



AN T-ÓGLÁC

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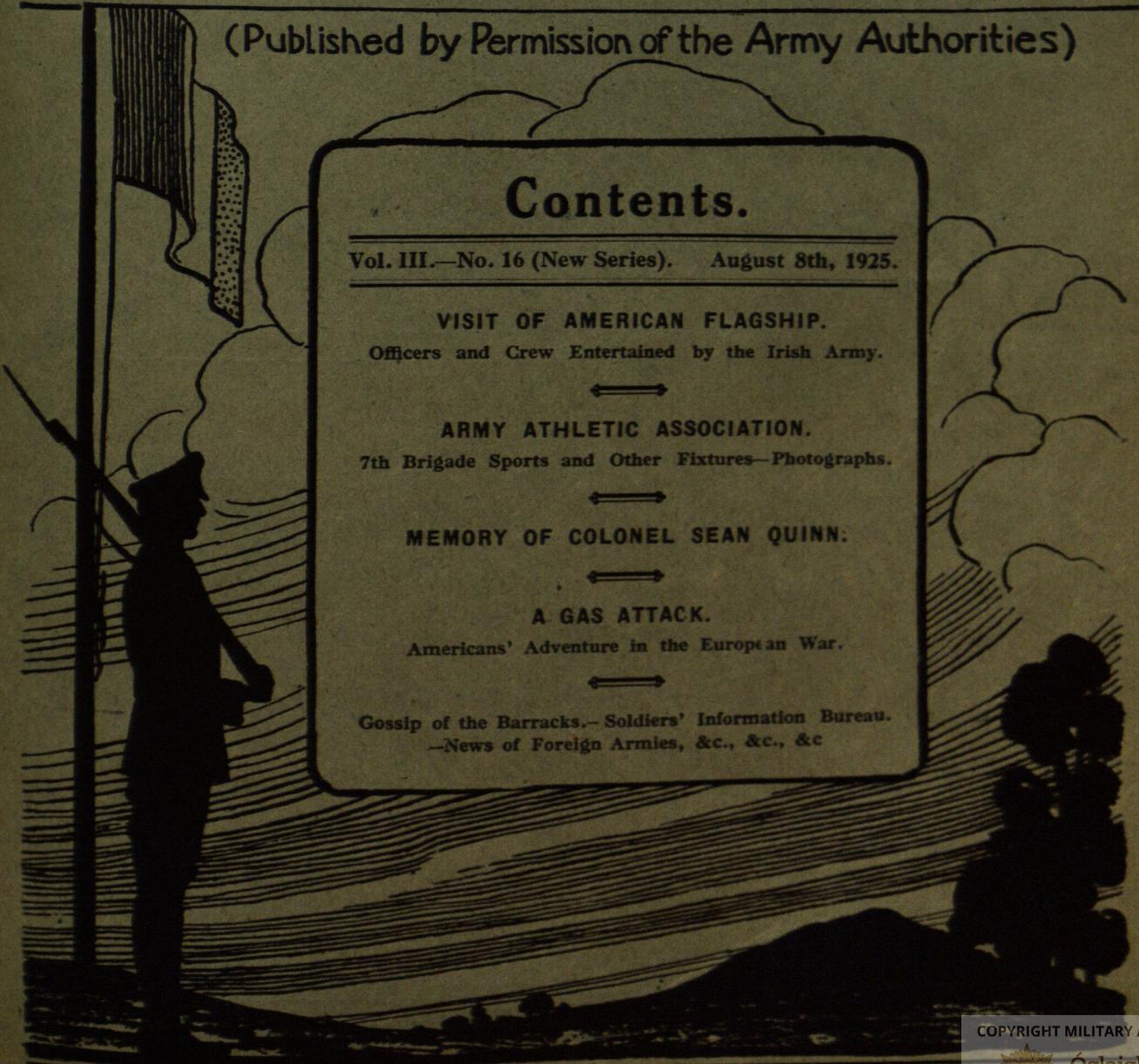


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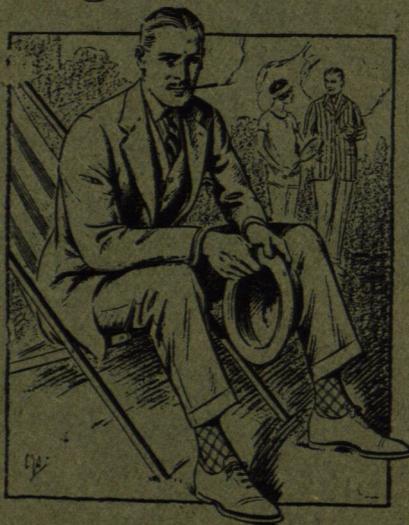
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Αη τ-Όζιάρ

Vol. III. No. 16 (New Series).

AUGUST 8, 1925.

Price TWOPENCE.



SERGEANT :—"Hurry up, there! You ought to be back in civilian life where you'd have to WORK for a living."

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An t-Oglach

AUGUST 8, 1925.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

STEADILY, untiringly, the Army marches towards greater efficiency. The value of the Inter-Company contests, taking place in the Fifteen Acres as we write, cannot be over-rated. Such contests provide the necessary healthful stimulus that gives the soldier a pride in his soldiering and keeps his interest alive in his work. Rivalry in athletics has its indubitable value, and athletics are a vital necessity of every army, but it is the rivalry in soldiering that makes for military efficiency. All the year round we have inter-company competitions in the domain of sport, but it is only once in the twelvemonth that the pick of the Brigades compete purely and simply as soldiers against each other. Doubtless there are good and sufficient reasons for this, but we confess that we would like to see competitions of the Fifteen Acres sort more frequently engaging the attention of all ranks.

* * * *

THESE and other activities of the army should be brought more forcibly to the notice of the general public. For any business or service to flourish in this publicity age it must not only be useful to society, but prove its usefulness. A large proportion of our fellow-countrymen have the army brought to their notice only by a question in the Dáil, by details of some ceremonial in the newspapers, or by a report in the sporting pages of the latter. Of its manifold other activities, of its real work and mission, they know little or nothing. They do not realise fully the army's record of service and constructive achievements, nor the splendid training in citizenship that a soldier receives. This is largely our own fault.

* * * *

THE fact that Uncle Sam's army is in like case may not be much comfort to us, but the fact that in America the military are beginning to realise the position and take steps to remedy it, is a matter of vital interest to us. "If we continue to hide our light under a bushel," says Major A. G. Rudd, in the course of a strong plea for organised publicity with planned intensive effort, "the army can never expect to be understood or appreciated for its true worth to the American people." Stressing further the need for well-organised, intelligent, educational publicity, he says, "There need be no propaganda in it. It will be a perfectly legitimate statement of facts concerning the army's work and mission proved by history and statistics and intended to disabuse the minds of those holding false beliefs of our service." His words fit our own case admirably and we commend them to all concerned. But if we are ever to do anything really valuable for the army by means of publicity, a number of our comrades throughout the country will have to considerably alter their viewpoint in this matter—or be made to alter it.

A SOLDIER OF IRELAND.

Old Comrades Honour Anniversary of the Death of Col. Sean Quinn.

Reminiscent in many ways of the pre-Treaty days was the anniversary commemoration of Colonel Sean Quinn's death organised by the Association of the Old Dublin Brigade and participated in last Sunday by serving officers and ex-officers of the Irish Army.

After Memorial Mass in St. Andrew's Church, Westland Row, celebrated at 10.30 by Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, the comrades of the dead soldier marched to Prospect Cemetery, Glasnevin, accompanied by a brass band which played Chopin's "Marche Funebre" on the way. All the mourners were in civilian attire but their general bearing and the manner of their marching revealed the military training which they had undergone.

At the Army plot in the cemetery a beautiful wreath was placed on the grave by Sean O'Keefe, who held the rank of Captain, and a panegyric was delivered by Piarais Beaslai, who edited "An t-Oglach" during the darkest days of conflict and retired from the Army last year with the rank of Major-General. Two buglers then sounded the "Last Post" and after a minute's silence the parade was dismissed.

There was a fairly large attendance in addition to over 350 members of the Association, and the ceremonial was fortunate in that the rain held off until its conclusion.

Mr. Piarais Beaslai said: We have met to-day to do honour to the memory of a comrade who served with us and did loyal service in the cause of Ireland. It is a good thing for us, who were once banded together in a high and holy work to keep fresh and green the proud memories associated with that work. It is our duty to keep intact that spirit of comradeship which we found so precious in the days of stress and struggle. We have been sworn brothers in the sacred cause of Ireland's freedom; we are brothers still; and in our brotherhood we include the dead as well as the living, there is no time when we, who served in the Army of Ireland in times of stress and danger, feel more strongly the bands of brotherhood that unite us, than when we re-assembled for the purpose of paying tribute to the memory of a comrade who, while he lived, was a splendid example of all that a soldier of Ireland should be. Brave, generous, unselfish, Sean Quinn devoted his life to Ireland from the day of the first call to arms, when the spectacle first dawned on the horizon of a force of Irish Volunteers enrolled to defend the lives and liberties of the people of Ireland through those five years of dauntless struggle against the might of England which began in Easter Week 1916, through a period of sadder and darker contest when, loyal to his principles, he had to face the hostility of some of his former comrades; and in all this time he bore himself in a way that was worthy of the cause for which he stood; he bore himself so that we are proud to be able to say we were his comrades and as such to honour his memory. He was not spared to continue his career of service to his country; but he lived long enough to do more than a man's share in bringing nearer to us the unfettered, united Ireland of our dreams; and he lived long enough to give us an example of loyal and unselfish service in the cause of Ireland which we can all benefit by. In honouring his memory we pledge ourselves to try to be as faithful, hard-working and unselfish in the cause of Ireland as was Sean Quinn. If I am right in interpreting your feelings—and I think I am right—this is more than a personal tribute to a dead friend. In honouring a man who was an example and an inspiring force in our work we are honouring the principles by which he lived and died. We are renewing our memories of a time when men were tested as in a crucible and of one whose memories and proud memories, we feel that we who were once bound together in a holy brotherhood fighting for Ireland's freedom must always remain together, loyal to each other and to our dead comrades, faithful to the vision which inspired their best efforts and ours, the vision which inspired the life of Sean Quinn. We commemorate the loss of a brave comrade with sorrow, but with a sorrow tempered with pride in his unblemished record. Let us courage as unflinching and our characters as untarnished in our service to our country; so that when we are called away, those of our comrades who are left can say of us with the same sorrow and the same pride, as we say to-day of Sean Quinn: "He was a soldier of Ireland, he was one of our comrades; it was such men as he that served with us in the Army of Ireland."



ARMY AQUATIC GALA.

Native Swimmers' Fine Display Before Pittsburgh Visitors.

What was undoubtedly the largest crowd ever seen at Blackrock Baths gathered there on Friday, July 31st, for the Irish-American gala held under the joint auspices of the Leinster Branch, I.A.S.A., and the Army Athletic Association. The baths were gaily decorated for the occasion, the Irish and American flags being conspicuously displayed.

Special seating accommodation was provided, and the attendance of the Army Band lent considerably to the proceedings. The promoters of the gala, and especially Comdt. Ml. O'Connor, deserve the highest praise for the excellence of the arrangements, particularly as the time at their disposal was very limited.

The entries for the various events were above expectations, and the programme was both varied and attractive.

The men from the Pittsburgh put up a really good show in the squad, considering that the side opposed to them was one of the hottest in Leinster, and to be only beaten by five yards was no mean performance.

LADIES PLAY POLO.

The scratch "50," confined to the American crew, was a splendid race. The second man, Briscoe, was unlucky to leave his mark slowly. The visitors were keenly interested in the two polo matches—one a ladies' International Trial, and the other Ireland v. The Rest—which brought the proceedings to a close.

The prizes were distributed by Mrs. M'Neill, wife of the Adjutant-General.

100 Yards (Open)—Heat 1—H. Healy (Clontarf S.C.) (22), 1; C. Higginbotham (S.S.C.) (17), 2; W. Fitzhugh (S.S.C.) (22), 3. 15 competed. Time, 80 secs. Heat 2—A. B. Brooks (E.U.) (7), 1; T. Wallace (Cambridge) (14), 2; J. K. McLean (Pembroke) (7), 3. 15 competed. Time, 68 secs. Final—Fitzhugh, 1; Higginbotham, 2; Healy, 3. Won a fine race by a touch. Time, 83 secs.

Ladies' 100 Yards (Open)—Heat 1—Miss K. O'Connell (P.S.C.) (16), 1; Miss D. Mooney (do.) (9), 2; Miss Armstrong (do.) (scr.), 3. 11 competed. Time, 110 secs. Heat 2—Miss K. Dowling (P.S.C.) (12), 1; Miss A. O'Connell (Pembroke S.C.) (30), 2; Miss B. Hanna (P.S.C.) (3), 3. 12 competed. Time, 116 secs. Heat 3—Miss Murphy (Bray) (23), 1; Miss Sloan (Bray S.C.) (25), 2; Miss Mooney (P.S.C.) (6), 3. 11 competed. Time 101 secs. Final—Miss K. O'Connell, 1; Miss A. O'Connell, 2; Miss D. Mooney, 3. Won by a touch. Time, 91 secs.

SQUADRON RACE—U.S.S. PITTSBURGH v. LEINSTER.

Leinster—(H. M. Dockrell, Dr. Beckett, S. Barrett, M. Brophy), 1; U.S.S. Pittsburgh—(Electricians Cowell and Briscoe, Firemen Gerroby and Dunne), 0.

The Americans touched first at the end of the first lap, and Briscoe, the fastest swimmer on the side, had a good start. Beckett, however, travelled well and he let Barrett away with a good lead in the third lap. From this on Leinster were never seriously threatened, and Brophy finished the last lap five yards ahead in the good time of 2 mins. 56 secs.

50 Yards Scratch (confined to crew of U.S.S. Pittsburgh)—Dunne 1; Briscoe, 2; Growley, 3. Ten competed. Won by a touch. Time, 36 secs.

Ladies' Diving (Pembroke Championship)—Miss Strahan, 1; Miss Davis, 2; Miss B. Hanna, 3. Five competed.

WATER POLO.

Ireland, 3; The Rest, 1.

Ireland had the best of matters in the opening period, and Cecil Fagan scoring twice in quick succession allowed them to change with a two goals lead. Purcell put them further ahead early in the second half, and just before the end Ellerker reduced the lead.

LADIES' TRIAL.

Blues, 2; Reds, 1.

This was a keenly contested game, and it was not until near the end that Miss Hanna scored the winning goal.

Dublin S.C. (Ladies)—Result of 50 yards Club championship series, held in Blackrock Baths on Thursday:—Miss M. Dockrell, 1; Miss R. Temple, 2; Miss P. Healy, 3. Time, 37 1/5 secs.

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ANNUAL INTER-COMPANY COMPETITIONS.

The annual inter-company competitions for the Premier Company Cup of the Irish Army (presented by Major-General Sean MacMahon) began on Tuesday in the Fifteen Acres, Phoenix Park, and concluded on Thursday.

The men participating, who were drawn from the nine brigades of the Army, arrived in Dublin on Saturday last and were camped in the grounds of the Hibernian Schools.

"Specially picked to uphold the honour of their respective units, they represent the best type of infantry soldier," says the "Irish Independent."

The general public were at liberty to view the contests in the Fifteen Acres each day, and could not fail to come away profoundly impressed by the remarkable strides which the Army has made towards the highest possible standard of efficiency.

THE COSSACKS IN DUBLIN.

Our Army readers can be confidently recommended to patronise the Cossacks' entertainment at Lansdowne Road this week. It is unique in many respects and differs vastly from any previous equestrian entertainments given in this city. In addition to the marvellous riding of the Cossacks, however, there is a very varied programme of singing and dancing. The Cossack Choir is alone well worth a visit to the show: it is of remarkably artistic quality and its repertory is finely chosen from representative Russian music. The whole programme is a vivid, colourful pageant by night or day and should not be missed.

VISIT OF THE U.S. FLAGSHIP, PITTSBURGH.

Officers and Crew entertained by the Irish Army—Interchange of courtesies—Function on Flagship—Naval visitors' Tributes to Irish Soldiers.

The visit to Dun Laoghaire of the "Pittsburgh," the flagship of Vice-Admiral Philip Andrews, Officer Commanding the United States Naval Forces in European waters, is an epoch-marking event.

The first official visit paid to Saorstát Eireann by a naval vessel belonging to a foreign Power was that of the "Quentin Roosevelt" some months ago, but the present event, for many reasons, is of vastly greater importance. The representative of the great French Republic was but a patrol boat, whilst the present visitor is nothing less than the European flagship of the other great Republic across the Atlantic.

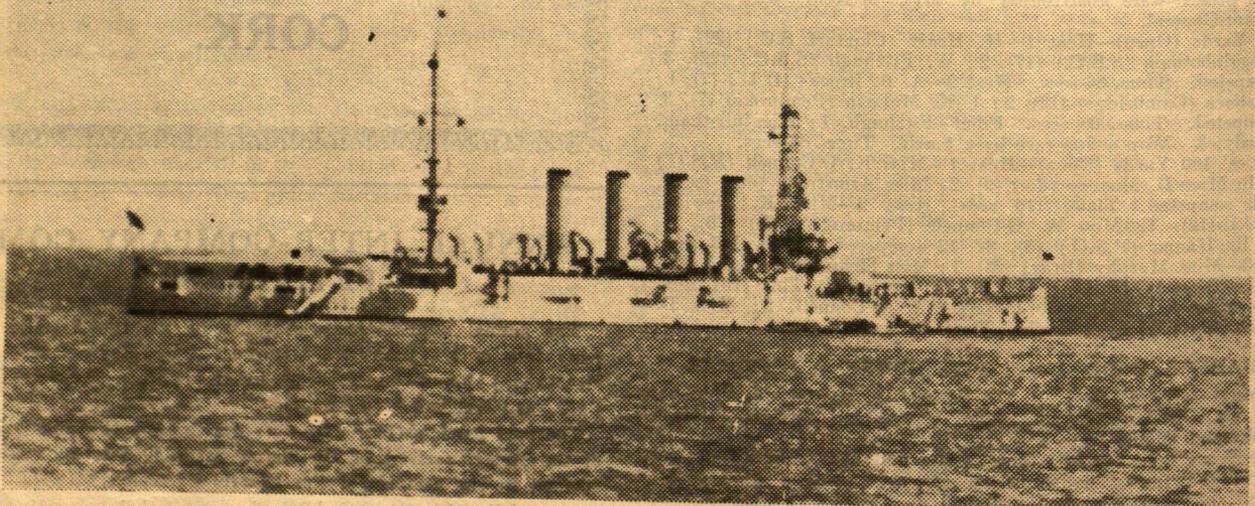
There is also the fact that Ireland has always felt a kinship with the United States—"the greater Ireland beyond the seas"—and the fact that very many of the crew of the "Pittsburgh" were either Irish-born or of Irish descent.

tended at the American Consulate. There were with the Vice-Admiral the Consul-General, Dr. C. M. Hathaway, and the Vice-Consul, Mr. Seddicum.

At Cuil-na-Creine, Carrickmines, later in the afternoon, Dr. and Mrs. Hathaway gave a garden party in honour of the Vice-Admiral and the officers of the "Pittsburgh."

The guests included the heads of the Government and Army. On Tuesday, July 28th, a dinner was given by Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, Minister for External Affairs, to Vice-Admiral Andrews and officers at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, Phoenix Park.

Vice-Admiral Andrews said in the course of the evening that from the moment they landed they realised that they were among friends, and he had no doubt that, as the fortnight passed, every day would add to that feeling. The preparations that had been made for their entertainment were certainly most complete, and



The U.S.S. "Pittsburgh" at Dun Laoghaire.

Independent Photo.

The vessel arrived at Dun Laoghaire on Sunday, July 26th. A Special Guard consisting of 1 Officer, 2 Sergeants, and 20 other ranks, with two buglers, was mounted at the shed on the Victoria Wharf, Dun Laoghaire, from Reveille on the 26th until the date of the Flagship's departure. The Tricolour was hoisted at the East Pier Battery at Reveille and the Stars and Stripes a little later on the morning of the vessel's arrival, compliments being paid to both flags in the usual manner.

On Monday forenoon Vice-Admiral Philip Andrews, Officer Commanding the United States Naval Forces in European waters, called upon the Governor-General at the Lodge, Phoenix Park. A guard of honour stationed at the gates saluted as the Vice-Admiral passed in, accompanied by Captain Frank T. Evans, Commander Spruance, and Flag-Lieutenant O'Driscoll.

The party remained with the Governor-General for about three-quarters of an hour, and then called on the President. The third, and last, call of the morning was to Lieut.-General Peadar MacMahon, Chief of Staff, at General Headquarters, Parkgate.

The calls were duly returned in the afternoon, when the President, the Governor-General, and Lieut.-General MacMahon at-

he hoped on a future occasion to express more fully their appreciation.

During Tuesday the enlisted men from the "Pittsburgh" were the guests of the Army on a charabanc tour of Dublin and district.

On Wednesday night the Governor-General entertained the Vice-Admiral and officers to a dance at the Governor-General's Lodge, Phoenix Park.

The army entertained a second detachment of 200 chief petty officers and men to a tour of the city on Wednesday afternoon. At 2.30 p.m. 9 large charabancs were drawn up on Dun Laoghaire Pier under the charge of Capt. N. Ryan and a squad of N.C.O.'s of the G.H.Q. Staff. The route lay through Blackrock and the principal streets of the city to the Phoenix Park. Stops were made at Government Buildings, the Museum, Custom House, old G.P.O., and Four Courts, and a short history of the places recounted for the benefit of the visitors.

An extensive tour of the Phoenix Park was made, including a visit to the Zoological Gardens. After the tour of the city the chief petty officers of each detachment were entertained to a dinner at Jammet's Restaurant, and afterwards to seats in the Gaiety

Theatre, where the comedy, "The Rising Generation," was thoroughly enjoyed.

On Thursday a distinguished gathering, which included his Excellency the Governor-General, attended a Polo match at the A.I.P.C. Ground in the Phoenix Park. A number of officers, including Vice-Admiral Andrews from the "Pittsburgh," were the guests of the club during the afternoon.

The first match between Major-General Hogan's team and A.I.P.C. was keenly contested, and resulted in a win for the General's team by 4 goals to 3. Subsequently Wrens defeated Woodpeckers by 9 goals to 1.

The Army officers present included.—Lt.-Gen. MacMahon, Chief of Staff; Major-General MacNeill, Adjt.-General; Major-Gen. Hogan; Colonel Costello, and Colonel Henry. Col. Guilfoyle was in attendance on the Governor-General.

After the match the Vice-Admiral and officers were entertained to dinner by Major-General D. Hogan, General Officer Commanding the Eastern Command, and his officers at Collins Barracks.

In proposing at the dinner the toast of "Our Guests," Major-General Hogan expressed the pleasure they all felt at meeting the naval officers of the country with which Ireland had so close a bond. He looked forward with pleasure to further visits from these officers, or others of their navy, and hoped that they would bear the message to their countrymen that the Irish were not as bad as they were painted.

In responding for the guests, Capt. F. T. Evans said Ireland had been represented and misrepresented throughout the civilised and uncivilised world for fourteen hundred years, so that it had become necessary to see the country before forming an opinion. From the remarks he had heard from his comrades he found that they agreed with him that they had been received in the Irish Free State with a friendship, generosity and camaraderie which was unexcelled by that accorded to them in any other country they had visited. Personally, he had found his visit to Ireland a most interesting one. He had been struck by the beauty of the country and the ladies, and the extraordinary number of happy faces he had seen around him. He had not seen one unhappy face. Further, after 30 years travelling around the world he could say that

he had never seen a more soldierly-looking body of men than the Guard of Honour of the National Army he had seen the day he arrived in Dun Laoghaire.

The No. 1 Army Band, under the baton of Lieut. Duff, discoursed Irish and American airs during dinner.

Amongst the other guests at the dinner were:—Messrs. E. Blythe, Minister for Finance; Mr. D. Fitzgerald, Minister for External Affairs; Mr. E. Duggan, T.D.; Prof. Hayes, Ceann Comhairle, Dail Eireann; Lieut.-Gen. P. MacMahon, Chief of Staff; Major-Gen. F. Cronin, Q.M.G.; Major-Gen. H. MacNeill, Adjt.-Gen.; Chief Justice H. Kennedy; Gen. W. R. E. Murphy, Asst. Chief Commissioner, Garda Siochana; Dr. C. M. Hathaway, American Consul; Gen. Eoin O'Duffy, Chief Commissioner, Garda Siochana.

On Friday, July 31st, the Army organised a Band Promenade, Gymnastic Display and Athletic Meeting at Croke Park, under the auspices of the Army Athletic Association for the entertainment of the enlisted men of the "Pittsburgh." The musical part of the programme which was contributed to by both the bands of the "Pittsburgh" and the No. 1 Army Band commenced at 2 p.m. At 2.30 a splendid gymnastic display was given by the Curragh Physical Training Class under the direction of Sergeant-Major M. J. Doogan. This was followed by a Hurling Match between G.H.Q. and Army Selected (a report of which will be found in our sporting pages).

At 6.30 p.m. the bluejackets were the guests of the Army at an Aquatic Gala at Blackrock Baths, under the auspices of the Army Athletic Association. It was unanimously voted one of the most successful events of the kind ever held at that famous venue and this was in very large measure due to Commdt. M. O'Connor, who is Captain of the Irish Polo Team this year. In another page we give details of the different events.

On Saturday the Officers of the "Pittsburgh" and Irish Army Chiefs attended Leopardstown Races.

The Vice-Admiral and the "Pittsburgh" Officers were the guests of the Royal Dublin Society at the Horse Show on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday and attended Phoenix Park Races on Friday.

On Saturday afternoon 31st inst. the Vice-Admiral entertained the heads of the Irish Army and Government to a *thé dansant* on board the Flagship.

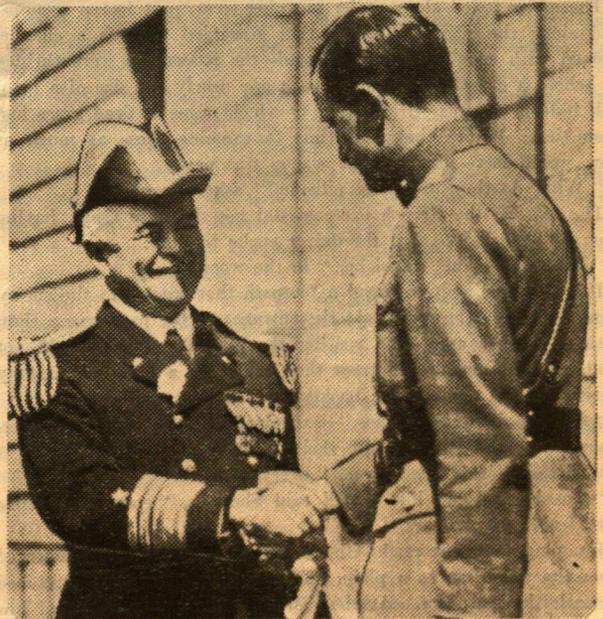
One of the most elaborate functions yet held in honour of the officers of the United States ship "Pittsburgh" took place at the Curragh Camp on Tuesday night, Aug. 4th, when Vice-Admiral Andrews and about forty of his officers were entertained by the Chief of Staff and the officers of the Army.

Following a reception in the Headquarters' Mess, the guests sat down to dinner. The Chief of Staff, Lieutenant-General MacMahon, presided, and Mr. Peter Hughes, Minister for Defence, represented the Executive Council.

The toasts of "Eire" and "Our Guests" were honoured with enthusiasm, and Vice-Admiral Andrews, in a brief speech, expressed the deep gratitude of himself and his fellow-officers for the very cordial and hospitable welcome extended to them.

Following the dinner a dance was held in the Gymnasium, which was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens, intermingled with which were lighted lanterns.

The Irish Army officers and others present were:—Lt.-General MacMahon, Major-Generals MacNeill, Cronin, MacMahon, Hogan



The Chief-of-Staff Greeting the Vice-Admiral at G.H.Q. *Independent Photo.*

Brennan, Sweeney, McKeon, Col. Costello, Major Doyle, Col. Dunphy, Major MacCabe, Colonels Hogan, O'Connell, McLoughlin, Majors Mulcahy, Hannan, Cooney and McDonnell, Commandants Noonan, O'Connor, Green-Foley, Stephenson, Byrne, Conlon, O'Neill, Brady, Carraghan; Captains McKenna, McDonald, Gurney, Harty; Rev. Fr. Donnelly, Mrs. P. MacMahon, Mrs. S. MacMahon, Mrs. MacNeill, Mrs. Cronin, Mrs. Hughes, Deputy P. Hughes (Minister for Defence), Mrs. MacKeown, Commandants Maguire, Stewart, Captain Johnston, Col. McGoran, Col. Henry, Major Hodnett, Commandant Feely, Major McKenny, Major McCorley, Capt. Donoghue, Major O'Brien, Col. Woode, Col. O'Connor, Comdt. Brennan-Whitmore, Major O'Ryan, Col. Russell, Major Archer, Colonels O'Higgins, Bennett, Morcan, Major McGrath, Col. Shields, Major Cotter, Commandant O'Connor, Capt. Synnott.

Other distinguished guests were:—Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, Minister for Justice; Mr. Ernest Blythe, Minister for Finance; Mr. D. Fitzgerald, Minister for External Affairs; Mr. P. MacGilligan, Minister for Industry and Commerce; Mr. P. Hughes, Minister for Defence; Chief Justice Kennedy; Mr. John O'Byrne, Attorney-General; Mr. Gerald O'Sullivan, Mr. Sean O'Muirthille, Mr. John McCormack, Mr. Seumas Dolan, Parliamentary Secretary to the President.

A GAS ATTACK.

Americans' Comedy of Misadventure in the European War.

The topless escort wagon, drawn by four mules, bounced and rattled over the rough road.

There were five men in it—the driver and his assistant (who wore a French overcoat), and three American soldiers who had landed in France the previous day. One of the last-named trio was a little Jew who had been shipped to the Front in error within twenty-four hours of his enlistment. Finding that nobody could pronounce his real name he had long since given it up and called himself Sheehan. His companions were Joyce and Tucker.

The mules toiled along under moaning trees, past frozen swamps, and along the edges of brooks that struggled through a channel choked with snow. At a cross roads the passengers were thrilled to behold a great pile of shells, each one nearly the size of a man, half hidden under a wire netting to which wisps of dead grass had been tied. Before they had time to examine these as much as they would have liked to, the wagon was past.

"What do they use those pills in?" asked Joyce.

The man in the French overcoat did not deign to reply, having been snubbed before, but the driver spoke for him.

"Frog naval gun," said he, "in the woods there."

He indicated with his head a footpath that went into the snowy solitudes beside the road. At the entrance to the path was a sign, with a number and some writing that the Americans could not read. Far in among the trees they could see a dim bulk, barely distinguishable against the background of trees and snow.

"Sixteen jumpin' alamos," exclaimed Joyce. "Do the Germans throw things like those shells back at us?"

"Sure do," said the driver, "every night."

"To shoot a gun like that," said Sheehan, "costs every time pretty near fifty dollars, I bet."

Bumping along the road with its cursing load, the wagon emerged from the woods on to a plain. Far, far away the plain stretched beneath the grey sky. At the distant horizon was a line of low hills. The rain began to fall, an icy sleety deluge, that shut out all the surrounding country. At a bend in the road there was a sign—

THIS ROAD DANGEROUS FROM FOUR TO SIX.

The driver paid it no heed.

"Hey," cried Sheehan, "look what the sign says! You should read it. It says 'danger.'"

"It ain't four o'clock," replied the driver.

"We got a half an hour yet before this road gets shelled," said the assistant, who had forgotten his former snub in this opportunity to astonish the passengers. "They wouldn't shell it anyways if they see us on it. They don't want to hurt no one."

"Your nose is out a mile," cried Tucker. "What do you mean, not hurt us?"

"That's right," said the assistant. "They don't want to hurt us. If they hurt any of us we'd shell their old trenches till a rat wouldn't live in 'em. So they're pretty careful where they do their shootin'."

"What the — kind of a war is this, anyway?" asked Joyce in high disgust.

"It's a modern war, an' it's a good one, when they work at it," replied the assistant.

"But this cold weather they don't take a — of a lot of interest in it."

There was a low moan and a dry cough in the dripping woods. The cough was just such a one as any man might give to clear his throat, only many times magnified. Many, many times.

"What's that?" asked the passengers huskily. The mules pricked their ears and shook their heads and the driver and his assistant both stood up and looked in the direction of the sound.

"That was a shell," said the assistant. "An' they got no business shootin' them at this time o' day." His manner was anything but carefree. The driver made no remark.

"What would we do if one of them should hit us?" asked Sheehan, looking towards the woods with a face the colour of underdone pie crust.

"If one of them hits us," said the driver, "we should worry. We wouldn't feel nothing."

"Well," sighed Sheehan, "it can't be very dangerous or that officer would not have sent me up here. He would know better than that."

"Better than what?" cried the men. "How come know better than that?"

"Sure, he'd know better" said Sheehan. "I took out already when I enlisted ten thousand dollars life insurance with the Government and I ain't yet paid one cent premium."

There was a crash as of kettle drums at the opening of an overture and a cloud of smoke could be seen through the rain. A man rose from the ditch and called to the driver of the wagon, bending his head sidewise, to keep the driving sleet out of his ear.

"You on the wagon," he called, "you can't go down that road. They're shellin' it to — an' gone. Hold up!"

"Whoa!" said the driver.

The assistant put the brake on with a clatter. The driver hitched his coat up a bit and reaching through the pocket into his breeches, drew out a piece of tobacco, from which he wrenched a mouthful, and hunching himself into his collar, proceeded to chew peacefully while the sleet rattled on his helmet.

The passengers crowded forward in the cart and stared at the man in the ditch and faint haze of smoke down the road.

"How long we got to wait here?" asked Joyce.

"Mebbe a hour," said the assistant. "Mebbe two. We dassent go down there."

"I thought the Germans wouldn't hurt you if they could!"

"Huh!" said the assistant. "I ain't afraid of no Germans. There's a M. P. there. He says not to go. I don't aim to get put in no swill can fer a couple o' months for disobedience to a M. P."

Bong! A stalk of black smoke bloomed about a hundred yards up the road. *Bzzzzzzzzzz!* The mules shied, the M.P. hurled himself into the ditch and the passengers ducked. The driver expected between the wheel horses. "Comes another bunk o' iron that close," said he, "an' I gits down. The mules can go to—"

Joyce removed his helmet.

"Sam Bailey," said he "look at me!"

The driver straightened his bent form and looked around.

"You ain't Sergeant Joyce!" he cried.

"That's me," said Joyce. "I ain't got any stripes on, but I ain't busted. I took 'em off for the trip. A private don't have troubles these days, an' a non-com in a casual company has a — of a lot, so I makes a private o' myself. But I'm a sergeant just the same. Get off that seat!"

The driver turned about and swinging his legs over the back of the seat, got into the body of the wagon.

"How'd you like it out to that School of Musketry," said he. "I thought you was to be an instructor to the new army."

"That mob they calls the new army don't need no instruction in the rifle," said the sergeant. "Not yet. Their time is too much took up with toothbrush drill, athletic drill, singing drill, and the rest. They ain't got to the rifle yet. They're goin' to sing the boche to sleep and then stick a toothbrush down his throat."

By this time the sergeant had climbed on to the seat and had gathered the reins. Another shell burst, but no fragments whined from this one.

"Hey!" he called to the man in the ditch. "How often do those shells fall?"

"About every two minutes," answered the M. P.

"That's all I need," said Joyce. "Throw off that brake!"

"Hey, now," called Tucker. "What kind o' suicide you plannin'? There's some of us here ain't fit to die yet. What you got in mind?"

"Tucker," answered Joyce over his shoulder, "you an' me ain't been in this army fourteen years to be kept from our chow by a little smoke an' noise an' a man in a ditch. Clear the track, fer I'm a comin'."

"Hold on!" cried Tucker. "This here's a new war! You don't savvy this war!"

Joyce paid no attention. He whistled to the mules, commented on their disgraceful origin and indecent habits, and the wagon began to move.

A mule has feelings as well as any one else and is averse to being insulted. It is not correct to say that that wagon moved. Rather it hurtled through space with the speed of a meteor. A simultaneous cry from the driver, the assistant, the M. P., and the two passengers, was drowned in a louder shriek than ever fallen angel, hurrying into hell, gave voice to in his most agonized moment.

There was a swish as of a broom waved before the faces of the men in the wagon, then a sullen *thuck!* and sheets of mud flying. Then the wagon was amidst smoke, and the bite of it in the nostrils and throat was sharp. Coughing and choking, the men held to the sides of the wagon and prepared to die. A third shell slammed behind them, and they were into woods again, where the sergeant pulled with all his strength on the reins to slow down the charging mules. When he had finally pulled them to a halt, he turned about to the driver.

"Bailey," said sergeant Joyce, "you can drive now. I got all the drivin' I want the rest of my enlistment. Every two minutes! Boy! If we were a second over a minute I'll eat this tin hat, strap an' all, an' three shells goes at us."

"I'll inform the civilized world they did," agreed the assistant, "and that one that went right over this cart and bust in the mud without no sound was a gas shell. An' we went right through it!"

"A gas shell!" echoed every one.

"Yeh, a gas shell."

"Shouldn't we put on our masks something?" asked Sheehan.

"Naw!" cried the driver. "What good would that do now? You *hombres* don't realize what war is! Now we gone an' got gassed an' will most like die!"

"Why we weren't in that smoke a second," expostulated the sergeant. "How can you breathe enough to hurt you in that little time?"

"I wasn't gassed," remarked Sheehan. "I ain't scared. I know I'm all right."

"How come?" asked the assistant with lofty sarcasm.

"Because all that time what we were going so fast, and the wagon rolling like a ship to France, and the mules galloping, I was holding my breath."

"Let's go," said Joyce. "We ain't none of us gassed. Let's not sound off so much about nothing."

The sergeant, in spite of his brave words, felt none too sure that the gas shell had done no harm. He had never been at the front and his knowledge of gas was gained from lurid lectures on the subject and a vivid picture on the horrors thereof painted by a British athletic instructor who had been through the first gas attack at Ypres.

The other men had the same misgiving and their distress varied according to the activity of their imaginations. As the cold rain began to trickle down inside of their collars and their muscles began to ache from standing up so long, and their legs began to grow chill as the wet soaked through their canvas leggings, the men in the wagon thought more and more upon their nearness to unpleasant death.

"We better do somethin'," began the assistant. "I been gassed, I know it; I am beginning to feel sick."

"How can you tell if you been gassed?" asked the sergeant, "if you never been gassed before?"

"Well, I can tell. I never felt like this in my life. I tell yuh I'm gassed. By —," he shrieked suddenly, "there's gas around; I can smell it!"

The driver immediately pulled up and every one sniffed. Undoubtedly there was something smellable in the air.

"We're all gassed," said Tucker solemnly.

Everyone searched his neighbour's face for some sign of hope but found none. Sheehan made a tentative fumble at the oilskin pouch in which he carried his French mask.

"Tain't no use to put that on now," said the assistant, "we've been breathing it too long."

"Well, let's beat it!" cried the sergeant. "Let's go somewhere. We won't die any quicker by gettin' along will we? I want something to eat before I kick off. I never did have any desire to starve to death."

"Boy," said the driver, "I near gulped down my chew when we was curvin' down that road an' my mind ain't been clear since. Howsomever, it's clear now. I got somethin' here the gas non-com give. It's good for gas, he says. Feet off the dashboard now!"

The assistant obediently swung his feet out of the way and the driver explored the wagon box, finally bringing out a bottle labelled "For gas only." All eyed it eagerly. It contained a grey fluid.

"What do you do with that?" asked the sergeant. "Sprinkle it in the air?"

"It don't say on it," said the driver doubtfully. "Maybe you rub it on your chest!"

"Maybe you don't," snorted the assistant. "Who ever heard of rubbin' cough medicine on your chest? You drink it, that's what you do."

"Here goes then," said the driver, and tilted the bottle upward. "*Blaaah!*" he cried, blowing spray like a whale.

"It's hard gittin' down, but give it to me," said the assistant.

"You go to —," said the sergeant. "Who's rankest man here? Gimme that bottle."

"Hey!" cried the assistant and Tucker after some time, "leave us a little!"

The sergeant lowered the bottle and coughed in a strangled manner.

"— that's terrible stuff!" he choked.

He coughed again and then registered the most exquisite pain, for some of the medicine had found its way into his nose.

"Me next!" cried the assistant. "Down it, it's good for gas, it's better than dyin'!" He downed it and Tucker had torn the bottle from his hand in a twinkling.

"Save some for me!" pleaded Sheehan, jumping up and down and beating his hands together. "Save some for me! My —,"

such a suction! You ain't leavin' any! Do you want I should die,—forbid, in these wet woods? Oy, Oy! I knew it! All gone! Now I must die! Ten thousand dollars you should think of! There now, and not one German yet dead! Oy, I am dying! Get me a doctor, something."

The empty bottle clanked on the bottom of the wagon. The assistant turned about and climbed into the body of the wagon. His face was blue and the veins in his neck stood out like cords. His staring eyes bulged like marbles. He tried to speak, but only a dry rattle came and he fell against the side board and over hung it, while his body was wrenched by terrible nausea.

The driver stood up and turned about, then giving a wailing cry fell like a log into the bottom of the wagon, one foot still held in air by the reins. The sergeant tried to clamber to the seat, but when half way there, the colour of his face was swept away as a curtain is drawn from a window, and he weakly fell back.

"Must get away," he gasped. "Must get out of here. The gas!"

The mules, sensing the unusual, and feeling no guiding hands on the reins, were prancing and kicking, lurching forward and dragging the wagon along the road.

"Oy!" cried Sheehan, "for a doctor!"

He climbed himself to the driver's seat and gathered the reins. He was astonished to find that it was all he could do to hold them up, to say nothing of pulling on them. The reins of a four-mule team are not easily handled. The wagon continued to move, and the mules to kick.

"The brake!" cried Sheehan, "put on the brake!"

The brake was already on, which was the sole salvation of the wagon and passengers, for the mules would have run away long since, but for the drag of the wagon behind them.

"What shall I do?" cried Sheehan. "Give us a help you fellars!" He looked despairingly behind him to the men in the body of the wagon. "Oy!" he moaned.

The sergeant, the driver and his assistant, and Tucker lay writhing on the floor. They groaned despairingly, and upon the driver's face, upturned to the icy rain, were little flecks of foam from his mouth. The men twisted and beat the floor with toe and fist, moaning horribly.

"—forbid!" cried Sheehan, "that I should die like that. Sooner I would shoot myself. Put on the brake!"

Nerved by despair, he reached out his arm to the brake handle and tugged at it. Clank! It released, but Sheehan so recoiled from the shock of the sudden noise that his hand came from the brake handle and it caught half way down the ratchet. The mules spread their wings.

Down the road went the wagon, into the ditch and out again, showering mud, crunching through half frozen pools, leaping in air as the wheels rebounded from stone or frozen rut, and all the time Sheehan clung to the seat and waited for death. The wagon could not go at full speed, having the brake partly on, but it went fast enough.

If the brake had been off the wagon would have been overturned the first quarter mile, but as it was it just managed to come back to an even keel, although no more than two wheels were on the road at any time. Sometimes they were the wheels on the right, and sometimes those on the left. At other times the front or rear wheels spun in air. And the cargo in the bottom thumped sul- lenly.

At full gallop the team entered a cluster of small houses, a place not large enough to call a village. In peace times small farmers had lived here, going out to their fields during the day, but for the last four years or so these houses had sheltered the

command posts and first-aid stations of the units that held the trench line farther north.

There was an old barn there, or shed, that the Americans used to stable their mules in. The mules made for it. They were fired by an unfortunate excess of zeal, however, and neglected to slow down. They clattered down the street and soldiers scurried for cover. Officers appeared here and there at cellar entrances and expostulated at the speed of the wagon. The mules made a swing, the wagon teetered, Sheehan shrieked, and the lead team entered the shed.

Crash! The wheel team disappeared in the shed, the low roof struck the seat, which being on hinges turned easily over and hurled Sheehan into the back of the wagon. The lead mules emerged, kicking, from the back of the shed, the walls of which folded in gently upon the escort wagon. The wheel team also appeared beyond the shed. The wreckage moved bodily after them, then stopped as the mules found they had an additional load behind them that would take too much effort to pull. Any-way they were home and should not be required to work any more.

Officers, orderlies, stretcher bearers and riff-raff arrived at the gallop. The mules turned about, viewing the wreckage they had caused and brayed joyously. The bodies of the driver and his assistant, Sergeant Joyce, Tucker and the limp Sheehan were dragged out from under the remnants of the shed roof and laid in the mud for examination.

More soldiers arrived and some French who belonged to a search-light company. These French stood apart and commented upon the actions of the Americans, remarking upon the ferocity of the mules who would tear down a house.

"Now then," cried one who seemed to be a doctor, from the size of his waist and the fact that he wore glasses, "what's happened to these men—drunk?" It was apparent that those taken from the wagon had met with mishap before the shed fell on them.

"Never knew Bailey to be so drunk he couldn't drive," remarked another officer. "Those other men are replacements. That's old Joyce there. He's too good a soldier to get drunk."

"Huh!" grunted the doctor. "This French booze has put away many a man that hadn't seen the bottom of a table for ten years."

At this moment one of the unconscious men raised his head and seeing the shed all twisted and shattered and the wheels of the escort wagon beneath it, gave a faint "oy!" and a deep groan and fell back again. To him the doctor went immediately.

"On your feet, you!" he cried. "Gup! Playing possum! Here," to the stretcher bearers, "take these men down cellar and we'll see what's the matter with them."

The stretcher bearers went for some of their implements of trade, the French went back to their dugouts, and the doctor and the other officer led Sheehan to the first-aid station. When the men had been brought in the doctor turned to Sheehan.

"Now," said he, "what happened? Where'd you get your liquor?"

Sheehan stood mute.

"What's your name?"

Sheehan affected not to hear, though he coughed nervously. The doctor was about to burst a blood vessel, when the door flew open and another officer entered. This was the company commander, called from his sleep by the crash of the wagon disrupting the shed. He had dashed up, thinking the noise to be a shell, but finding it was not, he felt a desire to drink the blood of those responsible for his awakening. His mind, though dulled by sleep, immediately grasped what was going on.

He strode across the room, seized Sheehan by the chest of his overcoat and pinned him against the wall.

"What the — do you mean by wrecking my shed?" cried the captain.

He did not know that Sheehan had driven the wagon, but he knew he had been in it and that was enough. Sheehan gasped.

"Answer me!" cried the captain, "or I'll knock you so far into this cellar wall that they won't have to bury you!"

"General," said Sheehan hurriedly, "I'm a poor man. Already I been through bankruptcy twice before I came in the army. I couldn't pay you a cent damages if you was to take my heart out of my body."

No one laughed. When a company commander is on the rampage there is no thought of laughter in any mind.

The captain was speechless. He had no idea of getting any reply to his question and such a one as he had received left him with no coherent thought. He released Sheehan and turned to the doctor.

"What's the matter," he said, "everybody drunk?"

"He's not," said the doctor, pointing to Sheehan.

The captain regarded Sheehan once more.

"They ain't drunk," said Sheehan. "They got gassed."

"Gassed, —!" said the doctor. "Gas doesn't act like that!"

"Sure they got gassed," said Sheehan, gaining courage. "Come a shell, 'Flop!' like that, you know, and they was all gassed."

"Were you gassed?"

"Was I gassed? You should ask me such a question! Gassed, says, that man! I was gassed worse than any of them."

At this the captain tightened his lips and loosened the sleeve of his trench coat. The doctor, however, made a restraining motion with his hand.

"So you were gassed worse than any," said he in a voice as mild as milk, "and how was that?"

"They wouldn't give me no medicine," said Sheehan, "and I feel terrible. Oh my heart! Such a pain!"

"Medicine!" cried all. "What the — do you mean 'medicine'?"

"Sure, medicine. From a bottle it comes, with the label 'For Gas.'"

"And they *drank* it?" cried the doctor.

"What should they do with it, rub it on their hair?"

The doctor and the captain moved upon Sheehan simultaneously. He retreated behind a table.

"I ain't telling you no lies!" he cried. "Telling lies don't make me no money here. From a bottle —"

At this moment the captain's long arm reached him, but the doctor again restrained him.

"He's right," said the doctor. "I get him now. Brains they have nix, these soldiers. They got some medicine for gas all right. And it'll take all the flour and water we've got to get it out of them."

"How come?" asked the captain.

"Gas lotion," said the doctor. "For mustard gas. To be applied to the burn."

"And they drank it," said the captain. "The — fools! It would make them sick, wouldn't it?"

"When they get what I'm going to give them now, they'll be sicker," remarked the doctor and went about it.

The captain then turned his attention to "Sheehan."

From "Rockets at Daybreak," by Leonard H. Nason.

ALL-ARMY CHAMPIONSHIPS.

THREE Competitors may ENTER from a Command for each Championship Event, but ONLY TWO can COMPETE.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIAN TANKS AND ARMOURED CARS.

The Czecho-Slovakian Republic, whose territory belong to the richest and best developed of the old Austria-Hungarian Monarchy, has made great progress during the last few years in the machine and auto industry, for instance, the world-renowned Skoda Works are Czecho-Slovakian. To-day the Czechs have also a very well developed War industry, therefore there is an excuse for us inquiring into the progress they are making in that country as regards tanks and armoured cars (says the unofficial "Militar Wochenblatt" of Berlin).

So far as the tanks are concerned they have never really made much progress, but they have instead made wonderful steps in the construction of armoured cars.

It was not until the year 1922 that for experience's sake they bought their first six Renault armoured cars from the French. These were carried by train over Vorarlberg and were put through severe tests in the Infantry manœuvre grounds in Milovitz, and later during the autumn manœuvres in 1923. According to reports they have now 11 Charleger Cars and wish to form an Armoured Car Company (25 cars) as soon as possible.

Their last batch of tanks bought from France is being used for defence purposes in Prague, Eber, Olmutz and Kaschan.

To-day we know that they have four types of armoured cars. Two of them failed in their tests and the third and fourth were accepted. The first two mentioned were much alike and were armed with two machine-guns apiece enclosed in small conning-towers, both guns being diagonal to the roof of the car, thus giving both an unhindered fire concentration. Of the second type may be said that it differs from the first in that it had a large conning-tower, which was two-storeyed, the bottom storey containing two machine-guns, while the upper was armed with a small cannon.

Newly constructed is the third type. The outer form of the car is very favourable to look at. The body is as small and as lowly situated as possible and the motors and radiators are so constructed and securely fixed to the car that a bullet could not do them much harm. In the centre of the car on both sides are two doors with loopholes. It is armed with two machine-guns enclosed in a movable gun-turret. The car itself is somewhat heavy, being 6.5 tons, its height is 2.5 metres, and it has a length of about 6 metres. It can travel forwards and backwards. It can travel at about 50 kilometres an hour.

The latest model is the new April, 1924, so-called "Tortoise" Model. Noticeable is the symmetry of the car, vertical surfaces are nowhere to be seen. The car was built in the famous Polihutte in Witkowitz. The motors and doors are situated the same as in the last model.

It is interesting to note that the car is so constructed as to offer very little resistance to the wind. It is armed with 4 machine-guns situated in a stationary gun-turret. Regarding its dimensions, up to the present very little is known. Its length and height, however, are much the same as in the last type. It weighs 6½ tons and has a speed of between 50 and 60 kilometres an hour. A point worthy of note is that the Czechs always camouflage their cars.

This article is written not alone to give a good description of the Czecho-Slovakian armoured car construction, but to show our Austrian and German comrades that we have to-day in Czecho-Slovakia a strong, healthy and talented neighbour, who has learned enough from us during the war to be capable of developing herself in all the modern methods of defence.

The armoured cars will, in case of war, be divided among the Cavalry Brigades. A Czecho-Slovakian Cavalry Brigade is composed of:—12 squadrons, 3 technical squadrons, 3 machine-gun squadrons, 1 bicycle division, and 2 armoured cars.

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ARMY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Notes and Comments—The Case of Paul Doyle—More to be Heard of it—Advice to a young Runner—The 7th Brigade Sports—Great Aquatic Gala at Blackrock.

Sergt. Paul Doyle, Eastern Command and Kildare County footballer who, as reported in our last issue, was suspended by the ruling of the Chairman, Leinster Council—not, as stated, for a club rule infringement—is appealing against his suspension.

Doyle played with the Naas G.F.C. in local competitions; his legality was challenged by a defeated team; the Kildare County Board, G.A.A., inquired into the case carefully and after due deliberation found in Doyle's favour.

The defeated team appealed to the Leinster Council, with the result as stated. The objection to Doyle was based on the rule which governs players assisting teams without the necessary domicile.

Doyle, it is contended, is resident in Dublin County, and as such may only play in County Championships with Dublin teams.

It is a debatable point as to the locality which may claim any military player—some assert that the barracks where a soldier player lives is his home, whilst others hold, irrespective of barrack residence, that the soldier's home is situate in the district he resided in prior to enlistment.

Apart altogether from the above viewpoints, there is the question of week-end residence.

We remember a similar case arising in connection with a well-known Kildare player in 1913.

The ruling of the Leinster Council on the matter was that, whilst the player was working and living in Dublin from Monday to Saturday mid-day of each week, his return to his native county from the afternoon of Saturday to the morning of Monday qualified him for Kildare games.

We have never heard of the repealing of such decision and can only repeat that the ruling of the Chairman in Doyle's case without debate was extremely unfair.

However, the last has not been heard of the case and we hope the Leinster Council will at their next meeting do the wise thing by reinstating Sergt. Doyle.

Pte. O'Donohoe, the mid-distance runner of the 27th Batt., is an athlete we have hopes of seeing in the near future attaining to championship rank.

O'Donohoe is young and should make good. But he should try to kill the idea that he "Plays to the Gallery."

We saw O'Donohoe compete at the 7th Brigade Sports, where he had a couple of smashing successes and we heard comments on his method of running which were not too complimentary. To O'Donohoe we would say: Imitate and emulate, if possible, the deeds of the famous J. J. Ryan, but do so without forcing the feeling that the other competitors are such very small fry.

Pte. Whelan, 3rd Brigade, Cork, is a young man with a big future. His performances this year so far up to 5 miles have been splendid.

Sergt. Duggan, the well-known Provost Sergeant, is not alone a

famous pugilist; he excels also in the National Game and is a fine footballer. He was the mainstay of the Cork County Football Team which defeated Kerry in the Munster Final.

Handball is one of the finest games available; it is an old Irish pastime and one we are anxious to develop among Army athletes.

It is one of the games we feel is at present open to very much abuse owing to the ever-growing tendency towards professionalism. The Army Athletic Association has laid it down that Army handball shall be played under the auspices of the Amateur Association (G.A.A.).

We gave prominence to this viewpoint in our last issue. Since then we have read of the appearance of Pte. Brennan, Western Command, in company with a player of a sister service, in opposition to players who are outside the jurisdiction of the Amateur (G.A.A.) Association.

Perhaps the Hon. Sec., Western Command, will inform us why this breach of our rules has been permitted.

Lieut. Heuston, Transport Corps, Customs Barracks, Athlone, and Pte. Bates, M.P.C., assisted Longford in the All-Ireland Football Final at Croke Park on Sunday, July 26th.

Sgt.-Major Hanley, No. 3 Batt., and Pte. MacDonnell, No. 1 Brigade, Finner Camp, are playing with the Roscommon Senior Football Team.

Roscommon and Sligo have played four games in the Connaught Football Championship. Their most recent meeting ended in a victory for Sligo by one point.

Cpl. Saunders, Curragh Camp, assisted Kilkenny in the Leinster Junior Hurling Championship v. Meath on Sunday, 2nd instant, at Croke Park. C. Doran, late of the Eastern Command A. A., was prominent on the Meath team.

Capt. J. P. Murphy and Sergt. Sexton, 21st Inf. Batt., Collins Barracks, Dublin, assisted Cavan Senior Football Team in the Ulster Final v. Antrim. The match ended in a draw.

Pte. O'Donnell, the Army Flyweight Champion, has been transferred from Headquarters Army Medical Corps to the same Corps at Southern Command Headquarters.

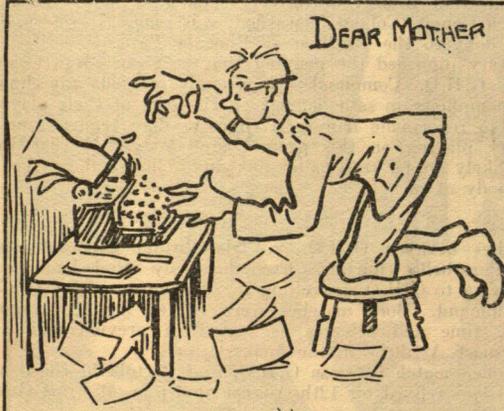
Cpl. Ahearne, Southern Command Hurling Team, was the outstanding forward on the Cork Co. Senior Hurling Team v. Tipperary on Sunday, the 2nd August, at Limerick.

His many admirers will learn with regret of the sad accident which befell Sgt. P. Dwyer, the well-known boxer. Dwyer, who is a star footballer, was assisting his Coy. Team in the Southern Command Championships, when in tackling a player his right leg was fractured. Here's wishing him a speedy recovery.

The 7th Brigade Sports, held at Portobello on the 27th July, were most successful. A lengthy programme was run off with clock-like precision.

Capt. Tuite acted as starter and was ably assisted by an earnest Committee, of which Col. J. H. McGuinness acted as Hon. President.

PRIVATE MURPHY SUGGESTS NEW FORMS OF "SPORT."



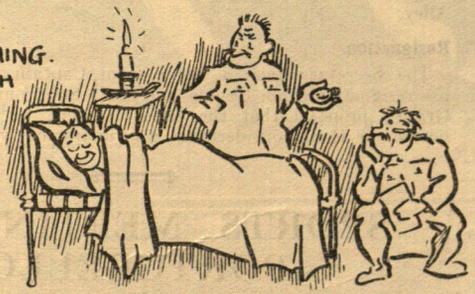
DEAR MOTHER

NOTHING BUT SPORTS THESE DAYS - QUITE AN EPIDEMIC IN FACT. I MIGHT HAVE WON OUR COMPANY 100 YARDS ONLY THE MAN WHO FIRED THE PISTOL STOOD TOO FAR AWAY AND THE SOUND DIDN'T REACH ME UNTIL AFTER

THE OTHERS HAD COVERED HALF THE DISTANCE -

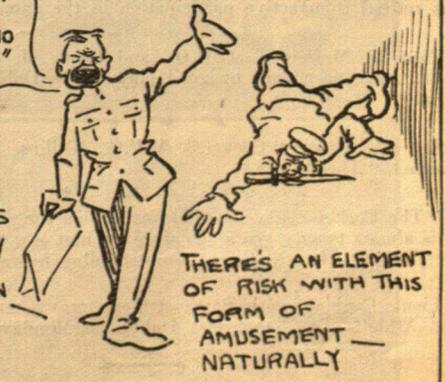


ANOTHER THING. SPORTS WITH SO MUCH RUNNING ARE TOO STRENUOUS. NOW IF A SLEEPING BEAUTY EVENT COULD BE INTRODUCED HOW POPULAR IT WOULD BE - SO RESTFUL TOO -

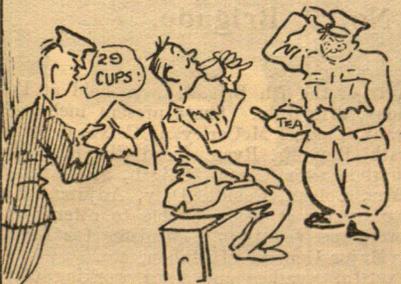


"IT AINT GONNA RAIN NO MORE"

A SINGING ITEM IS WORTHY OF MENTION



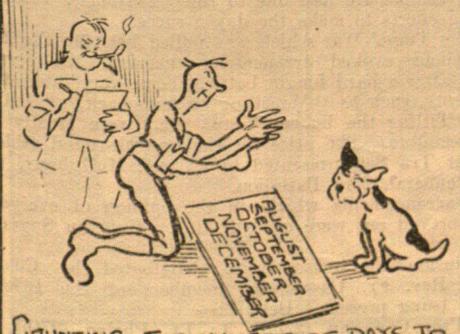
THERE'S AN ELEMENT OF RISK WITH THIS FORM OF AMUSEMENT - NATURALLY



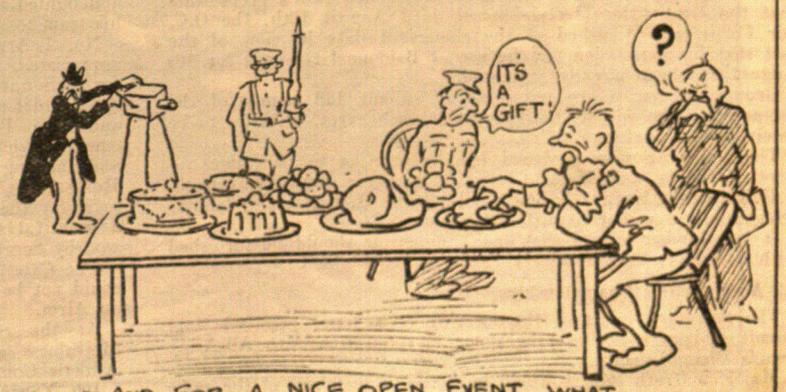
THIRST QUENCHING COMPETITIONS WOULD PROVE A BOON -



AND VERY NICE TOO ON A WARM DAY - WHAT NOURISHMENT -!



COUNTING THE NUMBER OF DAYS TO CHRISTMAS WOULD BE A SOOTHING EVENT WHEN LEAVE IS SCARCE -



AND FOR A NICE OPEN EVENT WHAT ABOUT A MASTICATION RACE - RECORD ENTRIES EVERY TIME - COMMITTEES PLEASE NOTE -

Sgt. Brogan, Curragh Training Camp, fought "Young Warnock" 15 two-minute rounds to a draw at a tourney held recently at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin.

* * * *

The men meet over a similar distance at Croke Park on the 22nd inst.

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The entertainments organised for the officers and crew of the U.S.A. Pittsburgh by the A.A.A. were most enjoyable, over 10,000 spectators were present.

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The Army Hurling Team to play the Guards on the 15th inst. is at present in training at Baldonnel Camp. The final selection of the team has not yet been made.

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Sergt. J. Higgins, Headquarters Team, Collins Barracks, played a great game for Kildare v. Louth on Sunday last at Croke Park. The match was one of the best played in Dublin for a number of years.

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Other well-known players on the Kildare side were Geo. Higgins, late of the Waterford Command, and Joe Curtis, late Eastern Command.

* * * *

Ex-Lieut. J. Murphy, of All-Army and Dublin Football fame, has retired from active participation in the game.

* * * *

Capt. J. McDonnell, G.H.Q., and Lieut. M. O'Brien, 21st Inf. Batt., were prominent by good play in the Dublin Football Semi-Final v. St. Mary's.

* * * *

Sgt. P. Daly, "Cocker," M.P.C., Collins Barracks, Dublin, assisted "The Marys."

* * * *

"The Cocker" gave a sound exhibition for a man of his years. It is almost twenty years ago since we first saw the Cocker playing for Dublin. He was then the outstanding forward in Ireland.

* * * *

Lieut. Coghlan, 25th Batt., Athlone, was a member of the Cork Co. Athletic Team that met Dublin on Monday, August 3rd.



G.H.Q. COMMAND COUNCIL.

At the Command Council meeting on 21st July, Major T. McGrath (Chairman) presided, and there were also present:—Comdt. P. Ennis (Treasurer), Captain Delamere, Sergt.-Major Woods, Sergt.-Major Brophy, Sergeant Pigott, Sergeant Gahan, and Cpl. D. O'Neill.

A lengthy discussion took place on the advisability of bringing off the Inter-Company Competitions on the date originally fixed, i.e., 5th August. Comdt. Ennis moved in favour of date mentioned.

Eventually the meeting agreed to Major McGrath's proposition that the competitions be postponed until August 12th, the O.C. Air Corps to be notified of the change of date in view of the fact that his permission for the use of Baldonnel Grounds for 5th August had been already requested.

Group Secretaries are requested to submit full names of the competitors who will be taking part in each event. Entries to be received on or before 7/8/25.

The following were assigned by the meeting to be judges:—Capt. O'Meara and Capt. Clarke, Baldonnel; Capt. Kavanagh, G.H.Q.; Lieut. Kavanagh, Portobello; Lieut. J. Fitzgerald, Islandbridge and Sergeant Gahan, Gormanston.

It was further agreed that each competitor should be furnished with a number—the necessary cards to be obtained.

All-Army Tennis Championships.

The Secretary informed the meeting of a letter received from Comdt. Colgan enclosing programme in connection with All-Army Tennis Championships.

Major McGrath said it would be better if members of the same Group were not drawn against each other.

It was pointed out that this was inevitable.

After further discussion the programme was referred to the

Tennis Sub-Committee for their consideration, pending further action by this Council.

Gardas' Complaint.

A communication from the Garda Síochána, D.M.P. Division, copy of which Comdt. Colgan forwarded, was read. It referred to the damage done to the Pavilion at Phoenix Park.

The Secretary informed the meeting that he reported to Comdt. Colgan that G.H.Q. Command categorically denied any knowledge of or complicity in said damage on the part of their players. He referred to reports he had received of civilian teams from all over the city playing on this ground, and suggested that they were more likely to be responsible for any damage done than a disciplined body of men.

Fixtures.

The matches between G.H.Q. v. Islandbridge (football) and G.H.Q. v. Portobello (hurling) fixed for July 22nd had to be postponed owing to G.H.Q. travelling to Athlone same day to play Western Command. Both matches were refixed for 5th August, same venue, time and referees as stated in previous minutes. Winners to meet Artillery in the final.

The postponed match between G.H.Q. and Portobello (hard and soft doubles) was refixed for 12th August at 3 p.m. at Civic Guard Alley.

Resignation.

The Secretary read a letter from Captain Delamere tendering his resignation from Tennis and Golf Sub-Committee. Major McGrath's proposal that the letter be sent to the Standing Committee for their consideration was unanimously agreed to.



SPORTS MEETING AT PORTOBELLO.

Success attends First Annual Fixture of No. 7 Brigade.

The first Annual Sports of the 7th Brigade were held at Portobello Barracks on Monday, 27th July. Those present included:—General and Mrs. Mulcahy, Colonel McCorley, O/C No. 6 Brigade, Major and Mrs. McGrath, Rev. Fr. Ryan, Head Chaplain, Major McNally, Command Quartermaster, Comdt. Colgan, Sec. Executive Council A.A.A., and Mrs. Colgan, Comdt. Daly, Adjutant No. 6 Brigade. Expressions of regret at being unable to attend owing to prior engagements were received from:—Minister for Defence, Major General Hogan, Major General McMahon, etc.

With the aid of beautiful weather and hard working officials the programme, which was a very lengthy one, was gone through without hitch—or a dull moment.

Sergt.-Major Duggan and his gymnastic team performed before a delighted audience, and great credit is due to him for bringing his team to such perfection.

No. 1 Army Band played a fine selection which was keenly appreciated, and thanks are also due to the "Portobello Pipers" for their untiring efforts to make the day a success.

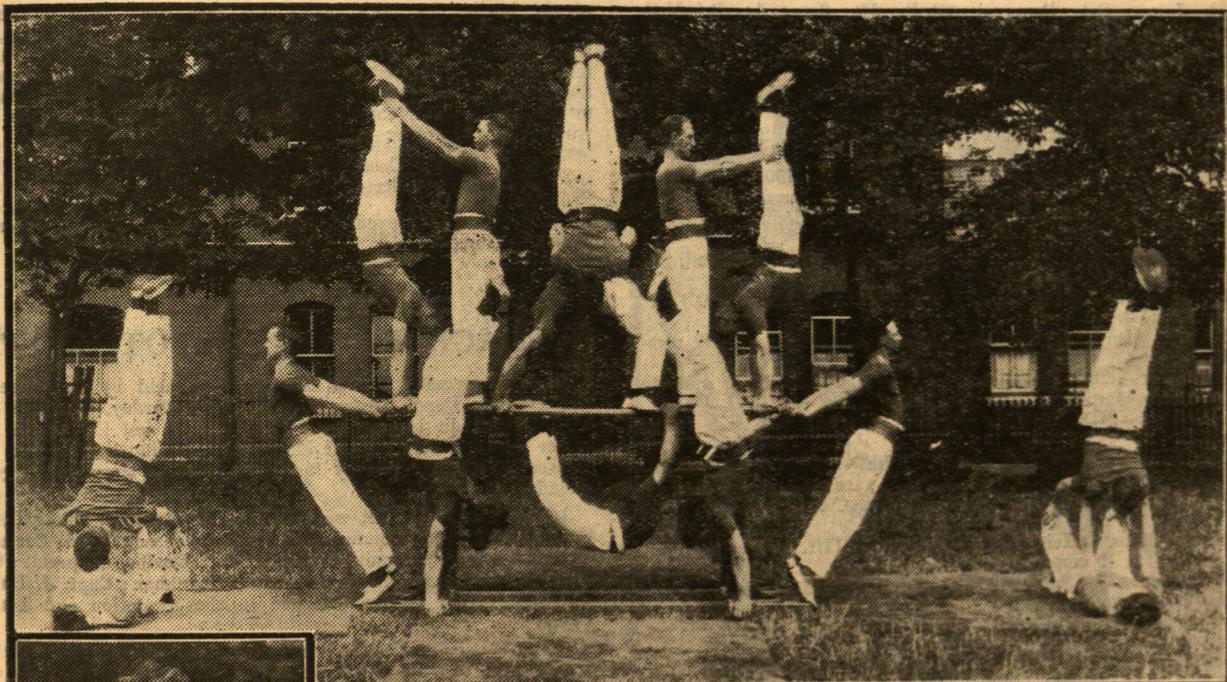
The final of the Tug-o'-War which was pulled between the 23rd and 27th Battalions evoked tremendous cheering, the former emerging victors after a hard fought battle. Some very interesting and amusing events, such as "Wrestling on horseback," "A.T.C. Horse Race," "Tilting the bucket," etc., etc., were greatly enjoyed by the spectators. The prize for the best all-round athlete, a beautiful silver Tea Set, presented by Colonel McGuinness, was won by Sergt. Fennell, 23rd Battalion.

The Catering arrangements which, in the opinion of everyone, could not be improved on, were carried out by Cumann Sugraídh an Airm.

At the conclusion the prizes were distributed by Colonel McGuinness and Rev. Fr. Casey, the members of the Brigade Athletic Council being present. Details:—

100 Yards.—Pte. Corcoran (22nd), 1; Lt. Phelan (27th), 2; Sergt. Doyle (23rd), 3. Time 11secs.

16 lbs. Shot.—Pte. O'Mahony (27th), 3ft. 6ins., 1; Pte. Quirke (27th), 2; 15 competed.



(Photos by W. D. Hogan, Henry St., Dublin).

ARMY ATHLETES.—Top: Curragh Gymnasts. Bottom: 23rd Infantry Battalion. Winners of Tug-of-War at 7th Brigade Sports. Left, at Bottom: Sergt. Fenneral, best all-round athlete 7th Brigade Sports.

High Jump.—Sgt. Fenneral (23rd), 5ft. 3ins., 1; B.Q.M.S. Downey (7th), 2.

220 Yards.—Lt. Phelan, 1; Sgt. Furlong (27th), 2; Sgt. Doyle, 3.

Long Jump.—Sgt. Fenneral, 19ft. 10ins., 1; Sgt. Doyle, 2; C.Q.M.S. Husband (22nd), 3. 10 competed.

440 Yards.—Sgt. Furlong, 1; B.Q.M.S. Munster, 2; Cpl. Kelly (23rd) 3. 14 ran.

Throwing the Javelin.—Pte. Quirke (27th), 100ft., 1; Pte. O'Mahony, (27th), 2; Capt. Booth (22nd), 3. 9 competed.

Mile Flat.—Pte. O'Donohoe (27th), 1; Cpl. O'Connor (23rd), 2; Pte. Kinlan (27th), 3. 25 ran.

Pole Jump.—Capt. Tuite (22nd), 9ft., 1; Pte. Stone (22nd), 2; Cpl. Morrissey (22nd), 3. 9 competed.

880 Yards.—Cpl. Ray (H.Q.), 1; Pte. McAlinden (H.Q.), 2; Sgt. Furlong, 3.

120 Yards Hurdles.—Sgt. Fenneral, 1; Lt. Duane, 2. 12 completed.

Tug-of-War.—23rd Battalion beat 27th Battalion by 2 pulls to nil. 4 teams competed.

Mile Relay.—27th Battalion, 1; 22nd Battalion, 2. 3 teams competed.

Three Miles Flat.—Pte. O'Donohoe (27th), 1; Pte. Malone (7th), 2; Cpl. O'Connor (23rd), 3. Won by 10 yards.

100 Yards (Officers).—Lt. Phelan, 1; Lt. Condron (22nd), 2. 8 ran.

Slinging 56lbs. (Height).—Pte. Quirke, 11ft. 6ins., 1; Sgt. Hayes (7th), 2. 9 competed.

Slinging 56lbs. (without follow).—Sgt. Hayes, 21ft. 2ins., 1; Pte. Quirke, 2. 9 competed.

Hop, Step and Jump.—Pte. Quinn (23rd), 39ft. 10ins., 1; Sgt. Fenneral, 2. 12 competed.

Slow Bicycle Race.—Pte. Murray (27th), 1; Pte. Kearney (Bde. H.Q.), 2.

Boat Race.—27th Battalion, 1; 23rd Battalion, 2.

Step Dancing.—Lt. Brophy (27th), 1; Cpl. O'Connell (23rd), 2.

Tilting the Bucket.—Won by Pte. McDermott and Pte. Coughlan, 27th Battalion. Second: Cpl. Lawlor and Pte. McCarthy, 22nd Battalion.

Wrestling on Horseback.—Won by 23rd Battalion.

A.T.C. Horse Race.—Pte. Collins (A.T.C.), 1; Pte. Cullen (A.T.C.), 2.

HURLING.

G.H.Q. COMMAND v. ARMY SELECTED.

Lt. Fitzpatrick (Curragh) had charge of the following teams at Croke Park, on Friday 31st July:—

G.H.Q.—Lt. Cannon, Cpl. Murphy, Major McGrath, Capt. Finlay, Cpl. Aylward, Pte. Keane, Cpl. Stapleton, Cpl. Henrick, Pte. M. Hayes, Lieut. Ahearne, Pte. Lanigan, Capt. O'Sullivan, Pte. Gleeson, Cpl. Donnell and Lt. Foley.

Army Selected.—Cpl. Scully, Cpl. Higgins, Lt. Cordial, Capt. P. Ryan, Pte. Power, Pte. Meagher, Lt. Gleeson, Pte. Barry, Pte. Culliton, Sgt. Maj. Ryan, Pte. Hegarty, Ptes. McCarthy (2), Pte. T. Keely and Pte. Kinnerney.

Selected were first to make headway and their forwards soon tested Cannon. The Headquarters backs had plenty of work to do in the first five minutes of the game. Pressure being relieved on the G.H.Q. men their forwards got away to notch a minor after seven minutes' play. Following this early success the G.H.Q. forwards put in excellent work but a stiff defence kept them from increasing their lead. The hurling now became fast and exciting and returning to the attack Selected became leaders scoring a goal and two points in quick succession. A few stoppages for minor injuries gave breathing space and resuming G.H.Q. reduced the lead by a good goal from O'Sullivan. It was now, a fight between strong defences and alert forwards and each side added goals before the interval when Selected led by a point on the score:—

Selected	3-2
G.H.Q.	3-1

On resuming Selected missed narrowly at goal, and in the next minute G.H.Q. scored twice with a major and a minor; over anxiety spoiled chances on both sides and players seemed to have a roving commission. G.H.Q. went further ahead but the quality

of the hurling by both teams was mediocre. Both goalkeepers Cannon and Scully were bearing the brunt of the exchanges, and when Selected scored two goals making matters level, with ten minutes to go it looked as if they would eventually prove victors, they had however shot their bolt and G.H.Q. who were from this to the end a better combination scored at will and ran out good winners on the score:—

G.H.Q. Command	6 gls.—7 pts.
Army Selected	4 gls.—3 pts.

Lt. Fitzpatrick proved a capable referee handling a strenuous game with credit.

CURRAGH R. & T. DEPOT SPORTS.

A very successful Sports Meeting was held by the Reception and Training Depot, Curragh Camp, on Saturday, the 18th July, and every credit is due to Captain Kirwan and the Sports Committee for their indefatigable efforts in providing a very good table of events. In spite of very inclement weather there was a goodly attendance.

Amongst those present were Colonel M. Dunphy, acting G.O.C., Curragh Command; Commandant M. Stephenson, Officer Commanding the Barracks; Comdt. O'Neill; Capt. Devine, Adjutant; Capt. Kirwan, Quartermaster; Capt. Thomas Shanahan; Capt. J. Harpur, and most of the officers attached to the Reception and Training Depot.

The events, which were very well patronised and keenly contested, were run up to schedule.

Col. Dunphy, who presented the prizes, congratulated the winners, and expressed his pleasure in presenting a gold medal to Coy. Sergt. Alfred Martin for his prowess in proving himself the best all-round athlete, winning in all seven trophies. Details:—

Boys' Race.—Master Neville, 1; Master O'Neill, 2; Master Kirwan, 3.

Girls' Race.—Miss Harpur, 1; Miss Duffy, 2; Miss Mulgrew, 3. 100 Yards.—Pte. Jno. Hunt, 1; C/Sgt. A. Martin, 2; Cpl. J. Taylor, 3. Very keenly contested, Hunt only winning by a short margin.

220 Yards (Officers).—Capt. M. Kirwan, 1; Lieut. W. J. Cummins, 2; Capt. O'Kelly, 3. Won easily.

220 Yards (Open).—Sgt. Fox, 1; Pte. Mallin, 2; Pte. Goddard, 3. Won easily.

440 Yards.—C/Sgt. A. Martin, 1; Pte. O'Brien, 2; Pte. Jno. Kieley, 3. A very tight race and a very deserving win.

High Jump.—C/Sgt. A. Martin, 1; Pte. J. Doyle, 2. Very keenly contested.

880 Yards.—Pte. O'Brien, 1; Pte. J. McGowan, 2; Pte. W. Donovan, 3. A good and fast race.

Obstacle Race.—Pte. J. Gartland, 1; Pte. J. Quinn, 2; Sgt. P. McCusker, 3. This event caused great amusement, more especially at the finish, where the competitors had to eat a bun covered with treacle, which resulted in extraordinary facial transformations. It was a good race.

One Mile Flat (Open).—Pte. J. McCarthy, A.C.C., 1; Pte. W. Cuffe, 5th Batt., 2; Pte. J. Banks, 5th Batt., 3. The winner went all out in the last ten yards and won on the tape.

120 Yards Hurdles.—C/Sgt. A. Martin, 1; Sgt. P. McCusker, 2; Sgt. H. Brogan, 3. Won rather easily.

One Mile Flat.—Cpl. J. Mahony, 1; Pte. J. McGowan, 2; B.S.M. J. Doogan, 3. Won by half a lap.

Long Jump.—C/Sgt. A. Martin, 1; Sgt. Ed. McCarthy, 2; Sgt. H. Brogan, 3. Competition between Martin and McCarthy raged keen, Martin gaining the verdict by two inches.

16lb. Shot.—Capt. Thomas Shanahan, 1; Sgt. Hill, 2; B.S.M. Doogan, 3. The bad weather prevented competitors from putting forth their usual form.

Tilting the Bucket.—Cpl. O'Mahony and Pte. O'Brien; Cpl. Taylor and Pte. Kearns. Amidst great amusement the winners carried off the prize without upsetting the bucket.

3 Mile Flat.—Pte. J. McGowan, 1; Capt. M. Kirwan, 2; Pte. J. Quinn, 3. Won easily.

Relay Race (Open).—Military Police, Curragh; 15th Battalion. Easy win for the Police, Capt. McKenna leaving no doubt as to the verdict by his magnificent display in the half-mile.

Striking the Hurley Ball.—Pte. P. Griffin, 1; Pte. J. Walshe, 2.
3 Mile Cycle Race.—Pte. W. Boylain, 1; Pte. F. Shiels, 2;
C/Sgt. A. Martin, 3. Very little between first and second.

Tug-o'-War.—"Encampment" Team, C.S. Deery, Capt.; "Head-
quarter" Team, Cpl. O'Brien, Capt. "Encampment" won by the
odd pull of three.

Tank Race.—Pte. O'Reilly and Pte. J. Maher; B.S.M. Doogan
and Sgt. O'Rourke. Won easily.

Gymnastic Display.—This event was very well received and gave
a goodly exhibition.

Best All-round Athlete.—C/Sgt. Alfred Martin.



**SOUTHERN COMMAND TENNIS CHAMPION-
SHIPS.**

Below we give the results of this competition, decided in Cork.

SINGLES.

1st Round—Lieut. Barry beat Capt. Meenaghan, 6-2, 6-0.

Major Dunne beat Comdt. Walsh, 2-6, 6-2, 6-0.

Comdt. Scott beat Capt. Buckley, 4-6, 6-2, 6-1.

2nd Round—Lieut. Barry, a bye.

Comdt. Scott beat Major Dunne, 6-4, 6-0.

Final—Lieut. Barry beat Comdt. Scott, 4-6, 6-1, 6-2.

DOUBLES.

1st Round—Comdt. Scott and Lieut. Barry beat Comdt.
Walsh and Capt. Meenaghan, 6-3, 6-0.

Comdt. O'Higgins and Capt. Mullins beat Lieut. Harrington and
Lieut. Ringrose, 6-1, 6-0.

Comdt. Bergin and Capt. Murphy beat Capt. Duffy and Lieut.
Spain, 6-2, 6-0.

2nd Round—Comdt. Scott and Lieut. Barry, a bye.

Comdt. O'Higgins and Capt. Mullins beat Comdt. Bergin and
Capt. Murphy, 7-5, 6-4.

Final—Comdt. Scott and Lieut. Barry beat Comdt. O'Higgins
and Capt. Mullins, 6-1, 6-2.

Elvery's

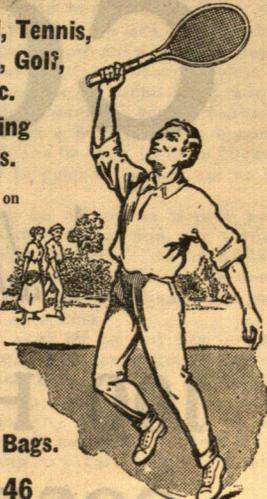
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And back of the flour the mill;
And back of the mill, the wheat and
the shower,
The sun and the Father's Will."

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SZÉALTA AN tSÁIRSINT RUA.

pÁTORAIC Ó CONAIRE DO SGRÍOB.

XXIV.—AN RUA 'N-A UḂDAR.

Bíomar uile go léir as cur síos ar fíadaib, agus ar a n-aisiúc sa tóin, oíche, agus an uile tóinne aghainn agus a baramhail féin aige faoi'n sgeál agus a bain leis, curto aca a ráó nár éoir aon muintín beir as an té nac n-íocpaó a fíada—ba tóaine scaitbéarac buana a bí ionnta siú; i curto eile, agus iao as iarraio éur i gcéill nac loct mór ar tóinne tearnmató tóanam ar ruoib beaga ve'n tsórt sin—ba tóream le ól agus le ceól a bpurmóir siú. Bí an Sáirsint Rua féin sa léair, aet pocal níor labair sé i gcaiteam na hoíche aet é ar a tóearg-tóiceall as sgríobnóireact i tócin an tíge.

Síleat cainnt baint as, aet sin a raib ve maít ann: ba mór agus ba tóiceallac an obair air, sílpeá, an píosa sgríobnóireacta sin a cur le céile. Bí allus le n-a baéais, (aet amán nuair a glanaó sé ve é le muintille a casóige), agus nuair nac mbíó na poela as teact éirse mar ba éoir, éuireató sé gac cor agus casat tó ácaon, tóireac ar nós tóinne a mbéat na tóigeaca go tona air. Agus an éaoi a sáiteató sé cos an peanna n-a béal—breactnuigeas ar an bpeann céatona sin i tóire na hoíche, agus ní raib éar órdac go leit tó págta! Caitpeató sé go raib saotár mór litearóda tóir lámáib as an ruat!

Pilítheact? Bí curto aghainn a céapaó go mb'éat. Curto eile, a ráó gur éirse bean a bí sé as sgríobat, (ní raib fíos as aon tóinne aca aet agham féin an raib an Sáirsint Rua pósta nó nac raib, agus níor tóinne go gcuirpóe ceist gan iarraio air é); curto eile pós, a ráó go raib an Rua as briseat amac n-a uḂDAR, agus nac b'éatpáire é seassam peasta, le mórtas agus le eirge-'n-áiríoe!

Tó méit maasó a bí aghainn uile faoi, níor leis an sgríobnóir air gur éuala sé pocal. Sa tóire, leas sé uair an peann, tóéaluig osna sásta uair, éarraing sé éirse a píopa agus tóubairt:

“An mbéat nóta veic sglilleaca as aon tóinne aghaib?” ar seisean.

Ós as cainnt ar fíadaib a bíomar, agus tóoc-baramhail as curto aghainn faoi tóaine bíot as iarraio aigeat ar íasact, ní ponh mór a bí ar aon tóinne sgarat le nóta veic sglilleaca. Veic sglilleaca veic sglilleaca, ár n-tóig; agus is mór an t-airgeat as saigóuir boet é. Tug an Sáirsint Rua faoi tóara cé'n leis a bí orainn an nóta tábairt tó agus tóis sé an sgeál. Bain sé ceitoe leat-córoin as a póca, agus cónnig i lár a boise íao.

“Cosamail go raib 'é uile tóinne aghaib as ól le cúpla lá,” ar seisean, “agus gan aon pígin beir aghaib anoet.”

Bain triúr nó ceatár aca nóta veic sglilleaca amac. Glac an Sáirsint Rua ceann aca ar a veic sglilleaca airgíto, agus bí sé ar tí an nóta, agus a raib sgríobta aige ísteac i gclúvac leicreac nuair a sín sé a iarraet litearóda éugamsa.

“Léig amac an méit sin do na fearaib,” ar seisean, “agus beiró fíos aca annsin cé'n baramhail atá agham faoi tóaine nac n-íocann a gcuir fíada.”

An rógaire! É as ísteact linn ar feat an acáir!

* * * * *

Seo é an ruo a bí sgríobta aige. Do'n feilméara atá n-a cónnaitoe ar an taob teas ve'n tóiceat i mBaile an Iarainn i gCo. Múigeó, beata agus sláinte agus fao saogal!

Ní fíos aghat a tóinne éoir cé hé an tóinne a mberó a sinn agus a slóinne agus a céim míleata as bun na leicreac seo, nuair a béas sí sgríobta agham, (má féadain i ériocnú ar éor ar bíe agus an cainnt gan ciall atá éart orm as mór-seisear amatóán), aet tá veic sglilleaca aghat orm, bíot is nár leas tú súil ariam aet tá veic sglilleaca aghat orm aet oireat. Veiró tú as ceapaó orm is nár leas mise súil ort aet oireat. Veiró tú as ceapaó gur amatóán ériocnuigte atá as sgríobat éugac, agus cainnt ísteac ve'n tsórt sin a cur ar páipear; aet beiró tú ar a malaint aet tóairim nuair feicpeas tú an nóta veic sglilleaca atá leis an litir seo—

“M'anam féin nac mberó. As ceapaó gur geit atá ann a béas an feilméara,” arsa tóinne éigin as cur ísteac orm, aet níor tugat aon áirto air.

Dozas féin amac sa léigteóireact.

aet tá an méit sin airgíto aghat orm pé ar bíe cé tú féin, (arsa mise as léigat leicreac an tSáirsint Rua tóim), agus caitpeó mé innseact tóit cé'n éaoi.

Mé ar mo tóiceat roinnt blianta ó sóim ó na naimde práocta a bí as sgríosaó na tíre go tóarla tóim beir imeasg sléibe Múigeó, aet nac raib aet píor-beasán ar aítne ná ar eólas agham, agus na tóaine a raib bí an éuro is mó aca siúto as tóitro nó ar a tóiceat mar mé féin. As tóanam siar tóireac i tóreó na páirrege a bíos, mé i bpalac sna coilltib nó i sgaill sléibe i gcaiteam an lae gíl, agus mé as ímteact róman ve síubal oíche as iarraio tóeat suas le cipe beas fear a bí as tóitro i n-ágaró na namat san réasgín píadain sin atá i n-áice leis an bpaírrege mór. Bí aítne as curto maít ve'n namat éart san limistéar sin orm (caitpeim mé féin a molat ró-mór agus innseact tóit cé'n éaoi ar éuireat ar aítne maít sin orm), agus ba ró-contabairteac an obair orm mé féin a tóasháint ve síubal an lae. Aet leis an tóipir a bí orm beir i n-áonfeact leis an scribe sin a luatós leat céana ba beas liom an cónatabairt go minic, agus uaireannta bínn le peiceál as tóit trí na bailte i lár an lae féin.

Bí fíos agham go raib an éuro ba mó ve na tóaine pábaraó tóinn agus go tóeanparóis ruo ar bíe ar ár son, aet tóféatpáó aon tóinne amán an tóigebáil mór tóanam. Ar an áobár sin, agus tóisg gan aítne agham orra níor éugas cuairt ar muintir aon tíge, aet mé as ímteact róman i gcomhaitoe ar nós an tóionnaisg go mbéat an cónairt ar a tóir.

Is cuimneac liom maíoin móc agus mé as tóit éar do tóac-sa i mBaile an Iarainn, maíoin breasg i lár an fógmáir tóireac éar eis eirge tóine. Ní raib tóinne le peiceál ná píu tóeac as eirge aníos as aon tóimné san taob sin tíre. Tóis féin tóirseac traocta éar eis síubail na hoíche, agus tó mbéat céat sobaran óir agham, táim cinnce go sgarparinn leis an maíoin móir sin aet cúpla uair a éirse tó págáil tóir bráitlíne míne seala!

* * * * *

Tófeac an uile tóinne ar an Sáirsint Rua, ar an bpear a sgarpat le cúpla céat sobaran, tó mb'píor tó féin, ar cúpla uair i leabaio, aet nuair nár labair seisean, ar ágaró liom féin leis an léigteóireact.

Agus an t-ócra a bí orm! (a léig mé). An raib tóirse agus ócra agus ceolac orm i n-áonfeact, a tóinne éoir? Seo, agus naimde míneaca ar tó tóir mar bí ar mo tóir-sa an maíoin breasg sin. . . .

Tá sgríoból leat agus bínn an sgríoból sin beasac ar an tóitro. Tóireac agus mé as tóit éar an sgríoból sin céart a tóicpaó amac trí póll a bí ar an ngeaca aet laca breasg agus ál ós léit. Ba tóig leat ar an laeain sin go rabas féin san áit i n-aon tóuras leis an ál a góit uairt. Agus nac i a rinne cosaint éróda ar a curto! An uile bác-bác-bác uairt a éuireat eagra ar tóinne—ar tóinne ve mo sórt-sa a bí ar a tóiceat ar éaoi ar bíe. Agus ní iongnat é aet oireat—nár tóisig tóeat géanna an luét faire sa Rómí fao agus nár sábal siat an éatáir? Cár b'píos tómsa nac raib na saigóuirí gailta a bí ar mo tóir-sa san árus sin leatsa, a tóinne éoir, agus go tóuireatóac bác-bác na laeain íao, agus go b'peiceat siat mé féin. . . .

Rinneas ceól neamhsaogalta le mo béal as iarraio an lae a m'eallac éugam le veire a cur leis an bác-bác mí-áomharac sin a bí ar síubal aige. Úruiró bí liom agus gan fíos aicí céart a bí i n-áon tó, gan fíos aicí cé le n-ágaró a raib an baca tóim sin i bpalac aghamsa ar mo éul!

M'eallas féin éugam i go raib sí i b'póisgeact cúpla slat tó'n áit a raib mé mo seassam, gur éarraing mé buille uirri, gur ámsuirgeas sa gceann í, gur éit sí ar a tóirim ar an talam, agus a tó cois i n-áiríoe aicí!

Bí an marbató tóanta.

* * * * *

Beiró iongnat ort go b'pílim as ceapaó gur píu veic sglilleaca aon lae. Tá fíos agham féin go sár-maít nac píu, aet mo léan! marbuirgeató trí cinn ve'n ál leis an mbuille céatona sin a marbuirg an lae. Agus sílim, a tóinne éoir, go b'píul veic sglilleaca ar a lagat aghat orm tóisg gur marbuirgeas do lae breasg agus trí cinn ve'n ál. Go veiminn, is tóisig a ráó cé méat atá aghat orm; marac an lae sin leatsa ní móitoe go gcaiparíoe an cipe sin ar ar labair mé céana orm, agus marac gur casató mise orra-san ní féatparóis tóil as an gconatabairt n-a rabatár, marac gur eirig leó éalú as an gconatabairt sin,

(AR LEAN AR t. 18.)

GOSSIP OF THE BARRACKS.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, PARKGATE.

Scene:—McKee Barracks. Time:—Wednesday afternoon. All the footballers have fallen out, all the hurlers have fallen out, all the runners and the swimmers have fallen out, but there still remains one 'gink' left—like our old friend, "Slievenamon," "Alone, all alone" on the Square. The Sergt.-Major advances to him and gently enquires: "And what do you play, my lad?" "The melodeon, sir."

There is no truth in the rumour that Teddie McCracken is going to enter for the Cross-Channel swim. Between the Army Swimming Club and the Life-saving Class he has his hands full at present.

The Orderly Man.

Oh, Orderly Man you've a wonderful way with you, The Sergeants, sure, all are wishful to play with you; Even the Corp'rals have a good word to say for you; You've such a way with you Orderly Man.

So here's a health to you Orderly Man, And keep off "Defaulters" as long as you can. May the sun shine for you: The Liffey run wine for you (Hope it keeps fine for you)

Orderly man!

The habit of collecting Cabra snails is not confined to N.C.O.'s "Me Larkie" passed a good night, but—the morning! Anyhow he is now completely recovered, thank ye kindly!

Did "Charlie Chaplin" mope over the mop on Monday after the heavy rainfall, and what did "Maurice" say.

Is there a "Tee-heeing" course about to be started in McKee. We think that the course at present in vogue is sufficient.

Hearty congratulations to the G.H.Q. runners on their victories. Your man Murphy will shortly be able to start an Emporium with his prizes.

SGÉALTA AN tSÁIRSINT RUA.

bí veire leis an troid i sCo. Mhuiseó, dá mbéad veire leis an troid i sCo. Mhuiseó, béad veire leis ar fuo na tíre, agus béad an cinne saeéal faoi óis arís.

"Do laca-sa, a duine éóir, a bain saoirse amac d' éirinn.

mise

SÉAMUS Ó NIAD

(Dár leas-ainm an Sáirsint Rua).

Tímceall seachtmáine n-a díadú sin, fuair an Sáirsint Rua litir ar ais ó'n bpeiliméara i mBaile an Iarainn. Seól sé an leat-nóta ar ais, agus dá punnt eile leis mar bhronntas, "i stréb so b'éadóiríde tú péin agus do éir fear mo sláinte d'ól," mar duháirt an peiliméara, ruo a rinnead so flaitéamail.

[San gcéad uimh eile:

XXV.—Stán leis an Sáirsint Rua.]

Sergt. Shroud has now completed his course in Irish with honours. Hearty congratulations.

Things we Would Like to Know:

How Jeff is enjoying his well-earned rest?

Was Bone in the Cookhouse or in the Hospital?

Are Paddy Boyle and Paddy Byrne contemplating undergoing a Red Cross course, and what does Jimmy Ryan say?

When is the Reveille lecture in McKee going to be illustrated by limelight pictures?

Are "civilians" going to be burned or stored?

This week's slogan: 'Pay attention to details.'



PORTOBELLO BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

Ideal conditions and exceptionally valuable prizes attracted "big fields" at the 7th Brigade Sports.

Sergt. Fenneral (23rd) showed a clean pair of heels to his opponents in the High and Long Jumps and again proved his versatility by annexing the most valuable prize of the afternoon—a silver coffee set, kindly presented by the Colonel himself for the best "all-round."

An innovation, "wrestling on horseback," was thoroughly enjoyed by everybody except the competitors and their "Mounts."

Paddy Murrehy is of opinion that armour should be provided for participants in future events of this kind.

O'Donoghue (27th) won the 3 miles in characteristic style.

The tug-of-war event between the 23rd and 27th Battalions, which resulted in a win for the former, concluded a capital day's sport thoroughly enjoyed by everybody.

Portobello, and incidentally the whole Army were represented in the Liffey Swim, by "Fergie Flood" and "John Kennedy."

"Fergie" distinctly remembers diving in off Guinness Wharf at 6.40 p.m. on 29/7/25, ploughing his way past 25 others and crawling out at Butt Bridge amongst the first 12.

Despite this fact "Fergie" when he read his morning paper on 30/7/25 discovered that he had not swam at all. (But they corrected their mistake next day—Editor).

"John" did not fare quite so well. During the race he developed a hobby for life-saving and in the course of his accidental demonstrations swam two miles instead of the scheduled mile and a quarter.

7.0 p.m. saw "John" extricating himself from the mud at Butt Bridge.

7.15 p.m. saw "John" in the "Scotch House" profuse in his apologies for having dared pass without "dropping in."

For "Me Larkie's" information:—

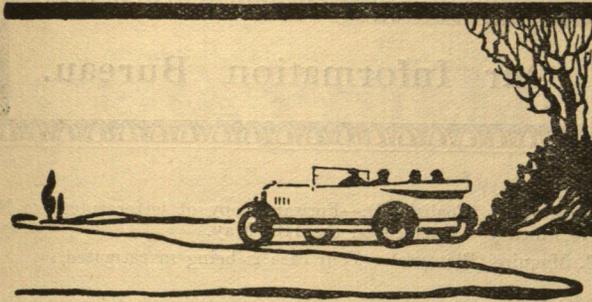
"The record holder for the distance from 'B' Block to the Mens' Mess might constitute a crowd in three letters."

We would like to know:—If the retirement from "Tatts" of a certain N.C.O. of Lucentio fame is the result of a "Warning Off"?

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COLLINS BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

Headquarter Battalion Athletic Team are going great guns under the eagle eye of the famous "Cocker," who is the "Dad" of the lot. "Cocker" never does much rubbing in his capacity as Trainer. A victim states that he only prods his fingers right through.

Capt. Owen Connolly, under difficulties, succeeded in getting 2nd in the Long Jump at the Command Sports. In days gone by he had many firsts to his credit, and was considered a great "All Rounder" in the athletic field.

"Alcock" is anxious to know what B.P. slipped the little gratuity under the plate recently.

Cpl. Larkin has the best wishes of all for many happy days. The little event took place since last issue.

A certain B.O.S. on his usual rounds at Reveille one morning recently entered a certain billet to awaken those that might forget to open optics. One soldier on being awakened with some trouble lifted a drowsy eye to the N.C.O. and asked him if he would be so kind as to close the door to keep out the cold.

"Con" recently dressed up in nice attire was fully equipped with the aid of a C.Q.M.S.

Some fun recently somewhere over a hat box and its contents.

"Mick" and "Bill" have located new quarters locally for spending leisure hours.

Our N.C.O.'s at Collins will soon have to be reckoned with as Tennis players.

What sentry stated that his beat was from Retreat to Reveille?

The famous McMunn recently applied to Q.M. for Brasso to clean windows. Did he get it?

A challenge Billiard Match between Cpl. Roy and Hazel of Football fame is likely to come off shortly.

"Nobby" is the latest to add to the list of Matrimonials.

Sgt. Cormac's Section succeeded in carrying off the award for the Billet Competition.

It is earnestly hoped that our "Bandsmen" will soon be to the fore again.

Are 24th and 21st going to meet for a set of Medals in a Football match shortly?

Cpl. O'Donnell has his name down as a swimmer.



12th INFANTRY BATT., TEMPLEMORE.

Things are brightening up hereabouts lately. The boxers, in particular, are keen on "cutting a shine" and when they were discussing the various brands of polish the other day one of the best of them, Private Paddy Ryan, "to wit" got this off his chest :-

"Just as in boxing there is no punch like that with the science in it, so there is no 'Science' like that with the 'Punch' in it."

(Should any of our readers require an explanation they will find it at the top of column two, page three of this issue—Ed.)

When are the Powers that be going to accede to the widespread desire to have the name of this barracks changed to something more suitable and patriotic?

It is claimed that the rush of work in a certain office here was the origin of the remark: "Can't you be fastening that envelope while I'm writing the address?"

At the time of writing all N.C.O.'s and men of the Battalion have fired a course on the Miniature Range with satisfactory results.

There was some difficulty in explaining the "butts" to a new soldier, but after his first day's experience he said he realised now that it meant a "fag."

We are much obliged for the return of our footballers and hurlers temporarily posted to other battalions.

"ROS CAIRBRE."

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the tobacco.

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and millions of
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Our Information Bureau.

Pension.

F. McNally (Coalisland).—Forward copy of letter reference No. 14045 which you received on the 11th May.

P. Maguire (Blantyre).—Your case is being investigated.

Grade Pay.

"Interested" (Collins Bks.).—Pay as a Class II Private is issuable on the completion of twelve months' satisfactory service, subject to your Commanding Officer's approval, and is paid automatically on the publication of the appointment through orders.

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

"Veteran" (Cork).—Your appointment does not warrant payment of additional pay under the terms of the existing regulations, which confine such issues to Technical Storemen.

CONCERT AND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT AT FINNER.

By kind permission of Commandant P. P. Hyde, O.C., No. 2 Battalion, the Finner Amusement Committee were able to arrange with Mr. Walter Mitchell, of the Bunderan Pierrots to give a show in Finner Camp on Friday night, July 24th. The Gymnasium was turned into a miniature theatre by "Busty" Anderson and his willing helpers. Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men were given permission to bring civilian friends to the entertainment, and not a few took advantage of this concession. Everyone appeared to thoroughly enjoy the programme. The hit of the night was "The Disorderly Room," got up specially for the occasion, caused great amusement amongst the troops, who showed their appreciation in no small manner.

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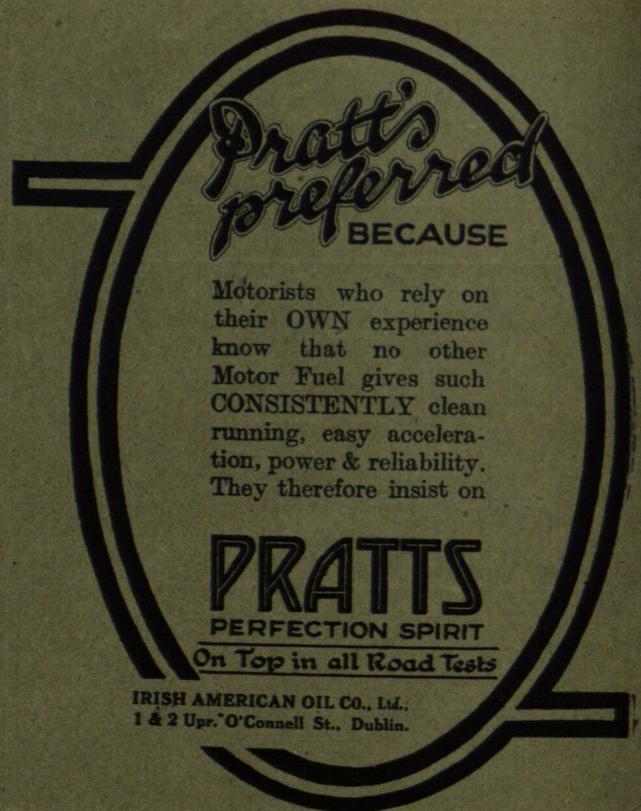
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