



AN T-OGLÁC

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Cap . . .	1	1	0
Tunic . . .	6	16	0
Breeches . . .	4	4	0
Slacks . . .	2	15	0
Leggings . . .	1	5	0
Boots . . .	1	15	0

MESS UNIFORM.

Cap . . .	1	12	6
Jacket	}	14	10
Vest			
Overalls			
Dress . . .			
Wellingtons . . .	5	10	0
Spurs . . .	0	5	6



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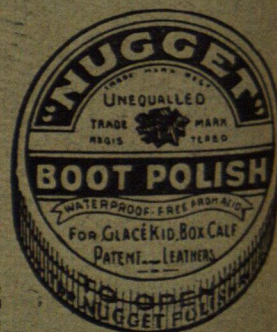
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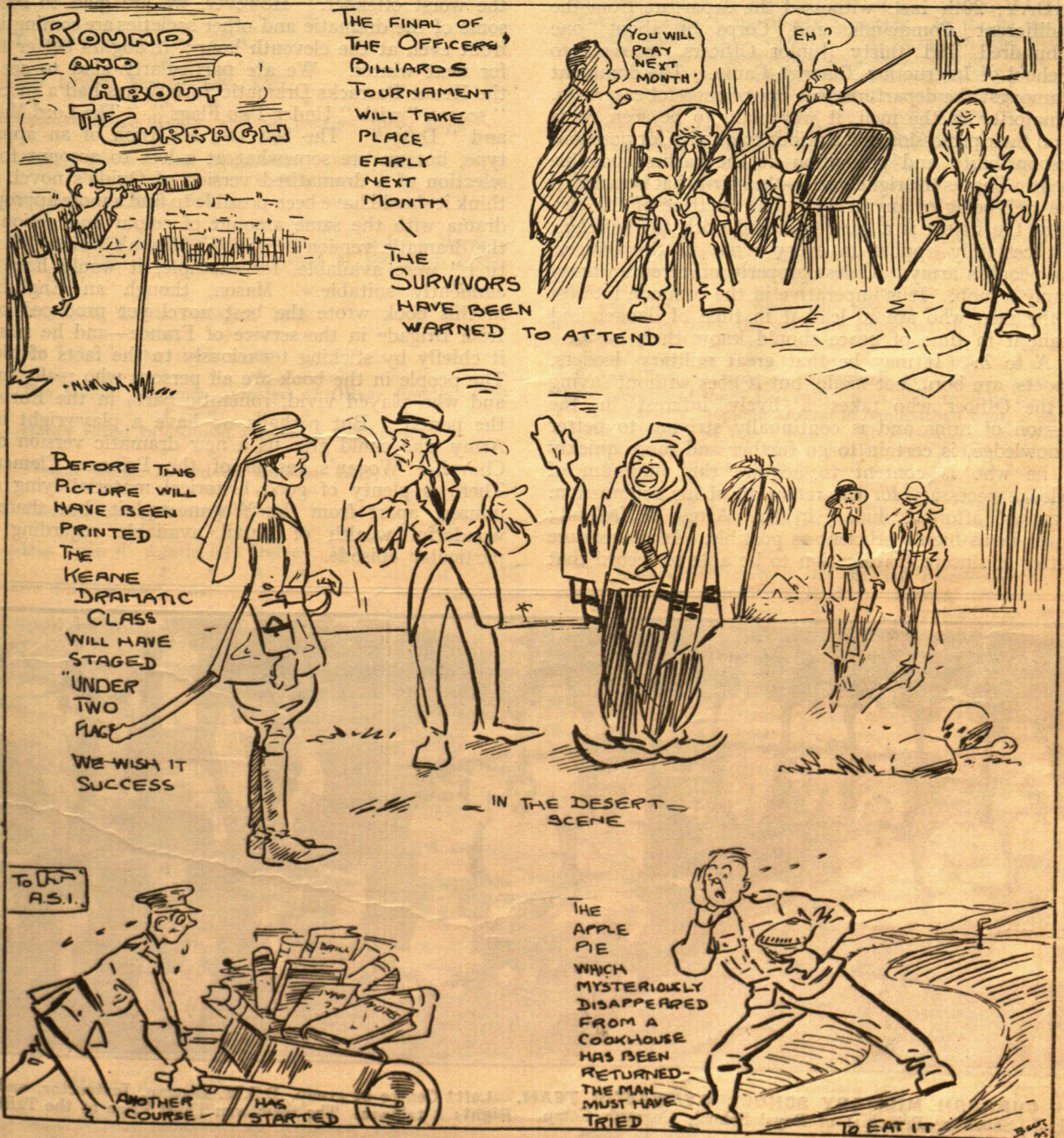
Óglagh
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

An t-Ógláic

Vol. III. No. 5. (New Series.)

FEBRUARY 28, 1925.

Price TWOPENCE.



THE CURRAGH MANAGES TO KEEP ITSELF AMUSED.

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An t-Ózlác

FEBRUARY 28, 1925.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

FRIDAY, 20th inst. witnessed the departure from the different Commands and Corps of about one hundred and thirty Junior Officers, *en route* to the School of Instruction, Curragh Camp. The dominant note amongst the departures was one of cheerful eagerness. The majority of the men, it was plain to be seen, were keen on their profession and anxious to qualify for positions of responsibility and promotion at the earliest possible moment. That is the right spirit—the spirit that is essential to the well-being of any army. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest is a hard one, and open to challenge, but it certainly applies in every sense to the Officers of the people's army. Unless properly officered an army is simply a mob. It is imperative in the common interest that the men who are to lead it in time of danger and to train it in time of peace should know their business from A to Z. It may be that great military leaders, like poets, are born, not made, but it goes without saying that the Officer who takes a lively interest in the profession of arms and is continually striving to better his knowledge, is certain to go further and more quickly than he who is content to acquire the minimum of knowledge necessary for the retention of his commission. We cannot afford “duds” in this Army of Ireland; we must be as highly efficient as possible. It is therefore a matter of sincere gratification to be able to record that

the latest batch for the School of Instruction set out upon its course with a cheerful resoluteness that augurs splendidly for the future.

* * * *

RATHER a late start seems to have been made in the matter of indoor amusements in barracks. The dramatic clubs and concert parties of which we heard so much at the beginning of the winter have failed to materialise in most cases, and if the unit hadn't a billiard table or a cinema of its own, it was pretty hard up for amusement during the winter evenings. G.H.Q. which should have given a lead in the matter was about the worst offender. However, we are glad to see that some of the dramatic and other societies are coming to the front even at the eleventh hour; it augurs better things for next winter. We are particularly glad to see that the Keane Barracks Dramatic Society has had a successful “season” with “Under Two Flags”, “The Lord Mayor” and “Duty.” The last two are Irish of an approved type, but we are somewhat at a loss to account for the selection of a dramatised version of Ouida's novel. We think it should have been possible to find a more appropriate drama with the same amount of colour and action. If the dramatic version of A.E.W. Mason's novel “Clementina” were available, for example, it would have been eminently suitable. Mason, though an Englishman, in this book wrote the best novel yet produced of the Irish Brigade in the service of France—and he managed it chiefly by sticking tenaciously to the facts of history. The people in the book are all persons who really existed and who played vivid, romantic parts in the Europe of the period. But perhaps we have a playwright in the Army who could give us a new dramatic version of the Chevalier Wogan's rescue of the Princess Clementina. There is plenty of good historical material lying about unused, apart from the Wogan exploit, but there is a wonderful wealth of detail available regarding that particular episode.



CURRAGH MILITARY SCHOOL GYMNASTIC TEAM.—Left: Centre of group, B.S.M. Doogan, Instructor, and Mr. M. J. Sheehan, Principal of Boys' School, Curragh Camp. Right: A tableau. The team won Third Prize at the Tailteann Games.

NATIONAL CALENDAR FOR MARCH

- 1.—Thirty-two Orange Lodges enter emphatic protests against the Union of Parliaments, 1800.
* * * *
- 2.—William Carleton, novelist, born, 1798.
* * * *
- 3.—James Stephens, the Fenian Chief, escaped to France, 1866.
* * * *
- 4.—Robert Emmet born, 1778.
* * * *
- 5.—The Fenian Insurrection, 1867.
* * * *
- 6.—Thomas Devin Reilly, the '48 patriot, died, 1854.
* * * *
- 7.—Francis Davis, "the Belfastman," born, 1810.
* * * *
- 8.—St. Senanus died, 544.
* * * *
- 9.—Sir Lawrence Parsons' motion before the Irish House of Commons to inquire into the grievances of the Irish people, rejected, 1798.
* * * *
- 10.—Maynooth Castle besieged, 1535.
* * * *
- 11.—Sir Toby Butler died, 1720.
* * * *
- 12.—The United Irishmen arrested at Oliver Bond's, 1798.
* * * *
- 13.—Henry Flood introduced a Reform Bill, 1784.
* * * *
- 14.—French troops landed at Kinsale, 1689.
* * * *
- 15.—Father Sheehy hanged, 1766.
* * * *
- 16.—Don Juan d' Aguila left Ireland, 1603.
* * * *
- 17.—St. Patrick died, 464.
* * * *
- 18.—Battle of Ross, 1642.
* * * *
- 19.—The Union measure proposed in the English Parliament, 1800.
* * * *
- 20.—John Mitchel died, 1875.
* * * *
- 21.—Mitchel, Meagher and Smith O'Brien arrested by order of the Castle authorities, 1848.
* * * *
- 22.—The Union Bill passed the Irish Commons, 1800.
* * * *
- 23.—James II. entered Dublin, 1689.
* * * *
- 24.—O'Carolan died, 1738.
* * * *
- 25.—Irish woollen manufactures prohibited, 1699.
* * * *
- 26.—First Volunteer Corps enrolled, 1779.
* * * *
- 27.—John Hogan, the famous sculptor, died, 1858.
* * * *
- 28.—Treaty concluded with Ormonde, 1646.
* * * *
- 29.—John Martin died, 1875.
* * * *
- 30.—Hugh O'Neill submitted at Mellifont, 1603.
* * * *
- 31.—Peter O'Neill Crowley died, 1867.

RECREATIONAL HALF-HOLIDAY.

Pity the Sorrows of the "Honorary" Secretary—His is no soft job as this article shows.

The Honorary Secretary's job is, as the name denotes, a "buckshee" one. It is one of these jobs that you are either shoved into against your will, or that you, in a nellow mood, voluntary embrace. If the former, you deserve compassion; if the latter, you deserve a firing squad.

Honorary Secretaryships are divided into two or more groups. Take for instance, the Sports' Secretary. Of the lot the Sports' Secretary is the most to be pitied. Take for instance the Wednesday Recreational half-holiday—then he goes through it! The making out of the recreational roster is but a trifle—Cross-Word Puzzles are "cushy" in comparison. You have the sections all nicely grouped, warned, timed, and the Parade Sheet nicely typed on a Tuesday, but when Wednesday comes the trouble starts.

Private Murphy politely informs you that he has "a pain in his abdomen" and can't cross-country, but wants to play hurling, or Corporal Muldowney is on light duty—he wants to play tennis. Or the regimental "Gom" (every Unit has one of these "ginks") wants to play Golf, and does not see why only the Sergeants can play Golf. Right! you put him down for Golf, and like a bolt from the blue, the Sergeant-Majors are down on you like the proverbial ton of bricks for spoiling a good "foursome" by allowing the regimental "Gom" to play Golf. You then switch the "Gom" into the cross-country pack, who rear up and enquire, none too gently, if you think the pack are going out to pick mushrooms. And so the "Gom" is relegated to draw coal for the married quarters, instead of which he vamooses to the billet for a "doss."

Eventually you imagine everything is "O.K." until about three minutes of the "Fall in"; then your troubles really start. Private Pavlova, hopping around in one football boot, is shrieking for the "fellow" of this "wan." No person appears to have it, and you are confronted with a gentle query "How the blazes do you expect a fella to kick football with only wan boot?" or, "Hi Sargent, have you size 4 running shoes," or "could you swop a size 9 for a size 3?" It is really marvellous the number of Cinderella feet some Sports Club members have when it comes to a recreational parade. But see them on a General Parade—Canal Barges!

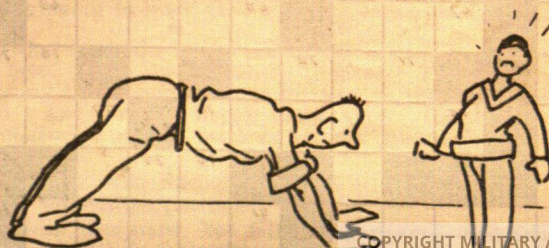
The back Office—termed the dressing room—now looks like Elvery's stores—Footballs, Hurleys, Jerseys, Football Boots, Handballs, Racquets, spare Golf Sticks, Running Shoes, combined with an overpowering smell of home-made embrocation of the "gas-mask" type. Choice language pervading all. Meanwhile the Secretary is answering questions like our old friend "DATAS". A Sporting Annual, and the "Temporary Provisions" Act could not adequately cope with them.

Orderlies and runners are hopping around lively, with "Sargen, the Captain wants to know if yer runners have been demobbed?" or, "The Commandant is lepping like a hare below—he wants to know when your beauty chorus will be on parade," etc., etc.

However, you have at last got them on parade and with a sigh of relief you light a smoke and rest, but, me larkie, not for long. There is a clatter up the stairs, and a mob rushes in with glee. "Sargen, we can't play—there's two football matches on the field!" Somebody has pulled a "quick-one"! "What are we going to do, Sargen?"

The Secretary gently collapses mumuring incoherently "Try a Cross-Word Competition"!!

"Me Larkie."



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Oglagh
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DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

PRIZE ARMY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

Officer in Collins Barracks, Dublin, carries off the Award with an Excellent Design and Piquant "Clues."

Cash Prizes offered for First Three Correct Solutions.

Following the announcement in our last issue that we had decided not to close the Cross-word Design Competition until the 21st inst., we quickly received some very good efforts.

The standard reached by the best of these was so level that we would have had difficulty in deciding upon the winner had we not received subsequently a design which easily outdistanced all of them, and which had not been bettered when the closing date arrived.

We have much pleasure in awarding the prize of One Guinea to this design, which was submitted by

CAPTAIN SEAN O'RIAIN,
Accounts Officer,
Eastern Command,
Collins Barracks,
Dublin.

The design and clues are published herewith and we think those of our readers who essay the solution will agree with us as to the wit and cleverness of the winner.

Honourable mention must be given to

SERGEANT-MAJOR M. F. O'MORDHA,
Pay and Accounts Sub-Department,
General Headquarters.

and to

SERGEANT E. CUNNINGHAM,
"D" Coy., 5th Infantry Battalion,
Curragh Camp.

for the good designs submitted by them. If we had offered a second prize it would have had to be divided between them. It is to be hoped that both will try their luck again.

Once more we offer a guinea for the best design submitted. In this competition preference will be given to the best set of new words for either of the designs already published. That is to say, competitors will supply new words and naturally new clues for all the blank spaces in either the prize design now published, or the design which appeared in No. 3, Vol. 3. (Copies of the latter issue can be obtained on application to this office: twopence each; post free threepence-halfpenny). All entries must reach this office not later than Saturday, March 7th, accompanied by the coupon in the current issue and marked plainly on the left upper corner of the envelope "Design."

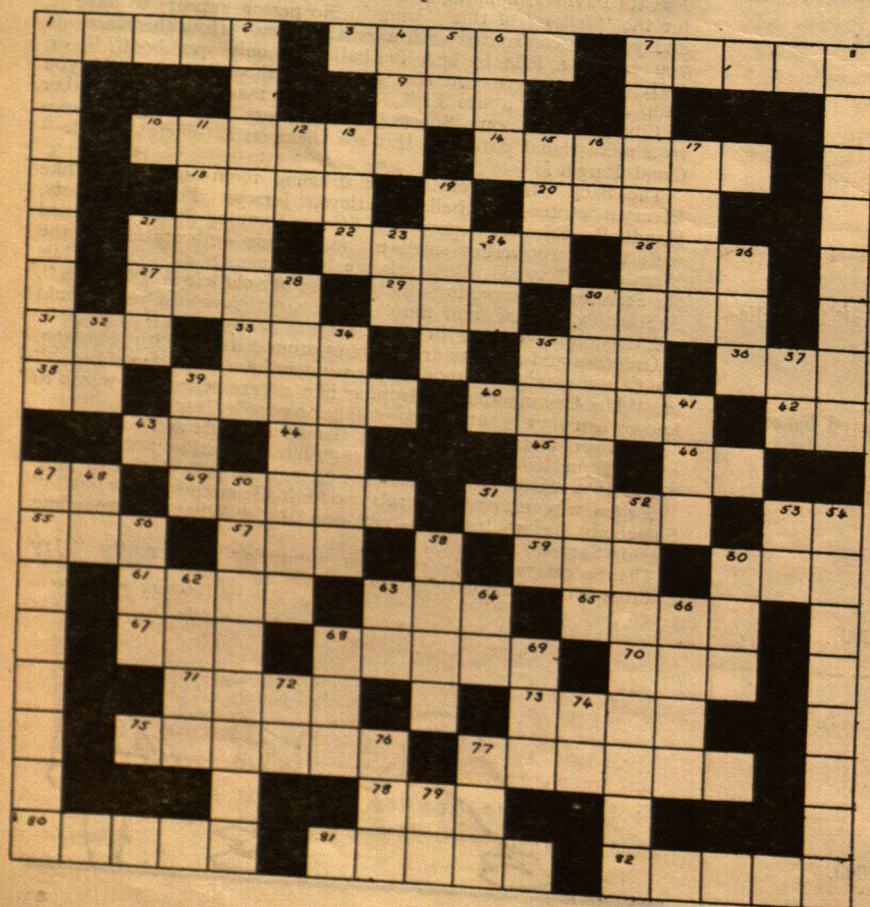
Three prizes of half-a-guinea each are offered for the first three correct solutions opened of the prize design published in this number. All envelopes received will be kept unopened until after the closing date of the competition. They will then be numbered at random by a senior officer or Army Chaplain and opened in the correct sequence.

Competitors must enclose a coupon (published on next page) with each entry and mark their envelopes in the upper left-hand corner "Solutions." All solutions must reach this office not later than Saturday, 7th March, 1925.

CLUES TO THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. French Coin.
3. An island Empire of the East.
7. Tribes of Celtic Origin.
9. Article of Kit.
10. Contributor to "An tOglach."
14. What many soldiers would like to see abolished (Plural).
18. A tree in Java famed for its poisonous secretions.
20. A mental image.
21. Orders issued by the General Officer Commanding the Forces. (Abbr.)
22. Code used by Army Signal Corps.
25. A rent.
27. A Polish Silver coin.
29. Pet name for Battalion O.C.
30. What the Contracts and Disposals Department have when disposing of "scrap."
31. Antiquity.
33. The Corps that deals with the ether waves. (Abbr.)
35. Used in Shoemaker's shop.
36. Complexion one gets after a long campaign under the sun.
38. Department where Officers' Records are kept. (Abbr.)
39. A Shoemaker's awl.
40. Crystals caused by cold.
42. Training that develops the body. (Abbr.)
43. Chief Discipline Officer. (Abbr.)
44. One of the Army Chiefs. (Abbr.)
45. Title a private never gets in the Army.
46. Officer-in-charge of War-like Stores. (Abbr.)
47. The period at which Reveille goes.
49. A party of men often termed "awkward."
51. How one feels after two hours pack-drill.
53. Honorary title conferred under British regime. (Abbr.)
55. God. (Latin).
57. Ulster Light Railways. (Abbr.)
59. Wild animal's lair.



60. Old name for the Army. (Abbr.)
61. A "Guinness" without a "top" is
63. The preterit tense of a word signifying to consume.
65. What the Army Medical Corps calls the food one gets in hospital.
67. How a superior should be addressed in the Army.
68. African wild animal.
70. Fellow of the Antiquarian Society. (Abbr.)
71. A word expressing the size of what one gets from a Quartermaster gratuitously.
73. Scandinavian god of thunder.
75. The part of a rifle behind the bore or chamber.
77. Oval nuts growing in rough cups.
78. The Department that caters for Sports and Pastimes. (Abbr.)
79. An Army's bedrooms when on the March.
80. Part of a rifle to which the barrel and lock are attached.
81. Person sent out to obtain information of the movements of an enemy.

DOWN.

1. Labour a soldier is employed in distinct from the practice of arms.
2. Not a work of mercy although having a rank sounding like one.
4. Corps having for its crest an instrument for measuring heights and distances. (Abbr.)
5. The men who keep the places in No. 14 (Across) occupied. (Abbr.)
6. A popular though disbanded Corps. (Abbr.)
7. Officers of the Higher Command.
8. A military rank often conferred on civilians, particularly lawyers.
11. Used by Artillery Corps on the bridle of a horse.
12. Irish Army. (Abbr.)
13. The Battalion "loud-speaker." (Abbr.)
15. To rest in a horizontal position.
16. A very important Department of General Headquarters. (Abbr.)
17. A cabbage with open, curled leaves.
19. Attachment for holding bayonet scabbard.
21. To roam about in a purposeless manner.
23. Officer in charge of a Company. (Abbr.)
24. A Warrant Officer. (Abbr.)
26. Something an orderly is not.
28. An attack by Military force.
30. Girded with a sword.
32. Lord. (Abbr.)
34. A smoke.
35. How a soldier should be on sentry go.
37. What is known in American as "a date."
39. Printer's measure (Plural).
41. Every soldier should endeavour to reach this.
47. The Colonel's right-hand man.
48. Pronoun.
50. Descriptive name of rooms allotted for sleeping purposes.
52. The particular drsses of soldiers (plural).
53. Despatch riders. (Abbr.)
54. What the new recruit was sent to whitewash.
56. Irish Free State. (Abbr.)
58. A bayonet thrust.
60. Pronoun.
62. A dealer in terminological inexactitudes.
63. A sailor. (Abbr.)
64. Editor of "An tOglach." (Abbr.)
66. To gain as a just recompense for one's service.
68. The only Corps having lady members. (Abbr.)
69. A Corps where one gets a good opportunity of viewing the scenery. (Abbr.)
72. Dipthong.
74. A shout.
76. A thing one should avoid speaking through.
77. A Corps where one can only "fall out" once. (Abbr.)
79. An Officer on the Command Quartermaster's Staff whose life is "one d—d Army Form after another." (Abbr.)

**COMPETITION
COUPON.****Competition**

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

AT "THE" SCHOOL.

EXPERIENCES OF THE FIRST AND SECOND DAY AT
THE CURRAGH.

(By A JUNIOR OFFICER.)

THE FIRST DAY.

It was bitterly cold in the char-a-banc on the journey from G.H.Q. to the Curragh.

We were at the Water Tower before I saw it.

A char-a-banc going at 50 and a wind blowing from Greenland's icy mountains at 60 miles an hour had blinded me with tears.

We alighted with the stiffness of wooden soldiers and essayed with frozen fingers to sign the book. I wrote something. The Assistant Adjutant might have assumed that I was from the School of Music: it looked rather like a demi-semi-quaver that had got into a crochet and taken the wrong turning.

We passed from the Orderly Room with a ponderous mass of Standing Orders, in which nearly everything seemed to be "verboten." "What the devil sort of a penitentiary is this?" wailed a companion in exile. But we came to the conclusion that somewhere somehow we might be able to do something somewhat, and decided to wait and see what others did.

Relief! Grub! Thanks be to Quartermasters. Tea and an egg—no, two eggs. Cheers for the warming beverage, and hats off to the hen family.

The Camp looked grey and cold and horribly clean and awfully tidy. And we stopped when we could go no further owing to those ponderous and multitudinous Standing Orders.

THE SECOND DAY.

Trying to get used to it.

It is all very confusing—cold and confusing. The confusion arose on the morning parade—or rather it developed from the initial Standing Order puzzlement. The morning was grey.

It was the sergeant's fault. It is the fault of all sergeants. Besides he should have judged from the greyness that we weren't a good and attentive audience. In fact it should have been obvious to even a sergeant that our ear-drums were sealed with frost. And yet he spoke and spoke. I couldn't find out what it was all about. It appears to have been all about strange animals known as markers and platoons and things like that. We'll get to understand his technical language later on.

The lecture was good (I was near the fire). The new G.O.C.'s exhortation to us to buckle down to work was well and earnestly spoken, and steadied our resolve to make the best of things.

Dinner (or lunch) was also good. I didn't think yesterday that anything in the world was good.

Saturday afternoon. Yesterday saw some pretty studies in green, with red trimmings, gold stars and bronze insignia. To-day beholds the metamorphosis of these gay birds into privates, disreputably attired, and looking as if they had been in clink all night, and were very sorry for themselves. But scratch the seeming private, and lo! you have the remnant of a once sprightly and resplendent Officer.

The puzzlement has passed to the real privates. One chap has no hesitation—up goes his hand in salute—but others are doubtful about us. We do not compare favourably with these normal privates either in spirits or in sartorial equipment. But the creases will disappear in due time, and then just watch us little soldier men!

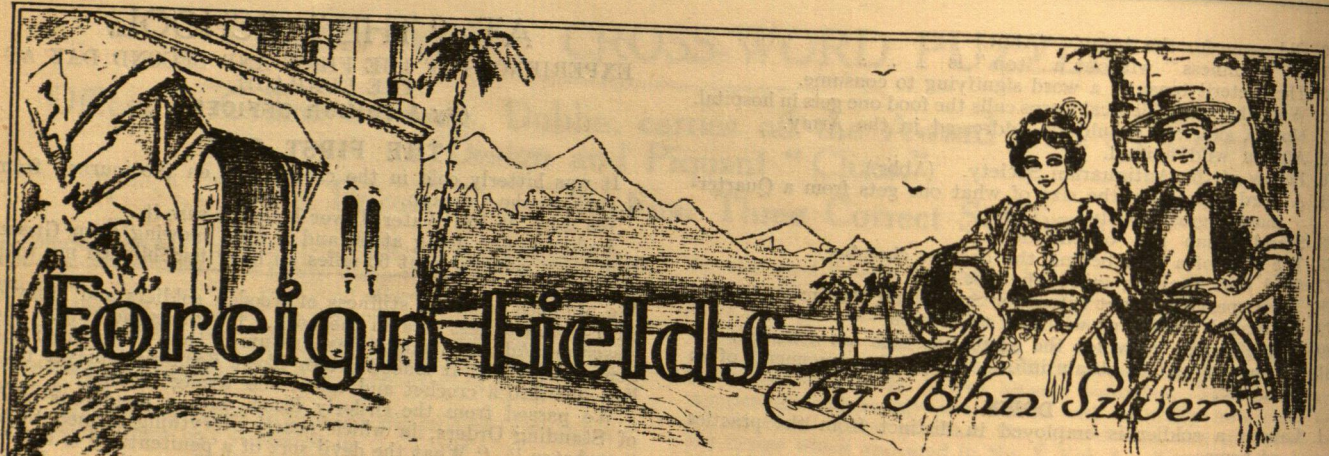
The cleaning of web equipment and rifles is interesting from the spectator's point of view. We cleaned them however. But the web equipment is web well warped to those who have not learned to unravel it. We are learning. Amongst other things, we are beginning to learn that a soldier earns his 17s. 6d.

* * * * *

Yet withal methinks at the end of this second day, Jeremiah is not fated to be our favourite prophet. There are many good, useful things here—things to improve the mind and the appetite. And we'll be happy come April. Old Omar, who has accompanied us in a tattered volume, speaks for us words of wisdom:

"And then came Spring and Rose in hand
Our threadbare penitence to pieces tore."

The Winter dies hard, but hurrah for Spring and then end of a perfect course!



* (Author of "Another Marseillaise," "The Stranger," "The Winecellar of Father Cozzolli.")

EPISODE 4—PROPAGANDA.

The Republic of Puertoro was becoming up-to-date in its political methods, and the streets of the capital, San Isidro, bore witness to the fact. Crude, but forceful posters disfigured the walls and some of the really excellent public statuary cried aloud to heaven for vengeance on the "fly-posting" fraternity.

San Isidro managed to support one daily paper, which was a curious blend of the journalism of Madrid, Paris, and New York, but the vast majority of the population was practically illiterate—a condition of affairs which President Valdós was endeavouring to change. His compulsory education scheme had alienated a large chunk of the population from his side.

In the circumstances previous revolutions had relied on oratory, bribery and grandiloquent flourishes, and revolutionary "literature" did not exist. Now García's party had introduced it as a startling innovation, and the city was more excited about it than about anything that had previously happened in its revolutionary history.

Whoever had designed the posters had done so with a keen appreciation of the educational limitations of the populace. They consisted, for the most part, of raw-head-and-bloody-bones illustrations reflecting violently on the existing administration, and foreshadowing the new Utopia which the return to power of the García party would assuredly bring about. The fewest words possible were employed in each case—in fact each poster consisted of a picture and a slogan, the latter put with as much pep as the dignified Spanish language would permit.

A lurid drawing of mammoth machinery into which a Mephistolean Valdós was shovelling hundreds of hapless Puertorians, who were by some mysterious process converted into piles of gold, bore the legend:—"Mills of the Devil, Señor Valdós, Managing Director." Another showed a benevolent-looking person, supposed to be García, beaming fatuously upon a large number of Puertorians who were eating, drinking, and flirting and generally enjoying life. Translated its slogan was "Stand by García, the father of his people." There was also a poster decrying the Puertorian army and assuring the public briefly that the French Officers whom Valdós had put in charge of it were no good, and had reduced it to such a depth of inefficiency that no stalwart patriot with a banana knife need have the slightest fear of it.

"Damn good stuff," said Pat Brophy, admiringly to Jack Maher, the young ex-Officer of the Irish Army. "Man, I can half-close my eyes and fancy I'm in Dublin again."

They had been strolling around the city viewing the new departure with as much interest as the Puertorians themselves.

"Have you noticed," asked Maher, "that in every crowd gathered around a poster, there is always a man who seems to be less enlightened countrymen."

"No!" exclaimed Brophy. "Gee! that's great. I don't know where the damned old scoundrel scrounged them, but it's quite evident that there's some brains on García's side this time. Is it that young Englishman, do you think?"

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"I'm sure it's not in this case," replied Jack. "Harcourt is not overburdened with brains."

He did not mention the uneasy suspicion at the back of his head that his ex-fiance, Miss Molly O'Driscoll, had a hand in it. The respect which he entertained for Molly's brains was equalled only by the profound contempt which he had always felt for her political views.

"Well, if you ask me," declared the Dubliner, "I'd say that the successful smuggling and posting of these bills is almost of more importance to the García crowd than if they had succeeded in getting those guns and ammunition through the other day. They have struck a new note in South American revolutions, and, by jiminy, they have got the ear of the public."

"What's the Government going to do about it?" asked Jack, as they walked along.

"For ways that are dark, and tricks that are by no means vain," said Brophy, "our dapper little friend Valdós is peculiar. I expect the Government was on the job before the paste was dry on the last poster stuck up under cover of night."

"Don't they police the city at night?"

"Of course they do. At least a thousand of the little lads in the light blue uniforms sleep against street corners, and in doorways every night. It's a great climate for sleeping out."

"But, I thought Valdós—"

"Oh, don't blame Valdós. He's doing his best, but he hasn't been in the saddle long enough yet, and he has a devil of an uphill struggle against the deep-rooted traditions and general cussedness of the native. Personally I don't think the damned crowd are worth saving, but Valdós is a man of unconquerable ideals, a dreamer of dreams."

"He seems to be practical enough, too."

"He is. He is a curious mixture. A poet and visionary, and a shrewd business man. That was a shrewd move offering your friend the complete control of the police force. He has a gift for picking the right men for the right jobs. No square pegs in round holes for old Valdós. By the way, is O'Farrell going to take on the job, if it's a fair question?"

"I don't know. Brendan has a very cautious strain in him. I think he would like to gauge the country and its prospects better before coming to a decision."

"The country 'll be all right once we tread on this beetle, García. It is an undeveloped gold mine, and Valdós is the man to see that it is properly worked. I can see any man worth his salt cleaning up a tidy little fortune here within the next few years—and that by strictly honest means, which will be a devil of an innovation so far as the greater part of South America is concerned." Come in here and have a long peg. The only thing I object to about this climate is its thirst-creating properties."

THEY turned into a little cafe and seated themselves at one of the many little tables. The place was practically deserted.

"Hum," remarked Brophy, after the waiter had departed with the order, "we drink in the company of literature."

Mahe waited for enlightenment, but his companion said nothing further until he had placed himself outside about a pint of amber-coloured liquor, with ice tinkling in the glass.

"Perhaps," said Brophy at last, "I should have said journalism and artfulness. Do you see that long hank of misery sitting over there by himself. That's Senor Guillaume Blerk. It's a whale of a name, and it's nationality is doubtful to say the least, but Blerk claims to be a real, dyed-in-the-wool, hundred-per-cent. Puertorian. According to himself, too, he is the only type of patriot that matters. He drifted along here shortly after Valdós had begun to show signs of having taken the Presidency as a permanent job, and he immediately started a little rag of a weekly—what the devil is this its name is? He supports the Church, first and foremost, through thick and thin. He denounces drink—though 'tis said he can shift more in private than any ordinary human being—and advocates the establishment of native industries as the sole panacea for all the ills that Puertoro is heir to. Oh, he's a bright specimen."

"Does he take any side in the political game?" asked Maher.

"That's just what a lot of people would like to find out. He is just the sort of lad that would be behind this flood of propaganda if he had the guts. But I think he has too high an opinion of his own skin to risk it for any cause."

The cadaverous man finished the drink before him and passed out, nodding perfunctorily to Maher as he did so. A little man who had been sitting alone at an adjoining table rose and followed him.

"Ha!" exclaimed Brophy, "Valdós and company are on the job all right. They have friend Blerk under observation."

"Hello, here's O'Hanlon."

The big Corkman took a seat at their table and mopped his brow. Brophy ordered a drink without consulting him as to his taste.

"Passed old Blerk out there," said O'Hanlon. "He stopped to inform me that he was feeling far from well, and that he was thinking of taking a sea voyage. Says he has a little yacht and proposes to drift around the coast. I asked him what the rag would do without him, and he said he would probably suspend publication until he came back. He said if he did not get away now he might not get away at all."

"What did he mean by that last remark?" asked Brophy.

"I suppose that he meant that his health would crock up altogether."

"Humph," said Brophy. "He might also have meant that he would not be permitted to leave later on. He left here with one of Valdós's shadows tagging at his heels."

O'Hanlon whistled. "Surely," he exclaimed, "they don't think that poor fish has anything to do with the outbreak of posteritis in this fair city of San Isidro?"

"Well they're watching him anyway."

"Oh, they're taking no chances," admitted O'Hanlon. "Did ye notice the number of obliging gentlemen who were going about to-day interpreting the posters for the benefit of the illiterate native?"

"Yes," said Jack Maher, eagerly.

"They are collecting those boys quietly and unostentatiously. I think they have got the most of them by this. Oh, Valdós is not sleeping, me larkies. Nothing dramatic about those arrests. They just wait until they get the interpreting gentleman in a quiet corner, tap him gently on the shoulder, and say 'Come,' and he goes like a lamb, without his audience of a minute ago being one bit the wiser."

"Let's get out and move about," suggested Maher. "I have a feeling in my bones that stirring times are near at hand."

"If you feel that way, don't stir," advised Brophy. "This place is like Ireland, where the unexpected always happens, and the inevitable, never, as old Mahaffy used to say."

"I was thinking of taking a stroll down towards Blerk's shanty," said O'Hanlon. "It might cheer the poor devil up if we were there to see him off."

Brophy looked at his friend queerly.

"How long has Blerk had this yacht that he's talking about?" he asked.

"Don't know. Never knew before that he had one."

"Let's go down to the front, and see if it's on view, at any rate," said Brophy.

Some ten minutes later the three Irishmen came within sight of the Senor Blerk's office, which was on the water front. As they approached it the Senor himself suddenly erupted through

the doorway, and came hurriedly towards them. It was obvious, as he approached, that he was labouring under very strong excitement.

On seeing them he burst into a torrent of Spanish, English, and American. Freely translated and summarised it amounted to this:—

The unspeakable Government had had the audacity to send members of its unutterable police force to search his office during his absence. It was an intolerable outrage. He was going straight to Government Building to see the President about it. Things had come to a pretty pass if a loyal citizen of Puertoro was liable to have his home office ransacked at any moment by those scoundrels of police. He would claim damages, and make the wretched Valdós Government bitterly regret the day that it had been so foolish as to direct its attentions towards Guillaume Blerk. He would—

But at this point Mr. Blerk broke off abruptly, and stared up the street at a young lady who was coming towards the little group. The young lady noticed Mr. Blerk at the same time, and without a moment's hesitation turned and walked back in the direction from which she had come. Mr. Blerk's jaw dropped.

The three Irishmen passed on after advising Mr. Blerk to do nothing rash. Looking back a second afterwards Jack Maher saw that the journalist was hurrying after the young lady. He said nothing to his companions, having recognised Miss Molly O'Driscoll, and seeing in this little incident confirmation of his worst suspicions.

(To be continued.)

THE A.C.E. PLAYS.

Sport at the Headquarters of the Army Corps of Engineers has recently received its long-looked-for impetus, and we are anticipating some real good sporting events in the near future.

Football and Hurling Teams, in conjunction with Independent Corps at Portobello Barracks, have been formed, and several matches have been played, the results achieved reflecting great credit on the material supplied from the Headquarters.

Billiards, however, appears to have taken first place in the minds of many. Matches have been played with fairly good results, the meeting with the Signals being especially enjoyable.

The Sergeants' Mess is endeavouring to foster anything and everything relative to sport, and their spade-work of the present should bear fruit in the future.

* * *

Who was the man who accused himself of eating 87 "wads" in three hours?

* * *

Who is the "Nautical Man"?—and could he box Herrings better than the compass?

GENERAL EOIN O'DUFFY.

The following has appeared in "Iris Oifigiúil."

"The Executive Council have this day accepted the resignation of General Eoin O'Duffy of his appointment as General Officer Commanding the Defence Forces of Saorstát Éireann, and as Inspector General of the said forces.

DIARMUID O hEIGCEARTUIGH,

(Secretary of the Executive Council).

13th February, 1925.

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

We regret that, owing to a variety of circumstances, no report appeared in AN T-ÓGLACH of the very successful dance organised by the non-commissioned officers at General Headquarters, which took place on the 7th February. The Scribe, who was to have attended it on our behalf, was ill in bed with the entire 57 varieties of the Flu, and the persons who were to have supplied a report of the function in his stead did not come up to the scratch. One rough draft of a report did reach this office, but it was again to be "dressed up"—and we did not see it any more. Better luck next time.

AN tSAEÚEALTAÓCT ATÁ SA bPÁIRC.

CUAIRT AR AN tSCÉAD CATA.

Ó b'í Eoghan Rua ar an saogál, ní dóca go raib cáta airm ann a rinne an obair uile go léir as tsaéúilge gur buanúisead an céad cáta de'n arm náisiúnta le goirio. Ar an dódar sin, ní ionghadó ar bit é go nveacás go dtí a nárus i bPáirc an Fionn-uigse, agus go nveacás ann go fonnúdar freisin, nuair a fuairas an cuiread. Ní raib aicéúeála orm go nveacá aet an oiread: as tsaéúilge múntear an aicéúealéct ann; as tsaéúilge múntear an musaéúealéct; as tsaéúilge tustear na hórtuigse ar céarnóis na paráirte; tsaéúilge a bíos as tsaéúilge san mbiaúlaínn; tsaéúilge a bíos ar siubál le linn caiteam-aimsire. Go veimín, ní éloispeá níos mó de'n teanga iasacáta ann ná mar éloispeá i n-arm doir Rua uí Néill, dá gclóispeá an oiread sin féin. Is me gnaéúealóirí a b'í i n-arm doir Rua véarfainn, ná mar tá ló páisil san tscéad cáta moiu.

* * *

Ní mar veirtear bítear go minic. Nuair aoubaire mé le carait liom go raib púm cuairt a tsaéúilge ar árus an cáta, mól sé dom san a leitéro a véanain, "mar," ar seisean, "is as cailleadó aimsire béas tú. Is beas tsaéúilge a éloispeas tú ann, veirimse leat." Aet b'í toul-amuóda ar mo úime. Go veimín, tá daoime ar an saogál annseo ašáinn, agus is gnaéac leó beir ar seacrán agus ar fuatreamh, mórtóir maroir le don tsaéúilge marit bíos ar siubál i néirinn. An saotár sin a éáinead is aoiúne leó; agus múnar féin leó é éáinead le pírimne, véanparó siad an cáinead ar an bóis eile. Ní fíoroir an obair atácar a véanain ar son tsaéúilge sa tscéad cáta a éáinead go pírimnead. A malairt ar fad atá tuillte as na daoime atá n-a bun; agus amac annseo, nuair a béas vearmat véanta as an saogál póulaé ar lué an éáinte beiró cuimne ar an obair atácar a véanain i nárus an céad cáta leis an teanga náisiúnta a buanú san arm.

* * *

B'í tosaé na horóce ann nuair a túsas féin mo cuairt ar an áit, agus ní túisse taob istig de'n tsaéúilge mór mé ná síleas gur siar i tconamara bíos leis an mbias a b'í ar an tscáinné as an vream beas fear a b'í dom' cur ar an eólas. Tús cáirveasa go minic aicéne beir as daoime ar na háiteaéaib céatna agus ar na daoime céatna: ní raib mé éar cúis noiméro san árus go rabas féin agus vream beas de na fearaib as cur síos go múimntearóda ar an seansaogál san lártear, agus ar éo-éairte atá faoi'n bpó le pava an lá. B'é tús an cáirveasa agus na háite é. Go vteiróro sé i méro.

* * *

Ní i vteangain amain atá an céad cáta tsaéúilge. Tugatar leó buaró na féile agus na pláiteamílaéct agus na croiréamílaéct com marit céatna. Is pava go mberó vearmat véanta ašam ar an oróce éáiteas leis an tscáirtín ó pógarca agus a éo-oirisig. Mara a raib tream agus tairró, sult agus suairceas, ašéalaróealéct agus seacús, ní lá ó som é. Na tsaéúilge to himnigeadó an oróce sin to líonparóis leabar toirteamílaéct—agus ašéalta marit freisin. Sead, a fíir easair, ašríobparó síos noimnt beas vób amac annseo, agus leasparó ar an tsaéúilge Rua boet iad i

* * *

Is veas an ruo agus is dódar misnig to úime beir as éistealéct le móc na marone le tsaéúil as tsaéúilge órtuigse uata i vteangain a simsin dá tsaéúilge ar céarnóis bearraice a b'í i seilb Fall go dtí le fíor-veiréannas; agus is breas an ruo beir as

breaéúil ar na tsaéúil ósa láirte fíoréamíla sin as cleaéat na háicéúealéct, agus a élisce is bíorad leis an tsaéúil sin de céirto an tsaéúilge. Dá mbéad an tsaéúilge ceart as fearaib ósa na tsaéúilgealéct ar saogál an céad cáta beiróis as tarrainge ar an árus n-a slóigéib.

pádraic ó conaire,

NOTES FROM THE TWELFTH.

In some parts of Ireland there is a phrase, "You couldn't get him to turn on a foot to oblige you." The remark could hardly have been applied to members of the "Twelfth" at any time, and it certainly could not be applied to them at the present moment, for since Commandant Walsh returned from the Curragh, he is getting all ranks to turn on both feet, as it were. The amount of pep that has been infused into the Battalion of late is really remarkable, and bids fair to make the 12th one of the foremost Battalion in the Army.

* * *

All ranks are making good progress in learning the Irish words of command for the new drill. Indeed the Battalion O.C. is sparing no pains in this respect. "B" Company have distinguished themselves in this respect, and "D" Company is now in training, "B" enjoying a well-earned respite. Report has it that the H.Q. Company are next for the Square.

* * *

Eight of our N.C.O.'s, all of whom rendered good service in pre-Truce days, went up for re-examination in accordance with G.R.O. 77, on the 7th inst. They had the earnest good wishes of all their comrades.

* * *

Sergeant Paddy O'Dwyer, of boxing fame and the 16th Battalion, reported his arrival here early this month. He immediately proceeded to comb the battalion for the most likely exponents of the fistic art. Paddy has already been mentioned in these notes in connection with the evacuation of Thurles Post.

* * *

Thanks to the interest Captain O'Donoghue took in both, the concert and play recently organised in the Battalion were conspicuously successful. Special praise is also due to Sergeant Price, Corporal McGowan, and Private Dawson. Amongst the vocalists, tribute must be paid to Privates Madeley, O'Mara and Raleigh.

* * *

The heartiest good wishes of the entire Battalion are extended to our O.C., Commandant Liam Breathnach, on the occasion of his marriage. A beautiful cabinet gramophone, suitably inscribed, was presented to him by the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men.

* * *

Springtime weather has given renewed impetus to the pursuit of hurling.

* * *

The Army was represented at the G.A.A. Ball in Thurles. This annual re-union of Tipperary Gaels proved a great success. It could not have had a better venue than the cradle town of the G.A.A.

* * *

Some of our N.C.O.'s have taken up cross-country running with enthusiasm, in fact it is said that one sergeant will not be content until he has tried conclusions with Nurmi and Ritola.

"AN t-ÓGLACH" TRAVELS FAR.

We have mentioned in previous issues our subscribers in the distant corners of the earth—from the North-West Frontier of India to the Isthmus of Panama. We have now to record a year's subscription from Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia. The sea-divided Gael—especially if he happens to be an ex-member of our Army—has a very soft corner in his heart for the Army Journal. POST IT TO YOUR FRIENDS ABROAD.

EASTERN COMMAND.

Notes from Collins Barracks, Dublin—
Baseball Team to be formed—
Boxing Booming.

The Amusements Committee are to be congratulated on the Weekly "Whist," for which many Prizes are given, and Messrs. Quinn and Bracken seem to be amongst the Winners each week. "Battling" Siki, even took part in the latest game of "Whist," and although not successful, is to have a further try.

The Boxing Tournaments under the supervision of Col. McCorley, Commdt. Cunningham, with other Battalion, Command and Brigade Officers are providing enjoyment each Friday night. Many Boxers have been discovered, who, with proper care and training, will be heard of in the future. Cpl. Clifford has a few wins to his credit and Private Skeritt is coming along in great style, but he will have to get out of that rut for which he is famed.

The weekly "Comical" fight between "Battling" Siki and "Gunner" McCarville created some fun. Siki looks well in his fashionable attire, and the "Serial" is to be continued each Friday night. The referee (father of a well-known Irish heavy weight) will find it rather difficult at the end of the "Series" to decide upon the winner.

The Football and Hurling Teams attached to 21st Inf. Battalion mean to do something this season, judging from the interest already taken, and new talent located. Will they be as successful as in 1924?

Capt. T. Finn was looking very pleased on a recent Boxing night and small wonder—representatives of his Company had the majority of wins on that particular night.

The boys were delighted with the recent route march of the Battalion and are asking when the next one is to take place. As the Battalion moved off "in Battle Order" all looked spick and span—a credit to the Army.

No. 2 Band are proving an asset to the Barracks, and who could blame 21st if they felt a little conceited.

Sergt. Major Crookshanks with "Ration Controller" and many other N.C.O.'s are now away in a far off land (*i.e.* Curragh Camp), where it is hoped they will keep the colours of the Battalion flying.

Capt Frank Fitzpatrick has his hands full these days.

Private Paddy Andrews got a lovely present during a recent Hurling practice, and looks to have the "decoration" for some time. The "guilty" can hit a ball.

Sergt. Major Campbell's Team is going great guns.

The fact that the Football and Hurling Teams are in full swing is not going to satisfy the noted "Sports" as it is whispered a Base Ball Team is to be formed. Yes, a "Real" Base Ball Team.

Who is the "Gent" that requisitioned 1 Ton of "Toe" Nails?

Who is the N.C.O. in Battalion who stated that they have the only Ball Alley in Dublin in which there are no Barracks?

A recruit was heard to ask recently "is this the 'Stand to' Dining Hall?"

The N.C.O.'s of Collins and Representative Billiard Team from Portobello Barracks played a drawn game recently. A social entertainment followed.

Corpl. Hefferon of Cross-Country fame recently added to his long list of successes another splendid prize by winning a seven miles race.

Who is the Brigade N.C.O. who was recently in distress looking for his Black Kitten?

A Cup for Football Competition between Company Teams is likely to be put up by a well-known local firm of Sports Outfitters, and Capt. P. Duffy has ambitions for A Company.

Cpl. Larkin is anxious for Football Matches for Military Police Team.

The latest Bulletin to hand is that "Siki" is seeking pastures new, and he has the best wishes of "Dry" Canteen staff for his future welfare, he will be conspicuous by his absence from that quarter.

G.H.Q. OFFICER'S BEREAVEMENT.

Throughout the Army, and especially amongst his brother Officers at General Headquarters, deep sympathy is felt with Commandant R. Feely, Adjutant General's Personal Staff, on the death of his wife. They were married only twelve months ago, and the illness to which Mrs. Feely succumbed on Wednesday, 11th inst., was of very brief duration. The funeral took place from St. Andrew's Church, Westland Row, Dublin, to the family burial place, New Cemetery, Droicheadh Nua, on Friday, 13th inst., after Requiem Mass, at which the following clergymen were present:—Very Rev. Canon Waters, Very Rev. Canon Cronin, Rev. Fr. Carton, and Rev. Fr. Trainor.

The funeral cortege comprised nearly a hundred motor cars, and the popularity of Commandant Feely amongst his comrades was strikingly demonstrated by the very large attendance of Army Officers. The chief mourners were:—Commandant Feely (husband); P. T. Doyle, Droicheadh Nuadh (father); R. Doyle and H. Doyle, (uncles); John Keogh, Kinsellastown; M. Burke, Monasterevan; J. T. Keogh, Dublin; P. Keogh, Dublin; and P. Dunne, Dalkey (cousins). Lieut.-General P. MacMahon, Chief of Staff; Major-General MacNeill, Adjutant-General; Major-General Cronin, Quartermaster-General; Major-General Gearoid O'Sullivan and General Mulcahy were amongst those present. The clergymen at the graveside included:—Very Rev. L. Brophy, P.P.; Rev. J. J. Kearney, P.P., Phillipstown; Very Rev. R. J. Murphy, O.P.; Prior; Rev. P. Gogarty, O.P.; Rev. A. Fogarty, O.P.; Rev. T. O'Callaghan, C.F.; Rev. J. Mahon, C.F.; Rev. C. Horan, C.C.; Rev. M. Walsh, C.C. A large number of representatives of the public bodies in the town and county also attended.

OUR CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS.

The number of entries received for our Christmas Competitions was small, and the quality of the contributions, on the whole, was not at all what might have been expected. It is known that if all the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men who announced their intention of competing had entered, the adjudicators would have had a much heavier task. Promises, however, out-distanced Performance, as is frequently the case in more serious matters, and the adjudicators' difficulties arose through lack of quality rather than pressure of quantity.

No. 1.—Best suggestions for the immediate practical application of Irish to the everyday work of the Army. In this competition no entry was considered by the judges to have attained the required standard, and it was decided not to award the prize of three guineas. A consolation prize of a guinea, however, has been awarded to

SERGEANT MORRISON,

Chief of Staff's Department,
General Headquarters,

whose contribution in Irish contained some good suggestions.

No. 2.—Best Winter Programme of Indoor Amusements for Soldiers in Barracks, together with suggestions for organising same. The same action was taken in this case as in No. 1, and a consolation prize awarded, the recipient being

SERGEANT EAMON CUNNINGHAM,

"D" Company, 5th Battalion,
Curragh Camp.

No. 3.—Best suggestion for the improvement of "An t-Oglach." It was decided to make no award in this competition as none of the entries were of sufficient merit.

THE ARMY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Hints on Training—Track Tactics—Sprinting Table—G.H.Q. to hold Command Sports—Position of Beggars' Bush—Handball in the Army.

HANDBALL IN THE ARMY.

How to raise the standard—Advantage of Outside Play—Command Team Championships.

(Specially written for "An t-Oglach," by one of the best authorities on the game in Ireland.)

The standard of ball playing in the Army Championships last year was not what one would wish to see nor what one would expect from such a body of young men as are in the Army. The players showed great promise but, with the exception of the veteran ball player, Private J. Delany of the Curragh Command who won the hard ball championship and Capt. B. Whelan (runner-up) and a few others they have a lot to learn.

The soldier players were not to blame as they had not proper facilities for practicing, but they did not concentrate enough on this particular branch of athletics to make them proficient. What they needed was plenty of matches with outside players in order to gain knowledge and confidence in themselves.

The winner and runner-up were well-known exponents and as they were accustomed to play in outside matches they gained the experience which is essential to all those who hope to attain championship class.

For any branch of athletics there is no better form of training than handball and any athlete who wishes to improve his abilities should devote some time to it.

One of the Clubs playing in Dublin is composed of members of the Army and some of their players are going well in the City and County Dublin Championships under the Irish Amateur Handball Association. The soft ball champion of the Army (P. Scanlan) is one of them.

G.H.Q. has now started a club and already a good number have joined it. They have affiliated under the Irish Amateur Association and will be ready to take part in the inter-club Championships which will start when the singles Championships have concluded. In the meantime they have the use of the different ball courts under the control of the G.A.A. and all the members of the clubs are anxious to give them friendly games in order to help them.

Every Wednesday afternoon is set apart for practice and the men are coached by Sergt. Pigott who is a very keen ball player and it is his ambition to keep the championship in Dublin next year.

Dublin is certainly setting the lead to the remainder of the country. While there are no ball courts in the barracks as yet suitable for serious games most of them will do for learning to employ both in play. The need of proper ball courts in the barracks will be no excuse for men not becoming proficient before the Championships come off. Throughout the country the different units should do as Dublin has done—form clubs, and join in the outside Championships. They could also get the use of the outside courts for confined tournaments—a very necessary thing for giving players an incentive to train and improve themselves.

If clubs are formed in the different Commands there is no reason why a Command team Championship could not be held in conjunction with the singles Championships. A team could be composed of three pairs. This would be a great inducement to all players to improve themselves.

Handball is such an individual game that a player may outshine all his comrades with the result that the remainder, knowing that they stand no chance of having the honour of representing their Command, have no incentive to go all out and keep continually in strict training. The introduction of a Command Championship for teams would change all this.

HINTS ON TRAINING.

Track Tactics—"P.T." for Sprinters—How to get Fit Quickly.

1. Never let the thoughts of a race disturb rest.
2. Lace up running shoes tightly just before the actual time of the race.
3. Do not overdo massage on the day of a race.
4. Run about on the toes before event. (This should be done about twenty minutes before competing and should last about ten minutes, finishing with a dash of 40 yards).
5. Take care of running shoes (when not in use they should be cleaned).
6. Keep warm between the events.
7. Don't get on your mark too soon.
8. Study the pistol firer's method of starting.
9. Do not use your spikes for making holes.
10. Never stand about or sit on damp grass.
11. In sprint races never throw up the arms when finishing.
12. Never let an opponent pace you at a slower pace than the distance demands.
13. Don't allow yourself to get shut in at any part of the journey.
14. Never pass an opponent on the bend.
15. For short distance races, rest one day prior; for long distance, two days.

SPRINTING TABLE.

1. HEELS RAISING—One: Raise on the toes as high as possible (stretch the fingers). Two: Lower the heels (relax the fingers).
2. ASTRIDE JUMPING—One: Jump astride, alighting on the toes, with the knees slightly bent, raising the arms in line with the shoulders. Two: Come smartly to the position of attention.
3. ANKLES BENDING—One: From the position of feet close, bend the ankles outward until the outward part of the foot touches the ground. Two: Draw the feet back sharply to the starting position.
4. HIPS PLACE, HEELS RAISING, KNEES BENDING—One: Raise on the toes as detailed. Two: Bend the knees slowly outwards, increasing the bend each time until the full knee bend is reached.
5. HEAD INCLINING BACKWARD—One: Draw the chin in, incline the head well back and stretch the fingers to the full extent.
6. HANDS TO CHEST ARMS FLINGING—Fling: Fling the arms back sharply, and without stopping, resume the former position.
7. ARMS SIDEWAYS RAISE, ARMS CIRCLING—Circle: Keeping the arms straight, circle the arms slowly clockwise, gradually increasing circle until a very large one is made. Then gradually decrease circle until the starting position is reached.
8. TRUNK INCLINING—One: Incline the trunk to the left as far as possible. Two: Resume the upright position (progression Trunk Inclining from left to right).
9. ON THE BACKS, LEG RAISING—One: Raise the legs slowly until they are perpendicular with the body (toes pointed). Two: Lower the legs slowly to the ground.
10. ON THE BACKS, TRUNK RAISING—One: Keeping the legs down, raise the trunk and arms slowly (touch toes with hands). Two: Slowly return to first position.
11. HEELS RAISE, ON THE TOES—March: Keeping the body and head upright and the arms still by the side, raise on the toes with the legs locked at knee, springing movement from the ankles. Halt: By bringing the feet together lower the heels and resume position of attention.
12. ARMS RAISING AND LOWERING SIDEWAYS WITH HEELS RAISING—Begin: Raise the arms sideways in line with the shoulders, at the same time raise on the toes. Without pausing, lower the arms and heels to the ground. Inhale—with the upward movement. Exhale—with the downward movement.



PRIVATE MURPHY'S HOME TOWN DOES NOT RISE TO THE OCCASION.



G.H.Q. COMMAND COUNCIL.

Command Sports to be held—Colours Registered—Position of Beggars' Bush.

A meeting of G.H.Q. Command Council was held at Parkgate on the afternoon of the 16th inst. Commandant P. Ennis presided and there were also present:—Commandant O'Connor, Lieut. C. S. Doyle, Sergt. Keogh, Quartermaster Sergeant Moran, Cpl. O'Neill and Private Walsh.

Presentation of Prizes.

Arrangements were made by the delegates for the reception and presentation of prizes won by athletes from their respective Groups, the necessary guarantees incidental thereto to be entered into before the next Command Meeting.

Command Sports.

The Council were unanimous in their decision to hold a Command Sports and in furtherance of the project arrangements were made to hold a special meeting at PARKGATE, on Monday, 23rd inst., at 6.15 p.m. when three delegates from each Group Committee should be in attendance.

Balance Sheet.

The adoption of the Balance Sheet from the old Committee was deferred until the next meeting.

Registration and Affiliation Fees.

Registration and affiliation fees were received from the Gormanston representatives.

As amounts are still outstanding from other Groups the Council requested the immediate payment of same.

Position of Beggars' Bush.

Commandant O'CONNOR informed the meeting of the attitude adopted by Beggar's Bush with reference to his Group and proposed:— "That the School of Music, having taken no active interest in Group 4, G.H.Q. Command, A.A.A., be attached to another Group."

The resolution was seconded by Sergeant KEOGH and passed unanimously.

The meeting decided to attach Beggars' Bush to No. 5 Group with a request that Commandant ENNIS interview COL. BRASE, with a view of forming a Sports Committee in his unit.

Matches Awarded.

The following matches were awarded to
ARTILLERY (Hurling), ARTILLERY (Football) and
Gormanston (Football) in their respective matches shown hereunder:
ARTILLERY v. G.H.Q. "B"—FOOTBALL.
ARTILLERY v. G.H.Q. "B"—Hurling.
GORMANSTON v. G.H.Q. "B"—Football.

League Draws.

The following League Draws were made:—
HURLING—Portobello v. G.H.Q. "B"—Phoenix Park—3 p.m., 18th inst., Referee—Lieut. O'BRIEN.
FOOTBALL—Gormanston v. G.H.Q. "C"—Phoenix Park—3.30 p.m., 18th inst., Referee—Capt. O'BEIRNE.
FOOTBALL—Portobello v. Gormanston—Gormanston—3.30 p.m., 25th inst., Referee—Capt. O'BEIRNE.
FOOTBALL—Baldonnell v. G.H.Q. "B"—Phoenix Park—3.30 p.m., 18th inst., Referee—Lieut. KAVANAGH.
FOOTBALL—G.H.Q. v. Artillery—Kildare—4 p.m., 25th inst., Referee—Capt. O'DOHERTY.

Colours Registered.

Colours for the Groups were registered as under:—
GORMANSTON—Black and white hooped.
PORTOBELLO—Green and amber.
ARTILLERY—Sky blue with white shield.
G.H.Q.—Royal blue and black.
BALDONNELL—

Chess.

G.H.Q. was declared the winner of the match *vs* G.H.Q. and GORMANSTON. GORMANSTON was awarded the verdict in

their match with PORTOBELLO. Fixtures were arranged as under:—

PORTOBELLO—G.H.Q. at G.H.Q. at 7.30 p.m., 24th inst.
GORMANSTON—PORTOBELLO at GORMANSTON at 7.30 p.m., 27th inst.

GORMANSTON—G.H.Q. at G.H.Q., at 7.30 p.m., 6th March.
G.H.Q.—PORTOBELLO at PORTOBELLO—13th March.

Captain O'BEIRNE was deputed to carry out the duties of Command Secretary during the temporary absence of Lieut. C. S. DOYLE.

GROUP 4 G.H.Q. COMMAND, A.A.A.

The usual weekly meeting of the above Group was held on Friday, 20th inst. at 6.30 p.m., in the Record Office, Portobello Barracks. In the unavoidable absence of Commandant O'Connor, Commandant Murphy presided. The following representatives were also present: Lieut. Kavanagh, Sergeant Kennedy, Sergeant Kelly (Records), Sergeant Flood (Contracts).

Billiards.

Sergeant Kennedy explained the Billiard situation and reported the result of the matches, Pay and Accounts *v.* Records which resulted in a win for Records, and the Engineers *v.* Signals match, which resulted in a win for the Engineers.

Sergeant Kennedy was deputed to make the necessary arrangements for the Engineer *v.* Records match to be played off before the following Friday.

The prizes which Commandant Murphy kindly obtained were exhibited and much admired. They consisted of a silver cigarette case, a silver cigarette holder, a silver wrist watch and a tobacco pouch. It was arranged to present the prizes at the next meeting, if possible.

Finance.

Sergeant Kelly, Hon. Secretary, reported on the absence from the last two meetings of the Treasurer whom he explained was away on leave. The Secretary was directed to get in touch with the Treasurer and make arrangements regarding his future attendance.

Lieut. Kavanagh reported on the registration and subscription fees of the Records and suggested that, pending negotiations with the B.Q.M. regarding overdue rebate, the matter should be postponed until the next meeting. This was agreed to.

School of Music.

The Secretary was directed by the Committee to place on record in the Minute Book a copy of the Group President's proposal (Commandant O'Connor) at the Command Meeting held on the 16th inst. with reference to the attitude adopted by the School of Music towards Group 4.

Representatives Deputies.

The absence of the deputies representing Captain Kelly and Captain Neligan was commented on, and on the suggestion of Sergeant Kelly (Records) it was agreed to elect B.S.M. Woods (Signals) on the Committee to represent his Unit on the Group.

Football and Hurling.

In view of the fixture between Portobello and Gormanston arranged for the 25th inst. at Gormanston, Lieut. Kavanagh stated that he would have a football team in readiness to proceed to Griffith Barrack to meet the Engineers at 1.45 p.m. prior to proceeding to Gormanston. It was suggested that Captain Sheridan would again kindly use his influence regarding transport. It was decided to get Private Gleeson (Signals) to arrange a practice hurling match for next Wednesday.

Chess.

Arrangements were made for the forthcoming match with G.H.Q. Lieut. Kavanagh urged the necessity for more speeding up in this particular line of sport.

Handball.

The draws for the handball competition for prizes kindly presented by Commandant O'Connor resulted as follows:—
Officers Pay and Accounts *v.* Signals.
Records *v.* Engineers.

The Officers Pay and Accounts v. Signals match to be played on Thursday, 26th instant at 5.30 p.m. Lieut. Kavanagh to act as Umpire. Arrangements to be made later on in connection with the Engineers v. Records match.

Prizes.

Sergeant Flood (Contracts) proposed a vote of thanks to Commandant Murphy for his kindness in securing prizes for the Billiard Tournament. Sergt. Kennedy (Records) seconded.

Tennis.

Commandant Murphy suggested that an inter-unit competition in Tennis be held on the Records Tennis Court when the present Record's Tournament is finished.

The next meeting was arranged for Friday evening the 27th instant at 6.30 p.m.

A vote of thanks to Commandant Murphy for presiding concluded the meeting.

BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

GRIFFITH BARRACKS v. PORTOBELLO.

The first round of a series of matches to be played between Portobello and Griffith Barracks, took place in the latter Barracks, between the Army Signal Corps and the Army Corps of Engineers, on Tuesday, 17th inst., with the following result:—

Captain Irwin	... 250	Coy. Sergeant Roache	179
Sergeant Rowe	... 250	Sergeant-Major Woods	210
Sergeant Gilham	... 250	Sergeant Daly	... 193
Sergeant Higgins	... 250	Private Hawkins	... 148

A.C.E. TOTALS	1,000	A.S.C. TOTALS	... 730
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ROUNDERS.

A match between teams representing Portobello and Griffith Barracks took place on Wednesday, 18th inst. and resulted after a rather exciting game in a victory for Portobello.

The play, which was a trifle marred by infringements of rules, was both interesting and exciting. One of the players unfortunately sustained an injury which necessitated medical treatment.

The Griffith Barrack team which, in the near future, will prove formidable opponents lost the game in the last few moments the score being:—Portobello, 24; Griffith, 23.

For the winners, Commandant Noone, Lieut. Barry and Lieut. McNally displayed exceptionally good form.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT THE CURRAGH.

Marked success attended the opening "season" of the Keane Dramatic Class, at the Garrison Gymnasium, Curragh Camp, under the patronage of Major-General Sweeney. On the 20th, 21st and 22nd inst the class produced "Under Two Flags," and on the 23rd and 24th inst., "The Lord Mayor," and "Duty,"—a fairly ambitious debut for a recently launched combination of amateurs.

The success of "Under Two Flags" was due, in large measure, to the generosity of Colonel Michael Hogan, Hon. President, who defrayed the expense of the costumes; to Captain B. S. C. Thomson, the artist of AN t-ÓGLACH, who painted the backcloths; to Rev. Father Hughes, who acted as Treasurer; to the capable business management of Company Sergeant E. J. O'Farrell, the untiring zeal of Miss Violet Leone, who was the producer, and to the efficient stage management of Corporal J. Carroll, P.A.

All the players acquitted themselves very creditably, and the performance met with a cordial reception every night. Miss Violet Leone, as the heroine, Cigarette, proved an actress of remarkable ability, and completely won the heart of the audiences. Other parts were ably filled by Corporal P. Dempsey, P.A. (Baroney), Private C. Byrne, P.A. (Rake), Private H. Reilly, A.S.I. (Gerald Blake), Company-Sergeant E. J. O'Farrell (Lord Rockingham), Corporal J. Carroll, P.A. (Colonel Chateroy), Private Staunton, A.S.I. (the Jockey), and B.Q.M.S. Kane, 15th Battalion (Berkeley Blake). Miss M. Byrne, as the Countess, and Miss Connolly, as Maria, also merit praise.

The orchestra, consisting of a piano, two violins, a banjo, a mandoline, a clarinet, and drums, was conducted by Private Swanton, A.S.I., and added to the enjoyment of the audience.

ARMY CHESS PLAYERS.

A Reverse in the Armstrong Cup Competition.

The close of the Armstrong Cup competition is marked by the rapid succession of outstanding matches. On Monday evening, 16th inst., G.H.Q. met Sackville, and, of course, succumbed to what may be called the champion club in this particular contest.

The military scored a draw in one game through the efforts of Major Lawlor, who made a distinctly fine debut in match play. The ending found him with a queen against two pawns in contact at the 6th square associated with their own king. Major Lawlor adopted the only possible course to save the game, and a draw was at once accepted.

Two other games in which the opposition was most protracted were those at boards 2, 4 and 7, but the Sackville players finally asserted their superiority. Scores:—

SACKVILLE.		G.H.Q.	
1. P. Baker	... 1	Major Cotter	... 0
2. C. J. Barry	... 1	Sergt. Myers	... 0
3. T. P. Kane	... 1	Comdt. O'Donohoe	... 0
4. G. M. Hickey	... 1	Comdt. Egan	... 0
5. A. Sayers	... 1	Sergt. O'Shaughnessy	... 0
6. G. H. Jacobs	... 1	Cpl. O'Connor	... 0
7. J. Taylor	... 1	Comdt. O'Connor	... 0
8. H. P. Kerney	... ½	Major Lawlor	... ½
Total, 7½		Total, ½	

We understand that a Chess Club has been formed in Collins Barracks, and shall be glad to receive reports from its Hon. Secretary.

TALES FROM THE TENTH.

The "Cross-word" competitions have met with a cordial reception from all ranks, and we hope one of the prizes will come "way down South-West."

The Battalion Adjutant has the best wishes of everybody in the Battalion upon "joining up" with the army of Benedicts.

"Tom," the champion B.S.M. of the Defence Forces, has retired to civil life. The wholehearted regrets of every individual officer, N.C.O., and man of the Battalion go with him. "Once a soldier, always a soldier!" We hope that civil life may be congenial to him, but we know that he will miss the cheery voices of the men, whose smartness, in the drill field and on the parade ground, is mainly due to his wholehearted and untiring efforts. Best of luck to him and his!

Till recently numerous ranks, vacated by N.C.O.'s on the "demob." list, have been held by acting ranks. Several promising young soldiers have availed of the opportunity, which, at long last, has been given them to qualify for these vacancies. We feel sure that they will "carry on with the work."

"SILEASTAR."

EX-ARMY OFFICER'S SUDDEN DEATH.

Mr. J. D. Moloney, Chairman, Clare County Council, died suddenly at Kiltrush, where he had gone to attend a meeting of the Urban Council Committee, of which he was ex-officio Chairman. When entering the courthouse he became ill. Dr. Counihan, who was promptly in attendance, had him removed to the hotel, where he died two hours later. The late Mr. Moloney was one of the most active of the I.R.A. officers in County Clare during the Anglo-Irish struggle. Since then he has been a strong supporter of the Treaty, and held the rank of Captain in the Army. As Chairman of the County Council he played a very important part in maintaining the local administration under very trying conditions.

Széalta an tsairsint Rua.

XII.—An Rua agus na Sídeoga.

pádraic ó conaire, do sgríob.

"A' screitrim sna sídeoga an ead? Tuige naé screitrim? Naé bpacas iad le mo dá súil féin—sead, agus níos minice ná aon uair aham, freisin."

Nuair a bhí an tsairsint Rua an éinne sin, rinnead gáirí. Mléas a raib ag éisteacht. A leitéir sin o'fear agus é ag ceapad go bfuil na daoine beaga ann!

Aé nior éiríis an greann leis an Rua.

"Cé'n gáirí sin orraib?" ar seisean go teasairde, "a luét na ticeillí, naé eol uib aon nio aé an ruo atá ós cóimair bur súl!"

"Agus an miste dom fíapruige díot cá bpaca tusa na sídeoga?" arsa mise le széal a baint as.

"I gconndae muigeó," ar seisean, "i n-aice le baile an róba ar bhuac locha measa agus mé ag dul ar aonac tuama—"

Breathnaig sé éart mar bheo sé ag tabairt ar noubhláin. An raib tuine ar an gcuirdeactam a bheasnoctad é?

"Sgaoil éuainn do széal má's széal é," aoirimse.

"Sgaoilpead," ar seisean, "agus is széal air é preisin." Cosais sé:

* * *

Tá sé suas agus anuas le deic mbliana ó sóin, (ars an sairsint Rua) agus mé ag dul ar aonac tuama le leo a éannaect. Ar an luan a bí an t-aonac le beic ann, agus ós bótar pava é ó baile an róba go tuaim, agus ó bí orm an uile coisméas de a siubal mara bfuiginn marcardeact, o'págas an teac luac go leór ar an doinnac. Bí píosa maic bótar curda díom agam, agus breacsólus an trachtóna ann nuair a éualas an ceol uob' aoirne oar éuala aon tuine ariam istis uaim i bpáirc.

Breathnaigseas uaim isteach éar an sclairde agus éannaiceas an cuirdeacta ba séinne agus ba éroideamla oar casad liom ariam istis, agus iad ag oéanam siamsa uóib féin. Bí piobaire aca, agus má tá srian agus gealac sean, bí an cosaímalact air siúro go raib sé oá uair nios sine.

Tugas léim éar an sclairde agus éosuiqeas ag oamisa le óigimaoi.

Nuair a bí an oamisa sin éart siúro sí éad liom ar an tulán, agus nior himne liom an éuac ar éeact an tsamraio ná a glór, sur meall sí an éroide as mo lár le n-a cuio priotal. Go maicéto oia dom é agus bean maic agam sa mbaile!

* * *

Ní raib móran acair sur roinnead biao agus deoc ar an gcuirdeactam. Meadar o'fion dears na spáinne tugad oomsa. O'ólas féin agus an óigbean as aon meadar aham, agus sinn ag ráo filrdeact gráda le n-a éeile!

Is cuimneac liom go ri-maie an éaoi ar éáinic mo éorlad orm, agus an éaoi ar págas mo maide maic oioiginn ar leactaob go gcuirpinn mo néal díom.

Cuir. Agus ní haon néal aham a cuireas díom act na céarta, mar bí sé n-a lá nuair a uúisqeas, 'n-a lá geal agus mé fuar pluac leis an trúct, agus creactad millteac 'mo énámaib! Agus tuine ná deórarde ní raib le peiceal sa bpáirc act seanbo agus i n-a luige ar an bposga faoi'n sclairde.

"Donna go leór a éailiúir!" arsa mise liom féin, "is gránda an cleas o' mair sib orm pé ar bíe cé sib!"

Cuireas mo lám éarm go bfuiginn mo bata oioiginn go mbuailinn bótar ar eagla go mbéinn deireannac ar an aonac. Ní raib págail ar an mbata i n-aon air.

Stuais liom san é.

Cúpla míle nó mar sin a bí siubalta agam sur casad fear liom. "An ar aonac atá tú ag dul?" arsa mise.

Breathnaig sé orm le iongnad.

"Ní head," ar seisean, "act ag teact as."

Má bí iongnad ar mo tuine is mó go móran an t-iongnad a bí ormsa,

"Naé inoiu an luan," aoirimse leis, "agus naé inoiu a bías an t-aonac ar an tuaim."

Rinne sé gáiríó púm.

"Inoiu an céartaoin," ar seisean "agus tá an t-aonac éart le dá lá."

Cé'n mearbail a bí orm? Cé'n éaoi ar éaiteas an aimsir ó'n doinnac? A' n'éarnas coorlad dá lá agus trí oróde i ngan fíos dom féin? Cé'n oioideact a cuiread orm?

O'págas mo tuine mí-múinte go leór. Ól a bí oéanta aige síleas, agus oá n'éanpáinn deifir béinn ar an aonac i n-am fós. Bain mé as go deas sa siubal.

* * *

Ag tarraingst ar an deic a élos, éannaiceas éuam an plóo móran oamisa agus conrra ar an gcoorac aca.

"Beannaect uilis de le anam na marb," arsa mise ag dul ar leactaob leis an tsoctaraoi a sgaoilead éart. Nuair a bíteas breac ar m' aóar amac, agus mise 'mo seasam go socair leactaob an bótar éannaic na píra a bí faoi 'n gcoorac mé féin. O'áit-ngeadar mé agus o'áit-ngeas iad. Act a éúisge is leagadar súil orm, leigeadar béic uatébais, o'págasdar an conrra uata ar an mbótar agus élan leo éar na páirceanna sna bpáisgí, ag bualad bos agus ag sgréadaoil go millteac!

Céarto a bí orra ar éor ar bíe? Cé'n éaoi ar cuir mise eagla orra? Bí an széal oona go leór orm agus oá lá a éur díom sa suan i ngan fíos dom féin; act mar bárr ar an oonas, b' in iad mo inuinnitir féin ag ríteact uaim le uatébais aham is oá mba beirdeact allta mé!

Agus an conrra págail annsin ar an mbótar 'n-a nuiaró! Céarto a bí ag teact ar an saogal ar éor ar bíe?

O'ruioeas féin leis an gconrra breathnaigseas air. Bí pláta práis ar a élar mar is gnáct. Do éosaigseas ar na pocla a bí sgríobta ar an bpláta sin a léigead.

Leat na suile orm le iongnad agus le alltaect. Creitid mé nó na creitid act séarto a bí sgríobta ar an bpláta act m' ainn agus mo éloinnead féin, m'aois, mo éuairisg agus mo éreicte, an lá go bfuairseas bás, agus na pocla beannaigste cuirtear ós éionn na marb!

Uatébais a bí orm i oosac. An raib sé píor go rabas marb? Nó mara raib cé'n éleasirdeact a bí ar siubal ag na comarsanaib? Agus mo bean féin (nó mo baintreabac) ag ríteact uaim le eagla treasna na páirceanna!

Éáinic buile orm, agus an iongnad lib é? Ní pava go mbéad a fíos agam céarto a bí istis sa gconrra sin. Rugas ar éloic móir de'n élarde. Érocas suas an éloc ós mo éionn, sur réabas élar an éomra léiti!

Agus ní éomaispead aon tuine aguib céarto a bí istis ann: oéanta na pírinne, ní corp a bí sa gconrra sin oic ná maic, act mo maide oioiginn a goidead uaim i bpáirc an oamisa agus mé 'mo éorlad! Sead agus roinnt éloc le meadcan a oéanam!

* * *

Ná bactar leis an magad, a éáirde! Ní aóbar magad é ar éor ar bíe. An té sur mian leis an gáiríó oéanam, téroead sé amac ar an tsráio le n-a oéanam.

"Agus cé'n baint atá ag an széal leis na sídeogaib, a sairsint?" arsa mise.

"Naé tú atá san tuigsint?" ar seisean, "naé bfuil fíos at go ri-maie naé oamisa saogalta a bí sa bpáirc sin a n'eacás isteach ann, naé oamisa saogalta a bí ar siubal aca, naé píor saogalta a o'ólas n-a bpoctair. . . na sídeogCOPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES

"SCRAPS" FROM GORMANSTON.

General regret is felt at the departure of the ever-popular Corporal Tommy Duffy on transfer to Islandbridge. He will be remembered as the captain of the Gormanston football team, which gained so many victories in 1923.

The fourth of what has proved a very successful series of whist drives was held in the Recreation Room on 5th inst. The following were the successful players:—1st prize, Sergeant M. Flood; 2nd prize, Private Morgan; 3rd prize, Corporal P. P. Kelly; and the booby went to Private A. Brown. The committee responsible for the drives are to be congratulated on the splendid manner in which they were conducted, and it is hoped they will be continued with unabated success.

There is one point on which we are all agreed, namely, that as far as "Draughts" are concerned this camp will always be able to "Blow."

The return of the Wednesday half-holiday has made a great stir among our athletes. At first there was some difficulty in finding out those interested in the different forms of sport, but this has now been overcome, and things are going on merrily. It's wonderful what a route march can do in the matter of assisting a man to decide what class of sport he is interested in.

Private Gaffney, who is looking after the boxers, hopes to turn out a few good men.

Our football team are to be congratulated on the splendid display they gave in the match against G.H.Q. They were masters of the game right from the start and won easily. McKay, Duffy, Lowry, McNulty and Glynn are worthy of special notice. The S.M. was also on the team. I hope our players' new outfits didn't frighten the G.H.Q. men.

Our Chess team were very unfortunate in their meeting with the G.H.Q. team, but they proved that their defeat was due more to ill-luck than lack of ability, by the decisive manner in which they defeated Portobello two nights later. They are looking forward with keen anticipation to the return match with the G.H.Q. team.

The result of the ring competition has, as I expected, proved a surprise. A new comer, Private C. O'Reilly secured first prize, S.M. Keogh, second, and Private MacAleese, third.

It was in the "Billiard Room" that the thought struck me that, if we are ever called upon to provide a "polo team," we will be able to give a good account of ourselves.

Which reminds me of a recently heard joke:

Said the lady:—"What would polo be without the ponies?"

Said the gentleman:—"Hockey!"

There is only one racing machine in the camp, although we have several very promising cyclists. Would it not be possible for the Sports Committee, to purchase a few bicycles and let the men who are interested pay for them by instalments.

OBSERVER.

A bí ann san aon amhras, agus le greann dóib féin, cuireadar an draíodéact ormsa, cuireadar an cúlú síde orm, agus mé sa suan sin cuireadar mo crotsa ar mo maíde droisinn, do sméartaíis siad é le fuil, agus o'pástar leactaob an bótaí é i n-aice le mo teac féin i dtreó go bfuair mo bean 'mo corp' ar maidin!

Cuiread cúpla ceist air aet ní bospaó an saogál a baramail.

"Aet b'é an cúro ba measa de ar pao," ars an sairsint Rua,

"An éaoi a bíor orm éur i gceill do cáe nac raib mé marb ar éor ar bit, aet go raibas com beó beaíroead is bíos ariam— agus an gceirpóir sib mé? Mo bean féin, ba measa. Ní páilte mór a bí aici róniam 'mo beó b'féarr léirí mé 'mo marb. San mé aet dá lá 'caillte' agus cleammas téanta aici le buacail an do écúra! Mná agus sídeoga seacnuigro iao, a éairte!"

[San gcéad uimhir eile: XIII.—An fear a comaic an bás.]

G.H.Q. CALLING.

About a score of junior officers of G.H.Q. departed from Parkgate on Friday, 20th inst., per charabanc, en route to the Curragh—and the course.

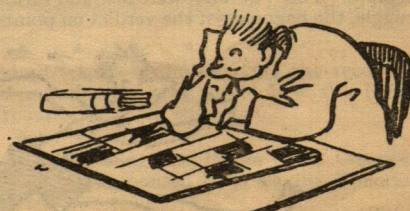
Between this exodus, and the number of Officers on sick leave, the Mess presents an unusually thin appearance at mealtimes these days.

Meanwhile certain senior Officers are wondering "Who goes next?" and the rest of the juniors are speculating what the Curragh will be like in June and July, providing there is any kind of a passable attempt at a summer.

Before the batch of juniors left for the Curragh on the 20th, the stories that those who had "been through it," were telling at Mess were, like the efforts of the Fat Boy, designed to make one's flesh creep.

"If I hear any more of these stories," declared Captain X. at last, "I'm going to resign before my turn comes to go to the Curragh."

When some of the prospective victims appealed to the Scribe he said he would send a Special Commissioner down to investigate, and the result would appear under the heading "Truth about the Curragh. 'Orrible Revelations.'" He said the facts would be a horrible revelation of the leg-pulling proclivities of the "veterans" who had been circulating those tall tales.



One gentleman's idea of the ideal recreational half-holiday.

Being Night Duty Officer is not such a gift as it used to be.

But, as he has to hoist the flag at Reveille, he ought to thank his stars for the new flag post. There can be no doubt that it facilitates the operation immensely.

The new Fords have made their appearance at G.H.Q. They look awf'ly like motor cars.

Who will fall heir to all the "Flying Bedsteads?"

When will "Maggies" "Tim" be taken on the strength of the Sergeant's Mess. What does he do when he sees "Red?"

So "Me Larkies" in Portobello don't understand that Ancient and Royal game of gobs. Well we are sorry for them. It is a shame to neglect their education like that. They call them "mouthfuls," if they had a mouthful of gobs they would have something to chew. To prove how ancient the game is, we have great pleasure in stating that a complete set of gobs was found in King "Tut's" Tomb.

Is there anything else "Me Larkies" would like to know? We could even tell them the double for the Lincoln and National, or the best way of getting at the right side of Sergeant-Majors.

We know some people who don't look before they leap, but we are sure they will think twice before they play a billiards match again.

What is wrong with our "B" Football team?

Will we keep our "coates" on when we are playing our next billiards match? Those big breaks that we see in AN t-OGlach are not going to frighten us. We know they are the military archives they had when they put them in.

PORTOBELLO-INGS.

The following paragraph in the Training Hints in our last issue has created considerable interest:—"DRINK.—Three pints is the maximum."

And the Sergeant Major said—"What about our Canteen rebate."

Portobello Billiard Team still forges ahead, consistently supplementing their already big table of successes.

The Billiard Tournament confined to No. 4 Group has now reached its final stage. Records team, who easily disposed of Q.M.G. Branch, now meet Engineers (who beat Army Signal Corps) in the final.

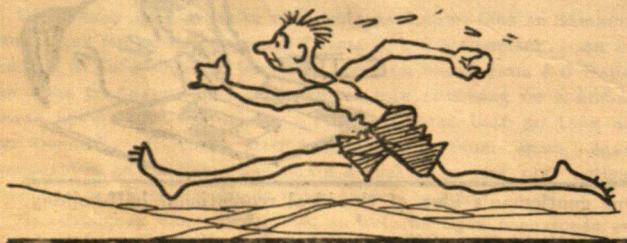
Although with a staff of only 50 to select from, Records succeeded in turning out a very strong quartette (Captain Stafford, Lieut. Kavanagh, Coy.-Sgt. Kennedy and Pte. M. O'Brien).

I've heard rumours of a Billiard Team in Beggars' Bush. Well, we are open to take them on and afterwards give them an opportunity of hearing the famous No. 1 Band (on the gramophone). It should be a "record" evening.

The hearty reception and lavish entertainment given to our Barrack team in "Collins" is not forgotten.

Some items there one could never forget.

One of the visitors had "6 two-minute rounds" with a set of bagpipes. The "blows" were fast and furious and, after a desperate struggle, the bagpipe got the verdict on points.



The R.S.C. Cross-Country Section still continue their unbeaten record.

The other S.-M. who attempted the "sword dance" was also beaten on "POINTS."

The "sorting out" process at the end was very interesting.

OH! Blessings on the man who invented the numerical collar badge.

Certainly billiards is an awful disease; contagious too, I believe. Two "bad cases" down town the other evening (red stripes too) had 17/4 worth at the one session. It was obviously a "Signal Success."

Apropos that Exam., here's one for you:—Billiards cost 1/6 per hour, two N.C.O.'s start playing at 1.55 p.m. The cost of the game when finished is 17/4. (a) what time, to the nearest minute, did they finish? (b) What was the aggregate total score? (c) Who collected their passes?

When are the Library Books that are at present hibernating in the 23rd stores going to be released from bondage?

The weekly Whist Drive continues to be a success and we hope to have our weekly Cinema Shows shortly in full working order.

Our Group Hurling team met G.H.Q. crowd on Wednesday, the 18th inst. and, as anticipated, won easily. Again, THAT'S THAT.

Who is responsible for the nocturnal musical selection that can be heard in the 22nd Square? Who said bagpipes are contemplated?

SOLDIERS AND ELECTIONS.

In view of the forthcoming elections for the Oireachtas the following circular (Form E.A. 5) issued by the Department of Defence in November last should be studied by every member of the Army:—

1. Every citizen of Saorstát Éireann, who is otherwise eligible, is entitled to be registered as a Dail and/or Seanad elector for the constituency in which he is ordinarily resident on the qualifying date, i.e. 15th November.

2. Members of the Forces of Saorstát Éireann, who were in the Forces on the 15th November, are to be treated as ordinarily resident in the constituency in which, but for service, they would be ordinarily resident on the qualifying date.

3. In order to be included in the register of electors, members of the Forces, who were in the Forces on 15th November, should fill in Form E.A. 5, which will be forwarded by the Adjutant General to the local Registration Officer concerned.

4. Serving members of the Forces cannot generally be given leave to record their votes in person. They can, however, vote by post, provided their names are on the Postal Voters' List for their constituency.

5. In the case of a member of the Forces, who was in the Forces on the 15th November, the filling in of Form E.A. 5 will be accepted as evidence of his desire to be entered on the Postal Voters' List.

6. In the case of a member of the Forces enlisted between the 15th November and 26th February, he can make a claim on A.F. 13 to have his name entered on the Postal Voters' List.

7. A member of the Forces cannot be entered on the Postal Voters' List after 26th February.

8. In the event of an election, voting papers will be sent through the Adjutant General to members of the Forces who are on the Postal Voters' List, with instructions how to vote.

9. Persons who are on the Postal Voters' List can vote by post only.

10. A member of the Forces on the Postal Voters' List who is demobilised before the 26th February can apply before that date to the local Registration Officer to have his name removed from the Postal Voter's List, and when this is done he can vote in person.

11. A member of the Forces on the Postal Voter's List who is demobilised after 26th February cannot have his name taken off the Postal Voters' List until the following year. *Meantime he can only vote by post, and in the event of an election voting papers will be sent to him by post.*

NOTES FROM THE ARMY SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

Beggar's Bush, front square, is slowly, but surely, transforming itself into the ideal flower-garden. On a summer day, with all the flowers in bloom, it would be an ideal place for a recital by the No. 1 Band.

All credit is due to the pipers' unit who voluntarily performed this herculean labour of making the desert bloom as the rose. "The Flowers of the Forest" are clearly not the only blooms with which they are acquainted. But who will "Pay the Piper?"

No. 1 Band has returned from its tour, and is once again changing dreariness to cheeriness by their lively strains at the usual practices.

The monotony of the "Bush" is being pleasantly relieved by the introduction of outdoor and indoor sports, especially on Wednesdays. The billiard table has proved a boon and a blessing.

A number of guilds of the Sacred Heart Sodality have been formed, and the chapel in barracks is being renovated. This will be the sacred edifice in future for all attached to the School of Music.

A certain private has roused the ire of the juveniles by describing the boys' quarters as the "Nursery." And it will not suffice him to explain that he was only "Kidding."

Pipe Major Stars was up on business from his band in Limerick recently. The band, which left the school a few months ago, is making quite a name for itself in the city of the Violated Treaty.

TOUR OF No. 1 ARMY BAND.

Enthusiastic Reception at Every Performance.

During its recent tour of the Free State the No. 1 Army Band, under the conductorship of Colonel Brase, won fresh laurels. Everywhere its performances evoked the utmost enthusiasm from crowded audiences.

Leaving Dublin on 10th January, the Band proceeded to Kilkenny, where it was due for two Recitals on Sunday, 11th ult. The first performance was splendidly attended, the programme being selected from a repertoire of some fifty items from the compositions of Wagner, Beethoven, Mozart, Tschaikowsky, Fritz Brase, Strauss, Grainger, Liszt, Larchet, Berlioz, etc. The Kilkenny audience was wildly enthusiastic, Colonel Fritz Brase coming in repeatedly for special ovations. The second performance was still more remarkable, the house being filled some time before the recital was due to commence, and hundreds having to be turned away. The "Kilkenny People" describes the recitals as "a great musical triumph."

Arriving in Carlow on the 12th, the Band gave two remarkably successful recitals in the Town Hall. An enthusiast writing in the "Carlow Nationalist and Leinster Times," describes everyone as "being entranced with the richness and purity of the music, every note of which was deep and true."

The Band next appeared on the stage of the Empire Theatre, Waterford, at 8 p.m., on the 13th. Although a terrific storm was raging, it did not deter several hundred music lovers from putting in an appearance. The recital proved another great success, the Band, after each item, being thunderously applauded.

The success was repeated at New Ross, where a Matinee Recital was given at 3 p.m., on the 14th. The same evening another recital was given in Waterford, the Empire Theatre being entirely booked out. The Band and its Conductor were again most cordially greeted, the items on the programme arousing great enthusiasm. At the end of the performance Dr. Vincent White, the Mayor of Waterford, paid a glowing tribute to Colonel Brase and his men, publicly thanking them for a great musical treat, and expressing the hope of their early return to the City.

A repetition of these successes awaited the Band at Clonmel on the 15th and 16th.

Arriving at Cork on the 17th, two Recitals were given in the Opera House, at 3.30 and 8.15 p.m., on Sunday, 18th. It is no exaggeration to say that the Recitals were gloriously triumphant, the wonderful reception accorded to Colonel Brase and his musicians exceeded all expectations. At the afternoon performance, Miss Rita Wallace (Mrs. J. B. Horgan), who is a soprano of considerable note, sang beautifully "May Laurels Crown thy Brow" from "Aida." At the second performance the notice "House full" was early displayed. Nearly two thousand people thunderously applauded a wonderful programme. An added attraction was supplied by the magnificent choir of the Cork Municipal School of Music, consisting of 120 voices, under the conductorship of Professor A. G. Fleischmann, which was enthusiastically received.

After further triumphs in Killarney and Limerick on the 19th and 20th, the Band proceeded to Galway to fulfil two engagements at the Empire Theatre on the 22nd and 23rd. Here again a magnificent reception awaited them. The Recital formed the subject of a leading article in the "Galway Tribune."

Winding up the tour at Ballinasloe, where the Band gave two performances on the 25th and 26th, the visit was an unqualified success. The Band arrived back in Dublin on Monday, 27th January, on the conclusion of what might be termed a triumphal tour.

One of the outstanding features in connection with the Recitals was the great reception accorded the arrangements of Irish Airs by Colonel Brase.

The arrangements in connection with the tour were in the capable hands of S.M. Cork, Army School of Music.

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

NOTES FROM THE NINTH.

Captain Kilkelly is going to get busy in the sports line.

The allegation is made that "somebody" when cycling through the Barrack gate collided with, and dismantled, the gate post, which still lies outside the Guardroom. He should be made replace it, we say.

We will soon be having a Lady Gregory in Buncrana. Best wishes to Corporal Nolan and his little band.

And Sergeant-Major Moraghan is off to the Curragh. Best of luck to him. We all hope he will be soon with us again.

Final preparations have now been made for the new billiard table at Ardraven House.

So some of the occupants at the House are becoming "herringians." We believe they got a big "bag" recently.

Lieut. Cooney's wireless installation at Ardraven House is a huge success. Many thanks to him for the enjoyable evening we spent under his patronage listening in.

It is reported that an N.C.O. was attacked by a bull the first time he ventured forth wearing the new rank insignia.

A local Barber has advertised "Billiard-ball haircuts a Speciality."

The report that "Busty" succeeded in solving the recent AN T-OGIACH cross-word is inaccurate. He forgot how the Roman Gladiators paid compliments to their superiors.

Captain McKeown looks like being the future Chess Champion—If he isn't "checked." It is rumoured he is leaving Buncrana, but we trust this is not so.

"D" Company still claims to be THE Company. "Strength is everything," says Larry Ryan.

Said a certain Lieutenant—"Buncrana is a fine place in the summer." Say all of us—"But, alas!—If Winter comes!"

THE TOUT.

COMMAND TRANSFERS.

Major-General McKeon, G.O.C., Western Command, has been appointed G.O.C., Curragh Training Camp, and has taken up the duties of his new appointment.

Major-General Sweeney, G.O.C., Curragh Training Camp, has been appointed G.O.C., Western Command.



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Private J. C. (Curragh).—Your case is being investigated.

Transfer.

"Silent Watcher" (Collins Barracks).—(1) Apply for transfer in the usual manner through your Commanding Officer. (2) Make application through your Brigade O.C.

Dependant's Allowance.

"Distressed" (Boyle).—Write to the Officer i/c Dependents' Allowance Branch, Portobello Barracks, giving full particulars of your claim.

Civilian Clothes.

"Private" (Portobello Barracks).—Permission may be given by a Commanding Officer or Camp Commandant to N.C.O.'s and men of good character when on leave or pass.

Leave.

J. Kelly (Curragh).—Make application in the usual manner to your Commanding Officer.

Proficiency Pay.

"Victim" (Island Bridge).—The existing pay regulations do not permit of the issue of additional pay in respect of your appointment.

Private Hanrahan (Curragh Camp).—No provision is made in the existing regulations for men so situated.

"Scottie" (Mullingar).—You should refer the matter to your Commanding Officer, who will take the case up with the Officer i/c Records, with a view to securing the necessary verification, to enable him to publish the appointment to Class II. Private in Battalion Orders. The publication through Orders automatically carries the pay of the appointment.

"One of the Fifty" (Mullingar).—(1) No. (2) See reply to "Scottie" above.

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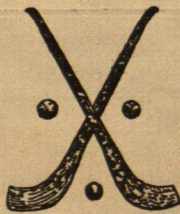
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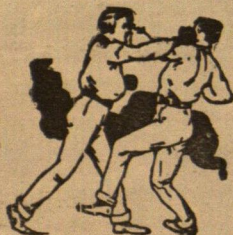
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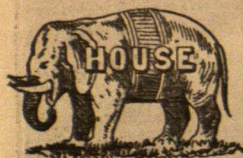
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GAOLUINN DO'N ARM.

GAOLUINN.

An aimsir gnáth láitheac.
Tagann isteach gac maróim ar a naoi.
Ar an naoi, an ead? Ní éireom focal
de.

Fiapruig de'n éaptaen anso; tagann
seisean isteach in éimpeact liom gac
maróim. Ná tagair, a éaptaen?
Tá sé ab innsint na pírimne, tagaimí le
céile i scoimnúde.

An Siubhlann sib?
Ní siubhlaimí, tagaimí 'sa tram.
Ac, ní éromann sib ar obair an túisce
agus a tagann sib isteach.

Ní éromaimí. Buailimí síos go dtí
an biaólan agus itimí ar mbreac-
past ar dtús.

Ní iteam an éaptaen breacpast anso.
An itir, a éaptaen?

Ní itim, uaireanta. Itim mo breacpast
as baile go minic.

Cá gceannuigeann sib húr gcuro toitin?
Ceannuigimí anso iad.

Agus an nioiltar toitiní anso?

Díoltar a lán rudai anso.

'Ópeiceann tú Brian in aor cor anois?

Cím anois is arís (ó am go ham) é.

PHONETIC PRONUNCIATION.

Annoymshir gnaw lawrhuck.
Thogginna shtock gock moddin erra nay.
Erra nay, ann nah? Nee kredim fukulda.

Feerig den kop thain un su. Thoggun
shishuna shtock in naynukth lum gock
moddin. Naw thoggir a kop thain?
Thaw shay igg eenshint nuff eerna.
Thogga meed lick kayla igg go nee.

Un shoollun shiv?
Nee hyoola meed, thogga meed sut throm.
Ock nee krumunn shiv err ubbir a thooshga
issa hoggun shiva shtock.

Nee krumma meed. Boola meed sheess
gud dee a beel lun ogguss ihm meed
aur mrick fosth err dhoosh.

Nee ihun a kop thain brick fosth un su.
Un nihir a kop thain?

Nee ihm, ooruntha. Ihim muv vruck
fosth igg bolla gum inick.

Kaw gan neen shiv voor guid thit teen?
Kan neemeed un su eudh.

Ogguss un neelthur thit teen un su?

Deelthur a lawn rudhee un su.

Vickun thoo Breeun in nay kurra nish?

Hyeena nish issa reesht (oh oum guh
houm) ay.

ENGLISH.

The Habitual Present.
I come in every morning at nine.
At nine, is it? I don't believe a
word of it.

Ask the Captain here; he comes in
along with me every morning.
Don't you, Captain?

He is telling the truth, we come in
together always.

Do ye walk in?
We do not. We come in the tram.
But, ye do not begin to work as soon
as ye come in.

We do not. We go down to the mess
and we eat our breakfast first.

The Captain does not eat breakfast here.
Do you, Captain?

Sometimes, I don't. I often take my
breakfast at home.

Where do you buy your cigarettes?
We buy them here.

And are there cigarettes sold here?

They sell a lot of things here.

Do you see Brian at all now?

I see him now and again (from time
to time).



Recreation Room in Collins Barracks, Dublin (formerly the Royal Barracks), showing the library at the back of picture.
The manner in which the room is kept and in which it is utilised is a fine tribute to the N.C.O.'s and men of our army.

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