

TOUGH AND IS ARMY'S M Curragh Trains Leaders

(IRISH PRESS Staff Reporter)

CURRAGH, Tuesday

IRELAND is to have the toughest little army in the world. That is the aim of a new programme, begun now at Curragh Camp, which is packed with instructors whose job it is to develop its brain and brawn.

A course of physical training is in operation and first nucleus of men who are to show the soldiers how to grow muscles went through their paces yesterday.

All the paraphernalia was on the field. Horizontal bars of various heights had athletes swinging over them, under

The discus, the shot, the hammer, were thrown increasing lengths as practice grew. All types of sports body-building methods were employed.

Sixteen picked men are being trained to jump highest, longest and from greater altitudes. And they must become the best footballers, hurlers and handballers too.

They will be replaced by others in a few months and they will then go out into the commands and show off to others.

Into The Mountains

But first they must go into the mountains, camp at the Glen of Imaal, put all their new born brawn into application by swinging on ropes across rivers and cliffs, by climbing Wicklow's heights with full equipment, by hauling heavy guns where they were never

Look at Micky Gray, company-sergeant, father of three kids (who are being physically trained after school by Micky), P.T. Instructor for 22 army years, back in jersey and shorts and showing 18-

year-olds how to stay young and strong.

The tall man in blue togs and jersey, who is a champion in sports, is Capt. Joe O'Keefe. It's seven years since, as a teenager, he challenged the champion boxer of Kerry (J. Lawlor) in Tralee one night and knocked him out in the first round, though Joe had never boxed before.

Some of the lads he and Comdr. Donal McCormack are training are no six-footers. They don't even have to be broad-shouldered. But don't pick a row with any small-looking soldier around the Curragh now. He knows all the answers and they'll register with you when you're on the flat of your back regaining consciousness.

Every Man A Leader

But here's the brain part of the new army programme. There were eighty men being made into military geniuses, south of the Curragh yesterday.

Four officers took them into the hills and lost them. They had to find their own way back by different routes and mark their journey on their maps. That was only the first lesson on knowing where they were and figuring out where their enemies might be.

"Every man a leader," is the motto of the "three-star" course. The men are three-star privates being trained as N.C.O.s. Super-N.C.O.s! In their course they have to organise tactical campaigns, improvise ways out of tight corners, show courage, determination and confidence in battle situation so that men will follow them without question through the toughest assignments.

They are continually under command microscope, each evening the training officers gather to check on the men individually. And they'll know where they went wrong. Film units can record their deeds of derring-do or derring don't and they all must watch the record on the screen.

Four thousand new recruits must be trained like this — and then all the others that come in to an Army that is not merely being trained in modern equipment, but in the new army subject — "man-management."

Officers told me at the Curragh the new course means be sure that a man can equipment, but more that he will have the

