughing going along by Islandbridge, and the Officer I was carrying remarked to the

driver that "asthma was a terrible thing." I was feeling awfully bad, and it was as much as I could do in second gear to reach the summit of the hill at Kilmainham, but eventually I reached Portobello Bridge and went along fine down the Rathmines Road. The Officer again remarked how well I was running then, and the driver replied that I was "as cute as an old donkey; that I seemed to know I was going home."

Well, if Ajoak Merchant of the Army Journal was responsible for putting the "U" in humour, or that other gink the "pun" in punishment, I and my race were responsible for the putting of "civil" into civilization. (Wrong: you put the "liz" in it.—Ed.).

Then there is that other type—the professional speed merchant, who is always making vulgar comparisons between me and other makes of cars. "I am not like So-and-So make—a Cadillac, for instance, or a Morris Cowley, or Morris Oxford, or a Rolls Royce!" Well, "I ask you!" And one of these chaps, "Stephen Jay," for instance, boasts he can make a Ford car do the figure eight between tram poles!

I remember one day coming along through the city, and my driver was just trying to visualize what was going to win the 2.30 or something, and he ran into the back of a tram. When the policeman came to take notes of the event, he looked at the side of my car for the number, and said he, "Oh, the eternal triangle again. Well, now, you'd better get along, and I'll summons the tram-driver for backing into you."

But that was in the good old days. Now, with all the comparisons by the speed merchants aforementioned, I am expecting to be the star time or leading feature at an inquest on myself, and if it ever happens, here is the verdict beforehand: An unsympathetic coroner's jury on which will be some of these experts referred to, who will bring in a verdict to the effect: "We find in accordance with the mechanical testimony (G.H.Q. Inspector) that the said 'Elizabeth Tin' died as a result of Cadillac failure, accelerated by Locomotor a taxi, and died doing its duty, carrying shrapnel to an ungrateful Editor, and we recommend its remains to the kind consideration of some Scrap Merchant or charitable Marine Store dealer."

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Write on one side of the paper only.

Do not expect a reply by Post.

Send your full name and address.

Remember that anonymous letters are ignored.

DEPENDANTS' ALLOWANCE.

Only in exceptional cases are questions relating to Dependants' Allowances or Marriages Allowances replied to in these columns. All other letters relating to such matters are forwarded to the Departments which deal with these questions.

Before writing lengthy complaints of non-payment of Allowance, our correspondents should make sure that application has been made for payment.

PAYMENT ON DISCHARGE.—Ex-Corporal—We are informed that your account is clear to 18/1/24, a cheque for £1 4s. 0d. having been sent to you on the 28th January in full settlement.

DEPENDANTS' ALLOWANCE.—"Dublin Paddy" (Curragh)—No trace of any previous application. On the 12th March the necessary form was forwarded to be filled up.

"Mechanic" (Gormanstown)—As no Dependant's Allowance was paid to your mother before your marriage, you are not entitled to Marriage Allowance in the circumstances mentioned.

"Brain Wave" (Gormanstown)—A communication was sent you on the 12th March.

"Speed" (Co. Dublin)—On 2nd February a cheque for £29 6s. 0d. was sent to you to clear your account to 20/12/23. Further payment will be made in due course.

PROFICIENCY PAY.—"Victim" (Co. Clare)—Without the sanction and recommendation of your O/C. nothing can be done.

DEMORALISED.—"Anxious" (Dublin)—You should call at the Resettlement Branch, Ministry of Industry and Commerce, Lord Edward Street, where every assistance will be given to you on stating your case.

AN AUTHOR'S QUERIES.—"Coolbawn Rebel," 98" (Dublin)—(1) We presume you mean the "Gaelic American." It is still published at 165-167 William Street (Reed Building), New York City, once a week. (2) Yes, if of sufficient interest to the Defence Forces and otherwise suitable. Brevity desirable.

EMPLOYMENT.—J. McDonald (Sallins)—Apply to the nearest Employment Exchange, where your request will receive every attention.

STREET ACCIDENT.—A. Lewis (Dublin)—Your letter has been forwarded to the proper quarter to be dealt with.

OFFICER'S ADDRESS.—Thomas Norton (St. Brinin's)—Address your letter to this Officer at G.H.Q.

SUFFERING FROM DISEASE.—"Friend" (Dublin)—No.

TRANSFER.—"R.E." (Gormanstown)—If you would let us know when your time expires, it would facilitate us in answering your question. At the moment transfers are not practicable.

TRAINING.—Sergt. T. Hayes (Abbeyfeale)—The Manual in question can be obtained through Messrs. Eason & Son, Newsagents, O'Connell Street, Dublin, for about 1/6.

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A QUARTETTE OF QUERIES.—"Cheerio" (Sligo)—(1) Re-attestation Leave has been cancelled and in lieu thereof a gratuity of £3 is accorded. (2) Yes, unless with special permission. (3) By having your O/C's decision on the matter. (4) Yes, but we do not think it is practicable at the moment.

DEFENCE ORDER No. 28.—Ex-Officer (Cork)—We presume this is the Order to which you refer. It was published on the 15th September, 1923. Officers demobilised previous to that date do not benefit by its terms.

ACCOUNT DUE.—"Draper" (Killygordon)—You should make application to the Chief Claims Officer, Portobello Barracks, Dublin, giving as many details as possible.

MILITARY POLICE.—"Alis" (Collins Barracks)—Make application through your O/C. to the Officer i/c of the nearest Military Police Depot.

PRISON WARDERS.—"XYL" (Sligo)—Apply to the Governor, Prisons Board, Dublin Castle.

BACK PAY.

All claims in this respect which have been verified on investigation are being dealt with by the Adjudication Committee appointed to deal with them. The results will be duly notified to the Claimants.

REDUCED TO THE RANKS.—"Hurdle"—Under the Provisions of Defence Forces (Temporary Provisions) Act, 1923, Section 71, para. 5, "a Non-commissioned Officer sentenced to imprisonment, or detention, is automatically reduced to the ranks."

WOUNDED SOLDIER.—"1st Northern" (Stranorlar)—A special branch of the Ministry of Industry and Commerce, known as the Re-settlement Branch, has been set up for the purpose you mention. You will get any information you require by applying to the nearest Employment Bureau.

DEPENDANT'S ALLOWANCE—AMOUNT THAT MUST HAVE BEEN CONTRIBUTED TO THE HOME.

IN DAIL EIREANN

TADHG O MURCHADHA asked the Minister for Defence whether a claim for dependant's allowance lodged by Mrs. Kate Hurley, Nedineagh, Dunmanway, Co. Cork, in respect of the service of her son, Volunteer John Hurley, No. 25474, Pay Book No. 20972, C Company, Drimoleague, who joined the National Army in Dunmanway on the 23rd August, 1922, was disallowed; whether he is aware that Volunteer Hurley was, prior to enlisting, a permanent road labourer in receipt of £2 5s. 0d. a week from Cork Council, and whether Mrs. Hurley's claim will be reconsidered.

General MULCAHY: The claim of Mrs. Hurley was disallowed after due investigation, on the ground that the extent of dependence, that is to say, the amount normally contributed by her son to his home over and above the cost of his own maintenance therein for a reasonable period prior to his enlistment, was less than the minimum required by the regulations, 12/- per week, before an allowance might be issued. It was ascertained that John Hurley had not been in regular employment prior to enlistment, that his average earnings were 24/- per week, and that the extent of dependence was about 8/- per week.

PROFICIENCY PAY OF ARMY TAILOR.

IN DAIL EIREANN

DOMHNALL O MUIRGHEASA asked the Minister for Defence if he will state what proficiency pay a tailor working at his trade in the Army and holding the rank of Sergeant during the years 1922-23, was entitled to.

General MULCAHY: The rate was 2s. per day up to the 8th October last, after which it was liable to deduction in certain cases.



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SAOLUINN DO'N ARM.

Gaelic.

Caitéir mé mé féin do bhearrao.
 Féac, níl na lorgáin sin ort i gceart.
 Tá an búcla ar an deaob istigh ort.
 Féac air sin anois agus an deaobó abí
 orm.

Tóg an tuisce te úr ó'n siolla.
 Táir na lorgáin i gceart agam, anois,
 ná fuil?

Déanfaró sin.
 Brosouig anois agus bearr tú féin.
 Úpuil an cóir bearrta réir ásat?
 O, tá galainn nua ásat. Dé'n sórt é?

Ní fearadair pós.
 Níor éir an sahas eile liom in aon éor.
 Féac, tá sé go maí.

Deineann sé sobal bog deas.
 An bfuair tú rásúr nua leis?
 Sead, fuair mé ceann cosanta.
 Úpearr liom an sean sahas.
 Ba écart tuir an sobal do éimilt istead
 go maí.

Déanfaró sé sin na ribí do boga.
 Níl an rásúr úr ag obair 'na écart.
 An lann nua atá ann in aon éor?
 Sead, ac níl an faobar go maí.
 Ac, déanfaró sé sin.
 Cionnas féacann sé anois?
 Tá tú ag féacaint maí go leor anois.

PHONETIC PRONUNCIATION.

Kahfa may may faina varra.
 Fee ock, neelna lurug gawn shin urtha garth.
 Thawn bookla erra daiva shtig urth.
 Fee ock err shinna nish oggussa dou a
 vee rum.
 Thoaga thishga teh oodh own gyulla.
 Thawdna lurig gawn ig garta nish, naw
 fwill?
 Dainha shin.
 Brussdhigga nish ogguss baar hoo fain.
 Willa koer baarha rayga guth?
 Oh, thau golloonuck noe guth. Dain
 soarth ay?
 Nadder foess.
 Neer hahinna sighss ella lyum in nay kur.
 Feeuk thaw shay gum mah.
 Dinnun shay subbul bug dass.
 Un voor thoo raw soor noa lesh?
 Shah, foor may kyoun kussuntha.
 Baar lynma shanna highss.
 Buh hyarth dhutta subbul duh hyimalta
 shtock gum mah.
 Damha shay shin nur rib bee a wugga.
 Neela raw soor oodha gubbir nuh yartha.
 Un loun noe athaw oun in nay kur?
 Shah, ock neela fware gum mwah.
 Ock, dainha shay shin.
 Kunuss faykun shay nish?
 Thaw tu a faykunt mwah gul oera nish.

ENGLISH.

I must shave myself.
 Look, your leggins are not on right.
 You have the buckle on the inside.
 Look at that for you now and the hurry
 I was in.
 Take that hot water from the lad.
 I have the leggins all right now,
 haven't I?
 That will do.
 Hurry now and shave yourself.
 Have you the shaving outfit ready?
 So you have a new soap. What kind
 is it?
 I don't know yet.
 I didn't like the last kind at all.
 See, 'tis fine.
 It makes the lather nice and soft.
 Did you get a new razor too?
 Yes, I got a safety one.
 I'd rather the old kind.
 You ought to the lather to rub in well,
 That will soften the bristles.
 That razor is not working right.
 Is it a new blade at all?
 Yes, but the edge is not good.
 'Twill do.
 How does that look now?
 You are looking O.K. now.

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