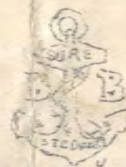


THE CAMP LYRE

VOL 4. No. 1



JULY 13. 1925

ONE PENNY

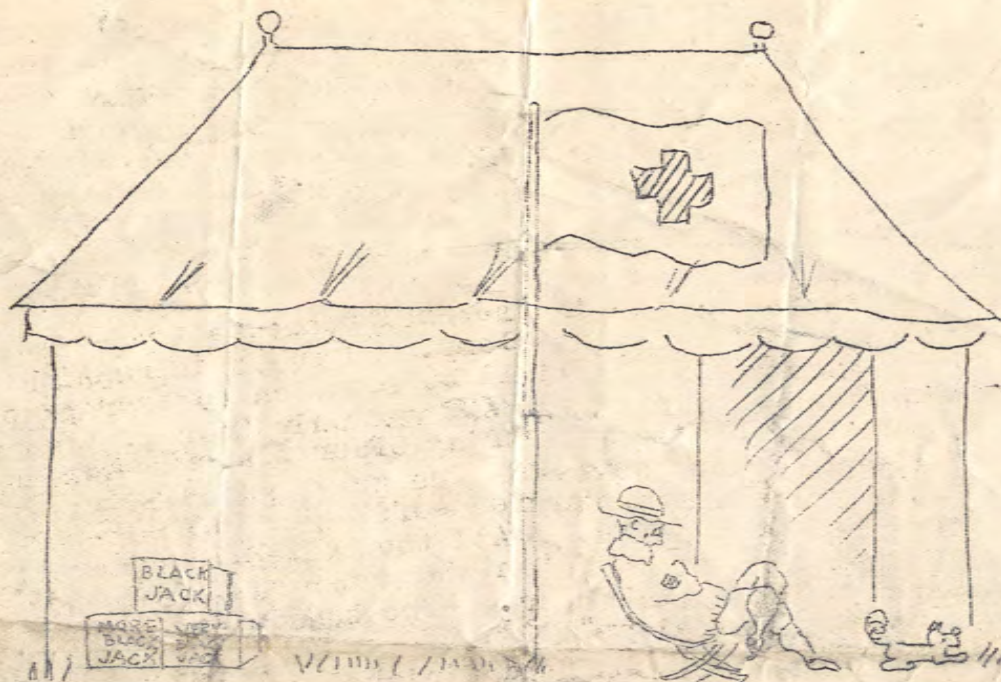
EDITORIAL.

To-day the Camp Lyre breaks its long silence of twelve years, and greets the world with triumphant, indeed rejuvenated, twang. In former days the Lyre, with the outspokenness that characterises the free and unfettered British press, raised its tiny voice to chronicle the doings and revile the reputations of all and sundry composing the Belfast Battalion camps of the B.B. At Castlerock, at Cairncastle, at Millisle its note was heard - sometimes expostulating, sometimes commanding - always impudent. The Lyre has never suffered from the weakness of prosaic people - dull consistency. Though it cares not a fig for either its public or its advertisers, it seems to pursue an particular line of policy. It moulds its policy to suit its views of the moment. If a Tory drops in at our office and annoys us, we become Whig. If Whigs trouble us, we are Tory in our next edition. The voice of the Lyre is carried on the prevailing wind.

Our delightful inconsistency as an organ of public opinion has been reflected even in our title. We have not scorned to appear under an alias, and were known, for a time, as the Daily Screech. But whether we screech or whether we twang, we can always be relied on to give the news in a thoroughly unreliable manner.

Our lengthy silence was, it is well to add, accounted for in the main by the Well-known War.

We now wish everybody in camp a Happy Christmas. We further hope it keeps fine for them, and we will now proceed to tell the tale.



Camp Depressions.

A touching scene observed and recorded by our tame artist. It is that of Mr. Wright, waiting patiently in the gloaming for the arrival of victims. "They come - they come not" he has murmured many times, and now, wearied with suspense, he is overcome by slumber. Moral - When in doubt, seek the Wright.

Our Insurance Scheme.

Full details of our insurance scheme, insuring you against battle, murder, and ingrowing toe-nails, will be found on page 21. Think of your dependents; sign the form, hand it to your newsagent, and live happy ever after.

The Soft Man's Club.

More nominations for membership are being received than the secretary can cope with, and it is feared that admissions will have to be suspended. More to follow.

Camp Sports.

More entries are wanted, and Mr. Hare requests that these be sent to him this evening.

WITH THE ADVANCE PARTY.

There were fierce looks, and other evidences of a love for work on the faces of the advance party when they arrived at the vacant field of Ganaway. "Say on, Mr. Purdy" they muttered with enthusiasm when the Q.M. spoke. With the aid of dead matches and empty bully-beef tins a cook-house, a credit to Ulster, was erected eftsoons. At the opening ceremony Chief Cook Willis was presented with a bouquet of rhubarb. With tears running down his apron, the C.C. said how glad he was to see all the old wicked faces he used to shake hands with. He then announced that dinner wasn't ready, so the bouquet was taken from him again. Mr. Purdy then declared the cook house open and called upon the Commissariat officer. That functionary, received with a storm of abuse, said he at all events could be counted on to starve the camp. He has not kept his word and we think he never meant to. Various agreeable jobs were then undertaken by willing hands. The black jack was whitewashed and the last post painted. A few tents were put up, as may be seen by an observant visitor. "Bully-beef sandwich" was adopted as the password for the week. There was some trouble in drawing straws, as there were no artists with the advance, except impromptu ones. Things straightened out though when the Yellows bent to them. A motion that an extra straw be put in each palliasse was lost in the alarm that ensued on the discovery that all the straws in the beds were running the same way. They were caught up with, however, after an exciting chase, and relief and rest came when Mr. Fair announced that he had broken all the mallet heads and that no more work could in consequence be done that day. At this delightful stage Romeo appeared in the offing. He was hailed with joyous shouts and presented with a bone from the back of a red herring. Full of peace and bully the advance retired.

B.R. and R.M.K.

The Quartermaster, having been shown the above in proof, fainted away. On recovering, he said seriously that the Advance Party has done jolly good work, a remark with which, little as we think of him, we fully agree.

Swimming Triumph for Belfast.

The Belfast Battalion team has been successful for the third year in succession in defeating Dublin in the competition to decide which team is to represent Ireland in the Roxburgh shield competition. The contest took place on Saturday night, and the Belfast boys were given a great time of it in Dublin. The Belfast team were: Sergt Thompson (14th) Lee-Opl. Maginnis (1st) Sgt. M'Cauley (53rd); Pte. M'Kelvagh (27th); and Lee-Opl. Thompson (15th) the last named as reserve. The hon. instructor is Mr. J. M'Kinstry (39th)

Promotions and Appointments.

Full Private J. Thingummy, (82nd) to be acting lance-cpl. (unpaid)

Capt. J. Kirkpatrick (19th) to be acting hon. chaffeur (unpaid) To furnish own car.

A fall in Sarsaparilla.

Coming down Bradshaw's Pass on Thursday, a load of mineral water destined for the Camp ran over the edge. Mr. Greer and another estimable officer found themselves among the effervescence, and a good deal of perfectly good lemonade went to irrigate the parched ground instead of performing its natural function as a lubricator of the parched throats of Ganaway. Happily nobody was hurt, and the Canteen supplies are still adequate.

A Tall Story.

We all know that C.O.'s (i.e. Commanding Officers) are long-headed. They appear to be long-bodied as well. At all events, a camp bed just made by the quartermaster's staff for the C.O. has been found to measure 7ft 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It is now being considered whether it is best to elongate the C.O. or shorten the bed. Opinions are invited.

Romeo again.

Shakespeare's hero never courted his Juliet more ardently than Romeo, the camp dog, courts the Belfast Battalion. He loves us. To-day there was some applause in the officers' mess at a sporting offer by the C.O. Romeo, his paws not being adapted to clapping, made the most of the occasion by a canine hip-hip-hooray.



An impression caught to-day by our artist. It represents the Orderly Room on a busy morning. The somnolent figure is that of the Adjutant, war-wearied with cross-word competitions; truly a happy if fleeting study of sylvan peace.

Limerickitis.

Cross-words remind us, naturally, of Limericks. The Lyre Limericks of other days were popular, very, so here is a new one. A prize of a box of toffee is offered for the best "last line" submitted by 10 a.m. to-morrow. Editor's decision final. Address efforts to Editor, care of Orderly Room. No coupons needed.

There once was a very cute baby
Which opened its mouth and said "Maybe
My mother and pa will be happier far
When.....

Romeo, our canine comrade, broke camp on Sunday and deserted. He has now returned, repentant and we think a trifle crestfallen. In view of his good character and long service he has been confined to camp for as long as he likes to stay.

THE CAMP LYRE

VOL. 4. No. 3.



JULY 15. 1925.

ONE PENNY

The policy of the Camp Lyre - that of not knowing what we want and of being determined at all costs to get it - has been justified again by the support given to us by our public. "Sold Out" continues to be the song of the Lyre. Yesterday a bigger issue than ever was printed and all copies disappeared into the eager, gaping pockets of an approving democracy. Let our readers have no fear. We shall continue the same policy so long as we have a twang left in us and they have a copper left, and uncopped. At the moment of writing relief has appeared on the horizon in the shape of fresh and much-needed supplies of paper and ink to deplete - we mean complete - our diminished stocks. An officer went specially to Belfast to wangle it in holiday week, and our publisher's wrinkles have vanished.

A Red-Letter Day.

This is an important day in camp, when the Belfast Battalion is to be inspected by a distinguished General. The Lyre utters a twang of welcome, respectful and subdued, to all our visitors, and admits them to the confraternity of the B.B.

International developments.

As we go to press we learn that a certain noble Earl - Earl Fatigue - at present in camp has been approached by His Excellency Ching Chang Wee-poo, Mandarin of Tushy-fiang, with a request that the Earl go to China immediately to unplait the pigtails of the revolutionaries and reduce the government to a Shingle Shtate. The Earl's mind is not yet known, but perhaps he will give us a piece of it.

A message from Yorkshire.

The Leeds battalion sends greetings to-day to the Belfast boys in Camp, with best wishes for a happy time. Leeds is to encamp at Hornsea, on the North Sea coast, from July 31st till Aug. 8th. A novel feature will be a competition in collecting fossils from the rocks near the seashore. The district is interesting geologically and the boys have been told what to look for and how to recognise the fossils. A wicked corporal here says we have no need for a fossil competition at Ganaway so long as we have the Lyre's jokes.

The Roxburgh Shield.

The team to represent England in the competition this year will be that of the Sheffield battalion, which has won the preliminary round in competition with five other battalions.

Vocalists in the offing.

Staff-Sgt. A. McGlenaghan (55th) is, we hear, doing well with his impromptu choir "Swanee River" and "Oft in the Stilly Night" are choice bits, and a roaring success. The staff-sergt's baton is a bit short (so are we) his stand is rickety, the tenor is sometimes out of tune, and the base a bit behind. Otherwise, things are very promising.

Millisle Sardines.

As the Donaghadee bus started off from camp yesterday, packed to the gunwale with perspiring people a big fat man jumped on the footboard, climbed aboard, sat down on a couple of sergeants, and remarked with a sigh: "It's ver near full up" He'd like to see it sometime when he has a notion it is overcrowded.

Angels in Camp.

The Umpteenth Company, according to their admirable captain, is composed of Boys so truly good that, by their commander's account, we expected to see them all sprouting wings like the Goardsman in "Iolenthe" Unhappily, the very first trouble in camp was with the Umpteenth. But as the feathers flew we think they may have been angels anyway.

Atmospherics.

The "gentle rain from heaven" came last night after a fine day. The pitter-patter sounded very musical on the canvas overhead, but we could have done very well without the rain until after inspection day. Steps were taken at once. All whistling in camp was forbidden and the camp Coueists were mobilised round the piano to sing "It aint gonna rain no more" A counter-move by the pessimists with the refrain "Show me the way to go home" was frustrated with the aid of a mallet or two.

Mr. Mack comes to Ganaway.

The official visit to the camp on behalf of B.B. headquarters was made to-day by Mr. C.G. Mack, of Liverpool, who crossed from England specially. He is the only "mack" we want to see in camp to-day. Famous throughout the B.B., and an authority on the Boy Reserves, Mr. Mack is one of the foremost men in the movement. An advance rumour has reached the "Lyre" from Manchester to the effect that our visitor is a wonderful dish-washer, and loves it, so we have arranged for the whole of the supper dishes to be left for him to-night. The Lyre stands for the encouragement of talent.

Very Summer Time.

What with Summer Time and Greenwich, Ireland is now an hour and a half ahead of the sun. Through the machinations of certain designing subalterns the alarm clock of the Captain of the Day (Capt. Armstrong) was, we learn, put on yet another hour overnight. As the result, an excellent officer arose with the lark to find that - it was just a lark; only that, and nothing more.

Local Brevities.

A football match is being arranged with the Boys' Auxiliary, Ballywalter.

The Battalion President complimented a certain officer this morning on his success in securing table decorations for the mess. This officer has a wonderful way with him.

An officer on night patrol in the rain last night carried an umbrella! Unusual, perhaps, but there is a distinguished president. D.H. Parry records that some British officers sheltered under an umbrella on the night before Waterloo.



The Silent Drama. Though our temporary town of Ganaway does not boast that crowning achievement of uncivilisation, we are never at a loss for an unofficial cinema, starring Oxford bags.

Limericks.

Yesterday's competition was a little difficult and the rhyme stumped most competitors. The one adjudged best is that of Duncan Cameron (103)

"When I yell at the Boys in the B.B."

The prize goes to this competitor.

To-day's Limerick should be easier. It is called

"What did Romeo say?" Last lines to be in by 10 a.m. to-morrow.

Our Romeo, romping at Ganaway

Turned tail on the campers and ran away

But returned through the park

And barked this remark

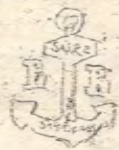
We learn that Bunner Hall was able to get the 15th helping of plum-duff on Tuesday. A correspondent suggests that the Tug-of-War championship prize should on this account be taken from C line and awarded to the Commissariat Department.

The mess orderlies at this camp are breaking all records for speed. Go it, Mr. Finney.

THE CAMP LYRE

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JULY 16 1925



ONE PENNY

Our songs.

Yesterday was in several respects the climax of the week's stay in Camp. A Boy's impression of the General's visit will be found on another page. We had here also the great and only Mack of Liverpool, as well as a vast gathering of our sisters and our cousins and our aunts. The great and only was accorded an impromptu send-off which held up the traffic for a space. All the officers in camp lined the road, and even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer. The band played "For he's a jolly good fellow" and finished up with "Auld Lang Syne" as the car drove away. Mack was knocked

knocked for a bit, but recovered on remembering to the gas in Ulster and that we are a bit hearty here. Everybody knows that Mack is a top-notchier, but not everybody that he is the youngest member of the Brigade Executive. May he live for ever.

A Darwinian episode.

Early this morning a big van halted close to the camp. It may have been from Dayton, Ohio, or, again, it may have been only Duffy's Circus en route to Ballywalter. Anyway, one of the boys was exploring at the back of the waggon when a long hairy arm shot out and tried to grab him. Told off severely for not knowing a monkey when he saw one, the boy looked surprised and said he hadn't been frightened as he was on fatigue and thought it was the orderly sergeant who was after him.

Heard in "C" line.

Shrill Voice: Hi, Mr. Dorward is a Doctor of Science. Could he prescribe for fever?

Treble Voice: Yes, and then he would subscribe for your funeral.

The Soft Man's Club.

We now learn that Capt. Murdoch is a hot favourite for the presidency, he having obtained strong backing since it was ascertained that yesterday at Reveille he yawned from under the blankets and said in a muffled voice: "I aint gonna work to-day" His supporters are jubilant and his election is thought certain. Capt. Millar's prospects have declined since it became known that he is doing a job of work as a teacher of the Lyre.

INSPECTION DAY.

(by a Boy in the ranks)

We were inspected yesterday by General Cameron, who has been with us before. The general is a fine tall martial figure and it is pleasing to see an army chief who can be so much at home among hundreds of Boys. We did the usual stunts - tumbled out of our tents for inspection, fell in on the parade ground, legged it past in column and quarter-column, and finished up with the advance in review order. Of course we like to do a job like this decently and well, as befits the good old Belfast battalion. And we did, too. But some fellows talked and looked about when marching at attention, which is hardly playing the game as regards the rest of us. When a fellow's on parade, well, he oughta be on parade, oughtn't he? Still, it was a pretty good show, and now we can take things easier for the rest of the jolly old week.

B.B.

Our mother tongue.

"It's a brave dander"

"Aye, it's a right wee stop"

These are two opinions overheard last night from two boys who were discussing the walk to Ballywalter. These homely expressions are as music to the ear of any man who has spent any length of time away from his native, and loved, Ulster. Keep your Ulster phrases, boys, and never let anybody persuade you that to be "Inglified" is necessarily to be cultured.

B Line says it is ready to play anybody at Ping-Pong.

The band of the 55th Old Boys is a good combination and a great asset to the camp; the old boys are a fine happy crowd. Their uniform reminds the writer of that worn by the brave Y.C.V. in their early days. The rain capes are a good idea.

It is quite wrong to suppose that a Rodeo, with Romeo and Nigger as the principal performers, is to be held in camp towards the week-end.

The Honours List.

Great excitement has been occasioned by the report (exclusive to the Camp Lyre) of the honours conferred on certain well-known officers. It is now stated that the Adjutant proposes to recommend the Quartermaster for the Order of the Bath. No doubt anticipating this the Q.M. actually had a bath before breakfast on SUNDAY morning. Did you ever?

A well-known name is being freely mentioned, too, for the new staff post of Lord High Incinerator, The cook house personnel being Lot Stuff, it is quite possible that the chief of the Insinulators or Insulators, will take the Fun out of the Telephone.

Heard in Donaghadee.

B.B. boy on pass enters barber's shop.

Barber: Now will you have it cut, Sir?

Boy: Same as my da's. With a hole in the middle.

To-Day's Racing.

Epscot, Thursday.

(From our racing specialist, "Mole Eye")

As to what will win to-day, I am not quite sure. The favourite might, and then again he mightn't. When in doubt, always count on the bookies making money. On the whole, the best place to put your hard-earned cash to-day is

CAMP BANK

with a saver on CANTEN COUNTER.

Money placed on my second selection is sure to reach the desired haven by a neck. Always trust Mole-Eye. He always knows, and never bets.

Our absorptivity.

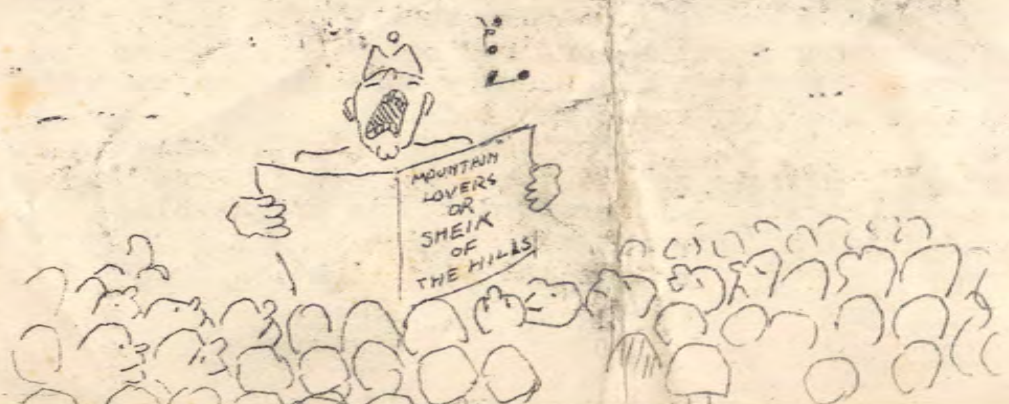
Up to last night, the camp had consumed 300 dozen bottles of mineral waters.

"Bought them of the today..."; at this the tent
 squad...; a voice started at him from the right
 "Put Out that Light"
 as tent squads went their round, half
 buried in the sand they found an officer who
 grasped a cane and muttered still the old refrain
 Put Out that Light.
 They bore him to the first-aid tent, and as the
 portage slowly went a sound came from his soft and
 low, in accents of the deapest woe
 Put Out that Light.
 G.Collins.

We apologise for using prose rhyme in the above.
 We must save space somehow, even on our poets.

Our Limerick.
 There was a larger entry for yesterday's competitor
 but competitors missed some obvious rhymes. The
 prize goes to L.Cpl. Norman Dawson, (B5) for
 "I'll never again be a runaway"

The sketch at the foot is a lightning impression of
 the Sing-Song, with Mr. Ellis "up"
 The last twang of the Lyre is one of respectful
 salute and affectionate homage to the one acknowledged
 by all as the greatest and the best among us -
 Rev. R.H.S. Cooper, M.A. President of the battalion,
 and Prince of the Boy Life of Belfast. From him,
 the Camp draws its inspiration, To him, the Lyre



THE CAMP LYRE

VOL. 4. No. 3

JULY 17 1925

ONE PENNY

To-day the Lyre utters its valedictory twang.
 Our life has been a short and a gay one, as
 befits an organ of our character. In
 saying farewell to Ganaway and the battalion, we
 would like to compliment all ranks on a very
 successful camp. It is wonderful how each
 successive generation of Boys keeps going the
 same good old spirit of willing helpfulness that
 has marked the Belfast battalion all these years.
 The stalwarts of other days are nearly all gone,
 and new faces are everywhere. But the B.B. goes
 on for ever. The future of Ulster is bright when
 it has material to draw upon like that which filled
 "Ganaway 1925" So, more power to Belfast and its
 B.B. battalion. The Lyre, preferring puns to signs,
 in parting wishes to say that it will not be on
 sale to-morrow, as by that time we shall be
 ganaway ourselves. Au Revoir.

Thanks.
 Our sincere thanks are due to Staff-Sergeants
 H. Norman, R. Nesbitt, and J. Stephens, all of the
 1st Belfast, for their excellent work as "cage-room
 staff" of the Lyre. They made the Lyre possible.

A Fair reply.
 Seen standing up while fulfilling his function
 of president of the staff-sergeants' mess, the Major
 was asked if he had not a seat.
 "I have indeed" he replied in his usual urbane
 manner "But I have nowhere to put it" The matter was
 remedied at once, and now at each meal he is sitting
 on the mugs.

Unruly members.

Dr. Allison - "a wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal" - found yesterday that several people in camp were suffering from blistered tongues. The ailment was soon put right as tongues are lagging way this morning. We are not surprised at the occurrence, and when the doctor has been longer with us, perhaps we may tell him a thing or two.

One for the ba's.

A visitor to Bally after yesterday hailed a passing Brigade Boy. "No" said the Boy "The camp is nowhere. It's at Genaway, half-way to Millisle. But, no I remember, there are some children camping here."

Another title.

The battalion camps have no better-known figure than that of Mr. Jack Craig. He is a hard worker and a solid man. He may besmen any of these mornings, surrounded by sizzling streams of tea - this year he is lending a hearty hand to the commissariat. Because of this insularity in an ocean of liquid, and because he is such a rock of refuge to the camp, the title "Ailsa Craig" is here conferred upon him.

Local Brevities.

We understand Mr. Ad is is not taking part in the Officers' race and that he has made a lame excuse.

Mr. Goddis was seen attempting to put on a very doggy bathing costume early this morning.

Interviews with Wireless Lark and Lightning Knox will appear in next Wednesday's Lyre.

A crowd gathered at the cookhouse this morning to watch the C.O. imbibe two Scidlitg powders, the gift of the Boys, blue and white being the B.B. colours.

Our readers ask us:

If the phenomenal sale of the Lyre is owing to a shortage of shaving paper in the camp.

If a certain officer well-known at the Belfast Waterworks was in fact fed on Clarendo.

Who was the staff-sergeant who trained C Line for the final tie in the football competition.

THE SING-SONG.

Last night's sing-song was undoubtedly the best ever. To name individual contributors would be invidious; to praise the show would be to paint the lily. The C.O. the Doctor, and a golden-haired staff-sergeant shared equally in the lady's bewitching smiles. The best tribute to the sing-song is that it has stimulated our poets this morning, so here is the

POINTS' CORNER.

You're right, me boy, houl' up your head
And look like a gentleman, Sir
For in the B.B. Camp this week
I've had the greatest joy, Sir.

And if any of you should ask me how and where I got
the weight.

I'll tell them, down at Genaway, where you learn to
clean the plate.

T. Faulkner.

"Genaway, 1925"

The shades of night were falling fast, as round
the lines there quickly passed, an officer who bore
a cane, and shouted out this strange refrain

Put Out that Light.

His brow was sad, his eye beneath, flashed like
a falchion from its sheath, and like a punctured big
bass drum, came galling in that well-known tongue

Put Out that Light.

In happy tents he saw the light, of penny candles
gleaming bright, and as he thought thus of his own,
there from his lips escaped a groan

Put Out that Light.

"Please try our guys" a corp'ral said "Dark lowers
the tempest overhead, and Genaway burn is deep and wide"
Again that wearying voice replied

Put Out that Light.

"Oh stay" a private called "and rest, that weary head
upon this breast" A tear stood in his bright blue
eye and still he answered with a sigh

Put Out that Light.