



AN T-OGLÁC

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11th April, 1925.

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An t-Ógláic

Vol. III. No. 8 (New Series.)

APRIL 11, 1925.

Price TWOPENCE.



HIS EASTER EGG!

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An t-Oglach

APRIL 11, 1925.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Article 4.—"The National Language of the Irish Free State (Saorstát Éireann) is the Irish Language"

—Constitution of Saorstát Éireann.

WE have published the foregoing extract from the Constitution of Saorstát Éireann in previous issues of the Army Journal. We intend to publish it in future issues. There is no danger of the old tongue being forgotten in the Irish Army, but there is a danger that it may not be utilised as much as it should be, and we therefore think it desirable to keep before our readers' eyes the fact that it is the National Language. Tomás O h-Uigín, Corporal, of Custume Barracks, Athlone, is a soldier who realises that Irish should be—and is going to be—the everyday speech of the country, used in Mansion and market, in cottage and college. And, incidentally, in banks. So, when he presented an Army Pay Draft to the officials of the Athlone Branch of the Bank of Ireland, he signed it in Irish.

The bank officials informed him that unless he signed it in English they would not cash it.

The Corporal refused to sign in English. Instead he took the Draft to another bank in the town where it was cashed *without question*. We are sorry that he did not give us the name of the other bank; although it only did its duty as an Irish bank, it deserves to be advertised in contrast to the English "Bank of Ireland."

* * * *

THE attitude of the latter institution towards the Irish language was notorious before the Free State came into being. It has shown signs of a reluctant acceptance of the new situation, but the West British scales are still clinging to its eyes. When "An t-Oglach" insisted on its account with the Bank of Ireland figuring under an Irish title, the bank raised objections, but had eventually to give way. When "An t-Oglach" asked for an Irish cheque book, the Bank of Ireland officials at first replied that they did not issue such cheque books. Pressed on the point, they squirmed for a week or so—and then produced an Irish cheque book. Now "An t-Oglach" lodgment dockets are wholly in Irish and

"An t-Oglach" cheques are made out in Irish, and the cashiers who haughtily refused to accept the latter at first, are cashing them in meek silence.

* * * *

SO far so good. But it is high time that the Bank of Ireland awakened the sleepers in its sub-offices and told them that they are living in Saorstát Éireann. It might not be a bad idea to have the little extract above printed on neat cards and hung over every cashier's desk. Meantime, we enjoin every Irish soldier to make sure that the Bank of Ireland sees his name only in the original Irish form. It is their right as citizens of Saorstát Éireann to insist on the proper recognition of the Irish language by these people.

* * * *

THE 21st Infantry Battalion's idea of celebrating its birthday is distinctly a good one, and might profitably be followed by the other units of the service. So far as we are aware it was the first anniversary celebration of the kind in the Army, and its indisputable success is a matter upon which the 21st are to be heartily congratulated. The review was a credit to the Battalion and the officers commanding and the sports programme proved thoroughly enjoyable, as did the smoking concert in the evening. The performance of the No. 2 Band added considerably to the enjoyment of the day, and suggests to us that it is highly desirable to let the soldiers hear more of their own bands. A few weeks ago the same band played the teams to the Phoenix Park for an inter-Battalion match, and gave selections during the interval, an innovation which was greatly appreciated by all present, including the large audience of civilians. Soldiers of all armies have found a heartening influence in their bands—a bright ray of tone colour in the routine of their lives—and the psychological effect of military music has been recognised by army authorities the world over. The Germans even had their bands in close proximity to their front line trenches during the late European War. Properly utilised there is no doubt that the Irish Army Bands can take a very important part in the welfare of the troops.

OFFICERS AND THE LANGUAGE—IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are in a position to state that an important announcement will be made shortly with regard to facilitating officers in acquiring a knowledge of, or greater proficiency in the Irish language. Details are not yet complete, but we understand that Officers who decide to spend their leave attending a language college in an Irish-speaking district, will find that allowance will be made for the time so spent. There is talk of extra leave, in such cases, to be spent wherever the Officer may desire.

THE SOLDIER'S COMFORT.

Good Work by Portobello Institute Committee.

EXAMPLE FOR ALL BRIGADE AREAS.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the No. 7 Brigade Area Institute Committee was held in the Dry Canteen, Portobello Barracks, on Monday, 23rd March, at 11 o'clock. Reverend Father Casey, C.F., presided, and there were also present:—Major Liston, Commandant Colgan, Lieutenant Condon, Sergeant Kennedy, Sergeant Kelly, Sergeant Collins, Corporal Connolly, and the Secretary.

Letters of apology for non-attendance were received from Colonel McGuinness, Commandants Devlin and Saurin.

Men's Suppers.

In connection with a scheme for the provision of suppers for the men, Father Casey announced that final arrangements had now been made, and that suppers would start the following evening.

Father Casey congratulated the Committee on their efforts in this direction, and hoped that this achievement would be but the harbinger of other successful projects, thus fulfilling the aims of the Institute.

Library.

Sergeant Kelly reported on the Library situation and stated that the membership had greatly increased. To cope with the additional membership he asked for gifts of books for the Library on loan or otherwise to supplement the existing volumes.

Father Casey announced that Books to the value of £65 would be given to the Library, and this grant, which was badly wanted, would greatly help to put the Library in a flourishing condition, catering, as it does, for the cosmopolitan literary tastes of its members and fulfilling a much and long-needed want in Portobello.

Billiards.

Sergeant Kennedy reported on the satisfactory progress made in the Billiard Tournament, the enthusiasm it locally aroused and the attraction it offered to the troops in Barracks. He hoped to be in a position to announce at the next meeting the final result. In connection with the securing of a suitable Bagatelle Table, he had experienced some difficulty, but he hoped shortly to be in a position to secure one.

Father Casey stated that he advertised for one in the local Press, but without the desired result.

Games, Playing Pitch, Etc.

In connection with a letter from Colonel McGuinness, suggesting that Lissonfield House playing field be temporarily closed pending the pitch being put into playable order, the Committee were of opinion that, pending the renovation of the Gym. field, and as the Lissonfield pitch was the nearest thing to a playing pitch in Barracks, it should be kept open. They were unanimous in urging the necessity for renovation of the Gym. field.

A resolution was proposed by Major Liston and seconded by Lieutenant Condon, that Lissonfield House field be left open until the necessary renovations had been effected in the Gym field, and urged the necessity for the acceleration of the work on the Gym. field.

The Secretary intimated that no decision had yet been given regarding the use of all playing pitches, tennis courts, etc., to all ranks, and referred to Major Liston's resolution, which was seconded by Commandant Saurin at the last meeting, which he quoted: "That all playing fields, Tennis Courts, Rounders Pitches, and all Sports Grounds within the Barracks be open to all, irrespective of rank."

Apropos of this subject, a lengthy discussion ensued, in which Major Liston, Commandant Colgan, Father Casey, Lieutenant Condon and other members of the Committee took part. They were unanimous in the decision that Major Liston's original resolution be agreed to.

Rounders, Handball.

In connection with the furthering of the game of Rounders, Major Liston suggested that Lieutenant Condon arrange a

Rounders match between a team representing his Battalion and a team organised by Sergeant Kelly, representing Records.

Lieutenant Condon agreed and stated that he would do his best to facilitate and encourage any game that would lend itself to a more sporting co-operation between all Units in Barracks.

Commandant Colgan in connection with Handball outlined his scheme regarding the competition for the gold and silver medals which he presented.

Sergeant Kelly was deputed to receive entries and make local arrangements in this connection.

With reference to the deplorable condition of the two handball courts, it was proposed by Sergeant Kelly and seconded by Lieutenant Condon: "That the Officer Commanding No. 7 Brigade be asked to use his influence in having the Handball Courts put into playable condition."

Rations for Married Quarters.

A lengthy discussion ensued regarding the rations for the married quarters. Sergeant Collins elaborated on the hardships experienced under the existing scheme, and Major Liston urged the necessity for the provision of rations for soldiers resident in the married quarters, and it was proposed by Major Liston, and seconded by Sergeant Collins, that:

"The vital necessity for the provision of rations for the soldiers resident in the married quarters be urged, and that this Committee solicit the co-operation of the Brigade Quartermaster in this connection."

Canteen Hours.

Father Casey stated that he hoped to be in a position to announce at the next meeting that the Canteen hours would be revised and additional facilities allowed in this connection.

A general discussion ensued on matters appertaining to the Institute and the next meeting was arranged for Monday, 6th April, at 11 o'clock.

A vote of thanks to Father Casey for presiding concluded the meeting.

1912

Do you remember the amount of foreign rubbish in the shape of Boot Polish that used to be dumped into this country in pre-war times? Some of them not only used to burn leather, but used burn through their own tins.

The advent of Science Polishes did away with the necessity for any importation, good or bad, and the discriminating manner in which the Irish public so quickly realised their high-class quality, rapidly caused "Science" to become a household word in every home.

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PUNCH & Co., CORK.

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ENGINEERS CARRY OFF PRIZE FOR CROSS-WORD DESIGN.

Clever Pattern for Puzzle No. 5—Solutionists Baffled by No. 4—Designers Multiplying Rapidly.

Until last week the number of readers entering for the Cross-Word Design prizes was vastly below the number entering for solution prizes. It is possible that the position will be reversed if we are not more careful. That is to say, we must see to it that the problems set before our readers are not too difficult. No. 4 baffled the majority of our solutionists and the number who sent in entries showed a slight falling off, whereas the number of designs submitted has more than doubled. If this state of affairs developed at the same rate we might eventually find that we were receiving one hundred designs to every solution. Which would be rather like staging a three act play for an audience of one.

We believe that readers will find this week's problem very much easier than the last. It is the creation of

CORMAC TORNOIR, CAPTAIN,
Assist. Corps Adjutant,
Army Corps of Engineers
Griffith Barracks,
Dublin.

to whom a cheque for One Guinea has been forwarded.

It will be noticed that the Captain has very artistically introduced the initials of the Corps into the design. The clues are adequate and it should not take any soldier very long to fill up the squares correctly.

The usual prizes are again offered:—

One Guinea for the Best Design submitted by Saturday, April 18th.

Half-a-Guinea each for the first two correct solutions opened of Puzzle No. 5.

Write "Solution" or "Design" on the upper left-hand corner of the envelope, and enclose a copy of the coupon to be found in this issue with each effort.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

As stated in a previous number of "An t-Oglach," a design which may not prove successful one week can be re-entered for the following competition, and may quite possibly prove to be the best sent in on that occasion.

At the request of some of our readers we have decided that it will not be necessary to submit another copy of a design for re-entry. All that will be necessary will be to forward a coupon from the **current** issue and state that you wish to re-enter the design submitted for the previous competition.

All unsuccessful designs submitted for this number and all future issues in which the competition is continued will be retained for **Six Weeks** before being destroyed, with a view of facilitating this arrangement.

Designs will be returned to senders on request accompanied by stamped addressed envelope.

CLUES TO CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 5.

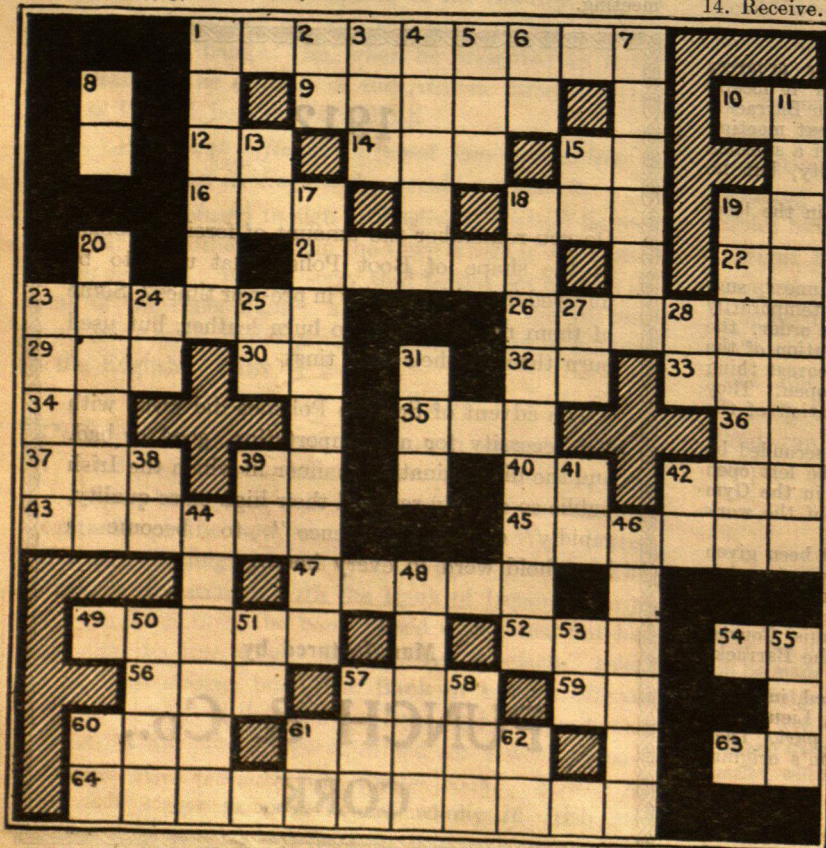
ACROSS.

1. Channel in parapet through which a gun is fired.
9. Thread-like markings.
10. A division of the year (Irish).
12. Army punishment (Abb.).
14. Receive.
15. Seen on Army cars.
16. An important Army appointment.
18. By way of.
19. A Holy Person (Abb.).
21. To bury (Reversed).
22. The reverse of cold (Irish).
23. A famous imaginary island.
26. Soldier engaged in mining.
29. Very injurious to potatoes.
30. Branch of a Department at G.H.Q. (Initials).
32. Ourselves.
33. Indicates a Clergyman.
34. Signified a King.
35. A Great Republic.
36. A well-known News Agency.
37. Large bird.
39. Pronoun.
40. British statesman (Initials).
42. A measurement of length.
43. Abounding with trees.
45. What the soldier calls articles supplied at public expense.
47. Flocks of young ducks.
49. Supports.
52. To recede.
54. An Army Chief (Abb.).
56. Assist.
57. Perform.
59. Marks an alternative.
60. Girl's name.
61. Embellish.
63. Within.
64. Governing directions in the Army.

DOWN.

1. What soldiers sometimes do at the end of a day's march.
2. May be good counsel.
3. To dress (colloquial).

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4. About.
5. To fit to music.
6. You and me.
7. The interior slope of the ditch next the place at the foot of a rampart.
8. Army Chief (Abb.).
11. The lateral space between units measured from flank to flank (Plural).
13. A University Degree.
15. The three-toed sloth.
17. Sloping parts of a road.
18. To conjure up a mental picture.
19. On a church.
20. Tempestuous.
23. Presses.
24. Old Testament (Abb.).
25. Exists.
27. A Roman weight.
28. Voting System.
31. An article of Kit.
38. A third of Ulster.
39. An exclamation.
41. A kind of wagon used in the Army.
42. Centre of feud.
44. Competing with.
46. Weapons.
48. A Racecourse.
50. Ruin.
51. A member of An Dáil.
53. The Orders issued by a Battalion O.C.
55. A tripod with tackle, for lifting weights.
57. Girl's name.
58. Trip (Curtailed).
60. Army Records.
61. A type of Armoured Car.
62. Negative.

SOLUTION OF PUZZLE No. 4.

As indicated in the preceding page, Puzzle No. 4 proved a very stiff one and there was a falling off in the number of solutions received. A large number of envelopes was opened before a correct effort was discovered, the first received coming from

MAJOR J. P. M. COTTER,
Director of Transport,
G.H.Q., Dublin.

The second envelope to contain a correct solution was received from

M.F.O. MORDHA, Maor Shairsint,
Pay and Accounts Sub. Dept.,
G.H.Q. Dublin.

The Solution for Puzzle No. 4 was as follows (—

ACROSS:—1. Pigment. 2. Shocked. 3. Miasma. 4. Aesop. 5. Espies. 6. Nut. 7. Own. 8. Im. 9. Dodo. 10. U.V. 11. P.R. 12. C.E. 13. Drop. 14. Ebro. 15. Ague. 16. Lane. 17. Ural. 18. Rain. 19. C.F. 20. Volt. 21. Anna. 22. Anchor Line. 23. G.A.A. 24. Lally. 25. Resort. 26. Gertie. 27. Yield. 28. Yttria. 29. Noir. 30. Ree. 31. Arid. 32. Somnae. 33. Uerle. 34. Broder. 35. A.A.G. 36. Lo. 37. P.A. 38. Er. 39. Ay. 40. Frog. 41. Loch. 42. In. 43. R.O. 44. Cu. 45. Brae. 46. Sth. America. 47. En. 48. Fael. 49. Idea. 50. Old Testament. 51. N.E. 52. Ubla. 53. Nest. 54. N.E. 55. T.T. 56. Riot. 57. Orare. 58. Rebus. 59. Crete. 60. Re. 61. Sol. 62. Set. 63. Y.S.

DOWN:—1. Pa. 2. S.O. 3. Muddle. 11. Parallelogram. 19. Castro. 23. Geusa. 34. Bayonet. 37. Parent. 48. Furry. 58. R.O. 64. Albino. 65. Ora. 66. Order. 67. A title in Spain. 68. Aroma. 69. Caesar. 70. Is. 71. Operating-Theatre. 72. G.M. 73. I.R.A. 74. Manoeuvre. 75. Eleison. 76. B.R.O. 77. Ornate. 78. Naturally. 79. Te. 80. Voltaire. 81. Colonel. 82. Us. 83. Dynagraph. 84. S.E. 85. Uin. 86. Centenary. 87. K.S. 88. Rate. 89. Epic. 90. Dime. 91. Florid. 92. Abies. 93. Ride. 94. Ocelot. 95. Attacks. 96. Regulate. 97. Leer.

PORTOBELLO-INGS.

Portobello turned out a smart little tennis team to meet G.H.Q. the other day. Although mostly first season men, Portobello held the advantage when failing light compelled the last set to close 5—5.

I wonder what a certain S.M. (not from Portobello) thinks of the game, or is it a fact that his solution would be the removal of the centre net and the raising (considerably) of the back net.

Yes! the Phoenix Park is a big place to look for such a small thing as a tennis ball.

Big "splash" down town the other evening: Tara Street Baths opened and Kennedy and Flood were there.

What does "WALLY" think of the "Draughts" in the 23rd ante-room?

Woke up the other morning to find yet another Billiard Table safely installed in Portobello.—Attached, I believe, to the Battalion for "pay" and to the 22nd Sergeants' Mess for "Discipline."

It is, I understand, the only match table in the Army.

We are still awaiting the result of the Melia-Dempsey match.

What caused the sudden rush of Sergeant-Majors and others to the Chapel the other morning?

When they discovered that it was the 1st April, what did Joner say? Was "Billy-mad-again"? Ask Springer.

Was the 1st April also responsible for a drive to the Park in Football Togs? What did Sean say that Seamus didn't?

You ask me to write for your paper
Something that's cheery and true,
I've nothing to cheer me and truth is too old,
So I'm writing you something that's new.

The news from this Barracks, same as elsewhere,
Reveille, 6.30. no doubt;
Breakfast.—The Square—then dinner—all there,
Defaulters—Last Post—and Lights Out.



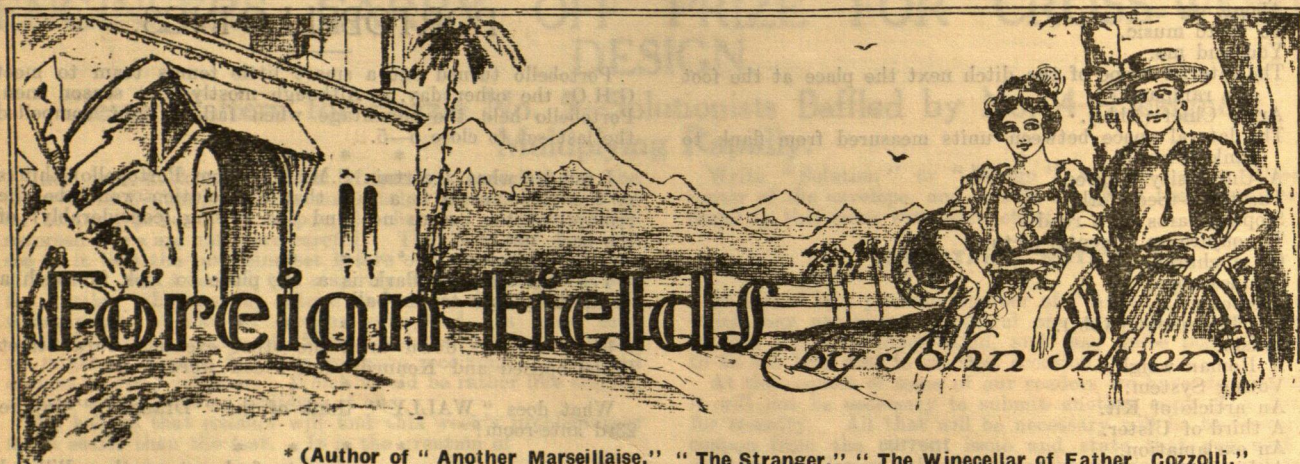
5

**COMPETITION
COUPON.**

Competition

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

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

Episode Six: AN AFFAIR OF OUTPOSTS.

"At any rate," said Jack Maher, "it's a bit cooler up here than it is down in San Isidro."

"Wait," said Brendan O'Farrell; "things may be hot enough up here yet."

They were lying on the grass in front of their tent high on the slopes of the hills overlooking the Puertorian capital—not the majestic Andes, but the lower range that intervened. A score of miles away the city was visible as a splash of dazzling white against the deep, vivid blue of the sea.

Near at hand half-a-dozen natives of Puerto drowled in the blistering sunshine. Jack nodded lazily towards them.

"That bunch won't be much use if there is any scrapping," he remarked.

"You haven't studied the book of words," said Brendan. "We are to avoid a clash with the enemy as far as possible. Our role is that of two mad foreigners going about the country expecting to see silver growing like mushrooms. We are accompanied by a guide, who is reputed to have been a miner in Alaska, a trapper in British Columbia, a bushranger or something like that in Australia, and a soldier of the Foreign Legion in North Africa."

"I wonder if he ever met Padraic O'Conaire's Red Sergeant when he was in the Foreign Legion," said Jack. "I wish I could get 'An t-Oglach' sent to me out here, so that I could see how the Army at home is struggling along since it was deprived of my services. By the way where is that *multum in parvo* of a guide of ours?"

"He said he was going 'snooping round' which, I believe is American for scouting. Scouting appears to be a sort of hobby of his. In an unusual fit of talkativeness the other day, while you were having a swim, he told me that his attention was first attracted to it by reading old Baden Powell's 'Aids to Scouting' the proofs of which volume, he mentioned, were amongst the last stuff that got through the Boer lines around Ladysmith before the investment became complete."

"Gosh that's twenty-five years ago."

"Aye! Arthur Griffith had started the 'United Irishman' only a year or so before the Boer War. My father had a complete file of the paper and it was hot stuff at that time. Willie Rooney and Ethna Carbery were writing for it then and in many ways I think it was at its best. Isn't it rather curious to think that even the most optimistic at that time never thought that we would have an Irish Army in Ireland within a generation, if at all?"

Maher stifled a yawn. He was young enough to lack interest in the doings of a quarter of a century ago.

"Tis a dam' funny world," he vouchsafed. "An' whoever'd think when we were 'snooping round' G.H.Q., Parkgate, envying the kids playing in the Park in the summer and fault-finding the Mess all the year through, for exercise, that within a year we'd be out here chasing Puertorian Diehards and assisting old Valdos to make the country peaceful and prosperous. Yes; it's a dam' funny old world."

* All Rights Reserved.

They smoked in silence for a while. In the tropic heat, one seemed almost to hear Nature crackling, but there was no distinctive sound. Even the hum of insect wings was absent, and, noting this, Jack presently found another cause for thankfulness.

"None of those blasted mosquitos here, thank the pigs," he said. "I'll never get used to those rotten things if I stay in this country for the rest of my life—which God forbid" he added, with fervour.

Another interval of quiet smoking and then his impatient tongue was heard again.

"What are you going to do about that police job old Valdos offered you?" he queried.

"I haven't made up my mind yet," replied O'Farrell, "but I am inclined to consider it favourably."

"What!" exclaimed Maher. "Do you mean to say that you would be content to stay here and never see Ireland again?"

"I'd be content to stay here for a few years any way" said O'Farrell. "After all you must remember that I have no people left in Ireland except a few distant relations. And it is a very good position that they are offering me."

"It's one that would suit you down to the ground" said his companion and let it go at that. Maher was thinking that the dark-eyed daughter of a certain Puertorian Notability had a good deal to do with his friend's inclination to stay in the South American Republic.

"I wonder," said Jack, "will Molly O'Driscoll ever get sense."

"You mean," said Brendan, "that you wonder if she will ever come round to your way of thinking in politics. I suppose if she does the two of ye will get married here and have a honeymoon trip home."

"I'm afraid there's not much chance of that," declared Jack gloomily. "Do you know there is a warrant out for her arrest?"

"I heard there was."

"It was the information of that guide of ours that got it for her. It seems he had been paying special attention to her for some time and had a list of her offences as long as my arm. What the devil is his exact job anyway?"

"Puertorian Secret Service. He has only recently made his appearance in Puerto though he was acting for the Republic in the States, keeping tabs, as he calls it on Comrade Garcia's friends. He knew all about Molly and Blerk being in the propaganda business and could have prevented any of the stuff reaching this country, but somebody thought if they gave the Garcia bunch more rope by allowing the posters in, they would be able to collect more evidence and make a big swoop."

"Queer little man," said Jack. "He reminds me—. Hello! What's that?"

"Rifle shot," said O'Farrell. "There's another."

"About half-a-mile away, I think."

They paused to listen intently. The drowsing natives apparently had not heard the sounds or attached no importance to them. They continued to drowse.

Presently another faint crack sounded on the heat-laden air. "Be dam," exclaimed Jack; "the little devil's gone into action." "I don't think so. He's probably taking pot-shots at some of the fauna of the country."

"Then I hope it's snakes. The snakes alone would prevent me from settling in this country. I never realised how much Ireland owed to Saint Patrick until I discovered the snake population of Puerto." They listened again, but heard no more shots.

"If it was a fight," said Brendan, "there would have been a good many shots."

"They might have got him with the first one."

"Then there would have been no others."

"I don't know about that. Those savages of Garcia's would shoot into a dead body for the sheer pleasure of the thing."

"All the same," asserted Brendan; "I don't think they would get James so easily. He's too old a campaigner."

"James? What's his family name?"

"That's it. His full style and title is Henry James."

"Heavenly shades of literature!" gasped Jack. "I am now prepared to hear that one of those half-castes over there is named Shakespeare."

But Brendan was not thinking of strange nomenclature.

"What are you frowning for?" asked his friend.

"Just wondering," replied Brendan, "whether we should try and find James. He may need help."

"If there was any chance of our finding him I would say 'By all means'," said Jack; "but we wouldn't have a ghost of a chance of discovering him in time in a strange country."

"All the same, we might find him."

"Yes; and, on the other hand, while we were looking for him he might turn up here."

They debated the matter at length and eventually decided to wait for an hour. If James had not put in an appearance at the end of that time they would go in search of him.

James arrived within-half-an-hour.

They heard a shout, and, looking in the direction of the sound, beheld the little man emerging from the bush about a hundred yards away. He was carrying the body of another man across one shoulder in "Fireman's lift" fashion, and as soon as he saw that he had attracted attention he dumped the burthen on the ground unceremoniously.

"Send over some of those lazy hoboos for this carcase," he shouted. They stirred up the sleeping beauties and went forward with some of them.

James barked out orders in Spanish to the natives and they proceeded to carry the stranger to the camp.

As they accompanied him to the tent the two Irishmen told of hearing the shots and of their uncertainty as to the best thing to do.

"You did the right thing," said the little man, who was carrying two rifles, his own and another. "No use greenhorns like you trying to discover anybody in this landscape. And, if the Garcia crowd had got me, it would have been all over long before you could reach me by the shortest route."

"Who's your friend?" queried Maher, nodding towards the stranger, who appeared to be unconscious.

"Bright boy who had two shots at me from cover and missed with both," said James. "I rolled into the underbrush at the first crack, and stalked him. Grazed his skull with a pill two minutes later. Would have sent him straight to hell, but the glare on the rocks where he was lying and the shimmer of the hot air made for bad shooting."

"One of Garcia's supporters, I suppose," said Jack.

"Yep. Toted him along here for the Third Degree as soon as he's recovered from the slam on the nut. By the way, might be well to 'stand to' from this on. There's a party of folk, who don't like us, floating around these hills just now and they may come to look for this hombre. Gimme a long drink, and I'll stir up those loafers of ours."

(To be continued).

Suspicious.—CALLER—"Your children play so quietly."

MOTHER—"Excuse me a moment."—*American Legion Weekly.*

* * *

"Yes, my friends," said the theological lecturer, "some admire Moses, who instituted the old law; some, Paul, who spread the new. But after all, which character in the Bible has had the largest following?"

As he paused, a voice from the back bench shouted: "Ananias!"

TO SAVE A WOMAN'S LIFE.

Scores of Soldiers volunteer for Blood Transfusion.

Volunteers having been sought for the transfusion of a pint of blood for a patient in the Coombe Hospital, parades were called by the Commanding Officer, Comdt. P. Ennis, both at McKee Barracks and General Headquarters, Parkgate Street, on Wednesday 8th inst.

The purpose of the parade having been explained the majority of the N.C.O.'s and men immediately volunteered to make the necessary sacrifice.

After medical tests No. 373, Private P. McNally of the Army Police was selected to undergo the operation.

Private McNally is a native of Eadstown, Rathmore, Co. Kildare, 27 men of the 1st (Irish speaking) Battalion, Hibernian Schools, also volunteered.

The operation of transfusion was performed later in the day and was completely successful. As we go to press we learn that the patient—a woman—is making very satisfactory progress.

G.H.Q. COMMAND LEAGUE (HURLING).

On Wednesday, 1st inst., G.H.Q. "A" Team met Artillery Corps at the Civic Guards Ground, Phoenix Park, in their tie in the above League. There was an exceptionally large attendance which included many followers of the Gunners' team from Kildare. Considering that the League leadership was at stake it was not surprising to find unusual enthusiasm evinced throughout the game which was an object lesson in punctuality, starting exactly on time. The field arrangements were a credit to Comdt. Ennis, G.H.Q., who personally supervised the proceedings and, with his host of stewards carried out everything in a most creditable manner.

Artillery lost the toss and faced a stiff breeze. Ere the game was one minute old Hendrick scored a goal for G.H.Q. and this followed by a point per Keneally was not encouraging to the visitors. Opportunities were wasted by the 'Gunners' forwards and consistent attacks by the Headquarters men were further rewarded when Capt. McDonnell and Corpl. O'Neill added goals. Stapleton was a tower of defence for G.H.Q. whilst Mackay, Larkin, and Finlay were stalwarts for Artillery. Up and down play followed until Grimes for G.H.Q. caught a flyer off O'Neill and scored a splendid goal for G.H.Q. O'Neill, G.H.Q. on the puck out was fouled and taking the "free" himself he lobbed in the goal mouth and Leahy conceded a "75". O'Neill again took the puck and as a result scored a point off the mark. Artillery then got going and J. Kelly missed an open goal. Artillery besides this missed many chances owing to weakness in shooting. The G.H.Q. men continued pressing and Lieut. Doyle on short whistle notched another point leaving the score at half-time

G.H.Q. "A" 4 goals, 3 points.

ARTILLERY NIL.

On resumption, after a melee in midfield Capt. Ryan, G.H.Q. was injured and retired, Kelly taking his place. Fine back play by both sets of backs followed. G.H.Q. now seemed to take matters rather easily and Comdt. Mackey for Artillery scored a good goal. McNamara of the Artillery Corps was soon afterwards *hors de combat* and Lyons came on. Foley for G.H.Q. was now prominent and when Hendrick again obtained a minor for G.H.Q. play became exciting and seemed for a while to assume a rough aspect. Another goal for Artillery livened up matters and although in arrears the Gunners were now playing a better game than G.H.Q. It seemed that time alone would debar them from victory. G.H.Q., however, realised that they were slipping and became aggressive once more. Hendrick secured another point and just on time Artillery in a rush around goal secured a major leaving the result

G.H.Q. "A" 4 goals, 5 points.

ARTILLERY 3



Oglagh
na hEireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

Gretchen and Her Gunners.

American Ex-Artillerymen Bring the War Trophy of their Section into Action Once More.

Under the loving ministrations of five ex-artillerymen Gretchen was beginning to look herself once more. When, after hours of tiring search, they discovered her amongst the hundreds of pieces of captured German ordnance rusting in the parks at the Army Base, they executed a dance of rejoicing and began to mourn the terrible condition of the gun from weather and neglect.

"Boys, let's polish the old girl up," said ex-Corporal Darcy, and the suggestion was hailed with enthusiasm.

They hauled the beloved trophy of the 4th Gun Section, Batter B, —th Field Artillery, from the junk heap to the dock for the advantage of all the light of the late afternoon and, with oil and swabbing stick, with waste and emery paper, proceeded joyously about her toilet.

Many miles they had travelled to renew acquaintance with Gretchen—a committee appointed to interview the Army authorities and secure the Trophy for the home town. No longer soldiers—former Private Perikles ran a shoe shine parlour, Calvin was a Southern overseer, Patterson a Western garage mechanic, and former Corporal Darcy a small town politician. Hank Fielding, the old No. 2 of the Section, was the only rich man amongst them and, as he was late in turning up, they had begun to fear that he had forgotten the old days. He wasn't able to get to the army base until after the others had interviewed the Lieutenant in command there, but when he saw old Gretchen again he flung his arms around her barrel with a cry of joy and then, snatching a swabbing stick from Patterson, joined enthusiastically in the good work going forward.

Darcy had put their case very clearly to the Lieutenant in charge of the base.

"Lieutenant," he declaimed in his most statesmanlike manner, "we are veterans of Batt'ry B, —th Field Artillery, deputed by the former members of our old outfit and a constituency of the people of a sov'run State to ask possession of a war trophy, ours by right of force of arms and shedded blood."

"Iss verra good speech," commended former Private Perikles. "In plain words, Lieutenant, this is what we're after." Patterson, the Westerner, interrupted. "Up in th' Argonne one day, th' Boches got a direct hit on our gun. Us four—an' one other—was left of th' crew. We went forward with th' batt'ry an' we run on to a 77 th' Germans had beat it away from hell bent for breakfast."

"We served that seventy-seven foh six hours, suh," Calvin, the Southerner took up the story. "And I may say, with effect against the enemy."

"Dam' good effect," Perikles corroborated.

"A German counter-attack caught us," Darcy continued. "We stood 'em off with pistols and blew 'em off at the very cannon muzzle. Some of our infantry came to our support just in time. Then we limbered up and fought that gun through the rest of the war. Now we ask it in simple justice!"

Eyes sparkling with memories, breath coming fast, the four men stood waiting.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen," the lieutenant said. "But in the first place, the disposal of all the war trophies here is up to Congress only. Congress hasn't acted and we can't fill special orders like that, even when there is action. Besides, if your gun is here rusting with the rest, you could never pick it out from the hundreds in the park."

"Oh, yes we could." "Try us," came the protests. "We came long distances to get our gun for my home-town. Much of the regiment came from around there and the gun is famous. At least let us try to identify it. Letter writing never gets you anything in the Army." Darcy was persistent, as politicians can be.

"That much will be all right," the officer granted. "Go ahead."

The four hurried out and soon were combing the parks. Over and through artillery, from heavy 210's to diminutive mortars, the committee scrambled, holding consultations over every 77. Always they were disappointed.

Passing along a warehouse dock on the harbour inlet, the searchers met a sentry on guard.

"Say, who's that doughboy?" demanded Calvin, after a long look. "His face is mighty familyuh."

"Sure is," Patterson agreed.

"Wait!" the Greek cried excitedly. "Iss one who rescue us and gun that day in Argonne when kaisers nearly stick us!"

Already Darcy was back greeting the startled sentry. He had come to Port Arms at first; then had slung his rifle and begun grasping them all by the hand.

"It's th' artill'ry boys," he roared out. "Say, you were glad to see us that day, weren't yuh? You fellers ain't used to such a close-up of bay'nets. I'll say you was scared pea-green."

"I'll say so. We were that." The artillerymen went on wringing his hands.

"Two more of us that was there are on guard at this base," the sentry went on. "Goats enough to stick in the Army. Nothin' stirrin' around here. Jest watch revenuers bring in rum runners, like that beauty boat tied up at th' dork there. They take off th' booze an' let us guard th' boats. Dirty deal."

The artillerymen admired the large handsome motor-boat, worth many thousands of dollars. Telling the sentry they would see him when he was off guard, they pursued their search.

And at last they found their gun, identifying it beyond doubt by marks they had made in the sight brackets and boxes when they had been forced to abandon the piece on sailing from France.

II.

Shadows of dusk were descending on the harbour inlet. But Gretchen—the 4th gun section almost had forgotten the nickname—was sprucing up. A coat of paint, with later, perhaps, some camouflage marking, and the old girl would be as she was that day in the Argonne.

Darcy and Patterson, gunner and No. 1 of the old squad, were on their gun seats, lovingly oiling and manipulating the traversing and elevating mechanism.

"Say, Corp," Fielding called, "member that poem you wrote after we'd shot our first barrage up in front of Somme-dieu. One ringing stanza of it stays with me. Went this way:

"The roar of the guns was awful,

And the flashes lit the sky;

And no such celebration

Was ever seen on the 4th of July."

How's that, men?"

"Iss bootiful," murmured former Private Perikles dreamily.

None of the Greek boys in his shop ever put such a lustre on a pair of shoes as that he was polishing on the breech lock.

"You know, I think I'll have that recited by a girl I know when we get this gun back home," Darcy remarked. "The dedication will be one swell party, with all you guys invited on, expenses paid. Lemme tell you, boys, that prominence is going to elect me to the next legislature."

"Darce, I reckon you-all is some previous," Calvin drawled.

"We ain't got this gun yet."

"Looks like a thin chance of it from what that lieut. said," Patterson growled.

"An' we no can swipe," Perikles complained. "Not even if we iss the supply sarges. Iss doughboy fren of us on guard. Thees relief he knock Kaiser Bill bay'net away from stummick of Private Perikles. Iss real fren, an' corporl of guard iss, too."

Fielding flicked the sweat off his forehead with a greasy index finger.

"We'll see if some wires can be pulled. Politics, eh, Darce?"

"You're tootin'. Hey, what's that?"

Fifty yards down the dock, men were landing from a small launch which had sneaked quietly up the inlet. Part of them already were swarming into the newly-captured rum runner speed-boat which the artillerymen had admired that afternoon. There were about ten of them, husky fellows, and they went about their business quickly.

"Who's there?" came the belated challenge of the sentry.

"John Barleycorn," a big longshoreman chuckled and closed in.

"Corp'ral of th'—"

Two men from behind choked off the sentry's cry.

The moorings of the speedboat were cast off. A line was being passed to the launch. Then rounding the corner of a warehouse came the corporal of the guard with the post's relief.

The five artillerymen stood frozen about their gun.

"Rum Row's goin' to take somethin' she lost away from heah," Calvin laughed. "They cain't see us. Arc light's 'tween us an' them."

The others laughed nervously.

"We not hooch M. P.'s muttered the Greek.

Darcy spoke up suddenly.

"I know we ain't. But, boys, the — are jumpin' our buddies!

Following its former corporal, the 4th gun section leaped out of the shadows. They hit the gang of rum runners, just as the corporal of the guard and the relief were going down under the rush that had surprised them.

It was a swift, silent fight. None of the defenders thought of yelling for help. Breath could not be spared for that; it came too painfully into panting lungs. Once the corporal of the guard opened his mouth to shout. It cost him the two front teeth to which a gleam of moonlight guided a stevedore's fist.

Fists thudded on flesh and boots pounded out a heavy tattoo on the dock. Caught by the unexpected attack of the five grimy men who had burst through the circle of the arc light, the raiders stumbled back. Darcy floored one with a jab to the nose. The lanky Patterson was gleefully cracking the heads of two together. Fielding and Calvin, backs to a wall, were beating off the rushes of three husky assailants.

But re-enforcements were swarming out of the hold of the speedboat; five more men to reckon with.

Perikles, like a Greek hero at Thermopylae, met them as they gained the deck. He thrust with a long swabbing stick, like a lance. As each raider was rammed in the pit of the stomach, he uttered a startled, "Woof!" and toppled over into the inlet with a splash.

"Ruddy Turks!" swore former Private Perikles.

Then he missed one lunge and the swabbing stick was wrenched from his grasp.

The three doughboys were down now, unconscious. And soon the 4th gun section was herded, battered and bleeding, against a warehouse wall. At a signal, the rum runners drew off, a semi-circle around the defiant artillerymen. Moonlight glinted dully on several levelled pistols.

"Put them gats up 'fore they go off on you an' bring th' whole guard down on us," a leader ordered.

Pistols were pocketed. Hurriedly the raiders backed up, tumbled into the launch. The motor of the small craft whirled. The speedboat's towline tautened.

In a low voice, former Corporal Darcy commanded—

"Cannoneers, posts!"

With an unforgotten precision, the 4th gun section swiftly moved to positions behind the 77.

Again came the crisp command:

"Piece forward, march!"

At trail and wheels, the squad manhandled the gun along the dock square into the centre of the circle of arc light.

"Halt!" Darcy ordered.

He slipped into his seat. The gun shields clanged into place. Layed by Darcy and Patterson, the well-oiled gears engaged and the black muzzle of the cannon, like the blunt finger of a giant hand, levelled itself full on the gang in the launch.

"I'll call that bluff," came a voice from the boat. "You've got about as much ammunition in that old relic as a pig has side pockets." He laughed raucously. "Kick ahead your launch, Jake."

The artillerymen raged, helpless. The launch and tow began to glide out into the stream.

"Ammunition!"

Hank Fielding was running up from the direction of his motor car, lugging with difficulty a wicker basket, such as the Germans used for ammunition carriers. He placed it carefully by the gun, ripped up the cover.

Full in the glare of the light, he lifted out a shell and laid it by the trail. Then he snatched a second from the basket.

"Load!" Darcy cried.

Left hand beneath the centre of the shell, right palm against its base, Fielding stepped to the breech, shoved in the shell and the block closed with a click behind it.

"Set!" barked Patterson, No. 1.

"Ready to fire!" Darcy shouted. "Cast off that speedboat, you —," he called, "or we'll blow you to — and gone out of the water. Can't miss you at this range. Used to knock 'em off at four kilos without even seein' 'em!"

The same cool voice floated back from the launch.

"You win, soldier. Hold back that hardware."

Sawed through by a knife, the towline snapped and the speedboat drifted back against the dock. The blackness of the harbour swallowed the launch.

"Unload," Darcy ordered, and Fielding caught the ejected shell.

* * * *

In the lieutenants' quarters, the 4th gun section told its story.

"I guess that ought to land you your trophy, boys," the officer declared. "But how did you happen to have some ammunition? Are those shells really live?"

"I'll say so," Hank Fielding grinned.

He took the shells from their wicker basket again. Carelessly, he unscrewed their fuse caps. A long tube lifted out of the case of the first proved to be a thermos bottle which, uncorked, gave forth an inviting aroma. The second shell was a holder for a shaker and a rack containing six glasses.

A little later it was evident that Prohibition was shell-shocked, and nobody stopped Calvin when he wanted to sing. Out rang his mellow Southern voice:

"Oh, Madame, have you any fine wine,

That's fit foh soldiers of th' line?"

And with the old-time comradeship his buddies chorused him:

"Hinky-dinky parlez-vous."

SAYS THE SEVENTH.

Who were the chief mourners at the funeral obsequies of the Sergeants' Mess Cat?

* * * *

Is there any truth in the rumour that "B" Coy. are about to form a Cycle Club, and who is the Coy. Sergeant, now that the evenings are lengthening, who is said to be pushing both a cycle and the project most enthusiastically?

* * * *

What does he think of "Rambles in Eirinn"?

* * * *

Why did the President assert that George's Selections should be charged with loitering?

* * * *

What is the connection between "Sweeps," "Shoemakers," "Policemen," and "Armourers"?

* * * *

What did H.Q. Coy. think of the hurling match on 1st inst.?

* * * *

Quartermaster at 2 p.m. parade:—

"Now, any of you men that have had Slacks and Boots, fall out on the right."

Entire Company fall out.

Q.M.: "Right. Proceed at once to your Billets, put them on, and parade here at 2.30 for Coal Fatigues."

* * * *

All old friends of the Battalion are reminded that the Sergeants' Annual Dance takes place on Saturday, the 25th inst. It is hoped that many of the old familiar faces will then again be seen.

NEW ORGANISATION SCHEME FOR A.A.A.

Scheme Passed by Standing Committee for Consideration by Convention—Rugby Football Admitted—Important Alterations Submitted for Approval.

A meeting of the Standing Committee was held at General Headquarters, Parkgate, on Tuesday, March the 31st, those present being:—Major-General F. Cronin, Revs. T. J. O'Callaghan and S. Pigott, Major McGrath and Comdt. Colgan.

Arising out of the minutes of the last meeting on the question of Army Band Concert, the Rev. S. Pigott and Comdt. Colgan were appointed to confer with Major-General Hogan on the matter.

The securing of the Athletic Grounds at Athlone for the Western Command Association was discussed. The action taken so far in pursuance of same was considered satisfactory.

SCHEME OF ORGANISATION.

The following Scheme of Organisation was passed and recommended for consideration by the Convention:—

SCHEME.

The name of the Association shall be:—"The Army Athletic Association."

1. SPORTS.

The Sports which the Association will cater for are:—Hurling, Gaelic Football, Handball, Running, Cycling, Weight-throwing, Jumping, Swimming, Rowing, Boxing, Rounders, Tug-of-War, Golf, Tennis, Gymnastics, Billiards, Chess, and Rugby Football.

2. MEMBERSHIP.

(a) Every member of the Army shall be considered a member of the Army Athletic Association.

(b) Permanently employed Civilians serving with the Ministry of Defence, and Instructors at the Curragh Training Camp, are entitled to membership of the A.A.A.

3. BASIS.

For athletic purposes the Army shall be divided into five Commands, viz.: Eastern, Southern, Western, Curragh and General Headquarters.

A Command shall be composed of all Brigades and attachments stationed therein.

In the case of the General Headquarters Command, the following Units are attached thereto for athletic purposes:—

Personal Staffs—

Chief of Staff,
Adjutant-General.
Quartermaster-General.

Headquarters Section—

Army Medical Services.
Military Police.
Transport.
Engineers (Barrack Services).
School of Music.
Air Force and Artillery.

4. STATUS.

- Each Battalion shall have the status of a Club.
- Each Brigade shall have the status of a County.
- Each Command shall have the status of a Province.

5. COMPETITIONS.

(a) Inter-Battalion, Brigade, and Command Championships shall be held each year.

(b) In the Eastern, Southern, Western and Curragh Commands, Brigade Championships shall be on Inter-Battalion lines. Winning Battalions to play off for Command Championships. For this purpose attachments at General Headquarters may be graded as an extra Battalion.

(c) Not more than two representatives from each Battalion shall be entitled to compete in All-Army Championships.

6. COMPOSITION OF TEAM.

(a) The Company or Unit to which the man belongs on the opening day of the Competition (and the date on which the draws for the Championships are made will be considered the opening day of the Competition) is the only Company or Unit for which the man can play, except he is transferred by the Executive Council.

(b) Where Battalions are transferred after taking part in a Command Championship, the Battalion is entitled, if undefeated, to take part in the Championship of the Command to which it is transferred; but if defeated prior to transfer it shall not be competent to take part in its new Command Championships.

(c) In the case of individual transfers from one Command to another, notification of the transfer should be made to the Secretary, Executive Council. Such persons shall not be legal to take part in further Competitions of Championship nature, except with the sanction of the Executive Council.

(d) Officers attached to the A.S.I., Curragh Training Camp, are eligible only to play with own Battalion, Brigade, or Command Team.

7. CONTROL AND ORGANISATION.

(1) Individual Sports of a kindred nature shall be controlled by Sub-Committees consisting of one representative from each branch of sport.

(2) For the purpose of the formation of these Sub-Committees, Sports shall be graded as follows:—

- Hurling, Gaelic Football, Handball, Rounders.
- Athletics, Cycling and Field Events.
- Boxing and Gymnastics.
- Swimming and Rowing.
- Golf and Tennis.
- Rugby Football.
- Billiards and Chess.

The Hon. Secretaries of these Sub-Committees shall become members of the Executive Council.

In addition to the Hon. Secretaries, the Executive Council shall be composed of:—Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General, Treasurer and Secretary.

The Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Adjutant-General, Treasurer and Secretary shall form a Standing Committee to deal with administrative work, as empowered by the Executive Council.

The duties of the Sub-Committees shall be:—

- The detailed organisation of the particular sport throughout the whole army.
- Arranging of Training, Programmes and Public Fixtures, and All-Army Championships.

Duties of Executive Council:—

- Control of Central Funds.
- Consideration of Training, Recommendations, Fixtures and Programmes.
- Hearing of appeals against Sub-Committees.
- Consideration of affiliation and carrying out of same to National Bodies, where considered necessary or advisable.

8. PLAYING RULES.

The playing rules of the parent body of each Sport shall govern the Competitions.

9. REFEREES' ASSOCIATION.

A Referee's Association shall be formed in each Command, and only such referees shall officiate in Championship matches.

10. SUSPENSIONS.

Suspensions passed on any of our members by any Association playing similar games under similar conditions shall be binding on the A.A.A., the latter body reserving the right to take such action against its members.

PRIVATE MURPHY A TARGET FOR CUPID'S ARROWS.



OTHER BUSINESS.

On the motion of Comdt. Colgan, seconded by Father Pigott, Messrs. McNally, Anglesea Street, were appointed as Auditors.

It was decided to dispose of the Jerseys purchased for the All-Army Football Team to the General Headquarters Command for £7.

A letter from the Hon. Sec., Western Command, in reference to a Cup presented to the winner of the Half-Mile Championship was read. It was decided that the Curragh should retain the Cup for this season.

The attestation of Tancy Lee was considered, and deferred to a further meeting.

No. 5 GROUP KEEPS BUSY.

A meeting of No. 5 Group was held on Friday, 3rd inst., at General Headquarters, when there were present Commandant P. Ennis, President; Sergeant P. Glennon, Secretary; Lieutenant S. McKeown, Corporal D. O'Neill, C.Q.M.S. Patrick Hodgins, C/Sgt. Coffey, Sergt. Pigott, Pte. O. Murphy, Sergt. McCracken, Corpl. Hayes, Sergt. Quirke, and Pte. Price.

Affiliation Fees.

The Secretary was instructed to communicate with Captain Lennon, requesting affiliation fee in respect of "C" Football Team. Same to be forwarded on to Treasurer, G.H.Q. Command Council not later than 10th inst.

Fixtures.

Proposed by Corporal O'Neill, and seconded by Corporal Hayes, that the 17th Battalion Hurling Team be invited to play a friendly match with G.H.Q. "A" Team in Phoenix Park, Dublin. The 17th Battalion to arrange time, date, etc. Passed unanimously.

At the request of the 1st Battalion, it was arranged that "B" Football Team turn out for a friendly with members of the 1st Battalion, the match to be played at 3 p.m. in the Fifteen Acres, Phoenix Park.

Handball Competition.

It was decided to put up suitable First and Second Prizes for the novices and senior players of G.H.Q. Handball Club. After lengthy discussion it was decided to make the prizes for first place in each of the competitions a Silver Wristlet Watch, the second prize in each case to be a silver medal with gold centre—all the prizes to be suitably inscribed.

For the Novice competition there are 10 entrants; and for Senior there are 6 entrants. In the case of the former the competition will be run on handicap principle, whilst in the latter case all competitors will start equal. The play for novices will be 45 aces up, and for the seniors the best three out of five games of 31 aces each. Soft ball will be used by the novices and hard ball by the senior players.

The competition will start on Wednesday, 8th inst., for novices. The senior competition will not start till novices' competition is over.

Jerseys.

The Committee instructed the Secretary to return the Jerseys (Amber and Blue) to Commandant Colgan, as the price asked was considered too high.

Boxing.

It was decided that Corporal Perry be instructed to organise the Boxing Team and to start a Boxing Sub-Committee, two representatives of same to attend the meetings of No. 5 Group and report progress, etc.

Sergeant Coffey proposed, and C.Q.M.S. Hodgins seconded, that Sergeant McCarthy (McKee Barracks) be elected Vice-Captain of the Boxing Team. Passed unanimously.

Tug-o'-War.

C.Q.M.S. Hodgins was instructed to prepare a list of "possibles" for the Tug-o'-War competitions and to be in a position to report on the possibilities of a strong team for the next meeting.

Weight-Throwing.

The Secretary was instructed to write Sergt. Harvey re his absence from the meetings and to enquire as to the present strength of the Weight-Throwing Team and the progress made by them.

Running.

It was unanimously decided to affiliate the Running Team with the N.A.C.A. The Secretary was instructed to make the necessary arrangements.

The absence of representatives from Island Bridge Barracks from the last two meetings was discussed. The Secretary was instructed to write and request an explanation.

It was decided to hold the next meeting at 6.30 p.m. on Friday next, 10th April, at G.H.Q. Corpl. Hayes proposed, and Sergt. Glennon seconded, that this be taken as necessary notification of the next meeting. Passed unanimously.

TRAINING NOTES (Continued).

THE HALF-MILE.

This is a race with the combination of speed and stamina. An athlete of almost any build can be a good half-miler providing he has this combination.

The essentials are:—

1. To start fast and know your pace for the first quarter.
2. To continue second quarter at the above pace.
3. To finish fast.

Correct Stance.

1. Run well up on the toes, with the body upright and the back slightly bowed to command balance.
2. Arms bent at elbow, carry them backward and forward, hip height.

3. The legs should be well lifted to get a natural stride (eyes directed on ground about 10 yards in from).

Variation of Pace.

This is of great assistance for any flat event. Train as follows:—Running slowly for a lap, increasing pace, for about 150 to 200 yards, dropping back to slow pace for another lap, finishing with a fast sprint of 50 to 75 yards.

Taking Bends.

Using the speed gained up the straight, carry the body round. Never put any extra physical effort into the running at these points.

How to Run a Half-Mile Race.

Start fast with the first 100 yards, settle down to pace, bearing in mind what you can do the first quarter in, continue at the same pace to where you elect to make your final burst for home.

Points to Remember.

1. Never pass an opponent on a bend.
2. Judge your runners, passing them in the straight.
3. You should be with the leaders when you decide to make your final sprint.
4. Take your opponent by surprise (as opponents taken unawares will need to make a strong effort to overtake you).

Training.

Do Sprinting Table as laid down.

FIRST WEEK.—Gentle running (about 4 miles) twice, finishing with 150 to 200 yards sprint.

SECOND WEEK.—As above, increasing sprint distance.

THIRD WEEK.—Two runs on track, practising methods above, stance, variation of pace, taking bends.

FOURTH WEEK.—Timing first quarter, increase daily by about 10 yards. Final trial with fast sprint.

ONE MILE.

Races of this nature require more than any others determination, stamina, and judgment.

DETERMINATION.—Is to carry out training on systematic lines.

STAMINA.—Which carries a runner through a race.

JUDGMENT.—To run a race on training lines, know how fast you can do a lap in.

How to Run a Mile.

The legs must take a natural stride as developed in training, the whole journey should be run on the ball of the foot with the body held erect to command balance. The runner must have a lighter action, and gains the amount of speed required with the least loss of energy. The arms should be carried slightly bent at the elbows.

the elbow and swing equally from back to front just sufficient to allow the legs to take their correct stride. The essentials are:—

A FAST START.—The ideal method is to start fast to obtain a good position, then settle down at once to your natural stride.

SECOND AND THIRD LAP.—The second lap is done at your natural stride. The third is a critical point in this race, it being the slowest lap, care should be taken that the pace is not too slow.

FINAL BURST.—The opponents in the race will govern the point where this is to commence, nearer to home the better, remembering it must be done unawares, and once started must not finish until the tape is passed.

Training.

FIRST WEEK.—Track tactics and Table for Sprinting to be practised. Road work, distance 6 miles at 4 miles per hour. Track work, distance 2 miles at steady pace to gain a natural stride, increase distance to prove staying powers.

SECOND WEEK.—Track work, distance one mile; do this in 6 minutes, and gradually work down to 5 minutes if possible.

THIRD WEEK.—Track work.—Study lap practice.

FOURTH WEEK.—Track work.—Trial run over distances. Practise weak points.

BILLIARDS.

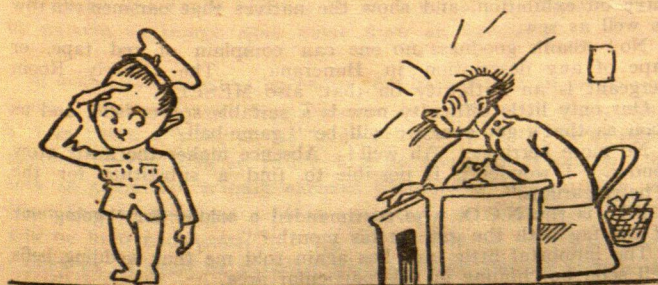
Return Match Between Sergeants of G.H.Q. and Collins Barracks, Dublin.

The long-promised return Billiard Match between G.H.Q. Sergeants and those of Collins Barracks took place on the night of Thursday, 27th ult., at McKee Barracks. It was through no fault of the G.H.Q. men that the match was so long deferred. They believe in the fifty-fifty principle in more ways than one, and it was lack of accommodation that prevented them from "returning the compliment" earlier. The occasion was availed of to mark the opening of the new billiard room, and right merrily did the G.H.Q. Sergeants set about their work. It was only fitting that the visitors should be well catered for, as none of the Headquarters men can forget the hospitality provided when they visited the Liffeside barracks. Now that proper facilities are available, there is little doubt that the Sergeants' Mess at McKee will be the scene of many similarly pleasant gatherings.

The best game of the night was that between Sergeant Coates, G.H.Q., and Sergeant McAlinden, Collins. The latter got well away at the start, and, with only 40 to go, looked a certain winner. Coates, however, is not a player to be discouraged easily and he settled down to wipe out the difference, which he did after three visits to the table. Both players were level at 100 and led alternately through a ding-dong finish, Coates getting home with a margin of 5. A return match between these two players should attract a good "gallery."

G.H.Q. had an easy win by five games to one, the complete results being as follow:—

Sgt. Murray, G.H.Q. (120); Coy. Sgt. O'Connor, Collins (99).
Coy. Sgt. Coffey, G.H.Q. (120); Sgt. Moyler, Collins (99).
Sgt. Llewellyn, G.H.Q. (120); Q.M.S. McDonald, Collins (93).
Sgt. Coates, G.H.Q. (120); Sgt. McAlinden, Collins (115).
Sgt. Higgins, Collins (120); Sgt. Myers, G.H.Q. (75).
Sgt. McCarthy, G.H.Q. (120); Sgt. Hoffer, Collins (69).



COLLINS BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

The Excursion organised in connection with Football and Hurling Matches between 21st Battalion and 24th Battalion at Dundalk on 2nd inst., was the means of 300 or more accompanying the 21st Teams to Dundalk, and the day was enjoyed by all and sundry. Some are asking when will another one come along. All got back merry and bright, and with a double victory over their Dundalk friends. The 21st seemed to be well known in Dundalk, and were well received throughout their stay, by both the civilian and the military population.

The best thanks of 21st Battalion Sports Committee are due to their Dundalk friends for their kind treatment before and after the Match, and they are looking forward to the visit of the 24th in return League Fixtures.

It was a Red Letter Day at Collins on Friday, 3rd inst., the occasion of the First Anniversary of the formation of the 21st Battalion. After the Review and March Past, a good day was enjoyed. The sports programme on the Esplanade was got through in good time, and was hugely enjoyed by the goodly crowd present. The Smoking Concert held at night was also greatly enjoyed, and the best thanks are due to the Civilians who very kindly gave their services free. The Boys are asking when Messrs. Cathal McGarvey, Sean O'Beirne, Woods, Lawless, O'Toole, etc., will be back. Special mention must be made concerning the two youngsters, O'Connor and Watts, for their excellent dancing and other items during the evening. Sergeant P. D., whom Cathal labelled "the Limavady Man," also shone, and Cathal wants some of his verses. Our "Jazz" friend, too, displayed his powers.

The Prizes for Winners of Events at Sports Meeting were handed to the successful entrants during the Concert, by the Commanding Officer, and cheers were given at the conclusion for the C.O. and all Officers of the Battalion.

Alfy had some smile on coming forward for his splendid Prize for success in the event "Tilting the Bucket."

The "Clowns" were much to the fore during the sports meeting, and again at the Concert.

A prominent figure in the 21st, not far away from the Boys of "A" Company, can go through a barrel as fast as he can go on his racer through a country town, but unfortunately showed traces of wear and tear at the conclusion of the Events he had taken part in.

Paddy McAlavey now carries a splendid watch as the result of his success in the Obstacle Race.

"Quinn," of football fame, has no tricks to learn about an obstacle race, "Charlie" must have felt his breath going while endeavouring to get clear from the tarpaulin.

"Nobby" and the "Glazier" are two prominent Men these times.

Cheers were given upon the return from Dundalk for different Officers, but who called for "Three Cheers for Issue on Repayment?"

The Battalion Cook, Sergeant, and the Corporal in Charge of the Recreation Room worked like Trojans in connection with the "Menu" on Anniversary Day.

Has "Busty" found White Dog yet?

Examining Officer to Budding N.C.O.—What is a Lake?
Budding N.C.O.—A hole in an ould can, sir.

John Donnelly acted as Legal Adviser on way back from Dundalk, all queries and disputes being referred to the "Carson Dream Man."

Sergeant Cregan of the 24th fame, a real "Hard," had to stand some chaff from his 21st friends when the 21st boys found their feet in recent Football and Hurling fixtures.

The Officers of "A" Company looked pleased when Joe Lawless and Co., succeeded with the Company Team in defeating "C" Company in the final of the Tug-of-War. Master Johnston received a prize for each member of the team from the Commanding Officer during the Smoking Concert.

ANSO IS ANSUD 'SA SEANCHAS

I.—NA SEANA CHEILTIGH.

Tá ceaptha againn roinnt aistí beaga ag cur síos ar Sheanchas agus ar sheana shaghal mhíleata na n-Gaedheal do scrí 'sa cholamhan só am go h-am feasta. Tuigtear dúinn gur mhian le Gaedheal—Óglaigh aistí den tsughas san, agus, ar shon nách aon dóithín an teasg é, táimid ghá chur romhainn ár ndícheal do dhéanamh chun a leitháidí do sholáthar dóibh. Tá súil againn ámh ná beidh aoinne d'ár léightheoirí ag tnúth le doimhin eolas ar cheisteanna cruadha uainn. An té a bheidh ag braith ar a leithéid uainn is eagal linn go mbeidh breall air. Ní dhéanfaimid ach crot Gaedhilge do chur ar ghnáth eolas agus leigint do'n léightheoir bheith ag cur leis an mbeagán úd. Ach, mar a dhubhamar thuas, déanfaimid ár ndícheall agus, mar a deir an sean fhocal, "is leór do dhuine dhona a dhícheal." Anois tar éis an méid sin do chur dinn mar sórt réamhrádh, cromaimís, in ainm Dé, ar an ngó atá tógtha idir láimh againn. 'Sa chéad dul síos, b'fhéidir nár bhféarr rud d'fhéadfaimís a dhéanamh ná tosnú i bhfíor-thúis an sgéil agus cur síos gairid do dhéanamh ar na Seana Cheiltigh, Uatha siúd do fuaramar a lán de na tréithe a dhineann sinn d'idirdhealú indiu ó chineacha eile an domhain, agus ba choir dhúinne, Óglaigh an lae indiu, eolas éigin do bheith againn ar na seana laocha úd ónar chéad-Shíolruigh an líne fada úd de gaisgidhgh cluimhala do dhein ainm míleata na nGaedheal do leatha in áirdibh an domhain.

Tá a fhios ag cách gur de Ghaedhil muintir na h-Éireann, agus deireann ár leabhra seanchas linn gur de Cheiltigh na Gaedhil.

Ach cérbh iad na Ceiltigh seo? Cathain do mhair siad? Cad é an sórt sibhialtais abhí aca? Cárbh as ar dtús iad? Ceisteanna den tsaghas san a chuirimid chun a chéile go minic, tráth deintear tagart do chultúr ceilteach na nGaedheal. Ach ceisteanna seadhiad gur ana dheacair iad do réiteach an taca só dár saoghal. Tá ré réim an tseana chine seo foluithé i sgamaill na seandachta. Óir, baineann sé le saoghal abhí críona caiththe fé'r thosnuigh saoghal ár seanchaisne, agus tá an chuid is glórmhaire dhe imthighthe ar shlí na seana chineacha eile do tháinig rómpa agus ná fuil fiú a n-ainmeacha fanta againn anois. Do réir mar mheathann sean shaoidheacht, meathann an stair agus an béal oideas a bhaineann leis; agus do réir mar fhasann agus mar leathann an saoidheacht nua a bhíonn ag iomaíde leis, sáitheann sé seo an seana cheann i leath taoibh, agus do réir mar glactar leis an nua sánfar an sean. Sin é díreach a udhalta ag saoidheacht na seana cheiltigh. Pé cúntas i dtaobh a saoghail agus a dtréithe atá againn b'iad seanchaidhthe na saoidheachta a bí ghá múchadh do scríobh iad.

Agus bímís cinnte nach moladh thar chóir a thabharfaidh seanchaidhe 'sa chás san do'n treabhachas a bhíonn ag adhascairt le na mhuintir féin. Ní gá dhúinn ach súil-fhéachaint do thabhairt ar chúrsaí seanchais ár ré féin chun an mhéid sin do thuigsint go soiléir.

'Na dhiaidh san is uile ní suarach le rádh na h-iarsmaí atá fágtha againn mar dheimhin ar an árd-réim, an árd chómhacht agus an árd shaoidheacht a bhí ag ana seana Cheiltigh. Agus admhuítear go raibh forlámhas agus smacht aca ar chuid mhaith de roinn na h-Eórpa, san Astáir, sa Bhábháir, san Eilbhéis, sa bhFrainc, i dtuaisceart na hIodála agus ins na h-oileáin seo.

Ní fuirist a rádh anois cáit as a dtáinig siad i dtosach, agus ní bhacfaimid anso leis na tuairmí a tugtar fé'n an gceist achránach úd. Is leor linne tosnú le na neachtraí 'san Eórop féin; agus is léir óna dubharadh thuas gur beag tír sa mhór

roinn sin ná fuil rian na gCeitteach le feiscint ar phréamhacha a staire. Do réir na seanchaidhthe cluimhala sár-leigheanta do chaith a saoghal ag gabháil do thaghada na ceiste seo bhí árd shaoidheacht ag na Ceiltigh agus biodar cómachtach san Eórop sul ar thóg Promuluch oiread is fód ar an "bpomarium" nó sar a raibh cuimhneamh ar shean Aithne na gréige.

Do réir na gcúntaisí atá againn, is ar na fearanaibh cois taobh an roinnt uachtaraigh de'n Danóibh san Astáir agus sa Bhábháir a bhíodar na Ceiltigh ag cur fútha nuair do chuir béal oideas na h-Eórpa aithne ortha ar dtús; idir 850 is 600 R.C. a dháta san. Treabh cródha calma neamh-eaglach do b'eadh iad agus niorbh' annamh iad ag cur sgeoin is imeagla i gceithibh na dtreabhachas a bhí shuas fé'n am úd. Do choimead béal oideas na Rómha seana chuimhne ar roinnt dá n-eachtraí agus léigimid fós i Stair na Seana Chatrach úd cionnas do scuabadar siar leo de dhruim na h-Alpa, agus cionnas thógadar seilbh le neart faobhair i dtriúchaibh tuaisceart na h-Iodála. In aimsir an Tarcuinigh Sinnsirigh sa bliain 600 R.C. do thuit na neithe seo amach do réir seanchais na Rómha féin.

(An chéad alt eile.

Cóghléasa míleata na gCeitteach
is na Rómhanach.)

NOTES FROM THE NINTH.

A meeting of the Battalion Sports Committee was held on March 25th, Commandant Davis presiding. Also present:—Captains Fyans, McKeown, and Walsh; Lieutenants Finnerty, Tierney, Cooney, O'Mara, and O'Neill. Coy. Sergeant Cullen, Sergeant Dolan, and Corporal O.Berlin. It was unanimously decided that Lieutenant Cooney and Corporal Berlin represent the Battalion at the Command Sports meeting. A very interesting discussion in connection with the ban on Foreign games took place, after which it was carried without opposition that the ban be continued.

* * * *

All are eagerly looking forward to the arrival of the consignment of new hurleys. Will somebody hurry up those people of the Marble City.

* * * *

The pioneer Corporal is performing miracles. That lake in the drill field is disappearing by degrees. He states that, given a reasonable number of men, he will shift the Swilly, and convert its bed into what we want badly, a suitable sports field.

* * * *

The "Doc" has been handling the Battalions "arms" during the past week. This was attended by certain class of bayonet fighting, viz.:—Jabbing, pointing, and gripping the "victim." Amongst the casualties under this heading were—Our old friend, the Ben Hur of the Battalion, and a Gentleman of Horses.

Yes, we all agree with Driver Tracey that the "strains of a melodeon sound beautifully o'er Lough Swilly, but why play funeral selections? Is it because the "Loud Speakers" are "dead" on slow motions.

Cobblers, tailors, soldiers and sailors (I refer to the group under the leadership of Tim "Haily"), should launch that canoe they have on exhibition, and show the natives that oarsmen can row as well as sew.

No! thank goodness no one can complain of red tape, or tape of any description in Buncrana. The Orderly Room Sergeant is an authority on that, also MESELF.

Our only little difficulty now is a suitable sports field, and as soon as that's got over we will be "game-ball."

No more herrings. Ah well! Absence makes the heart grow fonder. I wonder is it possible to find a substitute for the "herringarians."

Who is the N.C.O. who reprimanded a soldier for "going out of the fag with the gate in his mouth?"

The immortal little bird has again told me that "wrecking" will soon be chiming in this particular area.

Széaltá an tsairsint Rua.

pádraic ó conaire do sgríob.

XV.—Sgéal ó "spasac."

Cuireamar uile go léir aithe níos fearr ar "Spasac" sna laeibí dár gcionn. Go veimín ní raib sé i bpat sa tóin agaim gur gab sé seilb agus portaimas na háite ar pao. Maroir leis an Sairsint Rua, is beag camnt a bí air, agus is luí ná sin u'féat sé déanamh gan cur-isteadh as "Spasac" air. Bí a lathar aige i ngeac aon ghnó dá mbíod ar siubál ó moic na marone go luíge gneime. Aet sé an ruto a cur iongnat ar pao ar an gcomluadar an éaoi ar cuir an strómséara isteadh ar sgéalardeact an tsairsint Ruá agus gan é éar dá lá san áit.

Bí fíos agaim uile go raib sgéal le himnseacth as an Sairsint Rua an oróce seo, aet sul má bí sé u'uain aige an t-aon focal aham a sgaoilead as a béal, baim "Spasac" an gaoit as a curo seolta. As seo mar labair an strómséara.

* * *

Nuair a casat Doimnall Ó Murcáda as Oileán Ciarratód i néirinn. le Doimnall Ó Murcáda as lamaca sna hinoeada tair, le céile i otasac, ar bóro na luinge maite sin, "an asaram," (an caipitín mac dailín i gceannas), sa mbliadain 1795, ní sean ná meas a bí aca ar a céile. Agus ní iongantac ar bit é sin: de'n céato cur-síos, fear áro pionn-rua gorm-súileac de bunat gaebeal a bí sa gCiarratódac; agus maroir leis an Doimnall sin as na hinoeada tair, ní raib gual ceárodean ann ariam a bí níos tuibe ná a éraiceann. Tuigsear mar sin, nae u'aon bunat aham an dá Doimnall, bíod is go rabadar ar aon amm agus ar aon tsloinne—ba de éreibeadaibí allta na haiprice a bí i mbraigeoanac oibre as feilméiribí siúcra sna hinoeada tair an trát sin an Doimnall túb, agus tá fíos as an saogal go mba ghnás le n-a lán de na tréibeadaibí sin sloinnce gaebeal a glicat éuca péim toiss gan aon tsloinne beir orra péim ó tóttac.

B'é seo an céato turas as an gCiarratódac ar luing, agus fear túb ní fáca sé ariam romhe sin. I mbotán an éocaire casat an beir le céile i otasac. Gab uabás an Ciarratódac ar feiceál an pír túbí tó, de'n céato uair, le moe marone. Rinne sé comarac na Croise ar a élar-éatam. Nuair a éamie an camnt éuige, u'fiapruig sé de'n fear túb céato a cuir an dat gránna túb air a éraiceann. Ní deárna mo tuime aet orao piacal a bí níos gile agus níos deag-cumta ná aon orao dá raib i mbéal com ariam na noctad.

"Agus cé'n t-amm atá ort, a tuime?" ars an Ciarratódac.

"Doimnall Ó Murcáda," ars an fear túb.

"Cus tú do dearg-éiteac!" ars an Ciarratódac go tatad, "ár ndóig ní raib tuime ariam de muinntir murcháda an dat sin. De muinntir murcháda mé péim, agus táim com seall le aon fear dár rugar ariam!"

"Doimnall Ó Murcáda atá ormsa an aon cuma," ars an fear túb, "agus marac leis beir orm—"

Béat sé 'n-a étroi eacorra an toirt aet go otáimie curo de fuirinn na luinge agus rinne siat an tsioctám.

* * *

Is iomra uair go mb' i an troi péim ba bun leis an tsioctám, (arsa "Spasac" agus é as breacnú ar an Sairsint Rua), agus b' i an troi a rinne an dá Doimnall mór le céile, de'n céato uair dá bfuairéadar an fáil; b' i an troi an éloc-bum a bí leis an gCiarratódac u'eirig eacorra i noiaró a céile. Os as obair leis an gcóaire a bí an fear túb, is iomra sin curat-mír de biat éatneamíac u'eirig leis a solácar dá éarao, gan camnt ar ar féat sé págail u'fion agus de rum as seómra an

maoir tó; agus do súrdeat an fear seail i n-aonfeact leis sgaité, as éisteadh le sgéaltáibí paol oigrib na ngeabeal boet a fuatúigeadh ó éirinn, agus a cuireat as obair 'n-a mógaibí sna hinoeada tair ó aimsir éromail, leir. U'aobinn leis an bfeair túb na hagallíha seo bíod aige leis an bfeair seail mar an trát sin, agus anois péim, ní ghnáac aon éatneamí beir roir an dá éinne; aet u'eirig an beir seo com mór sin le céile is go otugatar "bráctaireada" ar a céile.

Níor éatnig an cáirdeas seo le fuirinn na luinge, olc maie na tona. Bíodar i n-aimheas ar an mbeir, agus pé ar bit céato a bíod ar siubál as an bfuirinn, b'é an Ciarratódac an tuime deire an saoteac a éloispead pocal paol.

* * *

Agus bí ruto ar siubál as an bfuirinn agus ruto mór preisin.

Bí coeat ar siubál an trát sin, roir Sasana agus ní mé cé'n tair eile, agus bí lué luacmar, roir ór agus lón coeat agus rum ó na hinoeada tair ar "an asaram." Daoine a preasálad is mó a bí ar an bfuirinn agus cuireat a bfuirínór a muineál i lué cnáibe aet deis éalaithe u'págail. Dá bfeatpatois a n-anam a éadair leó agus a beag nó a mór de'n lué luacmar a bí ar an soiteac, b'é neam ar talam tóib é. Bí an ponn ann—an raib an fear ann leis an bponn sin a cur i ngnóim?

Tosúigeadh ar ullmú i gcoir eirige—amac, aet nae raib aon eólas paol as ceactar de'n dá murcháda toiss go rabéas i n-aimheas ar an murcháda seail, agus go raib mí-meas ar an murcháda túb toiss a éinne agus a dat.

Tuigsear an murcháda seail oróce. Bí cúigear fear éart air. Cuireat ceangal na cúig caol ar an bfeair boet. Caipéir isteadh sa bpairege é ar an láair marac gur eirig an potram ós a gcionn ar úrlár na luinge. Greac a lué ionnsaróte leó, agus págat an fear ó Ciarratódac ceangailte ar énam a éroma sa tóréatós.

Céato a bí ar siubál? Cuala an priosúnae ceól na ngunmaí glaiace ós a éionn, agus clagairt éatneamí cruat, agus béiceac fear troia, cuip osnagail na bfeair a bí as págail báis sa gcomrac. Aet pát an comraie ní raib fias aige aet an oireat leis an bpáiste nár rugat.

Cuala sé coisméas eactrom éuige sa tóréatós. Bí a ré éart, síl sé. Cuir sé paroir le n-a anam. Aet i leabair a namtoe beir ann le n-a cur dá éreoir, cuala sé glór sgáimmar an pír túbí i n-aie leis. Tógat a éroide. Ní raib an bás i tuán tó go póil.

Sgaoileat é go mear.

"Lean mise agus ná déan aon toram," ars an fear túb, ní gábat dom a ráo go noéarna sé é.

* * *

Go deire na luinge a treóruigeadh an Ciarratódac. Bí an comrac paol lán-tseól pús i gceann na luinge céatona. Oróce tóreca a bí, oróce a bí com túb leis an bpac a bí ann, aet dá mbéat an dá érian ar an spéir ní feicpeat lué na troia an dá murcháda leis an bfuatad nimneac a bí púta.

"Breacnaig pút sa bpairege," ars an murcháda túb, "tá báo tárrtála ar snám agam agus i luéatighe le n-a bpuil as teastáil. Soir uaimn annsin atá cósta na Spáinne, agus má tá raé ar bit linn déanparó sinn an cósta sin amac go réir."

"Aet leanparó curo de'n fuirinn sinn," arsa an Ciarratódac.

"Ní leanparó siat mar níl báo tárrtála eile ann nár bameas clár as a tóim," ars an fear túb, "agus tá cúig málá óir sa mbát beag. Tá ár saróbreas saogalta déanta, a bráctair!"

"Agus céato tá agat sna cegeannaibí asat, a bráctair?" ars an murcháda seail.

"Á!" ars an murcádaí tuib, "Á! céard a bheadh ionnta áct tosa sacl óil."

"Bfuil beata agat sa mbá?"

"Tá beata míosa inni."

"Isteac leat mar sin. Ná déanamís don moill," ars an murcádaí seil, agus éadair an beirt aca istead sa mbá tarrtála a bí ar snám le taobh na luimse móire.

Ní túisge istig inni iad ná connaic siad an fear ar úrlár na luimse. Glao sé orra i n-árd a fíora é éadair leó áct sin a raib de mairt ó ann. Bhuig siad an bá beag amac ó taobh na luimse, le himteacht leó ar a dturas nuair a tug an fear a bí ar an luimse don léim amháin istead sa bpaillrge i n-aice leis an mbá beag. Táinig sé go bárr uisge san ácar. Rug sé ar bóro an báro agus freim an fíra bároite aige ar an áomuro. O'impiú sé orra é éadair ar bóro agus go gcuirtead sé leab ar an uile éadair, agus ó bí fíos ag an mbeirt aca, é beir n-a tosa bároira, agus a beag nó a mór o'éolas aige ar na cóstaib ba fíorra uóib, o'éisteadar le n-a áctúimse.

O'imtiú an triúr leó ar a dturas. . . .

Toisg san ró-cosamlaict beir ar "Spasac" óul ar ádair le n-a sgéal o'fparúis an sairsmt rua óe céard a tárla do'n a o'edair san oróce ó'n luim san mbá beag tarrtála.

"A leitéro seo," ar seisean, "an sgéal beir beagán fada agus tarrt agus ocras beir orm féin—áct an éadair oróce eile le congnam óe," agus o'imtiú leis.

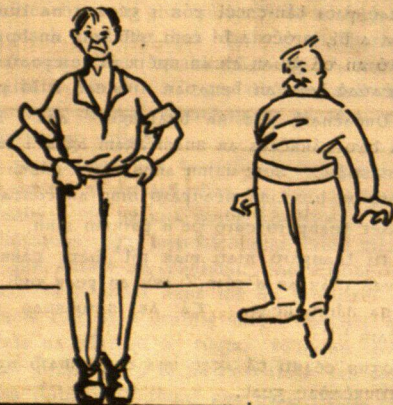
Sna gcéad uimhir eile:

XVI.—Ar an Muir.

LENTEN RETREAT AT PORTOBELLO BARRACKS.

The Lenten Retreat opened in the Garrison Church, Portobello Barracks, on Sunday, March 29th, and concluded on Palm Sunday, April 5th. The Exercises of the Retreat were conducted by the Rev. Ernest Mackey, S.J., and were attended by the Portobello Officers, N.C.O.'s and men and by the Army Corps of Engineers and Garrison from Griffith Barracks. The Retreat concluded with Church Parade Mass celebrated by Rev. R. J. Casey, C.F., Brigade Chaplain. The various Units stationed in Portobello and Griffith Barracks paraded under Command of Col. J. McGuinness, Officer Commanding No. 7 Brigade Area. The Army No. 2 Band and a Pipers Band supplied the music.

In his final address, Father Mackey congratulated the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men on their splendid attendance and urged all to be faithful to their Retreat resolutions. Benediction of the Blessing Sacrament was given by the Very Rev. D. Ryan, Head Chaplain. The sacred music was supplied by the Garrison Church Choir under direction of Mr. Comerford, Army Finance Department. During the Retreat, nearly 600 Officers, N.C.O.'s and men received Holy Communion, and 158 new members were received into the Sodality; bringing the membership up to 438.



NOTES FROM THE TWELFTH.

The Battalion has been strengthened by the arrival of 64 men from the Reception Depot, Curragh Camp.

* * *

Sport with a dash in it,
Clatter and clash in it,
Something with ash in it—
Surely a game!

Such was the description Philip O'Neill, of Kinsale, gave of hurling, and his words have an appeal for the 12th Battalion Hurling Team at present. There is no reason why we should not have a representative hurling team this season.

* * *

The advent of the sunny Spring days has given a fresh impetus to Tennis, and the Officers are largely patronising the court.

* * *

The "Union" Barracks, Tipperary Town—hitherto the only Outpost of the Battalion—has been evacuated, and the Garrison transferred to Battalion Headquarters.

* * *

"The Lord Mayor" was staged last week in the Garrison Gymnasium Hall, with great success. A variety concert followed, a great addition being the new "Jazz" band. Four characters in the Play referred to,—who deserve special mention, are—Captain O'Donoghue, who played the part of "Gaffney," Corporal McGowan, as "The Lady Mayoress," Private Reynolds, as "Scanlon," and Private Dawson, as "Mrs. Murphy."

* * *

The concert party also acquitted themselves creditably, amongst them, Privates Raleigh and Madeley, Corporal Hilliard, Master Aodh O'Leary, Privates Foley and Burke, Sergeant Houlihan and Q.M.S. O'Sullivan.

* * *

One of our buglers has recently proceeded to the Army School of Music for instruction.

* * *

We are still looking forward to G.R.O. 79.

* * *

All the members of the Battalion Boxing team are now at Battalion Headquarters. The most formidable of the lot is "Right-Swing" Corbett.

* * *

The credit system for Pay is already put into effect here.—H.Q. Company boast that their credits will be the greatest factor in financing the working of the "Shannon Scheme."

* * *

A party of N.C.O.'s and men of the Battalion—the best physically, and the smartest in general—has been selected for special training. We are confident that this party by its turn out, and soldier-like appearance, will further enhance the already high reputation of the Twelfth, whenever called upon.

* * *

Since our last Notes appeared in AN T-OGLACH, an old favourite, in the person of Sergeant Dan Murphy, has returned to his unit on discharge from Hospital.

* * *

We regret that the Twelfth is about to lose an old friend through the decision of Corporal Willie Hilliard to return to Civilian life. The Corporal joined the Mid-Limerick Brigade of the I.R.A. in 1917, in which Organisation he was an active and trusted member.

ROS-CAIRBRE.

"Má imtheóchaidh an Ghaedhealg beidh bun le h-Éirinn go deó, agus má bheidh, dar ndóigh, ní léan is lúgha linn ná maidhin shléibhe nó Tonn Chlíodhna éigin ag á sciosadh ar lár na fásach mar má's Sasana Éire, ba chuma linn tirm nó báidhte i."

(Risteárd de Hindeberg.)

21st BATTALION ANNIVERSARY.

Review, Sports and Concert—Victorious Descent upon Dundalk.

On Thursday, 21st Battalion Football and Hurling Teams travelled in Special compartments from Amiens Street Station to Dundalk, with a crowd of over 300, to meet 24th Battalion Football and Hurling Teams at Dundalk, on arrival they were met by a good crowd at Station, and on arriving at Dundalk Barracks, were well entertained by Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men, the same taking place after Match. The Athletic Grounds where match took place, has not had such a large crowd inside gates for a long period. Both matches were of great and exciting interest, and at the conclusion 21st were on top in both Football and Hurling. After tea, party made tracks for Dublin, and were seen off by a large crowd of Dundalk residents.

Friday, April 3rd, being the first year Anniversary of the formation of 21st Infantry Battalion, a Review, with March Past and Salute to Commanding Officer (Commandant Sean Cunningham) took place at Collins Barracks, and after Special Dinner had been served up to N.C.O.'s and Men of Battalion, all adjourned to Esplanade Grounds, where a Sports Programme had been arranged. The latter was witnessed by a large crowd of the civilian population, and both soldiers and civilians alike seemed to have enjoyed the few hours, some of the events, especially, "Tilting the Bucket," creating a lot of merriment. Selections by No. 2 Army Band was also greatly admired by the general public. Special Tea on Square at 6 p.m., which was followed by a Smoking Concert at 8 o'clock, brought to a close a day that will long be remembered by all Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men attached to 21st Infantry Battalion.

Inter-Company Tug-of-War matches took place at Sports Meeting also, and the Final was won by "A" Company.

The following very kindly presented Prizes for Winners of the various Events:—

Messrs. Crotty's, Ltd., Grafton Street, 11 Silver Medals (Gold Centre) for Tug-of-War Winning Team.

Commandant Cunningham; Captain Matthew Barry; Captain J. J. Fitzpatrick; Lieutenant M. H. Bell, Lieutenant J. F. Kennedy Sports Committee; A Well-wisher (per Captain Barry); Lieutenant, Michael O'Brien.

The results of the day's events in Dundalk and Dublin were as follows:—

Hurling—21st Battalion, 5 goals 3 points; 24th Battalion, 3 points.

Football—21st Battalion, 5 goals 3 points; 24th Battalion, 3 points.

Tug-of-War—Final: "A" Company beat "C" Company.

Egg and Spoon—Private J. Quinn, H.Q. Company. **Obstacle Race**—Private M'Alevey, H.Q. Company. **Sack Race**—Private Maher, "A" Company. **Boot Race**—Private Kelly, "C" Company.

Tilting Bucket—1. Private McEvoy; 2. Private McCarthy.

See also "Collins Barracks" Notes on page 13.

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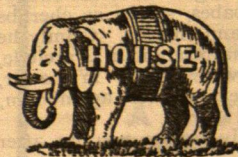
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"Victim" (Portobello).—Write to the Officer i.e. of Arrears of Pay Department, Portobello Barracks.

Dependants Allowance.

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

"Hopeful" (Cork).—Write to the Officer i.e. Dependants Allowance Branch, Portobello Barracks, Dublin.

Transfer.

"Private" (Athlone).—Apply for transfer in the usual manner through your O.C.

Proficiency Pay.

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

"Wanted" (Portobello).—You should refer the matter to your Commanding Officer, who will take the case up with the Officer i.e. 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.

"Hopeful" (Dublin).—Write to the Officer i.e. Arrears of Pay Department, Portobello Barracks, giving your army No., home address, and address from which claim was sent.

"J.C." (Collins).—Your case is being investigated.

Civilian Clothes.

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

Leave.

"P.M." (Newbridge).—Make application in the usual manner to your Commanding Officer.

SOLD AGAIN !

They slept well. They usually did, and, to quote the barrack vernacular, "knew how to"! They slept a trifle too soundly in the opinion of Sergeant-Major Incognita.

He pondered the matter for a considerable time. At last he brightened up.

(Oh! yes! Sargin' Major, he velly good man!)

Like some of our Headquarters' Chess Players he thought out a line of action.

On a bleak, cold and misty morning shortly after the official time for Reveille Sergeant-Major Incognita plus the O/S., plus notebook, plus pencil and plus frost-bitten fingers made his swoop.

Yes, they were all there, peaceful as babes, serene as cherubs and calm as codfish (dead). Fast asleep and snoring. Grimly he surveyed his victims. Then, with an ear-shattering roar as prelude, he informed the sluggards that the larks were alarkin' in the air, the bees were abuzzin' in the flowers, and the lambs were agambollin, in the meadows.

You know how Sergeant Majors usually waken you up after Reveille—well, he woke them up!

The Orderly Sergeant took down the usual "doings" in the notebook—name, number, and whether you wanted to be bobbed or shingled.

Howsomever, to make a long story short, nearly half a Battalion were "on the peg," and the Disciples of Morpheus were duly paraded and duly surveyed. After the usual preliminaries that most of us know—to our cost—somebody had a brain wave and the question was put: "But who heard Reveille?" "Who blew Reveille?"

Well, nobody heard Reveille, simply because nobody blew Reveille—NO SHAVE—NO RAZOR!! Collapse of charge!! Collapse of Sergeant-Major!!! Collapse of Bugler who slept it out, and collapse of 10/- from the Bugler's pay.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

TIT LARK.

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SHRAPNEL.

General Pershing, C-in-C. of the American Expeditionary Force, tells a Civil War story about a battalion of rough backwoodsmen that once joined General Grant. The latter admired their fine physique, but distrusted the capacity of their uncouth commander to handle troops promptly and efficiently in the field. So he said:

"Major, I want to see your men at work. Call them to attention, and order them to march with shouldered arms in close column to the left flank."

Without a moment's hesitation the Major yelled to his fellow-ruffians:

"Boys, look wild thar! Make ready to thicken and go left endways! Tote yer guns! Git!"

The manoeuvre proved a brilliant success, and the self-elected major was forthwith officially commissioned.

* * *

Once upon a time a soldier went duck shooting on the Recreational Half-holiday.

"How many ducks did you bag?" he was asked when he got back to camp.

"None," he admitted sorrowfully. I never saw ducks in such a hurry before!"

He has since been demobilised.

* * *

Supply Sergeant (handing out boots): "Sorry, we have no size 12 hobs, but here are some large 10's."

Aggrieved Recruit: "Say, who do you think I am—Cinderella?"

* * *

"What makes you think Mah Jongg would never do in the American Army?"

"Every time anybody yelled 'Chow' the players would all get up and run."—*American Legion Weekly*.

OLD TIMERS.

Marcus Aurileus is credited with the aphorism: "Life is humour." I am inclined to believe him.

It is astounding how much humour can be extracted from everyday life—particularly Barrack life. The humour habit is worth developing. If you have not a sense of humour, live in Barracks and develop one!

Here is a story of an old-time Instructor: "On the command, halt, take the foot wot's on the ground and place it smartly beside the one wot's in the air."

The other morning, just after Reveille, I was in the Cookhouse for a cup of "cha" when the Orderly Officer came in. He being in that "all's well with the world" humour thought to "pull a quick one" on Cookie. Pointing to a copper of water which was beginning to boil he enquired: "Why does the water boil round the edges of the copper and not in the centre?"

"The water round the edges, sir," answered the Cook, "is for the men on guard. They always get their breakfast half-an-hour earlier than the remainder of the company!"

A story handed down and adopted in most armies concerns the B.S.M. who gave the following order:—

"Fall in those five men till I count ye. One, two, three, four, five. That's right. Half of ye go to the Cookhouse and half of ye report to the Pioneer Sarge!"

"But, Sarge," quoth Number 3 of the squad, "Where do I go?"

"Silence," barked the Sargeant. "Shut yer mouth when yer speaking to an N.C.O.!"

Marcus Aurileus may have uttered the following chunks of profound wisdom:—

A quid in your hand is worth two in your pay book.

A silent Sergeant-Major is always worth listening to.

The evil that men do—See Army Form 117.

"ME LARKIE."

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THIRD BRIGADE SPEAKING.

Having acquired a certain literary style from sending and receiving "Whereas's," I propose to make known to the Army in general, and the readers of AN T-OGLACH in particular, the doings of the Third Infantry Brigade.

That the said Third Brigade possesses an amazingly energetic Indoor Amusements Committee was further emphasised on a recent Sunday, when the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men, as well as their relatives and friends, were entertained to a really high-class concert.

Too much space would be required to do anything like adequate justice to the various artists, consequently it is to be hoped that they will accept the applause which was our poor attempt at expressing our appreciation in bulk, so to speak. His fellow artists will not grudge the Rev. Fr. McCarthy our special praise for his masterful rendering of the "Irish Fantasia" (Colonel Brase).

Such a beautiful arranged programme of song, dance, and variety was something well worth looking forward to, and the entire garrison at Collins Barracks Cork, is anticipating next Sunday evening, when Fr. O'Neill, C.F. (President), and his Committee, Commandants F. O'Connor and P. J. Paul, Captain McGrath, and Lieutenant Lynch, will have the stage as artistically set for another high-class entertainment—More power.

Our Chaplain does not confine his energies to Indoor Amusements. His efforts on the playing fields have been equally successful, and a number of Championship trophies are bound to find a home beside the Lee during the coming season. How now 21st Infantry Battalion?

In the next issue we hope to have detailed notes from the Brigade. In the meantime certain members of the garrison would like to know:—

1. The nature of the surprise being prepared by a certain Adjutant and Quartermaster.
2. Why the Lieutenant takes such long walks at night?
3. The approximate amount spent on bicycle hireage during the month.
4. Why so many people invested in Bank Stock recently.
5. The real truth about the visit to Youghal.
6. The prize-winning possibilities of our dogs.

M.

LANTERN LECTURE AT PORTOBELLO BARRACKS.

On Friday evening, March 20th, a Lantern Lecture entitled "The Passion Play of Oberammergau," illustrated with exceptional slides, was delivered in the Gymnasium, Portobello Barracks, Dublin, by the Rev. Richard J. Casey, C.F., Brigade Chaplain, under the auspices of the Brigade Area Institute. The spacious auditorium was comfortably filled and those present included Colonel and Mrs. McGuinness, Major-General Sean McMahon, and the officers and troops attached to Portobello and Griffith Barracks. Sergt.-Major Lawlor, Hon. Secretary, Brigade Area Institute, supervised the arrangements.

The Rev. Lecturer showed many pictures en route to Oberammergau, especially some views of towns along the Rhine, including Cologne, Bonn, Wiesbaden, and Biberich. The pictures of the Passion Play were very striking. Father Casey explained each slide in detail; and the large audience showed great interest throughout.

At an interval Miss Joan Burke sang "There is a Green Hill Far Away" and Ruth's song (Gounod). Miss Teresa Owens contributed the "Ave Maria" and "The Blind Ploughman." "Nazareth" was sung by Mr. O'Carroll-Reynolds. The Army No. 2 Band, under the baton of Lieut. Arthur Duff played many selections, including Sullivan's "Lorst Chord" (Cornet Solo); an excerpt from "Lohengrin," and Handel's "Hallelujah" Chorus.

"The Soldiers' Song" brought a very enjoyable evening to a conclusion.



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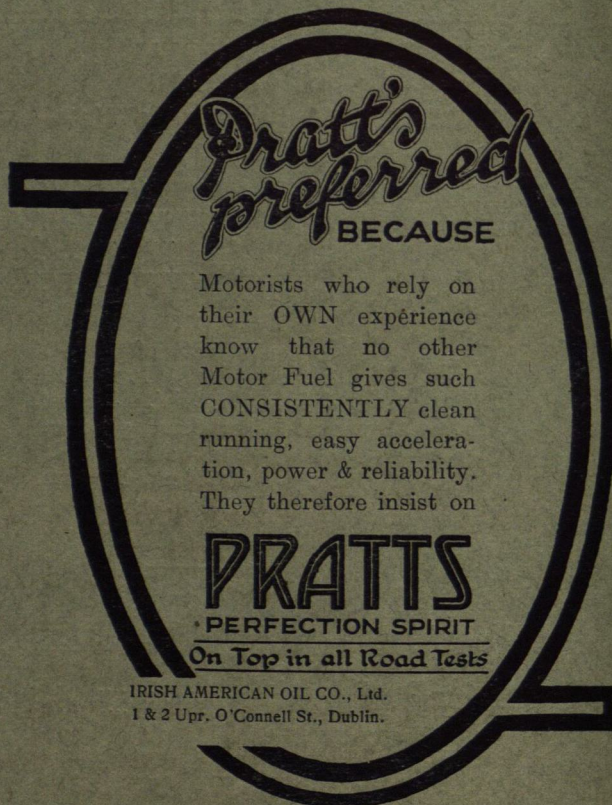
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