



AN T-OGLÁC

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Contents.

Vol. 3.—No. 3 (New Series). 31st January, 1925.

ARMY AND GARDA SIOCHANA.

Private Soldiers' earn High Praise from the Chief Commissioner.

MILITARY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

Cash Prizes offered in new Variant of the Popular Craze.

THE GUNRUNNERS.

Lively Times in the Republic of Puertoro.

THE MILITARY FORCES OF THE VATICAN.

ALL THE NEWS OF THE ARMY.

The "Guns" Speak.—Battalion Notes.—Army Athletic Association Reports.—Humorous Cartoons.—Etc., Etc.



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An t-Ógláic

Vol. III. No. 3. (New Series.)

JANUARY 31, 1925.

Price TWOPENCE.



WE ENTER THE ARENA OF THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE. COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES

An t-Ózlác

JANUARY 31, 1925.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

IN our Christmas Number we offered a prize for the best suggestions for the immediate practical application of Irish to the every-day work of the Army. The competition did not attract a very large entry, nor was there anything particularly striking about the ideas elicited. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at in view of the many and varied opportunities for utilising the language which are continually ignored, in quarters where one would expect better treatment for Irish. We note with satisfaction that the invitation cards to the recent dance organised by the Southern Command utilised Irish extensively. Let us hope that on the next occasion the Officers of the Command will go one step better and use Irish exclusively. It is to be regretted that the Air Corps and the 9th Brigade did not do even as well as their fellow-Officers in Cork, the National language being completely ignored in the case of recent invitations issued by both these Units. It is obvious that, in these and similar cases, there was no deliberate intention of slighting the language, but that somebody, in the pressure of preparation, was guilty of thoughtlessness. At this stage of the Irish nation, however, such an excuse should not obtain. Above all, it should not obtain amongst the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of Oglagh na hEireann.

BETTER late than never is our welcome to the libraries which have now been established at G.H.Q. for Officers, N.C.O.'s and men. Both are in the initial stage at the moment, and it would be unfair to criticise them too sharply. We understand that it is proposed to extend both libraries as widely and as speedily as possible. We hope that it will be found possible to secure adequate representation for the Irish language in the immediate future; at present it is conspicuous by its absence. The library for N.C.O.'s and men is at present confined almost wholly to fiction, and does not include any military works, or literature of an educative character, but we understand that the omissions will be remedied at the first opportunity. As it is, great credit is due to those who have been instrumental in organising the present collections, and it is earnestly to be desired that their example should be followed without delay in all barracks which are as yet without libraries of any sort.

IN connection with the establishment of barrack libraries we think that all such institutions should contain copies of Army Regulations, that is to say, of the Defence Forces (Temporary Provisions) Act, the Continuance and Amendment Act, and the Statutory Orders in connection therewith. These can be purchased through Messrs. Eason and Son, but that is no argument

against their inclusion in a barrack library: rather the contrary. The rank and file are entitled to know our Army Regulations, and the portions published in General Routine Orders are necessarily only a fraction. Here and there, of course, one would have a "Camp Lawyer" swotting up the Regulations for his own perverse purposes, but we believe that, on the whole, the placing of the Regulations within easy access of the soldier would make for the greatest good of the greatest number.

NATIONAL CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY

- 1.—Conor O'Dunvany, Bishop of Down and Connor, executed, 1611.
- 2.—The Entrenchment of Roscommon, 1262.
- 3.—Cremona saved through the gallantry of the Irish Brigade, 1702.
- 4.—Students expelled from Trinity College, Dublin, for giving expression to national sentiments.
- 5.—William Drennan, the United Irishman, died, 1820.
- 6.—The Union Bill passed by the Irish House of Commons, 1800.
- 7.—John O'Mahony, the Fenian chief, died, 1877.
- 8.—O'Connell made his last appearance in the Westminster Parliament, 1847.
- 9.—James II. proclaimed King in Dublin, 1685.
- 10.—Cardinal McCabe died, 1885.
- 11.—Fenian Raid on Chester, 1867.
- 12.—John Mitchel's "United Irishman" appeared, 1848.
- 13.—The infamous Leonard McNally died, 1820.
- 14.—John Gifford, "the Dog in Office," journalist and spy, born, 1746.
- 15.—The Irish Volunteers assembled at Dungannon, 1782.
- 16.—John Mitchel elected for Tipperary, 1875.
- 17.—H. Edward Doyle died, 1892.
- 18.—Captain Despard executed in London, 1803.
- 19.—Conor, Lord Maguire executed, 1642.
- 20.—William of Orange proclaimed King at Derry, 1690.
- 21.—Rev. Charles Wolfe died, 1823.
- 22.—James Barry, the celebrated artist, died, 1806.
- 23.—Cardinal Rinuccini left Ireland, 1648.
- 24.—Samuel Lover born, 1797.
- 25.—Grattan proposed relief for the Irish Catholics, 1813.
- 26.—Thomas Moore died, 1852.
- 27.—Rose Kavanagh, poetess, died, 1891.
- 28.—General Humbert died, 1823.

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THE ARMY AND THE GARDA SIOCHANA.

Chief Commissioner's High Tribute to Plucky Conduct of Two Private Soldiers in Limerick City.

The correspondence which we publish below speaks for itself:—

Garda Siochana, Oifig an Choimisinéara,
Baile Atha Cliath, 19th January, 1925.

Chief of Staff, G.H.Q.,
Pargate Street.

A Chara,—I enclose a copy of report received from the Superintendent, Limerick, with reference to the action of two members of the Army in a recent robbery in Limerick City.

Privates McFeeley and McCloskey deserve the highest commendation on their prompt and plucky action; and as an earnest of my appreciation of same it affords me much pleasure in enclosing two cheques, value £2 each, which I would be glad you would have passed to the soldiers through their Commanding Officer.

If members of the Army and the citizens generally better realised their obvious duty in cases like this, the Garda Siochana would be more successful in stamping out crime.—Mise, le meas,

(Sd.) EOIN UA DUBHTHAIGH, Taoiseach,
Coimisinéir.

Superintendent's Office,
Limerick, 5-1-'25.

C/Superintendent.

The following is the report referred to in the foregoing letter:—

Commendable Conduct: Privates McCloskey and McFeeley.

I beg to report that at 8.15 p.m. on the 27th ult. two men seized a till containing 18s. at the premises of Miss Brennan, Cecil Street, and ran away. Miss Brennan gave the alarm, and two soldiers of the National Army who were in the house, viz., Privates McCloskey and McFeeley, N.A., Limerick, immediately gave chase. After a hot pursuit, the soldiers got close to the robbers, and one of the latter then dropped the till.

Private McCloskey took possession of the till as some civilians had gathered. Private McFeeley continued pursuit, and succeeded in capturing one John Simpson, of this city, who had dropped the box, and handed him over to the Gardai. The case came up for hearing at Limerick Sessions on 2nd inst., and Simpson was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

Owing to the action of the military, the arrest of one of the culprits was secured, and it is hoped to secure the other man; and were it not for the prompt action taken it is unlikely anyone would have been brought to justice, as Miss Brennan could not identify any of the culprits.

The District Justice strongly commended the two soldiers for this admirable work and for the intelligent way in which they gave evidence. He strongly impressed on me that his remarks should be conveyed to proper quarters for consideration and suitable award.

In doing this I would earnestly impress on the authorities the necessity for very favourable consideration in this case, as if all soldiers acted in this manner much good would result.

Perhaps in addition to communicating with Colonel Reynolds it would be advisable to report to our Headquarters. If so please let me know and I will forward report.

A. E. O'REILLY, Superintendent.

Commissioner.

I beg to submit this report. I am not communicating with Colonel Reynolds, as I believe the action of the two soldiers deserves more than mere thanks from me. The Officers and men of the Limerick Division would be very pleased if the Commissioner, in addition to conveying our thanks to the men concerned particularly and to the Army generally, would see that these men were suitably rewarded.

T. MAGUIRE, C/Supt.

6-1-'25.

ADVENTURES OF A GOLF BALL IN PORTOBELLO BARRACKS.

I'm just a Golf Ball.

Life for me was very easy for quite a long time—nothing to do but lie quietly in my little box, and look as nice as possible. Of course I had occasions of great alarm when two or three of my brothers suddenly disappeared, never to be heard of again.

My turn came at last. One day last week my brother John and I were taken out of our little nest, and I heard the shopman say "Portobello Barracks." Now, I always connected Portobello Barracks with soldiers and rifles and fat N.C.O.'s, etc., and could not, therefore, for the life of me, figure out why we should go there.

Although young, my brother John is very wise, and he made a remark that day which I will remember for a long time, and which hundreds of my cousins have good reason never to forget—"Remember," he said, "that apart from being a military camp Portobello is the Headquarters of the A.A.A., and you never can tell what they'll do next."

Right enough, Portobello it was. When I heard the question, "What have you in the box?" I knew we were at some Barrack gate, as that is the only place they would ask such personal questions. And when I heard the same question a second time I felt that we were in Portobello.

Well, we were handed over to a little Sergeant, something the same build as myself, but a peppery sort of chap, who, I have learned, had a multitude of occupations, and was a "big noise" on several committees.

Through a hole in our hiding place we saw "red" lots, and lots of red. "Tis good to know," I remarked to John, "that, at least, we are in the kind hands of Officers and gentlemen," but ere long my dream of the future received a severe "tear." Take

warning my brothers! "rede" on the sleeve are not full-blown Officers.

Such remarks as "The Gym field," "Grass too long," "Have we only the one stick," etc., reached us. John smiled wanly, contorting for a moment the cross-word-puzzle expression on his little round face.

"They think we are hurling balls," said he.

"I sincerely hope not," I said, "there's no fun at all in being a hurling ball. You can't play hide and seek, or pussy-four-corners, or anything."

In due course we proceeded to the Gym field, heavily escorted by two Sergeant-Majors, eight Sergeants, and one golf club. Here John sat smiling on a little mound of earth, and for fifteen minutes openly defied the earnest endeavour of the before-mentioned peppery Sergeant, amid the strongest admonitions of his confederates, to strike him at all.

I think this incident had some bearing on John's future, for soon after we were taken to a field which was absolutely devoid of grass. Here John was again placed on the scaffold, the executioner this time being a stout, well-set-up man (Staff Officer, I think). Now, he was left-handed, and the clubs were natural. The dread blow fell at last. John resented the smack very much, and with a screech of agony did some wild serial stunts, and finally disappeared, never to be seen again.

They searched for him until it was too dark to play with me, so I have a respite. But kind humans, and golfers, in your tender moments spare a tear for a lonely little golf ball.

Yours, apprehensively,

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patraic 6 conaire, no scriob.

01 iongnatcas orn pém nuair a v' eiriz an sairime rva asus
 Sur labair se so cartumac agus vioraisac leis ar fear
 cmarail. nior chualas fém an cnamac b'i barmail éis an
 So raib sé as iarrad air mise a cur i n-aitne do. Da cimece
 nair faingis sin le mo duine mar v'mitís leis as an air mar
 dóbail a sraicpide niste coisreas an air.

Sicut in Samsunt Rua le mo t'ab aris, agus o' f'iafrunigeas de
 ceib é mo d'ine.
 "Sin é an fear ba calma agus ba tho a t'uil o'ar r'ugab
 anam," ars an Rua.
 "Cén c'aoi sin?" a' veirimse.
 "S'gal fava é," ar seisean.
 "Cuiris sé smaimteac. Níon
 c'ineas péim isseac air, agus t'ar eis camail, labair sé agus
 o' mis sé an s'gal seo mo t'uid dom:—

190202 an ȝogaro thior, (ars an ȝaarsint Rna) ȝineas aine
 raiv fear ȝs le fȝail ba ȝoȝemla nā ē. leiȝasȝas sē nā
 stile cime beit as breatn air, ȝus bi a ȝroȝemalȝat ȝom
 bean aorim luvate leis le pȝas—ȝearo eile ȝvā as ȝeasvā
 fear? mā ȝa ȝon ruv eile ann, imis ȝom ē
 ȝus an bean sin a bi luvā

1. *Die Kunst der Dichtung* (1827)
 2. *Die Kunst der Kritik* (1828)
 3. *Die Kunst der Philosophie* (1829)
 4. *Die Kunst der Naturwissenschaft* (1830)
 5. *Die Kunst der Medizin* (1831)
 6. *Die Kunst der Jurisprudenz* (1832)
 7. *Die Kunst der Politik* (1833)
 8. *Die Kunst der Kriegsführung* (1834)
 9. *Die Kunst der Verwaltung* (1835)
 10. *Die Kunst der Diplomatie* (1836)
 11. *Die Kunst der Religion* (1837)
 12. *Die Kunst der Ethik* (1838)
 13. *Die Kunst der Logik* (1839)
 14. *Die Kunst der Metaphysik* (1840)
 15. *Die Kunst der Astronomie* (1841)
 16. *Die Kunst der Geographie* (1842)
 17. *Die Kunst der Geschichte* (1843)
 18. *Die Kunst der Poesie* (1844)
 19. *Die Kunst der Malerei* (1845)
 20. *Die Kunst der Musik* (1846)
 21. *Die Kunst der Architektur* (1847)
 22. *Die Kunst der Gartenkunst* (1848)
 23. *Die Kunst der Landwirtschaft* (1849)
 24. *Die Kunst der Handarbeit* (1850)
 25. *Die Kunst der Wissenschaft* (1851)
 26. *Die Kunst der Kunst* (1852)
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 72. *Die Kunst der Kunst* (1898)
 73. *Die Kunst der Kunst* (1899)
 74. *Die Kunst der Kunst* (1900)

[illegible][illegible]

"Non cipe arham a biomar. . . .
 molonic isle agus lsrarac as eirise antos asda. plassan
 agus as oearu hneveac sa speir oo'n e beav i bpar
 a leitei ceana. Doran sunnai meara as oearu ceoil de
 cimeal na ceap oon ceoilu raona ariam. Na milice mac mear
 i sclaris tall as plassav le sunnai sualam. Na milice eile
 agus eile. Sun aithe as non uime sib ar
 a bi i non clais leib, agus san a dat de nith sin aca oo na raone
 a bi a plassav leib tall.
 e na orde. . . .
 "Tamie an c-oro: —
 "Car an mbak i"
 "Feacimic va ucugas ar mo ckaro, ar Seoirse na saistriveac
 agus an m-ia, agus silleas so loiceav.
 "mabl i" "ars as mise mo seanbeic, agus sivo de leim mire
 me tar bair na claise. . . .
 Ceartu a tarla? Ni pios oom e. ac caiteav e seo aviaac.
 car eis an baigheav Searamnac tul mo taob. Na mo an naire
 oom e? ac se an smoneav veire tamie mo ceann—an
 is oic e an uime ar bealac.
 ac nior marbuicav Seoirse mar is eol uire fein. ac
 un oir ba nio a bi as tul oo saistriveir calva san arm. agus
 fein agus e fein as ceapav sun uime meara a bi am i

La ar n-a marac nuair a casav mo cara liom, nuair a casav
Seoirse na cwobacca liom, culait saivouira a bi air. Agus
cear a ryv, ni facas don vuine le mo beo is mo a mvecca
culait ceavna sin vo na mo duine.
"Oar priosta i" aveirnisse, "at is breas a tceivneam a
culait sin vuine i"
"Caitnecavro se le mbla," ar seisean so glionvarac.
"Agus cuirvito se sgar ar an ngeammnac," arsa mise.
"Cuirvito," ar seisean, agus cuair me fein agus an saivouira
nuv ar ar schara le n-a-baisceav i zcear mar saivouira.

"Sead", ar seiseam, ar a n-ós socair maor-da féin, "b'éirín ó
 suir easláir dá orim roim an mbás a sgarfao an beirt agaim ó
 n-a-éile, "agus an díograis n-a-éilín.
 Táimic méangat caracineat a béal.
 "Ca ruadai ann a sgarfas sin ó éile, seactas an bás" ar sise.

"màbla an eav ? " Rime an Sàirsine Rna oe cimeal nàd
 noèmar acè i ocòm t'rim ; " , , , , màbla n'ait, nuar a c'uar mè p'èim ags
 seoir air, " , , , , nuar le màbla n'ait, nuar a c'uar mè p'èim ags
 deav s' i an f'èar bocè, v'at'nuar a f'èar, nuar a c'uar mè p'èim ags
 n'ar nuar a c'uar mè p'èim ags, nuar a c'uar mè p'èim ags
 f'èar nuar a c'uar mè p'èim ags, nuar a c'uar mè p'èim ags
 s' i an f'èar bocè, v'at'nuar a f'èar, nuar a c'uar mè p'èim ags
 seoir air, " , , , , nuar le màbla n'ait, nuar a c'uar mè p'èim ags
 noèmar acè i ocòm t'rim ; " , , , , màbla n'ait, nuar a c'uar mè p'èim ags
 "màbla an eav ? " Rime an Sàirsine Rna oe cimeal nàd

ARMY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

Cash Prizes for Readers—Opportunity for Clever Brains—
Special Prize for a Military Cross-Word Square.

In response to the request of a large number of readers, we have decided to admit the latest popular craze to the columns of "An t-Oglach" and to publish Cross-Word Puzzles.

There is no doubt that this latest epidemic has bitten the Army as severely as it has bitten the members of the general public, and we feel sure that the initial puzzle which we publish below will be generally welcomed.

This puzzle has been specially designed for the Army Journal, but we would like to see a cross-word square in which all the words related to Army matters. Many soldiers have varied the routine of solving cross-word puzzles by composing alternate squares, and we feel sure that it is not beyond them to devise such a design as we suggest.

With a view of furthering this idea, we are offering a prize of One Guinea for the best original design submitted, the words used to relate as far as possible to military matters.

Envelopes should be marked in the upper left-hand corner, "Design."

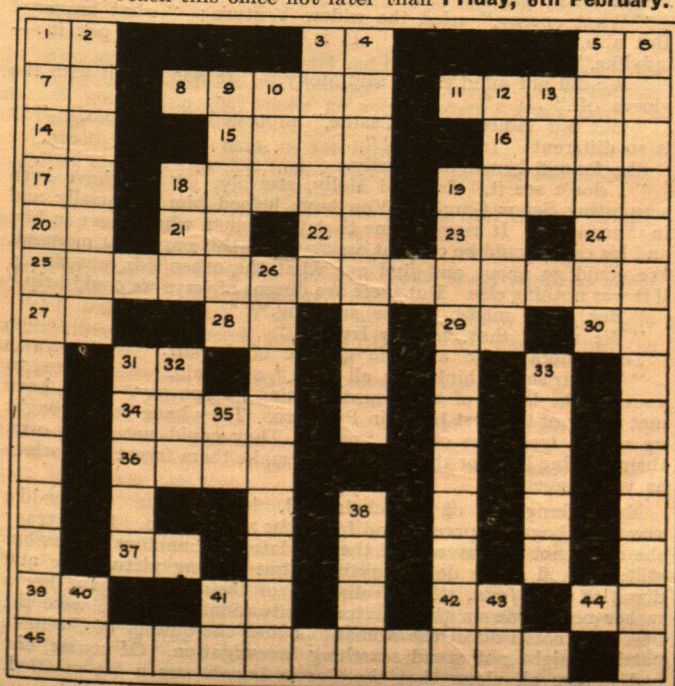
The cross-word square which we publish in this issue is not a very difficult one, and is bound to be correctly solved by a large number of readers. We have, therefore, decided to keep all solutions which reach us until a certain date before opening them. The envelopes will then be opened without any regard being paid as to the time of arrival (provided they have arrived before the closing date), and to each of the senders of the first two correct solutions a cheque for half-a-guinea will be sent. Envelopes should be marked in the upper left-hand corner, "Solution."

Every entry must be accompanied by the coupon on this page.

Entries, addressed

FEAR EAGAIR,
"An t-Oglach,"
Geata na Páirce,
Baile-Átha-Cliath,

and must reach this office not later than **Friday, 6th February.**



The Editor accepts no responsibility for designs submitted, but every effort will be made to return same, if desired, provided a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed.

Below we give the clues to the puzzle.

ACROSS.

1. An important Army position.
3. Meaning an Urban District.
5. Printer's name for spilt type.
7. Initials of an English King.
8. Italian Christian name.
11. Covers three-fifths of the Earth.
14. Personal Pronoun.
15. Carnivorous quadrupeds kept as pets.
16. A passage.
17. Irish noun indicating liquid refreshment.
18. A garret.
19. First five letters of a word of eleven letters meaning not operative.
20. A University Degree.
21. Irish for the female of the bovine genus.
22. One of these Officers is attached to every battalion.
24. A conjunction.
25. Incapable of being overcome.
27. Abbreviation meaning Lord.
28. A point of the compass.
29. Seen on old pillar boxes.
30. Third person singular of the verb to be.
31. Italian word for the fourth note of the diatonic scale.
34. To affirm with confidence.
36. A prefix signifying half.
37. In this or that manner.
39. Irish word meaning young.
41. Preposition.
42. Preposition.
43. Notwithstanding.

DOWN.

1. Disbandment.
2. Includes the Six Counties.
3. Last, as distinguished from current month.
4. Disregards.
5. An Italian possession in Africa.
6. Quality of being interested in.
9. Seen at the Abbey.
10. A grain.
12. Prominent at Baldonnell.
13. First 3 letters of a word meaning smell.
18. An Irish war-cry.
19. To examine by question.
31. Abstains from food.
32. The first word of the gladiators' salute to the Roman Emperor.
33. Soldiers' weapons.
35. A printer's measure.
38. Agreeing with fact.
40. Irish for goose.
41. A conjunction uniting alternatives.
42. Now used by Stationery Office.

COMPETITION COUPON.

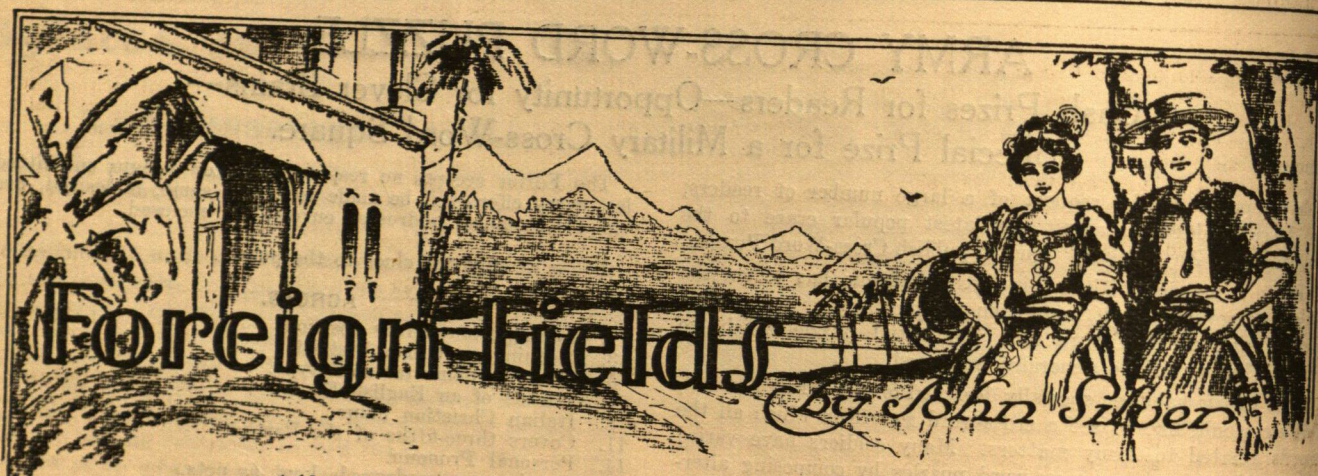
Competition

One of these Coupons must accompany every entry.
State which Competition in small square above.

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Oglach
na hEireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND



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

Episode 4: THE GUNRUNNERS.

THEY were running guns in the Republic of Puertoro and they had a fine day for it. From the point of view of Hipólito García and his friends the quality of the weather was a very important matter. It was hard enough to get their few thousand sturdy patriots to do anything that remotely resembled work when the climatic conditions were favourable; it was practically impossible when the weather was bad.

About twenty per cent. of the population of the Republic knew that something in the gunrunning line was afoot; about ten per cent. were actively concerned in the affair and not more than two and a half per cent. were really keen on it, one way or the other.

The capital city, San Isidro, drowsed unconcernedly in the mid-day heat. It was the height of the summer and unusually hot even for those latitudes—altogether too hot to excite oneself about such a comparatively commonplace incident as the running of arms and ammunition. So San Isidro took the siesta, away from the blinding glare and scorching rays of the tropical sun, and allowed the gunrunners to amuse themselves.

In the cool, dim interior of the handsome Government Building, President Valdós sat and smoked innumerable *cigarros*. A slender middle-aged man, with a pointed black beard and meditative dark eyes, he resembled the typical Spanish grandee of fiction. The amazing thing about President Valdós, so far as his volatile countrymen were concerned, was his suave impassivity in all circumstances. There was a good deal of the "strong, silent man" about him. He let others do all the talking and the fussing, and when they had blown off steam he did whatever he had decided to do before they started. Even his staunchest friends and supporters were a trifle afraid of him. He was so un-Spanish in his methods.

Amongst other eccentricities he was appallingly businesslike and systematic. Allowing for temperamental differences and climatic conditions the Government Building of San Isidro housed as smooth-running and efficient a machine as you would find in the Capitol, Washington. Why, in every department seventy-five per cent. of the staff had to punch a time machine when coming and going! And this in a country where everybody, in pre-Valdós days, had warmly cherished the belief that time was made for slaves and not for the freedom-loving Puertorians. Truly a remarkable man.

"Well, Juan?" he asked, languidly as a well-groomed young man entered, after knocking.

The newcomer laid before his chief a radiogram, written on one of the special forms used by the Government Building station for "Urgent and Confidential" despatches.

"That towing launch is about twenty miles down the coast, making for sea with a big barge behind her" said Juan.

"A somewhat ostentatious proceeding, my friend. Eh?"

"*L'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace*," quoted Juan, who had a weakness that way.

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"H'm" said the President, and a faintly sarcastic light twinkled in his eyes for a moment. "Perhaps."

He smoked in silence for a second or two. Those who knew him always maintained that he was most active when he appeared to be most languid.

"And the Senor Brandt?" he asked at length.

"Has the two cutters in readiness with steam up, but is not moving until the hour strikes?"

"Everything else is in readiness as per schedule?"

"Yes, Sir. The troops under —"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the President, waving a delicate hand, with a mild suggestion of impatience. "*Gracias, Juan*."

Juan departed.

The President continued to smoke dreamily.

IN the Casa del Ventura, a few miles outside the city, the aged Señora was having a bad time with Molly O'Driscoll.

"*Madre Dios*," she exclaimed; "what madness, child! We women can only stay at home and pray for the success of the good, brave patriots."

"We did that in Ireland," said Molly, "but we went out and helped them too."

"What energy," cried the widow Ventura; "what bravery! But also, what foolishness! It is not—how do you put it?—ladylike."

"We did not mind that," said Molly. "It was a fight with the gloves off."

"But our ladies are of Castile," protested the Señora. "It is so different. Impossible!"

She fanned herself agitatedly.

"I don't see it," declared Molly, sturdily. "You have been supporting Señor García. You have helped him financially and in other ways. It seems to me that the women who believe in him and his cause could be of great assistance at this particular moment. We could go about and find out what the other side was doing, if it was nothing else. But there are dozens of ways we could help."

"But there might be the shooting."

"We risked that, too, in Ireland."

The Señora made a feeble gesture of despair.

"You Irish, I think, are all mad," she said. "Picture to yourself the ladies of this country doing as you say. You have met many of the best blood in Puertoro. They have been brought up in the traditions of Old Spain. They could not allow even as their burning love for their country to make them forget themselves as you suggest."

Molly flung out of her chair and, leaving the cloister-like verandah, began to pace to and fro in the sunlit patio. It was true; she could not picture any of these sedate, ceremonious, somewhat stilted grand ladies doing anything, but looking picturesque and dignified at a *fiesta*. The realisation of their futility gave her a rather new angle on the Puertorian situation. If these were the best they could do in the womanfolk line, the quality of the male patriots might not stand searching investigation. Of course, she had known all along that the García bunch



but she had told herself that it would be folly to expect them to come up to the high standard of Irishmen.

"My dear," said the old lady, plaintively, "You will be ill, walking there in the midday sun. And your energy is really somewhat disquieting to me."

Molly went back to her with an apology.

They sat in silence. The Señora appeared to doze.

After some time:

"Besides," said she sleepily, with eyes closed, "if our ladies wished to act as you say, the caballeros would not permit it. They have other views. And they do not trust us—much?"

Her breathing became more evident. In the case of a lady of less exalted lineage and position it might have been said that she snored.

WHEN San Isidro was at its hottest and drowsiest that day a mixed goods and passenger train ambled into the one station the City possessed. The station officials were properly annoyed about it; it was distinctly bad form for a train of any sort to disturb them during the hour of the Siesta.

The train crew apologised handsomely. It appeared that it was a train which should have reached San Isidro before the mid-day rest, but it had been delayed down the line by some complicated shunting. And there were two truckloads of furniture for the Señor Hook, who, as everybody knew, had a great pull at Government Building, and always raised the devil if his goods were not delivered within at least four hours of schedule. Wherefore, it being a Government Railway (President Valdós had announced his intention of reforming it in the near future), what would you?

As the few passengers were drifting out of the station, Jack Maher, ex-Officer of the Irish Army, encountered the young Englishman, John Harcourt, on the platform.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE TRUTH OF THIS?

I have spent the best fifteen years of my life teaching and working for the idea that the language is an essential part of the nation.

—Pádraic MacPiarais.

"Hello" he greeted. "Been travelling?"

"No; came down to meet a friend who has not turned up."

"Nuisance."

"Rather. You travelling?"

"No; got fed up with the hotel and the rest of it, and came down to see the traffic whizz by. Always like to go to a railway station, and watch the wheels go round when I can't think of anything else to do. Hot!"

"Beastly. Going back to the hotel?"

"Too hot. Think I'll loaf around here until it gets cooler."

The Englishman's eyes flickered.

"I should imagine the hotel, and a long cool drink, through a straw, would be a more inviting prospect."

"It is, but I haven't the energy to go to it. What about you?"

"Now that I'm here I'm going to make some inquiries about some stuff that I am expecting."

"I'll wait for you. You'll be about an hour getting any information. Go ahead, and put the Third Degree on the stationmaster."

The Englishman hesitated a moment. Then:

"Righto!" said he, and strolled away.

Jack Maher picked out the most comfortable seat near at hand and sat down, tilting his hat over his eyes. The little fuss attendant upon the arrival of the train had died away and peace brooded once more over the scene.

In a little while now it would be cool enough for the resumption of Puertorian commercial activities. Meantime the train lay at the platform as it had arrived, two passenger carriages and half-a-dozen trucks; it had no further to go. In God's good time the railway people would take it away and divide it up, arranging the goods trucks at a siding or somewhere, for unloading, tucking the passenger cars under shelter somewhere else and putting the engine to bed in the round house. Then, if no other train meandered in, and none wanted to get away, they would probably call it a day, and go off to enjoy life.

Jack found himself instituting comparisons between his countrymen and the Puertorians. There were certain psychological similarities, he believed; a soupçon of the Orient, for example, which he had noticed amongst Dubliners; a flavour of fatalism which expressed itself in almost exactly the same terms of piety.

"Señor," said a voice.

In the speech of the Puertorians, too, there was a soft drawl which reminded him—now what the deuce did it remind him of—the County Waterford?

"Señor," repeated the voice.

He looked up and saw an olive-skinned youth in the uniform of the hotel, standing before him.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The Señor's friend has the desire to see him," said the hotel youth.

"Where is he?" inquired Jack.

It appeared that the Señor's friend—the lad made a desperate stagger at pronouncing O'Farrell—had returned to the hotel and was very disappointed to find that the Señor Maher had gone out. He had made inquiries and somebody had remembered that the Señor Maher had been seen going in the direction of the Railway station.

"Produce to me then my friend and brother," had said the Señor O'Farrell, or words to that effect. Wherefore the hotel had despatched the young man who now stood before the Señor.

Jack questioned the messenger a little further, and then, presenting him with a handful of centavos (twenty-five equal tuppence-ha'penny) announced that he would follow him to the hotel.

When the lad had gone the Irishman stood up lazily and looked around. There was no sign of Harcourt.

Jack strolled to the entrance of the station, and lingered in the porch for a moment or two. Still no sign of Harcourt.

Thanks to President Valdós, San Isidro has a telephone system quite as good as that provided by Crown Alley, Dublin. Two public call boxes stood at the station entrance. Jack slipped into one of them.

He called a number, and, having complied with a request in melodious Spanish to make a monetary offering was assailed by a strong Belfast accent.

"This is Maher," he said. "Is Brendan there?"

There was a slight pause and then another voice spoke.

"That you, Brendan?" asked Jack. "I'm speaking from the railway station. Met Harcourt here. He went away to see the stationmaster about some goods he says he is expecting. I said I'd wait for him and a few minutes later one of the hotel boys brought me an urgent message from you to return to the hotel at once. Any orders? All right, I'll hang on. Give my regards to Robbie John, and be sure he gives you sustenance out of the right bottle—it's the one at the back of the wee press."

He laughed and rang off.

WHEN Harcourt came upon the platform after his interview with the stationmaster he did not seem disappointed to find that the Irishman had disappeared. But then he was very busy from that on and had little time to think of absent friends. It appeared that the consignment he had been expecting had arrived and he was making arrangements to get the two waggons containing it removed without delay to the private siding on the farm of the Señor Garriga, six or seven miles down the line. Strictly irregular, of course. One should wait until the railway authorities considered the time propitious for the delivery of the goods to the private siding of the Señor Garriga. But look you, the twilight would be here shortly and unless the waggons were despatched immediately it would not be possible to unload the goods that evening. And, as everyone knows, rock salt is a cargo of the most perishable description.

One liked to oblige the Señor Inglesé. A nice, courteous, affable young man who did not let his right hand know what his left hand did when it came to slipping bundles of dirty peso notes to underpaid railwaymen for a little courtesy. After all, what was it? A little trip of six miles—fifteen minutes' run, and so much the less to do to-morrow (when one would not be paid anything extra for doing it). So Ramon got the engine out and Pedro stoke her up, we'll have those waggons down the line before we go to sup.

Harcourt, himself, travelled in the brake van, and, emerging into the pure air of the Señor Garriga's siding, thanked his stars that the journey had been no longer. Phew! Of all the conglomerations of smells!

Nobody was visible when they arrived at their destination. But the Señor Harcourt very kindly told the train crew they need not wait. He would walk up to the Casa del Garriga and acquaint them of the happy arrival. Later he would get a lift back to town, or, perhaps, he would accept the hospitality of the Casa for the night.

The train crew shunted the two trucks into the siding, and departed rejoicing.

THE Señor Harcourt made no immediate effort to proceed to the Casa del Garriga, which was, at least, two miles away. Instead, he seated himself and hummed pleasantly. The rock salt was in the siding, and all was well with the world. He reflected with pride that he came of a race of hardy adventurers—Raleigh, Drake, and the rest. He felt that he was following worthily in their footsteps:

"Drake he's in his hammock and a thousand miles away—
Captain art thou sleeping there below?
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay—
And dreaming a-til the time of Plymouth Hoe."

Great stuff that of Newbolt's. Drake hadn't much use for Spaniards, when one came to think of it:—

"And if the Dons sight Devon, I'll leave the Port of Heaven,
And we'll drum them up the Channel, as we drummed them long ago."

Ah, well; other times, other manners. If Drake had been alive to-day he might have been a captain of industry instead of the other sort, and not above making a bit of money out of the Spaniards by selling them guns instead of giving them the contents of his carronades. Harcourt continued to hum patriotically.

"The Señor is happy," remarked a tall, black-bearded stranger, who had noiselessly made his appearance on the siding.

Harcourt started violently, but recovered quickly.

"Hello, Svengali," said he. "Here we are then. I've done my part, and I'd like to get back to the Great White Way of San Isidore, before people begin to wonder where I am. Got your men ready?"

For answer the stranger waved his hand dramatically.

"They are here," he announced.

And they were. Out from the raggedy edges of the Señor Garriga's vast farm, appearing suddenly and noiselessly from the tropic undergrowth, came a few score disreputable-looking Puertoorians. They overflowed on to the siding.

"Dá gcaillfí an Ghaedhealg do caillfí Eire."
—Pádraic Mac Piarais.

"This daylight stunt is a bit daring, don't you think?" suggested Harcourt, viewing the mob with as much disfavour as Drake might have viewed their ancestors.

"Bah!" said the black-bearded one. "The government are fools. They have eyes for nothing, but a launch towing an old barge to meet an imaginary ship."

"Yes, that was a jolly good idea, that decoy. Who suggested it?"

"I have the brain," said the other, with sublime self-possession.

"Anyway," said Harcourt, "it was the only dodge that could have made it possible for us to get this cargo of -er- rock salt, out here in broad daylight under the very noses of the authorities. Rock salt!" He laughed joyously.

The stranger permitted a sinister grin to show behind the bush that hid his face. He snapped a derisive finger.

"They are fools, these Valdoses people," he declared. "I fool them every time. They expect the old stuff, and I give them the new."

"Well, well," said Harcourt; "best get on with the job, before somebody wakes up."

The other turned to his men and issued a series of rapid orders in Spanish. With a shrill cheer they flung themselves on the two waggons, and in a jiffy had them opened, and were hauling out the contents.

The leader stood aloof from the Englishman, viewing the scene with dark satisfaction. Harcourt thought he was more theatrical than the original Svengali ever could have been. And more disgustingly satisfied with himself.

Suddenly the clamour of voices took on another note. Faces were turned towards the leader. Rage, dismay, the sickly look of men who suddenly realise that they have been sold a pup, were amongst the expressions registered.

The bearded man strode hurriedly amongst them. Harcourt followed, vaguely uneasy.

He could not follow the quick-fire Spanish that passed between the leader and his men, but the translation was manifest to him when Svengali turned upon him with flaming eyes, and exhibited a sample of the contents of the waggons.

IT WAS ROCK SALT!

A LATE session was being held that night in the private office of that eminent citizen of Puertoor, Robbie John Hook.

The grizzled Belfastman, as nearly beaming as anybody had ever seen him, was circulating the "sustenance" with a lavish hand.

"Once or twice," said Jack Maher, "I was sure they had me. There were fifty or sixty of them scattered all over the place. But, apparently, nobody had seen me jump off the buffer of that infernal waggon, and I was snugly hidden on the fringe of operations. That's a dam good pair of binoculars you lent me, Brendan."

"They ought to be," said O'Farrell, "I paid a good price for them at Mason's in Dame Street."

"They brought Don Whiskerado and Harcourt so close to me," continued Jack, "that I could almost hear their language when they discovered that it was really rock salt they had instead of guns and ammunition. For a few minutes I thought they were going to lynch the Englishman, but Don Whiskerado got them quieted down at last, and they went home to their mountains, leaving the rock salt scattered all over the siding."

"Wait," said Ned O'Hanlon, "until they hear how we rang the changes during the shunting down the line, and got the guns delivered to Robbie John here, as two waggons of furniture."

"After all," said Pat Brophy; "it was easy. With a bunch of loyal railwaymen, and the authority of the Government behind us, it was a dam sight easier than boarding a tram at the Pillar between half-five and six on a wet evening."

"That decoy launch of theirs was a good idea," remarked Brendan. "I wonder who suggested it to them."

"I wouldn't be at all surprised if it was Molly O'Driscoll," said Maher. "I always maintained she had brains, in spite of the fact that she went over to the other side and wouldn't look at me again."

"Well," remarked old Hook, "it was the first time they tried till run guns overland, and I doubt it'll be the last. When I handed the consignment over till the sojers, and notified Valdoses (he was as near excited as ever I seen him. An' I ses till him. 'Mr. Valdoses,' ses I, 'when five good Irishmen from different parts of the country get together there's nothin' they can't do.' I doubt he'll be wanting till see youse chaps the morrow."

FIFTH EPISODE—PROPAGANDA—will appear in our next issue.

G.H.Q. CALLING.

1. Does the Army Athletic Association cater for that ancient and royal game of "Gobs"?

2. Will it become as popular as the Cross-Word Puzzle?

3. When will the sentence of execution be passed on "Maggie's" dog?

4. How many will remember G.R.O. 78?

5. Why is G.R.O. 79 so long in appearing?—and why are the men whose names appeared on the last so anxious for the next?

6. "Dark room expert" required. Well, we know one who would suit.

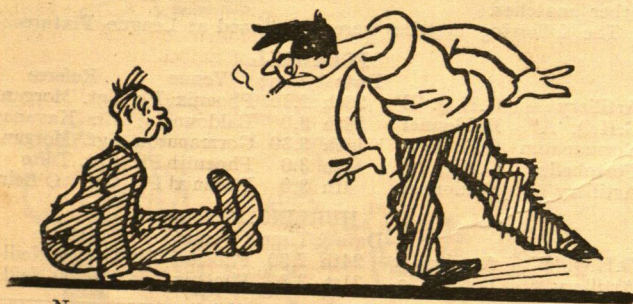
7. On the recreational half-holiday an Irish dance class was started in a certain office of note in G.H.Q.

8. The staff of the underneath office ascertain who was the lady that wore ammunition boots on that occasion.

COLLINS BARRACKS, DUBLIN

Recreation Room Largely Patronised.—Billiards Handicap at Sergeants' Mess.—Football Victories.

The Recreation Room at Collins Barracks is now being largely patronised by the men, and they are being well catered for. Another game ("Whist!") took place on 21st inst. under the supervision of Captain Whelan, Captain Ryan, Captain O'Reilly, Lieut. B. McCaul and Sergeant Wilton. Fourteen games took place, for which a large box of cigarettes was given to each winner (Jimmy Bracken included). D Company figured prominently amongst the winners. Rev. Father Piggot, C.F., kindly attended, and with a neat little speech made the presentations. He promised a personal prize for the next night.



Never argue with an Army Boxer—don't do it.

The billiard handicap at the Sergeants' Mess is well under way. Many were surprised to find Sergeant Alf McEvoy putting "Paid" to the account of Coy.-Sergeant O'Hanlon, after a great match. Sergeant Hoffer also went a stage further by defeating Sergeant Gilligan; the winner in this case is expected to be in at the death.

Who told the Sports Secretary to send to Johnston, Mooney and O'Brien's for Command Cup (which was getting overhauled) instead of to Johnson's, jewellers?

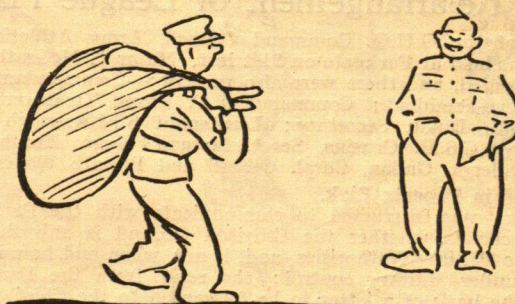
The 21st Battalion met recently the 23rd Battalion and a selected team at Baldonnel, both being pleasant games, with the 21st victorious in each case. The 21st Battalion Committee wish to return their best thanks to the Officers and N.C.O.'s at Baldonnel for their very kind treatment after the match; also to Father O'Callaghan, who, with Mr. Byrne and his staff, saw that nothing was wanting. Cheers were given for the Baldonnel chaps as the 21st left the camp.



HE should press his suit before pressing his suit.

A library has been started, and intending members should hand in their application for membership to Corporal "Bill."

The 21st are due to meet the 13th in a friendly game at Gormanston on 28th inst., and the G.H.Q. team will be the opposition on the following Wednesday.



Private Murphy gets the sack.

The recreation parade of the 21st from Collins Barracks on the 21st inst. to the Phoenix Park was worthy of much admiration as they marched along merry and bright, and the "Glad" was very much to the fore.

Cross-word puzzles seem to be the craze in many quarters just now. One Q.M.S. calls them "Cross Saws."

"Bill" and "Mick" are still climbing the Hill, after all the New Year resolutions. "Bill" tells a good story of how he was recently "had."

A certain gentleman urgently desires to exchange a black cat for a canary. Why?

Our shoemaker friend, who tried to "come back" on the football field recently, has not yet got over the strain.



Pathetic Ballads Illustrated.—No. 2: "Felix Kept on Walking."

What has happened A Company's proposed jazz band? Are we to be spared it?

A heavy-weight match is likely to be soon arranged, and a certain chef is hard at training. He believes greatly in early morning walks.

Through a slight error "Soft Hat" was omitted from par concerning "Hard Hat" in the last issue.

A big dance is being arranged to take place at Officers' Mess, Collins Barracks, on 31st inst. The charges are reasonable.

The "Red Bands" are now conspicuous.

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NEWS OF THE ARMY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Meeting of G.H.Q. Command Council—Question of Garrison Ground in Phoenix Park—Artillery to Remain within G.H.Q. Command—Re-arrangement of League Fixtures—Status of Remount Corps.

A Meeting of the G.H.Q. Command Council, Army Athletic Association, was held at Parkgate on 21st inst. Major T. McGrath (Chairman) presided, and there were also present:—Commandant D. Mackay, Vice-President; Commandant P. Ennis, Treasurer; Lieutenant C. S. Doyle, Secretary; Lieutenant S. Kavanagh; S. M. Brophy; C.S.M. Cousins, Sergt. Morgan, Sergt. Keogh, Sergt. Smyth, Sergt. Gahan, Corpl. O'Neill and Private Walsh.

Playing Ground in Phoenix Park.

The Secretary was instructed to communicate with the Park Bailiff and ascertain whether the Garrison Ground is still the property of the Military Authorities, and, if not, when and how it passed from under Military control; the reply from the Park Bailiff to be the basis of a letter to be forwarded to the Chief of Staff, in connection with the matter.

The Council were unanimous in their decision to have representation made to the Garda Síochána with a view to obtaining permission for the use of their pavilion on Wednesdays and Saturdays until our authorities obtain possession of a pavilion for their own Athletes.

Status of Artillery Corps.

Commandant D. Mackay, Corps, Q.M., Artillery, explained the position with reference to the transfer of his Corps to Kildare. He dwelt at length on the many bonds which united his Corps to the G.H.Q. Command and on behalf of his Commanding Officer, Brother Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of his Corps expressed the wish to remain part of the G.H.Q. Command with the status of a Group.

The Chairman, speaking for the Command Council, desired to place on record their appreciation of the fine work rendered by Artillery in the Army Athletic Association, and the assistance given to this Command in the All-Army Championships. "Now that Artillery are remaining within the Command," the Chairman continued, "we can entertain high hopes of again annexing the blue ribbon in the Premier Irish Game and sending forward good material in every Athletic event during the next All-Army Week."

League Fixtures.

In view of Artillery's entry into the League it was decided to re-arrange the Fixtures already made and make provision for other matches.

The following matches were sanctioned as League Fixtures:—

FOOTBALL.

	Date & Time	Venue	Referee
Artillery G.H.Q. 'B'	28th 2.30	Phoenix Pk.	Sgt. Morgan
G.H.Q. 'A' Baldonnel	28th 3.0	Baldonnel	Lt. Kavanagh
Gormanston G.H.Q. 'B'	11th 3.30	Gormanston	Sgt. Morgan
Portobello G.H.Q. 'B'	4th 3.0	Phoenix Pk.	Cpt. Tuite
Artillery Baldonnel	4th 3.0	Phoenix Pk.	Cpt. O'Beirne

HURLING.

	Date & Time	Venue	Referee
G.H.Q. 'B' Artillery	24th 2.30	Phoenix Pk.	Cpl. O'Neill
Artillery Portobello	31st 3.0	Phoenix Pk.	Cpl. O'Neill

21st INFANTRY BATTALION GAELIC FOOTBALL TEAM. WINNERS, EASTERN COMMAND FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP, 1924.



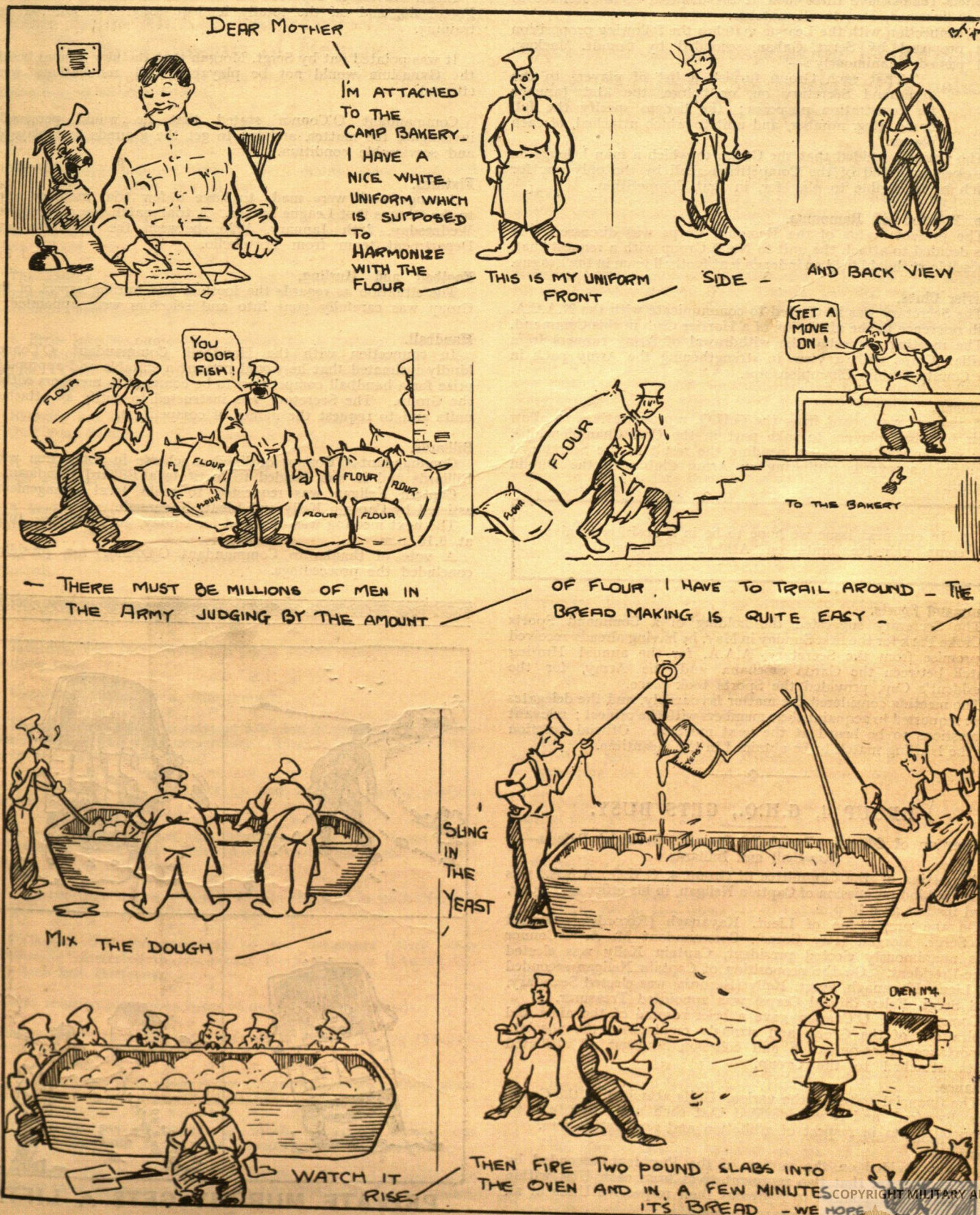
Back Row—Sgt. P. Diamond, Pte. C. Mullaly, Cpl. J. Clifford, Sgt. M. Craig, Sgt. T. Johnston, Pte. T. Igoe, A/Sgt. R. Hudson, Sgt. J. Conlon; Lt. B. McAllister, Pte. T. Mulhall, A/Cpl. G. Devine, Pte. J. McMurrough, Hon. Sec. Middle Row—Pte. P. McAleavey, Pte. M. Mooney, Capt. J. P. Murphy, Commdt. Sean Cunningham (O/C 21st Batt.), Col. F. McCorley (O/C 6th Brigade), Capt. E. O'Reilly (President), Capt. P. Kavanagh (Adjutant), Lt. M. O'Brien (Captain), A/C Q.M.S. P. Doyle.
Front Row—Pte. J. Quinn, Pte. G. McDermott, Pte. J. Hazel, Sgt. J. Pickings, Pte. C. Robertson, Pte. R. Brown.

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Oglagh
na hEireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

PRIVATE MURPHY RISES WITH THE FLOUR.



The representatives were requested to see that the Captains of their Teams have three men at the disposal of the Referee to act as linesmen, etc., in all matches.

In connection with the League matches the following proposition was proposed by Sergt. Gahan, seconded by Comdt. Mackay, and passed unanimously:—

"That each Group furnish a list of players to the Command Secretary on, or before, the 31st January for registration purposes; the list to specify the full name, Reg. number, and unit to which attached, of each player."

The Council decided that the Group to which a man belongs on the opening round of the Competition shall be the only one for which he is eligible to play for, in that Competition.

The Position of Remounts.

The present status of the Remount Corps was discussed. It was decided to attach the unit to No. 5 Group with a request that, if possible, it should field an independent football team in the League.

Harrier Clubs.

The Secretary was instructed to communicate with the N.A.C.A. with reference to the affiliation of a Harrier Club in this Command. The meeting requested the withdrawal of Army runners from Civilian Clubs with a view to strengthening the Army pack in the County Dublin Championships.

Handball.

A request was heard from the G.H.Q. representatives to allow their handball players to take part in the City Championships. The matter was postponed, pending the result of the Secretary's enquiries as regards affiliating an Army Club with the Dublin Council.

In our next issue we hope to be in a position to give some valuable hints on Athletic Training.

Command Sports.

The Secretary suggested the holding of a Command Sports in Croke Park for the first Sunday in May, he having already received a promise from the Secretary, A.A.A. for the annual Hurling Match between the Garda Síochána and the Army, for the President's Cup, provided the Sports took place.

The meeting considered the matter favourably, and the delegates were requested to acquaint their members with the project; relevant suggestions to be heard at the next meeting. Official sanction for the Hurling match to be obtained in the meantime.

GROUP 4, G.H.Q., GETS BUSY.

Election of Officers—Portobello Training Grounds' Defects—Handball and Billiards.

A meeting of the Committee of Group 4, G.H.Q., A.A.A., was held, by kind permission of Captain Neligan, in his office on Friday, 23rd instant at 6.15 p.m.

On the proposition of Lieut. Kavanagh (Records), seconded by Sergt. Morgan (Pay Corps), Commandant M. A. O'Connor was unanimously elected president, Captain Kelly was elected Vice-President. On the proposition of Captain Neligan seconded by Lieut. Kavanagh, Sergt. Kelly (Records) was elected Secretary, and Sergt. Foley (Signal Corps) was appointed Treasurer.

Commandant O'Connor gave a brief résumé of the aims and aspirations of the Group and strongly emphasised the absolute importance of co-operation and cohesion amongst all affiliated units attached to the Group.

Finance.

The financial status of the various Units attached to the Group was discussed, and it was decided that each unit contribute its financial quota in respect of affiliation and registration fees.

Committee.

It was decided on the motion of the President, seconded by Captain Neligan, that two representatives from each Unit within the Group be appointed to represent their respective Units at all Committee Meetings.

Recreational Ground.

Lieut. Kavanagh reported on the lack of training facilities in Portobello, and on the totally inadequate grounds allotted for training.

It was pointed out by Sergt. Morgan that the new ground beside the Gynasium would not be playable until renovations were effected.

Commandant O'Connor stated that he would personally investigate the matter, and try to get the grounds into playable and serviceable condition.

Fixtures.

Arrangements were made to have a few trial matches prior to the Groups first League fixture. A trial match was arranged for Wednesday, 28th January, 1925, between the Engineers and Department team from Portobello.

Football and Hurling.

The situation as regards the football and hurling aspect of the Group was carefully gone into and selectors were appointed.

Handball.

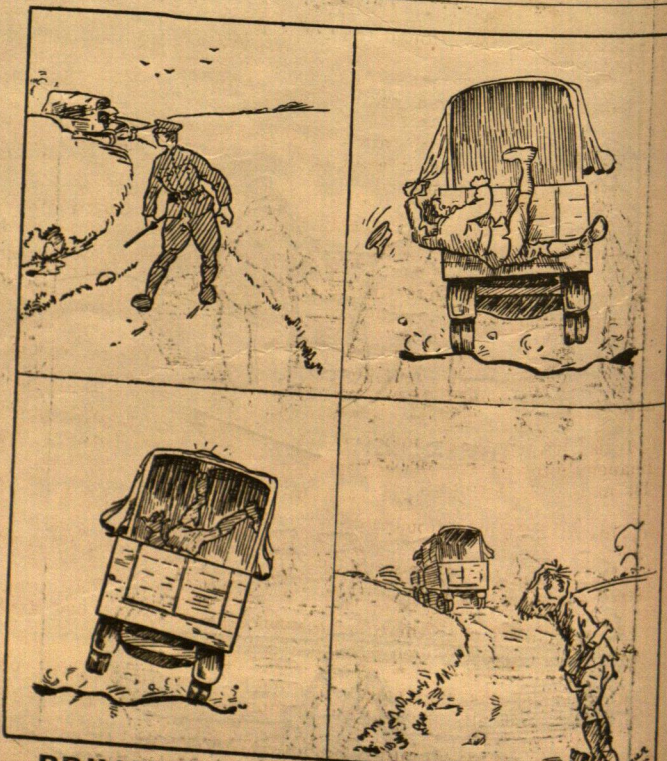
In connection with the Handball Commandant O'Connor kindly intimated that he would present a suitable and appropriate prize for a handball competition to be confined to members within the Group. The Secretary was instructed to notify all attached units and to request the names of competitors.

Billiards.

Commandant O'Connor outlined a scheme in connection with Billiards and it was decided to institute a Billiard Handicap.

Captain Neligan was requested to make local arrangements assisted by Captain Kelly and Lieut. Kavanagh. The next meeting was arranged for Friday, 30th January, 1925, at 6.15 p.m.

A vote of thanks to Commandant O'Connor for presiding concluded the proceedings.



PRIVATE MURPHY GETS A LIFT.

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THE GUNS SPEAK.

Notes from McKee Barracks—Big Sport Push—Rumours of Removal.

Strong rumours are afloat that the Corps will shortly be transferred to another station.

This probably accounts for the large numbers who are learning that well-known Gaelic song "What'll I do?"

Having "collected our horses" for a month, some of us will now be glad to collect our cheques.

We can state on good authority that it was not an Artillery Man who told the Officer that the horse never kicked him, but often kicked where he had just been.

The gallery in the Riding School has become a popular afternoon resort for some members of the Corps. It is said that a Rodeo Performance is frequently provided.

A little joke was recently provided by a certain officer who gave a demonstration to show that he was not "glued" to the saddle. There was no applause other than an exclamation, "Oh Dear! Oh Dear!"

Recruits are asking, "Does quit your Stirrip" also mean "Quit your Saddles." They think it does.

It is hoped that the present "Big push" for sport in the Corps will last.

A keen rivalry at present exists between the 1st and 2nd Batteries.

So far the 1st have been victorious in both Hurling and Football.

It is said that these victories are in no small measure due to the vocal powers of the supporters.

Saturday, 24th inst., found the Corps united against the G.H.Q. Hurling team.

Victory was ours by a wide margin.

The game was timed to start at 2.30, but it was almost 3 before our opponents put in an appearance. Players continued to arrive after the game had started.

It was found later that G.H.Q. had too (two) many players on the field.

It was whispered that the members of G.H.Q. team were affected by the eclipse. They seemed to be thoroughly eclipsed at the end of the game.

We have high hopes of being well to the fore in both Hurling and Football in the G.H.Q. League.

It is said that the members of the Sergeants' Mess were financially interested in the recent football match between the 1st and 2nd Batteries.

This resulted in various sums of money changing hands.

Most of the members were very glum looking during the past week.

It is believed that there is no connection between their glum looks and a dance which "might have been."

G.R.O. 78 was the cause of much happiness among our N.C.O.'s, especially those who previously held acting rank.

Visits to the Post Office Savings Bank showed a noticeable increase since the long-watched-for publication made its appearance.

"DIAL SIGHT."

NOTES FROM THE TWELFTH

Advent of an Irish-speaking Policeman—Recent Dances Successful—Dramatic Classes Venture.

We deeply regret to have to chronicle the death of Canon Kiely, of Templemore, who acted as C.F. of the Battalion. The fact that the number of Officers, N.C.O.'s, and men at the funeral service numbered about one hundred and ten, was a fine tribute to his popularity.

The Officers' Dance, which was held in the Gymnasium Hall, Richmond Barracks, was a great success. The music was supplied by the Adelaide Melody Band, Dublin, and the catering was all that could be desired. The Command and Brigade Staff were well represented, as also the sister Force, by senior officers of the Garda Síochána.

The N.C.O.'s and Men's Dance was held on Saturday night the 17th inst. About seventy couples were in attendance. Very pretty lighting effects were provided at intervals by Mr. Powell of Roscrea. Lieutenant Gilbert Powell was responsible for the excellent decoration of the Hall for both dances.

The promoters of the N.C.O.'s and Men's Dance also have every reason to congratulate themselves on the success of the function. Thurles Melody Band supplied the music.

In connection with the new Dress Regulations, the cross-rifles are being displayed by all ranks of the Infantry in the Twelfth.

A certain N.C.O. suggests that the orderly-room Clerks will have great difficulty with the Armament Return, owing to this new consignment of rifles, whilst another suggested that all these rifles should be returned, as they have no safety-catches.

The members of the Dramatic Class are very busy, as I write (23rd inst.), in preparation for the Plays and Concerts which are to take place on next Monday night. The entertainment promises to be a big success.

The Programme will include two plays—a three-act Comedy entitled "Mrs. Mulligan's Millions," and Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News." A variety Concert will be given.

Seachtain ó shin, do táinig saighiúir éagsaigh agus tá bród orm a ráo go bhfuil an Saeolumm go breá fúinseac aige. Tá sé 'na póilín airm.

Rugao é i n-aic éigin roir spíreál agus Conn na Mara, i sConnas na Sailline. Mar sin ní gao a ráo go bhfuil an Saeolumm tar bárr aige. Tomás Ó Sraibéin atá mar airm airm. Is maí an rúo uime dá leitéir do beir 'nár meass (go mór-mór ar son na teaghsan).

Beimio as poolum na Saeolumne gac lá uair. Mór an náire uúinn muna nbeanfaimio an méro sin féin ar son ár uáir agus ár uceansa féin. Tá súil again gur fáda go bfráspar 'nár meass é.

O'Donovan Rossa was splendid in the proud manhood of him, splendid in the heroic grace of him, splendid in the Gaelic strength, and clarity and truth of him.

The clear, true eyes of this man, almost alone in his day, visioned Ireland as we of to-day would surely have her; not free merely, but Gaelic as well; not Gaelic merely, but free as well.

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THE MILITARY FORCES OF THE VATICAN.

(By the Duke de Stackpoole.)

Though now almost of no account in point of numbers or fighting power, the Vatican troops retain a place of importance among the world's military forces by reason of their romantic history, their exclusive birth, their unique duties, and the uniform still adopted with but slight modification from the designs of Michael Angelo.

It should be realized that the territories that were once the Papal States were acquired by the Holy See at various periods, mostly by bequest or cession. These obviously needed protection, and special troops were raised from time to time. The first temporal possessions of the Holy See, known as the Duchy of Rome, were conferred on Pope Stephen II. by the Frankish Pepin in the eighth century. The Duchy proper extended along the sea coast from Terracina to the mouth of the Tiber, including the Southern Campagna, the Pontine Marches, the Sabine and Volscian Hills. At the same time Pepin handed over to the Pope a large portion of the exarchate which he had wrested from the Lombards. In the twelfth century the allodial possessions of the Countess Matilda passed to the Church by a bequest which also included the March of Arcona and the Duchy of Spoleto, while the "Patrimony of St. Peter," as it has always been called, reached from Rome to Bolsena, including the coastline from the mouth of the Tiber to the old Tuscan frontier. In addition to the troops which were required to hold these temporal possessions, the Pope's Cavalry Body Guard was composed of the Cavallegieri, or Light Horse, raised in 1485; while a second Body Guard of one hundred gentlemen called "The Knights of Faith," better known as the Lancie Zpezazate (armed with light lances), was raised in 1555.

Adverse Influences.

The Papal Army has from the beginning been subject to adverse influences from the storms of European politics. It was disbanded in 1798, when the French took Pope Pius VI. to Valence as a prisoner; and three years later was re-formed, when Napoleon became Emperor and gave back the Pope his States. It was again disbanded in 1808, when Napoleon invaded the Papal States; and again re-formed in 1814 on his defeat, when the Pope was enabled to return to Rome. At this period the Swiss Guards were reorganized by Carlo Pfyffer, and their establishment for all ranks fixed at one hundred and four, raised ten years later to two hundred and four.

On May 11th, 1801, after the Pope's return to Rome, a new corps called the "Noble Guard" was created to replace the disbanded "Knights of Faith." During the first hundred years of its existence it was invariably commanded by some member of the Barbarini or Altieri families, the late Commanding Officer, Prince Rospigliosi, being the first exception. To-day this famous unit, drawn entirely from the oldest Roman nobility, is under Prince Aldobrandini as its Colonel; it attends the Pope at all public and religious ceremonies, a few members of it being on daily duty in the Palace, nearest the private apartments of His Holiness in the Vatican. Members of this historic corps, which does not now exceed seventy men, have been often employed in special missions to sovereigns of Europe.

Beginning of the End.

The annexation of Romagna by Piedmont, the activity of the committees in the north, and the threats of revolutionary forces, marked the beginning of the end. Cavour had visualized the completion of his dream for a united Italy with Rome as its capital: Pius IX., accordingly, invited the distinguished French General, La Moriciere, to reorganize his army, which was to be reinforced forthwith by enlisting Catholics from other lands. These troops were, however, greatly outnumbered, and in the autumn of 1860 were severely defeated at Castelfidardo and Spoleto. In the latter battle Major Miles O'Reilly and his small force of newly-enlisted Irish, the "St. Patrick Battalion," made a noble stand, but they could not defend the whole Papal States. Only the friendly intervention of the French Government saved Rome and a small territory for the Holy See—and that for no longer than a decade. It was at Castelfidardo, when the Piedmontese

General, Cujia, had glanced over the long roll of killed and wounded from the Franco-Belgian Battalion that he exclaimed, "What names! This might be a list of invitation to the court of Louis Quatorze." The remnants of this battalion were subsequently merged with the Irish forces into the Papal Zouaves, a force of international character, where French and Belgians, Irish and Canadians, Dutch and English, marched side by side, the French and Dutch being the most numerous. It was young Charette, descendant of the celebrated Royalist guerilla chieftain of the Vendee, who took a prominent part in its formation and became the first Lieutenant; while another Frenchman, Colonel Allet, was given command. The Zouaves represented, in fact, all classes, also very many members of the Catholic aristocracy of Europe, amongst whom I personally well remember the Hon. Walter Constable Maxwell, Sir William Vavasour and Sir John Power. Napoleon III. left a French garrison in Rome by way of protection, but it was withdrawn after six years—in 1866.

The Last Review.

I have a vivid recollection of the last review held in the Villa Borghese in April, 1870. Just five months before, the Papal forces under General Kanzler surrendered, after the attack made on the Porta Pia by King Victor Emmanuel's troops, which were sixty thousand strong. On that day the Papal forces, exclusive of the Noble, Swiss and Palatine Guards, were composed as follows:—

1st Line Regiment	...	1,691
Rifles	...	1,171
Artillery (40 guns)	...	996
Dragoons	...	567
Garrison Battalion	...	547
Gendarmi	...	1,863
Squadriglieri	...	1,023
Engineers	...	157
Supply and Transport	...	285
Zouaves (various nationalities)	...	3,040
Legion d'Antibes (French)	...	1,089
Chasseurs Etrangers (Swiss)	...	1,195

Total, 13,624

On September 20th, 1870, Rome became the capital of United Italy, and the Papal Army was no more. Only an Italian Act, entitled the "Law of Guarantees," now permits the Pope to retain a few of the privileges of a sovereign—his own ambassadors, certain "extra-territorial" palaces and lands, and a small military force, rather for dignity and show than for active service. This little military force consists of the Noble Guard, the Swiss Guards, the Palatine Guards and the Gendarmeria. They have no duties at the present time outside the vast precincts of the Vatican, where the Popes have resided since the eighth century, the galleries and corridors of which are reputed to measure twenty miles; there are eight grand staircases, more than two hundred smaller stairs, twenty-one courtyards and over four thousand four hundred halls and rooms.

Many Unique Features.

The Noble Guard is practically the personal Body Guard of His Holiness. It is still the Swiss Guards who stand at two gates of the Vatican, and may be seen with their picturesque halberds on daily duty in the Sala Clementina, where they have eighteen men, and on the chief staircase. On State occasions the officers wear armour of an absolutely unique design, and the non-commissioned officers old-fashioned breastplates. In many cases the ancestors of these picked young men, who are still recruited from the Catholic cantons, served in the same corps. They have recently obtained two machine guns.

The Palatine Guards are on a different footing. They receive no pay, live in their own homes, and provide their own uniforms. About three hundred and fifty men strong, the battalion is in reality a kind of citizen force, drawn from the Roman bourgeoisie, and only a few of them are on duty at a time, except gala days. Their quarters are in the principal courtyard of the Vatican—the Cortile di San

Damaso, at the entrance of the Grand Staircase. As, however, so many of them served with the Italian Army in the Great War, they are a much more efficient force than they were a dozen years ago. The old-fashioned shako and dark blue tail-coats have been discarded for a more serviceable uniform and the familiar kepi. They are well drilled, and in their full strength on feast days present a smart, soldierly appearance.

The Gendarmeria—or Constabulary—muster about eighty men. They have always a guard in the hall adjoining the Sala Clementina, and patrol the galleries and grounds. A fine, tall body of men, they still retain the old cocked hats and heavy curved swords, wearing in full dress the busbies, white breeches and top-boots of former days.

It will be seen, therefore, that however minute and, as it were, "ornamental" the historic troops of the Holy See have now become, they are still a body of unique appearance, traditions and position, forming one of the most interesting links which progress has permitted to survive between the present and the days that have passed away.

—The Fighting Forces.

"SEEING BURKE PAY."

(An Episode of the American Expeditionary Force.)

The query of a quiet hour
As to what land had shewn most pow'r
When tested by "The War"
Had been debated, pro and con,
With this and that man's views thereon—
Views from the facts afar;—
For they were most an Irish crowd,
With logic less than fight endowed,
As it is said they are.

My pride was piqued, I thought I'd bend
My knowledge and my skill to end
Such puerile debates,
And truths told with eloquence
As should dullest mind convince
That our own land "The States,"
Whose might, through food, ships, gold expressed
So dominated all the rest
That they subservient were.

Said one: "Before men Irish born
Not quite so loud you blow that horn,
For we've been here before;
On many's the field by Rhine and Scheldt
An Irish sabre's weight was felt,
And the rush of an Irish corps,
When hope was gone and all was lost,
Rent into shreds a victor host
As tigers rend their prey.

"And far beyond this battle line,
Sons of the land I claim as mine,
Obeying duty's call,
Through Pagan darkness bore the torch
Of Christianity's bright march—
That noblest fight of all,
Beside our records, those you name
On which to build a mushroom fame,
Are things of yesterday.

"Way back a century or two
A Redskin in his birch canoe
Controlled your Hudson stream,
And Broadway's din was but the beat
Of his moccasined stealthy feet;
And Wall Street's wildest dream
No higher soared than scalps and squaws,
Roast—a queer kind—for hungry maws,
And howling ecstasy.

"Wait for a thousand years or so
Till your land has had time to grow
An old nobility
Like mine; wait till your races white,
Red, yellow, brown and black unite
In one grand family.
Then, tint and tone and all things fit,
You're free to claim and we'll admit
Respectability."

Indignantly I heard, but found
More "Macs" and "O's" had gathered round,
And all kept chipping in:
"Bravo, young Burke!" "Go on!" "That's true!"
"My lad, faith, we are proud of you!"
And then they'd nudge and grin.
I left them, vowing to the Lord
For each insulting, mocking word
I'd see that Burke should pay.

The guns had ceased, spent was the storm;
They hovered o'er his mangled form
Who owned the band of blood;
And reverently on his breast
Our flag with theirs I interlaced
In common brotherhood.
I heard a husky whisper run:
"It ne'er ennobled braver one,
Nor shrouded gentler clay."

I ponder now, how much in truth,
In raillery, spoke that fair youth
Of his ancestral pride.
'Tis said "Blood tells"; if that implies
What Terror, Hell and Death defies,
'Fore God, a royal tide
Fired his brave heart. Oh! sad to-day
Am I for having seen Burke pay—
For having seen him die.

—A.K., C.B., Portobello.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS N.C.O.s' DANCE.

The above will be held on February 7th, 1925, at the Central Halls, Exchequer Street, Dublin.

The Committee request the return of unsold tickets and all monies on or before February 2nd, 1925.

Admittance accorded only to those who hold tickets for which the Committee have received payment.

SOLDIERS OF IRELAND, DAVIS POINTS YOUR DUTY!

"The language which grows up with a people is conformed to their organs, descriptive of their climate, constitution and manners, mingled inseparably with their history and their soil, fitted beyond any other language to express their prevalent thoughts in the most natural and efficient way.

"The language of a nation's youth is the only easy and full speech for its manhood and for its age. And when the language of its cradle goes itself craves a tomb.

"A people without a language of its own is only half a nation. A nation should guard its language more than its territories—'tis a surer barrier, and more important frontier than fortress or river."

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

To the searcher after historical knowledge the published calendars of Irish and Continental State Papers prove a very valuable mine of information indeed. Here may be obtained, from contemporary sources, many sidelights upon the various happenings that combine to make our Island story of such absorbing interest to successive generations. The Richelieu and Mazarin Papers published by the French Government contain many references to Irishmen who played important parts in the history of that nation, and the calendars of State Papers—fairly edited on the whole—which have been printed by the London Record Office prove of great assistance in helping us to a better understanding of how our ancestors lived, and fought, and died.

The story of the little seaport town of Baltimore, in County Cork, where the Barbary pirates landed one calm night in the month of June, three hundred years ago, is frequently referred to in the official documents connected with the "Plantation" after the disastrous campaign that ended at Kinsale in 1601. The district was, in early times, the property of the O'Driscoll chieftains, but was confiscated and a colony of "undertakers" planted there in the days of that sorry Scottish humbug, James I. A charter was granted and the town was given the privilege of sending two members to the Dublin Parliament.

For a period it appeared as if Baltimore was assured of a thriving and peaceful future. Then, suddenly, a bolt from the blue. On June 18th, 1631, two vessels from the Barbary coast, under the command of a Dutch sailor named Mathias, captured and sank a small vessel in the English Channel, and on the next day the hardy pirate, cruising off the Irish coast, managed to capture a ship commanded by one John Hackett, a shipmaster from Dungarvan. Mathias not being well acquainted with the Irish coast, ordered Hackett to pilot the captured ship and the victors into the harbour of Kinsale, but on being told that two war-boats of superior gun equipment were lying in that place, the pirate decided to try his fortunes in a raid upon Baltimore. Accordingly the course was altered, and before the midnight hour had struck they arrived, piloted by the wretched Hackett, and cast anchor not a musket shot from the landing stage.

After a conference with his lieutenants, Mathias despatched a party of scouts to reconnoitre the town; and on learning that all was favourable for an attack, he landed his full force of fighting men at about 2 a.m. Mathias headed a force of one hundred and forty men, and, guided by Hackett, his band burst upon the unsuspecting townspeople. A dreadful scene followed. The women and children ran screaming hither and thither as the door of their dwellings were burst open by the pirates. Some resistance was put up by the male population, but the invaders quickly gained the upper hand, and soon the larger part of the little town was in flames.

Articles of value were quickly gathered, and in less than two hours the marauders departed, taking with them no fewer than one hundred and nineteen persons, of whom thirty were women and forty were children. News of the foray was conveyed to Kinsale with all possible speed; but when the two war-boats put to sea the daring pirates were already many miles away; pursuit was in vain; and of the unfortunate people who were captured no further tidings could be obtained.

Measures were taken to protect the coasts from similar invasions during the following years, but how adequate these were may be judged from an incident which occurred in September, 1636, when a Barbary pirate boldly sailed into Cork Harbour and captured a vessel which numbered among her passengers Edmond O'Dwyer, the Catholic Bishop of Limerick, and Murrough O'Brien of Inchiquin, afterwards known as "Murrough of the Burnings."

Of the fate of Hackett, little remains to tell. Just two years after he had guided the pirates to Baltimore he was arrested and tried in Cork. Justice was meted out swiftly in those days, and a few hours later his body swung on a gibbet erected on the top of a cliff overlooking the ill-fated town of Baltimore.

J.J.

ARMY CHESS PLAYERS

First Annual Meeting of the G.H.Q. Club

MANY NEW MEMBERS ENROLLED.

The annual meeting of G.H.Q. Chess Club was held on the night of the 27th inst., at G.H.Q. Colonel P. O'Connor presided, and there was a large attendance, many new members being enrolled. The election of officers for 1925 was unanimous, the following being elected:—

President: Colonel P. O'Connor, G.H.Q.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer: Captain J. Nolan.

Committee: Comdt. Cotter, G.H.Q.; Comdt. O'Connor (Griffith Barracks), Lieut. O'Dalaigh, G.H.Q.; Lieut. Mallon (Island-bridge), Lieut. O'Connor (G.H.Q.), Sergeant Myers, (G.H.Q.).

A long discussion took place as to the best means of unearthing latent talent, and the training of beginners.

Comdt. Cotter stated that the experience gained by the members in open competition during the past year was a great incentive. They might not, at present, hope for victory against outside clubs, but there was no doubt that with a little more competition and experience the Army Chess Players would hold their own against any opposition (hear, hear). Men with special aptitude for Chess would be given every opportunity to come forward. Chess, he added, was a very necessary acquisition to a soldier's training, and he was sure that the ability of Irish soldiers in this direction would be clearly demonstrated in the future.

It was decided to hold the next Tournament during the first week of March, entries to be in before 14th February.

The G.H.Q. chess players defeated Dublin University at Griffith Barracks, on the 20th inst., in the Armstrong Cup tie. Their victory, highly creditable to a club which is not a year in competition, was so meritorious (declares the chess correspondent of the "Irish Independent") that no reference can any longer be made in patronising terms to the standard of chess in the Army.

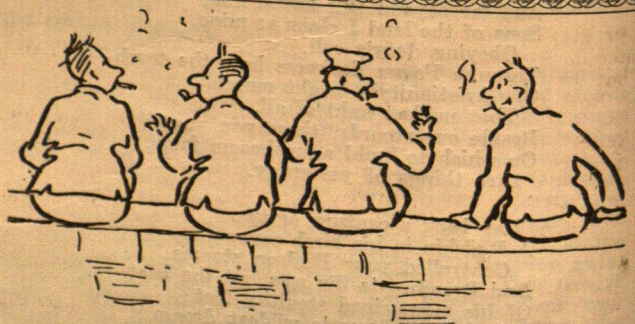
Commandant Cotter's play excelled anything he has done yet in public, and the game well deserves a place in print. Captain Nolan's game was the latest to be decided, but the winner had an established advantage from an early stage. By dint of move unerring steadiness in match play, Mr. Beckett scored for the University against Lieutenant Mallin. If the G.H.Q. example is followed throughout the Army, the result will be of the highest value to every wholesome interest.

Dublin Univ. C.C.

Dublin Univ. C.C.	G.H.Q.
1. J. B. Cockle	0 Comdt. Cotter
2. E. G. Weinberger	0 Capt. Nolan
3. A. Sachs	0 Lieut. O'Connor
4. S. B. Beckett	1 Lieut. Mallin
5. M. F. Meade	0 Lieut. Daly
6. R. M. Hilliard	0 Sgt. Myers
7. S. P. Stewart	1 Capt. Burke
8. S. G. Eliassoff	1 Cpl. O'Connor

Total 3

Total 5



Seats of the mighty fictionists

SHRAPNEL.

Natural Human Nature.—In many parts of Puertoro (see our serial) hot springs and cold springs are found side by side. One can see native women boiling clothes in a hot spring, rubbing them on a flat rock, and rinsing them in a clear cold spring.

A visitor watched this process for some time, and then said:

"I suppose the natives think old Mother Nature is pretty generous, eh?"

"No, Señor," replied his host. "There is much grumbling because she supplies no soap."

Careless Operator, Probably.—A novel point at law has just been raised in an Eastern divorce case. The couple first met over the telephone, but the husband now alleges he got a wrong number.—"Chicago News."

Full Directions.—The old gentleman was lost in a London fog so thick that he could scarcely see his hand before his face. He became seriously alarmed when he found himself in a slimy alley. Then he heard footsteps approaching.

"Where am I going?" he asked anxiously.

A voice replied weirdly from the darkness: "Into the river. I've just come out."—"Everybody's."

Those Changing Times.—"Politicians used to cater to the plain people."

"Well?"

"But now we must consider the good-looking vote."—"Louisville Courier-Journal."

The Simplest Method.—"What's the best way to appeal to audiences?"

"First find out what they think about something," answered Senator Sorghum, "and then tell 'em they're perfectly right."—"Washington Star."

Slow-Motion in Thought.—The Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to the Higher Animals should stop the taking of close-ups of moving-picture actors engaged in thought. It is too painful to watch, and makes the people callous to suffering.

The movie technique is to blame. It requires that our hero undergo the pangs of ratiocination in a close-up. The villain, in plain sight of the hero, strikes at him three times with a meat axe, empties a .45 Colt's at him, sets fire to his house and rides away with the fainting heroine. What next? A close-up of the hero's manly face. His eyes narrow, betokening thought. Seconds pass. Wait! He's getting the idea—he's got it! **The villain hates him and is doing him wrong! Gods!**

It is too much. Movie actors ought not to be required to think out hard things like that with people who have paid to be amused watching them.—C.M.P., in "Life."

Revised Version.—He who laughs last is usually the dumbest.—"Yellow Jacket."

Or Maybe Harder.—"Hit may be hard fo' a rich man to enter de Kingdom of Heaven," said Rastus to the preacher, "but hit's just as hard fo' a po' man to stay on de earth."—"New York American."

Quick Recovery.—I have brought a bill for your husband.

"He has left for the country. . . ."

"A bill that I want to pay. . . ."

"But he came back this morning. . . ."—"Pêle Mêle" (Paris).

Reliable Sign.—He—"Do you believe in signs and omens?"

She—"Yes."

He—"Last night I dreamed you loved me. What does that mean?"

She—"That you were dreaming."—"Korsaren" (Christiania).

Very Serious.—Doctor—"Your wife suffers from insomnia? Are there any serious consequences?"

Visitor—"Yes. When I come home late she is always awake."—"Nagels Lustige Welt" (Berlin).

* * * *

Satisfaction Guaranteed.—"Are you sure," asked the old woman, "that this century plant will bloom in a hundred years?"

"Positive, ma'am," answered the florist. "If it doesn't, bring it right back."—"American Legion Weekly."

* * * *

What Luck!—"Schulz always was lucky."

"Why do you say so?"

"He underwent an operation because he swallowed a pearl in an oyster, and the pearl proved to be valuable enough to cover the cost of the operation—and the funeral."—"Dorfbarbier" (Berlin).

* * * *

Too Liberal.—"My dear," remarked the young husband, "did you ask the milkman why there is never any cream on our milk?"

"Yes, darling, and he explained quite satisfactorily. I think that it is a great credit to him."

"What did he say?"

"That he always fills the jug so full there is no room for cream."—"New York World."

* * * *

Willing.—He—"You should see the new altar in our church."

She—"Lead me to it."—"Boston Transcript."

* * * *

The Better Catch.—An Idaho man was fishing in Lake Crescent recently. He caught a big northern pike; the biggest he had ever landed in his long and busy life. He was elated. He got one; weighs seven pounds and it is a beauty."

The following was the answer he got: "So have I; weighs ten pounds. Not a beauty—looks like you. Come home."—"Idaho Yarn."

MORE RECORDS OF THE ARMY No. 1 BAND.

Eight new discs of the Army No. 1 Band have just been issued by the Edison Bell Gramophone Co. in their celebrated "Velvet Face" series. They are much better than the first four discs to which reference was made in the first number of this volume (although, as stated then, the "Fantasia No. 1" was quite good if properly played).

It is possible that we may publish a detailed critique of these new records in our next issue. We would like to hear them under various conditions and with different needles before pronouncing final judgment. For the present we will content ourselves with stating that the cornet solo, "The Lost Chord," by Corporal T. McCortin, is an excellent record with a wonderful organ effect by the other instruments. Grainger's arrangement of "Molly on the Shore" is amazingly well done. We believe this is the first time this well-known reel has been performed by a brass band.

Colonel Brase's "Serenade" and "Minuet" form a first-class ten-inch record, and the Racoczy March, from "Faust," is another noteworthy twelve-inch record, the other side of which gives the Marchioness MacSwiney's "Horsemen of Ireland." The Sibelius "Valse Triste," on the other side of which is Tchaikovsky's Eugene Onegin Polonaise, is also a very good twelve-inch disc. We would like to hear the ten-inch double-side record of "The Magic Flute" again before pronouncing any judgment, and the same remark applies to the two ten-inch records of Victor Herbert's "Irish Rhapsody."

Readers who are desirous of hearing these records before purchasing will meet with every courtesy and consideration in Mr. Henecy's Gramophone Salon, Dame Street, which, be it noted, is open on Saturdays until 9.30 p.m.

FROM THE 24th BATTALION, DUNDALK.

Corporal L— wants to know the speed limit for a bicycle (push) going through any town, and if a lamp is required when it becomes dark.

Why did A Company learn to play billiards? Ask Sergeant John S—.

Our butcher practises the new drill very late these nights.

Who is on the gate? Ask a bugler.

One tradesman wants to know how to save money.

Is the scythe being used for haircutting anywhere?

One good "Redoubtable" got a Guard's stick recently.

Mr. B—, with his usual attention, makes certain of the men's hot suppers nightly under the guiding hand of John K—.



If your cap blows off, don't chase it too enthusiastically.

THE HOW OF IRISH.

C.O.'s can see that the official stamp of the Unit is in Irish.

Club and Dance Secretaries can see that invitation cards are in Irish.

Mess Presidents can insist that the Mess notepaper is stamped in Irish.

Every Officer and man can insist on signing his name in Irish.

Just **you** try these things once, and you'll find that all these things can be done in your native language without any loss of efficiency.

Our Information Bureau.

Dependants' Allowance.

"Victim" (Athlone).—You are not entitled to an allowance. The matter is at present under investigation, and you will get a definite reply later on.

Transfer.

"Interested" (Curragh).—You should apply for transfer in the usual manner, through your Commanding Officer.

Back Pay.

"Fair Play" (Curragh).—Write to the Officer i.c. Arrears of Pay Department, Portobello Barracks, Dublin, giving your Army number, home address, and address from which claim was sent.

Claim.

"Worried" (Dublin).—Your claim is at present before the Adjudication Committee, and immediately their award is promulgated you will be notified.

"Private J. K." (Portobello).—Your case is being investigated.

Civilian Clothes.

"Interested" (Mullingar).—Permission may be given by a commanding officer or a Camp commandant to N.C.O.'s and men of good character to dress in plain clothes when on furlough or pass.

N.C.O.'s Mess.

"Hopeful" (Gormanston Camp).—The matter is at present under investigation in the Quartermaster-General's Department.

COIMISIÚN UM STAT SHEIRBHIS.

Limited Competitive Examination for Junior Accounts Clerks.

A Competitive Examination for Six Established Posts as Junior Accounts Clerks will be held on **31st March** next and following days.

Candidates Eligible: (a) Those with nine months' "Army Service" prior to 1st April, 1924; (b) Existing Established Civil Servants; (c) Temporary Civil Servants who have been regularly employed on Accounts work.

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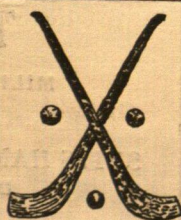
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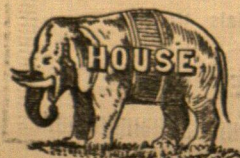
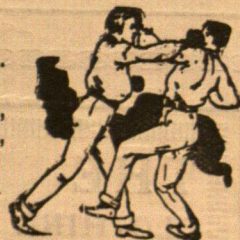
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SAOLUINN DO'N ARM.

SAOLUINN.

Cé leis an leabar seo? Is liom é.
Ná fuil do leabar sa ro' póca agat?
Tá, ach is liomsa an ceann úr leis.
An bpaca tú mo-éapáin in aon áit?
Connac, tá sé istig 'sa leabarláinn, ar
crocáir ar an dteabó éiar den doras.
Ní feadair an bpail aon rud ar Sean.

Ní fáca le tamall anois é.
Címse gac aon marom 'sa biaóláinn é.
An bpeiceann tú an doras úr síos?
Éim. Sin oifig an áirí conantóra.
Seobaró tú an captaen O. M. annsin.
Cao mar seall ar an litir (leabar) úr?
Tá sé curta éun siubail. Nár túsas tuic
é?
Níor túsas. Do Tomás a tús sé é.
O! Is cuimhin liom anois. Tá an ceart agat.

Cao é an dáta é? Sé seo an trímáir lá.
Eanáir, Feabra, Márta, Mí na Noílas.
An dóig leat am mberó fearcáinn agaim?
Ní dóig liom (is dóig liom) go mberó sioc,
sneacta, lá breag.

PHONETIC PRONUNCIATION.

Kay leshal yower su? Iss l(y)um may.
Nauf will dull yowersa idd foaka guth?
Thaw, ock iss l(y)umsa uk yown oodh lesh.
Vocka thoo muk kop peen in nain naut?
Kunnuck, thaw shay shtig sul yowerlinn err
krucka erra dhaiv heeur din dhuruss.
Nee adder will lay rudh err hawn.

Nee ocka lith ommula nish shay.
Yeemsha gock ain woddin suv veeculin ay.
Vicken thoo addh uruss oodh heess?
Hyeem. Shin uffig unn aurdh koon toer.
Yoe thoo a kop thain M. un sun.
Koddh mor yowl erra littir oodh?
Thaw shay kurha kun shooh. Naur huguss
dhut tay?
Neer hugish. Dhu h. hug shay ay.
Oh! Iss keen l(y)umma nish. Thawn
kartha guth.
Koddh daín dhantha ay? Shay shun tree
oo law.
Annir, Foura, Maurtha, Meena Nullig.
Un dhoe latha meg farhin a gun?
Nee dhoel yum (iss dhoel yum) gum meg
shuck, shnocktha, law braa.

ENGLISH.

Who owns this book? 'Tis mine.
Have you not your book in your pocket?
Yes, but that one is also mine.
Did you see my cap anywhere?
I did (see). It is in the library hanging
behind the door.
I don't know is there anything wrong
with Sean.
I have not seen him for some time now.
I see him every morning in the Mess.
Do you see that door below there?
Yes. Well that's the A.G.'s office.
You'll find Captain R. there.
What about that letter (book)?
It has been sent out. Did Inot give it
to you?
You did not. It is to T. he gave it.
O! I remember now. You're right.
What date is this? This is the 3rd.
January, February, March, December.
Do you think we'll have rain?
I don't think (I think) we'll have frost,
snow, a fine day.

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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