



AN T-OGLÁC



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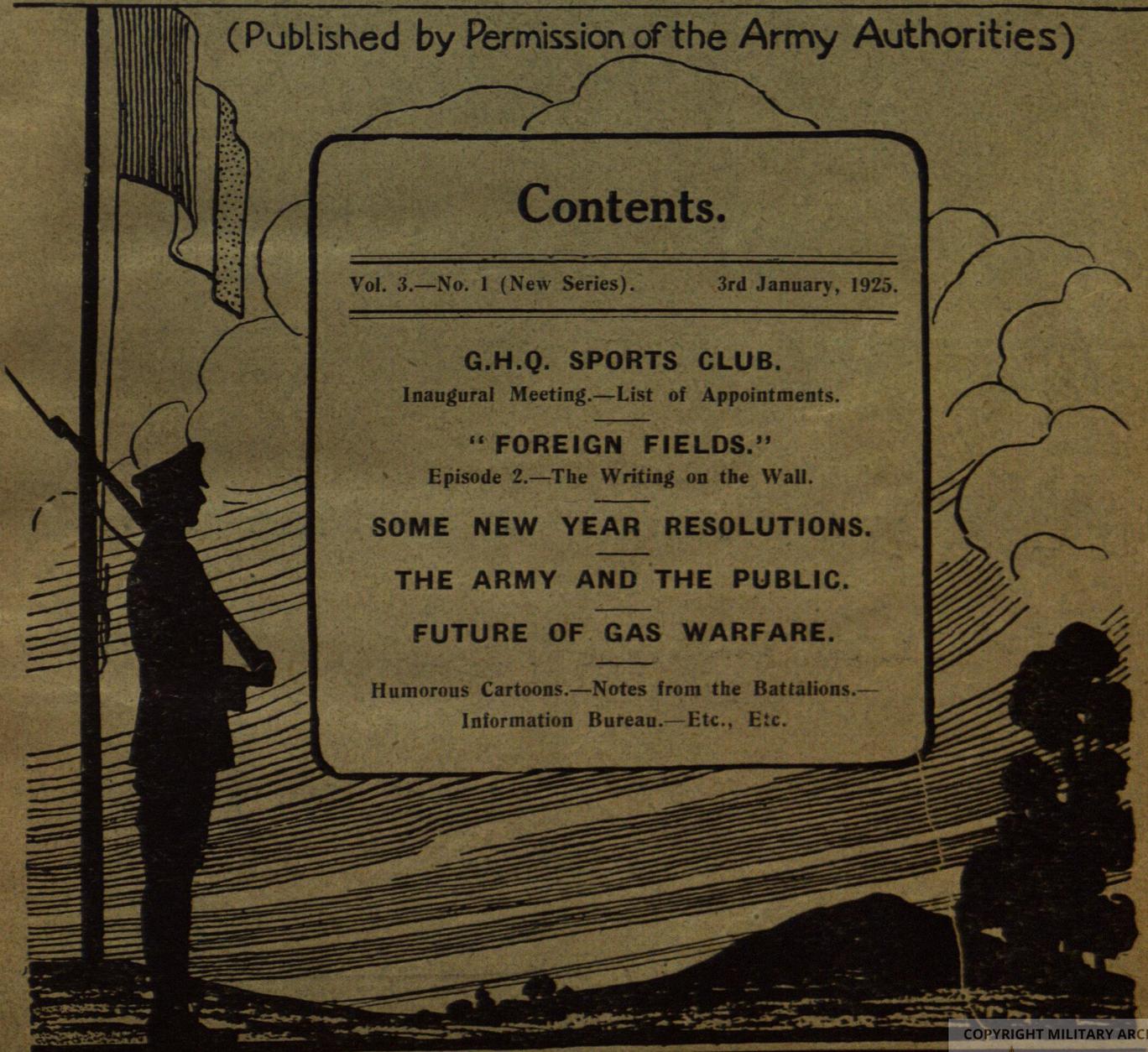
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Óglaigh
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

An t-Ógláic

Vol. III. No. 1. (New Series.)

JANUARY 3, 1925.

Price TWOPENCE.



OUR ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE SQUARED CIRCLE

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An t-Ózlác

JANUARY 3, 1925.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

IT has become the custom to decry New Year resolutions, to treat them as mere material for the humorist, and to regard those who indulge in them as weak-kneed trucklers to conventionality. Of course this attitude is largely due to the invertebrates who make the same resolutions every year and as regularly smash them to smithereens a day or two later. They are close relatives of the man who always took the pledge for life. The humorists and the invertebrates notwithstanding, it is a very good idea to have a mental stock-taking at the close of the year and see if it would not be possible to do much better in the coming twelve-months. Apart from the moral aspect altogether, there are a couple of questions which every man might profitably consider—(1) Have you "played the game" by your country? (2) Have you "played the game" by yourself? In other words, have you been as good a man and as good an Irishman as you might have been?

THERE is one matter in connection with which it is high time the Officers and men of the Army exerted themselves, and that is the support due to Irish industries. The industrial revival should march side by side with the language revival, and an Irish speaker dressed in foreign materials is no whit better than the most purblind West Briton. But it should be remembered that one has not completely fulfilled one's duty in this respect by wearing Irish materials. There are hundreds of little things that bulk very importantly in the aggregate, and which, because of their apparent triviality, are often ignored even by enthusiastic Irish-Irelanders. We have before us, as we write, samples of the official notepaper from different Messes throughout the Army. In some cases it is a very pretty affair, this letterpaper with artistically embossed headings and delicate tintings. *And in every case but one it is foreign paper!*

ONLY one excuse can be pleaded in this case—carelessness. But it is an excuse that cannot be accepted. There is no difficulty in procuring Irish notepaper of good quality at prices which compare favourably with those charged for the foreign variety. The same remark applies to programmes of entertainments in Barracks, dance tickets, etc. The Irish language printed in foreign ink on a foreign card is an anomaly. Then there are matches, cigarettes, and a hundred other little everyday requirements which are made in Ireland. It should be the firm resolve of every Officer, N.C.O. and man in the Army to support the Irish product in preference to the foreign wherever possible. In short, he could not do better than keep these

"New Year Resolutions" prominently before him during the coming twelve months:—

- 1.—To do nothing which will militate against the respect due to the uniform he is privileged to wear.
- 2.—To do all that in him lies to support Irish industries.
- 3.—To do everything possible to hasten the day when the Irish language will have its proper place, both in the Army and in the life of the Nation.

ENTERTAINMENT BY CURRAGH SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Like their elders, the children on the Curragh are taught to be self-reliant. One result of this was a delightful entertainment given by them in the Garrison Gymnasium, on Sunday, 21st December, to assist in raising funds for their annual Christmas tree. Attired in fancy dress, the girls danced Irish dances most daintily, and sang Irish songs in a way that would have delighted the most fastidious critic. A most enjoyable number was "The Chorus of the Year."

The boys devoted themselves to the sterner business of gymnastic displays, and gave an exhibition which made their success at the Tailteann Games quite understandable. By way of asserting the equality of sexes, the girls gave a splendid display of club swinging.

The whole entertainment was most enjoyable, and reflected great credit on Sergt.-Major Dugan, who was responsible for their gymnastic training, and Mrs. Sheehan, who trained the girls in the other items.

Mr. Sheehan ably looked after arrangements "in the front of the house," and on all hands gratitude was expressed to Mrs. Sweeney, wife of the General Officer Commanding, for her interest and practical assistance.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,
If you like him or you love him, tell him now;
Don't withhold your approbation 'till the Padre makes oration
And he lies with snowy lillies o'er his brow.
For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it;
He won't know how many teardrops you have shed;
If you think some praise is due him, *now's the time to slip it to him,*
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

TRUE THEN, TRUER NOW.

The great mass of every army must always be Infantry; a squadron of horse is a large proportion to a regiment of foot, and six guns more than proportionate to a thousand men. This being the case, it must always be a matter of primary importance that the foot of an army be well disciplined. This is obvious. Artillery may wield death and destruction, but cannot even defend itself. Bragg's guns, on his being abandoned at Buena Vista by the covering Infantry, were captured by the very enemy it had defeated. Cavalry, powerful as a means of attack, cannot always retain possession of its conquests. The dragoons of May, at Resaca, saw the enemy reman their guns almost immediately after they had passed over them. Infantry is capable of anything; it can act in any country, while horse and artillery are often made valueless by local impediment and difficulties.

—The Army of the United States, Robinson, 1848.

WITH MY COUNTRY.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish with my country.
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—John Adams.

G.H.Q. SPORTS CLUB

Inaugural Meeting—Appointment of Officers and Team Captains.

A meeting of the G.H.Q. Sports Club (No. 5 Group) was held on Tuesday, 16th December, 1924, when those present were:—Commandant P. Ennis, Capt. Nolan, Lieut. Doyle, Sergeant P. Glennon, Pte. D. O'Neill, Pte. Price, Mr. W. Maher, Pte. White, Sergt. McCracken, Sergt. Pigott, Pte. O. Murphy, Pte. Harwood (Arbour Hill), Cpl. O'Connor.

The election of the Committee resulted as follows:—
President: Commandant P. Ennis. Proposed by Capt. Nolan, seconded by Corpl. O'Connor.

Secretary: Sergeant P. Glennon. Proposed by Sergeant McCracken, seconded by Sergeant Pigott.

Treasurer: Captain Nolan. Proposed by Lieut. Doyle, seconded by Sergt. McCracken.

The need of suitable members to take charge of the different branches of sport within the Group was discussed, and appointments were made as follows:—

HURLING TEAM:—Captain—Pte. D. O'Neill. Proposed by Sergt. McCracken, seconded by Pte. O. Murphy. Vice-Captain—Lieut. Doyle. Proposed by Commandant Ennis, seconded by Pte. Price.

FOOTBALL "A" TEAM:—Captain—Pte. Price. Proposed by Sergt. McCracken, seconded by Capt. Nolan. Vice-Captain—Capt. O'Beirne.

TUG O' WAR TEAM:—Captain—Capt. Lennon. Proposed by Lieut. Doyle, seconded by Sergt. Pigott.

RUNNING:—Captain—Pte. O. Murphy. Proposed by Mr. W. Maher, seconded by Pte. O'Neill. Vice-Captain—Capt. O'Beirne. Proposed by Pte. Price, seconded by Mr. W. Maher.

THE WHY OF IRISH.

Ireland's fight for freedom was a struggle for the right to give expression to Irish individuality.

The preservation of that individuality is the paramount necessity of this nation.

Ireland lies between two populations of 45 and 150 millions, respectively, each speaking the same language.

If the Irish language goes, no power on earth can stop one of these two civilisations assimilating ours.

CHESS:—Captain—Capt. Nolan. Proposed by Pte. Price, seconded by Sergt. McCracken. Vice-Captain—Lieut. Mallen. Proposed by Corpl. O'Connor, seconded by Capt. Nolan.

HANDBALL:—Captain—Sergt. Pigott. Proposed by Commandant Ennis, seconded by Corpl. O'Connor. Vice-Captain—Corpl. O'Connor. Proposed by Lieut. Doyle, seconded by Sergt. Pigott.

SWIMMING:—Captain—Capt. Power. Proposed by Capt. Nolan, seconded by Sergt. Pigott. Vice-Captain—Sergt. McCracken. Proposed by Commandant Ennis, seconded by Pte. Price.

BILLIARDS:—Captain—Sergt. J. Coffey. Proposed by Sergt. Pigott, seconded by Sergt. McCracken.

BOXING:—Captain—Major Aherne. Proposed by Lieut. Doyle, seconded by Sergt. Pigott. Vice-Captain—Corpl. Perry. Proposed by Pte. Price, seconded by Mr. W. Maher.

WEIGHT THROWING:—Captain—Sergt. Harvey. Proposed by Sergt. McCracken, seconded by Sergt. Pigott.

Two representatives of the Group were elected to represent the Club at the Command Council meetings as under:—

Pte. D. O'Neill. Proposed by Corpl. O'Connor, seconded by Sergt. Pigott.

Commandant Cotter. Proposed by Lieut. Doyle, seconded by Sergt. Pigott.

TIPPERARY MAN WHO SAVED EUROPE.

How Walter Butler frustrated Wallenstein's Coup d'Etat.

Walter Butler, the Irish soldier, who won such distinction during the wars of the seventeenth century, and through whose efforts Catholic Europe was saved, was a native of Roscrea. He was a near kinsman of the Ormond family, and quite early in life left Ireland and took service in the Army of Austria.

He was present at the siege of Frankfort in the year 1620, and his fellow countryman, Thomas Carve, who was Chaplain in Butler's regiment speaks in terms of praise concerning the manner in which the young Tipperary boy carried himself on that occasion. Butler's regiment was left to bear the brunt of the attack, and bravely resisted the charges made by the Swedish dragoons until most of the Irish troops fell dead or wounded. Butler himself performed great deeds of valour but eventually fell from a pike-thrust through the thigh.

After the capture of Frankfort Butler was held a prisoner for close on six months, until his friends in the Austrian service secured his release. Having spent some time recruiting his regiment, he was entrusted by Wallenstein with the defence of the Duchy of Sagen. Here Butler wooed and married the Countess of Fondana, and beyond a brief record of his share in the engagement at Eger where he captured single handed several of the enemy standards, we have no account of his doings until the year 1634.

Butler was sent in January, 1634, to the town of Kladrán, on the frontier of Bohemia, and his regiment, consisting of about one thousand veteran troops was engaged in patrolling the mountain roads between Bohemia and the Upper Palatinate. Wallenstein, the Commander-in-Chief, appears to have contemplated a *coup d'etat* about this period, and an order had been issued by the Emperor forbidding obedience to the Commander-in-Chief. Butler unaware of this rescript received orders from Wallenstein to proceed to Prague, but suspecting the motives that actuated the order delayed his departure and came up with Wallenstein and accompanied him to Eger. On February 24th Wallenstein had a long conversation with Butler, in the course of which he proposed that the Irishman should join forces with him. Butler seeing how matters lay temporised with Wallenstein, and in the meantime despatched a rider to Piccolomini with assurances that he would remain faithful to the Emperor. In return he received a message that he should bring Wallenstein to the Emperor.

Two Scotch officers named Gordon and Leslie were next approached by Butler, and the former expressed the opinion that those who were not prepared to follow Wallenstein should leave the town forthwith. Leslie on the other hand declared that they should seize the traitors. This advice appears to have suited Butler for the narrator of the incident states that he at once interviewed several Irish officers, and as the result about one hundred men were secretly introduced into the town. In the evening a banquet was given by the Town Council, and shortly after his return to his quarters Wallenstein was approached by Butler and his companions who demanded his surrender. The Commander-in-Chief refused, and in the struggle that followed he was mortally wounded by a sword thrust. Next day he died, and Butler at once assumed command of the troops in the garrison.

It was doubtless due to the action of the Irishman that the Austrian cause was freed from the grave menace of the proposed military dictatorship which it was Wallenstein's intention to establish. Much honour was conferred on Butler and those who aided him. He was created a Count of the Austrian Empire and given the estates at Friedberg which were formerly the property of Wallenstein.

Butler fought at Nordlingen in September, 1634, where for more than twenty-four hours his regiment held out against desperate odds and turned the tide of victory. Later he commanded the besiegers at Aurach and Schorndorf and died at the latter town on December 25th, 1634.

Széálta an tsairsint Rua.

VIII.—TRUCAILL AN LÓM.

pádraic ó Connaire do sgríob.

Octar aghainn a bí le céile ann, agus ná castar octar eile leat corúde a bí com halpac linn-ne, an lá doibhinn luánasa sin. Ar a teact istead dúinn sa tóin ar maroin, nó seisear aghainn, ar dao ar bié, bí súil aghainn le béile maíe, le basún agus b'éitir uibeada, agus ní raib ullain rómainn as Liam lom, a bí n-a cócaire an lá sin, aet tae túb agus arán tur! Aet ó bí súil le trucaill an lóm an lá sin paol uair an nóna, ní veár naó an oiread easgaine is ceapáa. An saighiúir doob oise is mó a rinne an clánsán, agus is beas an áirto a tugtar air-siúo don lá. Paic ní raib le véanaín go ceann cúpla uair n-a óiaró sin, aet fad fear aghainn as páisgeat a creasa. As tarrainst ar uair an meóan lae, bí súile octar fear ar an mbótar pata véreac bán a bí fá síneat féim ó'n tóin, mar b' in é an béalac a scaitepeat an beata teact eugainn. Tasaó trucaill an troó, o'feicpí as teact de óruim an iomaire é—trucaill ó'n mbaile! O'feicpí ceann eile, leispí fáir buíbeacais, aet trucaill suail nó áomuro a bíóo ann!

Agus cé'n bhrig dá mbéat an oiread de'n airgeat aghainn, agus é cur le céile, is ceannócaó builín féim! Aet ní raib: ar an trucaill go raib súil leis a bí paróe na seactmame freisin.

Marac an smaet a bí as an Sairsint Rua orainn, agus an meas a bí aghainn air, fadparóe amac le creac éisim a tabairt abailé, pé ar bié céaro a véanpaó riaglaaca an airm. As óruveat leis an sé a élog tráchnóna, brispróe ar an smaet, agus ar an meas freisin, nuair nac raib súil as don tume le paróe nó le biaó an lá sin, marac gur soláatar an Sairsint Rua roinnt plúir, (aige féim is feárr ce'n áit), agus gur éosaig sé ar éisoe a fúinneat le uisge agus plúr. Aet sé an sgeal a o'mnis sé an lá anróiteac sin, is mó a sábaíl ar noeáç-cáil san áit: marac gur eirig leis sinn a coimneál istig paol óion an tige, béat riaglaaca agus béasa mileatá caitee ar leat-taob, béat laeam agus uibeaca agus patai úra i n-easba ar muinntir na háite.

Eisean a o'ionnsaig i otosac mé, (ars an Sairsint Rua); marac sin, ar noóig, ní béat don clampar ann, oic maie ná dona, mar is fear le siotcám mé, agus b'eat an uile lá ariam. Ní rabas aet mí 'mo sairsint agus gan mé aet acár feárr san arm aet an oiread, aet nuair a o'ionnsaig an boc sin mé eugas oó é gan bréas.

Cé'n maie oib beie as fiapruige óiom céaro ba ciontsiocair leis an troo? Ní raib de leirsgéal aige-sean aet go raib sé stiúcáa leis an ocras—ná bíóo sibse annsin as ceapóo nac raib ocras ar saighiúir ariam go otamic sibse eugainn mar bí— aet cineál buile a támic ar mo tume paol nac raib don ceó le n-ite aige le trí lá, agus céaro a tiocpaó n-a éloigeann áomuro aet gur mise ba cionntac leis!

I nshan fíos, agus gan súil dá laçao aghainn leis, fuaireas acmós millteac paol 'n scluais uaró. Má fuair, ba beas an moill go raib sé sinne ar chám a óroma aghainn féim. O'eirig sé, a coimludair, agus o'ionnsaig sé le bata trom mé. Trátmáil go leór bí bata liom féim sa scúmne, agus is annsin a éosaig comrac na laoc i gceart.

Aet ní móo óom innsaet oib cé'n sórt sgaipaire a bí ann: timncéara a bí ann, de réir céirve, sul má éuaró sé leis an saighiúraet; agus má bí sé com maie leis an timncéaraet is bí sé leis an mbata ní raib riacán ar bié leis. Eoçan na sgeatáa Caé tugtaoi air, ar puo an iartair, mar ní raib sé ar

áonac ná ar rásaib capall ariam nár éos sé clampar ann. Agus níos minice ná a céile, b'é féim a feibeat an éuro ba measa de'n sgeal. Doctúir doubairt liom ó som nac b'paca sé féim blaoss pír a bí n-a smitirínib ceart aet a blaoss siúo. Oia ioir sinn agus an anaçain! aet ní raib órotaç dá éloigeann móo cruaió nár sgoilteat uair éisim dá saoga; aet má sgoilteat féim is beas an domáiste a rinneat dá slámte, agus is luça ná sin an domáiste a rinne dá foile, agus do'n fuatar trota a eus sé leis ó'n oúctas.

Seat, is beas doçar a rinneat oó gur ionnsaig sé mé féim. Stop an Sairsint Rua. Bí an ooiligeas agus an brón le tabairt paol veara n-a súilib beoóa glasa, agus ar scoimludair beas ocrasac féim éart air as éisteacé go haireac.

Seat, is beas doçar a rinneat oó (ar seisean), gur eugas féim an roça sin paol. A tigearna! Ní maie liom beie as cuimneat air, ní maie liom beie as camnte paol, ní maie liom go raib a leitéro de lá mí-áomaraç ann ar cor ar bié.

Tar éis é tógáil de'n talaín, cuireat n-a súirde ar caçaoir é, agus srué pola as eirge aníos as a éloigeann. Bíos féim ar leat-taob uaró, aet eugas paol veara an taé liaebán a bí ar a éatán, agus nac raib don moçú ann. Cuibrainn éire paol buaib dá b'eatpaime an buille marbéac sin a éarrainst siar arís. Aet ar noóig, ní raib don foir aghainn é sin a véanaín aet an oiread le n-a lán eile, a rinne doçar. An oíóe sin, do sgealaig éoçan na sgeatáa Caé uainn san oispróeal.

* * *

Sabaó mé féim—go veimín, eus mé suas mé féim. Cuireat paol triall mé—ná tógatú orm é, mara n-abrócaó móran paol 'n triall sin, aet leis an mbrúç-çroirde a bí orm paol gur mar-baigeas mo tume, agus gan don nro 'mo çroirde istig n-a açairó, b'feárr liom mo çrocaó ná a malairt, b'feárr sin. Aet ní mo çrocaó a rinneat. Príosúntacé féim níor cuireat orm. Sgaolteat saor láireacé mé—tá fíos as an saoga gur iontó breiteam agus coisoe cúirte atá gan céill—agus ba mó an pionús ormsa an uair sin, mo saoraó ná mo óaraó. Da mó sin.

* * *

Fuairigeat go raib trucaill le peiceal de bárr an iomaire. Trucaill an lóm, ar noóig; ní featpaó a malairt beie ann. Tóigeat çroirde octar fear. Éosaig Liam lom agus an saighiúir doob oise ar amrán. O'eirig an Sairsint Rua féim roinnt meiréacé. Cuir sé an éisoe a bí fúimnte aige ar an teime go neam—aireacé—ár noá noóeam de'n uile biaó so-blasta béat aghainn gan móran acáir!

Aet ní sin é veire an sgeil (ar seisean); de réir m'eólais, nuair a sgar anam éoçain na sgeatáa Caé leis an scolainn, éuaró sé go seata móo na b'plaitéas, buail sé agus fiapruigeat oé cé bí ann.

"Mise," arsa éoçan boet, "mise éoçan na sgeatáa Caé ó iartair éireann. Is saighiúir boet mé—"

Sgrútuigeat an leabar móo. Ní raib ainm an pír boet ann. "Níl t' ainm anseo, a pír trota," ars an sué istig, "agus dá mbéat féim, is ar éisim go sgaolpim isteaç tú; mar an uile áit uár leas tú cos ariam, tógais clampar agus acránn ann. Iméig leat anois agus bí as tógáil clampair roo roça áit."

O'feisim o' éoçain iméaet. Go seata daingean iprimn a éuaró sé. Buail sé cnas beas paiteac air. Cuala sé an glór:

"Cé tusa?"

"Mise éoçan na sgeatáa Caé ó iartair éireann. Saighiúir boet mé—"

Cuala sé an comráo istig aet níor feat sé bhrig na camnte a tuigeal toiss gan canamaint na noiaabál a beie aige. Aet bí leis féim arís:

" An tusa an tEoigan a b'ris cloigeann Séamus a Dúrcá, agus cloigeann an b'acais bháin agus—"

" An fear ceannam céanna."

" Má sead muis, ní leisfear isteaic annseo go deo tú," ars an glór borb istici, " nac b'fuil ár n'óctain mór le déanaí a'gáinn annseo istici as iarraíó 'do leitéirí a' cónnéal ó beir as marbhad a céile san tusa beir as cur saic uile sórt sa muileann ar fad orainn! Sguab leat as sin, nó—"

" O'innéig Eoigan na gCéadta Caé leis. Bí a anam boét ar seadrán agus ar fuaitheam ar fud na cruinne, ar fead tamail fada, agus san cead aise t'uil isteaic i n-aon áit, agus é as ceapad go mbéad sé n-a éadain boét donraic i'oir i'p'rionn agus neamh ar fead ná síoraídeacta, go dtáimic smaoinéal mór cuise lá. . . ."

* * * * *

Tá crosbótar i'oir an dá áit mar is eól 'do'n uile óristaróe. Céirdeann na deágoime bótar. Fadann na daoime eile an bótar eile. Bíonn tarr agus ocras orra síro, víreac mar tá orainn-ne inoiu; aét céard a rinne Eoigan na gCéadta Caé aét caintín a buaná i'oir an dá bótar, agus de réir na g'cinnntas is veireannais a éamic uair, tá beoir agus leann i n-aigse le fásáil uair as saic saigsiúir cuma cé'n t'reó, de'n dá t'reó, a mbeir sé a' t'uil!

* * * * *

Táimic an trucaill, aét níorb í trucaill an lóm í! Béad eirge-amaic ann cinnte, marac an saigsiúir 'dob óige.

Ní raib an g'séal o'innis an sairsint Rua, leis an aimsir a éaitéamh san cuimne déanaí ar ár n-ocras, críochnaisíte aise, gur éalais an saigsiúir 'dob óige amac uaimn ar a t'uras agus ar a g'nó féin. Liam lom a bí n-a éuireadctaim.

Is ar éigin gur a'irigeamar uaimn i'ad leis an gclampar a bí ar siubal, agus an uile t'úine a'gáinn as fásáil loéta ar an t'úine eile leis an stiúcaó ocras a bí g'ár g'rádó. Deaca a t'oclócairóe le bata! Ná bí a' caintne—ní raib beaca ann ariamh a bí c'om cantalaic ná c'om crosta linne!

Aét roim tuitim na horóce o'fíll an beirt a bí i n-easdaró orainn.

Leas an saigsiúir 'dob óige g'sór g'sadán úr ar an mbóro. Bí búrlaí eile aise féin agus as Liam lom.

" Agus cá b'fuair sib i'ad? " arsa cáic paoi ionghad, aét freagra níor tusaó orainn.

" O'fás Liam lom trí builín arám le hais na g'sadán san focal a ráó. Puntt ime fásad ós cionn an arám. Annsin tusaó beart toiríní 'do'n uile fear. Daimne stánaigíte, tae agus síucra na hearraróe eile a bí as na buic.

Gléasad an biaó, agus m' anam féin gur leasad air go bríogmar. Nuair a bí a saic ite agus ólta as an uile t'úine, labair an sairsint Rua:

" Más le g'saddeact a fuair sib an beaca," ar seisean, " creio mise aét go n-íocparó sib go daor as," agus é féin ear éis é éaitéamh c'om maic le cáic!

Rinnead g'airró paoi. D'iomar uile 'n-aon báó a'aimh.

" Ní le g'saddeact príot an beaca seo," ars an saigsiúir 'dob óige, " agus ná bí a' ceapad gurab ead. Agus dá mb' ead féin—"

" O'eile cé'n caoi ar príot é? "

Sín an saigsiúir 'dob óige na cosa amac uair. Cuir sé deatac i n-aér go suaimneac t'ó féin.

" Sé an rud a rinneamar," ar seisean ceann de g'sealtaib an tsairsint Rua innseact o'fear an tsiopa, agus éaitneig sé c'om mór sin leis gur t'ug sé ár n'óctain t'úinn ar cáirde. Aét marac an feadas a éuireas féin ar an g'séal g'á innseact, salann féin ní b'p'riugn uairó! "

Focal níor fan as an sairsint Rua.

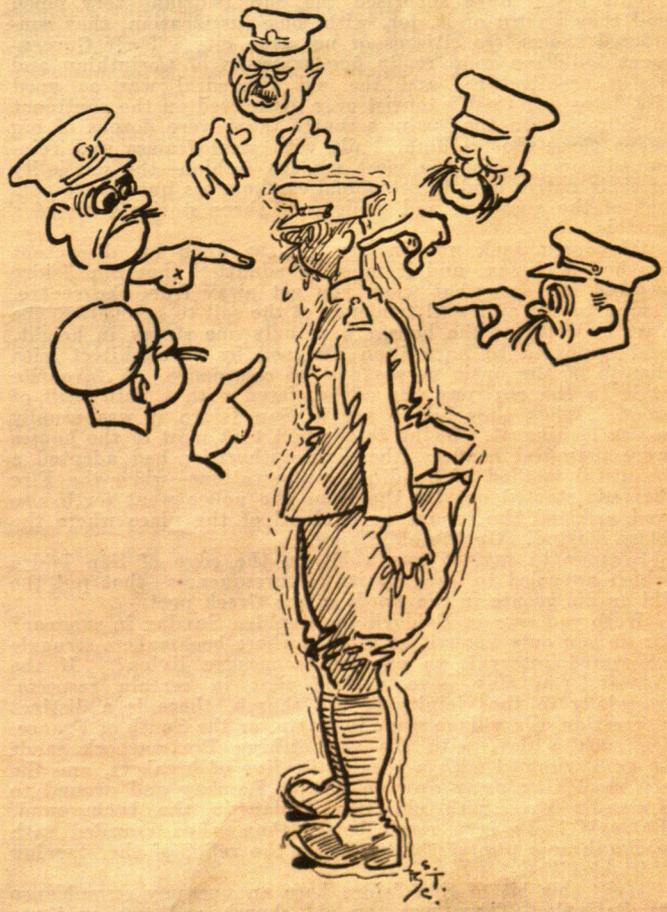
CHRISTMAS BILLIARDS AT COLLINS BARRACKS.

Christmas eve in Collins Barracks witnessed the final game of a very successful Billiard Handicap which had been run for the benefit of all units in Barracks. The Handicap was won by Cpl. O'Donnell, H.Q. Coy., the runner up being Pte. A. Quigley, A Coy. The 8 initial games were 200 up and the Final 300 up.

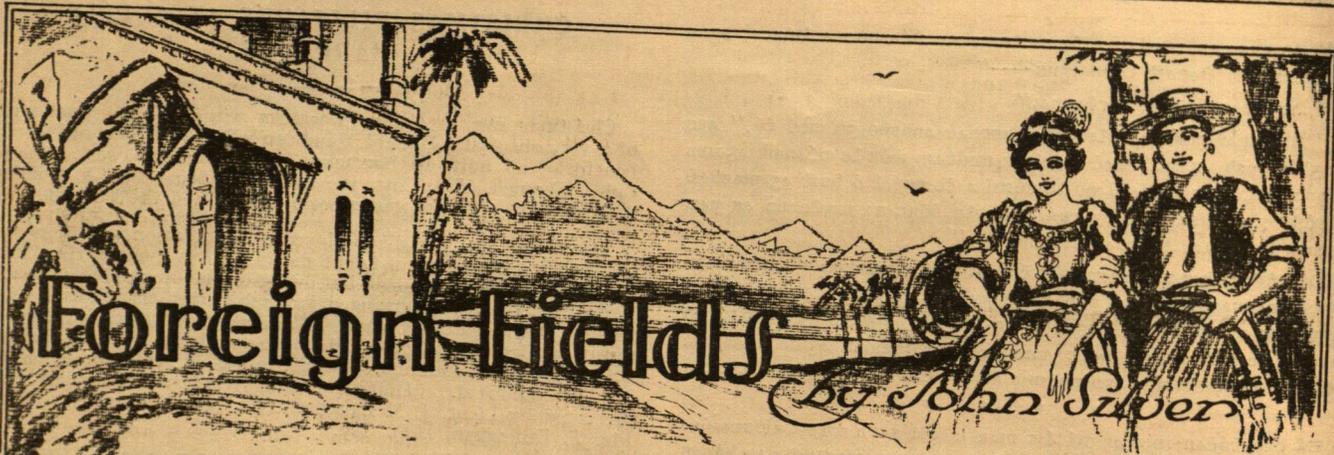
This is the first Handicap played off this season and there was a considerable amount of talent shown. As is usual in Handicaps there were some dark horses but owing to the foresight of a capable Committee the points arranged for each player ensured each game being a well contested one. The prizes included:—Winner—Cue and Case and Gold Medal, presented by Captain Keogh, A.C.C., Eastern Command. Runner up—Gold Medal, presented by Mr. Joe Leonard. Highest Break, Waterman Fountain Pen, presented by Lieut. J. McLaughlin, 21st Battalion, which went to Pte. T. Dullaghan, H.Q. Coy.

The prizes were distributed by Lieut. McLaughlin on Monday evening, 29th ult., when a very enjoyable smoking concert took place. The success of the Handicap was largely due to the energy and kindness of Lieut. McLaughlin who practically supervised each round and made the evenings enjoyable for all concerned.

The Billiards Committee have formed a Team of players belonging to the 21st Battalion who are prepared to meet any unit of the Army stationed in Dublin to a friendly game.



What it feels like to discover on parade that those blamed buttons have given way again.



(Author of "Another Marseillaise," "The Stranger," "Christmas in Cremona," etc., etc.)

Episode 2: THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

JACK MAHER, formerly an officer in the Irish Army, and at present secretary to Brendan O'Farrell, a brother officer of the old days, sauntered on the fringe of San Isidro, and viewed the capital of Puertoro with stark disfavour.

This would have surprised the San Isidrians very much had they known of it, for, with some justification, they considered themselves citizens of no mean city. Their Government buildings were really fine examples of Corinthian and Doric architecture, and the old Cathedral was as good Gothic as any Cook's tourist ever discovered on the continent of Europe. In the business centre there were dozens of big shops three stories high, built with steel frames and reinforced concrete, in the most modern fashion—the partiality of their native land to occasional earthquakes put skyscrapers out of the question, and made even three stories a bit of a gamble.

Of course Jack was in the suburbs when his discontent reached a climax, and it must be admitted that San Isidro petered out somewhat when you got away from the centre. Owing to the aforesaid tendency of the soil to acrobatics, the vast majority of the houses were only one storey in height, and appeared to have been designed by an architect with disease of the optic nerves and no conscience. A favourite style in the environs was adobe, faced with a thin shell of wood. When they had a fire in San Isidro it was usually worth looking at. Owing to the fact that most of the houses were potential bonfires, the civic authorities had adopted a beautiful method of handling conflagrations—when the Fire Brigade started out for the scene the police went forth also and arrested the tenant or landlord of the place where the blaze started. On the off chance.

Strange to say, it was a bit on the edge of San Isidro which appealed to Jack by its picturesqueness—that put the lid on his grouse in the words of the Greek poet.

Were you ever in Baldoyle on a golden Sunday in summer? Or do you only know it as a place where bookmakers struggle at stated intervals to eke out a meagre living? If the former, you may have noticed that in certain respects, especially in the vicinity of the church, there is a distinct suggestion of a village scene in Spain, or the South of France. On such a day, with the sun etching Portmarnock sands in gold, rimmed with a thin white line of breakers, and the sea stretching away over to distant Lambay and around to Ireland's Eye, with old Ben Eadar in the background, Baldoyle looks very much better than when crowded with philanthropic punters hastening to the relief of the starving "bookies."

Well, this bit of San Isidro bore an uncanny resemblance to Baldoyle. There was the old church and two or three small houses, very still and quiet in the sunlight, and away in the background a strip of vivid blue sea curling in lazy little breakers against a finger of yellow sand that

stretched far out as if pointing the way to somewhere. At any moment—by half-closing your eyes and letting your thoughts slip a cog or two—you could expect to hear a couple of Dublin accents go by on bicycles en route to the Velvet Strand.

Jack felt suddenly homesick. He had come into town that morning with old Señor Rojas, and Brendan O'Farrell and the Englishman, John Harcourt, AND the two beautiful daughters of the Señor Rojas. And he had lost the crowd as soon as he conveniently could. He did not think they would miss him much. Brendan seemed to have lost interest in everything save the dark eyes of Pepa (christened Josefina), and her sister Mercedes had apparently tied the Englishman hand and foot—and gagged him, for he was tongue-tied while she was around—with a series of true-lovers' knots which, as every person of experience is aware, are devilish hard to get out of. Old Rojas had obligingly disappeared on business, and, after suffering the two couples for five minutes, Jack invented a life-long friend around the corner and went off to meet him. You see, way back in Ireland there was a girl—but we are under *geasa* not to have any mushy love stuff in this story, so let's get on with the action.

Jack picked out a bit of low wall in the shade—the sun is a bit too enthusiastic about its job in Puertoro—and sat down to brood. It is one of our Irish characteristics that we can always work up a large quantity of melancholy pleasure by contemplating the dirty tricks that A.P.M. Fate has played upon us.

JACK stared at a blank wall over the way and mentally tabulated his grievances. Somewhat like this:—

(1) Puertoro was the most futile country he had ever encountered, and they should never have come there. And San Isidro was about the most futile place in Puertoro.

(2) Brendan would make an ass of himself with that girl.

(3) That Englishman had adopted too much of the "Superior Briton" attitude since he had discovered that they were Irishmen and had been in English jails as political prisoners. He was condescending to tolerate them as well-meaning but misguided beings of a mentality naturally inferior to that of the Anglo-Saxon. What that chap wanted was a damn good thrashing. Blast his insolence!

(4) They were probably a couple of prize donkeys for ever having left Ireland.

(5) The odds were heavy against either of them ever seeing Ireland again.

When he reached item Number Five, Mr. Maher's feelings almost overcame him. He knew a very large part of Ireland, North and South—in fact, as shall appear in a later episode of this veracious chronicle, he had been mistaken on different occasions for a Corkman, a Belfastman and a Dubliner—and as he sat there staring at the sun-blistered wall across the way, it became a screen on which a sort of mental Kinetograph projector threw pictures of the things he had left behind him.

The pictures even had sub-titles just as in a real cinema. Only in this case he saw the hand writing the sub-titles as in some of the trick films. But why write them in Spanish? What was this one:—

V I V E.

Mr. Maher sudednly sat up straight on the wall, very much awake, at a moment's notice.

The dream had materialised in a most astonishing way. There actually was someone writing on the wall, or rather painting on it, splashing huge letters with a brush dipped in red paint.

The artist was a young woman dressed as you may see thousands of young women in Dublin any fine day.

We know that this homelike incident, occurring so far away from Ireland, sounds as if somebody had severely sprained the long arm of Mr. Coincidence, but we can't help it. Truth is stranger than fiction, and must prevail. You can imagine how it bucked up poor Jack Maher.

He watched the completion of the inscription in dumb fascination. When the lady artist had finished it read:—

VIVE GARCIA!

"V, I, V, A, my girl," said he, addressing the back of the lady. "Your intentions may be good, but your spelling is distinctly rocky."

The girl turned swiftly on the first sound of his voice, and was staring at him open-eyed.

"Jack!" she cried.

"Molly!" yelled Jack, and forthwith fell off the wall in his haste to reach her. He showed every intention of embracing her, but she drew back a pace and held out her hand, remarking primly:

"How do you do, Mr. Maher?"

(Sit quiet; we promised you there was going to be no mushy love stuff in this story).

But he had gone in off the deep end of the emotional pond, and continued to advance unheeding.

"Molly!" he babbled, "Molly!"

She retreated before him, tripped over the can of red paint, and would have fallen if he had not caught her in his arms.

(Oh, well; these accidents will happen to the best-intentioned authors. Let's put a row of dots here).

ABOUT two minutes later she managed to get out of the clinch and straightened her hat. Then she glared at him.

"How dare you?" she demanded, as so many millions of her sisters have demanded in similar circumstances since the world began. "How dare you?"

Jack grinned happily.

"I'd be a queer fish if I daren't," he said. "But come on out o' this, Molly, or we'll have one of those comic little peelers comin' along to run you in for your mural painting."

Unheeding her protests, he caught her by an arm and hurried her away, nor did he stop until they were in a quiet lane outside the city.

"Phew!" he remarked, releasing her arm and taking off his hat to fan himself. Sit down on that bit of a tree trunk there, Molly darlin', and tell me all about it. What are you doing out here anyway? The climate seems to agree with you—I never saw you looking better. But I always had good taste, I—

"Jack Maher," she interrupted, freezingly, "How dare you kiss me?"

"Why wouldn't I?" he asked, with an expression of surprised innocence. "Sure I often kissed you."

"Yes, but that was before the parting of the ways. Things are different now."

"Devil a difference," said the unabashed Jack. "What have politics got to do with it? There's me thinking you're the finest thing ever happened, and there's you head over heels in love with me—"

"I'm not!"

"Don't be deceiving yourself. Of course you are. You can't help it."

"Stop your nonsense and let me go home, Mr. Maher, if you please."

Jack sat down deliberately on a tree stump facing her.

"Do you mean to tell me," he asked, "that you haven't got over all that nonsense yet?"

"Certainly not. My opinions are the same as they always were."

"I'm not talking about your opinions. You can have any opinions you like so long as you have the right point of view about me as a husband. If you're sound on the husband question you can be a Bolshevik for all I care."

"That's no way to talk. I won't discuss the question with you. I will go back to San Isidro this instant."

But she did not attempt to stir.

"You're talking foolish, Molly. Sure you know you'll have to marry me sooner or later."

"Faith, if you wait for me to marry you, you'll be a bachelor for life. How could I marry you and you having the political opinions you have?"

"Easily. I'm willing to marry you this instant in spite of the opinions you have."

"Now, look here, Jack Maher, we discussed this matter in Ireland many a time before I gave you back the ring, and it is no use going into it all again. I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth."

"Unless," she added, as an afterthought, "unless you changed your opinions."

"And adopted yours?" he asked. "Nothing doing, Molly. But why can't you look at it sensibly. There's mixed marriages between people of different religions, why shouldn't there be mixed marriages between people of different politics? So long as you left the boys to me you could bring up the girls to be wall decorators, and—"

She jumped to her feet with flaming cheeks.

"Have you no sense of decency left?" she cried furiously. She paused, evidently struggling for something really biting to say, something with a punch in it that would make him take the count. But her vocabulary wasn't equal to the job.

"Oh, you—you—" she began, but could get no further, and turning, began to walk swiftly away.

"Hi!" cried Jack, "you're going the wrong way."

He hurried after her.

"Molly," he began, as he reached her, "for the love of Heaven can't you bury the hatchet while we're out here anyway? We're very very far from Dublin walls and Dublin politics out here. Ah, Molly, have a little compassion for a fellow-countryman in this God-forsaken country."

She marched on unheeding. He fell into step beside her.

"Left, left, left, left. Right, left, right, left, right. Left, left, left. Egonneys, Molly, but you're a good stepper. Well, as I was saying when you interrupted me—"

At the end of a mile he was still pleading. It was a monologue, the lady remaining severely silent.

Suddenly she stopped and faced him.

"You can't fool me, Jack Maher," she told him. "I know what brought you and Brendan O'Farrell out here."

"Faith, you know more than I do, though I've often been wondering, and so has Brendan."

"Pah!" she snapped, "as if it wasn't known all over Puertoro that you are out here to help that fellow, Valdos."

"Are we? Well, well, Valdos is a lucky chap, isn't he?"

She stamped her foot.

"Always on the wrong side," she exclaimed bitterly. I might have known you would be backing up Valdos."

"Instead of your friend, Garcia?"

"'Tis just like ye. Garcia is the only man who can save this country."

"I'll admit," said Jack, "that it looks as if it wanted saving."

"Valdos cares for nothing but place and power," she declared.

"'Tis a weakness a number of the world's greatest men have suffered from."

"Of course you would defend him. You are in his pay."

Jack looked a bit staggered, but recovered quickly.

"Oh, yes," he said, "of course. Ten pesos a day and all found. Of course the grub might be better, but we soldiers of fortune must be prepared to endure discomfort. Tell me, did I ever tell you about my ancestor who was at Cragma?"

"No, and I don't want to hear about him. I want you to clearly understand that we must meet as strangers."

"We can find somebody to introduce us. Where are you staying?"

"I am governess to the two daughters of the Señora Ventura."

"Good! I'll call upon the Señora this afternoon."

"I don't think you will. You see she is the widowed sister of Señor Garcia."

Jack whistled.

"I see," said he. "That's why you're backing him for the Presidential stakes against Comrade Valdós."

"It is not indeed. It is because he is the only hope of this downtrodden country."

"Oh, come now," expostulated Jack. "I am sure you are wronging Valdós. I suppose you never met the man—Valdós, I mean. I can assure you that he is a very decent sort of chap, and has the best interests of the country at heart. Why I have known him to sit up all night studying a project for utilising the wind to create electric power cheaply and lavishly so that all the work in Puertoro would eventually be done by pressing buttons. He feels that until some such means can be devised for reducing work in this country to a minimum, there will be no contentment in the land. His ideal is a one-hour day for the working classes, with Saturdays off and three half-holidays per week. I am sure Jim Larkin would like him."

HE broke off suddenly and stared at a man who was coming along the lane.

"Why, look who's here!" he exclaimed. "If it isn't my old friend, Don Whiskerado, I'll eat my hat."

Molly stood up, staring at the newcomer. She seemed annoyed about something.

"Do you know him?" she asked.

"Sure," said Jack. "He got tangled up in a shindy in the Cafe Estrella last night, and an Englishman who was with him started to try and convince the natives of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon—with his fists. And Brendan and I had to rescue him."

"Rescue whom? This man?"

"No," Jack laughed; "the Englishman. Don Whiskerado sloped while the going was good."

"Do you know him?"

"Not from Adam. Is he a friend of yours? You were always addicted to the bizarre in acquaintances."

"He is a friend of Señora Ventura."

"What's the idea; does he want to be her second venture, or ventura?" asked Jack. He was beginning to feel glad that he had not told Molly about the police court sequel to the fight.

"Don't be coarse," she snapped. "Do you know Spanish?"

"Well, I know that one spells 'Viva' with an 'A,' but that's about all. Why?"

"Oh, this man knows hardly any English."

"That's all right," said Jack cheerfully. "Then the conversation will continue to be mainly between you and I."

The other man reached them and swept off his slouch hat to Molly with an exaggerated bow. She exchanged a few words with him in Spanish, and then introduced him to Jack as Señor Trigo. Jack acknowledged the introduction without any reference to the episode in the Cafe Estrella. He was doing some hard thinking at the moment, was Jack. Trigo stared at him intently from under bushy brows with strange, fierce eyes that recalled to the young man the name bestowed by Harcourt upon the bewhiskered stranger—Svengali. He wasn't at all a bad copy of Du Maurier's famous villain, the Irishman decided.

Señor Trigo's English wasn't too bad. Anybody used to solving cross words puzzles could understand what he was trying to get at without straining anything. He suggested that the Irishman was a tourist, and was not contradicted. He expressed the opinion that it must be very delightful for the Señor to meet so far from home his so beautiful and so fascinating countrywoman. Jack agreed, but privately considered that Whiskerado was a bit too effusive with the adjectives.

Nobody showed any sign of moving on. They might be there still if Molly had not finally held out her hand to Jack with a coldly polite:

"Good-bye, Mr. Maher. I'm afraid we will not meet again during your stay in this country."

"Time enough for the adieux," said the insuppressible Jack. "I'm going your way, if you will permit me to accompany you."

And that was that. Trigo did not seem overjoyed and Molly was at no pains to conceal her displeasure, but the imperturbable Irishman blandly ignored their feelings, and accompanied them away from the city, talking brightly about nothing in particular.

IT was a pleasant lane, with plenty of shade from the tropical sun. On either side were large trees, with branches covered with mosses and orchids; here and there were clumps of tree-ferns nearly a score of feet in height, with immense fronds, interspersed with vividly-coloured flowers in the favoured spots where the sunlight fell. In another mood Jack Maher would have found it a very soothing prospect, but at the moment he had other things to think about. He was annoyed by Molly O'Driscoll's attitude towards him, and he was worried to find her mixed up with Trigo and Co.

Presently they passed a dingy-looking man who lay in a sunny patch at the side of the road, probably thinking deeply about work.

About a hundred yards further on they encountered a duplicate of the first gentleman similarly engaged. And, at varying intervals, half-a-dozen others, although it was not yet the hour of the Siesta.

"The Ancient and Honourable Order of the Sons of Rest seems to have a strong membership in these parts," remarked Jack. "I should imagine that one of the most pressing problems in the Republic of Puertoro would be how to prevent the people from being afflicted with employment."

"They work when necessary," volunteered Trigo. "Life is short—what would you?"

He shrugged expressive shoulders.

"The condition of the country deters them from working," said Molly. "They have no heart for anything. How could they, poor, downtrodden wretches?"

"I haven't been here long," said Jack, "but they seem to have a pretty good heart for eating and drinking, gambling and flirting, and fighting with their mouths."

Trigo's eyes flashed.

"They fight other how, also, Señor," he declared. "They have the courage, the patriots."

"Oh," said Jack, with an air of polite surprise. "Are these chaps samples of your patriots?"

He glanced back along the lane with a smile.

"If you cannot refrain from being gratuitously offensive," said Molly, sharply, "you might at least relieve us of your company."

"I was thinking it might be as well," he answered, meeting her eyes with a steady, serious glance.

"I'm sure the sooner you go the better it will be for all concerned," she said, and he thought she stressed the word "all." It might be his imagination, but he thought she was trying to convey a message with her eyes. In that backward glance along the lane he had caught a glimpse of the Sons of Rest slouching along in the shadows, following the little party.

Trigo stalked on in morose silence. It was not exactly the atmosphere of a happy family party.

"Well, well," said Jack; "I don't altogether like leaving you so far from home, but if you insist—"

"The quicker the better," said she; and he thought her lips formed the words "for you" silently. But he was no expert in lip-reading.

"No," he declared, after a moment's silence, and his tone had changed. "I never did like running away, Molly, and I am not going to leave you until you are safe back in the city."

"I will be all right," she returned, stressing the pronoun unmistakably.

"The Señorita I protect," announced Trigo, with dignity. "There is no danger to her in Puertoro."

"All the same," said Jack, "I'm going to stay. Sorry if you don't like it, and all that sort of thing, but there it is."

TRIGO took off his hat with an extra flourish. Instantly a loop of rope fell over Jack's shoulders, and he was jerked backwards to the ground. The Sons of Rest piled upon him, rendering movement impossible.

The rope settled tightly about his neck, choking off the infuriated remarks which he was about to address to the assembly. He heard a faint scream from Molly.

His range of vision was limited by the close-pressing, odorous bodies of the Sons of Rest, but he heard a sharp interchange of words between the girl and Trigo. Then the latter gave an order in Spanish, the pressure on the Irishman's body was removed, and he was lifted to his feet. But the noose was still about his neck, and was being kept unpleasantly tight by a gentleman who stood behind him, whilst two others gripped him tightly by the arms. Trigo stood scowling at him. The girl was very pale and would not meet Jack's eyes.

"So," said Trigo, after a moment or two's silence, "you wished to stay with us, Señor? *Bien!* you shall."

He smiled. Jack considered it one of the most disagreeable smiles he had seen in a lifetime. Ignoring the Spaniard, he addressed the girl as soon as he could speak after the pressure on his throat had relaxed.

"The Sons of Rest seem to be having one of their feverish spells," he said. "Somehow I've got the idea that they have taken a dislike to me."

"You have only yourself to blame," said the girl. "What business had you to interfere in the affairs of this country?"

"As much as you had, Molly darlin'," replied Jack.

"Too much talk," barked Trigo, and issued an order in Spanish to the men holding the Irishman. They immediately began to hustle him along the road.

Presently they diverged into the fields, and after ten minutes' walking halted before a small adobe building. It looked rather like a good-class byre. There was only one small window, which, in common with the majority of windows in Puertoro, was heavily barred.

The interior consisted of one room filled with an assortment of rubbish. Broken agricultural implements were scattered around in a litter of dry grass.

Under the supervision of Trigo the Sons of Rest proceeded to truss up the Irishman until he looked like a street performer about to do the rope trick. Then they flung him on a pile of grass and stood back to admire their work.

They had not gagged him, and Jack did not hesitate to tell them what he thought of them. It was good, forcible language, but not as good as it might have been, owing to the presence of the lady. However, as the Sons of Rest probably knew no language but their own, it was probably wasted.

Molly said never a word, but stood in the doorway while the trussing was in progress.

"So!" exclaimed Trigo, at length.

"Quite so," said Jack. "But what, exactly, is the idea?"

"You stay here," vouchsafed the other. "Later we come for you. Take you to President Garcia. At night. You will have the regrets."

"Very nice of you, I'm sure. But why?"

"You know why," said Molly. "I will do what I can for you with the President, but he will be very angry."

"Thanks," said Jack. "Then, I suppose, I shall see you later?"

"I don't think so."

"Come," said the monosyllabic Trigo, "Enough!"

They went out, and Jack heard the door being locked. To judge by the sounds, they also placed something against it.

Two hours later Miss Molly O'Driscoll was standing at the still closed door of the hut reading a note addressed to her which she had found pinned to the timber. It read:

Dear Mollie,—Sorry I have to deprive myself of the pleasure of seeing you this evening with friend Garcia. The Sons of Rest can't tie knots for nuts, and a bit of a plough makes short work of an ancient adobe window. We will probably run across each other again in this happy land. Viva Valdos!—Mise le gradh,

JACK.

P.S.—Who is Valdos anyway? And who is Garcia? We arrived only yesterday, and I never heard of them until you mentioned them. But, of course, when you took it for granted that I must be on the opposite side to you I couldn't contradict. It must be the right side. I will look up this Valdos."—J.

P.S. 2—Spell it "Viva." But if you can't spell Spanish just put an arrow pointing up for "Viva!" and one pointing down for "Abajo!" You were a bad speller in the old days, too.—J.

EPISODE 3—THE REMARKABLE VERSATILITY OF MR. MAHER—will appear in our next issue.

OUR COMPETITIONS.

Cash Prizes offered to Army Readers.

All members of the Army who are readers of "An t-Oglach" may enter for the following competitions.

Each reader may enter for as many as he likes provided every effort is accompanied by the Coupon given below.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

Typewritten efforts must be double-spaced.

All efforts must reach this office not later than Saturday, 17th January, 1925.

The Editor's decision is final, and no correspondence can be entered into concerning the competitions.

Competitors must put the number of the competition for which they are entering upon the coupon.

- No. 1—THREE GUINEAS for the best suggestions for the immediate practical application of Irish to the everyday work of the Army. Length not to exceed 1,500 words. Article may be written in Irish or English.
- No. 2—TWO GUINEAS for the best Winter Programme of Indoor Amusements for Soldiers in Barracks, together with suggestions for organising same. Article not to exceed 2,000 words.
- No. 3—ONE GUINEA for the best suggestion for the improvement of "An t-Oglach." Five Shillings each will be paid for any other suggestions which may be acted upon.

<p>COMPETITION COUPON.</p>	<p>Number of Competition</p>
<p>One of these Coupons must accompany every entry. State number of Competition in small square above.</p>	



G.H.Q.

THE ANNUAL BALL

will be held on **FRIDAY, 9th JANUARY, 1925, in**

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THE DEVIL'S NEW YEAR'S VISIT TO BEGGARS' BUSH.

(Written by a Private in the Army School of Music.)

It was New Year's Eve, and in Beggars' Bush Barracks Private Peter Quaverbeat was just retiring, after coming in on a late pass, when who but the very devil himself came bouncing into the apartment and sat down beside him, at the foot of his neatly-tucked-in bed. Although the room was quite warm from the cheery fire which was still burning in the grate, yet his Majesty was shivering like an aspen, and his dark complexion was as pale as the moon which the poets have sung about in their themes. In truth, he seemed a most dejected-looking creature on this auspicious night.

"Oh, Peter! Peter!" he wailed piteously, as he sat down, "this is a hard night to be out in a cold, cruel world of sadness and snow. Oh, Peter!" he wailed, "I am indeed one of the unfortunate," and the poor devil commenced crying most piteously.

Peter felt sorry for him, to tell the truth. "What the deuce brought you out, your Majesty, on a night like this, anyhow?" he asked him. "Could you not let poor souls alone for at least one night in the year and stay inside, like a sensible man, in your cosy little cot in the Antipodes, or wherever it is? Your Majesty is very foolish."

"Ah," wailed his Satanic Highness, "do not mention that. I have relinquished that game long ago. I have been beaten at my own game by others who—who—oh! why am I so unfortunate? Other men have superseded me, Peter. I have come all the way from my warm abode to-night to accomplish one thing, but I failed miserably. Oh, Peter! I shall lose my position. I may resign;" and, burying his face in his hands, he commenced another lachrymal overflow.

Peter was deeply affected at this emotional outburst. "Oh, dry up, your Beelzebubship," he soothed. "There's no use crying like this, is there? Be calm, your Nickship, and tell me the cause of all your trouble. Maybe it's not half so bad as you think, you know."

"It's good of you to console me so, Peter," said his Darkness, as he wiped his eyes with his sleeve, "but your sympathy will not, I am afraid, compensate the great loss which I fear I am about to sustain: I came here to-night to murder the amateur vocalists, but I have failed miserably—yes, Peter, failed most miserably."

"To murder the amateur vocalists!" echoed Peter.

"Yes, Peter, that was my mission—to wipe them off the map. I chose this night for the great deed, but I have failed miserably," he repeated.

"And why didn't you murder them?" queried Peter.

"Because," answered his Plutoship, "when I came I found them all—"

"On the run," put in Peter.

"No, Peter, all—all—singing so badly that I could not bear to go near them."

"Oh," said Peter.

"But why did you want to murder them?" asked Peter.

"Because they were better than I," answered his Majesty.

"You mean worse," ventured Peter.

"Well, yes, Peter, if you like," assented his Darkness.

"Well, now," said Peter, "sure there is no use worrying, is there?"

"Ah, yes," said the devil sadly, "that's right, but I get no credit when I didn't kill them."

"And who wanted you to kill them?" asked Peter.

"Oh, only read the papers," answered his Satanic Majesty.

"And you do get papers in your country?" asked Peter in surprise.

"Indeed we do," said the devil, "and print a few as well."

"Oh!" exclaimed Peter.

"Yes, indeed, Peter."

"Do you get 'An t-Oglach'?" asked Peter eagerly.

"No, Peter, that would be too dear," replied his Majesty.

"Why, it's only twopence!" exclaimed Peter.

"Oh! I don't mean dear in price," moaned the devil, commencing to shiver most violently—"I mean penalty. Ah, it would mean much torture to see it; they don't like that paper down our way."

"Sorry for you," returned Peter.

"Ah, but the mission I have undertaken to-night has failed, Peter; that makes me worse," said his Nickship, reverting to his original sorrow. "What am I to do at all at all?"

"Poor devil!" thought Peter, "you are not a bad devil at all. I wonder are you as nice at home as you are here. If you are, then you are a gentleman, even though you don't live upstairs."

"I am the same at home as I am elsewhere," said the devil, answering his thoughts; "but it is getting late, and—"

"Maybe you have no late pass, sir?" interrupted Peter.

"I always have a late pass, Peter," answered his Nickship; "so late, in fact, that it's an early one as well. The early bird, as you know, gets the early worm."

"But see what the worm gets, your Majesty," disputed Peter.

"Well, yes, Peter," agreed the devil; "I never thought of that."

"Two heads are better than one, you know, your Majesty," said Peter, also quoting a proverb.

"Ah, no, Peter, they are not," differed his Darkness, "that's why old Ireland—but, as I was going to say, the object of my visit to-night, Peter, to Beggars' Bush is—"

"To learn music, your Majesty, maybe," anticipated Peter, seeing his Darkness looking at a big drum on the wall. "Then if it is, your Majesty, you are mistaken; we have enough young devils to teach without you. Besides, it would not be a very lucrative vocation for you now at the end of your old days. You might be a devil at the big drum, no doubt, but—"

Crash!!!

Private Peter Quaverbeat awoke. Someone had "tossed-up" his bed, leaving him in an undignified posture on the floor. Outside, the snow was falling heavily, and away in the distance the bells were ringing the old year out and the new year in.

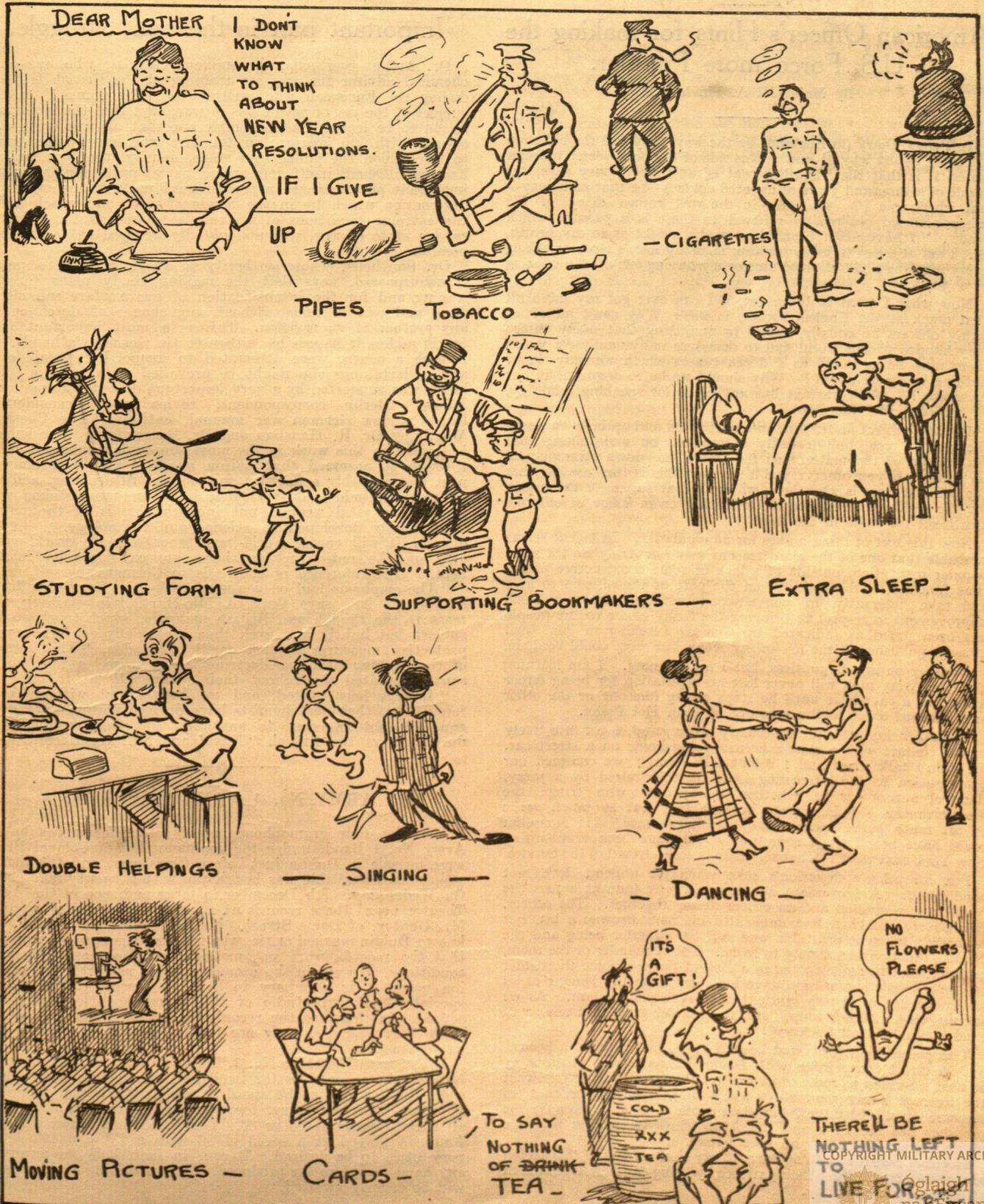
ADSUM.



Orderly Sergeant—Have you taken a bath today?
Private Murphy—No. Is there one missing in the room?
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

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PRIVATE MURPHY ON NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.



THE ARMY AND THE PEOPLE.

American Officer's Hints for making the U.S. Force more Popular.

By Major H. A. Finch, C.E.

In Peyps' Diary (in England, by the way, they call the old chap "Peeps,"—just why no one on this side of the pond seems to know unless it is that the English accent is, as Uncle Henry says, the result of a thousand years of uncured colds!)—be that as it may—but where was I? Oh, yes—in the well known diary of the mispronounced old rooster referred to there is a passage which reads: "I have never been in so good a plight as to my health. But I am at a loss to know whether it be my hare's foot or taking every morning a pill of turpentine or my having left off the wearing of a gown."

Now what I want to bring out, if I can ever get my mind off that crack at the English accent, is this: Why can't all of us Army officers be equally candid in admitting that many things may happen to this world and to ourselves individually for which there may be as many as a dozen causes which we may know nothing whatever about? Why should we be so dogmatic in our reasoning? What warrant has any of us for speaking infallibly, *ex cathedra*, like the Pope?

Let any subject under the sun be broached and up bobs an Army file ready; yea, bull-headedly determined on maintaining that his version of the matter has the inside, low-down strangle-hold on truth. If you observe you'll see that this is the case whether the point at issue is why the earth quaked at Japan, or the reason for the sudden rise in the stock market or in value of chlorine treatment for colds in the head.

Now this sort of thing makes for unpopularity. In fact it seems probable that one of the main reasons why our Army isn't a more popular institution, outside of a lack of some constructive peace-time function, is the inability on the part of the officers to give and take tolerantly in conversation with civilians. Some improvement in respect to bringing the Army closer to the people has been noted as indicated by General Pershing in his final message published in the *Recruiting News*, but more could be done.

I am by no means guiltless, but I am learning. I am learning that the Army man will never lose his reputation for being either a snob or a cave-bear until he stops acting like one or the other and unbends a bit to the presence of John Hoi Polloi.

The other day after the customary office grind, I got into lively verbal contact with a shoe salesman going home on a street car. He didn't talk shoes and I didn't talk Army; we confined our conversation to the interesting issue recently raised by a jazzy, damfool author—as to whether the people who fringe the Mediterranean are degenerate because they eat so much garlic or eat much garlic because they are degenerate! If Mussolini could have heard us, a squadron would have been bombarding New York next week! That salesman is now a friend of the Service.

But for other's digestion's sake when we unbend let's not condescend. A few weeks ago I sat in a restaurant across the room from a civilian and an officer dining together. The officer, figuratively speaking, had unbuckled his Sam Browne a bit, but he hadn't taken it off. He was still the superior being and the friend's function was merely to listen. The remainder of the room, perforce, had to listen too as in a Bull-of-Bashan voice the holder of Uncle Sam's commission gave his companion the benefit of all his knowledge of history, ancient, medieval and modern. As we sat suffering with our soup "still the wonder grew that one small head could hold all he knew!"

This preaching, delivered bootleg style, *i.e.*, without a license, and in direct competition with Doctor Frank Crane, is probably as near a sermon as most of us will get this year. It may be that the average Army man stays away from church because of pressure of official duties, but then again it may be because the preacher has the floor and the Army chap hasn't the privilege of correcting him when he goes wrong.

In either case it can do no harm to say that readers of this sketch are hereby rewarded for their patience by being excused from church attendance next Sunday.

GAS WARFARE.

Important part in the next Struggle.

Dr. Arthur Smithells, the eminent chemist, who was chief chemical adviser for anti-gas training at the British G.H.Q., during the European war, writing to "The Times" on the subject of the use of poison gas in war, says that the important lesson to be learned is the simple one that all who were concerned with gas warfare in the late war have endeavoured to force upon the public ever since, namely, that gas warfare has established itself immovably as a part and a vastly important part, perhaps a predominant part, of the means of destruction which lie in the hands of man, and which under the extreme conditions of a struggle between nations, in the savage state of war, will undoubtedly be used as far as it is possible.

Dr. Smithells, whose authority to speak on such a point, is unsurpassed, says that the making ready plans for the waging and for the intensification of gas warfare can all be done and can be done without any chance of detection by any system of supervision. This is a most important fact, for it makes it impossible either to tie Germany's hands, or, if such a course were attempted to compel her to abide by any undertakings she might be prevailed upon to give. His letter was suggested by a very important despatch from "The Times" Berlin correspondent, reviewing at considerable length a new German war manual, entitled "The Chemical War," by Dr. R. Hanslian and Dr. Bergendorff. The subject is treated in this work in the most thorough manner, it being throughout assumed that poison gas will play a prominent part and probably a decisive part in any future war, and the authors conclude that strategists in future must reckon with gas as "a vital weapon put into the hands of the nation most highly developed in science and technology. Consequently it will confer world-importance or even world-power only on the nation which shows supreme capacity in the field." The reference of course is to Germany herself.

"The emphasis laid on gas warfare by the German military authorities is," says Capt. Liddle-Hart, "in striking contrast to the French and British manuals, which touch on the subject but lightly and even then are chiefly concerned with protective measures against gas." He adds, "The keynote of the German post-war doctrine is 'surprise' a work incessantly repeated throughout their manuals."

"It has been stated, and we believe not without some foundation, that our chemists have devised poison gases quite equal, if not superior, to anything that Germany has produced," says the British "Naval and Military Record."

ARMY No. 1 BAND RECORDS.

The first four gramophone records of performances by the Army No. 1 Band, under the conductorship of Colonel Brase, were on sale in Dublin just before Christmas, and the limited supply then available was bought up within twenty-four hours. On Wednesday, 17th December, a large audience in the Abbey Theatre heard these records at a gramophone recital given by Mr. Henecy, of Dame Street. Mr. Harold R. White, the well-known Dublin musical critic, who directed the recital, explained that the records were not made under the most favourable conditions. To attain the utmost possible perfection in recording music it is necessary to have the record taken at the specially equipped studio of the gramophone company concerned. In this case the records had to be taken at Beggars' Bush Barracks, and they are really remarkably good in the circumstances.

The "Irish Fantasia No. 1," which is on two discs, is the best of the records so far issued. It should be noted, however, that owing to the speed at which the actual recording was done it is necessary, for adequate reproduction, to play all these records at 85 or 86. The writer has found that the Fantasia played at a speed of 86 with a Fibre needle leaves very little to be desired. It can, in fact, CORNIGHE MILITARY ARCHIVES any band record so far produced. The remaining eight records will be eagerly awaited.

SHRAPNEL.

A luxury is something the neighbours have that we can't afford.

Frequent changes in Moscow make it difficult to tell vitch is vich.

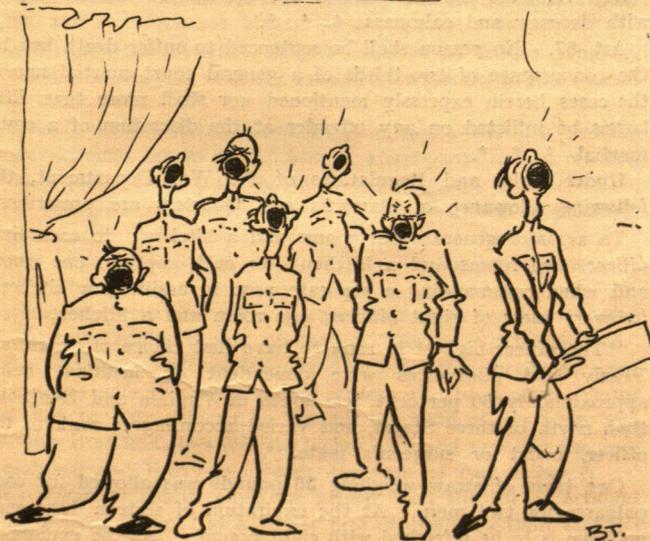
A lot of people will be unhappy in Heaven when they find out they can't institute any reforms or pass any laws.

Australia fines non-voters £2 per head. We make a present of the idea to anyone who thinks it might be useful.

Eskimos rarely weep, according to explorers. Still they do have their daily blubber.

Scientists have established that the greatest depth of the ocean is six miles. The first hundred feet are the hardest.

A group of literary and artistic gentlemen were holding high wassail in a Dublin hostelry. And it was obvious whilst



THE SOLDIERS CHORUS

the wine cup was circling that one of them was living up to the best traditions of the profession. In other words, he was "broke to the wide."

But this did not deter him from nonchalantly remarking, whenever a "round" was called, that he would have a brandy and soda.

When this happened for about the seventh time, the host of the moment looked at him more in sorrow than in anger.

"I am afraid, Pat," he said, "you are living beyond our means."

Anyway.—Sermon: "Kissing: Is It Sane and Sanitary?"

Solo: "Tell Mother I'll Be There."—From a church bulletin quoted by *The Baptist* (Chicago).

Nobody.—Aloysius—"Have you seen the new balloon tyres?"

Dulcinea—"Why, whoever heard of a balloon needing tyres?"

Making It Attractive.—"Tommy," said a young woman visitor at his home, "why not come to our Sunday School? Several of your little friends have joined us lately."

Tommy hesitated a moment. Then suddenly: "Does a red-headed kid by the name of Jimmy Brown go to your School?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the new teacher.

"Well, then," replied Tommy, with an air of interest, "I'll be there next Sunday, you bet. I've been looking for that kid for three weeks, and never knew where to find him."

All Furnished.—"Oh, Mr. Jones," said Miss Dash, "I saw an advertisement saying that you could furnish your home by soap premiums. Every time you buy a piece of soap you get a furniture certificate. I am going to be married, and do you think I could get all my house furniture that way?"

"Why, yes, Miss Dash," replied Mr. Jones. "I had a friend who got all the furniture for a six-room house that way. The company only had to send him furniture for one room, the other five rooms were full of soap."

The Job That Cheers.—The son of the house had made a name for himself at football at his college, and his experiences were discussed one evening at dinner when the minister was a guest.

"You know, Jack," put in the pastor, "athletics are all very good in their way, but your studies are more important."

"That's what father says, too," replied Jack. "But father never gets up and cheers when he hears me quoting Latin the way he does when he sees me score a goal."—*The Continent* (Chicago).

For some time past employees of the Board of Works have been engaged in erecting railings around an open space at the entrance to the Curragh Camp, quite close to the Fire Brigade Station. The railings were not perfectly in line, and a Camp official remarked to one of the workers: "Why didn't you make this railing symmetrical?"

"Sir," replied the man, "we never thought it was going to be a cemetery!"

The foregoing paragraph was sent to us by an esteemed clergyman (not an Army Chaplain). Now, go on and say what you were going to say about it!

NEWS FROM THE TWELFTH.

The Battalion Quartermaster is busily organising plays, concerts and other entertainments. Recently Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News" was produced successfully in the Garrison Gymnasium Hall. This was the second play staged within three weeks.

The caman is being wielded again by a goodly number of the garrison. This is all to the good. The Twelfth had left hurling somewhat in the shade recently.

The following have been circulating here recently:—
What is the difference between the Giant's Causeway and the Rock of Cashel?
About 150 miles.

In how many wars was England engaged within the past half century?

In six.
Name them.
One, two, three, four, five, six.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

Acts of Congress at Beginning of 19th Century—Rates of Pay—
Allowance for Barracks and Quarters—Proficiency Pay—
“14 Cents and One Gill of Spirits Each”—
Duties of A.G. and Q.M.G.

(By Colonel G. S. Goodale, in the United States “Infantry Magazine.”)

There has recently come into my possession a small book in three parts, containing “An Act for Establishing Rules and Articles for the Government of the Armies of the United States, including Rules and Regulations of the War Department,” “Laws of the United States relating to the Military Establishment in force on the Twelfth Day of April, 1808,” and “Acts passed at the First Sess. Twelfth Congress increasing the Military Establishment of the United States.” The above were all “published by authority” and printed by R. C. Weightman, Washington City, 1812. Part I was an act of April 10, 1806, and approved by Th. Jefferson and gives the 101 Articles of War “by which the armies of the United States shall be governed.”

They are interesting as indicating the basis on which subsequent Articles of War have been written. By Article 2, officers and soldiers are earnestly recommended to diligently attend divine service and the penalty for indecent behaviour or irreverent behaviour in any place of worship is definitely prescribed varying from general court martial “there to be publicly and severely reprimanded by the President” in the case of officers; to forfeiture of “one sixth of a dollar to be deducted out of his next pay” in the case of a soldier.

Forfeitures from this source “shall be applied by the Captain or senior officer of the troop or company to the use of the sick soldiers of the company or troop to which the offender belongs.”

“Art. 29. No sutler shall be permitted to sell any kind of liquors or victuals or to keep their houses or shops open for the entertainment of soldiers after nine at night or before the beating of the reveilles, or upon Sundays during divine service or sermon on the penalty of being dismissed from all future suttling.” May not the closing of suttlers’ “houses or shops” be the reason for “Tattoo” which it is recalled in the old army was almost invariably sounded at 9.00 p.m. each day.

Art. 43. Every non-commissioned officer and soldier shall retire to his quarters or tent at the beating of the retreat * * *

Art. 45. Any commissioned officer who shall be found drunk on his guard party or other duty shall be cashiered. Any non-commissioned officer or soldier so offending shall suffer such corporal punishment as shall be inflicted by the sentence of a court martial.

It is noted that for nearly all offences trial by court martial is prescribed and that punishment is discretionary. An exception is noted in Art. 55 where “whosoever belonging to the Armies of the United States employed in foreign ports, shall force a safe guard shall suffer death.”

For certain neglects “the Commanding Officer is to be answerable.”

Officers having brevettes or commissions of a prior date to those of the regiment in which they are serving, may take place in courts martial and on detachments when composed of different corps according to the ranks given them in their brevettes * * *

Article 63 may have been the origin of the deference paid to members of the Corps of Engineers for this article states “The functions of the Engineers being generally confined to the most elevated branch of military science they are not to assume, nor are they subject to be ordered on any duty beyond the line of

their immediate profession, except by the special order of the President of the United States; but they are to receive every mark of respect to which their rank in the Army may entitle them respectively. * * *”

Limit of jurisdiction and punishment for inferior courts (garrison or regimental) is fixed in Article 67. Such courts having no “power to try capital cases or commissioned officers; neither shall they inflict a fine exceeding one month’s pay nor imprisonment nor put to hard labour any non-commissioned officer or soldier for a longer period than one month.”

Art. 72. All the members of a court martial are to behave with decency and calmness * * *

Art. 87. No person shall be sentenced to suffer death but by the concurrence of two-thirds of a general court martial nor in the cases herein expressly mentioned nor shall more than fifty lashes be inflicted on any offender at the discretion of a court martial * * *

Under Rules and Regulations of the War Department, the following allowance of Barracks and Quarters are prescribed:

To a major general, four rooms and a kitchen; to each field officer, two rooms and a kitchen; to each captain, one room and when commanding a separate post in addition a kitchen; to every mess of eight officers, one room and a kitchen.

“The officer highest in rank to have first choice of quarters.” Yearly fuel allowances were dependent on location, being approximately 60 per cent. less south of Virginia and Kentucky than north of these States, and varied according to rank of the officer, cadet or surgeon’s mate.

One truss of straw weighing 36 pounds was allowed for each palliasse for two men. At the expiration of sixteen days each palliasse is to be refreshed with eight pounds. At the expiration of thirty two days the whole straw is to be removed and a fresh bedding of one truss to be furnished * * * the same quantity of straw is allowed for servants or batmen, not soldiers or for washerwomen, attached to each company in the proportion of one woman to every seventeen men, non-commissioned officers and privates.

Baggage allowances at this time varied from 1,250 pounds for a major general to 200 pounds for a cadet. Inasmuch as officers ordered on general court martial to temporary commands or other duties might receive his stage hire in lieu of the transportation of his baggage it is presumed that the rate of \$2.00 per 100 pounds per 100 miles must have been about the equivalent of stage hire.

While on D. S. (temporary duty) officers received a *per diem* allowance of \$1.25 to those not entitled to forage and \$1.00 per day to those so entitled.

Extra duty pay for soldiers working constantly as artificers on fortifications, bridges or other public works received additional daily pay of “fourteen cents and one gill of spirits each.” Those not working as artificers received only ten cents per day, but their gill of spirits was the same. “It is to be understood that the extra daily pay and allowance is only to be given for actual day’s work and not to be granted when from sickness or other causes the work shall not actually be performed.”

Promotion in the army was regimental to the grade of captain and same to the rank of Colonel in the Artillery and Infantry, respectively.

The officer next in rank will, on the happening of a vacancy, be considered in ordinary cases, as the proper person to fill the same but this rule may be subject to exceptions in extra ordinary cases.

Under date of May 4, 1812, the Adjutant General's office publishes regulations of the duties of the General Staff, consisting of "the Inspector General, the Quartermaster General, the Superior Officer of Artillery, the Superior Officer of Engineers and the Superior Surgeon of the Army."

Defined duties are about as should be expected. It is noted that a duty of the Adjutant General is "to furnish watch-words" and of the Quartermaster General "to procure intelligence" and "to license and regulate suttlers at headquarters."

Under Military Laws, an act approved March 16, 1802, fixes the monthly pay of officers as follows: To the Brigadier General, \$225.00; to the Adjutant and Inspector of the Army, \$30.00; in addition to his pay in the line; to each Colonel, \$75.00; Lieutenant Colonel, \$60.00; Major, \$50.00; Surgeon, \$45.00; Captain, \$40.00; 1st Lieutenant, \$30.00; 2nd Lieutenant, \$25.00; Cadet, \$10.00; Sergeant Major, \$9.00; Private, \$5.00.

Each commissioned officer in addition received rations or money in lieu thereof varying from six rations for a colonel to two rations for a cadet.

All soldiers received one ration a day in kind as did also "women (washer-women) not to exceed four to a company, and to officers' servants (not a soldier in the line), matrons and nurses."

The ration as defined consisted of 1½ pounds of beef or ¾ pounds of pork; 18 ozs. of bread or flour, one gill of rum, whiskey or brandy with salt, vinegar, soap and candles in varying amounts per hundred rations.

Allowances were also given in prescribed cases because of being an aide commanding a post, or because "forage is not furnished." Also commissioned officers employed on recruiting service received "for every effective able bodied citizen of the United States who shall be duly enlisted by him for the term of five years and mustered if at least five feet six inches high and between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five years, the sum of two dollars."

No officer or soldier could be placed "on the list of invalids of the United States" at a higher rate of disability than half the monthly pay at the "time of his being disabled or wounded."

A similar limitation of amount is also provided for the widow of any commissioned officer in the service who dies from wounds.

Officers and soldiers discharged from the service, except by way of punishment for an offence, received an allowance of pay and rations for distance from place of discharge to his residence "at the rate of twenty miles to a day."

Sections 26 and 27 authorised the President "when he shall deem it expedient" to organise and establish a corps of engineers and "when so organised shall be stationed at West Point in the State of New York and shall constitute a military academy."

There follows an Act to raise for a limited time an additional military force (approved by President Jefferson, April 12, 1808), and the similar Act of February 24, 1812 (approved by President Madison).

The book was of great interest to the writer, not alone because of the changes that have occurred in our army regulations and Articles of War during the last hundred and more years, some of which may be realised from quoted passages given in this article, but because of the many instances to which no reference has heretofore been made when the provisions and even language of the regulations of 1812 have come down to 1924 with slight change and in some cases absolutely no change in either idea or expression.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS IN THE ARMY.

Christmas Day was celebrated with appropriate festivities throughout the Army. Religious services were conducted and in the afternoon the troops were entertained to special Christmas fare.

Collins Barracks—Masses were celebrated at 7.30, 8, and a Missa Cantata at 9. a.m., by the Rev. S. Pigott, C.F. At the 9 a.m. Mass the general salute was sounded, and a guard of honour, under Lieut. McCarville, presented arms. A specially augmented choir contributed appropriate music. The garrison church was very artistically decorated. In the afternoon Christmas dinner was served in the recreation rooms, which were festooned for the occasion. The officers and N.C.O.'s served the dinner. Col. McCorley, Brigade O.C., with the Brigade Adjutant and chaplain, presided over the function. In the evening an enjoyable smoking concert was held.

Portobello Barracks—Masses were celebrated at 8.30, 9.30 and at 10.30 a High Mass was celebrated by Rev. R. J. Casey, C.F. The officers, N.C.O.'s and men paraded under Col. J. McGuinness, O.C., 7th Brigade. In addition to the sacred music, the Army Band added special solemnity to the occasion, and rendered choice musical numbers on the parade ground after the Masses. The guard of honour presented arms at the elevation, and the general salute was sounded. The Commanding Officer and the officers in charge of the various units stationed in the barracks, in the afternoon entertained the troops to dinner. On St. Stephen's Night a very successful smoking concert was held in the 23rd Battalion Sergeants' Mess which was attended by the O.C. of the Battalion and some of the other officers.

McKee Barracks—The Artillery and Remount Corps had the usual religious services. Rev. J. Fahey, C.F., officiated. The dining hall was suitably decorated. Major Mulcahy and the officers left nothing undone to make Christmas Day as cheerful as possible for the N.C.O.'s and men under their charge.

St. Bricin's Hospital—Through the kindness of the staff, a special prize was offered for the most artistically decorated ward, and St. Bricin's Hospital on Christmas Day presented a very bright and cheery appearance. The Wounded Soldiers' Committee looked after the comforts of the patients and helped the staff to make the day memorably happy.

A large number received Holy Communion at the Masses, and at noon Rev. W. J. Byrne, C.F., gave Benediction. During the day many patients received visits from their friends. On St. Stephens' Day a wireless concert was given to the patients by Mr. W. D. Hogan, Henry Street.

Griffith Barracks—The officers, N.C.O.'s and men under Capt. Coleman paraded for Mass at 9 a.m. The guard of honour was supplied by the 23rd Battalion. The recreation hall presented a cheerful appearance when the men were treated to a special Christmas dinner.

Beggar's Bush Barracks—Owing to the kindness of the Officer Commanding the School of Music the troops, with band, paraded to St. Patrick's Church, Ringsend. Their rendering of sacred music added much solemnity, and was greatly appreciated. On their return to barracks the bands, having contributed so generously during the morning to the religious services in various places, were given a hearty Christmas meal.

Hibernian School, Phoenix Park—The traditional festivities were fully carried out by the officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the No. 1 (Irish speaking) Battalion. The entire services were conducted in Irish, and Father O'Riordan, C.C., delivered a touching sermon on the feast. The later festivities were in keeping with the celebration of Christmas Day in Irish Ireland.

The Curragh Hospital—Cakes, fruit, smokes and other "extras" for the patients were provided by the Committee of the Wounded Soldiers Comforts Fund, having been despatched from Dublin by special transport on Christmas Eve. The Committee also sent a large parcel of similar fare to a number of ex-soldiers in Peamount Sanatorium.

THE FOOT SERVICE.

"And the great power of an army is the Infantry."
—The Rules of War, London, 1932.

NOTES FROM THE ARMY SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION.

Company Sergeant Jack Fay has been welcomed back from sick leave.

* * * *

Captain O'Doherty has every reason to feel proud of the progress made by the Sports Committee. The Football team is now anxious to challenge any team in the Curragh Camp, and the Cross-Country Runners and Hurlers are beginning to feel like singing "We fear no foe."

* * * *

"Foreign Fields," the new serial, seems to be very popular with all ranks at the Curragh, and all are looking forward to the next instalment.

* * * *

Christmas Day in Barracks was made as happy and bright as possible. The comfort of the men was the main object, and was well looked after by the Staff Officers. Dinner, which was at 2 p.m., was all that could be desired. Major Bishop, Commandant I. O'Neill, Captain Feely, and Captain O'Doherty were in attendance on the troops. Major Bishop, in a neat speech, which was punctuated with applause, conveyed the usual Christmas wishes to the men. During dinner songs were contributed by Private Dobbyn, Private Tier, and others. "The Day" was all that could be desired. The Staff Officers were thanked on behalf of the men by Vol. Vaizey.

* * * *

On Wednesday, 17th ult., a very successful Whist Drive and Cinderella Dance was held by the Staff Sergeants of the Army School of Instruction, Curragh Camp, in Keane Barracks. The hall was very tastefully decorated, and much praise is due to the Committee for the way in which everything in connection with the function was carried out. After the Whist Drive, Mrs. Ignatius O'Neill presented the prizes to the winners, as follows: First Prize, Ladies, Mrs. Lawlor. Second Prize, Ladies, Mrs. Cahill. Ladies' "Booby" Prize, Mrs. Devon. First Prize, Gentlemen, Company Sergeant Meehan. Second Prize, Gentlemen, Company Sergeant O'Connor. Gentlemen's "Booby" Prize, Company Sergeant Daly, P.A. Dancing commenced at 10.30 p.m., with Miss Millar at the Piano, accompanied by Mr. Breen with Jazz effects. A very enjoyable evening was brought to a close at 00.45 a.m., with the singing of "The Soldiers' Song."

LIAM.

AT GORMANSTON CAMP.

Who is the Q.M.S. who refers to the Battalion as the "13th Regiment of Foot?"

Who is "Jimmie" anyway?

It took a fatigue party of one N.C.O. and six men to dig a person out of the mud on one of the Camp roads the other day.

That engine at the Power Station is continually "konking" out. It's enough to "Madden" the N.C.O. in charge.

Somebody mentioned that we were to be plagued with a "Jazz Band." It has arrived, and we all agree that it is a great acquisition.

"O'Hara" has *not* been lynched yet.

How many "Messes" are there in the Camp? Is the number greater this week than last, and if you took your first thoughts away and divided by two, would the answer be "A Lemon?"

Hurray! "Jimmie" scored a goal at the last inter-Company match.

Who was responsible for the following conglomeration, which appeared in the Telephone Switch Room:—

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Shun pestiferous profanity, either obscure or apparent.

Despite the fact that "Rainey" is again with us, we still have "Merryweather" and "Moonlight."

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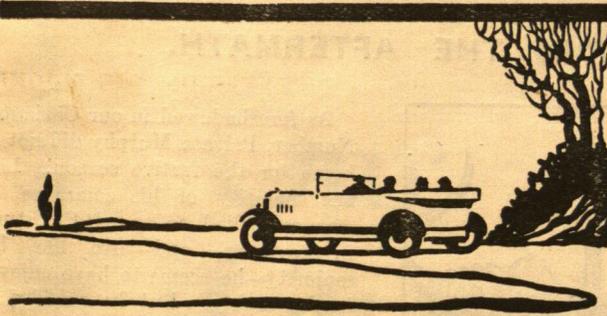
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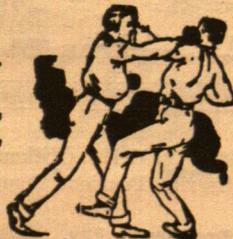


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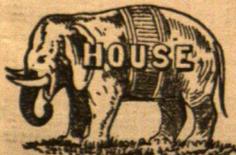
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PRIVATE MURPHY EXPERIENCES THE AFTERMATH.



As foreshadowed in our Christmas Number, Private Murphy did not go home for the festive season. Like the majority of his comrades, he was compelled to spend Christmas in barracks, and—also like the majority—he seems to have enjoyed it thoroughly. But he confided to our artist some days later a terrible dream he had on St. Stephen's Night, in which he experienced the sensations of hunting for his Christmas dinner throughout the ages. In the dream the quarry always eluded him, and he had to go hungry on Christmas Day. It may have been just as well, for some of the animals which the Artist depicts him as chasing most certainly would not have agreed with his digestion. By the way, you will notice that Murphy was looking for a Christmas dinner several centuries before the Christian Era. We cannot explain this, and neither can Murphy. "All I know," he says, "is that it happened in the dream, and I wouldn't have that dream again for a million pounds!" In some cases, he says, the animal he was chasing lost its temper and started to chase him instead. It seems to have been a very loud dream, for the other occupants of the barrack room woke Private Murphy up with harsh words and various missiles, and asked him to stop yelling in his sleep. When he dropped off again he dreamed a sort of Epilogue, which will be seen illustrated in the bottom part of the sketch. But Private Murphy says he will never have the heart to look a turkey or a goose in the face again. Some of his comrades say it was the pudding caused the dream, but others maintain that it was the tea.

Our Information Bureau.

Transfer.

"Anxious" (Buncrana).—Renew your application for transfer, and if unsuccessful apply to your Brigade O.C.

Pension.

P. Murphy (Dundalk).—(1) We do not know of any save that provided for under the Military Service Pensions Act, 1924. (2) Refer to Commandant Liston, Officer i/c Personnel, Portobello Barracks, Dublin.

P. McPhillips (Belfast).—A form of application will be forwarded to you.

"Ruaidri" (Kilkenny).—Apply to the Secretary, Military Service Pensions Committee, Molesworth Street, Dublin.

Proficiency Pay.

"Shoemaker" (Boyle).—The N.C.O. in charge of the shoemakers' shop is entitled to receive 1s. 6d. per diem additional pay.

"Pioneer" (Athlone).—No. Additional pay is issuable only in respect of N.C.O.'s and men engaged at the trades specifically covered in the Pay Regulations.

Uniform on Leave.

"Wondering" (Collins Barracks).—Men going across to Great Britain on leave are not allowed to wear their own uniforms on the leave.

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McC.

ΞΑΟΛUINN DO'N ARM.

CHESSE—(Continued).

PHONETIC PRONUNCIATION.

Thaw derra lesha nulligga nish.
 Thawn eyemshirra dhulla nulkuss.
 Iss oofawsuck an eyemshir ree.
 Vee gorriv heen moor ouna rayer.
 Yin shay anna yee waul err wir iss err heer.
 V anna hilla sun noun in nay.

Begna layhuntha dhulla woddh asso
 mocka nish.
 Annir, Foura, Maurtha, Abb rawn, Boul-
 tinna.
 Dhoo lookir nub leena.
 Geera, Laura yeera, Nullig v(y)ugg.
 Kunuss duk kuh shivva Nullig.
 Vee guh hay rudh anna h(y)ewn unshu.
 Vee Shaymuss err dew tay law Nullug.
 Err koosha wolla gore nun ullug.
 Neer kooss. Neer view dhum may.
 Nee ruv ock kerha law gum, oggus do
 koffin-tree keena ku a dhull oun issa
 tockth hor naish.
 Willa Kop thane O Reen thoggha hor nash
 foess ?
 Thaw, veessa coynt lesh suv veelunn in nuv.

ENGLISH.

Christmas is ended now.
 The weather is getting worse.
 It is terrible weather.
 There was a great storm last night.
 It did much damage on land and sea.
 There was a great flood in the river
 yesterday.
 The days will be getting longer from
 this out now.
 January, February, March, April,
 May.
 The severe part of the year.
 Winter, Mid-Winter, Little Christmas.
 How did ye spend the Christmas.
 Everything was very quiet here.
 James was on duty Christmas day.
 Did you go home for the Christmas?
 No. 'Twould not be worth while.
 I had only four days and I'd spend
 three of them going there and
 coming back.
 Has Captain Ryan come back yet?
 Yes, I was talking to him in the Mess
 to-day.

ΞΑΟΛUINN.

Τά δεϊρε leis an noolais anois.
 Τά. an aimsir asoul in olcas.
 Is uatēbasac an aimsir i.
 Vī garōsion mōr ann arēir.
 Vēm sē ana tōiōbail ar mūir is ar tēr.
 Vī ana tūile san abaimn mōe.

Derō na laeteanta asoul i tpat as so
 amac anois.
 Eanair, Peabra, Mārta, Aibreán, Deat-
 taine.
 Doubladair na bliōna.
 Zeimreac, Lār an Zeimrō, noolais ueas.
 Cionnas do caite sib an noolais ?
 Vī sac aon ruo ana tūin ansō.
 Vī scamas ar tūitē lā noolais.
 Ar ēuais a baile i scōir na noolais ?
 Nīor ēuas. Nīorō fīū tōm é.
 Nī raib ac ceire lā asam, asus do caite-
 rinn trī cinn aca asoul ann is as
 teact tar nais ?
 Vpuit an captaen ó riam taseta tar nais
 fōs ?
 Tá, bīos as caime leis 'sa biadōlann mōiu.

After all, the
 main thing about
 a cigarette is
 the tobacco.

That's why I
 and millions of
 others always
 smoke



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