



AN T-OGLÁC

(Published by Permission of the Army Authorities)

Contents.

Vol. 3. No. 2 (New Series).

January 17, 1925.

RECREATIONAL HALF-HOLIDAY.

Help to the A.A.A.—Records Office Sports Club.—
Boxing Championships.

AN ARREST IN THOMAS STREET.

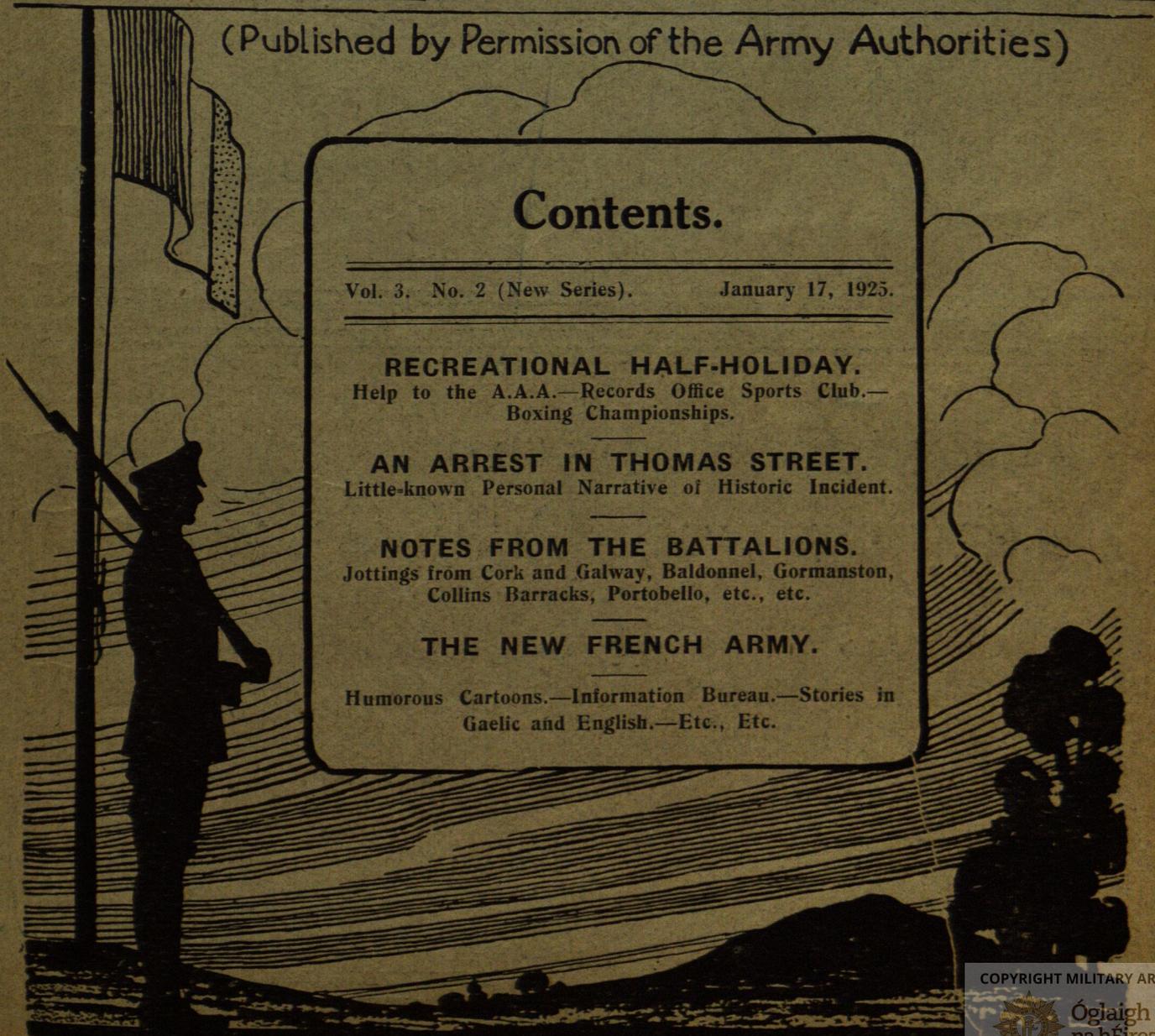
Little-known Personal Narrative of Historic Incident.

NOTES FROM THE BATTALIONS.

Jottings from Cork and Galway, Baldonnell, Gormanston,
Collins Barracks, Portobello, etc., etc.

THE NEW FRENCH ARMY.

Humorous Cartoons.—Information Bureau.—Stories in
Gaelic and English.—Etc., Etc.





— Service Uniforms —

To produce a perfect uniform it is essential that its constructor should have a knowledge of the detail that counts for so much in a really well-made Kit, and that he should possess the ability (which can only be gained by experience) to cut and build each garment to suit the physical characteristics of the individual—the ability in fact to fit the uniform to the man, instead of attempting, as many do, to fit the man to the uniform.

Our Principal Cutter has acquired the necessary knowledge and possesses the necessary ability by reason of his great experience in making Service and Dress Uniforms for Officers of the Guards and Cavalry Regiments in London. Consequently we guarantee that Uniforms made by us, as well as all items of Kit we supply, will be as perfect and will give absolute satisfaction.

Callaghan's
of Dame Street

T. J. Callaghan & Co., 12-16 Dame Street, Dublin.

Brighten Boots and Leggings with 'NUGGET'

YOU can get a brilliant shine without a lot of labour if you use "Nugget" polish and "Nugget" polish **only** on your boots and leggings. The "Nugget" shine lasts all day, and unless coated in mud a slight rub brings out the original brilliance for several days without fresh application of polish. Ask for "Nugget" and take no substitute.

'NUGGET' BOOT POLISH

*Made in Ireland by the Nugget Polish Co., of Ireland, Ltd.,
22, 23 & 24 Lr. Bridge Street, Dublin.*



COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES



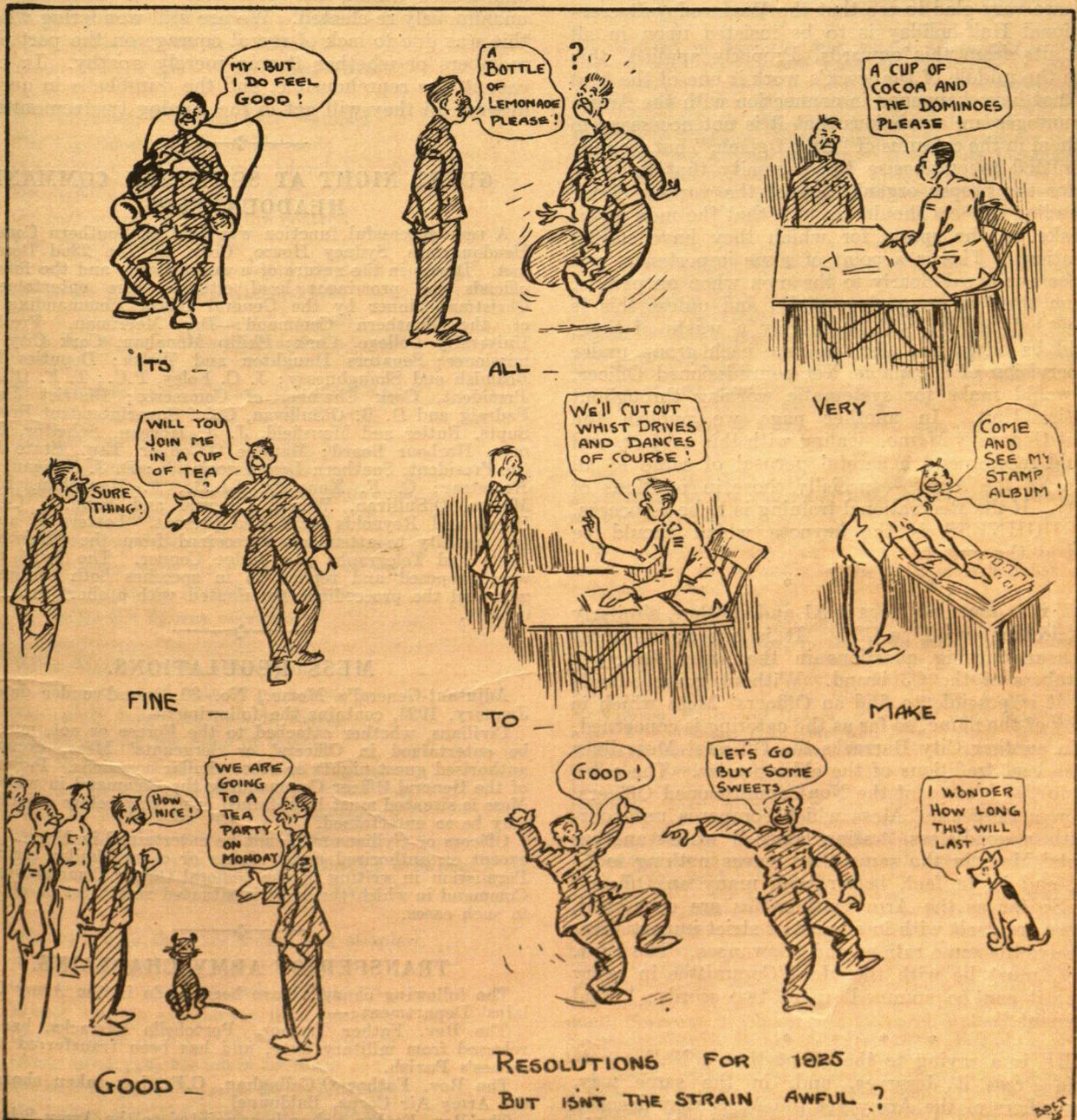
Óglach
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

An t-Ógláic

Vol. III. No. 2. (New Series.)

JANUARY 17, 1925.

Price TWOPENCE.



JANUARY 17th, 1925—HEROIC SURVIVAL OF SOME NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES

An t-Óglách

JANUARY 17, 1925.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

WE are very glad to see that the Wednesday Recreational Half-holiday is to be insisted upon in all Units from this onwards. Properly applied, this break in the middle of the week's work is one of the best things that have happened in connection with the Army. Its advantages are so obvious that it is not necessary to stress them in the columns of "An t-Oglach," but we may be permitted to emphasise the necessity that has now arisen for the proper organisation of the various clubs. Commanding Officers should see to it that the men under them take up the sports for which they have special qualifications. This is a point of some importance, and should be explained clearly to the men when on parade. They can then be grouped properly, and unless this is done the half-holiday will be merely a waste of time. It would be advisable, also, to have each group under the supervision of a capable Non-commissioned Officer, which would make for systematic working throughout the entire Unit. In another page we publish the Adjutant-General's Memo. dealing with this subject, and we would recommend a careful perusal of same to all members of the Army—especially those in positions of authority. If the Recreational training is to be a success, THOROUGHNESS is the keynote which should be sounded at the outset.

* * * *

WHY is it that one Mess is A1 and another, similarly circumstanced, is C3? It is one of the most heart-burning questions in the Army, amongst the members of the C3 brand. Without going outside Dublin, it is possible to find an Officers' Mess which is unworthy of the name, so far as the catering is concerned, whilst in another City Barracks the Officers' Mess lives up to the best traditions of the elder armies. The same applies to the Messes of the Non-commissioned Officers. We know a Sergeants' Mess which compares unfavourably with a good-class "ating house," whilst another Sergeants' Mess in the same City leaves nothing to be desired, and is, in fact, better than many an Officers' Mess. So far as the Army authorities are concerned, all Messes are dealt with in a spirit of strict impartiality; they receive the same rations and allowances. The fault, therefore, must lie with the Mess Committee in every instance; it can be summed up in two words: "Bad Management."

* * * *

THERE is a saying to the effect that a Nation gets the Press it deserves, and, in the same way, members of the Army get the Mess they deserve. It is "up to them" to see that they appoint thoroughly capable committees to look after their interests. If they appoint a "Dud" Committee they have nobody to blame but themselves for its subsequent mismanagement

of affairs. We are very tired of the soldiers who are forever complaining about the shortcomings of their Mess, yet who never trouble to attend the meetings at which the committee can be criticised or dethroned. There was one instance recently in which, out of a membership of over eighty, only about twenty turned up at the annual meeting of the Mess. And out of the twenty only three or four were vocal, with the result that the affair resolved itself into a sort of Mutual Admiration Society, and the old Committee, who had been denounced in all the moods and tenses during the preceding twelvemonths, were unanimously re-elected. We are still wondering whether this was due to lack of moral courage on the part of the members or whether it was merely apathy. In either case it was reprehensible, and the dumbbells in question deserve all they will get in the coming twelvemonths.

GUEST NIGHT AT SOUTHERN COMMAND HEADQUARTERS.

A very successful function was held at Southern Command Headquarters, Sydney House, Cork, on the 22nd December last. It was in the nature of a guest night, and the following officials and prominent local citizens were entertained to Christmas dinner by the General Officer Commanding Staff of the Southern Command:—Dr. Merriman, President, University College, Cork; Philip Monahan, Cork City Commissioner; Senators Haughton and Walsh; Deputies Egan, Beamish and Shaughnessy; J. C. Foley, P.C.; T. F. O'Leary, President, Cork Chamber of Commerce; District Justices Pdraig and D. B. O'Sullivan, Chief Superintendent Brennan, Supts. Butler and Mansfield, J. J. Horgan, Solicitor, Chairman, Harbour Board; Maurice O'Connor, Esq., State Solr.; the President, Southern Law Association; D. J. Neligan, Esq., Registrar; C. F. Kennedy, LL.B.; F. Hanrahan, LL.B.; Messrs. O'Sullivan, Woods, Osborne and King. Colonels Byrne and Reynolds were also present. Letters of apology for inability to attend were received from the Minister for Posts and Telegraphs and Judge Conner. The usual toasts were proposed and replied to in speeches both serious and gay, and the proceedings terminated with a short impromptu concert.

MESS REGULATIONS.

Adjutant-General's Memo., No. 39, issued under date 5th January, 1925, contains the following:—

Civilians, whether attached to the Forces or not, must not be entertained in Officers' or Sergeants' Mess, except on authorised guest nights or other similar occasions. Permission of the General Officer Commanding the Command in which the Mess is situated must be obtained in writing before any civilian may be so entertained.

Officers or civilians must not be entertained in Nurses' Mess except on authorised guest nights or other similar occasions. Permission in writing of the General Officer Commanding the Command in which the Mess is situated must first be obtained in such cases.

TRANSFER OF ARMY CHAPLAINS.

The following changes have been made in the Army Chaplains' Department:—

The Rev. Father Trainor, Portobello Barracks, has been released from military duty, and has been transferred to St. James's Parish.

The Rev. Father O'Callaghan, C.F., has taken charge of the Army Air Corps, Baldonnell

The Rev. Father Fahey is appointed to the Army School of Music, Beggars' Bush Barracks.

The Rev. R. J. Casey, C.F., relinquishes his position as Command Chaplain, and is attached to 7th Portobello Barracks.

A.F.293.

'Tis with eyes that are weary and sleepless,
And with tremulous hand that I write
Of the woes of the Barrack Accountant,
Whose sorrows are darker than night!
For his days have been filled to repletion,
And from worry he never is free,
His time is all spent in completion
Of Army Form "Two-Ninety-Three."
His hair is as grey as a badger's
From Army Form "Two-Ninety-Three!"

It's intricate problems have sounded
The innermost depths of his soul;
His outlook on life is now bounded
By supplies and by issues of Coal!
On coal all his interests are centred,
For, by an official decree,
Every pound that's consumed must be entered
On Army Form "Two-Ninety-Three."
It's a genuine "cross-word" enigma,
Is Army Form "Two-Ninety-Three."

The creosote, and candles and kindling,
With the issues of coke, he'll compile;
The tar and the palliasse straw, too,
Not forgetting the paraffin oil!
Then he'll tot up his figures in thousands,
And place them on "Two-Ninety-Four,"
To find that "Receipts" minus "Issues"
Won't agree with his "Balance-in-Store!"
Then he tightens his belt and commences
To juggle the figures once more!

When Marie Corelli was writing
Of the sorrows of Satan's poor soul,
She surely forgot to include there,
His work with the issue of Coal!
Old Nick hasn't much time for smiling,
But the grin from his face soon would flee,
Were he faced with the job of compiling
The abstracts on "Two-Ninety-Three!"
'Twouldn't leave him much time for his prowling,
Would Army Form "Two-Ninety-Three!"

'Tis with eyes that are weary and sleepless,
And tremulous hand that I write
Of the woes of the Barrack Accountant,
Whose sorrows are darker than night. . . .
But in spite of his troubles and worries
(And, mind you, his job is no fun),
He still keeps his nose to the grindstone,
He knows that the work must be done.
And tho' Army Forms come in their thousands
His watchword is still "Carry On!"

"LEON HARJOY."

GOSSIP FROM GALWAY

Commandant Luke Smyth has arrived to take up duty as O.C. of the Battalion. Captain Dillon has resumed the duties of Adjutant. Commandant Smyth has a distinguished military record, both in the Anglo-Irish war and the late civil war. He is a great athlete, and a very popular Office.

* * * * *
We regret that we are unable to furnish a report of recent Christmas wedding festivities as the Four Horsemen were unaccountably overlooked in sending out the invitations. Nevertheless we wish Simon and his bride many years of happiness and prosperity.

* * * * *
Christmas in barracks was indeed a cheerful one for the boys of the "Sixth," and much thanks is due to the Officers in general, who spared no effort to make the festival a happy one for the N.C.O.'s and men under their command. Mass was celebrated in the garrison chapel by the Rev. Father Brennan at 8.30 a.m. There was a large attendance of Officers and men, and a large number received Holy Communion. A guard of honour under Lieut. Fitzgerald attended, and the General Salute was sounded. The men were later entertained to dinner by the Officers, and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

* * * * *
A large number of military and a fair sprinkling of the civilian population witnessed a well-contested football match in the playing pitch adjacent to the barracks on the evening of the 20th December, between Headquarters and "A" Companies. Fine weather favoured the event, and both teams displayed great skill. The match was refereed by Commandant Smyth, and resulted in a win for "A" Company by the small margin of one point.

* * * * *
Who said the Pioneer Sergeant was one of "The Four Horsemen?"

* * * * *
Who was the A/N.C.O. that developed sore throat through applauding H.Q.'s Company team during the football match on the 20th ulto?

* * * * *
We consider it only fair to mention that Simon displayed great ability in disposing of the Christmas Number of "An t-Oglach" here.

* * * * *
Over 150 couples attended the dance organised by the N.C.O.'s, 6th Battalion, in the Town Hall, Galway, on Saturday night, 10th inst. Among those present were—Captain Dillon, O.C.; Captain Coakley, B.Q.M.; Lieutenant and Mrs. McGrath, Lieut. and Mrs. Sherry, Lieuts. Coen, Fitzgerald, McNamara, Kelly and Baxter; Professor Fahy, University College; P. Callanan, C.C.; Mr. and Mrs. Lydon, Messrs. Dolly, Murray, Geraghty, Lawlor, McGonnicle, O'Reilly, Linnane, O'Toole, Keating, McKenna, Cosgrove, McIntyre, O'Brien, Langan, Burke and Kelly; the Misses Nolan, Langan, Gunn, Devaney, Lee, Elwood, Lydon, Burke, Lynskey, Leonard, Casey, Keane, Kelly, Gilmore, Synnott, Stockwell, Cottle, McGuff, Rooney, Delaney, McQuillan, Griffin and Gormally.

The dance was one of the most brilliant and successful functions of the kind held in the city for a number of years, and great credit is due to the committee. The music was supplied by Mr. G. Glennon's Orchestra, with Miss Sutherland at the piano. Supper was admirably served in the Council Chamber by Mrs. Hardiman, who had charge of the catering. The hall was artistically decorated under direction of the committee, who undoubtedly spared no effort to make the dance a success. The members of the committee were—B.S.M. Lynch (Chairman), Sergeant McManus and Corporal Mullery (Secretaries), Sergeants Lewis, Ennis and Heneghan, B.Q.M.S. Hargrove, C.S.M. Houlihan, Corporal O'Connor.

A large number of the Garda Síochana also attended, and a letter of apology was received from Chief Superintendent McManus regretting his inability to be present owing to pressure of duty.

Sergeant Lewis and Corporal O'Connor acted efficiently as M.C.'s, and the dance concluded with the "Soldiers' Song."

Széalta an tsairsint Rua.

IX.—mí-suaimeas.

DÁTRAIC Ó CONAIRE, DO SGRÍOB.

"Níor casaó ariam liom, dá méad uár siublas, tuime còim mí-suaimeac leatsa," arsa Liam lom lá, leis an sáirsint Rua; "agus is as toul i nbonaict atáir. Dá mba ar neam péim a théadé, is as cleamsán éairéad an aimsir toisg san uo éairtoe saoil beiré ann leat."

"Duailteann bohta de'n galar céatna tú péim ó am go ham" arsa an sáirsint Rua.

"Le seactaim ba deacair cuir suas leat, a sáirsint; sead ó tosais an boc galánta sin as teact ar cuairt asat," arsa Liam lom

"agus nár éugabar uile paol deara," arsa an saigsiúir uob Oise, "nac bpeadann an boc céatna panaict n-a súrde ná n-a sheasam ar fearó dá noméiró; tá traotóeact éisim curta aise ar ár sáirsint."

Sin an sáirsint Rua na cosa amac uairó.

"m'anam péim," ar seisean aict sílim go bpuil a beas nó a mhór de'n ceart asuib. An mí-suaimeas áluinn uairó an galar atá as gabáil uo'n fear céatna, uo'n niallac cróda bíos as teact ar cuairt annseo le seactaim, agus is galar tógálad é sílim. Galar é, má's péiróir galar éabairt air, atá go póirleactan i saogal an lae moiu, i nscá tír agus i nscá réasún, ar puo an toimam móir. Aict maroir leis an bpear ós sin—"

Cuir Liam lom istead air. Bí a pios as an uile tuime asaim go raib ponn ar an sáirsint Rua sgeal éisim a imseact paol n-a cararo, agus go raib sé còim maicé túinn ceat éabairt uo a sgeal a cur uo.

"Sead," arsa Liam lom, "maroir leis an fear ós sin—" uéars an sáirsint Rua a píopa agus tosais sé:

Seanára liom é, (arsa an sáirsint Rua) bíó is go bpuilmse uicé mbliaona nios sine ná é. Ar aon baile ruasó an beirt asaim, agus ó bí ciall aise, ní raib a leitéro eile uo sasúr ann le clisteact agus le piosraict, agus le mí-sástaict le n-a raib n-a tímceall. Dá bpuisead sé frem ar élog nó ar uaireatóir, nó ar inneall ar bit, an uiahal ní sásóac é go mbéad a pios aise céart a bí istig ann; dá bpsasó sé an baile le uol i n-aon áit, suaimeas ní bíó aise go mbéad sé i n-áit eile. An ruo a bí i bpaó uairó, sin é uireac an ruo a mbíó sé ar a tóir, agus a cúisige is seibeacó sé é sin, sé a malairt ar paó uo ruo a bíó uairó. Aicrú agus gluaiseact agus uol-ar-asaró a bíó as teastóil uairó uo síor. Ní raib sé ear sé bliatna u'ois nuair a casaó liom é n-a surde ar éloic as tóim an háiróim agus é as tabairt na súl go cráirtoe—sead a maissé, níor féad sé breit ar corán na gelaigse nuaróe!

Maroir le léigean, ní raib aon riacán leis. Ní raib sé seact mbliaona uéas go raib a raib uo leabraib as an sasart léigte agus aicléigste aise; nac é cuiread na ceisteanna cruatá amhréirseac ar sgláire ar bit casparóe leis?

Aict b'peáir leis troit lá ar bit ná leabar dá feabas é, sílim. Ní tuime acramac a bí ann ariam; aict dá bpeiceadó sé troit ar érató nó ar páire, bí cimto uo go bpeicrúe é péim n-a lár istig. Agus ba leac-cuma leis cé'n pác go mbíci as comrac: ní i n-áubbar na trota aict sa troit péim cuiread sé an tsum. áubbar maicé saigsiúra, nó áubbar maicé sgláire sead, bí curó maicé uo'n dá éreic imo cararo gac uile lá ariam. . . .

Uéasas péim an baile le uol ar mo siublóro, agus is beas cuairisg a puairesas air, go uéamic sgeala éugam bliatanta n-a

uairó sin go uéarna sé tosa sgláire, agus gur gnótaig sé pósta mór sna hinoiaicáib toir uo bárr sgrúdaigste. Bí gnás as an rialtas sasanaic an uair sin, trí céat punnt a éabairt uo'n uile tuime a gnótuigsead a leitéro uo pósta i ueróe go mberois i n-ann gac uile sórt a ceannaict i gcóir an aicteir páda a bí rómpa, agus ionnós nac bpeiceadó na háitreacó eall go rabatar sann.

Fuair mo tuime a cistoe péim. Cuairó ar bóro na luingsé, agus u'imtíis leis ar a éuras go uo'í an uoimam tóir.

Turas páda é. Cé'n éaol a bpeapadó tuime mí-suaimeac mar mo tuime na seactaim páda a éairteam ar bóro na luingsé? Casaó fear go raib uéanam agus cosamalaict tuime uasail air, ar an soiteac. Sead, bí sé an-uéacair na laete páda cur istead. Cárcat? An mbéad cluice aise? Uéad. Bí—agus má bí gnótaig mo éara an cluice sin. agus an ceann n-a uairó, agus an ceann n-a uairó sin arís.

Leanaó uo'n imirt. An trí céat a fuair mo éara ar pásáil sasana uó, bí sé sguabta. Aict bí an tuime uasal sasta glacó le gelaímaintib ó fear go raib pósta mór aise. Ní páda go raib gelaímaintí trí céat eile, paol n-a amm, sgríobta as mo cararo, agus san pígin aise n-a n-foic!

Lá dá rabatar as imirt, rinne an tuime iasacta cleas ar na cárcatib. Aict bí súil gáar as mo cararo. Cúis sé paol uéara céart a rinnead. Cúis sé san móran moille gur le cleasatóeact buairóis an tuime iasacta an t-airgsead air, gur cheamáire cam

A GHAEILIGEIRI AN AIRMI

Tuigean sibh-se gur seod luachmhar an Ghaedhealg. Tuigean sibh gur beatha teangan i labhairt.

Tuigean sibh nach feidir le h-aon chomhacht i nEirinn ná casmul dhi fhiaacaint chvr oraibh an Béarla a labhairt.

Dé chúis annsan ná labhrann sibh agus ná scríobhann sibh an Teanga uasal atá agaibh gach aon uair is feidir é?

An amhlaidh atá sibh mí dhilis do's na laochra Gaedhael a chuaidh romhaibh? An amhlaidh na fuil bhur dtail chomh láidir, chomh seasamhch, chom dangean le tail naimhde na Ghaedhillege?

a bí ann ó éus, cearbáic claon mar casparóe le tuime as rásuib. U'eirig an fuil ann, agus aon ruactar amam dá uéus sé paol'n gcearbáic agus cnám níor pás sé slán n-a corp.

Aict ní raib an cearbáic réro le mo cararo. Na gelaímaintí sgríobta uó, cuiread iallac air iad a ite áim, láitireac bonn! agus sé an réirtoeac a rinne caipcín na luingsé aict an beirt aca a cur paol gias go bpléirpíre an éus ar a uol i uéir uóib.

Sul ar sroicéad port saio, fuair an caipcín luingsé amac gur as mo cararo a bí iomlán an éirt, agus níor cuir sé cosg ró-mór air iméact as an luingsé, agus a roga ruo a uéanam, mar bí pios aise go scaillpead sé a pósta mór dá sguirici an éus gá plé sna cúirteannaib. níor le mo cararo uob' fáilige é. a cúisige is bíodar i uéir éus sé uo na bonnaib é.

Aict bí uiahal na mí-sástaicta air an uile lá ariam. i leabairó long eile u'pásáil, agus iméact leis ar a éuras go uo'í na hinoiaicáib toir, céart a uéanpaó an mac mallactan, aict a uol n-a maiknéalac ar bóro luingsé a bí as pillead go sasana!

Bí an cosag mór ar siubal paol seo, agus ní cúisige i uéir i Liverpool é, ná casaó cipe saigsiúirí leis a bí as uol ear saile. Da uo na connaictaig an cipe seo, agus gac líúg agus líúra uadé. Sead, a uol i n-aonotig leó—sin é an ruo a rinne sé. Troit a uéaróe as troit, agus ba cuma le n-a comluatar aict oiread é.



Da meiréarac ácrannac an dream fear a éuaíró ar boro na lunge sin ; áct ní to'n f'raimne a bí a 'driall, áct oo na h'inoiaicáib. agus siú é mo úime as toul oo'n Doimán Coir n-a saigsiúir síngil i leabair beir as toul ann n-a boc mór le curiú le rialú na tíre !

Tá aineólaige sib, níl don úime asáib nár cuala camnt ar an eirge-amaç a bí as na Connaçtaig céatona sna h'inoiaicáib, agus an çaoi gur caitead curi úib, agus gur cuiread lear mór úib i bpríosún. Úi mo çara-sa páirteac san eirge—amaç sin—go veimh, tá doime ann a veir go mb'é çuir ar bun é. Ar çaoi ar biç, caitead isteaç i scarcac é, agus siú é an fear go mba çoir óo beir as curiú le rialú na tíre, paoi péim agus paoi pianaro i bpríosún sa tír céatona ! áct sin é an saogal.

Ní raib sé çar ráite ann nuair a buail Fobarnaær an príosún isteaç çuige lá. Çuir sé curi maí ceisteanna air, agus sa veire puair sé amaç cérb é.

"Tú an fear atá i çceist," ars an Fobarnaær, "tá litir annseo ó'n Rialtas as óróú úit beir sa laçair i noipis Rialtais na h'inoiaça i Lonnoam paoi çeann sé seactamí."

"áct cé'n çaoi a nçabpaíó mé ann ?" arsa mo çara, "agus mé i bpríosún annseo, agus—"

"Níl ort áct oo briatær çabairt òom, agus çeibró mise bealaç uuit ve réir mar orouigeað òom," ars an Fobarnaær. Rinneað amlaíó, agus paoi çeann an açair a luaðóó bí mo úime i Lonnoam i noipis an Rialtais.

Ó'péac seanfear çnaoiteamail spéacláraç maol caite air go çéar. Focal níor labair sé ar feað ççatamí maí, áct é as baite

O'Donovan Rossa was splendid in the proud manhood of him, splendid in the heroic grace of him, splendid in the Gaelic strength, and clarity and truth of him. . . . The clear, true eyes of this man, almost alone in his day, visioned Ireland as we of to-day would surely have her; not free merely, but Gaelic as well; not Gaelic merely, but free as well.

ceóil as an çlár a bí ós a çomair amaç le n-a méaraib, agus as feadaoil ós íseal çac ré sead.

Annm leig sé siar sa çcaçaoir é péim, agus breatnaig sé go çéar ar mo úime, çar éis na páipéir a bí ós a çomair amaç a léigead açuair.

"Cé'n aois tú, a mhic úi néill ?" an çéao ruo çoubaire sé. Ó'mnis an miallaç é sin óo.

Leig an seanfear spéacláraç osna. Óearec sé go çrinn agus go çuigsionnaç ar mo úime ós çionn na spéacláirí móra imeall-óróa.

"Bíos péim ós trác," ars an fear çnaoiteamail seo ; agus veir an miallaç gur beas nár breagnaig sé péim é, mar bí cosaímal-áct ar mo úime gur ruçad sean é.

"Dliadám sa lá moiu," ars an seanfear "bí tú san oipis seo çeana. Puair tú oo çuro paipéar agus orouigçe an lá sin—véanpar vearmac ar ar çára ó çeim," agus çug sé oróú nua oo'n miallaç, agus seic i çomair a çurais.

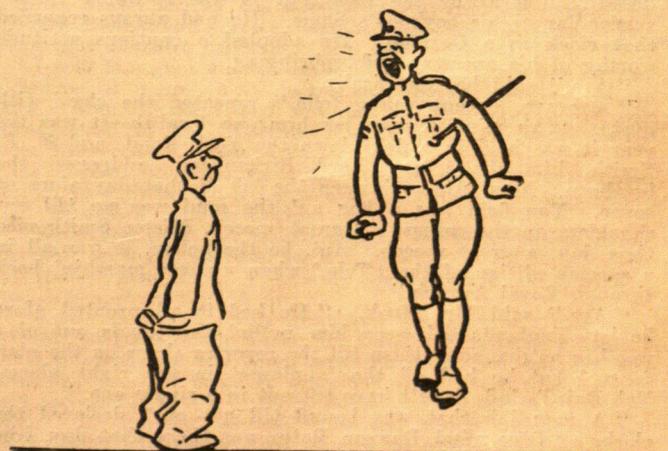
Nuair a bí an miallaç as imteaçt uaíó, craic an seanfear lám leig go çairdeamail—

"Sead, bíos péim ós trác, a mhic úi néill," ar seisean, "an óige ! An óige, ní fílleann sí," ar seisean as sean—çumnead óo péim, "áct çan í, çan fir mar mise agus tusa, a mhic úi néill, is beas ruo contaçairteac çníçtré ar an saogal seo."

As caiteamí saoire annseo i neirinn atá an miallaç anois, (ars an Sáirsint Rua), agus tá imiúe an doimain orm go nçabpaíó sé san arm seo asann-ne agus é i bpus, nó go veanparó sé airmo-eaçt éigim eile sul má fílleann sé ar an Doimán Coir.

G.H.Q. CALLING.

- 1. What heroic N.C.O. quoted "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined?"
2. Who wanted it postponed for the purpose of practising his steps to the music of the gramophone?
3. We are anxiously awaiting the result.
4. Will the "Waves of Tory" be appreciated?
5. What newcomer referred to the Central Registry as the "Registry Office?"
6. Did he think it looked like a place from which blissful unity emerged?
7. We wonder if they would pay more than seven and a tanner for the unity?
8. Why did a member of the football team playing Artillery refuse to fall in with a mud puddle occupying his position?
9. Could a hurler not understand why a knowledge of horses meant a knowledge of hurley, and did he sound sceptical—loudly?
Does the Tipperary Ranger make a hobby of sampling pastry out town?
11 And does his pal prefer "Lamb?"

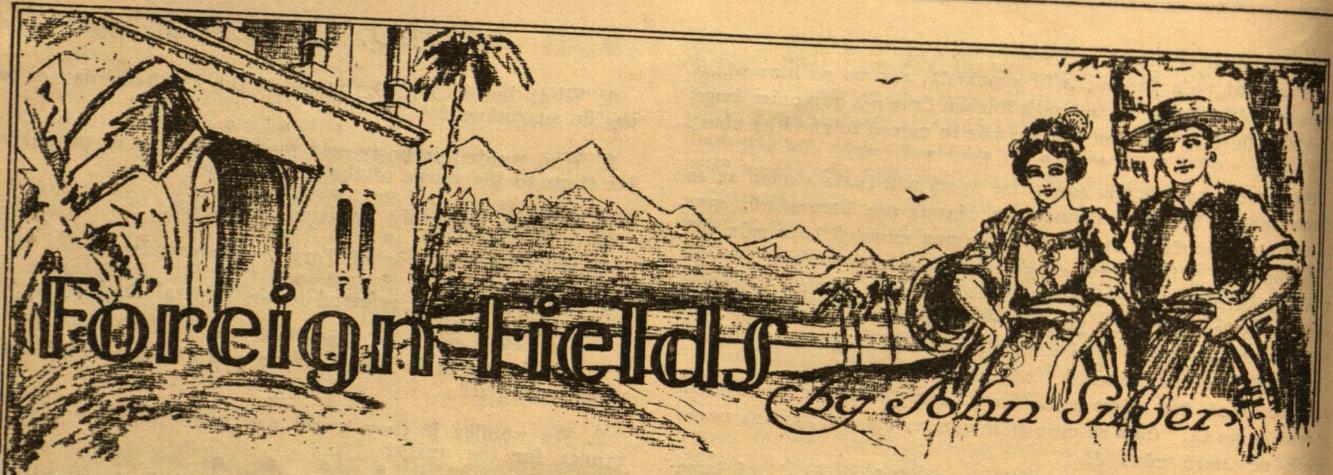


HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

RE-EXAMINATION OF N.C.O.'s.

The re-examination of Non-commissioned Officers who have been recommended under the terms of General Routine Order No. 77 (330), paragraph 5, will be carried out by an Examining Board of Officers appointed by General Headquarters on the dates and at the places shown below:—

- 20th January, 1925—Curragh Training Camp.
21st January, 1925—Curragh Training Camp.
22nd January, 1925—McKee Barracks, Dublin.
23rd January, 1925—McKee Barracks, Dublin.
24th January, 1925—McKee Barracks, Dublin.
26th January, 1925—McKee Barracks, Dublin.
28th January, 1925—Kilkenny Barracks.
30th January, 1925—Athlone.
2nd February, 1925—Finner Camp.
5th February, 1925—Cork.
7th February, 1925—Limerick.



(Author of "Another Marseillaise," "The Stranger," "Christmas in Cremona," etc., etc.)

EPISODE 3—THE REMARKABLE VERSATILITY OF MR. MAHER.

THE clock on the mantelpiece of Mr. Robert John Hook's private office was addressing that eminent San Isidrian merchant familiarly.

"Mon-a-dear," it said, in the accents of the Shankill Road, Belfast, "but yon was a brave, dacent young fella yeh met the day, Rabbie John."

The clock had surprised Mr. Hook—not so much by addressing him as by the fact that it was speaking in the vernacular of his boyhood's home. He had always regarded that clock as a German. He adopted a cautious attitude worthy of his ancestry and upbringing.

"Aye," said he, laconically.

"A brave, dacent young fella," repeated the clock with gusto. "Ah mind a chap lak him one Twal'th—it was the year it was held in a field down the York Road, and F. E. Smith, him that's now Lord Birkenhead, addressed the brethern. Mon, Ah nevir seen the lak o' that day afore or sence. Yon field was a bog an' the mud was up till our shoulders on the sashes. A great speech, Mister Smith med thon day, a great speech. An', be the hokey, it was all in a special edition of the 'Tele.' when we was marchin' back through Royal Avenue."

"Aye," said Mr. Hook. "He hed it all prented afore he left England. Ah seen him pullin' the proofs out of a wee bag an' haundin' them till the reporter chaps on the platform. An' he hed all the 'applause' in the right places. Bob Baird's lads dedn't have till put in a single one."

"A mon lak that was bound till get on," declared the clock. "D'ye mind Dawson Bates was there that day, him thats' a 'Sir' now."

"Ah do rightly. Ah was in the hall of the Ulster Reform Club when him an' F. E. Smith comes out till get in their motors and go till the Field. 'Stop, stop,' says Bates, in a fit. 'This will nevir do.' 'What's wrong,' asks F. E., 'lookin' startled. 'Your hat,' says Bates. 'They's nothin' the matter with the hat?' says F. E., takin' it off and lookin' at it. It was a Trilby. 'Heavens, mon,' says Dawson Bates, 'tes green. It can't be done,' he says. 'We can't have the principal speaker of the day goin' till the field in a Fenian hat.' An' he dom but he wouldn't till F. E. leave the club till he found a black bowler that nearly fitted him an' clapped it on his head."

"D'ye mind the night of the gun-running at Larne?" asked the clock excitedly.

"No," Mr. Hook admitted regretfully. "Ah was back in Puertoro then. But Ah mind Easter Monday of 1916. Ah wanted till send a telegram till Dublin that day an' they told me in the Post Office that they had been cut off from Dublin for hours. Ah was comin' down Clifton Street that night just as the troops was marchin' out of the Victoria Barracks till the station. An' Ah was at the Great Northern a bit later an' saw them loadin' the ammunition intil the

special train. An' even then there was mighty few people in Belfaust knew what had happened. It was rainin' heavens hard that night. I seen the soldiers dreepin' as they marched through the streets, an' the wet of their gear glintin' in the light of the street lamps."

"Yon chap the day, was goin' till school in Belfaust then," suggested the clock.

"Ah daresay," agreed Mr. Hook. "He can't be more than twenty-five." He sighed. "Young an' optimistic," he added; "optimistic even about this God-forsaken country."

"D'ye mind the time Rabbie John Hook was young an' optimistic?" asked the clock jeeringly. "D'ye mind the summer day yeh took McAnaspie's daughter fer a dauder down the loaney an' gev her a kiss at the gate leadin' intil oul' Braithwaite's medda?"

"That's enough from you," snapped old Mr. Hook. "Yeh've far too much crack for yer size."

"All right, all right," said the clock. "I'm goin' on strike."

In proof of its words it chimed the quarters melodiously and proceeded to strike four.

MR. HOOK sat up blinking. His after-lunch naps had extended too much of late. This was the worst yet, sleeping in the office until four o'clock. He glared at the clock suspiciously. It ticked away placidly like a good German timepiece. Not the faintest suggestion of either Falls or Shankill Road about it.

Of course Mr. Hook knew he had been dreaming. He had had too many drinks with that young fellow from Belfast whom he met at the hotel after lunch. What was this the chap's name was? If he had ever heard it he had forgotten it. Come to think of it he did not know anything about the man. Perhaps he was a traveller from the Belfast Rope-works; he knew they had a traveller or two in South America.

Whoever the young man was he was a fine specimen of an Ulsterman. And greatly interested in Puertoro. Of course, Mr. Hook had been glad to give a fellow-countryman—apparently a fellow-townsmen—all the information he could about the South American Republic in question. Puertoro was Mr. Hook's conversational hobby; he could hold forth for hours at a time about Puertoro, what it was and what it should be. Mr. Hook was firmly convinced that the Government of the State could be better. He had been fond of saying "Now, if we had our own Government in Ulster" but lately he had grown somewhat chary of this phrase. They had their own Government in Ulster, and he was not quite sure about it. He was, being a "hardheaded Ulsterman," shrewd enough to discount all he read in the papers about this part of Ireland—even all he read in the "Belfast Weekly Telegraph," which reached him a month after publication. He was quite sure, however, that the Valdos Government, which was in power at the present

in Puertoro, was better than the Garcia Government, which might be in power at any moment provided there was a sufficiently artistic appeal to the emotions of the Puertorians, backed up by the usual Puertorian arguments based on the "whiff of grapeshot" principle. He had made this clear to that likeable young fellow from Belfast whom he had met after lunch in the hotel. Wonderful how that chap's talk had brought back memories of the old town. To hear him mention the Pound Looney, the Low Market, and the Goat's Path up the Cave Hill—Lord, how it brought the Laganside capital back to his mind. He hadn't been there now since that Easter Monday in 1916. Pity about that. Well, Carson was—but what was the use? He had been sufficiently long in Puertoro to imbibe the fatalism of the inhabitants.

"What is to be, will be," he quoted aloud.

"True for you," said a cheerful voice, and, looking up, he saw that Ned O'Hanlon was closing the door of the private office behind him. Ned was one of the select half-dozen who had the privilege of entering the inner office unannounced. He was a Corkman who had made a very decent living for the past dozen years by giving the Puertorians what he persuaded them were necessities of life. Old Hook had a weakness for Corkmen, because he had married a Cork woman and backed a winner in the matrimonial stakes. He had a nebulous idea at the back of his head that if the population of Ireland were composed exclusively of rational Ulstermen and Corkmen they could, between them, make a huge success of the old land from the commercial point of view. He admitted that Ned was one of the shrewdest commercial intellects in the State of Puertoro.

"Hello, Ned," he greeted.

"Whence the fatalistic note?" asked Ned, seating himself and taking a cigar out of the box which Hook kept on his desk for the assuaging of special customers and Puertorian officials of high grade.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE TRUTH OF THIS?

I have spent the best fifteen years of my life teaching and working for the idea that the language is an essential part of the nation.

—Pádraic MacPiarais.

OLD Robbie John Hook helped himself to another, Ned having obligingly pushed the box towards him. Greater tribute than that hath no cigars, for Robbie John, after a quarter of a century's existence in a land where they made cigars from their own crops, was a bit of a connoisseur.

"Did you want to see me about anything special, Ned?" he queried, ignoring the question, biting off the end of the cigar, and applying a match. It is to be noted that in ordinary conversation Robbie John did not speak as he spoke to the clock when, taking advantage of the pipe dreams of after lunch, it flung at the old man the vernacular of his boyhood environment. Neither, for that matter, would the Cork accent of the Coal Quay suggest the speech of Ned O'Hanlon. As a matter of fact Ned, having spent the greater part of his life in America, spoke American with an American accent. So did Hook, only more so. Yet the fact remains that Ned was entitled to wear the Fainne, and spoke Irish with a distinctively Cork *blás*.

"No," said Ned, "but there is a political meeting, disguised as a Political Prisoners' Welfare Society Uplift Gathering, holding up the traffic in the Plaza de Armas, and nobody can get near my office unless they walk a quarter of a mile. So, not having any special appointments I decided to call it a day and came around here for comfort and sustenance."

"The sustenance is behind ye, there, in the wee press," said Hook. "Thank the powers we are not in North America. No! not that bottle; the one at the back of it. The front one is for the folks who know no better."

Ned filled two tumblers with soda and the contents of the bottle that existed only for the benefit of the cognoscenti.

"Slainte as saol agat," he remarked, uplifting one.

"Same to you and many of them," said Hook, duplicating the action. He was remarkably broadminded, having been associated with members of the Ulster Literary Theatre (now known as the Ulster Players) in his comparatively early days, and not inclined to question what anyone said in Gaelic over a glass. Besides he had heard Ned O'Hanlon repeat the same phrase to the point of monotony.

"I met a Corkman to-day," said O'Hanlon, setting down an empty glass.

"Aye," said the old man; "some of them are lucky."

O'Hanlon glared at him.

"What do you mean by that?" he enquired, with a corrosive accent.

"Nothing, nothing," said the old man, calmly; "only the bond between Corkmen and Corkmen is greater than the bond between Masons and Masons, and Jews and Jews, and Scotchmen and Scotchmen. Only that."

O'Hanlon gulped.

"Take another drink, Ned," advised the old man. "I know exactly what happened you. I've been through it, meself, the day. I met a chap who could talk to me in the kind of talk I heard about me when I was a wean, rearing just off Clifton Street, Belfast, and he brought the whole thing back to me."

"Damme," said Ned, explosively, "that's exactly what happened in my case. The man told me his name, but I can't remember what it was; Murray, or Marray or something like that. Anyway, he was a Corkman and he wanted to know all about this blasted country."

Old man Hook stiffened.

"And you told him?"

"Of course."

"Blast it, you fool," cried the old man, "what **did** you tell him?"

Ned, jerked out of his easygoing way by the menace in the old Belfastman's voice, hesitated between sulkiness and downright offensive candour.

"I told him all I knew," he capitulated. "You see he was a townie of mine. You should have heard him talk about Cork. Man, Corkery had nothing on him. I suppose you never heard of the 'Leeside Players'? They were mostly from University College, Cork."

He slipped with malice aforethought into the vernacular of Patrick's Street on a foggy evening (there are foggy evenings, of a sort, even in Cork).

"Were you ever down de Pahna? De finest street in de wurruld, on'y for de bend in it."

"Hell!" said Hook. "Exactly what did you tell this chap that belonged to your Lodge?"

"Well," said Ned, dimly glimpsing the old man's meaning; "I told him about the silver mine and the railway project."

"Ah," said the old man, and let it go at that for the moment. He was uneasily conscious of the fact that he had said something to that young Belfast fellow about the same thing. It just showed you how you should measure your drinks with a stranger even though he was a townie.

HE cross-examined the unfortunate Corkman ruthlessly.

As a result of the operation it appeared that Ned O'Hanlon, having met a compatriot, and being actuated by the ancient motto of blood being thicker than lime-juice, had "blown the gaff" as they would have put it in the Gaelteacht, and had told this other alleged Corkman the truth about the political situation in Puertoro. Which was that behind all the high-sounding phraseology of the patriotic orators on both sides there existed the solid fact of a silver mine of fabulous richness. The mine was on State lands but the State had not the money to develop it. So the State was seeking the aid of outside capital. Also there was the question of a railway from the mine to the coast; the mine having been inconsiderately born an awkward distance from the struggling single track line that sufficed the State at the moment.

"Grrmph!" said the old man; "so you told him that. I doubt you explained till him that the Presidency of the silver mine carried with it the Presidency of the State?"

"I explained to him," said Ned, curbing his tongue. The Valdos Government objected to foreign capital controlling the principal industries of the State, and that they were

prepared to allow more than fifty per cent. to any adventuring financiers."

"Tis a childish way you put it," declared Hook; "but you are nearly right. And what did this friend of yours say when you handed this dope out to him?"

"He said that it was very interesting, and that he wished he had a few pounds to invest in the country. He said he was always fond of taking a chance when he had the dough."

Mr. Hook started. Almost the same words had been used by the young man from Belfast.

"Ned," said he, "things are reaching a crisis hereabouts."

"Sure," Ned agreed cheerfully.

Mr. Hook pondered as to what he should say next. He knew that O'Hanlon was as straight as they made them. He also knew that Ned was as staunch a supporter of the Valdos Government as he was himself. But Ned was a careless devil. His tongue had the happy-go-lucky motto pinned to it. All Southern Irishmen—even the best of them—suffered from the same defect. Their tongues hung on a hinge in the middle and wagged at both ends. If he confided too much to Ned, that buoyant Irishman, joyously reckless of speech, might say too much in the wrong place and be sorry ever after. His subsequent sorrow not affecting the shrewd old Belfastman worth a Tinker's curse. The trouble was that Robbie John, ruthless unloader of Brummagen furniture and flashiest kind of electric fittings from Germany and Austria upon the hapless Puertorians, had a soft spot in his heart for his own people (amongst whom, by some extraordinary mental kink, he did not include the English).

"Who was this chap you were talking to the day?" asked the veteran.

"Damned if I know," said Ned, brightly. "All I know is that he came from the only city in Ireland. His accent proved that. And he had a proper respect for Corkmen. You should have seen him prick up his ears when I mentioned the silver mine."

"Uh, huh!" said the old man. He was beginning to wonder how many tourists had dropped off the South-bound cars that day. And why.

He decided, reluctantly, that he would have to take Ned into his confidence. The joke of which, dear reader, is that Ned, being a Corkman, knew quite as much about it as the Elder Statesman from the North of Ireland. But these people in the North can never realise that the purport of speech is to conceal thought.

Hook began a fine speech. At the back of it was the British idea which had been carefully hammered into him at the Model Schools, a generation ago, paraphrasing Denis Florence McCarthy, "We the true rulers and conquerors."

"It is we English—" he began.

"In the name of the twelve suffering Apostles," interrupted a strong Dublin accent from the doorway, "when did you become an Englishman, ye ruddy Sandy Row Anti-Christ?"

Hook glared at the red-headed newcomer.

"Sit ye down there, Pat Brophy," said he, "ye were always an ignorant clown, but I will try to tolerate ye. This is a serious moment in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race."

"Meaning?" said the red-headed one, perching himself on the desk.

"Meaning," said Hook, stung out of his rhetoric, "that it's a toss up between the Government and the Garcia bunch in the next few days."

"And who the hell cares?" asked Mr. Brophy, picking meticulously amongst the cigars of the Chosen Few. "Not being an Anglo-Saxon, I don't."

"Ah doubt yeh don't," said Mr. Hook, reverting to the speech of his childhood under stress of emotion. "Et just shows yeh what Ah hev always maintained—the Dubliners hev no proper sense of responsibility."

"I wish," said Mr. Brophy, "you had met the Dublin man I was talking to a few minutes ago. He would have suited you. I never met anybody who took such an interest in this country except yourself."

Hook and O'Hanlon exchanged glances.

"Theres' a powerful lot of strange Irishmen in town," said O'Hanlon.

"I only met the one," said Brophy, "but I understand he has a pal with him. They were Officers in the Free State Army, and after they were demobilised came out here looking for something to invest a little capital in."

"And you told him about the silver mine?" asserted Hook.

"Of course," replied Brophy. "I told him that the Valdos Government wanted capital to work it and to build the railway to it, but that they insisted that at least fifty per cent. of the shares must be owned by natives of Puertoro."

"Or by people who have already a stake in the country," said Hook. "I had a chat with Valdos the other day, and he as good as admitted that he would be willing to allot shares to respectable members of the foreign colony like meself, who had lived here for years and built up a trade in the country."

"Good Lord," said Brophy. "Why, you old swindler, you ought to be prosecuted for the German electric fittings and the Brummagen furniture you have foisted on the ignorant native during the last twenty-five years."

"Sour grapes," said Hook calmly. "If you had enough initiative to branch out for yourself instead of being content with a salary you would be entitled to talk."

"What was this chap's name?" asked O'Hanlon.

"Maher," answered the Dubliner. "A dam nice fellow. It was nearly as good as going home for a holiday to hear him talk about the old city. Boys-o-boys he had a great little copy of Fitzgerald's 'Omar'—the first edition—that he picked up for tuppence at the barrows on Aston's Quay. Carries it around with him as a sort of prayer book, and says its philosophy has never been beaten. And he used to go to every new play at the Abbey. He tells me they have put on some great stuff lately—miles ahead of the 'Playboy' and the 'Lord Mayor' and that sort of stuff. It seems there's a labouring man called Sean O'Casey who's writing plays a bit after the style of that Irish-American O'Neill—real slices of Dublin life without any codology in them. 'Tis about time they got new blood into the ranks of the Abbey playwrights."

"There's a Ballymena man named Shiels writing for them, too," said Hook, piqued. "Yeh can't get on without the North, young fella, me lad."

"Did you ever see the Leaside Players?" asked O'Hanlon. "I was in Dublin when they were at the Tivoli a few years ago, and—"

"Ah was just thinking," said Hook, interrupting, with the privilege of age and the ruthlessness of Ulster. "What like was this Maher chap, Brother Brophy?"

"Not so much of the Lodge meeting," said Brophy. "He was the sort of chap that looked as if he had played hurling and football all his life. I understand they have a Recreational Half-holiday every Wednesday in the Irish Army and he looks like the chap that invented the idea."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Hook; "but what like was he? Tall or short, dark or fair, thin or stout?"

"Tallish; about five eleven. Slim. Sandy, but not enough to be offensive. Clean shaven. Nose a bit hooked, but not enough to be—"

"The same chap," cried Hook. "And I mind now he said his name was Maher."

"That was the name of the fella I met," declared O'Hanlon. "And the description fits him to a T. But the lad I was talking to, came from Cork. Don't tell me I could mistake a Dubliner for a Corkman."

"I'd have taken me Bible oath he was a Belfastman," asserted Hook.

"Well," said Brophy, "if it's the same chap he's neither; he's a dacent Dubliner."

"I think," said Brendan O'Farrell, that night as he and Jack Maher were taking a "nightcap" before retiring, "you have been obtaining information by false pretences."

"Indeed I haven't," protested Jack. "You know my weakness. Having no Irish accent of my own, owing to being reared in a foreign country, and having knocked about Ireland for the past dozen years, I unconsciously imitate the speech of anybody I'm talking to if they have any sort of pronounced accent. But they were three very nice Irishmen and they gave me all the information they had."

"Which amounted to?" queried Brendan.

SHRAPNEL.

An Army surgeon was examining a cowpuncher recruit.

"Ever had any accidents?"

"No."

"What's that bandage on your hand?"

"Rattlesnake bite."

"Don't you call that an accident?"

"Naw; the dam thing did it on purpose."—U.S. Infantry Journal.

* * * * *

"Your wages will be \$32.60 a month," said the Recruiting Officer to the prospective gob.

"Will I have a chance to rise?" asked the would-be.

"Certainly," was the reply. "You'll hear Reveille every morning at 5.30."—American "Arklight."

* * * * *

Gus White, dusky ex-Doughboy, had just joined the local all-coloured troop.

"Got homesick for the Army, did you, Gus?" asked a friend.

"Nossuh, 'twarn't zackly dat. But yo' all know that no 'count Sam Black?"

"Yes, he's an officer in the Troop."

"Dat's him. Well, suh, de reason Ah done j'ined up is so as Ah kin have de opportunity of not salutin' dat Sam Black."—American Legion Weekly.

Almost as Bad as Vivisection.—"What are you crying for, my lad?"

"'Cause faver's invented a new soap substitoot, an' every time a customer comes in I get washed as an advertisement."—Boston Transcript.

* * * * *

For Zero Weather Only.—John: "I just bought a new suit with two pairs of pants."

Jim: "Well, how do you like it?"

John: "Fine, only it's two hot for wearing two pairs."—Novelty (Ohio) Bubble.



"If it's rations," said the intelligent canine, "I'll give him a hand."

Etiquette of the Hat.—Without consulting any of the authorities on etiquette, we will answer the question, "When is the proper time for a man to lift or remove his hat?" for the benefit of our readers. At the following times and on the following occasions respectively, the hat should be removed or lifted as the circumstances indicate:—When mopping the brow; when taking a bath; when eating; when going to bed; when taking up a collection; when having the hair trimmed; when being shampooed, and when standing on the head.—"Dodo."

* * * * *

Cheering Thought.—"My intellect is my fortune."

"Ah, well—Poverty isn't a crime."—Der Brummer Berlin.

Religious Handicap.—Teacher: Now, Robert, what is a niche in a church?

Bobby: Why, it's just the same as an itch anywhere else, only you can't scratch it as well.—Boston Transcript.

* * * * *

Lack of Evidence.—A youth seated himself in a dentist's chair. He wore a wonderful shirt of striped silk and an even more wonderful checked suit. He had the vacant stare that goes with both.

"I'm afraid to give him gas," the dentist said to his assistant.

"Why?" asked the assistant.

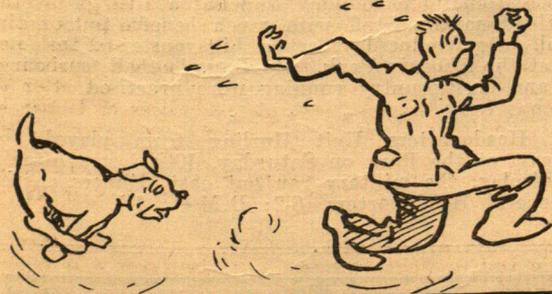
"Well," said the dentist, "how will I know when he is unconscious?"—Store Chat.

* * * * *

Impossible, Q.E.D.—It was the custom of the immortal Socrates to foregather with a circle of philosophers and geometricians about a convivial bowl, drawing inspiration from the vintage of Bacchus, nevertheless having a corking time. After the tenth round he would rise—for it is written that he always could rise—and address the symposium.

"I move," he would say, "that this circle go home and square itself."

And so seriously did the multitude take him that the squaring of the circle grew to be considered impossible, yea; even unto this day.—Everybody's Magazine.



How to encourage cross-country running.

Tit for Tat.—Private Jones was summoned to appear before his captain.

"Jones," said the Officer frowning darkly, "this gentleman complains that you have killed his dog."

"A dastardly trick," interrupted the owner of the dog, "to kill a defenceless animal that would harm no one!"

"Not much defenceless about him," chimed in the private, heatedly. "He bit pretty freely into my leg, so I ran my bayonet into him."

"Nonsense!" answered the owner angrily. "He was a docile creature. Why did you not defend yourself with the butt of your rifle?"

"Why didn't he bite me with his tail?" asked Private Jones with spirit.—Wallace's Farmer.

* * * * *

Bright.—"You seem a bright little boy. I suppose you have a very good place in your class?"

"Oh, yes. I sit right by the stove."—Vikingen (Christiania).

FOREIGN FIELDS—Continued from previous page.

"Well," replied Jack, "as I have been telling you, Garcia spells graft and Valdos spells patriotism, pure and undefiled. Garcia is prepared to give the sole rights of the silver mine and the railway concession to the people who help him to become President of Puertoro. And there is a British syndicate very anxious to help him. And the representative of the British syndicate on the spot is our agreeable young friend, Mr. Harcourt."

Episode IV.—THE GUNRUNNERS—will appear in our next issue.



Pathetic Ballads Illustrated.—No. 3: "Oft in the still of night"

ARMY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Benefit of Recreational Half-Holiday—Parades that are Welcomed—Records Office Sports Club—"Sportobello-ings"—Army Hurlers Active—Recent Boxing.

The following Army Hurlers assisted Dublin in the recent All-Ireland final:—O'Neill and Finlay, General Headquarters; Barry, Kelly and Brennan, Eastern Command. Pte. O'Neill captained the team.

* * * *

The Army Boxing Team was defeated by the Scottish Champions at the Mansion House, Dublin, on Wednesday, January 7th, in 6 out of 8 contests. Although defeated, the margin between the different contestants was small, the points being:—

- Hill v. McDonagh, 30—29.
- Kirkpatrick v. Buckley, 30—29.
- Dingley v. Flaherty, 30—28.
- White v. Doyle, 30—30.
- Dowell v. Coote, 30—20.
- Robertson v. Duggan, 30—23.
- Williamson v. Kidley (when the former retired), 10—20.
- McMahon v. O'Driscoll. The former was knocked out.

The boxing as a whole was of a high standard, and equalled in science and interest the recent Tailteann Championships.

* * * *

The special six round bout between the Army Flyweights, Ptes. Metcalfe and McCullagh, was the finest bout of the evening. McCullagh gained the victory after a hard-fought contest.

The No. 1 Army Band, under the baton of Lieut. Duff, rendered a classical programme, which was highly appreciated by the large audience.

* * * *

On the evening of the 8th the two teams were entertained by the A.A.A. at Barry's Hotel, amongst those present being Major-General Hogan, Chairman, A.A.A.; Major-General Cronin, Colonel S. O'Higgins, Comdnt. Colgan, Captains O'Brien and Wilson, Messrs. G. P. Fleming, W. McDonald, T. Colquhoun, J. Proctor, S. Ranson, J. McAuley and J. J. Healy.

* * * *

Messrs. A. Dunne, Clarke Barry, McLoughlin, P. J. A. Whelan, B.M.; Ptes. Coote and Smith contributed musical items. Master Healy gave a most interesting display of Irish step dancing.

* * * *

The Recreational half holiday is being availed of by the General Headquarters Staff with much benefit to athletics in general. On Wednesday last a big muster of athletes was held at the Phoenix Park. Hurling, football, sprinting, handball and cross-country running were practised.

* * * *

General Headquarters Unit Hurling team played the D.M.P. team at the Park on Saturday, 10th inst. After a brilliant display, the military ran out easy winners on the score. General Headquarters, 6-2; D.M.P., 1-1.



RECORDS OFFICE SPORTS CLUB, PORTOBELLO BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES



PRIVATE MURPHY BRIGHTENS UP THE COMPANY OFFICE.



THE RECORDS OFFICE SPORTS CLUB.

Since its inception the success of the Records Sports Club has exceeded the highest hopes, even of the most optimistic. The idea of forming a Sports Club originated amongst a few enthusiasts and quickly crystalized into a flourishing concern, of which the promoters and supporters are justly proud, embracing as it does all the various branches of national games

included in the programme of the A.A.A. This is not to be surprised at considering the Club's personnel, under the Presidency of Commandant J. J. Liston, ably assisted by all the Officers and a most energetic and enterprising staff, possessed of abundance of initiative, forethought and enterprise.

RECREATIONAL TRAINING.

Adjutant-General's Memo., No. 38, dated 31st December, 1924, contains the following:—

The attention of all concerned is directed to paragraph 29 of G.R.O. No. 65, the provisions of which do not appear to be generally enforced. The following instructions are therefore issued, and will take effect as from the Wednesday following the date of publication of this Order:—

1. Each Wednesday afternoon will be devoted to recreational training; it must be understood that the afternoon is not to be recognised merely as a half-holiday—it is a cessation of ordinary military duties for the purpose of general physical exercise, and as such is an essential part of a soldier's training.

2. The training will be carried out as a parade, and a roster will be kept showing the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men participating in the various games. Officers, N.C.O.'s and men who do not elect to play games will be given a cross-country run; or if this is impracticable for any reason, they will carry out physical training under an Officer detailed for the purpose by the Officer i/c the parade.

3. Officers, N.C.O.'s and men who are not on duty of especial importance will attend the Wednesday afternoon parade. By duty of especial importance is meant duty the non-performance of which would seriously interfere with essential military services.

4. Officers, N.C.O.'s and men may play any of the games which are catered for by the Army Athletic Association.

5. The parade will normally dismiss at 5 p.m., but may be prolonged to 6 p.m. if the participants so desire, and if such prolongation does not interfere with essential military services.

6. The Senior Officer or N.C.O. i/c each party will be responsible that all ranks continue on recreational training until the hour appointed for dismissal. Each party will be dismissed on the ground from which it originally marched off.

7. All ranks claiming exemption from the parade on medical grounds must be certified by a Military Medical Officer as unfit to participate in recreational training.

This Order will be republished in the Orders of each Formation.

G.H.Q. NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS' DANCE.

A general meeting of the N.C.O.'s at General Headquarters assembled on Friday, 9th inst., in the Sergeants' Mess, G.H.Q., to decide the question of holding an annual dance. On the motion of Sergt. Carr, supported by Sergt. Walsh, C.S.M. Morrison was moved to the chair.

Having regard to the fact that the necessary sanction had already been obtained, through the courtesy of the Commanding Officer, to hold the dance at the Grand Central Hall, Exchequer Street, and further, that some expense had also been incurred in making the necessary arrangements, it was agreed by all present that on this account the dance should be held at the above-mentioned place, and it was regretted that it was not possible to accede to requests from some members to have another venue. This point having been clearly explained, the members voted support to the dance as already arranged. The action of certain members in organising the dance without the knowledge of the general body of the members was discussed, and the Chairman having explained that those responsible had apologised for this action on their part, the matter was passed over. The following members were unanimously elected to form the Dance Committee:—Sergt.-Major Kearney, Sergt. Keyes and Corpl. Howe. They were authorised to proceed with the necessary arrangements. The prices decided on for the tickets were 10s. single and 15s. double. The dance promises to be a success, as already a good number of tickets have been disposed of. The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Commandant Liston, at the inaugural meeting, gave a brief resumé of the aims and aspirations of the Club, strongly emphasizing the absolute necessity for the whole-hearted support, co-operation and cohesion of all the Club members, pointing out that individual action by Club members should be solely actuated by a spirit of *esprit de corps*, without which the Club would lapse into a state of coma. The Commandant made it emphatically clear that the playing of foreign games by the Club would not be tolerated. He very strongly emphasized the absolute importance of the cultivation of Gaelic games, and he promised his full-hearted co-operation and support.

In the football field the Club members have not, as yet, been defeated. Great things are expected in the near future from the hurling section. The cross-country section have achieved wonders in their particular branch of the work. The innovation of the Recreational half holiday will doubtless give fresh impetus to the cross-country adherents, as up to the present they could only indulge in nocturnal runs. They hope to be shortly in a position to participate in "Invitation Runs" from City Clubs.

The handballers and billiard enthusiasts are at present engaged in working off handicaps for valuable prizes which are up for competition.

The Swimming and Lawn Tennis sections are busily engaged in preparation for the coming season.

The initial efforts of the Club are, it is to be hoped, merely the "avant courier" of great things to come.

"F. V. T. K."

SPORTOBELLO-INGS.

Portobello shelters 2 Battalions, a Brigade Headquarters and "umpteen" Staffs.

On Wednesday, 7th January, 1925, the off-duty portion of that lot (representing about 250 Officers, N.C.O.'s and men) were "let loose" for outdoor recreation.

This fact is worthy of note, it being the first half day allowed to sections representing G.H.Q. Staffs, and these are the men who *knew how* to avail of the privilege.

Has the reader yet made the acquaintance of the Mud Pond called a "Football Pitch" in Portobello?

While 9 football teams, 5 hurling teams and 4 running packs in close column *without markers* are making a vain endeavour to extricate themselves from each other and from the mud, a climax is marked by the arrival of 8 strong men bearing on their shoulders a "ship's cable" (not, I believe, the property of the A.A.A.)

This huge rope they proceed to stretch across the field. "There's the problem of dissection solved now," we say; but no—it's an entirely new game, the idea being to discover how many Battalions would be required to raise the centre of the "cable" one inch from the ground (copyright 22.I.N.F.B.)

There still stands a knowing old tree on that scarred patch, veteran of a hundred storms, mocking the united endeavours of one sergeant-major (large size) and some fifty privates of reputed strength—men to whom a "dozen" is a stimulant. Posts and pailings in disorderly array mark the path of the conquering ones. Our splendid band made a "record," and to D. W. Griffith and Rex Ingram we commend Portobello on any Wednesday afternoon as an inspiration, if not an ideal, for a filmed "massacre of the innocents," with, of course, the sanction of the A.A.A.

V. D. H.

Auld Lang Syne.—The lover pored over the closely-written sheets he held in his hand, and sighed ecstatically. "Did you ever get a letter that brought back visions of the past?" he asked. "Yes," grunted his prosaic friend. "Only this morning the income tax people notified me I was 20 dollars shy on my last year's return."—"American Legion Weekly."

COLLINS BARRACKS, DUBLIN

A Fine Canary reported its arrival at a certain Headquarters on 15th ult., and is being well looked after. Will it come under Corporal M— for daily Meal Ration like the Pigeon flock daily?

* * * * *
A RECENT "MESS" UP.

N.C.O.—Bring in some sweet.
Caterer—Cook destroyed it.
N.C.O.—Destroy the cook.
* * * * *

Delighted to observe our lady typists keen on procuring their fortnightly copies of "An t-Oglach." Should we run a "Ladies' Page"?

* * * * *
The "House" organised by the Amusements Committee for the men was well patronised, and the prizes were much admired. Keep it up.

* * * * *
A certain Officer had some little trouble lately with that nice new costly hard hat, and only for a step-dance it might have found its way into Liffey, as the storm was at its height.

* * * * *
"Cliff" says it is a year since he had a holiday, "Crooky" of same fame could be doing with a month's rest, and "Sean" is on his six months' stunt.

* * * * *
"Bert" Andrews and many others are greatly interested in a photograph which appears in the window of a certain office.

* * * * *
Wedding bells will soon be ringing in certain quarters.

* * * * *
Command, Brigade, Battalion Officers, W.O.'s and N.C.O.'s are deserving of the best thanks for the way they looked after the men on Christmas Day at Collins Barracks. At the concert in the evening some good talent was located. A certain Officer called upon Sergeant D— for a Scottish chorus, and the latter replied with "Johnny Walker."

* * * * *
T.D. and Brush Par in last issue was accepted in the spirit given, but his friends can put it in the shade with the story about milk and the tale of a Clock.

* * * * *
Judging from recent happenings, Barbers will have less to shave in future. All are coming on fine.

* * * * *
A recent command heard somewhere: "Fall out, and fall in outside."

* * * * *
A certain Q.M. informed a C.Q.M.S. lately, in answer to question put, that an Army shirt when issued was supposed to do for ever.

* * * * *
The word "dignity" was very frequently mentioned in a recent conversation which a certain N.C.O. had with another well-known gent.

* * * * *
Corporal James O'Donnell has been in receipt of many congratulations upon his success in the recent billiard handicap at Collins Barracks. He beat all comers, and now is in possession of a magnificent billiard cue and case, thanks to the Amusements Committee.

* * * * *
Our N.C.O. friends, McCamley, O'Connor and McAlinden, are again enjoying the Curragh breezes.

* * * * *
The 21st Battalion team are likely to have matches at Gormanston and Mullingar soon which will test their strength.

* * * * *
Lieut. McLaughlin, of the Amusements Committee, is unfortunately confined to hospital, but he has the good wishes of all for a speedy recovery.

* * * * *
The 21st Battalion and G.H.Q. are to meet in a friendly billiard match soon. Each fancy their chances.

NEWS FROM THE TWELFTH

The Christmas Number of "An t-Oglach" was very interesting, containing, as it did, a big variety of entertaining reading. We were all pleased with the subjects set for the competitions, especially that touching the promotion of the language. Intending competitors will have plenty of food for thought, and there is sure to be a good deal of friendly rivalry between the different Battalions.

* * * * *
Apropos of the language, we trust it is not too much to hope that early in the New Year a teacher will be posted to each of the Battalions, on transfer from the personnel of No. 1 (the Irish-speaking Battalion). Otherwise, we see no way for "the immediate practical application of Irish in the everyday use of the Army." The words in italics are taken from the competition paragraph.

* * * * *
The Glamour of Christmas.

If Christmas, 1924, was as enjoyable in every Battalion headquarters as it was at Templemore, then all that can be said is we wish the festival would occur oftener. Sergeant Manning and the remainder of the N.C.O.'s who were at the Curragh School of Instruction returned to us in time for the festivities. As regards the catering, the Commissariat performed miracles, thanks to the Battalion Quartermaster.

* * * * *
The following "Buzz words puzzle" emanates from the Dramatic Class, and can be tried by any group on any recreational half-holiday, weather and other circumstances permitting. "Count from 1 to 6, and when you come to 7 substitute "buzz," then count from 8 to 13, and instead of saying 14 repeat "buzz." Thus, every multiple of 7 will be called "buzz," and whenever the figure 7 itself turns up you say "buzz." For example, when you have counted 16, instead of saying 17 you say "buzz." When you count up to 26, your next number (27) will be called "buzz," as also will 28, being a multiple of 7. When you come to 77 you say "buzz-buzz." (If possible) any number can play the game, and it can be made more interesting by having a cash-pool. There are very few who, even after a week's practice, can count up to 100 without making several mistakes, and there are even fewer who say "buzz" when they come to 91, forgetting that 7 divides evenly 13 times into 91. If a player hesitates for more than two seconds he is counted "out."—(Hence, presumably, the classic phrase, "Buzz off."—Ed.)

* * * * *
This game has "caught-on" wonderfully amongst the Garrison. In fact, there is a certain lady in the town of Templemore who heard some of the soldiers at the game, and now she counts her chickens (after they are hatched):—"One, two, three, four, five, six, buzz."

* * * * *
Our N.C.O.'s intimated, on arrival from the Curragh, that they had no cause for complaint, because they had only one parade to do all day, but—that parade lasted from Reveille to Sunset call.

* * * * *
We regret losing an old friend recently in the person of Lieut. White, Assistant Adjutant. He has proceeded on transfer to G.H.Q., Dublin.

* * * * *
It is to be hoped that in the near future the Army Journal will contain the "Words of Command" for the new drill in Gaelic for the information of all ranks in Gaelic. The chess-player was so well looked after in "Gaoluinn do'n Arm" in recent issues of the journal that he should easily be able to compete at the game and transact his business solely in the national tongue. (Our correspondent's desire has been anticipated, and the publication of the "Words of Command" in Gaelic already arranged to begin at the earliest opportunity.—Editor).

* * * * *
Through the establishment of a library in barracks recently the lover of "Nat Gould" is well catered for, but some of us were disappointed to find the shelves did not include such fine books as "Luke Delmege," "Glenanaar," "Queen's Fillet," and "My New Curate," by Canon Sheehan or John Mitchell's "Jail Journal," Davis's "Essays," and Wm. Rooney's writings, Bulfin's "Rambles in Eirinn," and similar works. We hope these omissions will be remedied.



AN ARREST IN THOMAS STREET. The Capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

The full story of the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as narrated by Mr. Nicholas Murphy, in whose house, in Thomas Street, the arrest took place, has never been fully told to the public.

The full detailed story, as given below, was written in 1831 by Mr. Murphy, and the manuscript containing it has been carefully preserved at Carton, Maynooth, the Duke of Leinster's residence. Twenty-five years ago the story was printed in the Co. Kildare Archaeological Journal, but it has never appeared in the daily or weekly Press.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ARREST OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

(Contributed by Lord Frederick Fitzgerald).

This extract is taken from the original narrative written by Mr. Nicholas Murphy, at whose house (No. 151 Thomas Street) Lord Edward Fitzgerald was arrested. The narrative is dated 29th November, 1831, and is now in the possession of the Duke of Leinster, at Carton. Murphy was confined in Newgate as a State prisoner, without being brought to trial, for fifty-five weeks. During this time his house was occupied as a barrack, and all his goods were looted or destroyed.

"On the night of Friday, the 18th of May, 1798, Lord Edward Fitzgerald came to my house No. 153 Thomas Street, in company with a lady,* about the hour of ten or eleven o'clock at night. I did expect him the previous evening, and the reason I state this is, that a friend of his came to me and requested that I should receive him, as he wished to move from where he was at present. I was getting the house cleaned down and scoured, and I brought his friend in, and he saw the persons employed as I told him; he mentioned that it was not intended to remove him immediately, but said 'I think a week or ten days would answer.' I assented, and indeed with reluctance. However, I made no mention of that. In a few days previous to Lord Edwards' coming the Government had offered One Thousand Pounds Reward for his apprehension. I certainly felt very uneasy at this circumstance, and I wished very much to see Lord Edward's friend, and where to see him I did not know. As a man of honour I wished to keep my word, and I could not think of refusing him admittance when he came. Unfortunately for him and myself, I did so. I expected him on Thursday, but he did not come till Friday, 18th May, '98. I perceived he looked very bad from what he appeared when I saw him before. The lady that came with him did not stay long, and I made a tender of my services to go home with her, as she lived in the neighbourhood. There was a person we met on our way that I believe was waiting for her. I had some knowledge of him myself, so I returned to the house with a troubled mind.

"Lord Edward told me he was very bad with a cold, and it was easy to perceive it. I had procured for him some whey and put some sherry wine in it. At this time he appeared quite tranquil, and went up to the room intended for him, the back room in the attic story. In the morning he came down to breakfast and appeared better than the night before. The friend that spoke to me concerning him came, I believe, about eleven o'clock; then it came out for the first time an account of the *rencontre* that took place the night before between Lord Edward's party and Major Sirr's.¹ It is perfectly clear, in my humble judgment, that Major Sirr had known of his removal and the direction that he intended to take, for his party and Lord Edward's party came in contact in a place called Island Street, the lower end of

Watling Street; they there met, and a skirmish took place, and in the confusion Lord Edward got off. However, one of the party² was taken, but could not, I believe, be identified. I found my situation now very painful, but nothing to what it was afterwards.

"In the course of the day (Saturday, 19th) a guard of soldiers, and I believe Major Swan, Major Sirr, a Mr. Medlicot and another, were making a search at a Mr. Moore, Yellow Lion, in Thomas Street. A friend came and mentioned the circumstance to me. I immediately mentioned it to Lord Edward, and had him conveyed out of the house in a valley of one of the warehouses. While I was doing this, Mr. N.³ came and inquired of the girl if I was at home. I believe she said not. 'Bid him be cautious,' I think, was what she told me he said. I considered that conduct very ill-timed; however, I am led to believe it was well-intended. On Saturday morning, the day of the arrest, there came a single rap of the door. I opened it myself, and a woman with a bundle appeared and inquired if that was Mr. M.⁴ I said it was; she informed me she came from Mrs. M.⁵ and was desired to leave the bundle there. I knew not what it contained, but to my surprise when I opened it I found it to be a uniform of a very beautiful green colour, gimp⁶ or braided down the front, with crimson or rose-colour cuffs, and a cape. There were two dresses—one a long-skirted coat, vest and pantaloons; the other a short jacket that came round quite close, and braided in front; there was also a pair of overalls that buttoned from the hip to the ankle, with, I think, black Spanish leather inside; I suppose they were intended for riding. The bundle contained a cap of a very fanciful description, extremely attractive, formed exactly like a sugar-loaf, or, as Mr. Moore says, conically; that part that went round the forehead green, the upper part crimson, with a large silk tassel, and would incline one side or the other occasionally when on the head. After placing Lord Edward in the valley of the warehouse, I came down in a little time and stood at the gate; the soldiers still at Mr. M.⁶ I perceived four persons walking in the middle of the street, some of them in uniform; I believe Yeomen. I believe Major Swan, Captain Medlicot,⁷ etc., was of the party. Toward four o'clock Lord Edward came down to dinner. Everything was supposed to be still now at this time. S. N.⁸ came to see us; dinner nearly ready; I asked S.N. to stay and dine, which he accepted. Nothing particular occurred except speaking on a variety of subjects, when Mr. N., as if something struck him, immediately leaving us together. There was very little wine taken; Lord Edward was very abstemious; in a short time I went out. Now the tragedy commenced. I wished to leave Lord Edward to himself. I was absent, I suppose, about an hour; I came to the room where he dined, being the back drawingroom. He was not there. I went to the sleeping room. He was in bed. It was at this time, about seven o'clock. I asked him to come down to tea. I was not in the room three minutes when I came Major Swan and a person following him with a soldier's jacket and a sword in his hand; he wore a round cap. When I saw Major Swan I was thunderstruck. I put myself before him and asked his business. He looked over me and saw Lord Edward in the bed. He pushed by me quickly, and Lord Edward, seeing him, sprang up instantly and drew a dagger which he carried about him, and wounded Major Swan slightly, I believe. Major Swan had a pistol, which he fired without effect; he immediately turned to me and gave me a severe thrust of the pistol under the left eye, at the same time desiring the person that came in with him to take me into custody. I was immediately taken away to the yard; there I saw Major Sirr and about six soldiers of the Dumbarton Fencibles. Major Swan thought proper to run as fast as he could to the street, and I think he never looked behind him till he got out of danger, and he was then parading the flags, exhibiting his linen, which was stained with blood. Mr. Ryan supplied Major Swan's place, and came in contact with Lord Edward, and was wounded seriously. Major Sirr at that time came upstairs, and, keep-

*A Mrs. Moore, in whose husband's house, No. 119 Thomas Street, Lord Edward had been previously concealed.

¹ The Town Major.

² William McCabe.

³ i.e., Samuel Neilson.

⁴ Murphy.

⁵ Moore.

⁶ Moore's.

⁷ Of the City of Dublin Militia.

⁸ Samuel Neilson.

ing a respectful distance, fired a pistol shot at Lord Edward in a very deliberate manner, and wounded him in the upper part of the shoulder. Reinforcements coming in, Lord Edward surrendered after a very hard struggle. Lord Edward was imprisoned in Newgate.

* * * * *

"Two surgeons attended daily on Lord Edward Fitzgerald. It was supposed, the evening of the day before he died, he was delirious, as we could hear him with a very strong voice cry out, 'Come on! Come on! damn you! Come on!' He spoke so loud that the people in the street gathered to listen to him. He died the next day early in the morning, on the 3rd of June. The surgeon attended and opened the body. Then he was seen for the first time by the prisoners. He had about his neck a gold chain suspending a locket with hair in it. Thus died one of the bravest of men, from a conviction, I believe, that he wished to ameliorate the condition of his country. I shall endeavour to describe his person. I believe he was about 5 feet 7 inches in height, and a very interesting countenance; beautiful arched eyebrows, fine grey eyes, a beautiful nose and high forehead, thick dark-coloured hair, brown or inclining to black. I think he was very like the late Lady Louisa Connolly about the eyes and nose. Any person he addressed must admire his manner, it was so candid, so good-natured, and so impregnated with good feeling; as playful and humble as a child, as mild and timid as a lady, and when necessary as brave as a lion. He was altogether a very nice and elegant formed man. Peace to his *manes*."

NOTE BY LORD WALTER FITZGERALD.

"Lord Edward's remains were placed in a vault under the East end of St. Werburgh's Church in Dublin; and, owing to the then damp state of these vaults, it became necessary to renew the coffin three times, viz.:—In February, 1844, by the orders of Lord Edward's daughter, Lady Campbell; again in 1874, by the 4th Duke of Leinster; and lastly, in May, 1896, by the Trustees of the Leinster Estates.

"The two informers implicated in the betrayal of Lord Edward were Francis Higgins, proprietor of the "Freeman's Journal," at that time a paper in the interest of the Government, and Francis Magan, M.A., Barrister-at-Law."

The attendants on Lord Edward were a Mr. Garnet, a Mr. Kinsley, and Surgeon Leake.

¹ The attendants on Lord Edward were a Mr. Garnet, a Mr. Kinsley, and Surgeon Leake.

THE FRENCH ARMY OF TO-DAY.

Lecturing in London on the French Army, Captain G. L. Harrison, D.S.O. (Instructor in English, Ecole Speciale Militaire, St. Cyr), said that the essential difference between the situation in 1914 and that of to-day was that whereas formerly the French Army had been more or less a thing apart, in spite of conscription, the whole idea at present was to produce, in case of necessity, a nation in arms—mobilised for economic purposes, also in order to produce the greatest offensive and defensive powers. Mobilisation in future would be done by means of territorial zones, in each of which economic as well as military mobilisation would be co-ordinated. That being so, the chief function of the existing Army was that of a vast school of military instruction which would pass out a steady stream of well-trained reservists.

Dealing with the new Reduced Service Law, which restricts the period of service to 18 months, Capt. Harrison said that the chief difficulties arising out of this were the lack of N.C.O.'s, and, during manoeuvres, of effectives, since the reservists had not been called up since 1918. There was even a prospect of the reduction of services to 12 months, on the plea of economy and advantage to the civil life of the nation; but, in his opinion, any economy effected by this means would be offset by the extra cost of measures necessary to meet the new situation. These would include a new scheme of armament and mobilisation, and reorganisation of training. Moreover, the fighting strength of the Army would not then exceed 250,000—a figure which Germany, with her 50,000 illegal troops, could also attain, leaving no margin for French safety.

Passing to the question of tactics, the lecturer said that little had been changed except in so far as the introduction of new weapons affected them, but a closer co-operation between all arms was being sought. The present French fighting unit was the group de combat, consisting of a sergeant and 12 men—the equivalent of two sections in the British Army—centred on one light machine-gun, or automatic rifle. This formation, however, was likely to be modified in the near future.

After discussing the increase and improvements in Artillery, Air Force and Tanks, Captain Harrison stated that the present military effort, so far as training was concerned, was in preparing for probable phases of any possible future war with Germany. The first phase would, if possible, be the delivery of a blow east of the Rhine, under cover of which the national mobilisation could proceed. The final phase would see efforts to increase material of units while reducing their man power, thus effecting a saving in men and improving the offensive power. At present great attention was being paid to the question of reserves, for the French people were still convinced that Germany was their greatest and most dangerous enemy.

GORMANSTON BREVITIES.

Who killed Duff? Was it "Paddy"?

* * *

Who is "the No. 1 Army pattern mule"?

* * *

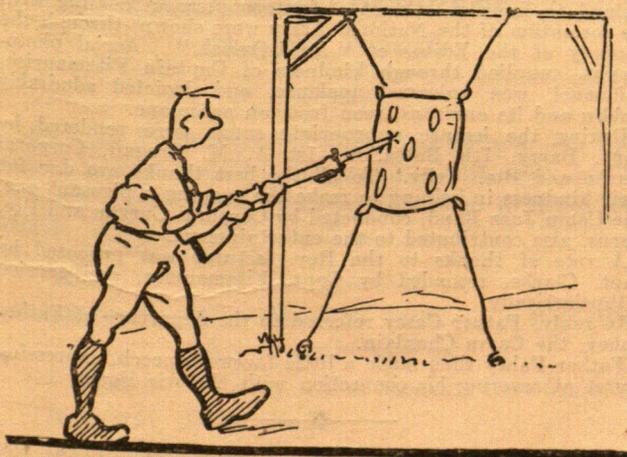
"Danny" justs "Fitz" in nicely.

* * *

Is "Big Jim" still in possession of his almighty vocabulary, and is Drogheda suffering in consequence?

* * *

How many pairs of running shoes have "J.C."?



A holey terror.

Upsetting Precedent.—Mrs. Smyth: "Then the wedding was not altogether a success?"

Mrs. De Peyster: "No; the groom's mother cried louder than the bride's mother. It was considered very bad form."—

"Jack-o'-Lantern."

JOTTINGS FROM A BALDONNEL DIARY.

December 1.—A cross-country paper chase, led by the Corps Adjutant (Captain M. Clarke) mounted on horseback, resulted in a most enjoyable and exhilarating afternoon. The course was approximately five miles, and as the going was good the finish was hotly contested. Prizes were awarded for the first three home, the recipients being—Corporal Townsend, Private Mulloy and Private Biggs.

December 22.—At a farewell concert held in the Recreation Room on the occasion of the Rev. J. Fahy's departure from Baldonnel to Beggars' Bush, Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Army Air Corps and attached units attended. The farewell speeches of the representatives of the various units were punctuated with regrets, as during his stay at Baldonnel he worked indefatigably both for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the troops. The very best of luck attend him in the New Year.

December 25.—Christmas Day was celebrated with festivities appropriate to the occasion. Masses were celebrated in the Camp Chapel at 8, 9 and 10.30 a.m. by the Rev. Father O'Callaghan, C.F. At the 9 a.m. Mass a guard of honour from "C" Company, 7th Infantry Battalion (attached), presented arms at the Elevation and the General Salute was sounded. Despite the fact that the majority of the choristers were amongst the privileged few who obtained leave, they did not forget their less fortunate comrades (of course it is always considered unfortunate when one can't get leave on such occasions), but voluntarily returned on Christmas morning to help in making their choir the complete success it undoubtedly was.

The church was tastefully decorated, as was also the Crib, which was very impressive.

Dinner was served in the men's dining-room, which was brightly decorated, the N.C.O.'s waiting on the men. In the absence of the Commanding Officer, who was on leave, Capt. J. C. Fitzmaurice, Squadron Commander; Captain M. Clarke, Corps Adjutant; Captain B. Barry, O.C. "C" Company, 7th Infantry Battalion, and Rev. Father O'Callaghan, C.F., presided over the function.

In the evening a very enjoyable smoking concert was held, the music being supplied by the camp orchestra, under the direction of Private C. Byrne, who entertained the company with selections on the piano, and demonstrated in the jazz effects how "the quickness of the hand deceives the eye."

December 31.—A very successful smoking concert was held in the Sergeants' Mess on New Year's Eve, and was attended by the Officer Commanding, Commandant T. J. Maloney, Squadron Commander Captain J. C. Fitzmaurice, O.C. "C" Company, 7th Infantry Battalion, Captain B. Barry and other Officers.

Supper was served at 9.30 p.m., *a la carte*, and afterwards the fun waxed fast if not furious. To the accompaniment of mirth, music, dancing and display of sky-rockets the Old Year was ushered out and the New Year heralded in.

"For one night only" the cares of State were put aside, and who will deny it was a well-earned holiday.

January 1.—A most successful Cinderella dance was held in the Ballroom, Officers' Mess. The Adelaide Melody Band of seven performers maintained its reputation as purveyor of the best dance music; the floor was highly polished, and the carnival novelties left nothing to be desired.

In addition to the Officer Commanding (Commandant T. J. Maloney) and other Officers of the corps, the following were present:—Major Lawlor, Commandant Cotter, Captain Gray, Captain Stafford, Captain Barry, Lieut. Whelan, Lieut. Connolly, M.O.; Lieut. Thornton, etc.

A whist drive was held on the same night in the Recreation Room for the N.C.O.'s and men, and at which over one hundred players participated. Due to the keenness evinced by the players, and under the direction of Sergeant O'Hanlon, who officiated as M.C., the night was a most enjoyable one.

The prizes—three in number—were generously presented by the Corps Adjutant, Captain M. Clarke.

January 10.—The Commanding Officer has promised future treats in the nature of sports and amusements on a more extensive scale, details of which I hope to forward to "An t-Oglach."

"JOY-STICK."

G.H.Q. SECOND ANNUAL BALL.

The second annual G.H.Q. Ball which took place in the Metropole Ballroom, on the night of Friday, 9th inst., was attended by four hundred guests, and proved as big a success as its predecessor of last year. The new Mess uniform was worn by a number of the officers, and looked remarkably well. Lieutenant-General P. MacMahon, Chief of Staff, and all the Officers of the Higher Command were present, and there was a representative attendance of members of the Government. All the foreign Consuls in Dublin, were present with their wives.

The Governor-General arrived about eleven-thirty, and stayed to supper. Others present included the Minister for Defence, patron of the ball; the Lord Chief Justice and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, the Attorney-General and Mrs. Costello, General O'Duffy, General Mulcahy and Mrs. Mulcahy, the Speaker of the Dail and Mrs. Hayes; Mr. Duggan, T.D. and Mrs. Duggan; Mr. Seamus Burke, T.D., etc., etc.

The Adelaide Melody Band supplied the music, and the supper menu was as follows:—Hors d'oeuvre, oysters; consommé madrilene, creme a la reine; wine—sherry; fillet of sole bonne femme, wine—chablis; roast pheasant, straw potatoes, cress, wine—champagne; roast sirloin of beef, roast turkey and ham, French salad; peach, melba, fruit salad; cafe; cheese.

Dancing continued until 5 a.m.

LANTERN LECTURE AT BALDONNEL.

On Tuesday night, December 16th, 1924, Rev. R. J. Casey, Chaplain, Eastern Command, gave a lantern lecture in the Camp Cinema, Baldonnel Aerodrome. The lecture served as a farewell to Rev. J. Fahey, C.F., who had just been transferred to Beggar's Bush Barracks. The building was packed. Commandant Maloney, O.C., was present, together with all the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men stationed at Baldonnel. The lecture was entitled, "Rambles in Eirinn—and With Irishmen Overseas." During the course of the lecture many pictures and views of Ireland were dealt with historically. The Rev. lecturer showed a large number of slides dealing with Maynooth College and grounds. All present were impressed by many views taken on the recent pilgrimage from Ireland to Lourdes. A set of lantern pictures dealing with the formation of the National Army were shown, through the courtesy of the Editor of "An t-Oglach." Aerial photographs, supplied through kindness of Captain Fitzmaurice, Baldonnel, won universal applause, and depicted admirably Dublin and its environs, seen from an aeroplane.

During the lecture appropriate songs were rendered by Capt. Barry, 7th Battalion; 1st A. M. Cregan, Corporal Clarke and Pte. Kelly. To all the best thanks are due for their kindness in helping to make the evening a pleasant one. The Camp Jazz Band, conducted by Corporal Curran and Pte. Burns, also contributed to the entertainment.

A vote of thanks to the Rev. lecturer was proposed by Capt. Clarke, seconded by Capt. Fitzmaurice, and carried enthusiastically.

In reply, Father Casey referred to the departure of Father Fahey, the Camp Chaplain.

Father Fahey then made a little farewell speech, expressing regret at severing his connection with the Air Force.

Refreshing Frankness.—There is a feeling too prevalent that newspapers are not always devoted to the truth in discussing politics as other topics. Perhaps that accounts for a remarkable statement in the Carolina "Jeffersonian" this week. Announcing a change of editors, it says: "We, therefore, announce that hereafter our policy, politically, shall be independent. On all other questions we will endeavour to print the truth."

Its readers will know what to expect. Such frankness is rare.—Raleigh (N.C.) "News and Observer."

COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES

Oglagh
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

COMISIÚN UM STAT-SHEIRBHIS.
**EXAMINATION FOR JUNIOR
 ADMINISTRATIVE POSTS.**

Third Announcement.

The Examination already announced for 13th instant is cancelled.

An Open Competitive Examination, open to Men and Women, for Six places as Junior Administrative Officers, will be held on **Tuesday, 14th April next** and following days.

Age Limits: 20-25 on 1st December, 1924, with certain extensions.

Salary: Men, £150-£500;
 Women, £120-£380;
 with appropriate bonus.

Subjects: Compulsory: Irish, Essay, General Knowledge, Vive Voce.

Optional: Several recognised courses for Honours University Degrees.

Syllabus, Regulations and further particulars from

AN RÚNAIDHE,
 33 Faidheche Naomh Stiopháin,
 Baile Átha Cliath.

1 adh Eanáir, 1925.

23/G8804

W.H.Co.

COMISIÚN UM STAT-SHEIRBHIS.

**EXAMINATION FOR JUNIOR
 EXECUTIVE OFFICERS.**

(Male and Female.)

An Open Competitive Examination for not less than Thirty vacancies as Junior Executive Officers, open to both male and female candidates, will be held on **10th March, 1925**, and following days.

Age: 17-21, with certain extensions.

Salary: For Men, £90-£350; for Women, £90-£250;
 plus bonus in each case.

Syllabus: Secondary School Leaving Certificate.

Standard: Senior Grade.

Regulations, Syllabus and further particulars from

AN RÚNAIDHE,
 33 Faidheche Naomh Stiopháin,
 Baile Átha Cliath.

24/G8827

W.H.Co.

ARMY CHESS PLAYERS.

Collegians Beat G.H.Q. in Armstrong Cup.

The Armstrong Cup Match between University College, Dublin (winners), and G.H.Q., reflects in a singular way (says the "Irish Independent") the result of the Trinity and Blackrock contest, the younger clubs going under to a more experienced combination. In both cases, the winners secured their victory in the three topmost boards, after which matters were fairly even.

Too much stress, as has been here said before, cannot be laid on the pluck of the military chess-players in entering this competition. They do not hope to win, but they hope to get training in a practical school by subjecting their men to seasoned opponents. The Collegians hardly correspond with that description, but they, too, desire experience of expert match play. They appear to have a scientific knowledge of "the books," but that does not suffice.

Mr. Francis seems to improve in match play from week to week. He and Mr. Youghlao are the mainstay of the Collegians, as are Commdt. Cotter and Lieut. Mallin (the latter playing 4th) of the Military. Capt. Nolan and Lieut. O'Connor know their way in chess very well without further remarks here. The Military want match practice, particularly in end-games.

The scores are:—

University College	G.H.Q.
1. A. G. Francis.....1	Commdt. Cotter.....0
2. L. P. Youghlao.....1	Captain Nolan.....0
3. H. Barry.....1	Lieut. O'Connor.....0
4. D. O'Duffy.....1	Lieut. Mallin.....0
5. B. J. Senior.....½	Lieut. Daly.....½
6. A. O'Reilly.....0	Captain Burke.....1
7. F. Kerlin.....1	Sergt. Myers.....0
8. (default).....0	Cpl. O'Connor.....1
Total 5½	Total 2½

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

AN t-ÓGLACH will be sent Post Free to any address in Ireland or Great Britain at the following rates:—

ONE YEAR - - - - - 6s. 6d.
 SIX MONTHS - - - - - 3s. 3d.

POSTAGE EXTRA

Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to AN t-ÓGLACH, crossed "& Co.," and forwarded to

MANAGING EDITOR,

G.H.Q., Parkgate, DUBLIN.

ENTERTAINMENT IN BEGGARS' BUSH BARRACKS.

On Sunday, December 28th, 1924 (the Feast of the Holy Innocents), the boys belonging to the Army Band and the children of the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men residing in married quarters were given a very enjoyable entertainment. Tea, with a great variety of cake and fruit, was served at 4.30 p.m. in the spacious gymnasium, which had been artistically decorated for the occasion under the capable direction of B.S.M. Cork. Christmas crackers also were provided in abundance. Colonel and Mrs. Brase were present, and went amongst the little guests, making them feel quite at home, and helping them to enjoy everything to their hearts' content.

After tea, Colonel Brase introduced Santa Claus, and Mrs. Brase "unveiled" a table laden with practical and most acceptable gifts, which Santa Claus distributed. The Christmas Tree was then stripped of its decorations, including crackers, chocolates and sweetmeats of every description, to the delight of all the youngsters.

A first-class concert and variety entertainment began at 6.30 p.m. "Divello's" clever conjuring gained him unstinted applause. The audience were next treated to a song by Miss Mirrelson, who is a soprano of rare beauty. Miss Carmel Walsh gave an exhibition of step-dancing, and Miss May Flahive danced a jig, the young brothers Flahive contributing a comic song, "The Kerry Recruit." A special treat was provided by Mr. Jim Doyle and Mrs. Doyle (Madam Lucy Brady), who gave duets and solos from a wide repertoire, which were enthusiastically received, many encores having to be given. The Misses Doyle also contributed duets, which were heartily applauded. Master Johnnie Walsh, as a comedian, caused much merriment. He was ably assisted by his brother Cyril and a little sister aged six years. A Punch and Judy show by "Divello" was a huge success from start to finish. Mr. W. Lawless, the well-known baritone, contributed a few songs; and Mr. Jim Walsh, with his humorous recital, "Toe the Line," evoked much mirth, being recalled for encores.

A wireless set, with loud speaker, which had been installed by B.S.M. Noble, was a source of wonderment to many, and was thoroughly appreciated. Mr. Jim Doyle wound up the evening by singing an appropriate song entitled "Rouse," for which he had to grant an encore. The accompanists were Bandmaster-Student J. Doyle and Miss Carmel Walsh.

The concert, which was free to everybody in barracks, was splendidly attended. All present were treated to refreshments, fruit and cake. A special word of praise and thanks is due Mrs. Brase, B.S.M. Cork and their Committee, who were responsible for the organisation and remarkable success of the entertainment. It is also desired to thank the following, through the medium of "An t-Oglach," for their generous and valuable assistance:—Messrs. Kavanagh, The Coombe; Messrs. Johnson, Mooney and O'Brien; Messrs. McCabe; Rev. J. Union, C.C.; Ringsend; Messrs. Kavanagh, Richmond St.; Messrs. Clarke, Crampton Quay, and all the vocalists, who gave their services voluntarily.

SODALITY ESTABLISHED IN PORTOBELLO BARRACKS.

The New Year was ushered in with appropriate solemnity in Portobello Barracks, Dublin. Masses were celebrated at 8.30 and 10.30 a.m. by the Rev. R. J. Casey, C.F. Col. McGuinness, O.C., and the Officers in charge of the various units attended. In the evening the Sodality of the Sacred Heart was established, and the Chaplain in his address offered warmest congratulations to the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men for their very large attendance. Sixteen Officers and nearly 200 N.C.O.'s and men were enrolled. The monthly Sodality meeting will take place at 6.30 p.m. on the eve of the First Friday. General Holy Communion for all members on the First Friday or on First Sunday of each month. The Officers are giving their earnest co-operation and using every effort to make the Sodality a great success.

Our Information Bureau.

Pension.

"Croppy Boy" (G.H.Q.).—Active service in the Irish Volunteers is the basis on which military service pensions are granted.

"Fair Play" (Dublin).—Forward information under the following heads to the Adjutant-General's Department, G.H.Q., Parkgate, and the matter will be investigated:—

- (1) Date of joining the Army.
- (2) Unit or units under which you served.
- (3) Names of Officers under whom you served.
- (4) Address at the time of enlistment.
- (5) Date of discharge and reasons for same.

Transfer.

"Interested" (Cork).—You should apply for transfer in the usual manner through your Commanding Officer.

Back Pay.

"Justice" (Curragh).—Write to the Officer i/c Arrears of Pay Department, Portobello Barracks, giving your Army number, home address, and address from which claim was sent.

Private O'Leary (Curragh).—Your case is being investigated.

Leave.

"Soldier" (Portobello).—The Officer i/c of Administration and Personnel has no record of the fourteen days being granted to you. You should take the matter up with your Commanding Officer.

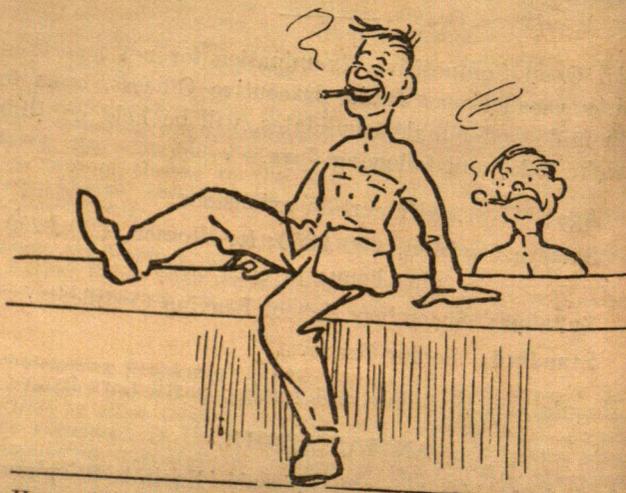
Proficiency Pay.

Tomas Bairread (Sgoil na nGaedheal).—A year's satisfactory service on a previous engagement should entitle you to pay at the rate of 2s. 9d. per day. You should take the matter up with your O.C.

"T.L.H." (Arbour Hill).—The rates of stoppage quoted are being amended, and new instructions in this connection are expected shortly.

"Neighbour" (Templemore).—All N.C.O.'s holding the substantive rank of Company Sergeant are entitled to 6s. per diem.

Corporal O'Donnell (Keane Barracks).—Application should be made to the Officer i/c Pay and Accounts Sub-Department, stating the particulars of your claim. The decision of the latter in connection with such issues is final.



He wanted to be photographed looking careless and gay, but the camera wasn't equal to the task, so our artist stepped into "the imminent deadly breach."



Oglach
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

THE
METROPOLE
RESTAURANT AND CINEMA,
Lower O'Connell Street, Dublin.

¶ THE CINEMA THEATRE

is beautifully decorated and has justly been described as the last word in comfort and elegance. Constant change of programme, showing all the newest screen triumphs. Open daily 2 to 10.30 p.m. Open on Sundays 2.30 to 6.30 and 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. Admission, 1/3, 2/4.

¶ THE RESTAURANT

is open daily from 11 a.m. to 9.30 p.m. Fully licensed, and all Wines, Spirits and Beers supplied at popular prices. Spacious Dining Rooms, Grill Room, Smoking Room and Lounges. Delightful and moderate à la carte service. **Table d'Hôte Luncheon** (3 Courses) daily, 1 to 3 p.m.—2s. 6d. Afternoon Teas a Speciality. **Orchestral Music** throughout the day. Luncheons, Dinners, and other functions arranged on application to the Manager.

(Telephone: Dublin 3279).

SUPERB BALLROOM
Capable of accommodating 500 Dancers.

T.C. PHILLIPS

Have been honoured by the patronage of a large number of the Senior Officers of the

—**ARMY**—

Our design of uniform was adopted for the **CIVIC GUARD**

**4 DAME STREET
DUBLIN**

'Phone - - - - - Dublin 485.
Telegraphic Address - "Overalls, Dublin."



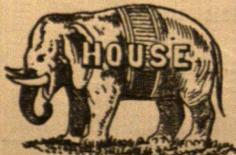
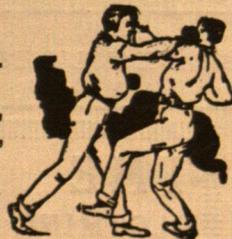
Irish-manufactured
Footballs, 22/6 each. 6/6, 7/6, 8/6, 9/6.
Jerseys from 8/6. Galway All-Ireland Hurling Balls, 6/6 each.

Running Outfits,
Knickers, Shoes,
Throwing
Hammers, etc.

Leather Leggings,
Waterproof Coats,
Green Leather
Coats, etc.

Sandow's Developers. All Gymnastic appliances. Boxing Gloves. Special Contest Sets, 32/6 Set. Catalogues on application.

45 & 46 Lr. O'Connell St.
76 Middle Abbey St.
34 Nassau St.
65 Dawson St.,
78 Patrick St., CORK. **DUBLIN**



STATE SECURITY **NO INCOME TAX**
TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE.

The secret of acquiring wealth is to begin looking after your small sums. There is always a temptation to neglect them or to spend them thoughtlessly. The small amounts which you may thus carelessly fritter away may be used to produce more money for your future needs. It is well worth your while to look after them. See what can be done by investing these small sums in Savings Certificates.

IN 5 YEARS		
6d. per week becomes	£	s
1/-	14	4 6
2/-	28	11 6
2/6	36	2 5
3/-	43	7 3
4/-	57	17 2
5/-	72	7 1
7/-	101	6 10
INVESTED IN		

ISSUED AND GUARANTEED BY

SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

SAORSTÁT ÉIREANN.

PURCHASE PRICE	VALUE AFTER 5 YEARS
15/6	20/-

You may purchase any number of Certificates from 1 to 500, costing £387 10s. 0d. Buy regularly from any Bank or Money Order Post Office, or through a Savings Association, which enables its members to purchase Certificates by instalments and on advantageous terms. For full particulars apply (no stamp required) to

THE CENTRAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

GOOD INTEREST **63 Dawson St. Dublin** **EASY WITHDRAWAL**

G.6523.

COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES W.H.Co.



D. McDEVITT,

CIVIL AND MILITARY TAILOR,

12 DAWSON ST. (Side Entrance), DUBLIN.

Officers' Uniforms and Equipment,
according to Regulations,
at Prices consistent with **First-Class Workmanship.**

Suits and Overcoats,
in Latest Styles, - - - at Moderate Prices.

" AN t-ÓGLACH "

can be ordered by members of the General Public through any Newsagent, or direct from Managing Editor, G.H.Q., Parkgate, Dublin.

Back numbers of Vols. I. and II. (New Series) can be obtained from the latter address at 2d. per copy; postage 1d. per copy extra.

1813—First Manufactured.



KENNEDY'S

FAMOUS

GINGER CORDIAL

AND

GREEN GINGER WINE.



1924—Unaltered and Unexcelled.

The GRAMOPHONE STORES

JOHNSON COURT,

GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN,

FOR GRAMOPHONES.

Prices ranging from £2 15s. to £40. Repairs to every make of machine.

Special Record, **Kevin Barry** and **My Father's Fenian Gun.** 3s. 6d.; post free, 4s. 6d.

Ask for Special Crofts List—**Boolavogue (Father Murphy), Three Flower (Emmet, Tone, Dwyer),** etc. We pay carriage on all orders for 30s. worth of Records. Open till 8.30. Sunday, 12 till 2.

Our only Address.

Kennedy's Bread



FINEST QUALITY MADE



BAKERIES:

124 to 130 PARNELL STREET, & ST. PATRICK'S BAKERY,

DUBLIN

GRAMOPHONES

The largest Selection of
First-class Instruments in
IRELAND.

Full Stock of the latest
Records.

A trial demonstration
will convince intending
purchasers of the superior
value offered.

Lists Post Free.

PIGOTT

AND CO., LTD.

SUFFOLK STREET,

DUBLIN

CORK

LIMERICK

The Better Spirit IN IRELAND

More than 25 years ago Pratt's was first offered to Irish Motorists. To-day its sales are greater than those of any other motor spirit. Motorists have found for themselves that it is indeed the better spirit.

Running on Pratt's they get more miles per gallon, a smooth-running engine, less clogging of carburettor, less wear on cylinders and pistons.

IRISH-AMERICAN OIL CO. LTD.
52 UPPER O'CONNELL STREET,
DUBLIN.

Pratt's

PERFECTION SPIRIT.

Obtainable Everywhere

THIS JOURNAL
WAS PRINTED AT

Phone 603
Dublin.

MAHON'S PRINTING WORKS

YARNHALL STREET, DUBLIN.

ARMY CONTRACTOR

Established 1902.

Estimates Free.

IRISH MANUFACTURED GOODS.

Rain-Water Pipes and Fittings; Shovels,
Manhole Covers and Frames; Brushes;
Lead Pipes; Copper Boilers & Cylinders;
Galvanized Buckets; Dust Bins; Tin-
ware; Wirework; Felt; Ironwork.

Gleeson, O'Dea & Co., Ltd.
CHRISTCHURCH PLACE, DUBLIN.

LIAM DEVLIN

Telephone No. 2813 Dublin.

Bonded and Bottling

Stores:

SEVILLE PLACE

ARMY CONTRACTOR, WHOLESALE GROCER,
TEA, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,

81-86 LOWER GLOUCESTER STREET,
DUBLIN

MAHON, DUBLIN.

COPYRIGHT MILITARY ARCHIVES