

EDITORIAL.

Again the resonant note of "The Lyre" peals forth on the waiting ear of an expectant world. With rejuvenated twang we emerge from our fifty-one weeks' hibernation and present our compliments to all and sundry. We propose to record the doings of the Belfast Battalion in camp on this occasion. As usual, our pages will glitter with the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the terewth, but in consideration of the well-known predilections of our readers we may occasionally tell a little lie to relieve the monotony.

Everyone, man, boy, and hobbledehoy, in camp is hereby constituted a Reaprtter. Everything should find its way to our voluminous journal.

We shall "come out" each day at three.

Correspondence is invited. Therefore, ventilate your grievances. Ye overworked officers, so the boys fear of - If so, denounce the machinations of the notorious miscreants. Ye downtrodden boys, do the Officers annoy? Do you long for a Camp where lieutenants cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest? Then expose the misdeeds of these bloated tyrants! and - - -

Twang The Lyre.

TONSORIAL.

We observe with pleasure that the CoO. has had his hair cut. It will therefore not be necessary for us to carry out our contemplated design of conducting him to "the local barber!"

THE BOYS' BRIGADE - BELFAST BATTALION

THE CAMP LYRE
AND CASTLEROCK CHRONICLE

Vol II. No. 1

JULY, 1912.

Price One Halfpenny

Long
to Reign
Over Us

Our
C.O.



John Campbell, C.O.

The Advance Party under the Command of the Adjutant—Mr C McMaster and Mr W.T. Ewing—Quart
Master arrived on the Camp Grounds at 9a.m. on Tuesday 9th. instant. The Rev R.H.S. Gee
Cooper, M.A. President of the Battalion, accompanied the party. After hard work and
urged on by the genial humor of the President the luggage was soon conveyed from the St
Station to the Field.

Mr E.J. Garrett with his able staff of cooks, ably provided for the wants of the tent-
peppers. Strawberries presented by Mr Cooper were much appreciated.

After the days work was over some of the party visited a circus in the Village, A Sergt
was -we name no company—was much taken with the spangled lady. He appeared next day wit
his nose in a sling—we do not connect the two things in any way—but he has not proffere
a satisfactory reason for his broken nose—to all who are going on similar lines we can
only say that it is well to make sure that there are no prior claims upon the ladies
affections. Stuffing mattresses is work not much sought after—but as there were seven g
girls in the farm house where the stuffing was done—there were many volunteers—We are
are told that they were exceedingly good looking. nuff sed.

The C.O. desires to express the pleasure it is to already find such a fine spirit of of
COMRADESHIP existing among all ranks—everyone working so willingly. Also the THANKS e
of the main body on arriving in camp to find everything so satisfactory—which speaks
volumes for the hard work of the Advance Party.

'WHEN IN DOUBT, DONT'

John Campbell, C.O.

PRIZE COMPETITION

"A ---- old woman on ---- intent
Put on her ---- and away she went
---- she said, give me, I pray,
Something to make me ---- always."

A prize will be awarded to the reader who first supplies a word of four letters, the letters of which, if placed differently in each case, in the opinion of the Editor most suitably fill the blank spaces above. The completed verse to be handed in at the Canteen. None will be accepted after 9.30. this evening (Friday)

Four sixpences, of the reigns severally of King William the Fourth, Queen Victoria, severally of Edward VII and George the Fifth were taken at the Canteen last night. These represent a period of eighty years.

During last night the rainfall was heavy and continuous. When we awoke this morning and heard the patter of it on the canvas, we thanked our lucky stars we were 'nt orderly officers. That luckless mortal we knew, was Mr. Harper, and when we heard him calling for the orderly bugler and telling him to put on his overcoat we felt sorry, but not half so sorry as we felt afterwards when that same orderly bugler unfeelingly blew "Reveille" and caused us to turn out into the same rain. But it is one of earth's compensations that if orderly officers and orderly buglers have to turn out early and in the wet, they can avenge themselves by making other people do likewise. But we will not pursue this vein further.

Dr. Henry has had his operation table stolen. He blames the cooks. We blame the dustman. Nuf sed.

BOY: "Please sir, I dont know what to do!"
(he was an officers' mess orderly, and was new to camp)

CAPTAIN of the DAY: "What are you?"

BOY: Please sir, I'm Officer's mate!"

THE BOYS' BRIGADE - BELFAST BATTALION

THE CAMP LYRE

AND CASTLEROCK CHRONICLE

Vol II. No. 2

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UNIFORMS.

"The Lyre" has prowled through Castlerock this forenoon, and in its desire for the harmonious working of the camp, offers the following remarks Officers.

When outside should wear (a) field-service cap or (b) Hat approved by Battalion Council, with the officer's crest in FRONT. (not on the side) Boys.

When wearing overcoats, should put their belts over same. It should not be necessary to remind them that they should keep step when walking together, and should salute (with the "off" hand) all officers.



"Lifting the lazy ones on with the stick."

HISTORY OF CASTLEROCK.

As we think a history of the ancient burgh in which we have come to dwell may be of interest to all, and a means of instructions to those know-nothings, the junior officers, we have at great expense collected all the information available and now present it for the delectation of our readers.

THE town of Castlerock is of remote origin. An abbey was found here about the year One, by the good Saint Ikeymo. This abbey was distinguished by the sign of three golden balls, and flourished for many years. The poor resorted much thither, and placed their garments on the shrine of the pious saint, who distributed much largesse amongst them.

This ancient seat of learning was with the advance of time swept away. During the dark ages the town had many vicissitudes. It was the scene of fierce raids and counter-raids, and was at times held by one enemy for a while, but to be rudely captured by another. The wretched inhabitants endured great privations, and it is recorded that they lived by taking in each other's washing.

In the stirring times of 1688 and the Siege of Derry, Castlerock bore an honoured part. It raised one soldier (by name Lundy) for the defence of the Maiden City.

The Duke of Wellington slept here on his way to the Battle of Waterloo. Frankly, we are not sure why he should have called round by Castlerock, but as the Duke of Wellington slept at every place we have ever heard of, on his way to Waterloo, we feel safe in assuring our readers that he included so important a town as Castlerock in his pilgrimage.

At present the ancient town bears few traces of its former grandeur. There are, however still several beauties to be seen----- (that will do. The junior officers may be trusted to find out the "beauties" for themselves, &c.)

... ..

5th Boys: "They're going to lift the tram-lines at Castle Junction?"

35th Boys: "Why?"

5th Boys: "Because they're in the road"

YESTERDAY'S PRIZE COMPETITION.

This competition has been won by Corporal Lionel Hesselberg, of the 21st Belfast Company, (D Line) whose attempt, besides being the best, was the first received. The winning verse is as follows; inserted words underlines:

"A vile old woman on evil intent
Put on her veil and away she went
Levi she said-give me I pray
Something to make me live always

A more difficult competition of the same nature will be announced on Monday.

TO-DAY'S COMPETITION.

A prize will be awarded to the reader whosends in the "last line" for the following, considered by the Editor to be the best of those sent in:

"There was a young girl of Coleraine
Whose face was more pretty than plain
When she saw Mister Moody
She murmured : "O, could I

Attempts to be handed at the Canteen to-day.

We hear - we learn on good authority - we are authorised to state - that Major Platt, being wroth at some uproar in the left-half battalion when route-marching last night, thundered: "If ye don't keep quiet I'll make ye mark time all the way home."

If you see it in "The Lyre"
You may hae yer dcots.

THE BOYS' BRIGADE - BELFAST BATTALION

THE CAMP LYRE

AND CASTLEROCK CHRONICLE

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Price One Halfpenny

"Our
Doc"



"A wise physician
Skilled
Our wounds to heal"

— Quotation

SNIPS AND SNAPS.

Staff-Sergeant Green: "Why is Lieutenant Dunwoody like a collie dog?"

Staff-Sergeant Logan : " Dunno."

Staff-Sergeant Green : "Because he's mostly in short pants."

Lieutenant Rutherford has had the cheek to say that the last camp was better than this. The reason, forsooth, is that he had "his girl" (poor thing) with him for the week. "The Lyre" with its customary and long-established chivalry, at once resents this hidden thrust at the girls of Castlerock. We are solemnly and sincerely assured by the Adjutant that the Castlerock girls are the best he has ever hugged.

Owing to the heavy rain yesterday it was found necessary to dig trenches around most of the tents. As Mr. Gault was laboriously engaged with one of these, a youth approached him with subdued and mournful mien, and on tip-toe. "Who's dead?" he whispered. Mr. Gault told him somebody soon would be.

We were considerably interested when visiting the officers' lines lately, to notice certain peculiar little flags with letters upon them. As we cudgelled our brains to obtain a clue to the meaning of the hieroglyphics we became aware of one who stood also contemplating them. Approaching this waif we asked the why and the wherefore. Regarding us with astonishment, he said "Know ye not the meaning of these? That one with "A.D.J." means "A Dandy Gentleman" and the other with "Q.M." means "Quibbling Mannikin"

The officers and stagg-sergeants met at football last night. The game was great, and the officers won by 3 to 2. The staffies say they would have been at least equal had it not been for the legs of their o-t-i-e r-g-t. Nuf sed.

We hear in the canteen that our medical officer is very partial to rum-and-butter sweets. Right doc. But don't forget the rum.

If some of the feet we have seen at bathing parade are any indication, the order as to bathing before coming to camp has been more honoured in the breach than in the observance. We were specially struck with the tootsies of --- but no, we don't want to be struck with them, thank you, so better not.

Owing to the good commissariat at this camp and the appalling size of the feeds as a consequence, a serious state of affairs has arisen, the belts of a large proportion of the battalion having become too small. The C.O. is seriously considering issuing an order as follows: "The belt to be worn fairly tight round the chest, buckle in the centre, the anchor turned the proper way."

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Yesterday.
Yesterday's "limerick" competition has been won by Corporal Lionel Hesselberg (winner of the previous day's competition. The "limerick" as completed by him, reads:

"There was a young girl of Coleraine
Whose face was amore pretty than plain
When she saw Mr. Moody
She murmured "O, could I
Entice him myself to retain."

To-day's
Below will be found a verse of eight lines. A prize will be awarded to the reader (officer, staff-sergeant, or boy) who first supplies a word of six letters, the letters of which, if disposed differently in each case, most suitable fill the blank spaces shown. Attempts to be handed in at the Canteen before 10 to-morrow. Editor's decision final.

A ----- sat in his ----- grey
Watching the moonbeams'----- play
On a log that deep in the forest lay
And thus he sang
Thou -----the weak, thou-----the strong
The battle's -----unto thee both belong
And the leaves with a -----took up the
song
And the woodland rang.

There will be no less of the "Lyre" to-morrow
so our friends may sleep to-night.

THE BOYS' BRIGADE - BELFAST BATTALION

THE CAMP LYRE

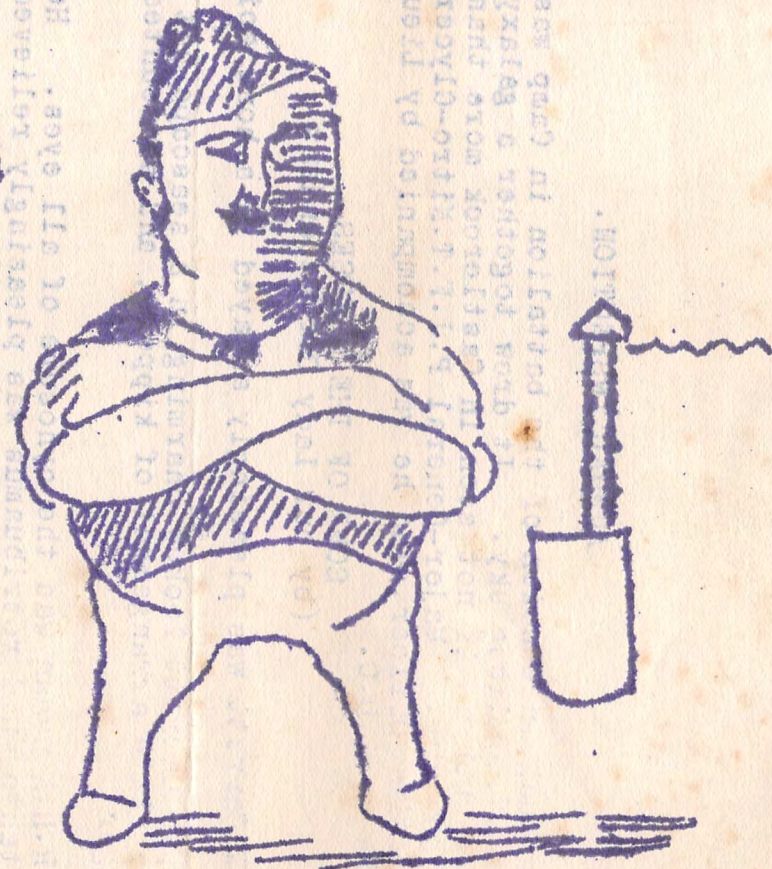
AND CASTLEROCK CHRONICLE

Vol II. No. 4.

JULY, 1912.

Price One Halfpenny

The
Genial
R. H.



ANNUAL INSPECTION.

The annual inspection of the battalion in Camp was held yesterday under a cloudless sky. It drew together a galaxy of fashion and beauty such as is not seen in Castlerock more than once or twice in a century. Major-General P.J.F.T. Nitro-Glycerine was the Inspecting Officer, and he was accompanied by Lieutenant Fitzmoole as A.D.C.

SOME OF THE DRESSES (by our Lady Correspondent)

Mrs. W. Garrett was pleasingly arrayed in a honi soit qui mal y pense.

Mrs. E.J. Garrett looked charming in a seascape hat displaying an appropriate arrangement of kippers, and surmounted by a magnificent grogger.

Mrs. R.H. Kinahan was the cynosure of all eyes. Her beautiful pro tanto quid retribuamus was pleasingly relieved with orange lilies and "sweet william"

Mrs. Daggart was a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. The placid glow of her glass eye contrasted agreeably with the sparkle of her real one.

Mrs. Rev. R. Dublin was attired in a pair of white kid gloves. She was regarded with absorbing attention wherever she went.

Mrs. Rev. E.S. Corkey wore a costume which was unanimously pronounced a dream - of the nightmare variety.

Mrs. H.L. Stenage wore a lovely gown of hessian. Her frequent and capacious smiles displayed to full advantage her excellent artificial teeth. We counted no less than sixteen of them.

Mrs. C.M. Master wore a beautiful black taffeta, and had a muff in the shape of the aforesaid C.M.M.

Mrs. F.T. Ewing enraptured all beholders. She was accompanied by her husband, who wore a soft hat which went well with his head.

-----000-----

Somebody at the cookhouse the other evening proposed to make herring broth with two kippers and fifty gallons of water. He was a near relative of the man who made a mountain of a molehill.

A boy entered the medical tent yesterday and said that he had a "sore head". The doctor at once produced a bottle, on looking at which the boy turned with a terrified expression to his companion and said "L'll soon have a sore mouth!"

Some Brigade Boys were last night seen cutting across the fields on forbidden ground, towards Articlave. Sentries shouted, officers started running, and the terrible adjutant blew his whistle and waved his arms. The cupprits, who showed no disposition to return, were overtaken, and turnout out to be boys of the 1st Articlave Company.

If you see it in "The Lyre"
Ye may hae yer doots.

"MISSING WORDS" COMPETITION.

This competition evidently proved too much for our readers, as no entries were received. The correct solution is as under:

"A suttler set in his wisest grey
Watching the woodcocks' lustre play
"On a log that deep in the forest lay
"And thus he sang
"How I met the weak, that ruled the strong
"The battle's result unto thee doth belong
"And the leaver with a rattle took up the song
"And the wood-land sang"

TRY THIS ON YOUR FRIENDS.

"What are the differences between a millionaire's son, an organ, and a gluepot?"

"Dunno"

"A millionaire's son is an heir to millions, whilst an organ has a million airs. See?"

"But what about the glue-pot?"

"That's where you stick!"

Why did the Castlerock?
Because of the Châderaine.

A boil on the stove is worth two on the neck.

Easy on.

THE BOYS' BRIGADE - BELFAST BATTALION

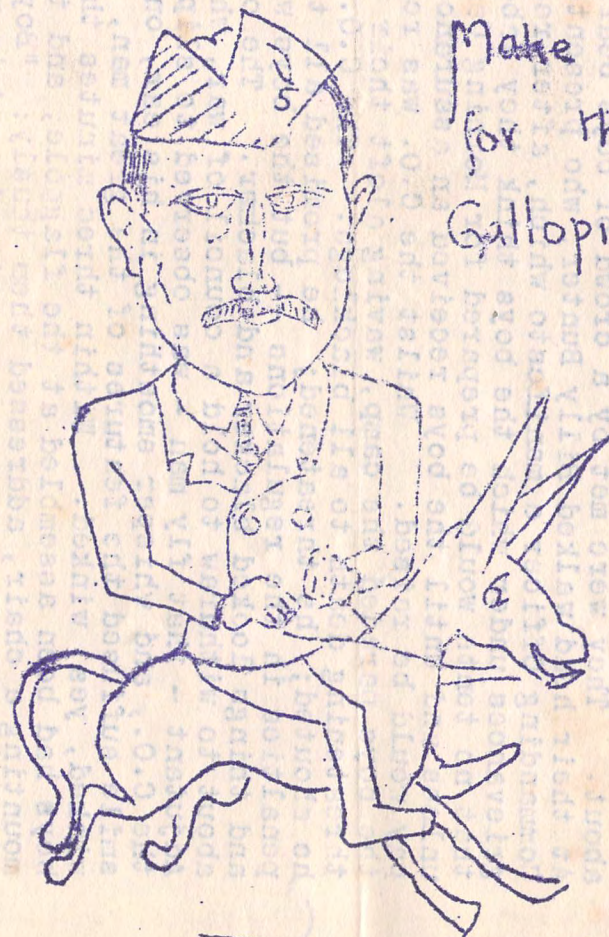
THE CAMP LYRE

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Make way
for the
Gallopng Major

THE BRIGADE BOYS' STRIKE.

It was evident that something serious was the matter. After breakfast the boys gathered in excited groups, and then formed a large meeting on the parade-ground, making speeches and shouting. Finally the officers, disturbed at their meal by the uproar, went out to see what it was about. They were met by a crowd of boys bearing placards. At their head walked Billy Bunter, who presented to the Commanding Officer a manifesto which, after reciting the grievances under which the boys think they labour, declared that no tents would be prepared for Morning Camp Inspection unless and until the boys received an assurance that their pay would be raised. Whilst the C.O. was reading this the boys paraded the camp, waving aloft their placards and threatening death to all blacklegs. The C.O. was furious; he shouted; he threatened; he promised all the pains and penalties in the regulations -- but the boys were obdurate, and things looked blacker and blacker. The officers were about to withdraw to hold a council of war, when the Adjutant - that fly man - was observed to slip forward to the C.O., and whisper something in his ear, on which a broad smile suffused the features of the great man, and he winked, yes, winked. Within three minutes the mutinous boys had been assembled at the flagpole; and the C.O. mounting a chair, addressed them thusly: "Boys, the prayer of your petition has been considered, and in view of your previous good conduct and well-known efficiency, I have decided to grant your request, and your pay will be doubled from this hour." And the boys with a mighty cheer rushed to their tents and prepared them, and made them more spick and more span than the C.O. had ever before seen them. And the camp-week ended happily, without further talk of a strike, for the boys had forgotten to observe, what the fly Adjutant knew all the time, that O and O makes O.

... ..

EDITORIAL.

We have received a letter from Mrs. H.W. Verner in which she accuses us of omitting her name in the list of ladies whose dresses we described on Monday. We tell her straight it was intentional, and without wishing to offend her feelings in any way, and just in the gentlest manner in the world, we would point out that it is no use her turning up that little snub-nose of hers at us when she meets us in the street. Everybody knows she's just put together, kind of built up, in fact, with false hair and teeth and bones and things, and if you knew where her key-pin is and were to pull it out she'd go to pieces like a Chinese puzzle. So take that, my pretty dear, and don't do it again, or we'll say something that might offend you.

A correspondent informs us that some of the officers wash themselves in treacle to preserve their complexions. We are glad he corrected us. We thought, from the look of them, it was treacle.

It is reported that two officers saw four moons on Monday night. At two apiece this wasn't bad business, considering that one of them was a sky-pilot.

Good man mi da.

OFFICERS' RACE S.

The Officers' Race was held last night, and evoked much merriment. About 14 runners toed the line, and the C.O. having, about twenty yards of a start, won by a short neck. The running of Captain Kinahan was particularly fine, and he was the admired of all beholders.

Afterwards a three-legged race for Officers, in which the outer two competitors ran backwards, was held. The pleasure the spectators experienced on seeing them limping to the starting point amounted to positive gratification when they started, and reached a point of uproarious hilarity when, tripping themselves up, they rolled in a confused heap of waving legs on the ground. It is said that one of them, feeling smothered, shouted: "Pull me out; pull me out; mine are the striped stockings!" Nuf sed.

PRESENT ARMS!!!

On the return of the Battalion from its visit to Derry on Tuesday the cooks, who had remained in camp, felt that it would not be right to allow the regiment to march in without a guard to receive them; so with the assistance of two officers who had remained in camp, the deed was done. Drawn up in line, armed with ladles, pans, and groppers, the "cookies" made a gallant show. And when the commander removed the cigar which he sported from his mouth and roared "Present Arms" the delight of the Battalion knew no bounds. Yes, it was funny - very funny.

THE BOYS' BRIGADE - BELFAST BATTALION

THE CAMP LYRE

AND CASTLEROCK CHRONICLE

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EDITORIAL.

To-day the Lyre takes farewell of its readers. For with the departure of the Battalion for its native Belfast, we return to limbo. No longer, therefore, will the slopes of Castlerock echo with the twang of the Lyre.

We admit our shortcomings, which are many. The function of a Camp Paper is to reflect the doings and thought of the Camp; "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." We confess that we have drawn too much on our imagination. But in extenuation we plead the smooth working and consequent uneventfulness, of the Camp, which left the comic side less in evidence.

We congratulate all ranks on the conclusion of another successful camp. This gratifying state of affairs, of course in the main due to the untiring efforts of the Staff. The C.O. who possesses the secret of perennial youth, and who the longer he commands, seems to get the better. The Adjutant, smart and efficient. The quartermaster, thoroughly up to snuff. And as for the supply officer, the number of potatoes which he boiled, and the thousands of loaves which he cut, and all the other acts which he did, are they not written in our grateful remembrances?

THE STATION ROMANCE.

The Story of a Terrible Mistake.

(Told in Gaspes by an Anonymous Correspondent.)

Scene. The Station - a seat - a nice girl - a B.B. lieutenant. Billy approaches (by Billy he means the lieutenant) with his well-known swagger; he is on duty to-day, but that does not matter. An inane grin lights his beatific countenance as spying the solitary maiden he approaches with stealthy gait. He takes the other end of the seat on which his charmer is. He waggles his feet, he draws diagrams in the dust with his cane, he shows off his fat, fair, and forty figure; he sidles up closer, he speaks. The maiden smiles; she is not used to Boys and their ways, and wedding rings dance before her delighted vision; they whisper the usual silly trash, and she retired to get her coat. And now hold on for the wonderful illusion. The girl is getting her coat; Billy sits and dreams. An Eve on the platform awakens him and points to the figure of a lady disappearing, and suggests his hurrying up. "Hurry up!" He rushes, he speaks, he squeezes her arm. Horrors of Horrors! It is the lady from the bookstall, and--- he does not faint, but spends the day vowing vengeance on the girls of Castlerock.

THIS AND THAT.

Our versatile medical officer has added another to his many-sided activities. He beat the big drum at tatoo this morning. More to your elbow, doc.

The camp is invaded by strikers to-day. Not the kind we read so much about, but the kind that strikes your tent before you get your collar on, and leaves you without a habitation. But such is camp life.

Two Camp Lyres blew away from the Editorial sanctum yesterday, but were pursued and saved by Rev.D.S.Corkey. He's good at saving anything.

A terrible uproar occurred in the canteen this morning. It was all over the remains of a box of pastry. Mr.Cooper, at the head of a starving multitude, offered two shillings for them. Mr.Gillies was obdurate. Two and six was rock-bottom. In vain Mr.Cooper declaimed the rights of the workers, the down-trodden masses, and anathematised the grasping monopolists. Mr.Gillies remained obdurate. Mr.Platt was sent for, but he supported the capitalist. The Church, in the person of Rev. D.S.Corkey, was appealed to in vain likewise. The Adjutant had been called on to bring out the military, when a happy solution was found. Somebody bought threepence worth, and Mr.Cooper paid two and three for the remainder. Thus both sides claimed to have won. And we have it on the authority of good old Spokeshave that "All's well that ends well!"

So help me Jimmy Hehston; likewise Andy M'Elrow.

If you see it in "The Lyre"
Ye may hae yer doots.

Here endeth the sixth Lyre. Farewell, a long farewell to Castlerock. Good Luck to the Belfast Battalion. Hooray!