



# AN T-OGLÁC

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14th February, 1925.

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na hÉireann  
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND



# An t-Ógláic

Vol. III. No. 4. (New Series.)

FEBRUARY 14, 1925.

Price TWOPENCE.



THE RECRUIT'S NIGHTMARE (which would mean the K.O. for the C.S.M.)

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Óglagh na hÉireann  
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND



# An t-Oglach

FEBRUARY 14, 1925.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

IN our last issue we expressed approval of the establishment of the libraries at G.H.Q. for Officers, N.C.O.'s and men. We mentioned, however, that military works did not occupy a prominent place in the libraries for the non-commissioned ranks. The Officers' library is well supplied with military works—of a kind. Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the necessity of an adequate supply of "up-to-date" military works in Officers' libraries.

\* \* \* \*

IN the military, as in other professions, a preliminary study of principles, in all their aspects, precedes their practical application. War being the soldier's primary concern he must of necessity spend his novitiate in learning, firstly, its principles, and secondly, a matter of more importance, their successful application. The principles or "laws" of war, of themselves, are not difficult to grasp but to be able to make their application successful demands continuous and careful study. A study of the application of these principles in every campaign since their first recognition demonstrates that their observance leads to success and their non-observance to defeat and will convince one of their immutability.

\* \* \* \*

THIS emphasises the necessity of reading, and not alone reading, but studying "the campaigns of the great Captains," if an Officer wishes to make himself a master in his profession. The great Marshal Foch stresses the necessity for the acquiring of this knowledge. "It is with a fully-equipped mind one ought to start in order to make war or even to understand war. No study is possible on the battlefield; one does there what one can, in order to apply what one knows. In order to do even a little one has to know a great deal and to know it well. . . . The right solution imposes itself; namely the application of right principles. . . . Incapacity and ignorance cannot be called extenuating circumstances, for knowledge is within reach of us all."

\* \* \* \*

THOSE concluding words of Marshal Foch are the ones we wish to stress heavily in this matter of libraries—the best books and the most modern should be "within reach of us all."

## ARMY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

Big Success of Our Initial Competition.

### NAMES OF PRIZEWINNERS.

We are pleased to announce that the first cross-word puzzle published in "An t-Oglach" has been a complete success. The widespread interest which it excited amongst our readers was amply demonstrated by the large number of solutions sent in. The entries outnumbered by four to one the entries received for any previous competition.

Unfortunately this applied only to the solutions. The designs for cross-word puzzles which were submitted were few and of poor quality. In the circumstances we do not feel justified in awarding the prize of one guinea and have decided to keep this competition open for another week. The prize will be awarded for the best design submitted, in which the words used relate as far as possible to Army matters. Each attempt must be accompanied by one of the coupons to be found on this page, and all entries must reach this office not later than Saturday, 21st inst.

In one or two instances readers who submitted designs introduced words that, not only are not used in the Army, but that never were on sea or land. In other instances the designs themselves were not at all as clear as the inventors thought they were. We mention these facts with a view of encouraging these competitors to send in fresh attempts now that they have an extension of time. The gentleman who forwarded a design unaccompanied by the necessary coupon also has a chance of forwarding it again—with the coupon.

The solutionists' letters were opened on 11th inst. under the supervision of Rev. R. J. Casey, C.F. Father Casey went through the pile of envelopes indiscriminately and marked them consecutively on the back. The Editor then proceeded to open the envelopes according to their numbering.

The solution in envelope No. 1 contained one error. Two, three and four also were incorrect. Envelope No. 5 contained the first correct solution and the succeeding envelope also held a winner. The names of the successful competitors are:

**CAPTAIN MICHAEL O MUIRCHARTAIGH,**  
Staff Duties Branch,  
G.H.Q.

**SERGEANT J. W. O'BYRNE,**  
3rd Infantry Battalion,  
Boyle, Co. Roscommon.

to whom cheques will be despatched this week.

The correct solution was as follows:—

ACROSS—1. D.I. 3. U.D. 5. Ti. 7. E.R. 8. Paoli. 11. Shorn. 14. Me. 15. Cats. 16. Adit. 17. Ol. 18. Attic. 19. Inope. 20. B.A. 21. Bo. 22. M.O. 23. N.G. 24. Or. 25. Insurmountable. 27. Ld. 28. S.E. 29. E.R. 30. Is. 31. Fa. 34. Aver. 36. Semi. 37. So. 39. Og. 41. On. 42. To. 44. S.S. 45. Nevertheless. DOWN—1. Demobilization. 2. Ireland. 3. Ultimo. 4. Discounts. 5. Tripoli. 6. Interestedness. 9. Actors. 10. Oat. 12. Hangar. 13. Odo. 18. Abu. 19. Interrogate. 26. Merriment. 31. Fasts. 32. Ave. 33. Rifle. 35. Em. 38. True. 40. Ge. 41. Or. 43. O.S.

COMPETITION  
COUPON.

Competition

One of these Coupons must accompany every entry.

We have to publish another Cross-Word Puzzle in our next issue with additional prizes.

In the same issue the results of the Christmas competition will be announced.

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## PORTOBELLO-INGS.

Extract from letter received by Q.M.S. of one Unit in Portobello from a Sergeant of another Unit. "Please explain how you come to be *mixed up* with the rations of our men. . . ."

Yes! I had a suspicion that there was something radically wrong with the rations in Portobello lately.

Talking of "Quarter Blokes"—B.Q.M.S. Murrihy of the 23rd carries our best wishes on his trip to the "UNITED STATE."

Paddy is very popular, and incidentally distinguished himself on the football field the other day when the 23rd "whacked" the 22nd.

The Institute Committee of Portobello must be congratulated on the success attending their efforts in supplying attractive recreation for the men stationed there.

In the matter of being up-to-date, and catering for every taste, the library compares, I may say, with anything in town.

I hear that they intend very soon to supplement their supply of "Educational Stuff."

Exams and rumours of exams.

If the syllabus I saw be right, a few of "Meikiejohns" bright little brochures would not be out of place. As a matter of fact the Librarian (who by the way is a 9d. man) was asked the other day "What price is 'ALLEN'S LATIN GRAMMAR.'"

The first round of the Barrack Billiard Handicap is well on its way.

The best bout so far was that between B.Q.M.S. Munster and Sergeant Morgan. Munster's best breaks were—39, 28 and 25.

From what I have heard and seen the best is yet to come.

Army Billiard Aspirants: *Don't reckon without Portobello* in your dreams of "big things."

I saw a "68" last night, and that's only a detail.

Even the waiters in Portobello make occasional "breaks."

Yes—the F.F., G.H.Q., Cross-Word Puzzle is decidedly clever, but why put "DEMOBILISATION" across it?

Do you remember that day in McKee Barracks? Do you remember the "Cross-Word Puzzles" on the square there? confined to N.C.O.'s. You may not have noticed it, but "DEMOBILISATION" was the key-word there also.

Why keep reminding us of this?

G.H.Q. calls, and wishes to know "Does the A.A.A. cater for that ancient and Royal game of GOBS?" GOBS: The ancient and royal game of "GOBS," what's that? I consult my "Nuttals," and am further enlightened, so: "GOB—A MOUTHFUL." Now we can come to it—The ancient and royal game of mouthfuls. I've heard of "Yanks" who spoke a "basinful," but history does not record that King Leary or Brian Boru as indulging in a friendly game of "Mouthfuls." Certainly recent G.K. exponents disclosed some extraordinary information, but even they drew the line at the Gastronomic feats of the ancients.

We are anxiously awaiting the next social effort of the 23rd.

There are strong rumours of something soon, and, certainly, if anything like the last, it will be an event not to be missed.

Records Tennis Club is going with a swing. Their indoor Court represents the nearest thing to perfection.

The kind co-operation of the Brigade Quartermaster is certainly a big asset to this Club.

Under the guiding hand of Father Casey, weekly whist drives have now become a real attraction.

Perhaps, in the (very probable) event of overcrowding, he would consider the advisability of running two drives per week.

As we anticipated No. 4 Group Football team (Portobello), had no difficulty in disposing of G.H.Q. "B" in their debut in Group League Football. *That's that!*

The Records Cross-Country Section had a very enjoyable paper chase on Wed. 4th inst. The sixteen miles course being covered in "RECORDS" time. I noticed Simon and the "PEPPY" little sergeant of golfing fame amongst the pack.



The Last Straw for the Camp Barber.

## ARMY CHESS PLAYERS.

### No. 5 Group.

A match was played on Tuesday, 10th inst., at Gormanston Camp, between G.H.Q. Group and Gormanston, with the following result:

G.H.Q.		Gormanston.	
Lieut. E. Daly.....	1	Cpl. Murphy.....	0
Sergt. Myers.....	1	Lieut. Nolan.....	0
Lieut. Mallin.....	1	S/m Keogh.....	0
Capt. Maginn.....	1	Lieut. McDermott.....	0
Capt. Burke.....	1	Q.M.S. Moran.....	0
Col. O'Connor.....	1	Sergt. Jacobs.....	0
	6		0

The losers, although the result was so decisive, put up a very gallant fight, and, this being their first experience in Match play, they are to be congratulated on the performance.

The game between Lt. Daly (G.H.Q.) and Cpl. Murphy (Gormanston) drew special comment. It was very well contested by both players and the issue was in doubt up to practically the last move.

With a little more practice and match play great things are expected from the Gormanston team.

### IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

FOREIGN FIELDS—Episode V., Propaganda

CAMEOS OF CONFLICT—Pithy stories of recent fighting.

NEW CROSS-WORD PUZZLE—More cash prizes.

Training Notes—Christmas Competition Results—Photo of Curragh Boys, Photo of Collins Barracks Recreation Hall, &c.

A number of contributions from Battalion correspondents which have had to be held over will also appear in Vol. 8 No. 7.



Special Agent in Charge R.A.

paralel o conaire, do s'crib.

XI.—Cyprian!

[illegible]

Owechavis se tärk ar Liam lom a bi 'n-a šurde ceime agus  
 a čloegsaim riw a oš bois aise. U' foras v'atine ar an d'fear  
 lom so givb se imn vo bärk an ošil. U' riwabi f'ios aise ce'n aise  
 a bi v'eanar aise v'atine komeime sin, ač se 2v e šv a šv a šv  
 ošv'eim v'atine aise ce'n aise a kavit se no ce'n com'leavav a bi šis.  
 Dos an šimsaim riw amak sa šaimm actavim, agus e šv čbavir.  
 Pavon a d'fear lom. Uis ar an p'oišv ar an v'ime lom sa v'aire,  
 agus ni ionšav lom e.  
 ,,Seva", ,,",  
 agus vo d'iolio od agus vo d'ol agus vo d'ol agus vo d'ol agus vo d'ol  
 f'šall. Nač mač is cummeč lom an kät a m'ioč an d'fear  
 agsim as v'arv e č'le e č'le cois na h'aine, an kät a v'atine a v'atine

So snáhpav! I  
 snáhpav galat Sáasana sa méro leanna v'ól tu ó som—m'anam  
 abruisim Surab é sim an c-áru ba luša v'ib. Mavuir leatsa, vo  
 svaöl ó som," ar seisean, "v'árisas sa an ól, agus n!  
 corán an Sairsint Rva iseat air," is iomta áru a táimic ar an  
 m'ior cuireav iseat ar árkam na sgarav.  
 "Áet musedav an sgal ar pav v'ib, a feara," arsa Liam lom;  
 áet ní hé v'omis ar pav é, áet é péim agus an Sairsint Rva as  
 curv le céile.

1. *„Eirij, a liam, ars an sairsint rva liom marvin, agus  
 gab amad go skat an tsinimara fécaint an bpuil móran doime  
 le adlacv ann éis na horóe. ...*  
 2. *sva liam lom agus brechtai sé éark.*  
 3. *„Gitea go mb' ar ac an cainnt i sin ó don fear le móc na marone,  
 agus b' ead ar bealac, (ars liam lom) : ac b' fá leis an scainnt.  
 4. *ni croia na bhuiscan ná acraim a bi aca i skat an tsinimara an  
 ordé koime sin. ni hová ar cor ar bit, ac su ríofas péin,  
 agus b' éad na ra na n-éall, nomc peola ann le háirv slám  
 airsva a fásáil ríal le n-ól, agus bi easla va an as sásva  
 na b' vor non marc va sláime a téanav an péil téavna do lútc  
 a caitee.**

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Cuir an Sàirsint Rua isteach ar an sgealaidhe :  
 lib naic mòran covala rannasach fèin an oirde sin le faicteas so  
 raibh, ni mèic theòra uinnneachdòd dèanach aghaim. An cròc agus an  
 chòc a' ruo a' b' i nòan uinnneachdòd dèanach aghaim.  
 Sgeòdas ar Liam lom le mòc na maròne so ngàpach an beir  
 agus so sàio an tsinèach, fèachaint cèh còsachalachd a' b'  
 an a' r' a' agus le cuairis na marb fàgail. Còsach mise as an  
 sgeam chàir de'n sàio : as an sgeam t'as a' còsach Liam  
 anam, agus an beir aghaim as sgeam na uirde ar sàc don  
 caob as a' r' a' dèanachd amach ar t'as an b'as cuairis ar an a' r' i  
 sgeachaidh na horde !  
 Cuir. Ni raib mòran sinbhal agus so b'pach an t-èòrachd  
 ar b'oras, agus anam an t'uirp sgeamach ar b'pach air ! Is ar  
 èiginn so rabas i n-uam, uinnneachdòd uilis de le anam an mairb"  
 agus ni ionnachd lom e.  
 Casad Liam lom. O' f'apachais a' sgeal de. Uisè ar creachd  
 " Deir acd marb sa sgeam de'n sàio a' cuairisach fèin."  
 ar seisean. Cuirnachd pàir le n-a n-uam, agus o' èalair Liam  
 o' n' a' r' m' a' l' a' i' s' e.

acc an parciōis ašus an imiōe a bi orauim an la "n-a-tiari sm,  
a šayrim, (arsa liam lom) : ni dēanpav deamam air so la mo  
biarbiš na vaome i sraio an ešimmaraiš. Das ar an sroci,  
nuamir a molas vo "n Rva slam o en feil a cur sa zoran ašus ē  
cietam. . . va mairpēd sim tar eis a ite, ni fēapavē a  
rāo surab i an feil a vīol sim-ne a mharbiš na vaome i sraio



## COLLINS BARRACKS, DUBLIN

The Amusements Committee are still forging ahead with their Indoor Games for the men, there being a big crowd present at Recreation Room on 4th inst., and in addition to the Prizes given by Committee, Revd. Father Piggot, Commdt. Cunningham, Capt. John P. Murphy who were also present on the occasion, all gave personal Prizes, which produced keen competition. "Whist" was the game this night, and for some weeks to come, competitions will be run each Wednesday night.

A certain "Sport" is to be congratulated, and does not now fear the "Income" man.

Our friend "Steve" Hennessy recently added some more Prizes to his already big bag, by winning two Events at the one meeting. He is still asking for a Cross-Country Running Team to be started in Barracks.

On a recent inspection somewhere, the M.O. put a few questions to the Cook-house Staff in the presence of the N.C.O. in charge of cooks.

M.O. to one of the Cooks, "What are you?"

Cook, "I am a storeman."

M.O. to 2nd Cook, "What are you?"

"I am a Yardman."

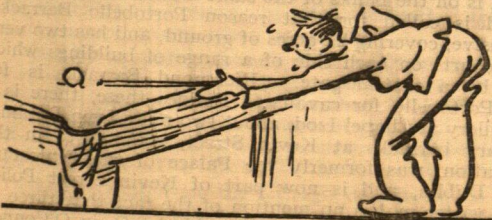
M.O. to 3rd Cook, "What are you?"

"I am the Stoker."

M.O. to 4th Cook, "What are you?"

"I am a General Hand."

M.O. to Sergt in Charge, "Where are the Cooks?"



The Billiard Handicap at Sergts' Mess is well on its way, and Sergt. Hoffer is still in winning vein.

A certain N.C.O. has now returned from "Foreign" Service.

"Billy" the goat which accompanied guard from certain outpost recently got short shift from Collins, but not before it gave some trouble, and it would appear as if it had some experience of "Steeplechasing," as a certain W.O. can vouch for.

Heard somewhere recently. N.C.O. in charge to party, "I have come here to teach you something, I do not know myself."

an tSiúinéara. . . . . dá bfuisead an beirt agaimn bás de bárr a ite—ár ndóig, nár féarr an bás sin ná bás ar an gcroic? Breathnaí ar an beirt agaimn ar a céile agus an céad greim de'n feoil 'n-ár mbéal.

"Tá sé milis," ars an Sáirsint Rua agus sac cor agus casaó 'n-a éadan.

"Tá sé milis," aoirimse go bréagac.

"Feoil maí," ar seisean.

"Tosa feola, aoirimse, agus lean linn as molaó na feola go raib an dá pláta pollaín. . . . .

Ar maidin, bí eagla orm sa t-úil go seómra an Rua; bí an eagla éadana air-siúó cuairt a t-ábairt orm sa, agus an beirt agaimn as ceapao go raib an t-úine eile seálaighe ear éis na fíoré. Nuair a éualas as canao amráin é, buail mé isteach 'n-a seómra— agus is beas nár pógamar a céile!" ars an Sáirsint Rua.

[San gcéad uimhir eile:—XII.—Dean an tSáirsint Rua.]

The boxing contest between "Siki" and Kennedy has been postponed until special Gloves arrive.

If boxing contests as advertised at Tailor's shop comes off, there will be "some" exhibition.

21st Battalion Team since last issue met and defeated Teams at Gormanston and Naas, and expect to meet a Team from G.H.Q. one of these days, and to visit the West to meet a Team of 2nd Battalion at an early date. Officers and N.C.O.'s at Gormanston looked after all well, and their entertainment to Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men of the 21st Battalion after the match will long be remembered.

Congratulations to many Officers in the Command on their recent promotions.

Sergt. P. D. met with accident during practice before commencement of match at Naas, and although taken away on the stretcher, he was on the Char-a-banc with the party home.

Young Skerrit who won his Boxing contest on his first appearance in the Ring, had no training, according to the remarks of a well-known Officer, who states that the only training this coming boxer had for this particular contest, was "Doubling" to a certain prominent Bugle Call.

Cash register keys seem to stick now and again at the "Dry Canteen," and a certain onlooker thought one of the lady assistants on a recent occasion was going to requisition a hammer to ease the working of same.

The Officers' Dance at Collins Barracks on the night of the 31st ult. was a complete success. The Dance Committee are to be congratulated.

Capt. Whelan said that Staff had a "Night" on their own for the way they carried out their part of the work on the night of the Dance, and same was much appreciated by all. The chef also did his part, not forgetting "Steve" and "Dick."

## SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION N.C.O.'s WHIST DRIVE AND DANCE.

On Tuesday, 3rd inst., a very successful Whist Drive and Cinderella Dance were given by the N.C.O.'s of the Army School of Instruction. Both Whist Drive and Dance Halls were very tastefully decorated, and much praise is due to Captain O'Doherty, C/Sergeant J. Fay, B/Sergeant O'Farrell, and Sergeant Barber, of the Committee, for the way everything in connection with the function was carried out.

After the Whist Drive, Mrs. J. Hunt presented the prizes to the winners, as follows:—First Prize Ladies, Miss Sylvester. Second Prize, Ladies, Mrs. Cahill. Ladies' "Booby," Miss Guy. First Prize, Gents, C/Sergeant McEnery. Second Prize, Gents, C/Sergeant Kenny. Gents "Booby," Mr. Guern.

Dancing commenced at 10.45 p.m., with Miss Millar at the Piano. Mr. Breen provided Jazz effects.

A very enjoyable evening was brought to a close at 00.45 hours, with the singing of "The Soldiers' Song."

Among the Officers of the School who were present were—Major J. Hunt, Captains F. O'Doherty, Armstrong, Fulham and Hoey, and Captain McDonald of the A.C. Corps.





# HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS OF WELL-KNOWN BARRACKS.

## Origin of the Name "Beggars' Bush"—The Oldest Barrack in Dublin— Temporary Barracks in '98—Archbishop's Palace that became a Military Barracks and now houses Police.

Readers of "An t-Oglach" who take an interest in the things of the past, will find plenty of historical material even in the barracks in Dublin and elsewhere, and their neighbourhood. Even the very name of a barracks, (as, indeed, of a town or of a street) sometimes has wrapped up in it a bit of history, which, to say the least, it is no harm to know.

Take, for instance, the barracks so long known as "Beggars' Bush." This name has been a puzzle to many people both in the Army and out of it. Why "Begger"? And why "Bush"? The explanation is to be found in an old print of Dublin Bay published long before a barracks was erected in the district. In the print, which was executed in the Eighteenth Century, is shown, near the corner of the present Haddington Road, a large bush, sheltering three beggars of most tattered and disreputable appearance. Two of them are looking towards the city, while the third is seen reclining at ease under the shelter of the bush. It would seem as if "the Bush" was a favourite halting place for beggars before they descended on the metropolis. Old names, like old customs, die hard, and this locality retained the name of Beggars' Bush long after the beggars' shelter, and the beggars' shades too, had departed.

In later times—about a century ago—the district where this barracks now stands was infested by robbers and smugglers, who were a terror to the whole district. It is said that, such was the dread of these highwaymen, that no one, unless fully armed, would venture near their den in the night time.

Such was Beggars' Bush.

In dealing with the barracks of Dublin it is well to bear in mind that even the oldest of them cannot be called an "ancient" building. The system of housing soldiers in barracks and not in private houses is scarcely two centuries in existence.

Dealing with the opening years of the eighteenth century, Mr. D. A. Chart, in his book on Dublin, writes: "One source of discontent in Dublin had been removed by the building of the Royal Barracks, commenced in 1704. Before that date soldiers had been billeted on the citizens, who found their presence and their maintenance a great domestic evil. The Crown commenced to collect its troops all over Ireland into large structures specially constructed for their reception. This, like other concessions to the Subject, proved the forerunner of many more."

Oldest, therefore, of the existing Dublin Barracks, the Royal, now houses the soldiers of Ireland, and is known as Collins Barracks. It has been structurally altered so much, however, from time to time, that the present buildings bear little resemblance to the original pile. Harris, who wrote a "History of Dublin" in 1766, refers to this building as follows: "It is pleasantly situated on an eminence near the water, in healthful air. Here are generally quartered four battalions of Foot, and one regiment of Horse. From hence the Castle and city guards are relieved every day. It is said to be the largest and completest building of the kind in Europe."

It was in that part of the Royal Barracks known as the "Provost's Prison" that Wolfe Tone met his death in 1798. Not far from the barracks, near Barrack Street (now Benburb Street) is the celebrated "Croppies' Hole" or "Croppies' Acre," where were buried in scores the rebels captured in 1798. After Emmet's execution in 1803 his body, it is said, was temporarily interred in the "Acre," but was afterwards transferred either to St. Michan's, or to Old Glasnevin Churchyard.

About the '98 period temporary barracks were established in various parts of the Capital by the Government of the day. Most of these were soon afterwards abandoned. In a book on Dublin, published in the year 1818, the barracks then in the city are referred to as follows:—"Notwithstanding the extent and accommodation afforded by these 'the Royal Barracks,' it was unfortunately found necessary to augment the military protection of the metropolis, and temporary barracks were formed during the last 25 years, in ten different parts of the city, viz., Stephen's

Green and Baggot Street, for Cavalry; Marlborough Street, James's Street, Cook Street, Essex Street, George's Street, Henry Street, Kevin Street, and the Coombe, for Infantry. When the necessity for this distribution of the military force had ceased, it was deemed expedient to remove the inconvenience which they caused. They have all been discontinued except that in George's Street, which accommodates one regiment of infantry, and is to be permanent; and to supply the place of others, two large edifices were erected in the vicinity of Dublin, to accommodate the troops which had been quartered in the city, one at Golden Bridge, near Kilmainham, and the other near Portobello.

"The first of these is called Richmond Barracks, from His Excellency, the Duke of Richmond (Lord Lieutenant). It is erected on an elevated and healthy situation, not far from the prison of Kilmainham, between Golden Bridge and the banks of the Canal. It consists of two fronts, with extensive courts, open to the north and south; these are connected in a right line by a row of elegant houses, 300 yards in length; on the east and west fronts are two spacious areas, and in the centre a communication through a large portal, surmounted with a capola and spire.

"The second is on the banks of the same Canal, where it passes Portobello, and is called for that reason Portobello Barracks. It is very extensive, covering 27 acres of ground, and has two very spacious open courts on each side of a range of buildings which communicates by a central gate. Richmond Barracks is for infantry, and Portobello for cavalry. Besides these, there is a barrack for artillery at Chapel Izod, about two miles from Dublin."

The temporary barracks at Kevin Street, referred to in the foregoing quotation, was formerly the Palace of the Protestant Archbishops of Dublin, and is now part of Kevin Street Police Station. This writer makes no mention of the fact that three or four houses that stood on the site of the old G.P.O. in O'Connell Street were also used as temporary barracks during the Insurrection of '98, and for some time afterwards. Shortly after the soldiers had been withdrawn the old buildings collapsed, and their site, having long remained derelict, was at last utilised as the venue of a new General Post Office for Dublin.

Another well-known Dublin building that was more than once used as a temporary barracks is Aldborough House, the fine old mansion in Portland Row near Amiens Street Station.

The neighbourhood of Arbour Hill is full of interesting historic memories. In times gone by all this district was known as Oxmanstown, or Ostmantown, from the fact that originally it was the chief rendezvous of the Danish settlers. The oak forests of Oxmanstown were famous, and Westminster Hall, at the entrance to the Houses of Parliament in London, is roofed with oak from Oxmanstown.

In later times the summit of Arbour Hill was crowned with a Dominican Abbey, on the site of which, in later years, were erected barns or sheds to house the flocks and herds the property of the Christ Church Cathedral authorities.

Crossing-over to the south side of the city we find Portobello Barracks near the Municipal boundary, and adjacent to the once busy "Portobello Harbour" that is so prominently marked in all the old maps. The "Harbour" of Portobello was not, of course, anything more than a widening out of the canal at this point in order to make a suitable terminus for the canal boats that daily plied between the Capital and the midland towns with goods and passengers before railways were known. Portobello House (now a private hospital) overlooking the "Harbour" was a lively centre in the days of the canal passenger traffic. It was then "Portobello Hotel" where weary passengers after a long and tedious journey from the country were glad to rest and refresh themselves.

Griffith, formerly Wellington Barracks, also on the banks of the Grand Canal has little of historic interest to relate except that its original name commemorated the Duke of Wellington, then Chief Secretary for Ireland.





Keogh Barracks, now about to be converted into dwellinghouses for the workers of the neighbourhood, has been already referred to above as "Richmond" Barracks.

The other barracks up and down the country all have their own story to tell, either of themselves or of their immediate neighbourhood, and some day, perhaps, they may be dealt with in these columns.

In conclusion a word or two about the Curragh of Kildare may not be out of place. The story of St. Brigid's association with this great plain is well known and the legend of her miraculous cloak is familiar to most Irishmen. But the Curragh has other, though less known associations of interest to the student of history. It is not generally known, for instance, that in the days when the plains of Meath were the venue of the great Feis or Fair known as Aonach Tailteann, the Curragh of Kildare was the rendezvous for another, though less celebrated, aonach—"Aonach Life," or the Fair of the Liffey. Sometimes this Fair is described as "Aonach Colmain." It is clear, in any case, that the festival celebrated here was carried out in all respects like the great Meath Fair. "The Aonach," says a writer on the subject, "was governed by strict laws, breeches of the peace, insults to women, &c., being severely dealt with, and no one could be arrested or his goods seized while going to, at, or returning from the Fair. It lasted for several days, and was presided over by the King in whose district it was held, who himself distributed the rewards to the successful individuals in the various competitions; in attendance on him were his brehons, bairds, and other state officials.

"As at the present day, fatal accidents occasionally occurred at an Aonach; thus in the year A.D. 940, Faelan, son of Muiredach King of Leinster, died of a fall at Aonach Colmaine. . . .

"There were occasions, too, when a hostile chief would take a mean advantage of his enemy, and attack him while presiding at the peaceful Aonach: in A.D. 825, occurred 'the destruction of the Fair of Colman, by Muiredach, against the South Leinstermen, where many were slain."

There is a twelfth century vellum MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, which contains a poem said to have been composed by Oisín, son of Fionn Mac Cumhail. In the poem Oisín states that the King of Leinster in his time (the third century) inaugurated the Aonach Life, and that the poem was composed in commemoration of the event. The MS. in T.C.D. is a copy of a much older one.

But the time when the Curragh was the venue of Aonach Life is now very remote and many storms have swept down on the plains of Kildare since then.

"HISTORICUS."

## 24th BATTALION, DUNDALK.

The Officers' Dance on 7th inst. was a big success, and the promoters are to be congratulated.

Our Caterer Friend "Charley" is again well, and "Paddy" looks well in his new Brown.

What does F.D. mean by stating that he is in the "Rats."

Who is the soldier that sings in his sleep "Horsey keep your Tail Up"?

Sergt. Sexton of Battalion Football fame distinguished himself for Cavan against Dublin in the recent All-Ireland Football Semi-final.

The Leading Military Tailors  
in Ireland for close on a Century

J. B. JOHNSTONE, Ltd.

32 Molesworth Street, Dublin.

Telephone—Dublin 1213

## ORÓCE FÍOR-ḡAEḡEALAC: I ḡPOCÁIN ḡAEḡEAL AN AIRM.

Míorbuiltéac an t-aon focal amháin is cruinne agus is léire labarfao an spioraio ionantaac agus an mór meánma abí as borrao is as spreasao ins ḡac aoinne abí i láeair as an scorurdeact mór do bí cruinnuiste le céile i sgoil na ḡaeḡeal i ḡpáirc an fíonn-uiste, oróce Dé Doimnais seo caite. B'iao Oifisíḡ agus fíor an céao cáta ba bun leis an ḡcruinnú, draoréact agus spíro na ḡaeḡilte ba trús leis an míorbuilt. Do deim an spíro seo sluas mór de ḡaeḡealab—curo aca veisilte ó na céile um coiste mora eile—do éabairt le céile pé iao an aon tise céatna amáin, arís, cun blas na sean aimsire t'páail sa ḡaeḡealac nua atá curá ar bún i "mbaile at clia na ḡsall." B'píu t'aon ḡaeḡeal cuairt do éabairt ar an áit t'aon ḡnó ac feucáint ar ḡnóise pátrais ó dalais, seán ó caeám, fíonán mac colm, an t-seaḡaic seán ó cuill, seaḡairí do tuit leis an ḡaeḡilte agus an seana ḡeulḡaire agus an t-sean ḡraoiméact as veallrao ḡo h-áeasamail ins ḡac aon ḡnóis aca.

Cois taoḡ leis na leomáin seo ḡo ḡpíul na blianta pao caite aca in obair na teangán bí aḡbairín ruaoí beaḡa ná píul ac as tosnu ar éaint de tóanaim agus a ḡcluasa ósa as suḡao isteac fíor blas na ḡaeḡilte abí á spreasa ar ḡac taoḡ. Éipeá ann an ḡenerál Risteáro ó maoláeá, míceál ó h-aḡoḡa ceanná comairle na dála, an maor-ḡenerál seán mac matḡaimna, an cornal pátrais ó concubair, an cornal míceál ó coistealba, an maor breannán mac matḡaimna, agus ḡac céim de'n arm ó'n rang is aoirve ḡo tóí an t-éarca is óise agus iao as frieḡmḡasao agus as caom-comráo le céile agus leis na noame eile i ḡcombráeáeas na ḡaeḡilte.

Míorbuilt níor míorbuilt ḡo tóí é. Siúo annsin iao, ós agus críona, ní beasa móimara ḡaeḡealacá, mna pósta ḡo sásta se meaimnac, fíor agus Oifisíḡ pé oíve an airm, doame móra na poiliticeacta agus iao ḡo léir as cur oíob ḡo beoḡa creídeamail pé mar éar n-aís i tóí na nós eisin do bíoḡar.

Bí le cloisint ann ceol píop de ḡáruis ar ceol sróe "Seatona" agus é a seimniúint as an mbanna píobaire do b'péarr (do réir tuairime cáic) do cloiseao riám as aon cruinnú de ḡaeḡealab ó tósuig obair na ḡaeḡilte. Muimtir Rosame abí 'na bun agus níor beas san t'o'n ḡaeḡeal ḡo ḡpíul aon tuairim aise ar cat do bameann le beas píobaireact. Bí an muimseannac agus an ḡorm-áac as cuirtoí leo agus pairis sin triúr beiróleatoir agus iao as com seimniú agus as arónlú le céile.

Ar na h-abranuróce de bí Máire ní h-uísín, ó tuaim dá ḡualaimn, máireao ní muirécartais ó cill-onglan, Corporal ó h-aírt ó Rínn, eiblin ní Scanaill ó véal áta an ḡaoréar, míceál ó Seoḡpraḡa ó Daingean uí cúis, leírt. Seán ó maoláeá agus Sáirt. Compláeá Seósaín ó Paítrise.

An Seaḡac péin níor b'é a dearmao san abrán peileaimnac ḡrinn a beir ollam reib aise. Ar an luḡ eisteacta do bí i láeair do bí cornal brase agus a bean. Cuir seisean ana sum 'sa ceol is 'sna h-abráin is 'sna rinncí do bí ann, agus do éaint an oróce éar barr leis.

Bí bobtaí breáe de rinncé síos tíreac ó peisí meolár, an t-áro rinncéoir, agus ó míceál ó sealtbám ó uib Ráeac, agus do deim cailín beas bíreac, mḡean t'o'n ceannport mac aongusa. Níl ar feabas an doimain. Rinncí ḡaeḡealac de ḡac uile saḡas abí ar siubal aca ó tuis ḡo veire agus ní tuisce do cuirpí veire le ceann na ḡo tóosnoái ar ceann eile agus é sin ó na seact ḡo tóí a do nó mar sin.

Bí ḡac uile tóime bá raib láireac lán t-sásta leis an oróce agus bí cáe as tnué nac paoa ḡo mberó a leitéro t'oróce eile arís aca. Is mian le h-Oifisíḡ agus le fíor an céao cáta a mburdeacas do ḡábail leis na ḡaeḡealab scóirí. B'iao t'oróce agus tá burdeacas pé leir as uil uata do Muimtir Rosame t'o'n Seaḡac agus t'o'n seana doame eile t'o'ibis com cródeamail sin cun oróce aobínn fíor ḡaeḡealac do ar an ocáib.



# THE ARMY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

## HINTS ON TRAINING.

Calf Stiffness, Shin Soreness, Breakdown, Staleness, Racing Period, Care of Feet, Wearing Apparel, Baths, Oils, Diet, Drinking, Smoking, Sleep, Teeth, Moral Advice.

In view of the approach of the Athletic Season, and as a help to our Athletes we purpose giving a few hints on the best means of becoming and keeping "racing fit." In our next issue an article on track tactics and a table of exercises for the Sprinter will appear.

### Calf Stiffness.

This is worked off by continued training and gentle exercises daily.

### Shin Soreness.

Try massage, but if it persist, rest from training.

### Breakdown.

Rest and massage with hot fomentations applied to the effected part. Train gradually on resumption.

### Staleness.

Never force yourself beyond your physical and mental strength. During rest periods do only road walking to keep normally fit, returning to the track when you feel inclined for a run.

### Racing Period.

May, June, July, and August.

### Care of the Feet.

**TOE NAILS.**—Ingrowing toe nails should be kept well trimmed and grooved slightly up the centre, from the base, with a small V-shaped nick out in the top centre.

**BLISTERS.**—Pierce with a needle, apply iodine and bandage.

**BRUISED HEEL.**—Rest afflicted part and bathe in very hot water.

**STRAINED TENDON.**—Should be treated as for bruised heel.

**WEAK ANKLES.**—Should be massaged, and the special foot exercises carried out daily to strengthen them.

### Running Kit.

**SHOES.**—It is best to have them made to measure. They should fit so tightly that it is scarcely possible to keep them on, while the foot should work into them gradually.

Jumpers' shoes have two spikes in the heel to prevent slipping. (It is advisable to wear toe socks).

**CORK GRIP.**—These are most important, as they help considerably to keep the arms in true balance while running.

**SHORTS.**—Straight waist band and fronts, with buckle fasteners at each hip, measuring about 5 to 6 inches inside the leg, and 24 inches round the bottom of the leg.

**VESTS.**—Must have sleeves to the elbow.

### Baths.

These should be treated with respect.

**COLD BATHS.**—Are stimulating if the body is used to them, but to obtain the desired effect of a tonic to the muscles only, they should be limited to a few seconds.

**HOT BATHS.**—An excellent thing to ease stiffness, finish with a cold shower or spray and rest afterwards.

**TEPID BATHS.**—These are best, as they can be taken any time, but should not last more than one or two minutes. Always follow with a light massage.

**SUN BATHS.**—Turn out in shorts and lounge about in the full sun for about half an hour.

### Embrocation.

Use as little as possible, as it tends to clog the pores of the skin. Boracic powder is sufficient, as massage does the muscles more good than any embrocation.

### Diet.

1. Eat good plain food and plenty of fresh fruit.
  2. Eat what best agrees with digestion.
  3. Take meals regularly.
- (A short walk should be taken before breakfast and before retiring).

### Drink.

Three pints is the maximum (this includes breakfast, dinner or tea drink).

Moderation should be exercised regarding alcoholic beverages.

### Smoking.

If possible, it is best to cease smoking entirely while training.

### Sleep.

At least eight hours' sleep each night is essential.

### Teeth.

They must not be overlooked. Twice each day is not too often to clean them.

## TRAINING FOR TRACK EVENTS.

**THE SPRINT.**—Points to remember. 1. To get away quickly from the start. 2. To get into running quickly. 3. To finish fast through the tape.

**STARTING POSITION.**—Points to remember. 1. Place the left foot about 6 inches behind the line. 2. Kneel down on the right knee beside left foot, (knee 2 inches to the right of left toes). 3. Mark two holes—one for the left and one for the right foot (from position 2, mark holes). 4. The thumb and fingers should rest on the line, the hands parallel, thumbs pointing inwards, tips of the fingers only touching the ground (hands as close as possible).

**ON YOUR MARKS.**—Walk up to the line and adopt the position as above.

**GET SET.**—Raise the right foot about four inches from the ground in line with the calf of the left leg, at the same time move the body forward very slowly, the shoulders in advance position of the hands, weight forward mostly on fingers.

**"GO!"**—By a vigorous push from the hands, left hand punching from left to right, forward and across the body, this brings every limb into action.

**POSITION WHEN RUNNING.**—1. Do not come to the upright position too soon. 2. Bend the arms to the elbow, and move them backward and forward (hip height). 3. Shoulders slightly forward (back must not be hollowed). 4. Keep well on the toes. 5. Keep head still, eyes looking at the ground, four or five yards in front. 6. Stride natural (as practised in training).

## METHOD OF TRAINING.

**PATTERING.**—Run twenty yards, taking short, lighting steps, getting as many as possible into the distance of twenty yards. Taking two or three long strides, repeat above again (two or three times is sufficient.)

**SHOULDERS LOOSENING.**—Get a small piece of wood, sufficiently to grasp with both hands close together. Run sharply with it gripped in both hands. Work the hands across the body with an upward and downward motion of the shoulders.

**FIRST WEEK.**—Walking and running exercises (about five miles), running 200 yards at the end of each mile.

**SECOND WEEK.**—Walking and Running (about five miles). Walk half a mile, run the second half with a fifty yards sprint burst to finish.

**THIRD WEEK.**—Increase the speed of the running, at the end of each half mile do alternately 150 yards at half speed and 50 yards at three quarter speed.

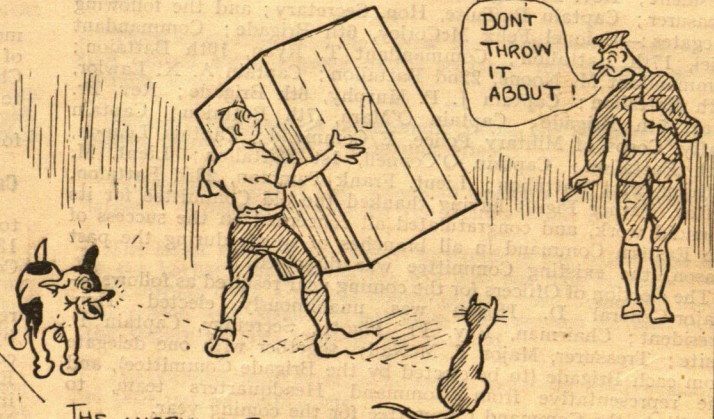
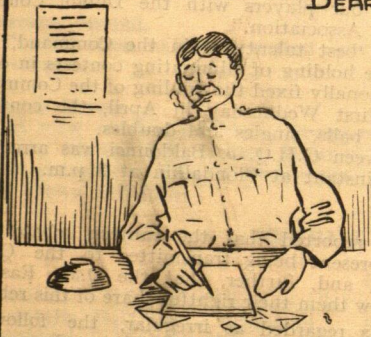
**NOTE.**—The above will get the legs strong and the body fit. **FOURTH WEEK.**—Practice Track Tactics. On your Marks, Getting Set, Getting Away, Running at half speed, increase to three quarter speed, finishing at top speed.



# PRIVATE MURPHY KEEPS THINGS MOVING IN BARRACKS.

DEAR MOTHER

I'M NOW  
A  
FURNITURE  
VAN.  
IN OTHER  
WORDS  
I'VE  
JOINED THE  
BARRACK  
SERVICES  
DEPARTMENT

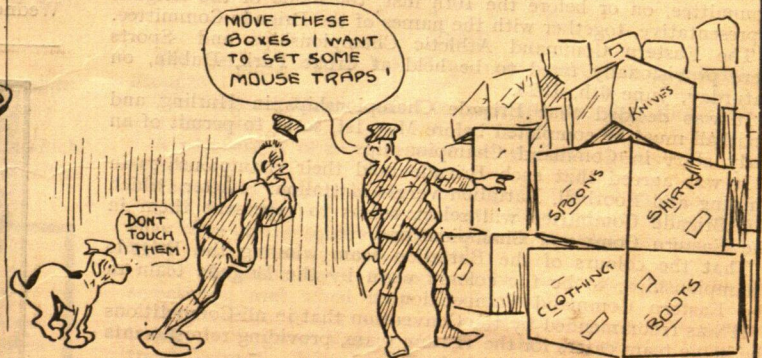


DON'T  
THROW  
IT  
ABOUT!

THE WORK IS BEGINNING TO TELL ON ME



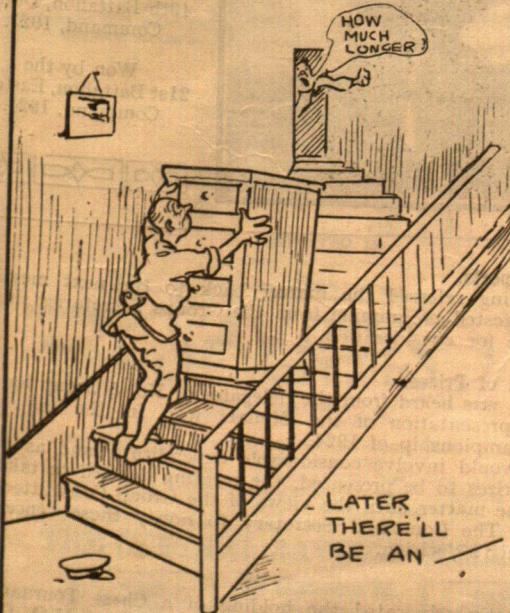
I ALWAYS



MOVE THESE  
BOXES I WANT  
TO SET SOME  
MOUSE TRAPS!

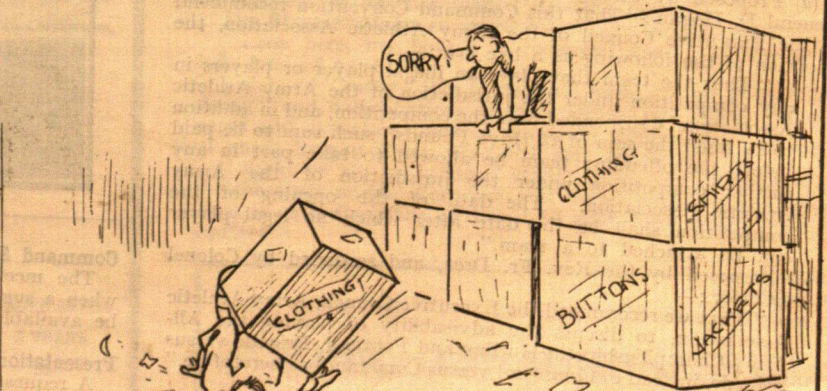
DON'T TOUCH  
THEM!

HAVE THE FEELING THAT SOONER OR



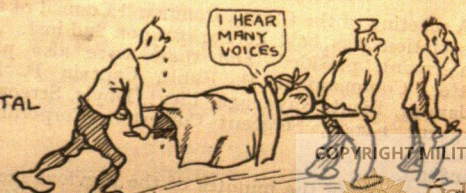
HOW  
MUCH  
LONGER!

LATER  
THERE'LL  
BE AN



SORRY!

ACCIDENT AND THAT  
I'LL BE REMOVED TO HOSPITAL  
IN A SOMEWHAT DYING  
CONDITION AND BE GIVEN  
"MEDICINE AND DUTY"



I HEAR  
MANY  
VOICES



## EASTERN COMMAND CONVENTION.

The Eastern Command Convention was held in the Men's Recreation Room, Collins Barracks, Dublin, on Tuesday, 3rd inst., when there were present:—Major-General D. Hogan, Hon. President; Rev. Fr. Pigott, Chairman; Major T. McNally, Hon. Treasurer; Captain P. Tuite, Hon. Secretary; and the following delegates:—Colonel Felix McCorley, 6th Brigade; Commandant Friel, 17th Battalion; Commandant T. Ryan, 19th Battalion; Commandant M. Noone, 22nd Battalion; Captain A. X. Lawlor, 24th Battalion; Captain J. P. Murphy, 6th Brigade; Rev. Fr. Drea, 5th Brigade; Captain O'Mara, 7th Battalion; Captain Duffy, Corps of Military Police, E/Command; Captain Lennon, 20th Battalion; Captain O'Connell, 1st Battalion; Lieut. M. O'Brien, 21st Battalion; Lieut. Frank Tummon, 23rd Battalion.

Rev. Father Pigott having thanked the old Committee for its splendid work, and congratulated all concerned on the success of the Eastern Command in all branches of sports during the past season, the existing Committee was dissolved.

The election of Officers for the coming year resulted as follows:—Major-General D. Hogan was unanimously elected Hon. President; Chairman, Rev. Fr. Pigott; Secretary, Captain P. Tuite; Treasurer, Major T. McNally, together with one delegate from each Brigade (to be elected by the Brigade Committee), and one representative from Command Headquarters team, to constitute the Command Committee for the coming year.

It was arranged that the Officer Commanding each Brigade should be notified to forward to the Hon. Secretary, Command Committee, on or before the 10th inst, the name of the Brigade representative, together with the names of the Brigade Committee.

The Eastern Command Athletic Championships and Sports were provisionally fixed to be held at Croke Park, Dublin, on Saturday, June 6th, 1925.

It was decided that Brigade Championships in Hurling and Football must be completed before May 1st, so as to permit of an early start in Command Championships.

It was agreed that each Brigade hold their championships in Hurling and Football, Battalion versus Battalion. After which the Brigade Committee will select teams to represent them in the Eastern Command Championships.

That the colours of the Battalion team winning the Brigade Championships, to be the colours worn by the Brigade team in the Eastern Command Competition.

It was recommended by the Convention that in all Competitions the home team caters for the visiting team, providing refreshments for 20 members of the visiting team.

### RECOMMENDATIONS FOR ALL-ARMY CONVENTION.

(a) Proposed by Colonel F. McCorley, and seconded by Major General D. Hogan:—That this Command Convention recommend to the Executive Council of the Army Athletic Association, the adoption of the following as a bye law:—

"That the team that plays an illegal player or players in any competition under the jurisdiction of the Army Athletic Association be suspended from the competition, and in addition to be fined the sum of £5 (Five Pounds), such sum to be paid before the offending team be allowed to take part in any further competition under the jurisdiction of the Army Athletic Association. The date of the opening of the competition shall be the date after which no legal player can be attached to a team."

(b) Proposed by the Rev. Fr. Drea, and seconded by Colonel F. McCorley:—

"That we recommend the Executive Council, Army Athletic Association, to discuss the advisability of playing the All-Army Championships in Hurling and Football, Brigade versus Brigade, instead of Command versus Command, as heretofore."

## G.H.Q. COMMAND COUNCIL.

A meeting of the G.H.Q. Command Council of the Army Athletic Association was held at Parkgate on 2nd inst. Major T. McGrath (Chairman), presided, and there were also present:—A/Major Cotter, Commandant P. Ennis, Captain P. Kelly, A/Captain Delamere, Lieut. Kavanagh, Lieut. Doyle, Sergeant-Major Brophy, Sergeant Keogh, Sergeant Comerton, Corporal O'Neill, Private Walsh.

### Handball.

Arising out of the minutes of the previous meeting a discussion took place with regard to the advisability of affiliating a handball

Club in view of the rival organisations that exist, and which profess to cater for the game.

The Standing Council A.A.A. having made no ruling in the matter, the following resolution was proposed by Captain Kelly, seconded by Major Cotter, and passed unanimously: "That this Association affiliate our players with the Dublin Council, Irish Amateur Handball Association."

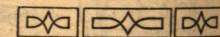
In order to locate the best talent within the Command, the meeting recommended the holding of eliminating contests in each of the Groups, and provisionally fixed the holding of the Command Championships for the first Wednesday in April, the contests to include hard and soft balls, singles and doubles.

A friendly match between G.H.Q. v. Baldonnel was arranged for Wednesday the 4th instant at Clondalkin at 3 p.m.

### Canteen Rebate.

Gormanston delegates reported that the canteen rebate due to their group was at present being transmitted to the Q.M., 13th Infantry Battalion, and, further, that the Q.M., Eastern Command, refused to allow them their rightful share of this rebate.

As this procedure was regarded as irregular, the following resolution was proposed by Sergeant-Major Brophy, and seconded by Sergeant Keogh, and passed unanimously: "That a delegation consisting of three members, and representing the G.H.Q. Command Executive, be appointed to interview the Q.M., Eastern Command, in connection with the monies due as canteen rebate, etc., to the Mechanical Transport Corps, Gormanston Camp. The following to constitute the delegation:—Major T. McGrath, Major J. Cotter, Lieut. C. S. Doyle. The Secretary to arrange for the interview, Wednesday, the 4th, 11 a.m."

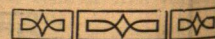


### Dublin Command Football Championship Perpetual Challenge Cup.

Presented by  
LIAM DEVLIN,  
Gloucester Street.

Won by the  
49th Battalion, Dublin  
Command, 1923.

Won by the  
21st Battalion, Eastern  
Command, 1924.



### Command Sports.

The meeting referred the matter back to the next meeting, when a suggested programme from the Groups Secretaries should be available for consideration.

### Presentation of Prizes.

A request was heard from the delegates of No. 5 Group for the immediate presentation of the Medals won in the All-Army Hurling Championships of 1924.

As this would involve considerable expenditure, and as there are other prizes to be presented, the meeting decided to take no action in the matter until the views of the Group Committees be obtained. The Command Secretary to notify those concerned of the Council's decision.

### Chess.

Major Cotter advocated the holding of a Chess Tournament on inter-Group lines, and agreed to handicap the G.H.Q. Chess Club, so as to provide a fair contest with CORRYMEETERY ARCHIVES



Commandant Ennis kindly consented to present a suitable prize to be presented to the winning team.

The following fixtures were arranged:—

G.H.Q.—Gormanston, 10th inst, at Gormanston, 7.30 p.m.  
Gormanston—Portobello, 12th inst, at Portobello, 7 p.m.

#### Garrison Ground.

Consideration of this question was adjourned until the next meeting.

#### League Drawn.

In view of the Artillery's Departure to Kildare, the fixtures for the 4th and 11th instant, in which the teams were engaged, were cancelled. Further draws were made, particulars of which are shown hereunder:

#### FOOTBALL.

	Venue	Time	Referee
		Feb. p.m.	
Portobello G.H.Q. B.	Phoenix Pk.	4th 3	R.S.M. Cummins
Portobello Baldonnel	Baldonnel	11th 3	Capt. O'Beirne
Baldonnel G.H.Q. B.	Phoenix Pk.	18th 3	Lieut. Kavanagh
G.H.Q. A. Artillery	Kildare	18th 3.30	Capt. O'Brien

#### HURLING.

G.H.Q. B. Portobello	Phoenix Pk.	18th 3	Lt. M. O'Brien,
			21st.

The referee's report of the Football Match between G.H.Q. A. and Baldonnel was considered, and the match awarded to the former. Referees were requested to furnish their reports at least 48 hours after the match.

#### Hour of Meeting.

The Council decided to hold all Command meetings at 2.30 p.m. in future. The date of next meeting, 16th February.

The photograph of the 21st Battalion Football Team, which appeared in our last issue was taken by Mr. O'Reilly, Photographer, 36 St. Thomas Terrace, Dublin.

## SHRAPNEL.

Marry in haste and you will have no leisure for repentance.

It used to be the man-in-the-street; now it's the man-in-the-Ford.

There was a time, says the "New York American," when flappers got tanned without going to the seashore, but parents are more lenient now.

Waves of indignation occasionally sweep the country, but they seldom have much of a cleansing effect.

Glovmakers report that American women's hands are growing larger. A painful outlook for the coming small boy.

The latest thing in henpecked husbands is the fellow who waits in the barber's shop while his wife has her hair bobbed.

According to an American contemporary, the "Asheville Times," one reason why people do not have more respect for laws is that the supply of laws exceeds the demand.

The swelled-head germ is nobody's fool: he always manages to pick out an empty one.

Another good memory test is to try to remember the things you worried about yesterday.

#### HOPE.

The Sergeant-Major looked at the "chit" in his hand and thought.

The Sergeant-Major looked through the Orderley Room window and thought.

A new squad of recruits were being "put through it" on the square.

The squad were properly "fed up." They had been doubled "up" and doubled "down" until they did not know whether they were on the square of Portobello or the plains of the Curragh. They were properly cross-puzzled.

The Sergeant-Major smiled grimly, Sergeant-Majors do smile sometimes, and when they do—BEWARE.

The Sergeant-Major advanced across the square with measured tread. (Sergeant-Majors always make use of the "measured tread" stunt). Why? Nobody knows, and, of course, Sergeant-Majors are not expected to know—that's why they do it.

The squad observed his approach with dismay, and prepared themselves for another little "dressing down."

The Sergeant-Major surveyed his victims, and actually smiled! "Look here, my boys," he remarked kindly; "any of you lads fond of music?"

Visions of "cushy" jobs in Beggars' Bush, dreams of the "No. 1 Army," and hallucinations of Piper Bands, etc., arose. A dozen eager and expectant budding musicians stepped out—"I'm fond of music Sargent-Major, Sir," "I play the flute," etc.

"Right ye are me larkies," kindly spoke the Sergeant-Major. "Take their names, Corporal, and march them to the Officers' Mess to shift the piano on the third floor down to the Sergeants' canteen."

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# THE OLD BUGLER'S FAREWELL.

## Story of a Pact between Two Veterans of the American Army and its Fulfilment.

**V**ALIAINT soldiers, old men before their time from liquor, idleness and war, were those two 100-per-cent. Americans, Chief Trumpeter Cart of the Artillery, and his ancient crony, Chief Musician Gray of the Infantry. The younger generation of soldiers regarded them with tolerant good humour, and was intensely amused by their perpetual dispute as to which was "the best bugler in the world," Cart, or Gray. And nearly everybody in the American Army knew of the pact between them, that, whichever died first, the other would sound "Taps" over his grave:—

Fades the light, and afar goeth day:  
Cometh night, and a star  
Leadeth all, speedeth all to their rest.  
Friend, good night. Must thou go?  
When the day and the night leave me so?  
Fare thee well, day is done, night is on.

Gray learned with intense dismay one morning that his friend had carried out his long threatened intention of "beating up" Colonel O'Malley. Neither Gray nor anyone else knew how, but the young Officer had given mortal offence to the young soldier, some twenty-five years before. Possibly even Cart did not remember what it was, for he never mentioned the matter except on his sprees, at which times he had been threatening to thrash the old Officer for many years. And now he had done it.

The court's finding and sentence were inevitable—Guilty, and to serve ten years in whatever military prison the authorities might direct, and dishonourable discharge.

As soon as the papers were forwarded to the reviewing officer, Gray, finding out by nosing around headquarters, took his courage in hand, and went to the Colonel's house. The officer met him on the porch.

"Sir," requested Gray in his best military manner, "may I speak to the Colonel?"

"Well?"

"About Chief Trumpeter Cart, sir."

The Colonel's lean, wrinkled face clouded swiftly. Gray hurried on:

"He was my friend, sir. We soldiered together off and on for nigh twenty-eight years. I knew him like a brother, sir, only better, and I know he meant you no harm, Colonel. It was only when the whiskey got the upper hand—"

"But what do you think I can do?" asked the officer argumentatively.

"Write a letter, sir, through military channels or otherwise, and ask the judge advocate, when he reviews the case, to—that is, sir, suggest to him that you would not kick against leniency for Cart, and for old time's sake, you'd like him restored to duty."

"That will do, Gray. You may go."

"Yes, sir."

And Gray went. There's no use arguing with the Colonel in the Army.

But Gray's loyalty did not weary. He took dainties to the guard-house, and tobacco. Cart used a great deal of tobacco. He would smoke all day long, and never say a word to anybody. The ignominy of his disgrace ate at his heart; he fell away physically, and presently was removed to the hospital for better care.

A few mornings after this significant event, getting out early to help as usual in sounding raucous reveille, Gray was again greeted with news from the bugler of the guard.

"Hello, dad," began the man, striving to be tactful, "you're the best bugler in the world now."

Gray halted, startled, knowing what the news would be.

"Old Cart-before-the-horse cashed in some time last night."

Gray was not shocked as he had been at the news of Cart's crime. He had felt that this would be the best way out. There was another consolation too—now, he would get to blow Taps over his comrade's grave, whereas if Cart had been taken away to some distant prison, the chances of doing so would have been slight. And the chief would know—Gray felt that with all his

being—Cart would hear and know about Taps being sounded, and the promise kept.

**G**RAY at once sought and obtained leave of absence for the day. He did not wish to remain around the barracks, and be an object of pity, and he wished to go off and muse alone, and practise Taps for final perfection.

He went to near-by park, behind the garrison, and found a shady place, and sat him down to the gentle practise of the army's favourite—it's sentimentality, and its hymn, that ancient sweet wail called Taps.

Sometimes he could not blow it all through for a hurt coming up in his throat.

While he dreamed there in the shade, and saw the past year by year unfold and fold again, and while at intervals he practised low, a man came from a house not far away, a retired soldier, and spoke to him.

"Hello, Gray," said he. "I'll bet a piece o' tin money you're practisin' Taps for old Trumpeter Cart."

"That's what," answered Gray shortly.

"I guessed it! Don't you know you'll never sound Taps at his grave? He's a military convict. Dishonourable soldiers don't get a military funeral."

Gray knew it, knew it as well as any man, but he had forgotten. This was the worst thing yet—the old chief not even to get an honourable funeral, like burying a once great man in the potter's corner without a friend to shed a tear, only a thousand times worse. His breathing was laboured.

"Reminds me," began the retired man, "of a fellow in the Ninth Infantry —"

But old Gray had no ear for garrulity. He staggered to his feet and moved away, like Napoleon sunk in despair.

The national cemetery lay two or three miles distant. Down in one corner were a few ill-marked graves where men without military honour had been put away without the sound of bugle or firing of gun. Something drew Gray there.

He looked through the woven-wire fence at the long rows of low white grave-stones, and the "little green tents" where the soldiers slept. He shortened his gaze, and right at his feet through the fence beheld the short row of mounds marked merely by boards. A new one would be dug there to-day, and to-morrow Chief Cart—

Gray moved away. He climbed the steep hillside right at hand, and found another shady place near the summit. The hill was rocky and dry, and nothing intervened to shut out the dismal corner. He would sit here the next day, when the burying squad lowered the body, and keep his promise with soft blown Taps.

And he resumed his practising and his lonely musing.

When Chief Musician Gray returned to the garrison in the evening he learned that a regimental practice march had been ordered for the next day. He applied for permission to miss it, and remain for Cart's burial. Pitying his sorrow, nobody objected. He was told at the guard-house that a detail of men to fill the grave would go out with a Q.M. wagon and the body at ten o'clock the next forenoon.

Gray was on the scene at half-past nine the following morning. He did not descend to the cemetery, but remained on the hill-side out of plain sight. He had his precious dented old bugle, polished in every visible inch, even within the bell, to a scintillating sheen. The chief, down there, would know!

The gray bugler sat down. By moving a little from behind the brushy clump he could see when the squad lowered the body. To make certain of this he moved over a yard—and was surprised to see already a fresh mound there. He got up and went racing to a last-chance saloon over on a main road conducted by an old retired soldier, and so situated that the proprietor could see everything that took place on his side of the cemetery.

"Say," Gray burst in like Paul Revere spreading the alarm, "there's a new grave down there in the disgrace corner—"

"O! Cart, chief trumpeter of the artillery outfit," said the proprietor. "Poor ol' hoss. I sho' felt declined to see him dropped down in sich a hole."

"When?" half-whispered Gray. "Why, I thought

\* The American Army call corresponding to "The Last Post."







# The charm of old things -

WHETHER it be picture or architecture, furniture or ornament, harsh symmetry and chill dignity touched by the hand of time are given a soft and mellow charm that fascinates the critic.

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## “Paddy Flaherty”

WHISKY.

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"About eight-thirty. Boys come up here for a drink afta they got through. Said they'd hurried up 'count of having to go out on the practise hike."

So it was over, and there was no Taps for the chief.

THERE'S a saying in the American Army that you don't ever need to worry about orders for they may be changed several times before you can obey them. A few days later the sergeant-major of the infantry regiment beckoned the drooping gray old trumpeter into the head-quarters building. When Gray reached his desk, the highest-ranking regimental non-com was beaming like a full moon.

"Here, read this," he said, shoving a printed sheet into Gray's hands. "See what the judge advocate says about y'r old side-kick."

"Judge advocate!" barked Gray.

And because of the sergeant-major's beaming he knew something had happened about Cart. He trembled so that he could not read. The headquarters man snatched the paper back again and himself read it, omitting hitting the high places.

"The findings of . . . owing to recommendations of the complaining officer . . . Colonel Malley . . . in view of age and honourable service of the soldier . . . findings of court reversed and Chief Trumpeter Cart is ordered restored to duty with all rights and pay."

Old Gray was about to weep.

"Get out of here!" thundered the sergeant-major, to hide his own feelings. O'Malley himself wants to see ye. Report at once."

The gray bugler crossed the hall and knocked at the Colonel's door and entered at the brisk order of, "Come!"

"Oh," said O'Malley, pleasantly. "You had a promise with Chief Cart, did you not, Chief, to sound Taps at his grave?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sergeant-major tell you the news?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then it may interest you to know that orders have been given for the disinterment of Trumpeter Cart's body to-morrow, and for burial in another place with full military honours."

"Yes, sir." Gray had never been more formal in all his military life. "I thank the Colonel, sir, for—for—"

Tears squirted from Gray's eyes with the warm flush of a spring shower. O'Malley's eyes were tripping hard too.

"You'd better go, Chief," he said, hardly above a whisper. "You be on hand to sound your Taps at ten to-morrow."

Chief Musician Gray, with his shiny bugle, repaired to the cemetery much earlier than duty required. From the gate he saw a new grave in the "honourable row," and with peace in his heart sat down on a bench to wait.

Idly the old man got to trying the bugle limbering his lips, but his lips were dry and he decided to go to the saloon conducted by the retired soldier, only three or four blocks away, and get a drink to moisten them.

Trudging through the hot sunshine to the saloon yet another idea came to him, something that seemed fine and beautiful. Finally at the bar he carried out the plan.

"Two glasses, please," he ordered.

He filled them both with whiskey, and forgetting that the bartender was watching with a curious stare, he stood back politely, as if Chief Cart were there, and gestured to the glasses. Then he took up one for himself.

"To the best bugler in the world, Chief," said he courteously.

He was not down-hearted, his voice did not break, for to his ears and eyes Cart was right there with him, and plainly he heard his old comrade say:

"To the best bugler in the world."

He drank and set his glass down, cleared his throat—ahm-ahm. He wiped his mouth, laid money down for his bill, and started to go.

"You're leavin' one of your glasses o' whuskey," said the bartender.

"You're missing the target," Gray replied coolly. "Old Chief Cart drunk that one."

"Oh, I see," acknowledged the man behind the bar, falling in with the whimsy. "Right ye are, an' we'll have another one on me, if you've got the time to spare."

Gray hesitated. He did not wish to be delayed. But the whiskey he had swallowed was warming him and calling for more. He succumbed.

"Reckon I have time for one more," he agreed, "for the Chief's sake."

The bartender set out the quart bottle again with three fresh glasses. Gray poured three fingers for himself, and likewise three for Cart, and the proprietor filled his own glass.

"Here's to a reunion in a soldier's heaven," he said splendidly, raising his glass.

The two in the flesh raised their glasses to each other, then both to the one who was present only in vision.

They drank.

"They're replanting him down there now, ain't they?" the bartender asked.

"Getting ready to; yes, sir."

"Cart was a great old wagon."

"You knew him well?" Gray inquired conversationally.

"Knowed him well? Say—I soldiered with him in Fort Sam Houston an' the Islands. I was with him—did he ever tell ye how he rode the water-buffalo into the fightin' to save—no? Well, say, you've got somethin' comin' in that story. It was like this—"

Gray gave a puzzled look back over his shoulder, trying in a troubled way to remember what it was he should be doing, but as the barman went ahead with his story the old bugler hooked his elbows over the bar and settled down to enjoyment of the yarn. The telling required some time, and when it was finished there were tears in Gray's faded eyes.

"Heroic," he murmured. "Old Chief to the life."

The bartender was so pleased with his successful spinning of the tale that he was renewedly liberal.

"Have another'n," he invited. "Ol' time's sake."

Again three glasses were filled, and two drunk.

"Reminds me—" The bartender chuckled. "Once Cart's outfit turned out for a colonel's funeral and—"

"Funeral!" Gray's mind came to attention. "Maybe I'd better be going. 'Scuse me. See you later."

With an overwhelming sense of guilt at idling so long and sick with the thought that he had again missed bugling for old Cart,

"Dá gcaillfí an Ghaedhealg do caillfí Éire."

—Pádraic Mac Piarais.

Gray went hustling towards the cemetery, and when he came within sight, to his immeasurable relief he saw that nothing had gone too far, but that all was in readiness for the service.

Approaching nearer, arriving at the place at last, he beheld all the proper elements of such a military affair—chaplain, and a spick and span squad to fire the final salute, and himself as the official bugler.

He was dizzy, could not see well, but he understood when it came his time to sound the great call to glory. He stepped forward briskly. Old Chief Cart would hear and see and know all about it! It was a fine, stirring thought.

Gray raised the shiny bugle to his lips. He filled his lungs, reared back, and begun to sound off. But he made the great mistake of his military career. For instead of playing Taps he played the raucous, helter-skelter, noisy-go-lucky shatterer of funeral stillness Reveille.

Oh, I can't get 'em up,

I can't get 'em up,

I can't get 'm up this morrhrrring!

The stiff-back shave-tail in command of the firing squad shot a look at his men. Their young faces had the grim set expression of "attention," but their eyes were twinkling uncontrollably. The lieutenant stepped back to where Gray could not see, and hissed out to the squad:

"If you men ever tell this on him while he's on earth, I'll make you wish you hadn't! Get me?"

Contrary to all rules and regulations for men at attention, there came conspirators' nods and mutterings from the line. And even the chaplain laid a finger across his mouth in token that he joined them in the promise of silence.

A moment later Chief Musician Gray, now the best bugler in the world, with head up and chest out, was marching away by himself all unaware of his mistake, filled with the warmth of a dromise well kept and duty well done.

"Old Chief Cart," said the Chaplain softly, "would understand and forgive him. He meant right."



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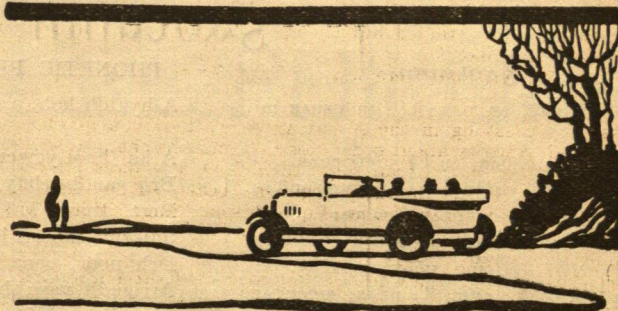
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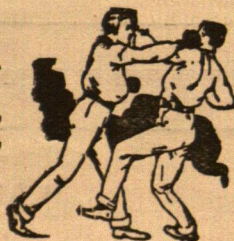


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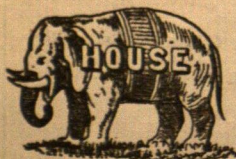
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# SAOLUINN DO'N ARM.

## SAOLUINN.

An céad céat, an dara lá, an treas mí.

An ceathrú leabhar, an cúigead fear.  
Briogadó a sé, caé a píde, Oifigeach an lae.  
Beirt, triúr, ceathrar, cúigear,  
Seisear, mór seisear, octar, naonbar,  
Deicneabhar, doimne déas, dáréas.  
Airsgeo, pág, seic, liúntas, deontas.  
Peoirling, leat píngne, pínginn,  
Tuistíun, leat tuistíun, leat raol.  
Raol, raol go leit, óa tuistíun.

Óa tuistíun go leit, sgilling.  
Píosa óa sgilling, leat coróinn.  
Coróinn, coróinn go leit, púnt.

Óa púnt, trí púnt, púnt go leit.

Caéam (Connac) Baile áda Cliaé.  
Cúige Larigan, Cúige Mumán, Cúige  
Connac, Cúige Ulaó, áda, ábann.

An Liffe, An tSionainn, An Laoi.  
An Curragh, Connac Cille Dara.  
Connac na Míre, (Cill Mantáin).  
An taoib éas, (an taoib éuaró) de'n caéam.

## PHONETIC PRONUNCIATION.

A hyaidh koh, a dhorra law, a trass mee.

A kar hool yower, a koo-goo far.  
Brig gaudhá shay, koha fiha, effigucka lay.  
Bert, troor, kahurur, koogur,  
Shishur, moor hishur, uckthur, nay noor,  
Deh noor, eena daig, dhaur raig.  
Arrigudh, paw, sheck, loonthuss, doenthuss.  
Fyoerling, laffinga, pingin,  
Thish foon, lah hish toon, lah rail.  
Rail, rail gul leh, ghaw his toon.

Ghaw hish toon gul leh, shkilling.  
Peessa ghaw shkilling, lah kroen.  
Kroen, kroen gul leh, poonth.

Ghaw foont, tree foont, poonth gul leh.

Kohir (Kountay) Vlaah Kleeah.  
Kooga Loyun, Kooga Mooan, Kooga  
Kunnuckth, Koog Gulla, Oua, Oun.

A Liffa, At Unnin, A Lee.  
Ak kur rock, Kountay Killa Dhorra.  
Kountay num Mee, (Keel Mon thawn).  
A thayv hass, (a thayv hoog) din kohir.

## ENGLISH.

The 1st Battalion, the 2nd day, the 3rd month.

The 4th book, the fifth man.

Brigade No. 6, Batt. 20, orderly Officer.

Two persons, three persons, four, five,

Six persons, seven persons, eight, nine

Ten, eleven and twelve persons.

Money, pay, cheque, allowance, grant.

A farthing, a halfpenny, a penny.

A fourpenny bit, two pence, three pence.

A sixpenny piece, nine pence, eight pence.

Ten pence, a shilling.

A two shilling piece, a half crown.

A crown, a crown and a half (7s. 6d. a pound).

Two pounds, three pounds, thirty shillings.

City (County) of Dublin.

The province of Leinster, Munster,

Province of Connaught, Ulster,

a river, of a river.

The Liffey, The Shannon, The Lee.

The Curragh, County Kildare.

County Meath, (Wicklow).

The south side (north side) of the city.

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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