



The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

VOL. 9. No. 1.

Saturday, 11th July, 1931.

EDITORIAL

FAREWELL AND FORWARD !

From the Lyre's very name it may be judged, and truly, that its only excuse for existence is that in a humble way it serves to amuse.

In this, its first number for 1931, it dwells for a moment on a different note.

The great leader is gone from us. For the first time for a quarter of a century the Battalion assembles in its annual Camp without the presence of the Rev. R.H.S. Cooper, or else, as last year, the knowledge that, confined to his home in Lisburn, he was daily thinking of and praying for the success of the Camp. Yet may we not dare to believe that even this year too he is still with us in spirit.

It was Mr. Cooper who, above all others, inspired and made possible the Battalion Camps.

He did this, and a thousand other things, for the boyhood of Ulster because of his love of boyhood and of The Boys' Brigade.

He loved the "Lyre", too, and among his treasured possessions were bound copies of this little journal.

Some men achieve a measure of earthly immortality in monuments of stone or bronze which endure for many years. Others live on in the works of literature or art they have created.

Mr. Cooper's monument is greater than any that is made with hands. His gentle personality lives in ten thousand hearts, here and far away, that loved him. The inspiration he gave endures and grows.

Of him it may be truly said that he rests from his labours and his works do follow him.

A Thought for the Day
 "For the Lord thy God walketh
 in the midst of thy camp"
 Deut. 23, 14.

"LYRE" FEATURES
 FOR
 1931.

To-day the Camp Lyre emerges from its winter hiding place to spend the summer (which this year has been extended from one day to a week, and that week the "twelfth week") in Ganaway.

We are hoping to continue last year's large size edition but instead of an evening publication we are publishing as a Morning Paper, and so join the 'nobs' of the Newspaper world.

It is our intention to offer a small prize for competition each day (see page 4) and we further intend to publish a serial story on Wednesday for the benefit of Staff-Sergeants and Warrant-Officers.

We request that all matters likely to be of interest to those in Camp be communicated to us at once. Every Boy and Officer can contribute to these pages. What we welcome especially is the fun of the Camp. There will be a Box in the Canteen in which you can place your literary contributions for the "Lyre" (No buttons or Black and White Stamps, please).

Post the "Lyre" home to your friends and so keep them informed of the doings at Camp, and also of many things that do not happen!

GANAWAY HISTORY

On making enquiries of the local inhabitants, we have been informed that on at least two occasions there were invasions of Ganaway since our last issue. In the month of April a number of "foreigners" arrived from across the sea, and bivouaced in Belfast. While there, one of their spies found an ex-comrade by the name of Forshaw, and evidently bribed him with barbees to point out the way to the famous Camp of Ganaway, and also how to obtain entrance. They arrived at the Camp on Easter Monday and speedily made an entrance, but the Camp was stoutly defended by Hero McAnally and his Company with the result that the "foreigners" from Scotland were beaten off by the tune of 5 goals to 3. "Ajingo, Boy, ajingo boy, awalla-awalla, awalla-walla-walla" sang the conquerors.

The second attack was made in the month of June and we fear that ex-comrade Forshaw had also a hand in the second attempt. The attackers chose a day when the heavens were pouring down rain in torrents and the Camp itself was under water. They arrived in buses which evidently came from all parts of the city of Belfast, and at the Ganaway Camp Gates poured myriads of what looked like little sailors, but were in reality Little Boys (small Boys, lean Boys, brawny Boys, merry Boys, and all Life Boys). But ah - a - nee - oh! the best laid schemes of of mice and men gang aft a-glee. News of their coming had leaked out and the Camp was defended by an army of Newsboys. Finney and Craig had given orders that no food supplies were to be given out and all delph was to be locked up. Cily for the kindness of our Hospital or Hospitable Commandant who gave each little Boy some brown draught from a large boiler to assuage his thirst, things would have gone badly with the Camp, as 1000 wild Boys would soon have laid all the blades of grass in ruins. However all's well that ends well, and under the kindly diplomacy of McKibbin and McVicker, the Boys were inveigled into their buses again, and the situation was saved.

There is a rumour that ex-comrade Forshaw is attempting a third invasion of the Camp this evening personally disguised as a Push-Ball.



HERE WE ARE AGAIN !!!

WITH THE MAIN PARTY

The main party attracted much attention this morning outside the Railway Station in Scrabo Street. Fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, other fellows' sisters, all were there to bid farewell to their dear Boys. The thoughts in the hearts of all ranks were something like these - "Goodbye Dolly, I must leave you" or "It's a long, long way to Ganaway".

Once entrained, everything went smoothly, although inside the carriages were many lively parties, shouting, singing, reading, etc.

The event after arrival at Donaghadee was the journey by bus to Ganaway. A great and enjoyable run along the coast

was very much appreciated by the whole Battalion, who considered it a very great improvement upon the old fashion of marching the long distance to the Camp.

SOFT MEN'S CLUB

We hope in our next issue to give a full list of Office-Bearers in this Club. Our Special Correspondent has been promised an interview with the Quarter-Master on the subject, and should he not receive all the information required from him, we are sure that one of the Commissariat Officers has inside knowledge on the subject.

As there is some misunderstanding in the Officers' Mess about the constitution and purpose of the Club, we intend portraying one feature of it in each issue. This we are sure will add greatly to the value in after days of these issues of the "Lyre" which will be regarded as the standard work of reference on the subject. (Boys! Preserve your "Lyres". They may be worth a bottle of fizz by the end of the week. Ed.)

The first characteristic of a "Soft Man" is not the shirking of work at Camp, as some seem to think, but he is the man with a soft heart, as contrasted with the hard-hearted man. Some men are so soft hearted that they would never be so harsh as to put themselves to any inconvenience.

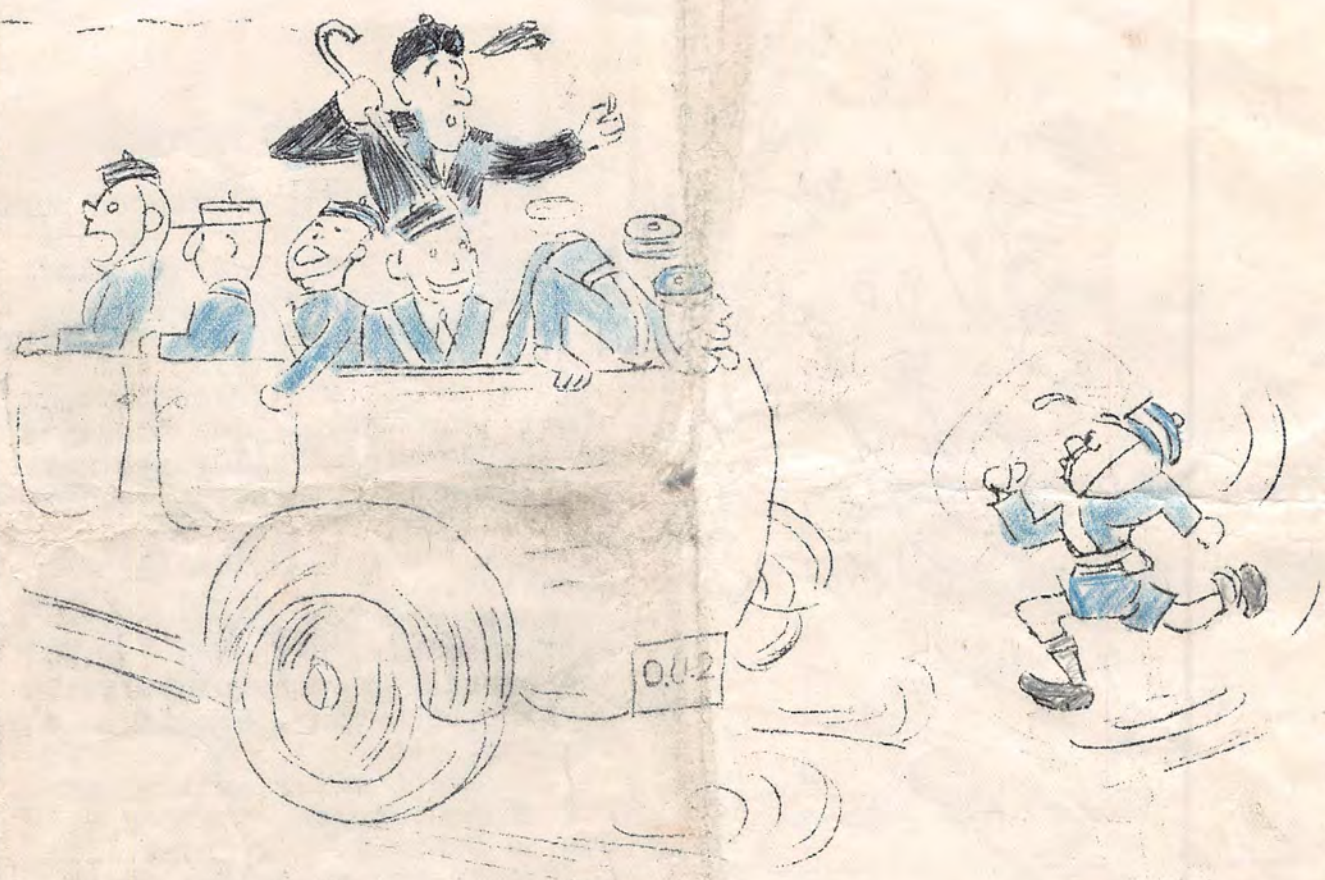
LOCAL BREVITIES.

The Canteen will be closed to-morrow, being Sunday. Those whose teeth water for sweets or whose tummies ache for Minerals should purchase to-night
(Advt.)

The Big Drums will be out in Carrowdore to-night, being the "eleventh night".

Belfast will be ablaze to-night with bon-fires and arches.

LATE NEWS. King William crossed the Boyne on a White Horse to-morrow two hundred and forty-one years ago.



IF I MISS THAT BUS -- I'LL CATCH IT !!!

OUR COMPETITION CORNER

If a bricklayer and a half lay a brick and a half in a minute and a half, how long will it take a bricklayer to lay a brick?

A bottle of minerals will be given for the first correct answer opened on Monday morning.

Boys only may compete, and work should be unaided.

Put name, Camp Line, and Tent number at foot of answer.

Result will be published in Monday's Lyre.

Jottings from the "Advance".

It is reported that a well-known member of the advance went to sleep in the train on the way down, and woke up at Ballygowan instead of Donaghadee. This "sleep-training" is a much more serious disease than sleeping-walking, and our friend will be under medical observation during the week.

When the "Lounge" Marquee was erected, the Quarter-master found to his wrath that the erecting squad had become infected with "Lounging fever", and were consequently useless thereafter.

STOP PRESS

Major Morgan, our distinguished visitor from Manchester Batta. was met on arrival at the Liverpool steamer this morning by our correspondent. In the interview which followed, the Major said that the ship's fog-horn had been going all night. It was most thoughtful of the Belfast Steamship Company to arrange for this so that our visitor might get quite accustomed to such sounds, so that our friend "The Cow on the Copelands" will not alarm him to-night.

B's FOR BOYS.

BE GENTLE. It is high praise to have it said of you "He is gentle as a woman to his mother". It is out of fashion to suppose that if you ignore mother and make little sister cry, that people will think you belong to the upper stratum of society. Remember that as a rule gentle Boys make gentle men (gentlemen).



The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

VOL. 9 No. 2

Monday, 15th July, 1951.

EDITORIAL

The first issue of Saturday having met with such success, we venture on this second issue with renewed confidence.

To-day is COMMEMORATION DAY or Rememberance Day. Let us observe it at Camp as well as in the City and provinces.

There are many things we should remember, and the first is the great deliverances that have been wrought for us by God.

The "Twelfth" typifies one of many - deliverance from a cruel King, unrighteous rulers, false religions etc. The Spanish Armada is another. Throughout the course of our Empire Story deliverance after deliverance has been wrought for us.

We suggest to the boys the value of reading history, especially the history of our own country, to see the heroic deeds that have been done, and the great deliverances effected for us. We have entered into a glorious heritage, therefore let us pray Kipling's prayer to-day:

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet

Lest we forget, lest we forget.

In the second place, let us remember those who used to be with us at Camp, the old faces that we miss so much. Some have been unable to get for business and other reasons. Some have gone to other lands on business, and some have gone as missionaries. Some we have "lost awhile". We remember them to-day with gratitude.

We pour our supplications
For loved ones far away,
Put forth Thy hand to help them
In every trying day;
In loneliness and weakness
Make strong their weary feet;
Be Thou their tower of refuge
Their shelter from the heat.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.
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"And Thou shalt remember all
the way which the Lord thy God led thee.
Deut. VIII, 2.

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LOCAL BREVITIES.

VISITORS DAY. Every day is Visitors Day but the special day is Wednesday, when the Camp Inspection will be held.

BANK HOLIDAY. To-day is a Bank Holiday throughout Northern Ireland, but the Camp Bank will be open as

THE FIRST NIGHT.

Acting Private Willie Murgstroyd (1st Ballymulcaughy Co.) was a raw youth. The first day of his first Camp had come to a timely end. He had arrived in Ganaway with sixteen shillings and sevenpence half-penny in his pocket: a sum, the magnitude of which he had never had sole control over before. Ten minutes after his arrival he made the discovery that palatial canteen had been provided for his enjoyment, and when at closing time he was evicted the stock of that establishment has been considerably lowered, and the cash in the till correspondingly increased.

As his N.C.O tucked him into his little cot and kissed him good-night he was conscious of a tight feeling across his little tum-tum. However, having heard of the wonderful powers of the camp medical authorities he fell asleep with an easy mind.

He seemed barely to have closed his eyes when he found himself rising with the dawn of the morning. The flap was open and in the opening stood Mr. McVicker bearing a tray covered with a cloth. "Good Morning! Willie!" said Mr. McV. "I thought you looked tired last night so I have brought your breakfast and you can just lie in bed for a while". He uncovered the tray and Willie saw that his breakfast consisted of Ham and two eggs, a leg of turkey, bread and marmalade, a grape-fruit and a large piece of cake. While he wrapped himself around this repast, the day lengthened into a scorcher. Gee! It was hot. There was a commotion outside and Mr Dorward appeared dressed in rich silks with a turban on his head and leading a white elephant with gold trappings. "How about a run into Millisle" he suggested and Willie soon found himself swaying along in ease while Mr Dorward sat on the elephant's neck and guided it with a tent pole. It seemed to Willie that some of the Officers acted strangely. What was Mr West sitting on the top of the flag pole playing a big drum for? It seemed strangely out of place to see Mr Foreshaw playing leaping with Mr Winters, while Mr William Garrett was making his way to the sea in a bathing costume of yellow and green stripes and blowing up as he went a pair of cloth water wings.

Willie enjoyed the run into Millisle very much only he had not been aware that the inhabitants were Chinese or that palm trees grew there, from the branches of which many monkeys contrived to amuse the crowds by their antics.

When it came time to return to Camp Willie found that Mr Dorward had changed the elephant for a camel upon which they returned to Camp along the sands. As they entered the gates the Staff Officers formed a guard of honour under the command of Mr Willis, the cook who presented Willie with a large cucumber - Why? Willie did not know, so he gave the cucumber to the camel.

As dinner was not quite ready, Mr Maybin invited Willie to the Canteen. "Go on, Willie" invited Mr Maybin "Eat what you like, I'll pay for it" and while Willie regaled himself Mr Wright played selections from musical comedies on the piccolo, of which instrument he proved himself a master.

When the second dinner bugle went Willie didn't rush like the other boys. Oh! No! he just called a taxi and drove down to the Mess Tent in it. The dinner! What a dinner! Roast Beef! Pork Fillets! Turkey! Shark's Fins! Chinese Birds Nests! Rice! Tapioca! Seminola! Savanarola! Spagheetti! Vermicella! Mussolini! Clarando! Casamba! What a feast!! Then Plum Duff

When Willie finished his plum duff he took his plate round to Mr Finney for more. "What! More!" said Mr Finney. Why don't you speak up! Man. You're at your Granny's. Here take the lot" and lifting all the plum duff he placed it in Willie's arms. This was too much for Willie

AND HE WOKE UP!!!



NOW THAT THIS
HAS BEEN A CCEPTED
A S A SUITABLE HEAD-
GEA R FOR BOYS

WE
SUGGEST

THIS
FOR OFFICERS

"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN"



THE
"TOMMY TUCKER"



"THE BOBBY"
BURNS

OR THIS

"THE GANDHI"

BUT WE THINK THIS
IS WHAT IS NEEDED
'THE ICE-BAG MODEL'

OUR COMPETITION CORNER.

If a brick weigh a pound and half a brick, what does a brick and a half weigh?

A bottle of minerals will be given for the first correct answer opened on Tuesday morning.

Answers may be left at the Lyre Tent

Boys only may compete, and work should be unaided.

Put name, Camp Line, and Tent number at foot of answer.

Result will be published on Tuesday.

RESULT OF SATURDAY'S COMPETITION.

Correct answer. One minute and a half.

Winner Sergeant W. Thompson. 73

If he will see Lieut. M'Kinstry after Officers Tea, he will receive his award.

One boy said, it would take him half an hour, if the boss was'nt

BE MANLY.

A frank, straightforward manner always gains friends.

If you have committed a fault, step forward and confess it.

Concealed faults are always found out sooner or later.

Never do anything which afterwards may cause a blush of shame to come to your face.

EXCURSIONS.

Monday afternoon. (1) Copeland Islands and Lighthouse. Fare. Boys 1/3d.
(2) Scullmartin Lightship. " " 1/-d.

Tuesday.

Afternoon and evening. Castleward

Afternoon. Mountstewart.

LIMITED NUMBER OF TICKETS.



We have a Lieutenant called Parkie,
 If you approach on the press he gets narkie,
 But he's easily cowed,
 If the Girl in the Crowd,
 Says "Just wait till to-night after darkie."

Bibfuls

Mr Fair (watching Officer shaving) "That fellow
 has well cut features"

Mr Finney (to Moss Orderlies) The first thing
 We want is no speeches.

Diving.

Having overcome your natural repugnance at the
 sight of the water you should dive in. This
 particularly difficult manoeuvre is carried out
 by raising the arms forward, throwing them
 into the water with an air of reckless
 abandon and then following as best you can
 If you find that the water is too cold or
 too deep the correct thing to do is to shout
 help! and if no one takes any notice you then shout "Save me" If still no
 one takes any notice the only thing to do is to come out yourself.

Furttrer Outlook Unsettled

SOFT MEN'S CLUB

As promised on Saturday, we have pleasure in presenting to our readers
 the personnell of the above Club

President? Mr. William M'Vicker, M. Sc.,
 Vice-Presidents, Mr. George Cranford, M. Inst. Ins., Mr. Lowry
 West, O. C., Mr. William Finney, P. E. S. T.
 Secretary, Mr. James Doward, B. Sc.,
 Treasurer, Mr. John Maybin, C. C.
 Master of Ceremonies, Mr. E. F. Powell, M. C.,
 Committee, Messrs. J. Craig, A. C., D. Sands, A. I. S. A.,
 H. Currie, L. R. J. G., F. J. Parkinson, A. G. O. I.,
 G. Forshaw, E. D., W. Irwin, L. R. F. Co, G. W. Saunders,
 H. S.,

All members are requested to parade before D'Abri Tent No.1 in order
 to have their cards stamped. (N.B. The M.C will stamp the cards with a
 tent mallet).

The second characteristic feature of a Soft Man is the ability to
 speak soft words as contrasted with the man who says hard things about all
 and sundry.

THE COMBINE.

The Combine are not so lively this year. We expect they have forgotten
 to get up with the lark.

BERETS.

Some of the local folk imagine that the B-B.Boys are girls on account
 of their Berets, and some again have taken them for donkeys because of
 their "B'rays".

Medical.

Do not forget to lay in a stock of Black Jack, as they supply is
 rapidly diminishing.



The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

VOL.9 No.3.

Tuesday, 14th July, 1931.

We welcome to our Camp to-day all those who have come along to see what a B.B.Camp is like. We trust they will make themselves at home, and that they will have a happy return journey.

TALE OF A BELT.

As an Officer was walking around the tents one night just after midnight he picked up a belt outside a tent. He put it to his ear, and heard the following tale.

I was made in the year 1924, and purchased by a B.B. Captain. In about a year's time, I was given into the care of Private McIntaminy (1st Auchtermuchty Coy.) At first when Drill Night came round he was not very particular about my appearance, but his Squad Commander rated him soundly for his neglect. A little later on two of the Officers inspected each belt carefully. Marks were given for the condition of the uniform, etc. of each Squad. As time went on, he became much more particular and gave much more attention to me. One night was billed as Inspection Night, Oh! How I was scrubbed and polished! On Parade that night I found there was an Inspecting Officer by the name of Major Nesbitt (10th Carlisle Infantry) and I can remember one thing he said. "If a blue-bottle should alight on your nose, never mind, just keep to attention, dont move your hands". From that night onwards my owner was very steady on Parade, and at the end of the following season he was made Lance-Corporal.

I was usually laid past in a 'pill-box' on Sunday, but one Sunday a strange thing happen^d. I was well polished up on Saturday evening, and on Sunday I was worn and taken to a Church Parade, where I found a crowd of my companions. There was good singing, and everybody was very reverent. What surprised me most was that the minister preached about me under the name 'Girdle'. The text he used was "For as the girdle cleaveth to the loins of a man" etc.

Later on, my owner was ranked as Corporal, and still later he was promoted Sergeant. A great event occurred then, as he went to Camp and took me with him. Oh! What a time it was for me. Oftentimes I was pushed down a dark bag called a Kit-bag. Sometimes I was worn, but more often not. One day when my owner was walking with Sergeant M'Grumpy (3rd Glenboyd Coy.). They fell in with two girls about their own age, Lizzie Murdack and Mollie Swain. After a little conversation Sergeant M'Grumpy and Mollie paired off, Lizzie put her arm right round me. Before you could have said Jack Robinson, who should appear but the Major, Captain Dorford (292nd Glasgow Coy.) Captain of the Line, Captain Forrea (27th Edinburgh Coy.). Sergeant M'Grumpy and Sergeant M'Intaminy hastily shook hands with the lassies and hoped to see them on another occasion.

When Sergeant M'Intaminy came of age and was promoted Staff-Sergeant, the Officers concluded I had seen enough service, and so here I am. 'A lonely little girdle'.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Much interest is being taken in the Camp sports.

Canteen is doing a brisk trade.

THE POET'S CORNER.

The Tents of the Great.

As the last rays of fading day did spread
Their fan of glory on the dome of night;
A weary traveller, hungry, ill-arrayed,
Feasted his eyes upon the welcome sight.

As thro' the campment of his tribe he passed,
The old familiar scene rose to his gaze;
Bell tents - star-pointing - stretched and palliased,
Marking the Mecca of his pilgrimage.

Then to his gaze - stretched right athwart his path
A canvas dwelling - strange in contour tried
To block his way, with its imposing mass,
Full twenty cubits long and fifteen wide.

What Vandal did this vile eruption screen?
Had Philistine or Gaul a conquest made?
This tent resembled more a young canteen
Or Mess Tent which had shrunk but did not fade!

Then to a youth who, passing by, he halts:
"Tell me, Kind Sir, What do these dwellings mean?"
"Dwell Sages of the East beneath their Vaults
Or are they merely new kinds of Latrine?"

The answer came - "These are an innovation
Erected for use of those whose greatest quest
Is their own comfort - ease and relaxation
Sages - not of the East! - but of the West!"

"Living a life of ease - rich foods - much mirth,
Inclines them, not so much, to ills tubercle.
Their punishment is great increase of girth,
So to get room - they've had to square the circle.

oOo oOo oOo

On one occasion a boy called Wright called at the
Hospital Tent and after being attended his name was taken; he looked at
the spelling of it and broke forth as follows:-

Said a boy to the Doctor one day
Wright has not written Wright, right I say.
And the Doctor replied
As the blunder he eyed
Right! Wright, write Wright, right, right away.

'Phone No. 9.

T'Grams "Scarcity".

GANAWAY CAFE.

Menu.

Tea (with Black Jack extracted) -----	6d.
Lowry West Middle cut Salmon -----	1/6
Sticklebacks and Willicks -----	6d.
Porridge (served with hot ice-cream) -----	5c.
Bread (baked with Ultra Ernest Rea) -----	7c.
Stewed Beef and Onions -----	1/6
Forsnaws Short (age) Bread -----	5c.
Mr. Wright Special (in drinking or chewing form) -----	5c.

We regret that owing to a breakdown in the
Dupliator we can publish only a single
page LYRE to-day.



The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

VOL.9. No.4

Wednesday, 15th July, 1931.

To-day is Inspection Day. We welcome to our midst the many and varied friends who have rallied to our Inspection, from the Inspecting Officer to the little boy who has come over the hedge.

We trust that every boy will see that the Camp is spick and span. Let efficiency be the order of the day.

AN ASTOUNDING TRUTH.

We have just made an astonishing discovery - something hitherto unknownst to our Editorial self.

It is that we are 20 years old.

Yes, in very fact the "Lyre" this July celebrates its 20th birthday, for the first number was published at Cairncastle in July, 1911.

We are no longer a youth, then. We are a young man, with downy lip and blooming cheek.

Being 20 has its sadnesses. We are no longer a boy, and we are not qualified to wear the cap, belt and haversack of the Boys' Brigade. In fact, strictly speaking, we have no business at all in Camp.

Yet there are compensations. We have now reached years of discretion and are qualified to look down on Staff-Sergeants. We are a man, and this in itself is a distinction, for not all Lyres are men, though all men are Lyres.

Grateful readers who may desire to offer us birthday gifts need not consider our feelings. We are open to receive offers and offerings. On receipt of a postcard van will call.

We append the first instalment of the thrilling history of the Lyre by the original Editor.

Chapter 1.

HOW THE LYRE BEGAN.

The birth of the Lyre came about on this wise. An unfounded suspicion existed among the battalion staff that a certain young officer - young then, that is - had at previous Camps done a little too much work.

The suspicion was of course quite unfounded. But the decree went forth that this Officer was to do nothing at the 1911 Camp. So he invented the Lyre and did more than ever, which wasn't much.

Armed with an old and wheezy duplicator he engaged the Camp doctor - who didn't do much work either - as printer's devil, and to-gether they fell to at the fell task.

The first number was published on the evening the battalion arrived in Camp, and nobody took much notice. The next issue was planned for Monday. Monday evening found the doctor and the editor still struggling to revive the machine, which at about 7 o'clock gave a final wheeze and to all appearance expired. The doctor chloroformed it and

to everybody's surprise it brightened up as if it had had a cocktail, disgorging its remaining copies quite perkily.

For some days the machine decided whether the paper was to be a morning or an evening journal, but an issue was got out every day and journalistic traditions upheld.

The Lyre had come to stay - for a while at any rate.

OUR POET'S CORNER.

Now this is the prayer of a poor Irish Paddy,
 Whom fate placed beside the braw Heilan Laddie,
 The effect of this meet was soon seen at meat,
 When the former to eat did a marvellous feat.

This braw Heilan Laddie is fond of his boys,
 Of them he will talk and cause a great noise,
 And it's true that nothing exceeds all this noise,
 But the extent of the Heilan man's avoirdupoise.

The Life Boys he thinks are the Boys' Brigade hope,
 And continually ladles out this sort of dope,
 But those who are near him and too shy to slope,
 Are fully convinced he should hang on a rope.

Now those who have met him and those in the "swim",
 Are bucked beyond reason by this show of vim,
 And really you know I tire of that din,
 Which is often is raised when the "Twins" do not win.

The writer still hopes and continues to pray,
 That there'll come a day when he'll have his way,
 For from what we have had of his word and his way,
 The city will stare when he yells "Scots wha hae".

But this is our Camp and all days should be fine,
 The M.O. could help me if he should incline,
 To do a "Wright" job in his own quiet manner,
 By hitting him hard on the head with a hammer.

Alas and alack this ends not my moan,
 For the Heilander's son round our Camp now does roam,
 So the "Quarter" could save us all many a groan,
 By burying this son as well, in the loam.

With these two Heiland bodies this country would change,
 Until our Camp looked like a bleak mountain range,
 With all the grass gone you'd think it had mange,
 For nothing could live long within their close range.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Sir,

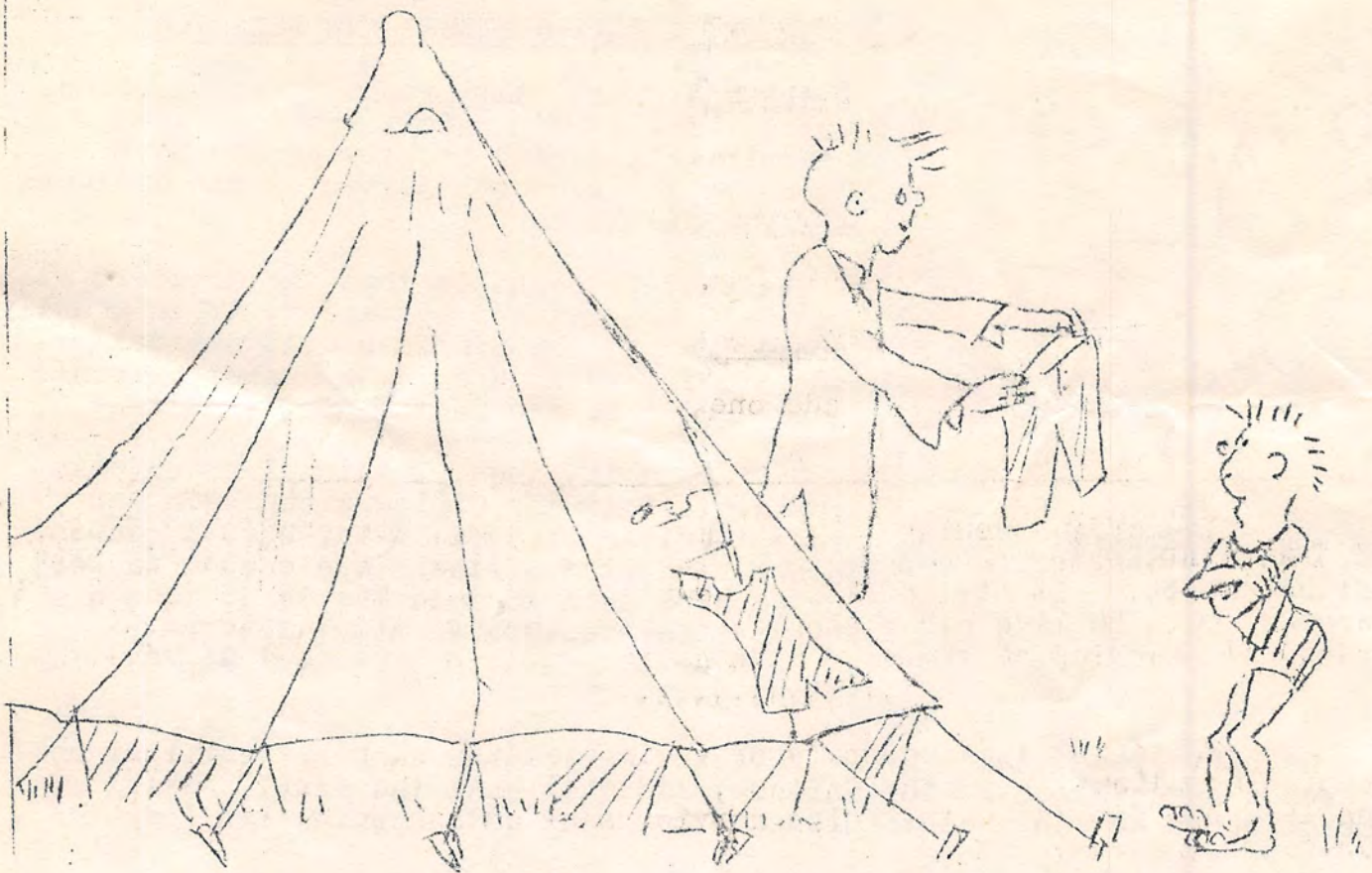
Is it right that a certain Officer who has been to the fore before this should be allowed to throw his arms round the girls at the front entrance, thus setting a bad example to the young members of the Camp.

(signed) Anxious Enquirer.

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BIBFULLS.

Boy (to Captain of the Day). Is it right that I have to come down here for blue steam for keeping water out of the tent and striped paint for painting the tent pole.



TALL BOY "ARE THESE MY SHORTS OR YOUR FLANNELS".

Camp Menagerie. The first D'Abri tent on the right is known as The Dog Box and is occupied by Mutiny, Oscar, Towser, Tiny, Parkie, Patsy, Major, and two Airedales (names unknown).

There will, therefore, be no shortage of fresh meat in Camp.

Funny Pars.

Mr Finney (pointing to potato beneath table)
"Orderly, is this yours?"

Mess "Not at all Sir, you saw it first."
Orderly.

Mr Finney (to orderlies) Don't stand that way,
always face the West.

Boy. "Look! Auntie, it is only a little shower and they have stopped playing cricket!"

Auntie. "Yes dear, you see only three of them have mudguards on."

The Adjutant's attempt to enter the RAFT in the Ganaway Boat Club's speedboat race resulted in failure. The Secretary propelled him Dor-ward, If this had happened last year the assistant adjutant could have Boyd him up, but this year he can only retire to his Chambers in d@spair.

Tennis. Tennis seems to be very popular this year judging from the number of girls who are looking about for courts. We have asked the Staffies to oblige.

Line Notice. Officers or Staffies derailed for duty will be on the line punctually.

We notice that a Real Ice-cream man is in Camp, complete with white coat.

Officer of the Day. (at boy's tent) Hand me out that tin whistle.
Voice from inside. It's all right Sir, we've got another half dozen.

OUR COMPLETE STORY.

Chapter 1.

Maid one.

Chapter 2.

Maid won.

Chapter 3.

Made one.

To-morrow evening will be Sports Evening. Remember that a kind word to the Sports Officer is never in vain. Stand by him and you will not regret it. It will often turn out that if only he had had a mother's care he would be like other people. Bring back to him therefore, fragrant memories of the days when he too was a boy at his mother's knee.

.....

We regret the necessity of taking to task such an excellent Camping Organisation as the Canteen, and challenge them with failure to supply a n efficient after sales service such as is common in other business concerns.

We would point out that Bootmakers guarantee to repair and keep in order their goods, and tyre manufacturers supply a similar service to their customers. We have often noticed that the Chewing Gum supplied by the Canteen has lost its flavour after the first day, yet it is still in quite good condition. If the Canteen supplied a re-flavouring process for the Gum it would only be in keeping with modern practice and at the same time would be providing its customers with that service which they expect. We hope that the Canteen staff will act upon our idea at an early date.

ADVERTISING CORNER.

Anyone with matrimonial intentions before proceeding further should apply to No.20 Tent, Officers' Lines, where advice will be given free by one who knows and by one who doesn't.

Overheard going into dinner

First boy, What is the CAMP LYRE?

Second boy, It's a kind a paper.

Excuses for absence from parade.

Please sir, I wisna sick, but I was guy an' near it.

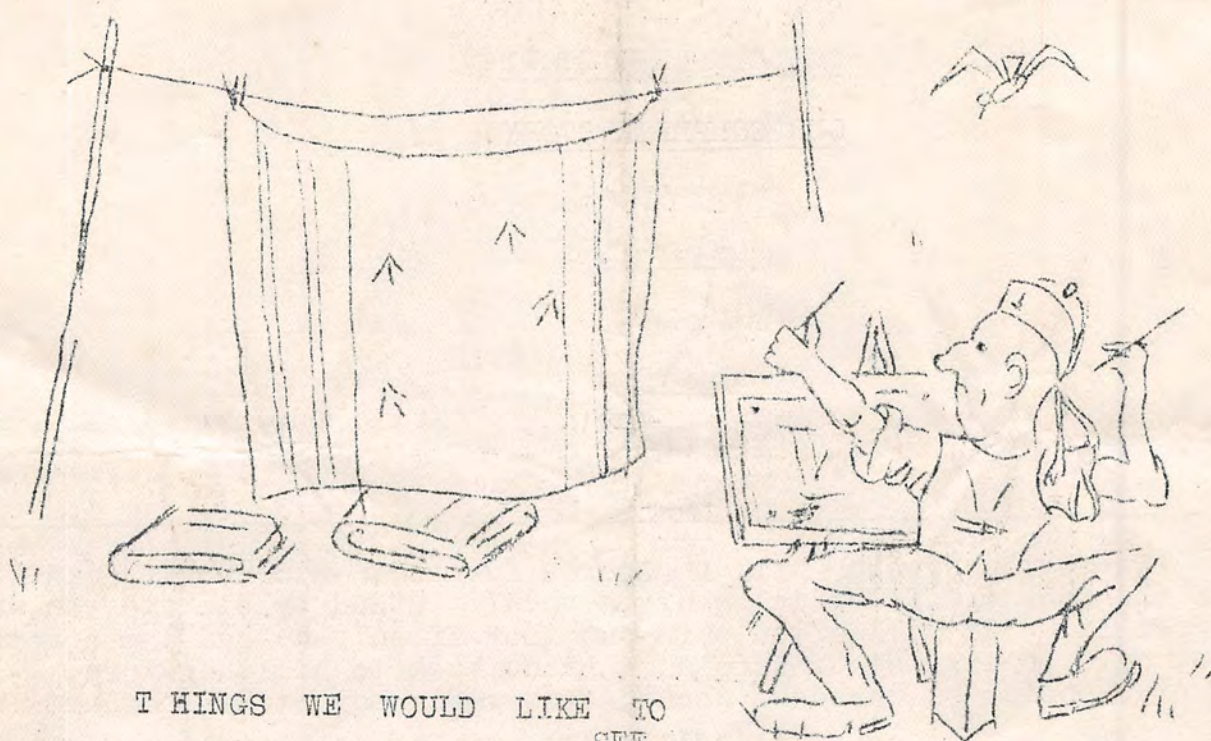
My nither slapped my ears wi' her treacly hand, and I couldna git my hair combed.

My faither an' nither were fechtin' and I waited to see wha would come off best.

My nither was awa' at the countrie an' my faither didna ken the right side of my jersey.

Once when the Officer demanded a note from the boy's parents he received this:-

Please excuse Davoy, I wis kneading him.



THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE

THE QUARTER-MASTER DRAWING HIS OWN BLANKETS.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. Heb. XIII, 2.

B'S FOR BOYS.

BE COURTEOUS It is just as easy to acquire a genteel, courteous manner, as an ungracious, don't care style, and it will help you materially if you have to make your own way through life. Other things being equal, the boy who knows the use of "I beg your pardon", and "I thank you", will be chosen for a position, 3 to 1, in preference to a boy to whom such sentences are strangers

Our Competition Corner.

A boy travels on a bicycle for two miles. He does the first mile at 8 miles per hour and the second at twelve miles per hour. What was his average speed?

A bottle of minerals will be given for the first correct answer opened on Wednesday morning.

Answers may be left in the Lyre Tent during the day.

Boys only may compete, and the work should be unaided.

Put name, Camp line and tent number at foot of answer.

Result will be published on Wednesday.

Result of Monday's competition:-

Correct answer, three pounds.

Winner - Private S. Ginn, Line B. Tent No. 6.

If he will call at the 'Camp Lyre' Tent after Officers' Tea, he will receive his award.

We wish to convey our thanks to Mr S J. Platt for his contributions to the Camp Lyre: we intend to publish these each day until the end of the week. His special article in the front page of the first issue was greatly appreciated.

Stop Press. Major Morgan, Manchester Battalion, before leaving Camp was presented with an Orange Lily by the Grand Master of the Ganaway Orange Lodge, Mr. Forshaw who was drummed in by a drumming party.



The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. No. 5

Thursday, 16th July, 1931.

We have been greatly impressed by the changes made in Camp as compared with, say, 10 years ago; some for better and some for worse.

In the first place, the Major is ten years older, and you would not think so; you will notice he is able to wear boy's pants: see what the spirit of youth can do! Messrs. Finney & Craig are with us still, Finney pleasanter (again that youth spirit) Craig more serene, and there are many others. All are giving their best and labouring with zest year after year for the benefit of Camp. Among the missing are Fair and Purdy, Ewing and Kerns, and the Garrett brothers. We miss them sadly for their various traits of character; Fair for his soberness, Ewing for his discipline, Purdy for his magnanimity, and Kerns for his fun, and the Garretts for their steady service. On the other hand, there are many new faces. At the Staff table we noticed Mr. West, Mr. M'Vicker (10 years ago he was not a Staff Officer) Rev. Mr. Chestnutt, and Mr. Powell. In the Commissariat there is a new comer by the name of Winters, but the personnel of the Camp changes yearly in some measure.

The improvements we have noticed are ^{due} some of them to the Permanent Camp, e.g. The Cookhouse, Hospital, Canteen, Latrines, Marquee for Visitor's Teas, Lounge Tent, and many numerous little changes. These have done away with the necessity for Traction Trailers, carting stores, etc., thus saving expense.

The decadences we have noticed are few; We think the Tents should still be supplied with Looking Glasses (a subject of which we heard in Millisle Church on Sunday) and in our opinion asking the boys to bring a knife, fork and spoon is a retrograde step. Still the Ayes have it, and we congratulate the Camp Staff Committee on their attainment. We trust that in another ten years we may be able to chronicle as many more improvements. For the benefit of the Camp Staff Committee, we have asked our Special Correspondent at his leisure, to make a survey of the Camp, and see where improvements could advantageously be made and we append his report.

As a keen observer of things in general in the routine of Camp, I believe that the Camp Staff will welcome the following suggestions for future Camps; That the C.O. be provided with a horse. (not necessarily a rocking horse)

That the Major be given an assistant to take on the minor portions of his duties.

That the Adjutant and Assistant Adjutant undergo a course of reduction (not of their salary) before next year.

That the Quartermaster be given the job for a term of 999 years or as an alternative, perpetually.

That the M. O. call in the Chaplain when about to make an extraction.

That the Commissariat Officers be given their portraits in oil (boiling preferred)

That as a safe investment a lock be put on the pockets of the Camp Treasurer.

That Mr. Maybin's Bantam Cock be asked to continue his efforts to supply eggs for the boys breakfast possibly not so hard boiled.

That the Line Captains be encouraged to cultivate the grounds around the Line Tents in their leisure time, the Cookhouse to buy up all their produce.

In connection with the above article, we have been handed the following notice;

Sacred to the memory of the following Officers of the Belfast Battalion, who are missing from this year's Camp.

MILLAR, Joseph, of that ilk, late President of the Soft Men's Club, who departed for the Isle of Man last Friday accompanied by Benjamin Horan, late Camp Humorist, greatly missed and deeply regretted.

May they R. I. P. in their new home.

ARMSERONG, George, at one time a prominent member of the W. A. G. Club, who departed for the Lakes of Killarney in another man's car (his own being Horse de Combat) and has not been heard of since.

GALWAY, Fred, the Camp practical Joker, who thought it a joke to bump into a Motor Car when on his Motor Combination. He is now sitting up and taking nourishment in the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Making Headway

The summer Camps of 1912 and 1913 each witnessed the production of a Lyre. Early printing difficulties were surmounted, and in the second year illustrations were introduced.

The popular demand for the Journal grew with every issue, and sometimes as many as three boys were seen to rush to the Canteen and buy a copy among them.

From the first the Journal prided itself on its excellent service of libels. It libelled everybody from C. O. up to the latest recruit. In fact, not to be libelled by the Lyre was to argue oneself unknown.

Ah, the dear old days.

Sometimes, unsuspecting visitors to the Camp were induced to pay as much as sixpence or even half-a-crown for a copy. The editor and the doctor were quite useful at this, and always made a good getaway. No enterprise like that exists nowadays.

By the year 1914 the circulation had grown to a million or less.

This enthralling history will be continued to-morrow.

The delights of Swimming

To float on the water with perfect ease;
Go racing along like a yacht in the breeze,
And feel sheer delight in the buffeting seas-
Tis glorious to be a swimmer!

With back stroke, majestic and mighty, to glide
Like a proud Spanish galleon, unfearful of tide,
While the sun sparkles bright on each limb sweeping wide
Tis glorious to be a swimmer!

An overarm stroke is a beautiful thing,
The cheeks and the water so restfully cling.
The upper arm circles with unhurried swing
Tis glorious to be a swimmer!

With trudgeon or crawl to swirl along,
Like a rakish destroyer, untiringly strong,
While the waters acclaim with tumultuous sound
Tis glorious to be a swimmer!

To dive from the surface to shadowy deeps,
With wide opened eyes taking curious peeps,
Where Neptune his mystical palace keeps -
Tis glorious to be a swimmer!

And so if you never have learned the way
To gain all this joy, well, do not stay
Until from your heart you can joyfully say -
Tis glorious to be a swimmer!



SING SONG

We hope that every boy will enjoy the feast of Music that is to be served up this evening. Enter into the spirit of the thing, and make it go.

We understand that our contributor to the poet's corner yesterday is in danger of being for(e)sh(aw)ed.

Some very interesting charges have been made in the Officers Mess in recent days, and the way the various participants have presented and answered these charges would do justice to any Irish Court of Law.

We understand a push-ball match is being arranged between Millisle and Ballywalter, Millisle being represented by Captain Forshaw, and Ballywalter by Mr. Wright.

We always knew that the boys of the B.B. possessed great initiative, because in one of the home Companies once a boy tried to sell an Inspection Ticket to the Inspecting Officer, but when a boy at Camp comes to the Lyre Office and tries to sell a Lyre to the Editor, it confirms the previous impression.

Notice

Boys with negatives of interesting Camp snaps are asked to communicate with Mr. Parkinson, Tent No. 40, Officers Lines. These negatives will be submitted to the Public Press for use by them, and will be returned to those desiring it. Now, boys, get your "pictures tuck", and send them along.

We are able to announce to our readers that our Camp Inspection was a huge success. To see the Secretary of the Battalion mounted high and showing the large crowd how the foundations of the Camp are "piled" was in itself a great novelty. But, seriously, the Inspecting Officer, Lt.-Col. W. E. Rothwell, D.S.O., C.B.E. was delighted with it. As a military man, he knew the amount of careful organisation that was necessary for the successful running of a Camp such as we have, and he was especially pleased with what he saw. He liked the tone of the movement, and he wished us all the best of luck in the spreading of the B.B.

Stop Press. Since Page 2 was printed Mr Galway appeared in Camp having been demitted the Royal Victoria Hospital. We congratulate him on his recovery.

Result of Monday's competition.

Correct Answer. 9 5/5 miles per hour.

Winner. L'Corpl. W. F. Ginn B16

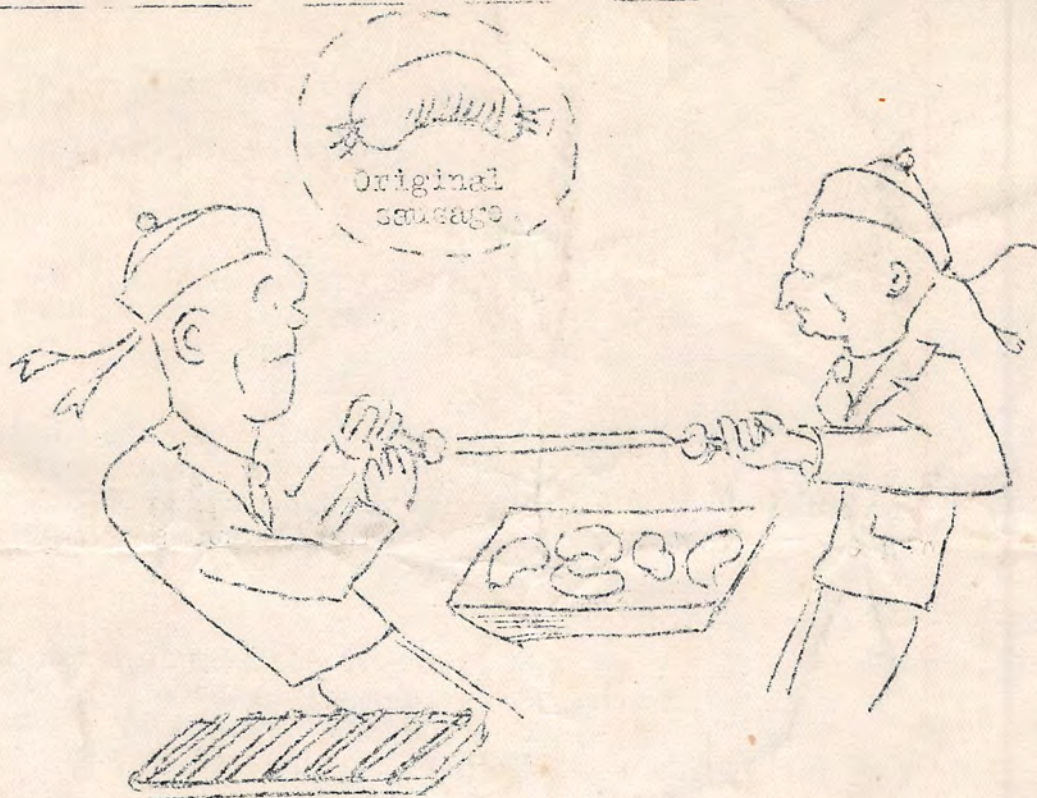
If he will see Lieut. M'Avoy after Officers' Tea he will receive his award.

The World's Champion Diver.

Pete Desjardines will give an exhibition of diving in Bangor Pond on July, 27th. Pete Desjardines is a diver worth seeing and those who avail themselves of this opportunity will receive a thrill.

The main difference between good and middling divers is the flight through the air. The latter leaves the board and speeds towards the water, while the former has his body under control, and may somersault, or he may poise in the air, and then fall towards the water without haste.

Many lessons may be learned from Pete Desjardines.



(Extract from Camp Orders):-

" R A T I O N S M U S T N O T B E D R A W N I N E X C E S S "

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Know ye not that they which run in the race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain. 1 COR. IX, 24.

B'S FOR BOYS.

BE PROMPT. It is far better to be ahead of than behind time. Business men do not like tardiness. They realise that time is valuable. Five minutes every morning amounts to half-an-hour at the end of the week. Many things can be done in half-an-hour. Besides, disastrous results often follow lack of punctuality.

OUR COMPETITION CORNER.

What is the shortest method of multiplying 86543418 by 6729612? A bottle of minerals will be given for the first correct answer opened on Friday morning.

Answers may be left in the Lyce "box" during the day.

A LL RANKS MAY COMPETE.

Put name and tent number at foot of answer.

Result will be published on Friday.

SOFT MEN'S CLUB.

To-day's characteristic of a Soft Man is the Man with a soft tongue, which Scripture assures us breaketh the bones.

N.B. Soft tongue may be obtained from the Camp Menagerie.

SWIMMING.

Rowing Contest.
Belfast v Dublin.

This contest will be held at South End Gala, Whitehead, on Saturday, 8th August, at 3.30 p.m. It is hoped that as many as possible will travel to Whitehead to see this contest and so encourage the Belfast team. Admission to Gala:- Adults 6d. Boys 3d. Fare to Whitehead 1/-.



The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

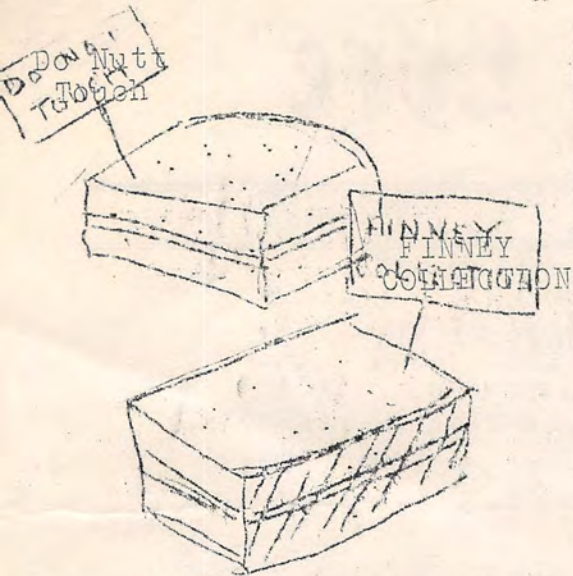
PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 9 No. 6

Friday, 17th July, 1931.

For the benefit of our readers we give below a list of the various Battalion Camps which have been held, with the Commanding Officers thereof. If we are in error in any respect, we would gladly be set aright, as we wish to have a correct official record for reference.

<u>Year</u>	<u>Camping Place</u>	<u>C. O.</u>	<u>Noted for</u>
1904	Ballywalter	Mr. Leask	first Camp for Crawford and Craig.
1905	do.	Mr. Buchanan	Mr. C. A. T. Hill present
1906/7	No Camp		
1908	Millisle	Mr. Campbell	Chaplaincy of Rev. D. S. Corkey.
✓ 1909	do (Woburn)	do.	Rev. R. H. S. Cooper, begins his Chaplaincy.
1910	Castlerock	do.	Very beautiful week (No rain)
1911	Cairncastle	Mr. W. Garrett	First issue of LYRE.
1912	Castlerock	Mr. Campbell	Excursion to Derry.
1913	Millisle	Mr. Garrett	No LYRE.
1914	do.	do.	LYRE called SCREECH.
1915	Cairncastle	Mr. Thom	Demise of LYRE.
1916	Ballyferris	Mr. Garrett	Camp held in August.
1917	No Camp held owing to Great War.		
1918	Ballyferris	Mr. Garrett	Every one brought his own sugar.
1919	do.	do.	Mr. Finney Adjutant.
1920	do.	Mr. Crawford	Institution of Soft Men's Club.
1921	do.	do.	Again Soft Men's Club.
1922	do.	do.	Soft Men's Club not in evidence.
1923	do.	Mr. Ewing	Cork Co. present (had to come via Liverpool)
1924	Ganaway	do.	The Wet Camp
1925	do.	Mr. Crawford	LYRE resurrected.
1926	do.	do.	C. O.'s Race.
1927	do.	Mr. Purdy	Record crowd on Inspection Day.
1928	do.	do.	Institution of Combine.
1929	do.	do.	Horan's merry men.
1930	do.	Mr. West	Daily Mail pushball.



SPECIMEN OF LAST DAY
SANDWICH TO BE PRESERVED
(IF POSSIBLE) AT BELFAST
MUSEUM.

Chapter 3

Better and better.

The summer Camp of 1914 saw the biggest Lyre of all up to that time. Prize limericks and special pages came in, and the popularity of the Journal was only exceeded by the efforts of the C.O. to get the editor to do a little work about the Camp.

But only a fool chucks a cushy job.

To tell the truth- which we do occasionally, if with difficulty- the present chronicler forgets most about the history of this particular year.

So we will close with an account of one notable incident.

The Officers had arranged to have themselves photographed in a group. The group was assembled and looked as well as could be hoped for. Just as the camera clicked a huge placard was hoisted from behind and occupied the most prominent place in the resulting picture. It read Camp LYRES

Read the next instalment of the history of the LYRE to-morrow.

THE POET'S CORNER.

I saw him bare his throat,
And seize the blue, cold, gleaming steel,
And grimly try the tempered edge
He was so soon to feel.

A sickness crept upon my heart,
And dizzy swam my head,
I could not stir- I could not cry-
I felt benumbed and dead.

Black icy horrors struck me dumb,
And froze my senses o'er.
I closed my eyes in utter fear,
And strove to think no more-

Again I looked: a fearful change
Across his face had passed;
He seemed to rave- on cheek and lip
A flaky foam was cast.

He raised on high the glittering blade;-
Then first I found a tongue.
"Hold, madman! stay the frantic deed!"
I cried, and forth I sprang.

He heard me, but he heeded not;
One glance around he gave;
And ere I could arrest his hand,
He had- begun to shave.

& & & &

How to reduce weight.

In the absence of punkt rollers here are a few tips for reducing weight. The great secret is not to eat anything before, during, or after meals, not to sleep much, not to worry, to play games all day and all night and to spend the remaining leisure hours in doing Gymnastic exercises.

SENSATION IN THE CAMP

An outbreak of fire was noticed when the boys were at supper. The fire was a short distance from "the Camp" and six Fire Engines left for the scene in charge of Superintendent Circus. When they arrived they found it was a Bonfire, and Engine No. 1 in charge of Engineer Finney was sufficient to extinguish it with two lines of sausages. Superintendent Circus immediately ordered Engines Nos. 3 and 6 to return to Headquarters, the others to follow at intervals. If the Secretary can get them, three dozen Firemen's Badges will be presented to the amateur Firemen on Saturday.

SING-SONG

The Sing-song was a huge success. The country artists were delightfully good, and the Community Singing led by Mr Ince was rather novel. The items were thoroughly enjoyed, and we congratulate all concerned on the very fine programme served up.

Result of Competition.

Correct answer. 86543418
6729612
1038521016 by 12
8308168128 by 96 or 8 times 12 (previous line)
58157176896 by 672 or 7 times 96
582403624293816

No solutions were received.

CHALLENGE

A certain boy in B. Line wishes to challenge any boy his own weight (4 stone, 6 oz.) to a boxing competition.

PRESENTATIONS

A number of interesting presentations were made in the Officers' Mess yesterday. Lieut. Bostock (Manchester Battalion) was the subject of the first, and the gift was handed over by the Battalion President. Owing to the prevailing tumult, the Editorial Staff were unable to catch the reason for this presentation. Later, the Major, speaking highly of a new Officer to Camp (Mr Wilton) asked the C.O. to make a presentation to him of a Kitchen Canteen, as he was about to enter on a new experience in life. Mr Forshaw, on behalf of the Soft Men's Club Committee asked the C.O. to invest Mr Swindle with the chain of office for another year (what a swindle). Each of these suitably replied.

Mr McKinstry has a few back numbers of THE LAST POST the magazine of the 39th Belfast Company. Anyone desiring these could obtain them from him at a cost of 2d. Tent No. 20 or Lyre Tent.

We understand on reliable authority that the C.O. was up in Belfast yesterday to inspect some horses with a view to purchasing one. He has already approached Mr Swindle for the loan of his riding breeches.

We welcome to our Camp this morning the advance party of the 146th Glasgow and 1st Port Sunlight Companies. This completes the trinity of the Shamrock.

A Scotsman crossing the Channel began to feel sea-sick so he enquired of the Captain how he could ward it off. Lean over the rail and hold a snilling between your teeth! replied the Captain.

Discerning boys may have noticed the different colours of the light in the Donaghadee and Scull-martin lights and may have wondered where the red oil in the Scull-martin Lightship was purchased. This oil is produced by boiling down red paint.

TO-DAY'S FAIRY TALE.
(DEDICATED TO THE CANTHEEN STAFF)



THE
BOY
(SATURDAY)



WHO
(MONDAY)



GOT
(TUESDAY)



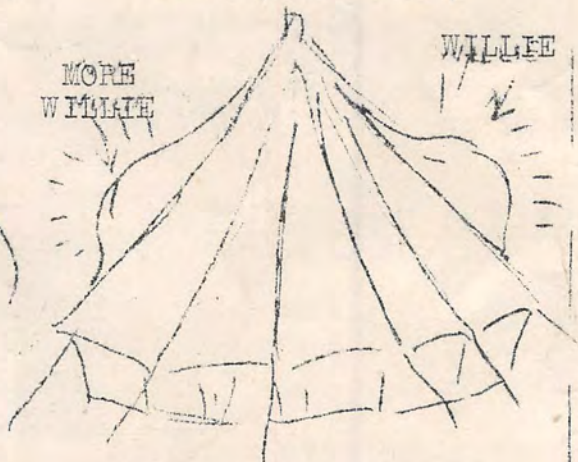
FAT (WEDNESDAY)



AT
(THURSDAY)



CAMP
(FRIDAY)



(FRIDAY NIGHT)



SATURDAY.



A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

And God heard the voice of the lad. Gen. XXI, 17.

B'S FOR BOYS

BE THOROUGH. Black the heels as well as the toes of your shoes, and be sure that they both shine. Pull out the roots of the weeds in the flower beds. Don't break them off and leave them to spring up again when the first shower comes. Understand your lesson, Don't think that all that is necessary is to get through and receive a good mark.

OUR COMPETITION CORNER.

What part of three is $\frac{1}{3}$ of 2?

A bottle of minerals will be given for the first correct answer opened on Saturday.

Answers may be left in the Lyre Tent during the day.

Boys only may compete.

Put name and tent number at foot of answer.

Result will be published on Saturday.

SOFT MEN'S CLUB.

To-day's characteristic of a soft man is the man in soft clothing.

"'Nuff Sed".



The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

VOL. 9 No. 7.

Saturday, 18th July, 1931.

As we twang our Final String of the Lyre, might we remark on the wonderful Camp we have had. We have seldom been in a Camp where things have gone so pleasantly. There are many things to be grateful for; and in the first place we would reverently thank God for the beautiful weather vouchsafed us, and for the lessons He has taught us during this week together. Many distinguished folk have visited us: amongst others, the Moderator of the General Assenbly, Rev. Wylie Blue, Vice President of the Manchester Battalion (Major Morgan) and Lieut. Bostock of the same Battalion, our own President, Vice President, Treasurer and many others.

The Officers and Staff Sergeants have worked hard to give the boys a happy week, and they have succeeded. The boys have done what was required of them, and the Chaplains and Commisariat Departments have done their jobs well.

As we leave Ganaway we part with regret from each other, and yet there remains in our hearts fond memories of this week which will make us keen for it to come round again.

We twang our Final String, and we trust the holiday of 51 weeks until we appear again will be well spent by all our readers.

We congratulate F. Line and Captain Forshaw on their fine display at Camp Inspection. We also congratulate I. Line on their good display in the various sporting events, and we congratulate the others on playing the game which is everything.

And so, we pray "Au Revoir - Good Bye".

.....

Chapter 4. Later Years.

Let us see now. Well, the last instalment of this history took us up to July 1914, didn't it?

In the following month came the war, and with it Lyres were forgotten.

It was not until some years after 1918 that the Lyre made its appearance once more. And since then it has gone on from strength to strength, under different editors. It maintains its repute as a thoroughly bright, breezy, likellous sheet and better value for your penny. Its journalistic triumphs include the reporting of several speeches before they were given, and of the recording of various events which never happened. Minor achievements included the giving in that afternoon's paper of speeches made by visitors at Officers' lunch.

And, in conclusion, let us say that we are the only newspaper in the country which gives its staff 51 weeks' holiday every year.

B'S FOR BOYS.

BE NOBLE. Think noble thoughts, and they will lead to noble actions. Scorn to oppress a weak brother, but be brave enough to take his part. Take Christ for your Lord, and give your life to His service, so that at home, at school, at business, or at play, your influence may be mighty for good.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

And the cloud of the Lord was upon them b, day, when they went out of the camp. Numbers X, 34.

HOW TO PLAY PING-PONG.

Two players stand at either end of a long table, preferably against a green wall to add to the colour scheme which is so important for the eye. Then with little bats (in shape resembling a frying pan) you biff a small ball to and fro across a net for hours and hours. The great secret of this game is to try to hit the ball off the table as many times as possible, so as to make your opponent so tired of picking up the said ball that he collapses from sheer exhaustion.

.....

NEW COMPETITION. OPEN TO STAFFIES ONLY.

Guess the names of the Brass Hats who are designated as follows:- Pansy, Bud, Po, Mutiny, Mushy, and Barney's Blunder. The winner will receive the order of the boot.

Officer taking Tent Inspection comes on boy enjoying some Chewing Gum. Officer, sternly, "Put that gum in the waste paper basket"
Boy, pathetically, "Please, Sir, I'll cop it after Inspection if I do. My brother lent it to me for parade".

The Officers who were wandering about the shore were not calling the oysters as some people seem to think. They are the Camp Lyre Staff, looking for brain waves.

Private Whatever you may call in complains that he spent a most uncomfortable night, having slipped between the straws in his palliasse. We suggest that he takes them out and cuts them shorter, placing them criss-cross.

X-Line were giving a very bad display, but at length a likely looking situation developed, and a hopeful supporter called "Shoot Joe" "Why pick on Joe?" asked a fed-up chum "Why not shoot the whole team".

Boy (pointing to Quartermaster)- "Who's that "oul" fellow?"

Presumption. Give me 6 boys or 3 of the 44th.

.....

Hurrah! Hurrah! The Raft's afloat again,
Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll cheer with might and main,
Mr. Dorwards Raft is bobbing up and down again,
While we camp at Ganaway.

BATHING.

We wish to advise any Campers who are in the habit of bathing their feet in the sea, that it has been discovered that outside the Orderly Tent is an ideal spot for this purpose. The credit for this new Camp feature is due to the Battalion Secretary who made this discovery.

Our scientific department has for some time been enquiring into the question "Why summer days are longer than winter ones" and the report which is now to hand states that it is owing to the heat in summer which expands them and so makes them longer.

Staffie (on guard). "Who goes there?"
Voice. "Chaplain".
Staffie "Pa ss, Charlie, all's well".

A question for the Medical Officer.
Why do doctors write so badly that only chemists can understand them?

Small boy comes out of the Hospital Tent howling and on being asked asked why replied "The doctor said 'Now, Sonny, you just sit there for the present' and he didn't give me any".

Result of Sports.

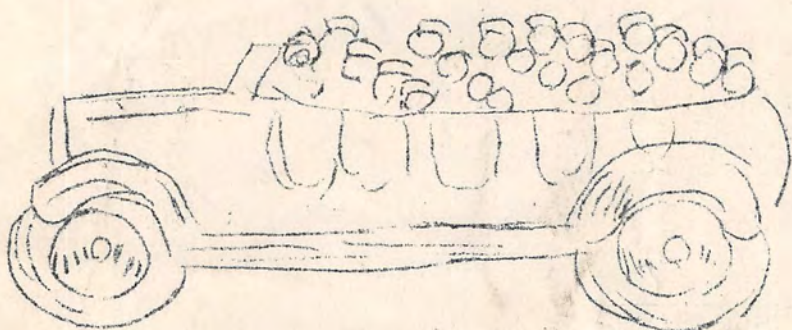
- 100 Yards (Junior) Handicap.
1. Pvte. J. E. Rea, 11 2nd. Pvte. D. Walsh, D1 3rd Pvte. W. Hall, J2
- 100 Yards (Senior) Handicap.
1. L/Crpl. L. Gibson, D4 2nd. L/Crpl. S. M'Cutcheon H1. 3rd Sgt. J. Ewart, 11
- 220 Yards (Junior) Handicap.
1. Pvte. J. E. Rea, 11 2nd. Pvte. W. Hall, J2, 3rd Pvte. D. Walsh, D1
- 220 Yards (Senior) Handicap.
1. L/Crpl. L. Gibson, D4 2nd. L/Crpl. S. M'Cutcheon, H1 3rd Sgt. J. Ewart, 11
- 440 Yards (Junior) Handicap.
1. Pvte. J. E. Rea, 11 2nd. Pvte. R. Burnett, D6
- Cross-Country Race (Senior)
1. L/Crpl. S. M'Cutcheon, H1 2nd. Sgt. J. Ewart, 11 3rd. Pvte. A. Dickson, F1
- Sack Race (Junior).
1. Pvte. T. Williamson, F1 2nd. Pvte. J. W. Blair, C4
- Sack Race (Senior).
1. L/Crpl. S. M'Cutcheon, H1 2nd. Pvte. A. Dickson, F1
- Three-Legged Race.
1. Pvte. W. Shannon, F4 & Pvte. W. M'Manus, F5
2. Pvte. J. W. Blair, C4 & Pvte. J. Milligan, C5
- Wheelbarrow Race (Senior)
1. Crpl. S. M'Reavie, F6 & L/Crpl. R. Gowdy, F5
2. L/Crpl. F. Magee, J4 & L/Crpl. H. Davison, J4
- Obstacle Race (Open).
1. L/Crpl. S. M'Cutcheon, H1 2nd. Pvte. A. Dickson, F1 3rd. Crpl. F. M'Murray, C3
- Balloon Race (Open).
1. Pvte. F. Stevenson, F4 2nd. Crpl. F. M'Murray, C3
- Throwing the Cricket Ball (Junior).
1. Pvte. J. M'Fadden, C3 2nd. Pvte. W. Hall, J2
- Throwing the Cricket Ball (Senior).
1. Crpl. S. Kennedy, F4 2nd. Sgt. Leebuddy, C6
- High Jump (Junior): 4 ft.
1. Pvte. R. Burnett, D6 2nd. Pvte. R. White, J1 3rd. Pvte. J. E. Rea, 11.
- High Jump (Senior). 5 ft 6 in. 5 ft. 4ft. 10 in.
1. Cpl. Sgt. E. Boyce, F1 2nd Crpl. R. G. M'Cadden, E2 L/Crpl. S. M'Cutcheon, H1
- Thirty Yards (Junior) Swimming Handicap-Breast Stroke.
1. Pvte. S. Spence, G4 2nd. Pvte. W. I. Allen, 11 3rd. Pvte. J. E. Rea, 11
- Fifty Yards (Senior) Handicap-Breast Stroke.
1. Crpl. R. Overend, E3. 2nd. Pvte. W. Wilson, H3.
- Thirty Yards (Junior) Swimming Handicap-Free Style.
1. Pvte. W. I. Allen, 11 2nd. Pvte. J. E. Rea, E1 3rd. Pvte. B. Stewart, C2
- Thirty Yards (Senior) Swimming Handicap-Free Style.
1. Crpl. R. Overend, E3 2nd. Pvte. W. Wilson, H3
- Staff-Sergeants Race, (440 Yards).
1. Staff-Sgt. J. Rennicks,
- Officers Race (100 Yards).
1. Captain R. Lowry West, (C.O) 2nd. Captain Geo. Crawford, (Major.)
- Lt. : Football Championship.
I Line defeated G Line in the Final by 3 goals to NIL.
- Junior Five-a-side Football Championship.
H. Line defeated G2 Line in the Final.
- Tug-of-war Championship.
D Line defeated H Line by 2 pulls to 1.
- Tent Pitching Competition.
I. B. Line
- Inter-Line Relay Race.
I. C Line.
- Long Jump (Junior).
- Long Jump (Senior).
- Cricket Competition.

Anyone wishing complete sets of CAMP LYRES must leave their order at once after eleven O'Clock.

THE LAST DAY



AS IT USED TO BE



THE OLD (DIS)ORDER CHANGETH.

SOFT MEN'S CLUB.

The final characteristic of a Soft Man is the man who digs in soft ground while his neighbour has to loose much sweat in breaking up the hard clods.

OUR COMPETITION CORNER.

I shouldn't wonder if it didn't turn to rain.
Is this statement "quite alright"?
Prize for the first correct answer opened pointing out the mistakes and stating why.

CHALLENGE.

A boy in D.Line has accepted the challenge from E.Line, but he is 7lbs. above the weight.

If the challenger agrees, they can both box rugs in the Cookhouse to-day at eleven o'clock.

Referee - Mr Winters.

Result of Yesterday's Competition.

Correct Answer, Two ninths.

Winner, L/Corlp. J. Davidson I 4

If he will see Lieut. M'Avoy immediately, he will receive his award.

At the Officers Mess yesterday, The C. O. was presented with a horse by Captain Forshaw on behalf of the Mess, and Mr. Dorward was presented with a Model Yacht. Both suitably replied.