



AN T-OGLÁC

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14th March, 1925.

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An t-Ógláic

Vol. III. No. 6. (New Series.)

MARCH 14, 1925.

Price TWOPENCE.



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An t-Óglách

MARCH 14, 1925.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE Army authorities have seen to it that Saint Patrick's Day will be fittingly observed in the matter of military ceremonial. We wonder to what extent and in what manner the National Holiday will be unofficially observed by the soldiers. One thing is certain—the troops can show an excellent example to the general public as regards the respect due to the Festival. It is doubtful if the civilian populace has yet given the Irish Army credit for the general excellence of its conduct in public, yet the fact remains, that taken as a whole, the Defence Forces, as at present constituted, can challenge comparison with any body of troops in the world for steadiness, sobriety, and self-respect. We have no fears that any number of men in the green uniform will besmirch this reputation on Tuesday next.

* * * *

AT the same time it is to be feared that few units have made arrangements for any observance of the day beyond that officially provided. This is not as it should be. It is the Day of Days for the provision of some thoroughly Irish entertainment, something "racy of the soil" in the best sense of that much-abused term, something that would stimulate the consciousness of nationhood, and breathe patriotic inspiration into the individual mind. Dramatic entertainments are excellent in their way, but so far we have not heard of a production calculated to appeal to the higher sentiments of an Irishman—laughter is the reward most often sought by our amateur players, and the reason for this is easily understood. Until we can achieve better fare behind the footlights, however, it should not be difficult to devise a better entertainment for St. Patrick's night. For the smaller groups a ceilidh seems to be the ideal form—a ceilidh conducted on true traditional lines, and not a formal concert masquerading in the name. And in this connection we wonder if the art of the Seanachuidhe has been altogether lost outside the Irish-speaking districts. There is a rumour that it will not be lost if the No. 1 Battalion can help, and we await their efforts in this direction with the keenest interest.

* * * *

FOR larger audiences the best programme possible at the moment appears to be a combination of Irish music, song, dance and drama—a thought-compelling one-act sketch of purely Irish appeal would be a welcome break if the rest of the entertainment was as badly selected as most Irish entertainments of the sort certainly are. The dances, of course, would be exclusively Irish, not merely one or two thrown in between foxtrots and one-steps as a sop to national sentiment. In another few years we may be able to include the cinematograph in our typically Irish entertainments on St. Patrick's

Day. Even now it would be possible to provide a programme of films made in Ireland and of considerable merit, but they would be all farces—not comedies, as the producers have miscalled them. No serious film made in this country up to the present has been satisfactory, yet, with the right sort of people at the helm, there is no reason why Ireland, enriched with characteristic natural beauty and dowered with a wealth of picturesque and dramatic history and legend, should not produce serious films of first-class merit. We might even become pioneers in showing how the screen can be utilised for the presentation of the beautiful and artistic, instead of the merely banal.

* * * *

IN our next issue, which will be specially enlarged, we hope to present a very full and well-illustrated account of how the Army observed St. Patrick's Day. We believe that our readers will appreciate this much better than if we had brought out a special "St. Patrick's Day Number" beforehand, padded out with the innocuous, but somewhat stale and unprofitable reading matter, of which such numbers usually consist. And in this connection we make an earnest appeal to all our readers and correspondents to see to it that a full and proper account of the manner in which the Day was spent in their particular area reaches this office—and reaches it as speedily as possible after the event. Photographs will be welcomed, and if not used will be returned.



THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE.

If there is no Regular Army, or if that component (of the Army of the United States) has been sapped by a long period of inadequate appropriations until it is insufficient for such a task (holding the first line of defence) the hastily expanded National Guard will have to take the Regular Army's place in the front line and act as a covering force for the mobilisation of the man-power of the country.

Then the officers and men of the Guard will become the innocent sacrifices the United States offers for failing to carry out its primary duty of insuring its own defence.—Hon John W. Weeks, United States Secretary of War.

(Note.—The National Guard of the United States corresponds to the Militia of other countries).



WHISKEY AS PART OF TROOPS' DAILY RATIONS.

Whiskey had always formed an important part of the daily ration of American troops until 1830, when the whiskey ration was abandoned. Prior to this time there were frequent orders issued concerning the issue of whiskey. On May 11th, 1820, the Adjutant and Inspector-General of the American Army issued this order: "Conformably to the Act of April 14, 1818, authorising the President to make such alterations in the component parts of the ration, as a due regard to the health and comfort of the Army may require, it is hereby ordered, that in future, no issues will be made of the whiskey part of the ration to boys under 18 years of age, nor to women attached to the Army."

The report of the Secretary of War in 1831 stated that in 1830 there was issued to the American troops 72,537 gallons of good whiskey at a total cost of 22,132 dols., or a fraction over 30 cents a gallon. As the strength of the Army that year was slightly over 6,100 men, each man therefore drew 11.8 gallons of whiskey during the year.—*American Infantry Journal*.

TYPISTS TACKLE THEORIES

May yet prove Einstein wrong if Grading
Question settled.

GROUSE SLOGAN PUTS KYBOSH ON LEARNED DEBATE.

(By a Lady Typist.)

It is Wednesday afternoon. You know what that means. G.H.Q. is largely deserted. The tragic atmosphere of the Ancient Mariner pervades the whole building; but nowhere is that feeling so oppressive as in a certain office overlooking the People's Gardens, an office usually alive with the hub-bub of work and chat. Outside, the sun is shining gloriously—as it generally does on a Wednesday afternoon—the thrush is rehearsing his song in a tree near-by, the Park smiles in its budding glory; while from the tennis-court beneath comes the pleasing sound of male voices. Sun and thrushes and parks are all right, but, oh, for the poetry of a man's voice on a Wednesday afternoon!

The fire, apparently in conspiracy with other unsympathetic elements in G.H.Q., has taken advantage of the Recreational Half-holiday and gone out. The situation is becoming desperate; something must be done—and at once. The more highly-strung of us may become hysterical at any moment.

We have long ago exhausted the possibilities of the cross-word puzzle. In fact, we decided that the cross-word is something beneath our intelligence—when we failed to solve it. What is to be done?

Then it comes on the ether from the direction of the Four Courts—a brain wave! Hands up for a debate. Majority demands cannot be ignored; it must be a debate. But where to get a suitable subject. In a very short time, however, “The advantages and disadvantages of the Recreational Half-holiday from a typist's point of view” is, by popular vote, placed on the agenda.

Considering the volcanic possibilities of the subject, and the relevant high feeling which is, I am afraid, but very indifferently suppressed, the debate on the whole is carried out on very ladylike lines; the language is parliamentary and concise (if this doesn't sound paradoxical) and only on a few occasions has the Speaker to shout “Order, Order.”

* * * *

Since that memorable afternoon we have had several other highly interesting debates. Amongst other subjects we tackled the Darwinian theory. A number of speakers held that there was ample proof of the correctness of the theory to be found amongst the male of the species. On reflection, however, it was realised that the admission of the theory would, to a certain extent, compromise the dignity of both sexes. It would be a case of punching one's nose to spite one's face.

Suddenly something happened which put an end to our debate, with consequent deplorable loss to science and posterity. I fear the more reprehensible tactics of the election meeting have invaded the respectability of G.H.Q., for the interruption must necessarily come under the category of “heckling.”

“Stop worrying about your ancestors; what about the Grading?” was the bombshell hurled at us in strident tones.

The debate collapsed.

Don't be shocked, gentle reader. It is only the slogan of the moment amongst the typists in G.H.Q. I am as familiar with it now as with our orderly's “What'll I do?” Unconsciously I often find myself repeating “What about the Grading?”

Well, “Wot abaht it?”

I pause for a reply.

Em. De. V.

Liberal.—Rule 42 of the House of Representatives of the great and honorable General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts provides, soberly and solemnly, that bills shall be printed on “not less than one sheet of paper.”—Pointed out by one of the Representatives.

* * * *

If we could see ourselves as others see us, we'd never speak to them again.

ATHLETICS IN U.S. ARMY

“Fighting Games” Favoured—Value
of Publicity.

Writing in the United States “Infantry Journal,” Colonel A. W. Bjornstad, Inf., says:—

The Infantry School aspires to be the recognised centre for all Infantry training subjects. It is expected to be the centre. We have the same obligation to make the Infantry School the Infantry centre for athletics and physical training that we have to make it the centre for training in Infantry weapons and tactics.

Physical training and athletics are not the same. Physical training is usually provided for by means that are analogous to drills. Athletics are different. They are represented by competitive games which have inherent mind interest and which develop team work, esprit, and psychological quality which we call good sportsmanship. Among these games are some which are very properly designated as fighting games, such as football, lacrosse, and polo.

In view of all this I claim, with entire confidence, that there is no education or training institution in the country that has such a vital need for an athletic policy that will build up an athletic and physical training system. Our aim is not a series of spectacles for the entertainment of ourselves and the public. Our aim is not even limited to the physical and psychological up-building of those who participate in athletics at the Infantry School. Our ultimate aim is no less than the creation of a system and the development of an instructor corps that will quickly produce the physical training standard so necessary in war. Americans do not realise what a large proportion of young men, apparently physically fit to be soldiers, are far from fit for the arduous and all-important work of Infantry soldiers until they have been practically re-built physically under the supervision of competent leaders. In war, their numbers will run into the hundreds of thousands. The time available will be short. Every Army officer must know how to tackle this side of training efficiently and immediately. What educational institution in America has an athletic mission more urgent and important than ours?

In building up our athletic policy we favour the fighting games. The Infantry needs these games more than any other institution. Thus develop mental and physical endurance and the spirit of tactical team work. They teach men to do their jobs without thought of the bruises and bumps and the possibility of more serious injury. Fighting games, such as football, lacrosse, and polo, develop the kind of spirit. It is our business to develop this spirit and this system in the Infantry of the Regular Army in order that our mobilised Infantry at the outbreak of war can quickly be made powerful fighting forces. This explains the purpose of our athletic plans. We shall develop all of the competitive games that it is practicable to develop in Infantry units down to the company. These games and teams, together with the straight physical training work and the splendid athletic plant that we are building, will constitute the laboratory that makes our athletic training course practical instead of theoretical.

My advice to unit commanders in the Regular Army is to keep their units on the sport page of local newspapers. It will help to keep them off the scandal page. The other pages are closed. They deal with politics, finance and other activities that do not concern Army units. Learn to take young men—and newspapers—as they are. A fine athletic policy and plant will build fine morale and attract a better class of recruits. Keep off the scandal page. The first will automatically achieve the second.

◆

“You admit you overheard the quarrel between the Defendant and his wife?”

“Yes, sir, I do,” stoutly maintained the witness.

“Tell the court, if you can, what the husband seemed to be doing.”

“He seemed to be doing the listening.”

* * * *

In the Middle Ages it took a right able-bodied citizen to live to be middle-aged.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE COMPETITIONS.

Only Two Successful Solutionists of Second Puzzle—Many lose
by One Letter—Further Prizes offered this week—
Another Prize Design to be Solved.

Our Second Cross-Word Puzzle proved a tougher proposition for our readers than did the first one. Out of the big batch of solutions sent in, only two proved to be correct—and the sender of one of them forgot to enclose his name and address, though he (or, perhaps, it was she) was careful to attach the coupon. We have hopes of being able to locate this absent-minded competitor, however.

A surprisingly large number of competitors failed solely because of their belief that the breach of a rifle was spelled "breach."

Several solutions were wrong to the extent of only ONE LETTER—and it was not the same word in all these cases. For instance one N.C.O. gave "Ahor" for Thor, the Scandinavian god of Thunder, whilst another gave Abada, an African wild animal, as "Abadm," a third substituted "Els" for "Eld," and a fourth considered that 39 Across, "a shoemaker's awl" was correctly represented by a girl's name, "Elsie," instead of by Elsin. In every other respect these four competitor's solutions were correct. Hard lines!

In the case of the military term applied to civilians, particularly lawyers (Clue No. 8 Down), we allowed both spellings of the word Sergeant, "g" or "j" being equally correct.

The first correct solution discovered was sent in by

CAPTAIN D. SCANNELL,
"A" Company, 16th Infantry Battalion,
Bandon,
County Cork.

to whom a cheque for half-a-guinea has been sent. The other

winner, who omitted to send his name and address, addressed his envelope and marked his coupon in a curious manner. If he can describe these details, and give other evidence of identity, we shall send him a cheque—though we fear that the majority of our readers will say that he does not deserve it.

The solution of Cross-Word Puzzle No. 2 was as follows:—

ACROSS—1. Franc. 3. Japan. 7. Gaels. 9. Cap. 10. Scribe. 14. Clinks. 18. Upas. 20. Idea. 21. G.R.O. 22. Morse. 25. Rip. 27. Abra. 29. Com. 30. Sale. 31. Eld. 33. A.S.C. 35. Awl. 36. Tan. 38. S.D. 39. Elsin. 40. Frost. 42. P.T. 43. P.M. 44. A.G. 45. M.R. 46. O.O. 47. A.M. 49. Squad. 51. Fedup. 53. D.L. 55. Dei. 57. U.L.R. 59. Den. 60. I.R.A. 61. Flat. 63. Ate. 65. Diet. 67. Sir. 68. Abade. 70. Fas. 71. Atom. 73. Thor. 75. Breech. 77. Acorns. 78. A.A.A. 80. Tents. 81. Stock. 82. Scout.

DOWN—1. Fatigue. 2. Corporal. 4. A.C.E. 5. P.A. 6. A.P.C. 7. Generals. 8. Sergeant. 11. Curb. 12. I.A. 13. B.S.M. 15. Lie. 16. I.D. 17. Kail. 19. Frog. 21. Gad. 23. Og. 24. S.M. 26. Pet. 28. Assault. 30. Sworded. 32. Ld. 34. Cigar. 35. Armed. 37. A.P. 39. Ems. 41. Top. 47. Adjutant. 48. Me. 50. Quarters. 52. Uniforms. 53. D.R. 54. Lastpost. 56. I.F.S. 58. Stab. 60. Its. 62. Liar. 63. A.B. 64. Ed. 66. Earn. 68. A.M.C. 69. A.T.C. 72. Oe. 74. Ho. 76. Hat. 77. A.A.C. 79. A.D.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 3.

Half-a-dozen of the designs submitted for our third Cross-Word Puzzle possessed merit. Of all the competitors, however, apparently only five noticed our announcement that preference would be given (all other things being equal) to those who utilised the already published designs, fitting new words into the white spaces. The best puzzle which complied with this condition was sent in by

SERGEANT STEPHEN HENNESSY,
Army Supply Corps,
Collins Barracks, Dublin.

to whom a cheque for a Guinea has been sent.

We would like to emphasise the fact that the same design can be submitted more than once by its originator. That is to say, a design which may just miss being the best one week may prove to be the best sent in for the following competition if re-submitted.

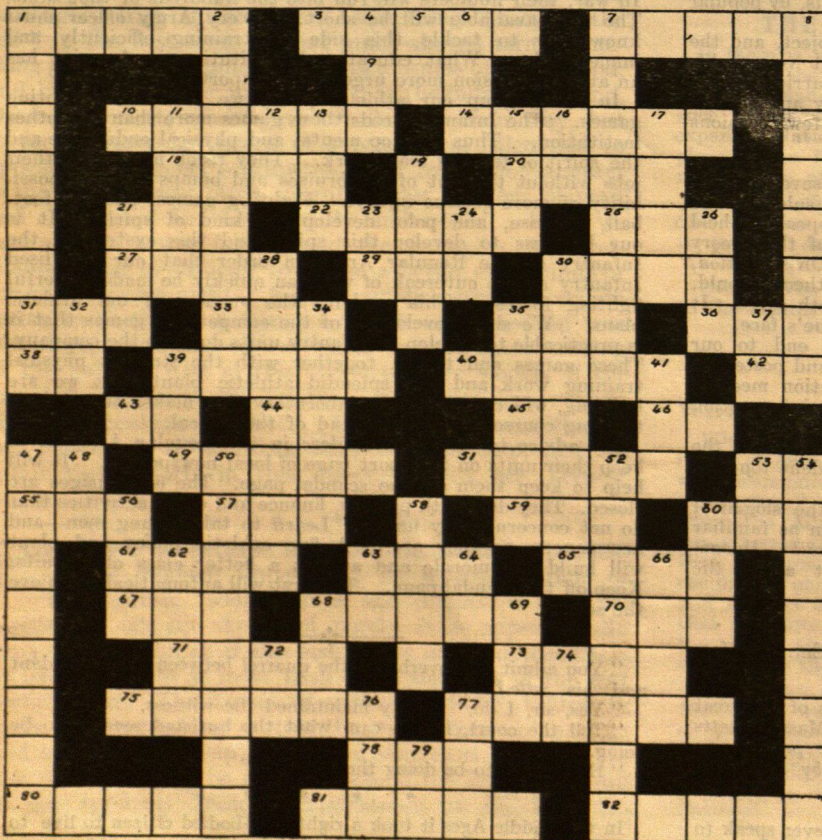
We would like also to point out that an artistic border to a design does not influence the decision. The design is judged solely on its merits as a legitimate puzzle.

A prize of one guinea is offered for the best design submitted not later than Saturday, March 21st. All entries must be accompanied by the coupon in this issue, and marked on top left hand corner of envelope "Design."

Again we are offering two prizes of half-a-guinea each for the first two correct solutions which are opened after the closing date of the competition—Saturday, March 21st.

All entries must be accompanied by the coupon published in this issue, which should be marked in the small square in the upper right hand corner, "Solution."

We think the readers of the Army Journal will find that this week's puzzle is a good deal easier of solution than the one published in our last issue—though, in fairness to Sergeant



Hennessy, it must be mentioned that the Editor has "transmogrified" some of his clues.

CLUES TO THE THIRD PUZZLE. ACROSS.

1. A literary composition.
3. Heard at the Hibernian Schools.
7. Title borne by many good soldiers of Ireland.
9. When the Muse hits a soldier he sends this to "AN t-ÓGLACH"—and the Editor, out of consideration for his readers' feelings, usually puts it in the W.P.B.
10. Required.
14. Game sanctioned by the A.A.A., but whose Celtic origin is not generally known.
18. Front name of a female Bolshevik.
20. How soldiers can acquire knowledge.
21. A nod to an auctioneer, is better than a wink to a blind horse.
22. Stretched until tight (no—it does not mean "drowning the shamrock").
25. Where there is supposed to be always plenty of room.
27. A section of the Army.
29. The Soldier traveller's friend (abbrev.).
30. Measure of length.
31. The extreme point of a line.
33. A word that expresses negation.
35. French title.
36. More than enough.
38. To perform.
39. Girl's Christian name.
40. A member of the Celtic family.
42. Last two letters of a word descriptive of a bobbed head.
43. How the girls say "Yes" in Puertoro (see "Foreign Fields.").
44. Initials of a religious organisation.
45. Armoured cars (abbrev.).
46. A sailor (abbrev.).
47. Former Army Office (abbrev.).
49. Mutilates or cripples.
51. Bugle call answered by all ranks.
53. Stationery Office (abbrev.).
55. Where the Shakesperian gentleman said "I will take mine ease."
57. Famous Scottish author.
59. Title of a famous romance of Africa.
60. What the distillers brag about.
61. Charity.
63. Possessive pronoun.
65. Prominent part of a sailing ship.
67. A vegetable.
68. Scraps of news.
70. Racehorse belonging to an Indian potentate.
71. Eastern Ruler.
73. A person who slavishly follows another in uttering sentiments.
75. Foreign nation that benefited by Irish soldiers' prowess.
77. Dangerous part of a river.
78. Pre-Truce unit of the Irish Army.
80. Any opinion maintained as true.
81. A digitigrade carnivorous mammal of amphibious habits, whose fur is much prized.
82. Alternative to Turkey at Christmas.

DOWN.

1. Continued or prolonged.
2. Ready to submit.
4. Is also known by the name of a fish and is used for catching fish.
5. Initials of a Department in the Army.
6. "An tOglach" as it comes from the Linotype.
7. Persons who are wild and extravagant in opinions. (No names, no pack-drill).
8. One of the world's greatest military genuises.
11. Irish Christian name.
12. By the Grace of God (Latin phrase abbreviated).
13. What the soldiers do at the dinner hour.
15. Sooner than.
16. Points of the compass.
17. Made by savages.
19. A compound preposition expressing motion towards the inside of something.
21. Seen on trees in the spring.
23. Used in stumbling speech.

24. In this or that manner.
26. An animal fondled and indulged.
28. Glands in the human body.
30. Surname of an Irish soldier statesman.
32. Negative.
34. They turn out on the Recreational Half-holiday.
35. What a dealer does.
37. Heraldic word meaning gold.
39. What the soldier is taught to do in the Musketry course.
41. Best if Irish cured.
47. What the B.S.M.'s orders should be.
48. Indicating presence or situation within limits.
50. A body of forces equipped for war.
52. Touching by extending the arm or something in the hand.
53. Young (Gaelic).
54. Pronounced in the Orderly Room.
56. A game of cards.
58. A higher grade of rank.
60. The life-blood of a newspaper ("An t-Oglach" could do with more). Abbrev.
62. A mythical king of Britain.
63. A neuter pronoun.
64. A non-commissioned rank. Abbrev.
66. A cross or crucifix.
68. Irish Road Club. Abbrev.
69. Covers the greater portion of the earth.
72. Same as 48 Down.
74. Initials of one of the world's greatest carrying companies.
76. Worn by men.
77. To grieve for.
79. Saint. Abbrev.

3

COMPETITION COUPON.

Competition

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

"SCRAPS" FROM GORMANSTON.

It was a real case of "MOAN ON" with us in the Camp last week, as the pressure of work obliged us to cancel the football match with Remounts and the chess match with G.H.Q. It is hoped we will be able to carry out both engagements in the near future and with success.

The football match between our team and Portobello proved a very interesting one, and, though defeated, our team gave a good account of themselves, and Portobello were lucky, indeed, to obtain the verdict. The S.M. was not on the team.

Our boxers are coming on splendidly and will, in a short time, be able to give a display. It should be possible to hold a boxing tournament before Easter, at which eliminating contests could be run off.

The handball players are very energetic and will be able to hold their own when opportunity offers.

The "Jazz Band" has been re-organised under a new leader and is doing very well. A stranger hearing it might think it was Ireland's Own—we say might.

It is a strange thing that during working hours the Privates are over the "Pit," and after working hours at the pictures the Officers are over the "Pit."

The men who complained of the rain coming into their billets during the recent torrential downpours are to be sympathised with; but, there's always a "FLOOD" in the machine shop.



THE PASSING OF THE BARRACK FIRE ENGINE.

I am only an old Fire Engine.

I am attached to Portobello—not for rations, nor yet for discipline. In fact I have often wondered—during my hibernating periods (and there are many)—why I am attached here. Sometimes I am inclined to think it is to provide a little diversion for the troops, but if so, why don't they put me on the Institute Committee.

Anyhow, my life has been a varied one. A long, long time ago I used to be hustled and knocked about by men who wore a yellow kind of uniform, but now I am upset by men in a green sort of uniform. Sometimes I hear a word or two of Irish, but more frequently the adjectives are of the pre-green vintage.

Once a week I am "Brasso-ed" and cleaned down, and once a week I am dragged from my slumbers by what they call "The Picquet." I am paraded and my long tail is uncurled and I squirt tons of water at nothing in particular and everything in general. After being rushed all over the place, and knocked about, I am wheeled to a quiet place behind the Gym, and there the rush stops—so do the Picquet—for a while. Then I am rushed on to the Square where everybody sees me and admires me and wishes there was a spare fire knocking around to test me.

However, all good things come to an end, and so have I, I am afraid.

Last Thursday a lot of people—complete strangers to me—came along and looked at me. They commenced to laugh, and the more they looked the more they laughed, and the more they laughed the more red I became.

After a while the men wheeled me over to the Gym field, where there was a lot of people—all sorts of people, children (the men called them "Chizzlers from the Married Quarters") and some very nice young soldiers with lovely oiled hair and creases in their slacks, "Officers' Batmen." I heard them called. They were called other things too, but I won't repeat them. There were one or two men there with wee bats in their hands with nets in them, the men said they were "Records," they might have been, for they talked very well. A few ladies were there also, the men said that they were from the "Cha and wad shop," whatever that is.

Anyhow, there was a lot of wooden boxes and old paper in the Gym field, and a lot of excitement and a lot of running about. One of the strangers produced a red cylinder with a wee tail. They then lit a number of fires and the "Chizzlers" laughed and clapped their hands.

When the fire was at its height the man with the cylinder struck it with a wee hammer and a lot of stuff rushed out, and very soon the fire was put out. They lit several fires and the wee red things put them all out. Meanwhile I was left all alone—like the tune the men sing, "Slievenamon."

When the fires were all over, all the people left the field (except the "Batmen" and the "Chizzlers" who remained over and pinched the firewood that was not burned) and as the people left the field they looked at me and laughed and laughed, and some said: "His day's work is done." They took me back and locked me up, and as they were going out I heard the "Corpolar" saying: "Oh, she will be all right now for 'Johnny Fox's' when them Contracts blokes are finished with her."

So after all these years it looks as if I was to be transferred to Jonny Fox's—I wonder if he is a sergeant-major, for I don't like Sergeant-Majors.

"ME LARKIE."



5th BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS

Everyone is congratulating "George" on falling into a fortune. May he live long to enjoy it.

There is a billiard team in Kilkenny Barracks very anxious to meet a team from Collins Barracks. What does Lt. McLoughlin say?

General regret is felt at the departure of Capt. Chisholm for Cork. During his brief stay in Kilkenny he made himself deservedly popular. The only balm to our sorrow is that his transfer is on promotion.

LOST.—An overgrown Pom; may have been taken by mistake to the Curragh in somebody's kit. Finder should return to either "Janie-Mack" or "Saucepans."

The grim and grimy football team is going "great guns" and has very serious designs on the coveted Brigade Trophy this season. Lt. Dolan is the genial skipper.

When is the "Office Boy" returning to Spain, and is the popular serial, "Foreign Fields," in any way to blame for the intended excursion. And, furthermore, will not his most serious difficulty be in learning the language?

"Sam Browne," the well-known Barrack Service "Crossword" expert, is hot on the track of Capt. O'Riain's ingenious puzzle. Will he find it as intricate as the solving of L.A.'s 55 and 56? We wonder.

We still have a few genuine Gaels left in No. 5, although the loss of Cpl. Kilkenny (Rory) will be a severe blow, and, incidentally, the Hibernian School's gain. We will miss the patter of his little feet, and hope that his future quarter bloke has a good stock of size 12's ammunitions.

A new choir is being formed in Kilkenny Barracks by the indefatigable Sgt. Parselle. All we want now is an organ.

We had a very interesting Lecture, illustrated with lantern slides, in the Colonel's house (by kind permission) on Shrove Tuesday night. The lecture, which was open to sergeants, and occupants of the married quarters, was all about the Irish Pilgrimage to Lourdes. The description by Capt. M. Drea, C.F., was thoroughly enjoyable.

The Brigade Dance held recently was an unqualified success, due to the untiring efforts of Cpts. Gallagher and Lee, with the aid, of course, of an energetic committee. Amongst others present were:—Major-General. D. Hogan, Col. S. MacGauran, Major T. McNally, Col. Gilheaney, etc.

Our popular song number, "How's your poor old feet?" is dedicated without permission to several officers recently arrived at the Curragh from this Brigade Area. (See article in another Col., "What Boots it?"—Ed.).

Now that Sergt. Cassidy has joined the Recruiting Staff, things should be "looking up" in that line. We intend to strictly scrutinise recruiting statistics from this on.

A team representing the 20th Batt. beat a team from Grauguenamanagh last Sunday by something like 28 points. As our regular team would only consider the "representative" lot a sixth-rate team, what price the Command Cup this year.

A *propos* of the above, Sergt. Price, our star scorer, "laid himself out" to be a success. Since when he has displayed great interest in embrocations.

Our local "Minister for Posts and Telegraphs" intends going to his native Cork for 14 days' furlough very shortly. The question is now being asked, how will the other two "Musketeers" manage during his absence.

OUTBREAK OF FIRE AT HIBERNIAN SCHOOLS.



At 01.30 hours on Monday, 9th inst., an outbreak of fire was discovered in the clock tower of the Hibernian Schools, Phoenix Park. The Dublin Fire Brigade was quickly on the scene and some time later the Fire Brigade from the Curragh arrived. The outbreak was extinguished after several hours' work, but not before the roof of part of the centre block collapsed. The upper storey of this part of the building was the only part of the Schools to sustain serious damage. All the living quarters escaped. Captain Myers, the Dublin Fire Brigade Chief, sustained a severe injury to the foot by falling masonry. (Photo and Etching by courtesy of the "Evening Herald.")

WHAT BOOTS IT?

Another Pathetic Despatch from the School of Instruction.

(By a Junior Officer.)

The School of a Soldier is a hard school. It, too, contains the sinister suggestion of the "next-of-kin" motto on the Arrival Form. Why all this dead marching? Are funerals expected? We grow apprehensive.

However, the first real day's work is over. We have passed Ash Wednesday in our forty days of penance. But Easter is afar off!

Cobblers must be delighted with Schools of Instruction. They should agitate to have their scope extended. Boot manufacturers have an equal interest in the development and application of this idea. If I were a cobbler or a boot manufacturer I would hold propaganda meetings and issue huge posters. Taken in conjunction with the tax on imported footwear, wholesale Schools of Instruction would spell prosperity. It is really remarkable how rapidly leather succumbs to dead marching.

In the meantime, I'll buy another pair of boots.

We had map-reading to-day. The cartoonist of "An t-Oglach" knows more than his Private Murphy, but Representative Fractions on his blackboard do not effect the same grip on the attention as the adventures of the much-transferred author of those letters to mother. I have little difficulty in understanding Murphy, but the calculation of a scale in yards

from an R.F. has the same disastrous effect on my poor mind as a treatise on Pure Reason. Representative fractions on a map and representative business men on the auditing of public accounts are in the same category of confusion.

"What do I want in this patch of a country with map-reading?" asked an irate student. "Couldn't I walk through it all in a few days with my eyes closed!" But he didn't understand that with a representative fraction he could get through it all in a forenoon. R.F.'s are faster than Bristol Fighters when you come down to the hard details of journeying. B.S.C. Thomson should not permit Murphy to get his hands on one. He wouldn't slow down for the bad turns on his way from the camp.

BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

Griffith Barracks v. Portobello.

The final game of the Tournament played between Griffith and Portobello Barracks took place in Thompson's Billiard Saloon, Rathmines, on Tuesday, 3rd instant, between Records and the Army Corps of Engineers, with the following result:—

Coy. Sergt. Kennedy...	250	Sergt. Gilham	166
Captain Stafford	250	Lieut. Hampton	163
Lieut. Kavanagh	208	Sergt. Higgins	250
Pte. M. O'Brien.....	250	Sergt. Rowe	215

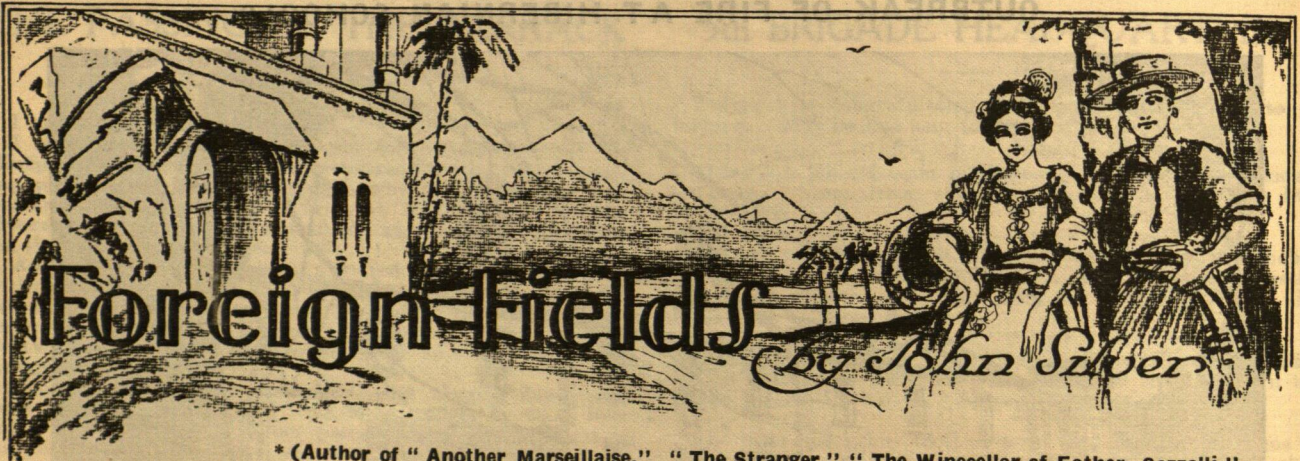
Records Total 958

A.C.E. Total..... 794

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Oglach
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND



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

EPISODE 5—PROPAGANDA (Continued).

A few steps further on Jack suddenly made up his mind. "Look here, boys," said he, stopping abruptly; "I've just got an idea and I'm going to leave you."

"Anything in connection with the billposting epidemic?" asked Brophy.

"Or our friend Senor Blek?" queried O'Hanlon, looking at the young ex-officer shrewdly.

"Both," said Maher. "I won't tell you now, because it may come to nothing, and I don't want to look a fool. If all goes well I'll see you at old Hook's office this evening."

"You'll probably find us on the water front any time within the next hour," said O'Hanlon, "if you're sure you wouldn't be the better of our company on this mysterious exploring trip of yours."

Jack laughed, and after a few more words they parted.

He hurried back as quickly as he could in the direction in which Blek and the girl had gone. Both had disappeared, and at the first corner the Irishman halted irresolutely. He argued that if they had kept straight on they would be still in sight; therefore, they had either entered one of the shops or turned this corner. But there was no sign of them around the corner either. He began to feel that he was on a wild goose chase.

It was the hottest hour of the day, when scarcely anyone but mad foreigners made their appearance in the streets of San Isidro. Jack felt hot and sticky and forty-three different kinds of an ass.

But the darkest hour is that before the dawn, and, just when he had about given up hope, optimism was rekindled in his breast by the sight of a figure loafing before the plate-glass window of a shop half-way down the street. It was the little man who had followed Blek out of the cafe.

Suppressing a whoop of triumph with difficulty, Maher tore down the side street towards the lounging figure. The little man saw him coming and promptly entered the shop in front of which he had been standing. Without stopping to think, Jack plunged in after him.

Then he pulled up, aghast.

The little man had disappeared. There was no sign of him or Blek or Molly O'Driscoll. Jack found himself alone in a jungle of ladies' attire.

Now there are men heroic enough to enter drapery shops of this description and brave the haughty glances and superior smiles of the shopwalkers and the ladies behind the counters. Some of these unknown heroes have even been known to produce a bit of material given them by their wife before they left home and calmly ask one of the goddesses to match it for them.

But Jack Maher was not of this stern stuff. Before he left Dublin he had been known to become panic stricken on occasion when he lost his way in Clery's and found himself in the department devoted to the more intimate articles of feminine

attire, instead of the tailoring branch. He was of a shy and retiring disposition when left alone, and would rather have gone out and tackled Garcia and all his crowd single-handed than have entered the shop in which he now found himself.

Presently, as he stood there in a semi-paralysed condition, he became aware of a number of girls clustered behind a counter, staring at him with big, velvety Spanish eyes, giggling and whispering. He felt himself rapidly turning the colour of a boiled lobster, and his spine seemed full of "pins and needles."

He was about to turn and bolt for the door when he caught sight of a fellow-man in the dusk at the back of the shop. Hurriedly he went towards him. The other man advanced to meet him.

And before he knew what was happening Jack bumped into his own reflection in a full-length mirror.

There was a shriek of delighted laughter from the girls behind the counter.

Jack got mad. He made up his mind that he would not go out of that darned shop until he had searched it from top to bottom. He believed the little man who had been shadowing Blek had been hanging around the premises because the lanky editor had gone in, and if Blek had done so it was because Molly O'Driscoll had entered before him. None of the three was visible on the ground floor—unless he or she was crouching under one of the many counters, or hidden behind some of the hanging garments. Which, as old Father Euclid was wont to say, was absurd.

This much he gathered in a hasty embarrassed glance around the avenues of "ladies' wear." Then, seeing a wide staircase close at hand, he darted up it, followed by a chorus of Spanish exclamations from the ladies whom he had already been amusing.

Upstairs was worse than downstairs if anything. The colour scheme was lighter—white predominating. Even in his hurry and excitement he felt himself blushing afresh as his eyes took in the range of goods. But here were no lady attendants: the floor seemed to be deserted. As a matter of fact, although Jack did not know it, he had struck the establishment during the hour of the siesta, when most of the shops in San Isidro closed for an hour or two, and those that kept open on the chance of a stray customer carried on with a depleted staff.

Perplexed, he stood in the midst of the great white sale and wondered where the devil everybody had gone. He began to feel as if he was living in some hectic dream composed of equal parts of the Arabian nights, a sensational film, and a problem novel.

A movement near a distant counter caught his glance. Some of the hanging garments had stirred as if in a breeze. But there was no breeze: the Puertoirians have to get along without cooling airs most of the time.

He took a step towards the moving lingerie. Instantly the little man who had been shadowing Blek sprang from cover and bolted like a rabbit.

"Hi, you!" shouted Jack; "Stop! I want you!"

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And sprang in pursuit yelling as he did so that he was a friend and only wanted information. Whether the little man understood English or not he paid no heed, but scurried on, and up another staircase.

Before Jack reached the top of this second flight he heard a door bang. He found himself in a corridor with a number of doors on both sides. Promptly he set about trying the nearest. The first two were bedrooms, void of occupants, the third—

Jack caught a lightning glimpse of a number of women—hundreds, it seemed to his excited imagination—lolling about in armchairs and on couches, heard a chorus of shrieks, and, swiftly closing the door again, ran to the farthest end of the corridor, impelled by unreasoning panic.

A tumult of excited voices reached him from behind the closed door, augmented, now, by an increasing uproar from downstairs. In the discordant chorus from below he heard several men's voices and concluded that the damsels on the ground floor had awakened the nearest policeman and any other males that were in the vicinity, and that they were all in full cry after him.

This was terrible! His mind instantly took in all the consequences of his capture in the circumstances. His conduct would need a good deal of explanation. He could not offer any magistrate the bald truth, for obvious reasons. An inner voice cried to him, "Get out, or go under." The slogan of the Maher clan at that precise moment was "This way to the Exit." But where the devil was the exit?

Despairingly he tried another door. It opened readily, and a moment later he found himself on the roof garden of the building, with the sun beating down on him again from out of a brazen sky.

Close at hand were a couple of tropical plants in large tubs. With a strength born of the need of the moment he managed to wangle them over against the door which opened outwards, and, having done so, felt secure for a moment. He mopped his forehead and took stock of his surroundings.

All the buildings in San Isidro have flat roofs, and the more ambitious vie with each other in the matter of roof gardens; it is their substitute for the traditional patio of the older one-storey dwellings. From where he stood, on the roof of one of the few three-storey edifices in the city, he could see a large portion of the inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood taking their siesta under awnings and other shelters amidst a setting of vivid-hued tropical flowers. In some cases ornamental fountains helped to cool the air for the dozing citizens.

Somebody tried the door behind him. He moved quickly away from it and sought shelter beside a sort of summer house, whilst he looked around for some method of getting back to terra firma.

Spang!

Something thudded into the woodwork beside his head. Instantly he was on the other side of the structure. He had not waited to see what it was; he knew. Most people who lived in Dublin for the previous five years were well acquainted with the sound of a bullet, and as an Irish soldier of pre-Truce and post-Truce service he had more experience than most folk. Grimly amused, he thought of other days and other roof-tops, where snipers lay out in pouring rain and bitter cold.

He wondered who had taken that pot-shot at him.—Was it the little man who had so inexplicably run away from him? He did not think it was Blerk. That gaunt scribe impressed him as a man who would be afraid to carry a gun. And, little fanatic though she was, he did not think Molly had so far forgotten their old relationship as to try to put an end to him. At any rate it was a close shave.

With his Smith and Wesson in readiness he moved to the other side of the summer house affair, and, stooping low, peered around the corner.

Immediately a bullet sang through the air about a foot above his head, followed by two more in rapid succession.

"H'm," he soliloquised. "Whoever the firing party is he's a pretty good shot and damnably wide awake."

The situation was serious. At any moment the mob in the interior of the building might succeed in forcing the door and come pouring out on the roof. On the other hand, if he stirred from where he was there was absolutely no shelter from the invisible sharpshooter.

A thought came to him as he stood there in the broiling sun—perhaps the other party's ammunition was limited; it

might be possible to make him exhaust it fruitlessly, after which it would be safe to dash across the roof. A forlorn hope, but he would try it.

He put his hat on the barrel of the revolver and cautiously protruded a small portion of it around the corner.

A bullet snipped away a bit of the rim and a second whistled harmlessly by.

At the same moment a revolver shot sounded close beside him.

Gun ready, he whirled round—to see the elusive shadow of Senor Blerk arising from behind a clump of ornamental palms, also gun in hand.

"Got the damn fool between the eyes," remarked the little man casually. "You can come out from there right now and let's git. Between you and me we've succeeded in making a holy mess of things. May the gods look sideways on all mad Irishmen."

"What the devil did you run away for?" demanded Maher angrily.

"Oh, shucks," said the other, peevishly; "we haven't time to go into that now. The idea is to get going while the going is good. This way."

Half-angry, half-bewildered, Maher followed him across the roof garden and on to an adjoining roof, which also was deserted. From that they dropped to the roof of a two-storey building, where an enormously fat man struggled amazedly to his feet at sight of them. The little man spoke rapidly in Spanish and the fat man gesticulated and made explosive vocal sounds. Presently he threw up his podgy hands in a gesture eloquent of despair and led the way to the door leading into the building.

"I say," said Jack, as they went down the stairs, "I've seen this Falstaffian person somewhere before."

"If you were in the hands of the police you probably have," retorted the little man dryly. "That's Senor Barriga, the largest dispenser of justice on the San Isidrian bench."

He said no more until they were out on the street, after he had dismissed Barriga with a wave of the hand.

"I think," said he then, "you had better come along with me for the present. I'm going down to the water front."

"I was thinking of going there myself, anyway," said Jack.

"Pity I hadn't a silencer on this gun," remarked the little man as they walked along. "I suppose you noticed the late lamented crack shot on the roof was using one?"

"Yes."

"Very useful if you don't want to attract too much attention," said his companion, "but a bit clumsy."

With that he relapsed into silence.

"But, look here," said the exasperated Irishman after they had covered a couple of hundred yards, "who was shooting at me and why was he doing it?"

"You have a hell of a thirst for information," snapped the little man. "If you must know, that apparently innocent drapery shop is one of Garcia's joints, and there is always an armed sentry watching the roof to prevent unwelcome visitors from entering the building that way and surprising a picturesque meeting of those theatrical conspirators."

Jack digested this information for a moment or two.

"Where did Blerk disappear to?" he queried.

"Don't know. Haven't got the layout of that shanty complete yet. Probably they have secret rooms or some way of getting into an adjoining house. They would like secret panels and trap doors and all that sort of thing—the damn fools."

He expectorated disgustedly. It was plain to be seen that he had no soul for Romance.

They were in sight of the sea—an intensely blue stretch of water lapping lazily against blinding white quays—before another word was spoken. Jack wanted badly to find out if the little man had noticed that Blerk had entered the drapery shop in pursuit of Molly O'Driscoll, but he realised that a query might only bring her existence to the notice of the small sleuth if the latter was not already aware of it.

There was not much shipping in the harbour (the improvement of the Port and the development of an overseas trade was one of the President's dearest ambitions) and Jack found himself wondering idly which of the smaller vessels was Blerk's yacht. A fairly large motor launch was rushing towards the shore.

"There's somebody waving to you on that launch," said his companion.

(Continued on page 12)

THE ARMY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Activities on the Playing Fields and in the "Squared Circle"—Proceedings at Council Meetings.

G.H.Q. FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

Portobello v. Baldonnell.

The above match was played at Baldonnell on Wednesday, 4th inst., and after a closely contested game, Portobello won on the score:—Portobello, 2 goals 3 pts.; Baldonnell, 2 goals. At half-time the home team were leading by two clear goals. On resumption Portobello asserted themselves, and after having most of the play, won comfortably towards the end.

Artillery v. G.H.Q. "A".

On Wednesday, the 4th inst., at the Curragh, G.H.Q. "A" team beat Artillery 2-2 to nil in their deferred fixture in G.H.Q. League. A good game was witnessed.

6th BRIGADE HURLING AND FOOTBALL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The 21st Battalion (Collins) and 17th Battalion (Mullingar) were doubly engaged on Wednesday, the 4th inst., at No. 5 Ground, Phoenix Park. Following the rest given to the ground, the pitch was in excellent condition. There were over 600 spectators, who had the added enjoyment of music by the bands from Collins Barracks.

FOOTBALL.

21st Batt., 1 Goal 18 pts.; 17th Batt., nil.

In the opening of the Football League it was evident that the Midlanders were not equal to the task set them. O'Brien and Doyle of the 21st Batt., scored early, and the visiting backs were completely nonplussed, the score at half-time reading: 21st Batt., 1 goal 12 pts. to nil. The second moiety was a repetition, the Collins men winning by 21 pts. to nil.

HURLING.

17th Batt., 6-6; 21st Batt., 4-3.

In the Hurling League the Mullingar men came with a reputation, and they maintained it. They gave a fine exhibition. Play was fast, and both teams in turn took the lead. It was only in the last ten minutes that the issue was put beyond doubt, and the 17th Batt. won by 6-6 to 4-3.

23rd Battalion Inter-Co. Football.

Teams representing "D" Co. and "C" Co. met in a football match at Portobello on Wednesday, 4th inst. After a well-contested game the former won on the score: "D" Co., 2 goals 1 pt.; "C" Co., 2 goals.

ARMY BOXING.

New Talent Discovered at Portobello Competitions.

In the presence of a fine attendance, the Boxing Competitions of the 23rd Infantry Battalion were held on the 3rd and 4th inst. at the Gymnasium, Portobello Barracks, Dublin. In all forty bouts took place, in which every Company of the Battalion was represented.

The following were the successful competitors in their respective weights:—

Flyweight.

1st Round.—Pte. Little (A Coy.) beat Pte. Ivory (C Coy.); Pte. Hughes (E Coy.) beat Pte. Bolger (A Coy.).

2nd Round.—Pte. Little beat Pte. Dunne (A Coy.); Pte. Hughes beat Pte. Reilly (C Coy.); Pte. Millar (C Coy.) beat Pte. Shiels; Pte. Moore (B Coy.) beat Pte. Coleman (C Coy.).

Semi-Final.—Pte. Little k.o. Pte. Hughes; Pte. Millar beat Pte. Moore.

Final.—Pte. Little, w.o.; Pte. Millar (scratch).

Bantamweight.

1st Round.—Pte. Bailey (B Coy.) beat Pte. E. Byrne (E Coy.).

2nd Round.—Pte. Sherry (B Coy.) beat Pte. F. Byrne (B Coy.); A/Cpl. O'Toole (B Coy.) beat Pt. Monks (B Coy.); Cpl. Aston (D Coy.) beat Pte. Nolan (C Coy.); Pte. Bailey (B Coy.) beat Pte. Behan (B Coy.).

Semi-Final.—Pte. Sherry won on a foul from A/Cpl. O'Toole; Pte. Bailey beat Cpl. Aston.

Final.—Pte. Bailey beat Pte. Sherry.

Featherweight.

1st Rounds.—Pte. P. McMahon (D Coy.) beat Pte. A. Brennan (H.Q. Coy.); Pte. P. Scally (D Coy.) beat Pte. Murphy (H.Q. Coy.); Pte. J. McSorley (B Coy.) beat Pte. Prince (D Coy.); Pte. O'Donnell (B Coy.) beat Pte. Heaney (A Coy.).

Semi-Final.—Pte. O'Donnell beat Pte. McSorley; Pte. McMahon beat Pte. Scally.

Final.—Pte. O'Donnell beat Pte. McMahon.

Lightweight.

1st. Round.—Pte. McGinley (C Coy.) beat Pte. Boyle (A Coy.); Pte. Quinn (A Coy.) beat Pte. McGuinness (B Coy.); Pte. Reilly (D Coy.) beat Pte. Smith (C Coy.); Pte. McCormack, a bye.

Semi-Final.—Pte. Quinn k.o. Pte. McGinley; Pte. Reilly k.o. Pte. McCormack.

Final.—Pte. Reilly beat Pte. Quinn.

Welterweight.

1st Round.—Pte. Morgan (B Coy.) beat Pte. Matthews (D Coy.).

2nd Round.—Pte. O'Shea (D Coy.) beat Pte. Lennon (D Coy.); Pte. J. Bracken (C Coy.) beat Pte. O'Donnell (C Coy.); Pte. Meggs (H.Q. Coy.) beat Pte. O'Connor (B Coy.); Pte. Morgan (B Coy.) beat Pte. Swaine (B Coy.).

Semi-Final.—Pte. Morgan, w.o.; Pte. Meggs (scratch); Pte. Bracken, w.o.; Pte. O'Shea (scratch).

Final.—Pte. Morgan k.o. Pte. Bracken.

Middleweight.

1st Round.—Cpl. Lawlor (H.Q. Coy.) beat Pte. O'Callaghan (C Coy.).

Heavyweight.

Sergt. Dempsey (H.Q. Coy.), w.o.

The Tournament, which was an unqualified success, resulted in the discovery of some very promising talent.

The officials were:—Comdt. Weddick, Timekeeper; Mr. Tancy Lee, Referee; Captain O'Brien and Sergt. Kiely, Judges; and B.S.M. Jones, M.C.

23rd BATTALION INTER-CO. FOOTBALL.

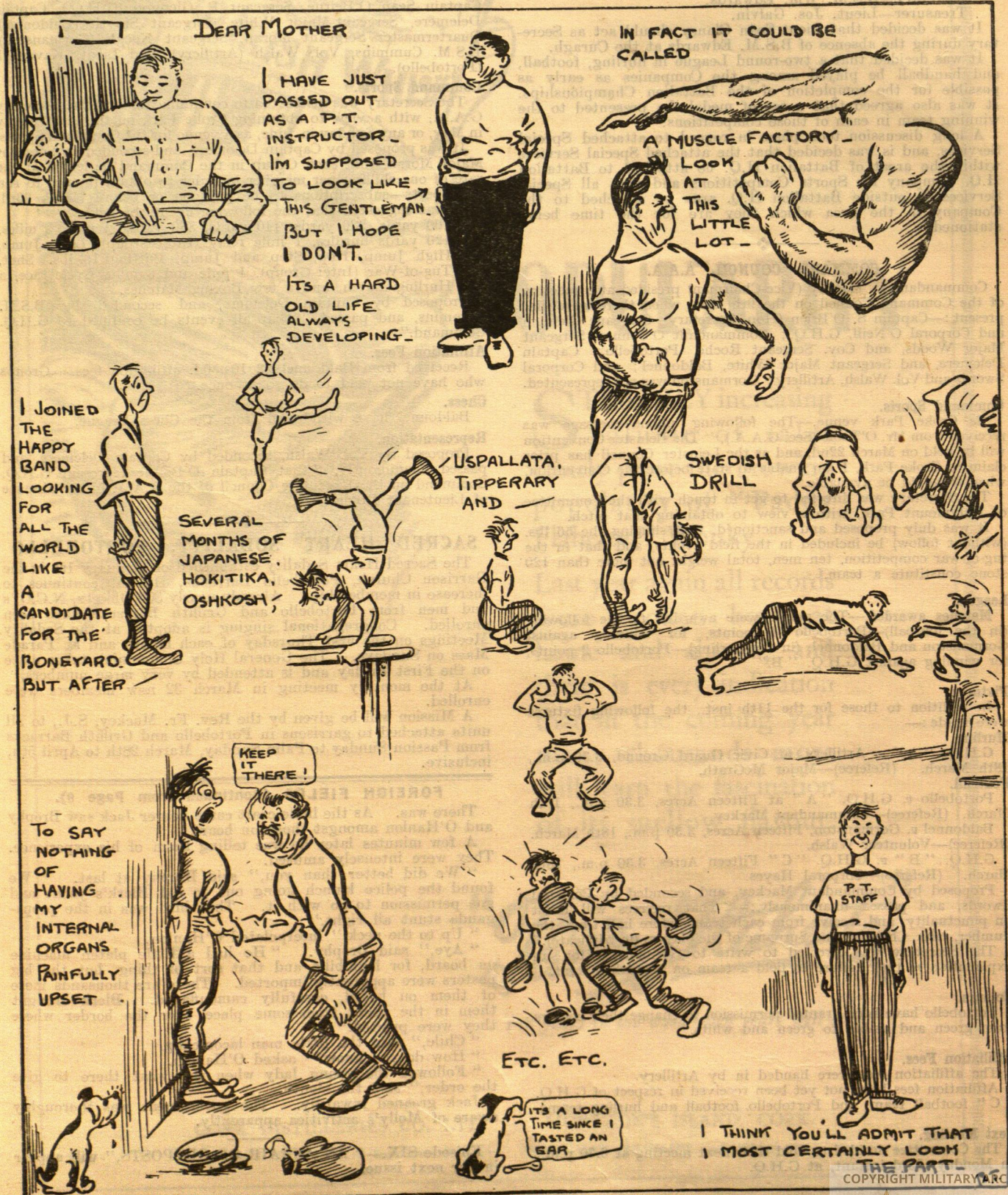
Teams representing "D" Co. and "C" Co. met in a football match at Portobello Barracks on Wednesday, 4th inst., and after a well-contested game the former won on the score: "D" Co., 2 goals 1 pt.; "C" Co., 2 goals.

4th BATTALION ATHLETIC COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Battalion Athletic Council of the 4th Infantry Battalion was held at Battalion H.Q., Castlebar, on the 16th ult. The principal business was the election of a Battalion Committee for the coming year. It was decided that the Committee should consist of one delegate from each Company, together with President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer.



PRIVATE MURPHY IS GOING TO ECLIPSE SAMSON.



The election resulted as follows:—

President—Lieut. E. C. Young.
Vice-President—Lieut. H. McAtamney.
Secretary—B.S.M. Wm. Edwards.
Treasurer—Lieut. Jos. Galvin.

It was decided that Lieut. Sean Clancy should act as Secretary during the absence of B.S.M. Edwards at the Curagh.

It was decided that a two-round League in hurling, football, and handball be played among the Companies as early as possible for the completion of the Battalion Championships. It was also agreed that a set of medals be presented to the winning team in each of those competitions.

A long discussion took place in regard to attached Special Services, and it was decided that the attached Special Services within the area of Battalion H.Q. be attached to Battalion H.Q. Company for Sports Competitions and that all Special Services in outside Battalion H.Q. area be attached to the Company in the area which they are for the time being stationed.

COMMAND COUNCIL A.A.A.

Commandant D. Mackey (Vice-Chairman) presided at a meeting of the Command Council on the 9th inst., when there were also present:—Captain S. O'Brien (Hon. Secretary), Sergeant Glennon and Corporal O'Neill, G.H.Q.; Commandant O'Connor, Sergeant Major Woods, and Coy. Sergeant Roche, Portobello; Captain Delemere, and Sergeant Major White, Baldonnel; and Corporal Swords and Vol. Walsh, Artillery; Gormanston was not represented.

Command Sports.

Re Croke Park venue.—The following 'phone message was received from Mr. O'Toole (Sec. G.A.A.), "The Leinster Convention will be held on March 22nd, and as the Leinster Council has prior claim to Croke Park, I am unable to state before the Convention, when it would be available."

The Secretary was directed to get in touch with the Committee of Dalymount Park, with a view to obtaining that pitch.

It was duly proposed and sanctioned, that slinging the 56 lbs. (without follow) be included in the field events, and that in the tug-of-war competition, ten men, total weight not more than 120 stone constitute a team.

League.

Matches awarded.—The points were awarded to the following (in the football)—Portobello 4 points, for winning against Gormanston and Baldonnel, (in the hurling)—Portobello 2 points, for winning against G.H.Q. "B."

Fixtures.

In addition to those for the 11th inst., the following fixtures were made:—

Hurling.

G.H.Q. "A" v. Artillery, at Civic Guard Ground, 3.30 p.m., 18th March. (Referee)—Major McGrath.

Football.

Portobello v. G.H.Q. "A" at Fifteen Acres, 3.30 p.m., 18th March. (Referee)—Commandant Mackey.

Baldonnel v. Gormanston, Fifteen Acres, 3.30 p.m., 18th March. (Referee)—Volunteer Walsh.

G.H.Q. "B" v. G.H.Q. "C" Fifteen Acres, 3.30 p.m., 18th March. (Referee)—Corporal Hayes.

Proposed by Commandant Mackey, and seconded by Corporal Swords, and passed unanimously:—"That referees will insist on punctuality, and receive from each team before half time, the number, rank, Christian and Surname of the players (in triplicate)."

The Secretary was directed to write to Gormanston for an explanation re their failure to field a team on the 4th instant.

Colours.

Portobello have been granted permission to change their colours from green and amber to green and white.

Affiliation Fees.

The affiliation fees were handed in by Artillery.

Affiliation fees have not yet been received in respect of G.H.Q. "C" football team, and Portobello football and hurling teams.

Next Meeting.

The Committee decided to hold their next meeting at 6.30 p.m., on Monday, 23rd instant, at G.H.Q.

G.H.Q. COMMAND COUNCIL.

A Command Council Meeting was held at Parkgate on the 23rd ult. Major T. McGrath (Chairman) Presiding. Also present—Captain Sean O'Beirne, Sergeant P. Glennon (G.H.Q.), Captain Delemere, Sergeant-Major White, Sergeant Smyth (Baldonnel), Quartermaster Sergeant Moran, Sergeant Keogh (Gormanston), B.S.M. Cummins, Vol. Walsh (Artillery), and Lieut. Kavanagh (Portobello).

Command Sports.

The Secretary was instructed to communicate with the Secretary G.A.A., with a view to obtaining Croke Park on the last Sunday in May, or any Sunday in June, as a venue for the Command Sports.

It was proposed by Captain Delemere, and seconded by Sergeant Major Moran, that each Group in the Command be levied at the rate of one shilling per member in order to obtain finance to run the Sports—subscriptions to be paid on or before March 23rd.

It was suggested that the following events be held:

100 yards, 220 yards, 440 yards, 880 yards, 1 mile, 3 miles, 120 yards hurdles, 1 mile relay (Inter-Group), Long Jump, High Jump, Hop, Step and Jump, Putting 16 lbs. Shot, Tug-of-War (Inter-Group), 1 mile and 3 miles Cycle race, a Hurling Match, and a few Boxing Matches.

Proposed by Captain Delemere, and seconded by B.S.M. Cummins, and passed, "that all events be confined to G.H.Q. Command."

Affiliation Fees.

Received from Baldonnel £2 10s. 0d. affiliation fees. Groups who have not paid to do so at once.

Chess.

Baldonnel have withdrawn from the Chess League.

Representation.

Proposed by Vol. Walsh, seconded by Captain Delemere, and passed unanimously, "that Captain O'Beirne represent G.H.Q. Command on the Executive Council of the A.A.A. in the absence of Lieutenant Doyle."

SACRED HEART SODALITY, PORTOBELLO

The Sacred Heart Sodality established on January 1st in the Garrison Church, Portobello Barracks, Dublin, continues to increase in membership. Already nearly 300 Officers, N.C.O.'s and men from Portobello and Griffith Barracks have been enrolled. Congregational singing is adopted at the Sodality Meetings on the first Thursday of each month and at Parade Mass on Sundays. The General Holy Communion takes place on the First Friday and is attended by very large numbers. At the monthly meeting in March 32 new members were enrolled.

A Mission will be given by the Rev. Fr. Mackey, S.J., to all units attached to garrisons in Portobello and Griffith Barracks from Passion Sunday to Palm Sunday, March 28th to April 5th, inclusive.

FOREIGN FIELDS (Continued from Page 9).

There was. As the little craft came nearer Jack saw Brophy and O'Hanlon amongst those on board.

A few minutes later he was telling them of his experience. They were intensely amused.

"We did better than you," said Brophy at last. "We found the police launch going out to old Blek's yacht and got permission to go with it. That bird was in the propaganda stunt all right."

"Up to the neck," interpolated O'Hanlon.

"Aye," said Brophy. "He had a little platen machine on board, for handbills and that sort of thing, but the big posters were apparently imported. There are thousands more of them on board, carefully camouflaged. Blek brought them in the yacht from some place over the border where they were printed."

"Chile," said the little man laconically.

"How do you know?" asked O'Hanlon.

"Followed the young lady when she went there to give the order," said the sleuth.

Jack groaned inwardly. The government was thoroughly aware of Molly's activities apparently.

Episode SIX.—"AN AFFAIR OF OUTPOSTS," will appear in our next issue.





POPULARITY

STEADILY increasing volume of sales clearly prove the growing popularity of "Paddy Flaherty" Whisky.

Last year again all records were broken both at home and abroad, and there is every indication that in the coming year many thousands more will learn the fascination of its mellow flavour.

"Paddy Flaherty"

Ten years in the wood—ten years well spent.

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PORTOBELLO-INGS.

A "Civvie" while drinking his beer
At "Army Athletics" did sneer,
A soldier nearby said "I'll wipe his eye —"
But the Editor's blue pencil came here.

I'm told that Billiards was a game entirely unknown to the ancient Egyptians, despite the fact that King Tut took a long "rest."

This fact is interesting as it may, to some extent, account for the display given by some of our antagonistic antiquarians.

I can imagine old "King Tut" with "coats" on missing a shot and exclaiming "BE GOBS!"

"Me Larkies" Billiard team is still to the good and, in face of recent misleading statements, I must, in justice, append a table of their matches to date:—

At Collins Barracks.....	Portobello 4.	Transport 1.
At Portobello	Portobello 6.	Transport 0.
At Collins	Portobello 5.	Collins 1.
At Portobello	Portobello 5.	Griffith 1.
At Portobello	Portobello 4.	G.H.Q. 2.

And they did not require to remove "Coats." Again "THAT'S THAT!!"

As anticipated, Records easily won the No. 4 Inter-Unit Billiard Tourney, thereby acquiring the prizes presented by Commandant Murphy (Contracts).

No intention to frighten anybody with the publication of our "BIG BREAKS" in "An t-Oglach"; we can always do that otherwise than on paper.

I quite agree with "G.H.Q. Calling" that there are people who do not look before they leap as regards Billiards.

Since last issue that fact has been duly illustrated.

Anything else "G.H.Q." would like to know?

The No. 4 A.A.A. have been more than lucky in the co-option of S.M. Woods (Signals) on their Committee. "Woodie" is an all-round sport and great things are to be expected.

Who was responsible for the No. 4 Group "War Cry," "UP THE 'BELLO," and what did Gormanston and Baldonnel think of it?

Apropos of the Baldonnel match, has "Jimmy" (from the Pay and Accounts) yet exhausted his vocabulary? And does Sylvester intend to bring his field dressing outfit on the next match?

Congratulations to 23rd Battn. on their most successful Boxing Tournament. Certainly their Sports Committee deserve every credit for their efforts. Several dark horses have been discovered, and we hope to hear more about them in the near future.

"JONER" again proved his reliability by officiating as M.C., and "FERGIE" Flood (Contracts) proved a competent and efficient Judge.

We are looking forward to the Melia-Dempsey contest at an early date. What price Mick?

Sergt. Kennedy won the Records "Singles" Tournament. The game was both exciting and well contested. Sergeant Dan Thompson played a great game and was also a great loser.

Rounders are now in full swing in the Records Sports Club, and under the tuition of "JIMMY" of Montreal fame, hope to do big things in the near future.

"ME LARKIES."

NOTES FROM THE TWELFTH.

A Non-Commissioned Officers Mess has been established at Battalion Headquarters. Corporal FitzGerald, of "D" Coy., who is in charge, is pleased with things in general, and hopes that eventually the Mess will be one of the best, if not THE best in the Army.

Haircuts, in accordance with the provisions of G.R.O. 62, are being enforced for all N.C.O.'s and men of the Battalion—to the utter disgust of those who have hitherto worn their youthful locks artistically (and untidily) long. But those whose hair is conspicuous by its absence will not mind.

The only soldier the 12th knows
Whom this Order does not check
Is he whose noble forehead goes
Away back to meet his neck.

Report has it that the Dramatic Class will soon be in a position to stage that popular comedy, in three acts, "The Lord Mayor." We understand they are experiencing difficulty in finding a Chief Magistrate with a "Corporation."

When will the name Richmond Barracks be changed to something more in keeping with national sentiment and changed conditions? What about "Treacy" or "McCann" Barracks.

Intimation has been received that Coy. Sgt. McFadden is to be retained at the Curragh for the duration of the present course. Although we congratulate him on this distinction, we would like to see him back in the Twelfth once more. Amongst the N.C.O.'s who recently left the Battalion for the Curragh, in connection with the Training Course, was B.S.M. McEnery.

The latest supply of records for the Sergeants' Mess gramophone contains that grand traditional Irish air to which the words of "Cait ni Duibhir" are wedded. This air has become a favourite one in Barracks, and the Dramatic Class is learning "Cait ni Duibhir" as an opening chorus for concerts, ceilidhthe.

The 4th Brigade Chaplain recently forwarded to this Battalion Headquarters a supply of prayer books published by the C.T.S., together with a supply of Irish-made Rosary Beads, for disposal amongst the Garrison. These religious articles, which reflect the greatest credit on our Irish manufacturers, were disposed of in record time.

The Tennis Court has been closely cropped in anticipation of fine weather and a racketty time. "Egonney's," said the private, who had just emerged from the barber's shop with a head like an unshaven chin, as he gazed at the new-mown sward, "even the grass can't escape G.R.O. 62."

"Now," said the B.S.M. sternly, as he was about to dismiss the parade (it didn't happen in this Battalion), "I want to see you all here again at two o'clock. And, when I say two, I don't mean five minutes past two, but, five minutes to two."

ROSCARBERRY.



Private Murphy (at home on leave)—Daddy has caught the Reveille habit.

COLLINS BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

21st Battalion succeeded in winning their first Football Match in 6th Brigade Championships against 17th Battalion, but were defeated by the latter in the Hurling Match. Both matches took place in the presence of a large crowd at No. 5 Ground, Phoenix Park on the 4th inst. 17th Battalion gave a good display of Hurling, and 21st players are to be congratulated on their fine show against such stalwarts, and had not one of their players (latest acquisition) met with an unfortunate accident early in the game, scores might have been different.

* * * *

The Boxing Tournaments at Collins still carry on, and a crowded audience witnessed some good contests on Friday night, 6th inst. Walsh, Clifford, Skeritt, Floyd, Spittle, Harding, were in receipt of fine Prizes from Colonel McCorley at the finish. There seems to be no scarcity of talent at Collins, and these weekly shows are to be continued. At next show (13th inst), a return bout between Bombardier McCarville and Punch Kennedy, is likely to be staged, and if matters have been arranged, this should prove the "Show" of the Night.

* * * *

"Crooky" is a good Second to have in corner, and can be seen advising and demonstrating to his man before the commencement of each fight as to how it should be done.

* * * *

Captain Keough has some talent amongst the A.C.C.

* * * *

The Amusement Committee are continuing their weekly "Whist."

* * * *

The recent Handball Game between Q.M.S. Duffy, Corporal Larkin, Kane and Butler, was very interesting. Corporal Larkin's neck got in the way of one of those swift returns from Butler. Butler, of course, was not Larkin.

* * * *

The Battalion Mascot (Fox Terrier) was very much to the fore during the recent football match against the 17th Battalion, but unfortunately appeared to be assisting the opposition, as it was generally in the way when any of the 21st players attempted to clear the ball. This Terrier seems to have a fondness for the leather, as only recently he manoeuvred a full-sized football from a certain office to Shoemaker's Shop.

* * * *

The Chair, which is expected to be vacated by P.S., not far from the Battalion Orderly Room, will take some filling. This is a case of the "Old Guard handing over."

* * * *

N.C.O. to Soldier—Have you any Repair Outfits.

Soldier (taking big bunch of keys out of his pocket)—I think I have some patches, but no Absolution.

* * * *

Who played the joke on the Battalion Cup recently?

* * * *

Igoe of Battalion Team is showing great form, and one of the Team Selection Committee was heard to say when selected recently, "Where will I Go?"

* * * *

The Brigade Q.M.S. was noticed to be interested quite recently in the Pigeon feeding.

* * * *

"Archie" made a fine show for his first appearance in the Ring, but was left by "Pining."

* * * *

What did Corporal Malone kick one morning not long ago?

* * * *

Who is the N.C.O. that stated he would get lunch outside, and have the bill forwarded for same? The poor Cooks cannot have their "Route March" and do the cooking at the same time.

* * * *

Many old "Veterans" were conspicuous stepping out with the crowd during one of the recent Route Marches.

* * * *

A great day is in view on April 3rd next.

The Headquarter Battalion Football Team are hard in training and it will be "Derby Day" when they meet 21st Battalion in Brigade Championship, which is due for 25th inst.

ARMY CHESS PLAYERS.

G.H.Q. CHESS PLAYERS MEET UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

The visit of the University College team to Griffith Barracks on the evening of the 3rd. inst. led to a most interesting series of games. Neither club (says the "Irish Independent") is among the highflyers in the Armstrong contest, but both show increased power in every match they play.

Major Cotter beat Mr. Francis by fine end game play. At the disadvantage of a piece, he had superior mobility, and at one time it looked as if he might secure a draw by perpetual check. This, however, was not his objective, and he pressed on to achieve a very pretty win.

UNIV. COLL.

G.H.Q.

1. A. E. Francis.....	0	Major Cotter	1
2. F. Kerlin	1	Lt. O'Connor	0
3. F. Nolan	1	Comdt. O'Donohoe	0
4. H. Barry	1	Capt. Mallin	0
5. D. O'Duffy	0	Comdt. Egan	1
6. B. Dillon	0	Major Lawlor	1
7. B. Senior	1	Comdt. O'Connor	0
8. D. M. Mulhall	1	Capt. Burke	0
Total ...	5	Total ...	3

G.H.Q. DRAW WITH T.C.D.

On Tuesday night, 10th inst. in the Armstrong Cup contest G.H.Q. visited Trinity College, and after a most exciting encounter, in which the home team looked at first like winning, Major Cotter won the final game, and thus drew the match.

This was a very prolonged game, occupying over 3 hours, and intense interest was taken in it throughout. Mr. Eliassoff played a fine game at board No. 2, and well earned his success from so formidable an opponent as Lieut. Sean O'Connor.

DUBLIN UNIV.

G.H.Q.

1. K. B. Cockle.....	0	Major Cotter.....	1
2. S. G. Eliassoff.....	1	Lieut. O'Connor.....	0
3. S. B. Beckett.....	0	Comdt. Egan.....	1
4. A. Sacks.....	0	Sergt. Myers.....	1
5. H. C. Crawley.....	0	Major Lawlor.....	1
6. M. F. Meade.....	1	Comdt. O'Connor.....	0
7. E. J. Weinberger.....	1	Comdt. Donohoe.....	0
8. S. G. Stewart.....	1	Cpl. O'Connor.....	0
Total.....	4	Total.....	4

SAYS THE SEVENTH:—

Who is the Sergeant that because of his musical education asserts these "Notes" are false?

Why did a C.Q.M.S. suggest that a "lyre" was a suitable insignia of rank for the aforementioned N.C.O.?

Why did an N.C.O. of "A" Coy. repudiate the theory of the earth's rotundity? Was it because the "lemonade" was flat.

Who is the Coy. Officer that, after awarding "one more unfortunate" 7 days C.B., whistled pensively "Will ye no come back again"?

How did the Orderly Officer apostrophize the egg? Who was the "knot" that had his slacks creased broadside on? Did he threaten to "crease" the Knight of the Scissors?

Who is the senior N.C.O. that has of late been so assiduously practising handball, and why does he choose unseasonable occasions to do so?

Who is the genie of the lamp?

St. Patrick's Day Celebrations.

Adjutant-General's Memo. No. 46 contains the following:—

1. Observance of National Festival.

St. Patrick's Day, 1925, shall be observed by the Army on a scale in keeping with the traditional associations, and in a manner calculated to redound to the credit of the Forces.

2. Form of Celebrations.

The Army celebrations shall take the following form:—

- (a) Special Church Parades in all Garrisons.
- (b) Inspections or Reviews of Troops.
- (c) Special Athletic Fixtures.
- (d) Concerts and Ceilidhes of a National character.

3. Wearing of Shamrock.

All Officers, N.C.O.'s, and men shall wear a sprig of shamrock at right button of chin-strap, stem to be under strap.

SECTION II.—DUBLIN CITY.

4. Dublin Garrison Celebrations.

The Festival shall be observed by the troops of the Dublin Garrison as follows:—

- (a) Garrison Church Parade at Arbour Hill—9.0 a.m.
- (b) March Past of Troops in College Green—11.0 a.m.
- (c) Such Athletic Fixtures as may be arranged for the afternoon or evening by the G.O.C.

LENTEN MISSIONS AND RETREATS IN THE ARMY

Missions and Retreats have been arranged for Oglagh na h-Eireann as follows:—

Arbour Hill Garrison Church.—By the Rev. Fr. Canice, O.S.F.C., Church Street, Dublin, from Sunday, March 15th to March 22nd.

Finner Camp.—By the Oblate Fathers, Inchicore, from Sunday, March 22nd to March 29th.

Government Buildings.—Arrangements have been made for troops at Government Buildings to attend a Mission at Westland Row, from Sunday, March 22nd, to March 29th.

Portobello Barracks Garrison Church.—By the Rev. Fr. Mackey, S.J., Upper Gardiner Street, from Passion Sunday, March 29th, to Palm Sunday, April 5th.

Curragh, Garrison Church.—By the Capuchin Fathers, from Passion Sunday, March 29th, to Palm Sunday, April 5th.

Athlone Garrison Church.—By a Redemptorist Father, from Sunday, June 14th, to June 21st.

Missions and Retreats are being arranged, dates to be announced later, for the No. 1 (Irish-Speaking) Battalion, Hibernian School, and the troops at Baldonnel Aerodrome, Limerick, Kilkenny, and Cork.

MISSION AT ARMY SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

The recent three-days' mission held by Rev. Father Gleeson in the school church was a splendid success. The "Bush-rangers," as the good padre facetiously termed them, were as good as he had met yet, he declared, so far as observance to religious duties was concerned. At the close of the mission all the men and boys who attended it were enrolled in the Brown Scapular, and the Sodality of the Sacred Heart.

On the Monday prior to the opening of the mission, Father Gleeson gave a lantern lecture on the Passion Play of Oberammergau in the gymnasium. Appropriate music was performed by the No. 1 Band, and in the capable hands of S.M. Cork all arrangements were of a most satisfactory character.

On the termination of the Retreat Father Gleeson expressed his thanks for the excellent way in which the members of each unit had attended. He regretted leaving them so soon, but hoped to be with them again in the near future.

"The symptoms of our national degeneration are visible on all sides. So completely has it gripped us that many of its worst victims are quite unconscious that they are practically foreigners in their own land. We have tens of thousands of people who have driven themselves into a frenzy about the tweedledum and tweedledee of politics, while the thing which alone is worth fighting for, the nation's soul, is perishing. We have Irish apostles of culture to whom a book written in Irish is as foreign as a book written in Chinese."

(T. O'R. in the "Irish Statesman.")

Notes from New Barracks, Limerick.

The departure of our Brigade S.M. and Brigade Q.M.S. to the School of Instruction is deeply regretted by all ranks in New Barracks, and things are becoming dull again. The N.C.O.'s miss the presence of "The Wanderer" at the evening classes, and are anxiously awaiting his early return.

We have been informed that a trip to Limerick on St. Patrick's Day is anticipated, but we are advising our friends not to travel as the "Shamrock" will be closed.

We have not heard from our friend, Corpl. M., since his departure to Parkgate. Perhaps "Ginger" would knock up with him and advise him to forget all about Adare, and settle down to Work.

It is rumoured that some of the new arrivals at the School of Instruction are suffering from heavy colds. (The air at the Curragh is always nippy at 07.00. hrs.) There is no truth in the rumour that "Tony" has reduced by five stone.

Owing to the enormous reduction in the price of presents in Scotland, Sergt. S. received his Christmas Box this morning.

G.H.Q. LEAGUE TIES.

On Wednesday, 11th inst., three fixtures in the G.H.Q. Command League were brought off at Phoenix Park. G.H.Q. football and hurlers were successful, and Baldonnel won their football tie.

FOOTBALL.

G.H.Q. "A." 3-10; Gormanston, 1 pt.

The Headquarters men were ahead at all points of the game. The visitors played ground football, which was not successful, and they rarely left their own part of the field.

Air Force, Baldonnel, 2 goals; Depot Coy. Police, nil.

The score in this match about represents the superiority of the Air men. The game was not up to the standard of this League football. The forwards on both sides were weak, hence the low scoring.

HURLING.

G.H.Q. "A." 8-4; Portobello, 20.

This was the best match of the afternoon, and seldom have the G.H.Q. men been seen to better advantage. They wasted no opportunities.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN O'HIGGINS.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Captain Sean O'Higgins, Assistant Quartermaster, 7th Brigade. The deceased officer was with the Eastern Division in pre-truce days and distinguished himself in the fight for freedom. The funeral took place on Saturday, March 7th, after the celebration of 10 o'clock Mass in the Church of Our Lady of Refuge, Rathmines, by Rev. John McMahon, C.C. to the family burial ground Newtown, Trim. The funeral was attended with full military honours, the cortege being of imposing dimensions and including the principal officers of the Army, members of the Government, Senate and Dail while the general public were also strongly represented.

The chief mourners included Col. Seamus O'Higgins and Messrs. Michael and Thos. O'Higgins (brothers). Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, Minister of Justice (cousin), Mr. Justice Sullivan (do.), etc., etc.

THE LATE CAPTAIN SEAN O'HIGGINS.

Requiem High Mass was celebrated on the same morning by the Rev. R. J. Casey, C.F., in the Garrison Church, Portobello Barracks for the repose of the soul of the late Captain.

The Officers attended under Colonel J. McGuinness, and many other friends were present. The music of the Mass was supplied by the Portobello Garrison Church Choir under the direction of Mr. W. J. Comerford, Army Finance Department.

NOTES FROM THE THIRD.

B.S.M. Simpson and B.Q.M.S. Breslin have reported their arrival at the Curragh. We wish them many happy "Returns."

* * *

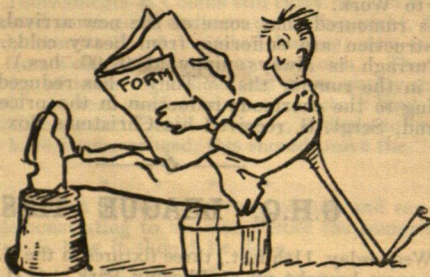
Deep regret is felt by all athletic aspirants on the departure of Pte. B. Cullen to Brigade H.Q.

* * *

Does the 9. a.m. Parade make the employed wish they were unemployed.

* * *

We hear our Battalion Butcher has taken up Cross-country running. He will be running for "stakes" later, we suppose.



Is it true that the Officers' Mess Staff are resigning owing to the Whitewashing?

* * *

We hear an effort is being made to match Pte. Edgar against Corpl. McLoughlin for 500 up, with side stakes, the opening session to take place on the 17th and the closing session—Heaven knows when.

* * *

Pte. Clarke has definitely stated that he has given up running. Let this not discourage Ptes. Boland and Brady.

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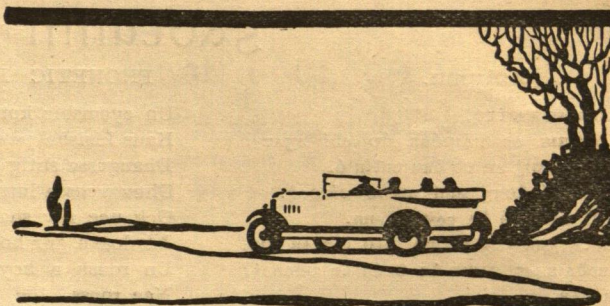
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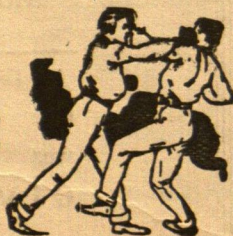
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SAOLUINN.

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O'PÁGAS ISTIÚ AR DO CRUMMLÍN É.
DO BÍOS Á LORG AN ANOIS UÍREAC.
AC, NÍ RAIB SÉ LE PASÁIL AN.
IS DOCA GUR ÉOS DUINE EILE É MAR SIN.
AN RAIBAS AG CANT LE SEÁN LE UÉANAI ?
NÍ RAIBAS.
BÍ SÉ ANNSO INOÉ AC DO BÍOS AMUÍ.
AR IÉIS DO UINNÉAR PÓS ?
NÍOR IÉAS. O'ÍÉAS. NÁR IÉIS FÉIN ?
CAÉAIN A ÉAMÍGÍAS ISTEAC AR MAIOM ?
DO ÉAMÍGÍAS ISTEAC AR A NAOI.
CAO NA ÉAOB NÁR SGRIÓBAIS T'AMM SA
LEABAR ?
DO UÉMEAS DEARHAT AIR.
CAO DO BÍOBAR Á UÉANAI UÉ CÉADAOIN ?
DO BÍOMAR AG IOMÁINT 'SA PÁIRE.
AR IMIR NA BUAÉAILLÍ AN COMÓRTAS UTO ?
NÍOR IMREADAR. BÍ SÉ RÓ UÉIRÉANAC.
CÁ BPUIL AN ÉURO É DE NA BUAÉAILLÍ ?
DO ÉUADAR AMAÉ ANNSIN TAMALL Ó SIN.
DO ÉAILLIS É.
CAO DO ÉAILLEAS ?
AN SPÓRT.
AN BPUARAS AN LEABAR UTO ?
NÍ BPUARAS.
AR ÓL SIAD A GURU TAE PÓS ?

PHONETIC PRONUNCIATION.

An eyemshir kotta.
Kaur kirisha paw pair oodha vee a guth.
Dhaugussa shtig errdha krin leen nay.
Dhuv veessa lurrug oun an nish deerick.
Ock nee rev shay liff awl oun.
Iss doaka gur hoag dhin ella ay mor shin
Un roush a koyntla shawnla dhay nee.
Nee rouss.
Vee shay un su in nay ock vees a muh.
Err ihish duh yin nair foess.
Neer ihuss. Dihuss. Naur ihish fain ?
Kohina haw neesha shtock err mwoddin ?
Duh hawnussa shtock erra nay.
Konna hayv naur shkrees thannim sul
lour ?
Dhu yinuss dar roodh err.
Koddha vee oor aw yaimuv day kaidheen ?
Dhuv veemur iggum maunt suf faurk.
Err immirna boochil lee a kum oartus oodh ?
Neer immiradthur. Vee shay roe yaimuck.
Kaw willa kud ella dinna boochil lee ?
Dhuk kooudhura mockun sun thomull oh hin.
Dhuk kolluss ay.
Koddha kolluss ?
A sport.
Voouruss a lour oodh ?
Nee ouruss.
Err oal sheeudh a gud tay foess ?

ENGLISH.

The Past Tense.
Where did you put that paper you had ?
I left it inside on your desk.
I was looking for it just now.
But it was not there.
I suppose somebody took it so.
Were you taking to Sean recently ?
I was not.
He was here yesterday, but I was out.
Did you eat your dinner yet ?
I did not. I did. Didn't you ?
When did you come in this morning ?
I came in at nine o'clock.
Why didn't you write your name in
the book ?
I forgot it.
What were you doing on Wednesday ?
We were hurling in the Park.
Did the boys paly that match ?
They did not (play). It was too late.
Where are the rest of the boys ?
They went out there a while ago.
You lost it.
What did I lose ?
The sport.
Did you get that book ?
I did not (get).
Did they drink their tea yet ?

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