

WITH THE ADVANCE PARTY=



THE ADVANCE AT WORK

The advance Party, headed by Mr. Powell, some 70 strong (and some very weak, Ed.) arrived in Camp on Wednesday morning, and in less than no time had the Cookhouse in full going order, after which they thoroughly tested the tea boilers and all grub, in order to make sure it was fit for human consumption. (As shown in photograph).

After they had slept off the effects, Mr Powell moved that it might be as well to erect a few tents so that they would have somewhere to sleep that night. This motion was carried by a large majority, and the tents by a small minority.

The Advance then proceeded - true to tradition - to select and thoroughly fill the best paliasses (for their own use). Mr. H. Fair was again elected Chief Paliassé Tester, in which office he gave great stupefaction. The straws for the paliasses were then stretched, measured, cut to length, and inserted. Mr. Finney was appointed Minister for the Interior amid great acclamation, and was decorated with the Order of the Black Pudding. The Commissariat Officer was so touched that he wept openly, and promised to keep it dark.

=MORE ABOUT THE ADVANCE IN TO-MORROW'S ISSUE=

-----oOo-----

Hints to Campers, Mikers, Gravy-
Ring Makers, and All Lovers
of Open Spaces.

o o

This morning when you arrived in Camp, the first thing you noticed was an imposing building built of wood in the latest Colonial style. Upon early investigation you discovered this to be a well-stocked canteen with many obsequious gentlemen (?) in attendance. You also were no doubt aware that you were (an awful lot of wares about, so BEWARE!) a man of considerable opulance - or means - or hard cash. This pleasant state of affairs tends to dull one's appreciation of hard facts.

HARD FACT NO. 1. You are here for seven or eight days. You have, shall we say, $6/7\frac{1}{2}$ in hand (or pocket - or bank account). A little calculation will show you that seven into six wont go (Euclid, Book XL1) Therefore if you begin rashly to live at the rate of $3/9$ per day, or, the more often you go into the Canteen, the less often will the seven go into the six.

About Tuesday you will find yourself in a state of Bankruptcy, your cheques will be returned marked "R.D.", and as a result of imbibing too much gaseous liquid you will experience the condition of going into liquidation. This state of affairs may be relieved somewhat by going round collecting empty lemonade bottles, and realising thereon, but as the bottle-scrounging racket is acute by Wednesday, do not include it in your plans.

Divide your money by the number of days you will be at Camp and spend accordingly. The writer has known boys reduced to such poverty that they ate their toothpaste. Do not think that the "Lyre" has any dislike for the Canteen Staff, and wishes to

do their business harm. Oh, dear, no! It's all the same to the Canteen Staff whether they get your dough this Friday or next Friday.

FACT NO. 2. The Canteen is a Strictly Cash Business. No Tick.

FACT NO. 3. When you go to bed to-night you must grasp the fact that your bed, consisting of paliasse, blankets, eider-down, quilt, etc., is meant for sleeping in. This may be hard to believe when you realise that your paliasse probably does not contain enough straw to nest a setting hen, but it is never-the less a fact. So when your Tent Sergeant kisses you Good-night go to sleep. Remember - to-morrow is another day.

_____oOo_____

When is a Marquee not a Marquee?

When it is wet, for then it is ringing, and so is a bell tent.

_____oOo_____



Photo taken in 1898.

POTTED PERSONALITIES

(Without fear or favour we tell the world).

No. 1 - Mr Geo. Armstrong

It is hard to believe that our popular Transport Officer (Kind permission of Scotland Yard) started life without a boot on his foot. Yet such was the case. At school he showed exceptional brilliance, gaining for himself a reputation as a sticker by sticking in third standard for four consecutive terms. His name, derived from the Latin, has an obvious meaning, "He of the muscular biceps." For this reason, he is given such jobs as befit a man of great vigour, such as, throwing weights about - especially his own. His vocal powers are of an extremely high standard, and to hear him sing is a real test - of the listeners' endurance. A man of great and varied experience, he can always be counted on to give advice on any subject. Noted for his retiring disposition.

-----oOo-----

IT HAS BEEN PROVED THAT YOU USE FIFTY FACIAL MUSCLES TO FROWN AND ONLY 13 TO SMILE
=SO SMILE - It'S EASIER=

THE COMBINE

We understand that Mr. Millar, Worshipful Grand Master of The Combine, is at present at Rothesay, where, in company with a considerable number of initiates of the movement, he is taking the waters. It will be recalled by many how the Combine came into existance some years ago as an offshoot of the Soft Men's Club, and enjoyed a brief and colourful existance under its founder Mr Millar. This organisation increased in power with such amazing rapidity that it threatened to have a disruptive influence on the camp.

(Continued on page 5)

THE VILLAGE ANCIENT.

TELLS OF CAMPS OF YORE.-----

"Three hundred years ago" said the village ancient, "as I remember well, the B. B. was very small. Only 27 of them".

"Quite" I said "But aren't you going back a little? I thought there was no B. B. until some 50 years ago".

"Yes, yes, of course. You're right" he responded quickly. "Certainly, certainly. I'm thinking of the number present at the first camp I attended when I say 300. I was just getting my figures mixed a bit. That is all. It was 27 years ago, I should say".

"That's a bit out of a lifetime" I answered "Older than the oldest staff-sergeant. Had they rummy difles then, or was it bows and arrows?"

"Neither" said the village ancient "Neither, nor. Wait a bit. Lemme see---Yes, they had rummy difles-- about a dozen were kept in the guard tent, and the boys used to play about with them saluting and so forth. I remember one day Charlie Thom turned out the guard and gave a salute to an armed party and I was only bringing back a squad of defaulters who had been whistling "The Protestant Boys" on Sunday. They thought it was a hymn the said. Charlie Thom ought to have been turned out himself-- turned out of camp I mean -- for that, but there was no discipline in those days-- practically none. I've seen fellows stand any old way when addressing the post-corporal"

"Well, what about it" I said "the post-corporal doesn't have any honours paid to him. Nobody need stand at attention to him"

"Oh, mustn't they? Well, they did then -- on his father's account. The general, you know--- General Post. "

"I say" I said "Your ideas are getting mixed again. Must be terrible to be as old as you are. Why dont you drop off?"

"I would, but I forget the way" he said "I suppose its because I've been dropped on so often in various camps that I dont know how. Ah, there was real discipline in those days".

"Bit you just said there wasn't any".

"All depends on how you look at it" he said "There's discipline and discipline. Cheeking the C.O. may be discipline if it's well done and for his good. The same with the quarter-master A quarter-master's like a company at drill. He nener settles down until he's told off"

"A quarter-master shouldn't settle down. He should settle up" I told him.

"And that takes some doing in these days" said the village ancient "That reminds me. The boys used to get the weeks camp for ten shillings, staff sergeants 12/6 and officers a pound. A cheap do. We took in each other's washing then -- I mean we did our own washing up then-- I mean, the boys and staff sergeants did I mean--- I mean---"

"Yes?" I said eagerly. These fragments from archaic times had to be caught. "Yes?"

"I mean, there was no stashing up waff, no swashing up taff --no--no washing up staff. We did everything ourselves, as it were And the canteen did everybody".

The old man grew brighter. "Do you know why there was no camp in 1906?" he asked me.

"I do not".

"Well the 1905 camp hadn't paid its way, and the treasurer, in a speech at the council meeting, said if a camp was held the next year he feared there would be a deficit. He put the emphasis on the first syllable, and that was the first time a lot of the officers had heard it that was. They thought a deficit was some kind of epidemic illness and the word got round. Everybody knows what an deficit is now, of course-- now that we've got a government".

"The camps had a knock later on" the ancient continued "It was all through the quarter-master"

"Didn't he feed the troops?"

"Oh, yes, he fed them all right. It was his camera that did the harm. He brought it with him to camp, and kept photographing

(continued on next page)

the squads of boys running to and from the cookhouse and washing up and so forth. Then, getting a bit above himself, he let go a couple of spoils on the officers at feeding time-- I mean at the officers tea in their little marquee"

"That rhymes" I said "But I dont follow. What harm did it do?"

Well you see, this quarter bloke didn't stop at taking photographs. He had his pictures made into lantern slides and handed them round to the battalion for lectures to popularise camping. And it wasn't until the boys of some six companies expressed their intention of paying no more into the camp fund that it was noticed that one half of those lantern-slides showed boys working and the other half officers eating. I think myself that that was why cameras were forbidden in the Great War".

S. J. P.

...000...000...000...000...000...

THE LYRE'S WHO'S WHO.

The C. O. Name of West. Lowry of that ilk. A man of commanding presence. To be approached with awe and whose slightest utterance is best regarded as an infallible truth.

The Major. Grand Sairong of the Staff Sergeants. The only man known to get staffs to work without resorting to violence.

The Adjutant. Another name for Intelligence Officer. This does not mean that he is the most intelligent man in Camp. But he has to guage the intelligence of the other officers and accordingly appoint them to their various duties. (Perhaps this explains why so many officers appear to have nothing to do. Ed.)

The Chaplain. A great prophet from the banks of the Connswater.

The M. O. Reputed to have a good bedside manner which we hope he wont need to demonstrate this week.

Commissariat Officers. The men between us and starvation.

Quartermaster. With his assistant and assistants--assistant, which total three-quarters of a master. "Were here because they're here--".

Transport Officer. The name sounds familiar but cann ot place him. (See page 2. Ed.)

Canteen Staff. The reason we have a Hospital Tent.

Sports Officer. Does more running about than all the competitors put together.

Camp Treasurer. Sure to find a scotsman on this job. Has good teeth for testing three penny bits.

Two Half Battalion Commanders. May be only half commanders but they are all there'.

Officer I/C Visitors Teas. Open day and night. No ring. No combine.

Hon. Battalion Sect. Nuf Ced.

Bands Officer. A man of notes.

Sing Sing Organiser. Nothing to do with 'Up River' or 'The Big House'.

Press Correspondant. The man who sends what appears in todays Lyre to the Belfast papers for their tomorrows edition.

THE COMBINE. (Continued).

Fortunately this dangerous situation did not materialise as, owing to a regretable lapse on the part of the founder, the members considered it convenient to fall back into the obscurity from which they ought never to have emerged.

Mr. Miller had intended coming to Camp this year but when he heard that Mr. Wilton would be present he decided otherwise knowing that gentlemans antipathy to all Combines.

#####

Ist. Private. "Here mate, There must be two dinners in thes Camp".

2nd. Private. "Why,

Ist. Private. "It says here in the handbook 'Ist Dinner Bugle' and then '2nd Dinner Bugle'. This is something like a Camp."

Willie wasn't sure wether to go to Douglas with his Da



or with his Ma to the bungalow at Kilroot



or down on farm with his aunt Maggie at Ballynahinch



Perhaps with his pals in their own private tent at Carnalea ---- but --



being a wise lad he decided



to go to Ganawg and have a good time instead.



COMPETITION.

We intend offering a small prize each day to the reader who send in a correct solution of our problem. The first correct solution opened will receive the prize. In the event of no one sending in a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the one nearest the mark.

TODAYS PROBLEM.

A man aged 30 has a son aged 5 years. The father is therefore six times as old as the boy. In five years time the father will be 35 and the son 10, or the father $3\frac{1}{2}$ times as old as the son. In 20 years the father will be 50 years old and the son 25. That is the father is only twice as old as his son.

NOW. The question is this. How long will they have to live together before they are the same age ?

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Answers must be left in Lyre Tent today.

Boys only eligible. Put Name, Line and Tent No. at foot of your paper.

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

GRAND FREE INSURANCE SCHEME

BECOME A REGISTERED READER=

Every person in Camp should become a Registered Reader of the Lyre immediately. In past years the last day of camp always found a large queue of disconsolate readers clamouring for back numbers of the Lyre to take home. We cannot undertake to keep a supply of back numbers. **INSURE YOURSELF** against disappointment by placing your order with Lieut Briggs at the Lyre Tent **TODAY**. and by paying 4^d (Boys) 8^d (Officers) The Lyre will be delivered free every day as published.

REMEMBER the Lyre is the best record you can possibly have to remind you of the happy days spent at Ganaway.

SIGN TODAY and brighten your old age.

= SUPPORT THE LYRE AND THE LYRE WILL SUPPORT YOU =



The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY

Volume 10. No. 2.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Saturday, 9th July, 1932.



Our Special Correspondent.

EDITORIAL

As we go to Press for our second issue, the various sounds which reach us from all sides (especially the side on which lies the Hospital Tent) assure us that every boy and officer has settled down to make "Ganaway, 1932" all that it should be. So, if the Camp Treasurer settles up, and Mr Wright settles the stomachs of all and sundry, we shall enjoy ourselves if the weather keeps settled. So that settles that.

We have all heard about the Lonsdale Belt and the Belt of Orion, not to mention the Tropical Belt, but no mention has been made about the C.O.'s Belt,

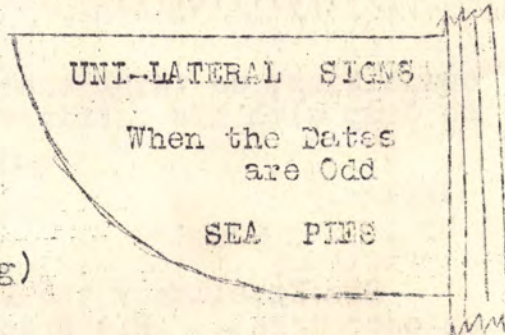
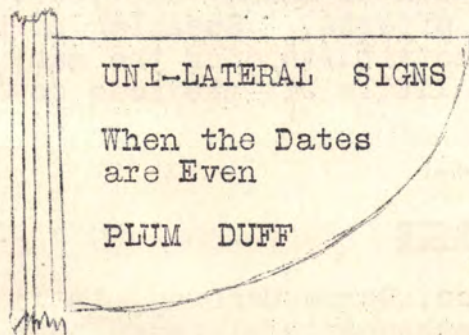
and - what a belt - all full of wee pockets and ins and cuts - not that there is much room for ins and outs once the C.O. gets inside it. But just have good look at it yourself some time.

The "Lyre" does not believe in grouching, but we really must, on behalf of our readers, raise our tiny voice in protest against allowing our camping ground being used as a stamping ground for cattle. Not that we are vegetarians, but unfortunately the humble cow, even when absent, is conspicuous by the signs of its recent presence. We humbly suggest therefore that in future, instead of cows, only goats, or even sheep, should be allowed to graze on the ground. A special squad could then be detailed off to do the necessary, armed with sticks with pins on the ends.

HANDSOME MEN ARE SLIGHTLY SUNBURNT=

Readers will be glad to learn that the Hospital Tent has been fitted up with the latest type of Sun Ray Lamp. So, if the sun fails, you can easily get tanned inside or out - by Mr Wright.

~~~~~



(Vide Whig)

If a Look in the Glass depresses you Try Black Jack in Another Glass

SPECIAL SPORTING NUMBER ON MONDAY. BE SURE OF OBTAINING YOUR COPY BY PLACING YOUR ORDER AT THE LYRE TENT.

This number will contain full instructions and rules of Rugby Netball, Clock golf, Tenikoit etc. SIX PAGES.

## "CAMP LYRE" SUED FOR DAMAGES

### Unfair Attempt to Muzzle the Press

We have to-day received the following intimation through the Post, addressed to the Editor:-

Dear Sir, (WITHOUT PREJUDICE)

To-day's issue of your unpopular paper contained a scurrilous, scandalous, libellious, !??- (my kingdom for a dictionary) statement, which I cannot allow go unchallenged.

Unfortunately my Solicitors, Messrs. Galway, Forshaw, Forshaw, Forshaw, and Galway, Unlimited, have been detained in Belfast on unimportant business but when they arrive they shall receive their destructions from me to destitute proceedings against you for the discovery of damages (not to the paliasses).

In the meantime, would you please name your Solicitors. Yours with the gloves on or off,

(Signed) H FAIR.

We need hardly mention that we look on the above with scorn, and snap our fingers in the face of its instigator. The statement referred to was included in yesterday's issue, when we referred to Mr H. Fair as Chief Paliasse Tester to the Advance. We meant, of course, his brother, Mr James Fair, and we apologise for the error as we think Mr Henry Fair would have been even more efficient than his brother in the position. Our Solicitors are Messrs Swindle, Wilton, Swindle, Winters, & Swindle.



OUR OBSTINATE ARTIST

was asked to illustrate Mr Wright's better half and this is what he drew  
!!!!!!!!!!!!

casualties, we think that he was a little bit previous coming to Camp with his coffin van.

### MORE ABOUT THE ADVANCE

On Wednesday an unfortunate accident befell one of the party. Sergeant M'Watters was doing a little wood-butchering with a chisel when the tool slipped and entered his leg, inflicting extensive injuries. Needless to say, Mr Wright was highly delighted to have an opportunity to display his skill, and hopes to keep his patient until Inspection Day. The delicate state of health of Mr Billy Millar also gave rise to some anxiety, and at night he had to have a hot water bottle in his bed. Mr. Wilton was very much up the pole for several days, but he made light of his troubles. The electric light installation is mainly due to his untiring efforts. Speaking of Mr Wilton, notwithstanding the many

---oOo---

### EARL FATIGUE

His Excellency the Earl Fatigue, Baron Ganaway, is with us once more. His Grace is not ashamed to minister humbly to the wants of his fellow officers in his capacity as Superintendent of the Officers' Mess. The pea in his whistle has been specially seasoned for several months to enable His Grace to produce a distinctive note.

WHEN DOES A LEOPARD CHANGE ITS SPOTS? When it Moves from One spot to another.



CAMP CELEBRITIES INTERVIEWED  
By our Special Correspondent.

No. 1 - The C.O.

"Good morning, Mr West," I humbly said as, after a long wait I was ushered into the August Presence of "He who must be obeyed."

"Good morning" Mr West answered, looking up from a large scale map of Ganaway, "I can spare you about ten seconds. How did you get here, where was the Major. It is his duty to protect me from interviewers, but seeing you represent the "Camp Lyre" I will look over this gross neglect of duty by my Sub. What is it you want to know."

"First of all," I answered, as I produced my notebook, "is it true that you have induced the Doctor to administer a sleeping draught to some of the officers in the Camp who find it difficult to go to sleep in this exhilarating air."

"I have not yet gone that length," said Mr West, "but one never knows what I may do if the advice given at the officers meeting is not attended to."

"Have you had any difficulty in getting your suggestion, that all Line Officers should be on the lines 15 minutes before "Reveille" carried out," was the next question.

"Not a bit," was the quick reply, "I brought down with me sufficient alarm clocks to be able to put one in each tent, and further, I have arranged with Mr Finney, of the Co-Misery Department, to fit a steam whistle on one of the boilers, strong enough to awaken everyone within 20 miles of the Camp."

"Someone suggested that a few sticks of dynamite would be necessary in some tents," I ventured to remark,

"Leave it to me, my boy, leave it to me. If the pacific measures I have provided are not successful -- Well!!

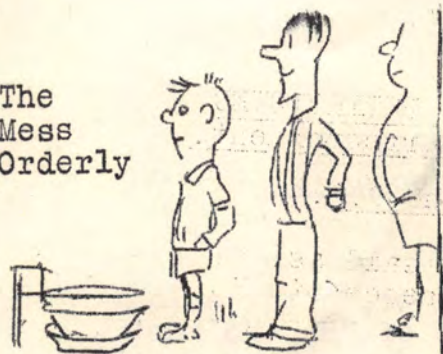
"A case of desperate diseases need desperate remedies," I remarked.

"You have said it, -- but listen!" Here the C.O. whispered to me for a short time some information which he asked me not to publish. "Is that so," I said. "Wait and see" he replied. "Before this Camp is over some of the officers will be sitting up all night waiting for "Reveille."

"Why were you so engrossed in studying the map when I entered,"

"I was dreaming dreams" answered the C.O., with a wistful look on his face. "I am hoping that the day is not far off when we will have in this corner a permanent Hospital, with a proper operating theatre, where Mr Wright will get his will, after some of the patients have made theirs. In this corner I hope to see a Golf Course laid out. Up here, we could put the Hard Courts for some of the officers who are inclined to "Love all." In the centre of each line I hope to see erected a Soda Fountain where the boys can quench their thirst at any time, and I see in my mind's eye a miniature railway running from the Cook House, where every evening a supply of hot water bottles can be run up to the tents of the Staffies, and where every morning a service of Tea and Toast can be carried round to the officers and supplied to them before they get out of bed. I have many other dreams. Who knows, they may become realities some day."

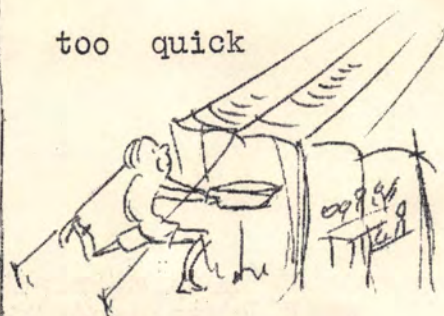
The  
Mess  
Orderly



who was



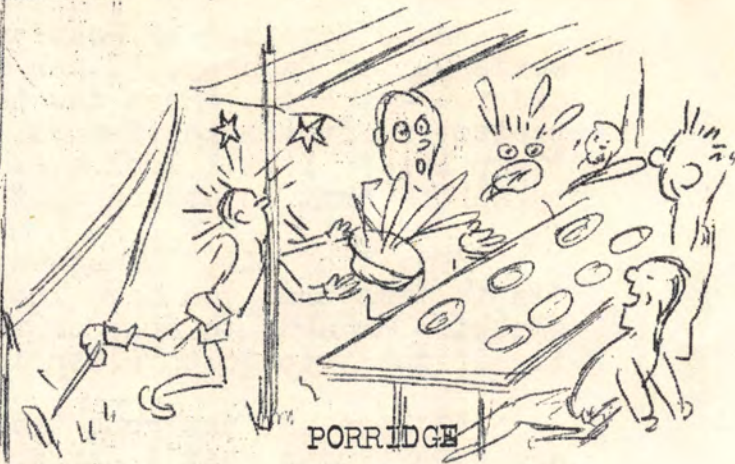
too quick



here he  
comes

WITH

THE



PORRIDGE

### COMPETITION

To-day we offer a prize to the reader who sends in what we consider to be the best last line to the following limbrick.

"There was a raw private from "E" Line,  
For the Canteen each day made a bee-line,  
By being so rash,  
He spent all his cash,

"

Complete this and win a prize. Entries must be in "Lyre" tent to-day.

The winner of yesterday's prize was.- Private Alex. Gray, "I" Line, Tent 8, who said the Son would have to live 25 years after the old man died. They would then be the same age. We doubt, however, if the old man would be as well preserved as his son. This is the nearest correct answer. The correct answer was "Till the sands of the desert grow cold."

---oOo---

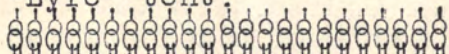
### AUNT EMILY'S CORNER

Are you in Love? Does your best girl prefer Staff-Sergeants? Has your rabbit died? Write to Aunt Emily. She will advise you in all your troubles.

'Concerned' ("J" Line) wants to know if Mr Rea is a Half Commander, is Mr Ellis the other half. Aunt Emily says "Not half he ain't. You just listen out for him."

-oOo-

Boys who only arrived to-day or late last night can obtain copies of yesterdays "Lyre" at the "Lyre" tent.



Contributions are considered and given space according to their general appeal to the majority of our readers. What may be considered extremely funny in the Officer's Mess, may be considered childish by the Boys - and the record of a piece of prize fooling between two or three officers or Staffies may be obviously unintelligible to the rest of the Camp.

REMEMBER - Brevity is the soul of wit.



# The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Volume 10. No. 3.

Monday, 11th July, 1932.

## EDITORIAL

There is no sign of "that Monday Morning" feeling in Ganaway as we go to press. Although the Clerk of the Weather let us down badly last night - especially after such a promising morning - the Camp Spirit is still up to proof.

We were very pleased to see such a veteran camper as Mr C.W.S. Dreaan with us yesterday. Mr Dreaan was on the Staff of the first Battalion Camp, held way back in 1904, and Adjutant of the second camp, in 1905. We guarantee that if all the boys could appreciate the greater freedom from routine work we enjoy now, compared with those dim ages, there would be no grouching at such restrictions as exist at present. Mr Dreaan was associated with the late Mr J. Campbell and Mr Glass in founding the 9th Company. Afterwards he started the old 7th Company, and later the 37th Company. So now you know what one man can do.



One Way the Captain of "H" Line might see his flag at the top of the line.

The Church Parades were well appreciated (especially by those who desired a nice quiet sleep). It is on these parades that we really appreciate the company of the 55th Old Boys' Band. Fortunately, like the poor, they are always with us, and we hand them our thanks. But at the same time, we would appreciate if Mr Robinson could arrange for them to practise their five finger exercises a little further from the "Lyre" tent, as we find it hard to concentrate. We also thank the members of the band who though stopping outside the Camp, are willing to augment the band on state occasions.

---030---

FOUND - A sleeping bag, obviously the property of Mr Saunders. Apply at Adjutant's Tent. (On closer examination this was found to be the cover of the Battalion colours, and not a sleeping bag.) Sorry!

Quicker transport. On Saturday Mr. Armstrong was seen by various officers speeding at a furious pace along the public highway and when he had received the usual caution he pleaded guilty of speeding but without criminal intent as the excessive speed was owing to his getting a tow home.

oooooooooooooooooooo

SARTORIAL NOTES. We notice that Rev. Buchanan's stockings are the same colour as the decorations in Memel Street where the lamp posts are painted red white and blue.

Mr. T. Gordon has apparently anticipated C. O.'s dream about the anticipated golf course as he has turned out in plus fours.

888888888888888888888888

MR. GEO. FORSEAW today received by post a rubber hot water bottle from his Aunt Matilda who is ever watchful of her delicate nephew.

88888888 88888888 88888888 88888888 88888888 88888888  
iiiiiiiiii iiiiiiiiii iiiiiiiiii iiiiiiiiii iiiiiiiiii iiiiiiiiii

CAMP CELEBRITIES INTERVIEWED

No. II

THE ADJUTANT

"Good morning, sir," I said, as I entered the Tent beside the Flagpole, "have I the honour of addressing the Adjutant of this Camp."

"You have," he answered, "What can I do for you? Do you want details as to your duties? have you lost anything, or found anything? Do you wish to practise diving from the raft? Would you like to go for a row in our nice boat, or do you want to know what time the 'bus goes to Ballywalter?"

"Pardon me, Mr Adjutant," I hastened to reply, "would you mind taking your foot off the gas for a minute. My speed as a stenographer is only about 2,000 words a minute." "I am here on behalf of the 'Lyre'."

The stern look left his face, and with chest visibly swelling the Adjutant replied, "My lad, you have come to the right place. There is no time for Dreams here, what we deal with is Facts. The work of this department of camp life is such that at times it seems that it may become too much for even me and my Assistant. For months and months before Camp time comes round our staff are busy thinking out schemes to worry Line Captains, Officers of the Day, Fatigue Parties, and a host of other things. What with providing rafts for some of our senior officers to sit on while they give their feet the annual wash, a boat that racks the sinews of the Fatigue Party detailed to pull it to the beach, answering questions silly and otherwise, this Department is IT. (With a capital "I")"

"You asked me did I lose anything. Does that mean that this is a sort of Lost Property Office," I asked.

"Yes, all articles found lying about anywhere in the grounds are brought to us, and we have to find the owner."

"Did you ever lose anything yourself," I enquired.

"Well, once I nearly lost myself coming from Millisle, but as it was in the early hours of the morning, perhaps there was an excuse," was the answer.

"What do you think would happen if you lost your assistant?" I ventured to say. "That would be an impossibility," he answered. "My assistant is well known from China to Peru, and I am perfectly certain that, if by any chance he should get lost anywhere in the 'Ards Peninsula, through loss of memory or other causes, he would be led gently but firmly back to Camp by anyone on finding him, and they would consider it a pleasure."

"By the way, sir" I said, "That was rather a novel item you put on at the Battalion Demonstration. That Draught Board Scene took my fancy, as I am rather an enthusiast at this game."

"You say you are a draught player," he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Yes," I answered, "I am rather well up in the game."

"Well, in that case," said he, pulling aside the flap of the tent "It is now your move. Good morning."

---000---

Things We Want to Know

If our Obstinate Artist can "Draw the Dole" ???  
(He says he has scarcely time to "Draw his breath" - Ed.)

## FOOTBALL SENSATION

### WELL KNOWN OFFICER "SIGNS ON" FOR SENIOR ENGLISH TEAM.

We have pleasure in announcing that Captain T. D. W. Gordon (Tommy) of the 40th Belfast Company, has signed on to play for the Crystal Palace next season. Most of our readers are aware that Mr Gordon has shown promising form in B.B. football for several years, and it is common knowledge that the directors of many big teams have had their eye on him for some time. We hasten to congratulate Mr Gordon and hope to hear great things from the Crystal Palace team next season.

----000----

### Two Boys Take the 55th Old Boys Too Seriously

!!!

On Saturday morning at Tent Inspection the 55th Old Boys Band enlivened the proceedings, on the strength of the maxim that 'music hath charms.' By an unhappy choice they included in their programme that old classic "Home, Sweet Home." They played this with such feeling that two small boys decided to make tracks for home, which decision they carried into effect in no uncertain manner.

When, at supper, they were missed, search were hastily formed. As one of the parties included Mr Forshaw some of the local residents jumped to the conclusion that the Treasurer had perhaps lost a 3d. bit, which would account for the extensive nature of the search, as a specially powerful lamp was used by the party. A series of clues picked up by the Flying Squad led to Donaghadee, where the police (for the first time for several generations) were roused from their beds and as a search of the cells and finger print department proved fruitless, the flying squad returned to Camp in their fast cars, where they learnt that the boys had been found, safe in bed.



OUR OBSTINATE ARTIST  
was asked to illustrate "Mr  
Chambers' Seat in the Adjutant's  
Tent", and this is what  
he drew.

!!!

### To-day's TRUE Story.

On Saturday a small boy entered the Canteen, and asked for a postcard. When he received the p.c. he tendered his penny - and asked for a stamp, for which he gave another penny. Having got this he ordered a bun, on receipt of which he gave another penny.

This rather annoyed Mr Maybin. "Why don't you ask for the three things at once, instead of keeping me running back and forward?" he asked. "Oh, but you see," replied the boy, unabashed, "these are for three different people."

=====

On Saturday at Tent Inspection, when Mr Powell was inspecting "C" Line, the occupants of Tent Number 1, being without the guiding hand of a Tent Sergeant, all turned in file and followed Mr Powell into the tent when he entered to inspect that abode. It is not quite certain whether the boys were so fond of Mr. P. that they just couldn't tear themselves away from him, or, on the other hand, it is thought they might have entertained thoughts of intimidation, with a view to assuring a high percentage of marks.

## FIRST STEPS IN SWIMMING

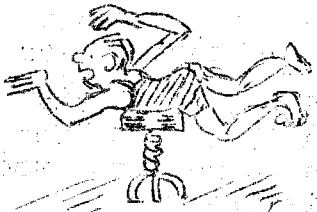
In introducing the beginner to the water let me assure him that he is going into illustrious company. To-day in Camp the C.O. and several of the Camp Staff were on the beach, and looked at the sea for almost ten minutes. A very creditable example, and one which we hope will receive the support that it deserves!

It is hoped that the beginner will make some effort to understand the nature of the water that will play such an important part in his sport. Water is composed of 1 part oxygen and 2 parts hydrogen, well joined to withstand the slashing onslaught of those learning to swim.

There are two sorts of water - swimming-bath water and sea water. Swimming bath water (sometimes mistaken for drinking water by learners) is water mixed with chloramine (not chloroform) which hurts the eyes and makes you leave the water before your time is up. Sea water is simply water with salt added to suit the taste of the people in the various districts. The water in some districts, such as the Dead Sea, contains so much salt that it is almost impossible to sink in it. If those of our readers to whom the slight additional expense of travelling to suchlike places is no object, we recommend them to go there to learn.

We can now proceed with our swimming lessons. Science has proved that it is much easier to swim on the land, and until the learner is able to look on the water with ease, we will keep on the land.

We recommend a private room at first, in order to spare our friends as much as possible. Lock yourself in the room, and barricade the door with the wardrobe, the small car, or the garden roller. Next, remove your coat and hang it on the door-knob so that it covers the keyhole. Balance yourself on a chair or the piano stool, and you are now ready to begin. By the way, better push the piano into the corner, as the sweeping leg stroke sometimes carries bits off the corners. Also take care that the feet are not pointing towards the window, as you are no doubt aware that glass does not bend easily.



Everything is now ready to commence the exercises as illustrates on the Chart to be obtained from the "Lyre" office, at a price of 2/6 each, providing sufficient are ordered. (Editor's decision final.) These exercises to be carried out once per day, but, if carried out twice per day, the charge is 5/- per chart.

(EDITOR'S NOTE. We regret that we cannot afford the space to continue this subject. We recommend our readers to attend the Baths for the usual Bath Practice, as we believe they will learn there very much more quickly.)



### SEASHORE LIFE

By Professor Slatoff  
Millisle University, N.I.

At this period of the year the observant enquirer may derive great benefit and interest by studying the various forms of marine life about the shores of our islands. By fishing in small pools in the rocks, using a piece of plum duff or some similar malleable substance as bait, it is possible to catch a strange little fish known as the Ganaway Whale or Howling Catfish. This fish is easily distinguished by the fact that its gills are horizontal instead of vertical, and it is the only fish with eyelids. Its young are not called Kittenfish, neither are the offspring of Dogfish referred to as Pups.

Another strange creature is the Lochinvar Eel, a thin thread-like fish about the length of a piece of string. In Scotland the natives catch them in large numbers, and having dried them in the sun they use them for bootlaces.

## RUGBY NETBALL.

It is intended to play this game in Camp between teams of 6 or 8 a side, on a ground slightly smaller than the regulation. A centre line is marked across the field, as for football, and a semi-circle marked around each goal with a radius of 12 yards, which is the penalty area. A goal is scored when the ball is thrown into the net. After the goal, the losing team shall throw off (no connection with the Medical Tent). The duration of the game shall be 5 minutes each way, unless otherwise arranged. When, in the opinion of the referee, the ball becomes "locked" it shall be considered dead, and play shall be resumed by the referee bouncing the ball on the ground. A player intentionally locking the ball shall have a free throw given against him, but a goal shall not be scored unless the ball is first touched by another player after being thrown.

Players when tackled must get rid of the ball. The rules regulating the ball out of play and throw-ins are similar to those of football, which need not be described.

Fouls and Penalties - A foul shall consist of tripping, kicking, striking, biting, pushing, or vicious hand-off. (This seems a nice quiet game. Ed.)

When a penalty is being taken the defending backs shall stand on the goal line, and all other players shall stand outside the circle until the ball has been thrown. Kicking the ball, referee, or the other players will result in a Free being ordered. Jersey tearing is also penalised in similar fashion.

## SIAMESE FOOTBALL

Siamese Football is football played with two footballs tied together with a length of rope about 5 feet long. The ground is slightly smaller than a football ground. Players, 8 a side, play in pairs, 2 pairs as forwards, 1 pair as backs, one pair in goals - although there are no goal posts, the entire width of the field being the goal mouth. The forwards of the team winning the toss stand close up to the twin balls, the opposing forwards being 10 yards off.

Two of the forwards then kick a ball each, simultaneously, and the game is started. The players must try to keep up this dual kicking as much as possible - as it would take a Joe Bambrick all his time to kick one ball hard enough for it to trail the other any distance. This game should be very amusing to the spectators.

## TENNIQUOIT

This game is played in a court marked somewhat similar to a tennis court, with an elevated net. The players must keep inside their court and must serve into the opposite court, making sure that the quoit does not spin or turn over in the air, as this is a "fault". The quoit must not touch the net or the ground. A line, 3 feet on each side of the net, marks the "Deadground" inside which players must not set foot. On the boundary lines is counted as inside. A quoit thrown too high is a fault. Only the person serving can score points. When he makes a fault the service goes to his opponent. First to gain 21 points wins. If your opponent is very small, and the quoit goes over his head, encircling his neck, he becomes your property, and is your slave for the remainder of the week.

## COMPETITIONS

The following competitions will be run off during the next few days - Junior football, Rugby Netball, Cross County Run, Quoit Championship. These are for junior boys only, in camp for the first time. Also, Table Tennis Championship (open) singles and doubles, Draughts Championship (open).

All intending competitors who wish to enter for any of these items should get in touch with the Games Organiser, Lieut. Curry, 16th Company, without delay.







# The Camp Lyre

Volume 10. No. 3.

Tuesday, 12th July 1932. PRICE ONE PENNY.

## EDITORIAL

To-day, the "12th", will be the occasion for much excitement in Belfast and the "Lyre" sends its good wishes to all taking part in the demonstration.

But frankly, we would rather be here, where all is peace and quietness (what a hope!) and nothing can be heard except the twitter of the birds in the hedges (!) As we go to press we can see the pleased looks on the boys' faces as they march to C.O.'s Parade. We are now moving fast towards the climax of "Ganaway, 1932" To-morrow is the most important day in Camp, and we think everyone can be relied on to put their best into it to make the day a success. The remainder of the week will then be devoted almost entirely to pleasure.

Our Obstinate Artist was asked to illustrate the C. O. and this is what he drew.

We welcome all visitors to the Camp and trust that they will be greatly impressed.

Now that the Line Competitions are well in hand we hope to let our readers have details of the position of the lines in the various competitions, if possible.

---0o0---

We welcome as a visitor for a few days Councillor Malcolm McKibbin, son of the late Mr Hugh McKibbin, who was well known in the earlier days of the Battalion. Councillor McKibbin, besides being a member of the Belfast Corporation, is Life Boy Supervisor for the Belfast Area, and is proving a worthy son of a worthy sire.

We learn that Councillor McKibbin was waited upon in his residence in Camp, "The Orange Grove" Millisle, last night, by a Deputation from the Associated Society of Unemployed Officers, who are cut off the "Burroo". They asked for his sympathy and interest. After listening to an eloquent and learned address by Mr R. A. McNally, B.A., B.L., assisted by his junior, Mr W.M. Rea, A.S.S., Councillor McKibbin assured the Deputation that he would seriously consider their case when he had got into bed, and in the meantime he had arranged that the Deputation would be accommodated in Mr Armstrong's Boarding House next door, he paying for their beds and promised that he would see Mr Powell in the morning as to what work he could give them to do. The eminent barristers who acted as spokesmen thanked Councillor McKibbin for his kind reception and withdrew.

---oOo---

## DRUG FIENDS.

We have had it brought to our notice that there is a low dive within the precincts of the Camp, where drugs can be obtained by drug fiends. These are administered by the two proprietors of this joint, Paee Light and Doc Battlebump. The addicts can be seen rolling in bunks, sipping their vile concoctions, and then adjourning to the Crystal Palace until the effects work off.

## T W E L F T H   C E L E B R A T I O N S

### GANAWAY L.O.L. MEETS IN COUNCIL INDEPENDENTS ALSO IN EVIDENCE

### CARDINAL LEGATE PAYS SURPRISE VISIT Religious Controversy Settled.

This morning the Ganaway L.O.L. (Hope of Ishmael) met in Council in the Officers' Mess, under the presidency of the Worshipful Grand Master, Brother George Forshaw. The Mess was suitably decorated for the occasion in the colours of the Order, although a discordant note was struck by an effort of the rival faction of Independents to 'out-decorate' the parent Branch of the Order.

A surprise interruption was caused by the announcement that His Eminence the Papal Legate had arrived to grace the celebrations, and shortly afterwards His Eminence arrived with his entourage. Their gorgeous robes striking a note of colour in the more sombre decorative scheme of the L.O.L., they entered the Mess amid scenes of great fervour and enthusiasm. Many pilgrims risked serious injury in their attempts to kiss the Legate's ring, and his big toe. His Eminence, who is a benign and kindly looking old gentleman, received the effusions of the crowd with a kindly and paternal smile.

The presence of the Legate seemed to damp the ardour of the Ganaway Lodge, who consumed their breakfast in silence -- a most unusual occurrence. There was no stone throwing.

It is understood that the Legate and the Council of the L.O.L. (Hope of Ishmael) are to confer in an endeavour to settle religious differences.

### RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY SETTLED

#### Papal Legate's Visit Crowned with Success

We understand that as a direct result of the Conference between the Grand Council of the Ganaway L.O.L. (Hope of Ishmael) and His Eminence the Cardinal Legate, the following communication has been received by the Very Reverend Archdeacon Kerr from Cardinal McRory:--

"Dear Kerr,

In consequence of the conciliatory conference at present being held at Ganaway between the Ganaway L.O.L. and the Papal Legate, I am directed to inform you that I am fully agreed with you on the fact that the Siamese Twins are not separated brethren.

Yours to a cinder,

"MAC"

(Copywrite by the "Lyre", Exchange Telegraph  
Central News, and "The Rosary")

---oOo---

#### ADVERTISEMENT

Gentleman desires change of residence to quieter district. Being of quiet disposition, he is annoyed by the row kicked up by his neighbours, Mrs McNally and Mrs Tyrell, also by an Orangeman who practices playing the Lambeg in his backyard. Advertiser would like to move to quiet street, or if he could lease a piece of ground with plenty of daisies, he would build a suitable residence. Apply to Mr George Armstrong, c/o "Lyre".

# MEMOIRS OF A PHYSICIAN

by

AM. I. WRIGHT

I am profoundly proud of the fact that I received my early training in medicine as a member of the old school of rough but reliable methods. After taking my degree in the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons I graduated to the Army Service Corps. That was in the days before Chloroform and Laughing Gas, a fact of which I have reason to be thankful, as my duties of Hospital Tent Commandant at many B.B. Camps necessitate my being able to administer a local anaesthetic in the form of a marquee mawl, skillfully applied to the cranium of the patient.

In the spring of 1887 I made what I believe I may rightly call my greatest contribution to Medical Science, and the relief of my fellow man. I refer to the popular preparation known under the Nomme de Guerre of "Black Jack". This was to a certain extent a chance discovery.

I was experimenting at the time in an endeavour to find a really efficient rat poison, and had made what I considered to be a most virulent mixture containing arsenic, Laudansum, Prussic Acid, Aqua Fortis, and Jalup, which I mixed in a cup and set on the table in my laboratory to settle. I had also prepared a cup of coffee to keep myself awake during my experiments, and in an absent moment, in reaching for the cup of coffee, which I had also placed on the table, I picked up the wrong cup, and before I realised my error, I had swallowed the entire poisonous mixture. Imagine my horror! I could feel the venom taking its effect in my vitals. I was moved by the urgency of my plight. Something must be done at once. My first instinct was to rush for the door and escape into the great outer world, but I, restraining myself, grabbed some paper. I began to write feverishly describing my symptoms, so that my colleagues might benefit by my all too tragic experience.

The rest of the story is familiar. I recovered - to receive the signal honour of F.Z. S. (Borstal) from the Medical Association, the Freedom of Ganaway, and the Certificate of Merit from the Boiler Makers and Plumbers' Association.

AM. I. WRIGHT.



I was moved by the urgency of my plight

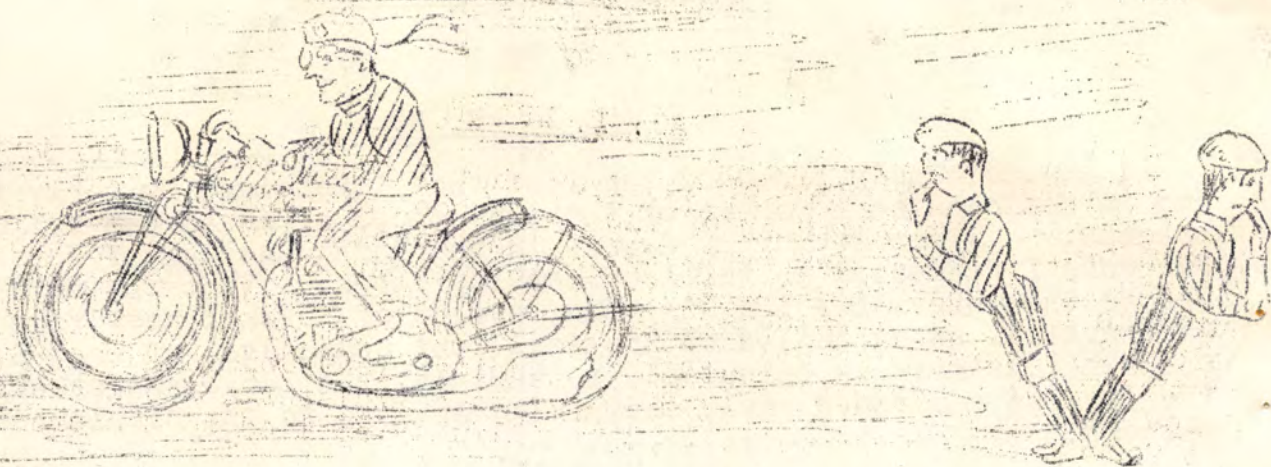
## BOTANY

by

Professor Slatoff,  
Millisle University.

Botany is the scientific study of plant life, and by adopting its principles it is possible for the gardener to make two weeds grow where only one grew before. Some people look with distain on such humble wild plants as, for instance, the dandylicon. This is a most beautiful plant, which blooms with a most striking yellow petalage. Unfortunately, owing to a totally erroneous superstition which has grown round the plant it does not grace the tables so often as it should. Its leaves make an excellent soup when boiled in seawater, a fact which many Camp Commissariat Officers have taken advantage of.

Another interesting herb is the common stinging nettle, which blooms mostly in Scotland. The uncultured natures of that country consider the nettle a great delicacy, second only to haggis and shortbread.



(Sergeant from "E" Line) - "This is Swindle --- Corks! That was"

(This sketch was submitted by Sergeant C. Gray, 39th Company, "E" Line. It looks as if we have a budding artist for the "Lyre" - Ed.)

#### OUR COMPETITION CORNER

A man entered a boot shop and bought a pair of shoes for 16/-, for which he tendered a pound note. As the shopman had no change he sent a boy next door with the pound note for change. Shortly after the customer had departed, the man next door came in and said the pound note was a bad one, and demanded another one in its place. The shoe-maker gave him a good pound note.

How much did he lose?

=====

Yesterday's problem was won by L/c J. Elliott, A8, whose answer was the first correct one received. The correct answer was £1911.9s.3½d. Several others were also correct.

\$\$\$\$

#### LIBEL ACTION

To the Editor of the "Lyre".

Sir,

We have received instructions from our esteemed client, Mr H. Fair, to recover repairs for damages caused to his personal character, the aforesaid damages being contained in a libellous and scurrilous paragraph inserted in your issue of 8th July. We would have you know that our client has at no time whatever occupied the post of Chief Paliasse Tester, as his upright character would neither lend nor sell itself to such a horizontal position. We have assessed the repairs at 100 Black & White stamps, which we hope to receive from you per return post, when, after deducting 99 stamps for legal expenses, the remaining repairs will be forwarded forthwith to Mr Fair. We also require that you shall publish an apology in an equally prominent position to the paragraph already referred to. Should you not forward the necessary repairs we shall be obliged to bring your representatives before the Board of Referees, and obtain Judgment and Costs.

We sign ourselves on behalf of our esteemed client,

Yours faithfully,

Galway, Forshaw<sup>3</sup>, & Galway, Unlimited.



# The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 10. No. 5.

Wednesday, 13th July, 1932

## EDITORIAL.

Now we come to the most important day in Camp.

Our Inspection Day is always regarded as the climax of the Camp and the culminating point of several months work on the part of the Staff.

The importance of this year's Inspection Day greatly exceeds that of previous years for many reasons.

Firstly this is the biggest Camp ever held by the Belfast Battalion. Secondly the Inspecting Officer, Major-General E. S. Girdwood, C. B., C. M. G., is the General Officer Commanding, Northern Ireland District. Thirdly we are honoured by the presence of Mr. G. Stanley Smith, Brigade Secretary and son of the Founder.

Mr. Stanley Smith knows all there is to know not only about camping but also everything concerning the B. B. in all its branches and therefore everything that is done today will be done under his critical eye. Enough to make one go all gooseflesh and weak at the knees. Isn't it !

However if everyone does his bit we are confident that none of us shall have any reason to feel ashamed of Ganaway 1932.

We extend a most cordial welcome to our Inspecting Officer --the Officers Commanding the Northern District have always been the good friends of the Battalion -- also to the Brigade Secretary and all visitors, especially our good friends resident in the district whose support we can rely on each year.

The Lyre hopes it keeps fine for you and takes the opportunity of wishing you all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year and before you go dont forget to obtain the back numbers of the Lyre otherwise your education will not be complete.

Thank You !

ooooooooooooo    oooooooooooooooooo    oooooooooooooo    oooooooooooooo  
ooooooooooooo    oooooooooooooooooo    oooooooooooooo    oooooooooooooo  
iiiiiiiiiiii    iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii    iiiiiiiiiiiiiii    iiiiiiiiiiiiiii

A WELL KNOWN OFFICER explains that his absence from Camp is owing to the following reason. He says he was seated in the train at Belfast looking forward to a week under canvas. Unfortunately the guard who blew the whistle to signal the train out had only a lentil instead of a whole pea in his whistle. The result was that only half the train moved off leaving our friend sitting there.

A Complaint has been lodged with the B. O. D. Ry..

Amazing and Startling Discovery of Ancient Parchment by our Lyre Correspondent Wrecks Fabric of Entire Social Structure in B. B. Camp.

Earl Fatigue, Baron Ganaway K. P., C. O. D., G. H. M., O. W. B., Involved in Social Crash.

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

What is believed to be the greatest social crash of the generation was revealed to us by one of our correspondents who has been making extensive excavations in the neighbourhood of the Great Pyramid Rub - Bish

While carrying out the excavations one of the workers unearthed a piece of parchment with strange hieroglyphics inscribed thereon. This he forthwith handed to our correspondent who immediately recognised its value as an antiquity little thinking what its contents dealt with.

To his amazement however on further perusal it turned out to be a veritable Rosetta Stone revealing the meaning of the letters attached to the title of 'Earl Fatigue, Baron Ganaway'.

We are justly proud of our tremendous discovery and do not hesitate to expose the false position which has been occupied by a member of the Co- Misery Dept. We refer to Lieut. Winters, previously and erroneously known Earl Fatigue, Baron Ganaway, K. P., C. O. D., G.H.M., O. W. B.,

The parchment has now given us the key to the translation of these obscure titles which we give here in full and in their order.

K. P., Keeper of the Peas (Note- These are the special peas as used in the whistles of highly placed officers of the Staff. Ed.)

C. O. D. Captain of the Day.

G. H. M., General Handy Man.

O. W. B., Order of the Whistle Blowers.

It will be seen from this that the title Earl Fatigue, Baron Ganaway belongs by right of succession to the Officers of the Day and has been usurped for years past by another officer whom we must give the credit of having occupied his false position unknowingly although he did delight therein.

In consequence, Lieut. Winters who will forthwith be known by that name, has been called upon by the Powers that Be to surrender the pea of his whistle or abide the consequences.

This discovery also gives the Captain of the Day complete control of the Fatigue Orderlies and in future Lieut. Winters will not be able to demand 75% of the Fatigue Squad, as was his practice heretofore.

We now respectfully acknowledge and salute the new and true succession of Earls of Fatigue and will endeavour in all things to respect their wishes and uphold their cause.

We would wish to state in conclusion that this crash does not involve the removal of the Freedom of the Crystal Palace conferred on Lieut. Winters as a mark of the little esteem of his brother officers.

This order was conferred some years ago when Lieut. Winters was in a position of great stress. The medical staff of the Camp also associated themselves with the freedom conferred at that time and still contribute to it without stint or reserve.

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo  
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo  
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

# CAMP INSPECTION PROGRAMME

WEDNESDAY, 13th JULY, at 3.30 p.m.

Inspecting Officer - Major-General E.S. Girdwood, C.B., C.M.G.,  
General Officer Commanding, Northern Ireland Dist.

-----  
The Brigade Secretary, Mr. G. Stanley Smith, M.C., will also be present.  
-----

## P R O G R A M M E

Camp Companies will form up in their Lines and march on their Markers at the Flag-Staff to form two Battalions in Close Column of Companies.

The Inspecting Officer will be received by the Commanding Officer, and will proceed to inspect the Camp Lines, Hospital Tent, Messes, and Cookhouse.

During the Inspecting Officer's Tour the Battalions will move off and form Line facing the Saluting Base, the Silver Band will give selections, and the Bugle Band will countermarch.

The following programme will then be proceeded with --

- (1) Battalions in Close Column.
- (2) The Inspecting Officer will be received with the General Salute.
- (3) The Inspecting Officer will inspect the ranks.
- (4) Each Battalion will form Close Column of Companies in readiness for the March Past.
- (5) Each Battalion will March Past in Column.
- (6) The Battalions will form Close Column of Battalions in rear of former alignment,
- (7) The Battalions will advance.
- (8) A humorous Interlude.
- (9) Sports events-  
Finals of 100yds. Senior and Junior. } For names &  
Final of Tent Pitching Competition. } numbers see  
Final of Inter-Line Tug-o'-War. } back page.
- (10) Hollow Square will be formed.
- (11) Inspecting Officer's Remarks.
- (12) National Anthem.

At the Conclusion of the Programme, Afternoon Tea will be served in the Large Marquee at a charge of 6d. per head.

Music by the 55th Old Boys Prize Silver Band.

))-----((  
C A M P F A C T S.

- 1) The Belfast Battalion has been holding Camps such as the present almost annually since 1904. The Camping Ground of 12 acres is the property of the Battalion, the late Rev. R.H.S. Cooper's generosity being largely responsible for its acquisition.
- 2) The present Camp is the largest ever held by the Battalion, there being a total strength of 890, not including cooks and washers.
- 3) Home Companies pay 21/- on behalf of each Boy. This does not meet the full cost of the Camp, which could not be held without the generous support of the public. Y O U are cordially invited to become a subscriber to the Camp Funds. Subscriptions will be received in Camp by Mr. J.D. Forshaw, Camp Treasurer, or may be sent to Mr. E.J. Garrett, Hon. Batt. Treas., B.B. Office, 8 Linenhall St., Belfast.

C A M P S T A F F.

Commanding Officer- Mr. R. Lowry West, Capt. 32nd Belfast Coy.  
Major- Mr. George Crawford, Capt. 9th Belfast Coy.  
Chaplain- Rev. Wm. Chestnutt, M.A., Chaplain, 42nd Belfast Coy.  
Adjutant- Mr. J. Dorward, Lieut. 21st Belfast Coy.

## CAMP CELEBRITIES INTERVIEWED

NO. III

The Chiefs of the Comm-  
issariat Department.

Wandering round the Camp, note book in pocket, a nicely sharpened pencil, ready to be produced at a moment's notice, seeking, as it were, "Someone to Devour". I arrived at the Cookhouse, attracted doubtless by the appetising smell arising from the boilers. Here, seated in solemn conclave, I espied these two gentlemen, Messrs. Finney and Craig. "Here," I said to myself, "is some material for a hot article on Camp Life.

"Just about time you were dropping in to where you can get some really valuable information as to what is done for the comfort of all who live in this Camp. We have read the two previous articles and while the C.O. goes on dreaming, and the Adjutant losing himself, etc., this is the place where you will be told what is done to make the wheels of the Camp run smoothly. Yes, we are glad you have called as we both felt that the general public had little or no information as to what is done here," said Mr Finney in his usual austere manner.

"Well, let's see what the gentleman wants," said Mr Craig, dropping a raisin which he had been examining through a magnifying glass. "Come right in."

"I would like to know what stocks of various foodstuffs you lay in to provide for the creature comforts of this vast crowd," I said.

"You had better answer that, Mr Craig," said Mr Finney, "you are the statistician."

"Well, to provide for the porridge, we have secured all the new season's crop of Wafer Oats that White, Tompkins, & Courage possessed. We have had on the grass here for some considerable time 1,000 head of Prime Bully Beef Cattle, and 5,000 head of chilled mutton, in the form of sheep, to provide the meat used. We have a large poultry farm in China, from where we get our egg supplies. We have taken over the Co-op Dairy this week, so you see that we not only pasture our own beef and mutton, but we pasturise our milk."

"What do you do when the milk supply runs short," I asked.

"We keep a reserve stock of milk cows in these boxes over there," was the answer, "and there is a good pump in the yard, isn't there?"

"There are other things required besides beef and mutton and milk," I said; "what about potatoes, isn't that a problem," I remarked.

"Not a bit of it," said Mr Finney, breaking into the conversation "the farmers around about here are so fond of the B.B. that every year they plant several acres of potatoes quite close to the camp, and it is quite easy for the Night Patrol!" At this Mr Craig jumped up and overturned a bucket, the noise of which distracted our attention from the subject of conversation for a moment, and said, "I think I had better answer the questions, Mr Finney. I think you are rather indiscreet!"

"What about fish, gentlemen," I asked. "How do you get your supplies. "Oh, easily enough. We send the additional members of the Staff down to the Ganaway Burn, where with nets, fishing rods, and guddling, we get sufficient salmon to supply not only the Camp, but McAnally and Maybin and others who live in the neighbourhood.

Just as I was about to put a question re bread, a cold blast seemed to come through the doorway. I found Winter had rushed in, very red in the face.

(Continued on Page 5)



NURSERY RHYMES UP TO DATE

Mary had a little lamb,  
So tame 'twas quite a pet;  
That lamb took ill - so very ill,  
She took it to the vet.

The vet, he felt its pulse and said,  
"Alas, its number's up.  
Your lamb, my girl's been poisoned.  
Its just like a poisoned pup."

But Mary was a canny lass,  
And adverse to all waste.  
She took the corpse to a butcher,  
To raise money on the baste.

The butcher held his nose and said,  
"Take it away, my child.  
This thing it is not fit to eat."  
(His words were not so mild).

So Mary took it to the Camp,  
Not far from Donaghadee,  
And sold it to Mr Finney,  
For the Staff Sergeant's tea.

The 'Staffs' soon got outside that lamb,  
It harmed them not a jot.  
For they are proof 'gainst any ill,  
For they're a rowdy lot.

The moral of the tale is this -  
Though Mary lost her lamb,  
She'd money to buy another one,  
And the 'Staffs' don't care a -- little bit,  
For they're a rowdy lot.

---oOo---

CAMP CELEBRITIES INTERVIEWED - No. III (Continued)

Jumping up, Mr Finney was just in time to catch him in his arms as he fell fainting forward, but just before he lost consciousness he murmured, "Pea-Whistle." Quick to put into practice what he had learned in the ambulance classes, Mr Craig forced apart the clenched jaws of Winter, and deftly crooking his finger, extracted from the throat of the patient the pea of the whistle which Mr Winter so gracefully wields in the officers' Mess. The obstacle being removed, the patient quickly recovered his breath, and soon was all right again.

-ooooooooo-

The following post-card has been received by the C.O. -

Dear C.O. and Officers,

I trust by this time you are all settled under canvas at Ganaway. I hope to pay a flying visit to you all in Camp again this year.

Owing to the presence again this year of Messrs Winters, Armstrong, & Forshaw, I feel my visit would be conducive to the smooth running of the Camp. I intend to drop in some evening after supper, and if owing to pressure of business, my visit is hurried, I hope you will pardon the inconvenience of my departure before "Reveille". I shall never forget the pleasant week I spent at Ganaway with Mr Winters in 1930, or the hectic night I passed last year with Mr Forshaw, and the excitement when he hastened me away in the early hours of



STUDY OF MR F.J. PARKINSON INCITING "J" LINE  
TO GREATER EFFORTS

COMPETITION

To-day our problem does not concern mathematics, being somewhat in the nature of a little mental exercise.

A traveller journeying across the desert came across two horsemen. "What are you standing here for," he asked them, and they did not move. "Sir," they replied, we are from a city umpteen miles distant and having had a dispute about our horses we have to race from here back to our city, and the man who owns the horse than wins shall be put to death - hence we are afraid to start. What shall we do?"

The traveller replied in two words, and in a second the two horsemen were racing back to the city as hard as they could go. What were the two words?

YESTERDAY'S COMPETITION

The nearest correct solution was sent in by Private C. McClements, E5, who therefore wins the prize. The shopkeeper lost 4/- and a pair of shoes.

---000---

SPORTS FINALS.

100 yards Junior

|     |    |      |            |                      |    |
|-----|----|------|------------|----------------------|----|
| No. | 1. | Pte. | W. Hoy.    | 1st Belfast Company. | A2 |
| "   | 2. | "    | W.J.Allen. | 27th " "             | G1 |
| "   | 3. | "    | J. Carr.   | 24th " "             | O9 |
| "   | 4. | "    | Roy White. | 13th " "             | D1 |
| "   | 5. | "    | S. Sayle.  | 4th " "              | I9 |
| "   | 6. | "    | W. Scott.  | 44th " "             | J3 |
| "   | 7. | L/c. | D. Walsh.  | 37th " "             | E3 |

100 yards Senior

|     |    |      |               |                      |    |
|-----|----|------|---------------|----------------------|----|
| No. | 1. | Pte. | C. Martin.    | 36th Belfast Company | B7 |
| "   | 2. | Cpl. | J. Rea.       | 27th " "             | G3 |
| "   | 3. | "    | F.L.Gibson.   | 1st Downpatrick "    | G7 |
| "   | 4. | "    | L.F.Stewart.  | 13th Belfast Company | D2 |
| "   | 5. | "    | A.Kilpatrick. | 22nd " "             | G2 |
| "   | 6. | Sgt. | R. Gowdy.     | 22nd " "             | G2 |

TUG OF WAR FINAL

"C" Line v. "E" Line.



# The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 10. No. 6.

Thursday, 14th July, 1932.

## EDITORIAL

Yesterday's proceedings were spoiled somewhat by the 'Gentle Rain from Heaven'. However, as the Inspecting Officer seemed genuinely impressed, and as we have all survived, we need not worry. We were glad to see so many visitors in Camp, and trust they will realise that they saw the Camp under the worst possible conditions, and that they will not form any hasty opinions about camping.

To-night's Sing-Song will start under a handicap, as owing to the inclemency of the weather so many impromptu concerts have already been held. However, we understand that a fine programme has been arranged, and we are sure that it will be appreciated. We extend our sympathy to the Sing-Song organiser, Mr George Bradshaw, who is languishing in bed in the Hospital Tent with rheumatics - and Mr Wright.



Photograph of  
MR GEORGE FORSHAW,  
at the age of 12 months.  
(Published by courtesy of  
Virol, Limited).

-----oOo-----  
The members of the Lodge (Ganaway L.O.L) would respectfully ask our distinguished visitor if he meant what he said yesterday morning when he addressed the members of the Officers' Mess as "Gentlemen - and members of the Grand Lodge."

## BRIGADE SECRETARY INITIATED INTO ORANGE ORDER

The Brigade Secretary, Mr G. Stanley Smith, was to-day received into the Ganaway L.O.L. The Lodge entered the Officers' Mess in procession, headed by a drum and fife party, followed by the Worshipful Grand Master, and the District Master. The Lodge turned out in full regalia, complete with banner, and the Jewel was carried on a gorgeous plush cushion by the District Master.

The pledge was then taken by the initiate, and he was decorated with the Sash of the Order and a magnificent Jewel. Mr Smith spoke in moving terms of his appreciation of the high honour conferred upon him, and hoped that his example would be followed by members of the Staff.

The new member then took his place in the procession, which moved off to the Lodge Room for his first sitting.

GANAWAY L.O.L. (HOPE OF ISHMAEL)

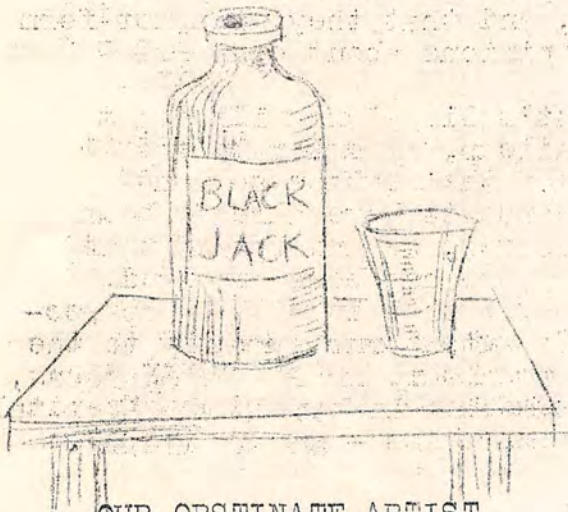
A CANARD EXPOSED

The statement made in Tuesday's "Lyre" that an agreement has been reached in the Religious Controversy going on between the members of the Ganaway Grand Lodge and His Holiness the Cardinal Legate is only worthy of your paper.

I want on behalf of the Lodge to state that there has been no meeting between the parties, therefore there has been no agreement. There has never been an agreement, and there will never be an agreement. The Grand Lodge sits where it did, the Flag is still flying, our motto is still.- "No Papal Ring, No Combines, No Surrender". We will not be sold, we will not bow the knee to the usurper. Therefore we, the members of the Lodge demand that you publish this denial otherwise we will be reluctantly compelled to ask the Camp Staff to get rid of the "Lyre" who would print such an atrocious falsehood.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. W.M.  
J.N. (Diehard) DIXON. D.M.

---oOo---



OUR OBSTINATE ARTIST was asked to draw "A Prime Mover" and this is what he drew.

Last night a Scotch officer went up to Belfast to have a tooth extracted. (He evidently did not appreciate the special painless methods used in the Hospital Tent). It was very late when he arrived at the dentist's house.

"How much do ye charge for extractions," he asked.

"Half-a-crown", replied the dentist. "But as I'll have to use gas it will be ten shillings.

"Och, in that case," spoke up the braw Hieland laddie, "I'll come back in the morning, and you can take it out in daylight.

AN ESSAY ON A HORSE

BY Private A. Lyttle Weakontop

The horse is the most useful animal in the world. So is the bull. I once knew a fellow who bought a goose for two marbles and a bit of Finney's plum duff. A horse has ten legs (two fore legs and two hind legs). A calf is a cow's pup. I once knew a man who had a papal bull. I think Mr Saunders would be a good man to wash giraffes. Some foolish men think the horse is not warm enough, so they put their shirt on it. A horse has two eyes and a nose - so has a rabbit. A fellow from our tent had one, and because I would not let him keep it in the tent he bored a hole in my kitbag.

(This must have been the horse that was on parade yesterday. Ed.

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo  
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

(The old guard)

Things we want to know - Could Mr McVicker inform us which of his officers is running a barber's shop in the Camp?

SING-SONG PROGRAMME

Selections by 55th Old Boys' Band from 7.30 till 7.45.

CHOIR..... "J" Line.  
SOLO..... Mr W.L. Doggart.  
RECITATION..... Pte. H. Lee.  
SOLO..... Mr J. Spottiswoode.  
Mandoline DUET ..... Cpls. Best & Lyttle ("H")  
SOLO..... Mr R. A. McAnally.  
VIOLIN SOLO..... Mr B. Latimer.  
SOLO..... Mr J. Ellis. (Capt. 57th Co)  
ENTERTAINER ..... Mr H. Ince.  
SOLO..... Mr A. Gabbey.  
PIANO ACCORDIAN SOLO..... Mr J. Moore.  
ENTERTAINER..... Master Jerry Neville.

Selections by 55th Old Boys' Band.

SOLO..... Mr Doggart.  
SOLO..... Mr J. Spottiswoode.  
SOLO..... Mr McAnally.  
Violin Solo..... MR B. Latimer.  
Entertainer..... Mr H. Ince.  
Piano Accordion..... Mr J. Moore.

=NATIONAL ANTHEM=

--oOo--

We would like to know who takes Tent Inspection in the washers tents. Is it Mr Willis, the head cook, or Lieut. Winters?

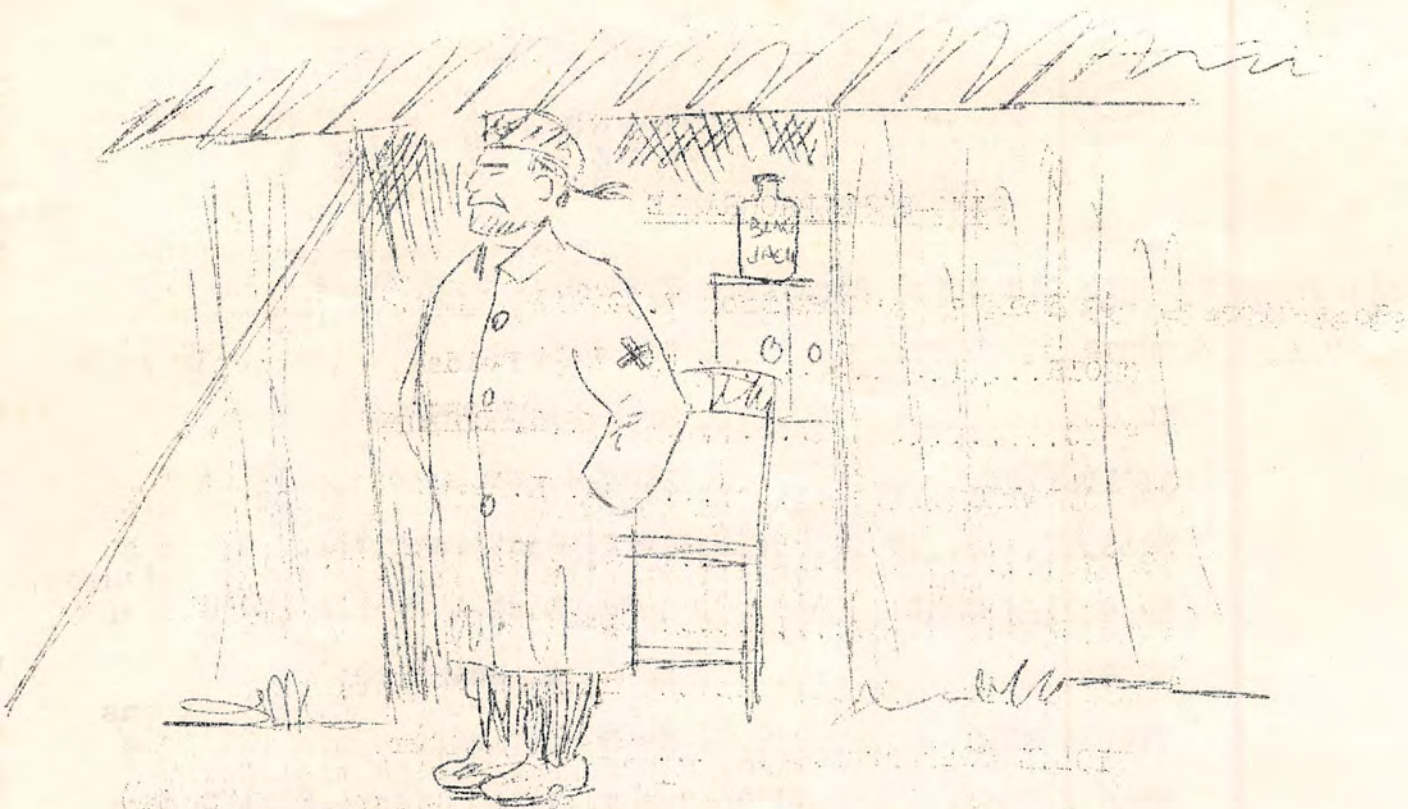
TO-DAY'S PROBLEM

To-day's problem for a boy in "I" Line is "How to open his kit-bag?" He purchased a nice big pad-lock for his kit yesterday, put the key in his trouser pockets, put the trousers in the kit bag, and snapped the lock to keep them safe. A Houdini is wanted for this job.

=====

1st Staffie - "Did you see that girl who passed? She smiled at me."

2nd Staffie - "That's nothing, the first time I saw you I laughed out loud, but I've got used to you now."



The Silent Watcher - Ever Hopeful.

### COMPETITION

As so many readers had brain storms yesterday we are setting another mental exercise to-day.

"A Jew opened a little furniture shop. To his dismay a man opened a very big furniture store next door to him, and erected a big sign "E. BROWN, FURNITURE". To make matters worse, a short time afterwards a brother of E. Brown opened up another big store on the other side of Ikey's shop, and put out a big sign "B. BROWN, FURNITURE". Ikey could do no business at all against such opposition. At last he had an idea. He put a sign above his shop, with only two words on it, and immediately people began to crowd into his shop. What were the two words?

### AUNT EMILY'S CORNER

Love Knots untied by our heart specialist

Carson, "G" Line - You say she has stopped going out with you. Well! She has probably seen you in daylight.

Hughie, "I" Line - You say you contemplate matrimony. No, it does not take much to feather a nest, only a little down (to the furniture dealer).

William, "K" Line - No, you do not require to show your Bank Book to your prospective father-in-law, as he will be satisfied with your 'Burroo' Book, but see that you have the full 26 stamps thereon.

Jack, "A" Line - You say that when you meet your girl you have been unable to speak to her, as a lump rises in your throat. This seems to be caused by your having an enlarged heart. Why not share it with another?

-----oOo-----

### YESTERDAY'S COMPETITION.

This was won by Lance Corporal Bradley, D2, whose answer was the first correct one received. The answer was "Change Horses".



# The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY

PLATE ONE FANNY

Vol. 10. No. 7.

Friday, 15th July 1932.

## EDITORIAL

We are now practically at the end of our Camp, and fortunately the weather seems to have picked up in an effort to make up for its early failures. We hope it scorches from now until we arrive back in Belfast.



SPORTS DAY.

The "Sing-Song" last night was one of the best we have had for some time, although we think that fewer encores should be given, and the show made "snappier".

We are sorry that Mr G. Stanley Smith was not able to stay longer with us. We believe he was really very favourably impressed with all he saw. We hope we will have him with us in future years not too distant.

To-night, the last night in Camp, will be a regular "blow-out" for all. The last night in Camp has always been the occasion of much merrymaking in camp, and this will be no exception. While wishing all our readers the best of a pleasant evening, we nevertheless advise them not to overdo the gorging process, as to-morrow will be a long and very heavy day. We would also urge everybody to get as much sleep as possible to-night. Not that we expect you to take this good advice. No one heeds the "Lyre".

Back numbers of the "Lyre" can still be obtained. Readers who desire to take home a complete set should apply early to-day, as despite all warning there is always a rush for back numbers, and as the number is somewhat limited, some may get disappointed. Apply early at the "Lyre" tent.

---oOo---

## POTTED PERSONALITIES

Mr. ELLIS.

Mr Ellis was the unfortunate victim of a careless nurse, who, suffering from extremely short sight, weaned him on vinegar and forgot to wash him in "Lux" with the result that not only did he shrink somewhat in the washing, but also grew up a little pickled.

His mental capacities fortunately remained unimpaired by these misfortunes, while his vocal chords and sense of humour increased in inverse proportion.

|||||  
|||||  
|||  
|

To the Editor of the "Camp Lyre"

We, the Tent sergeants of "G" Line, representing the cream of the camp, demand an unqualified apology for the caricature of our Line Captain in yesterday's issue. Failing your compliance with our demands, we shall have no alternative but ask the C.O. to repress the paper. (Signatures appended).

## A VISION OF THE FUTURE

GANAWAY, 1982

The Officer of the day sat up in bed, and looked at his watch. 9.15! Turning on his elbow, he quickly selected a gramophone record from a rack at his side. This he placed on a large radio-gram at his side, and immediately throughout the camp the rousing strains of "Reveille" through the giant amplifiers were heard. Inside a few minutes the boys' lines were alive. From all the tents came the sound of water splashing as the boys turned on the shower baths provided in each tent.

When the boys had partaken of breakfast, cooked by electricity, and delivered to each table by a system of electric service hatches, the C.O. announced that Tent Inspection would be taken by the Sanitary Inspector for Co. Down, after which there would be a bathing parade in the open air pool, specially heated to a constant temperature

This was all very much enjoyed, and after dinner the Adjutant announced that he had arranged a series of excursions. One was by aeroplane to Blackpool, if sufficient boys desired to go. The second would be by express rocket plane to the Pyramids, where, if conditions were favourable, it was hoped the boys might be allowed on the Pyramid. A Special Excursion for senior boys to Spitsbergen to see the Midnight Sun had also been arranged.

At this point a message came for the C.O. to go at once to the Hospital Tent. At the entrance he was met by Mr Wright. "It's a success," said the Hospital Tent Commandant. "We have just performed an operation for appendicitis. An X-Ray photograph soon showed us what was wrong.

During the evening, as it rained heavily, talking pictures and television relays were shown in the big marquee. A report from Tent Y16 that the electric had fused necessitated sending an electrician to put the matter right. The services of a plumber were also required in D18 and Q3, where the water supply was obstructed.

All bugle calls were played on the Radia-Gram through amplifiers, which also supplied continuous music from morning till night.

---oOo---

### CAMP HOWLERS

A skeleton is someone with his inside out and his outside off.

Jerusalem was surrounded with walls to keep in the "Milk and honey."

The spine is a chain of bones. Your head sits on one end and you sit on the other.

A magnet is a thing you find in cheese.

Why so much talk about the Donaghadee Lifeboat going out to the "Maidens". The Staffies are doing it every day.

---oOo---

How is it possible for a bugler to blow a "Silent" G?

Captain - "Who said 'We have <sup>o</sup> come to bury Caesar, not to praise him?'"

Private - Mr Wilton, sir!"

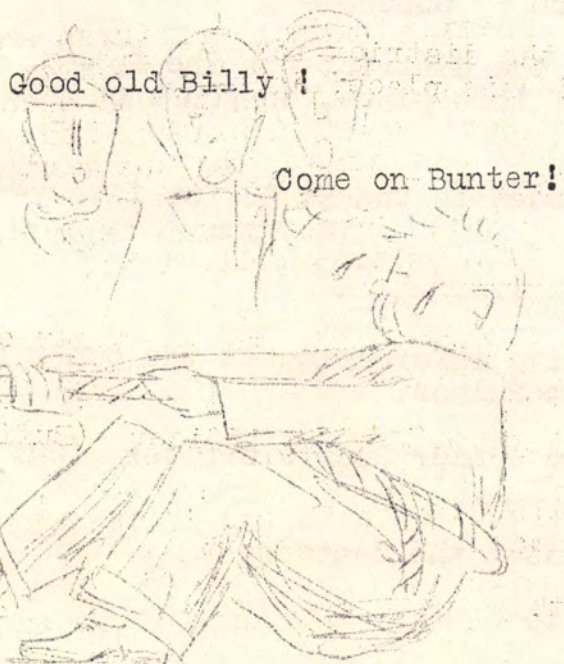


A FEW SKETCHES BY A BUDDING ARTIST.  
(Sergt. C. Gray E Line)

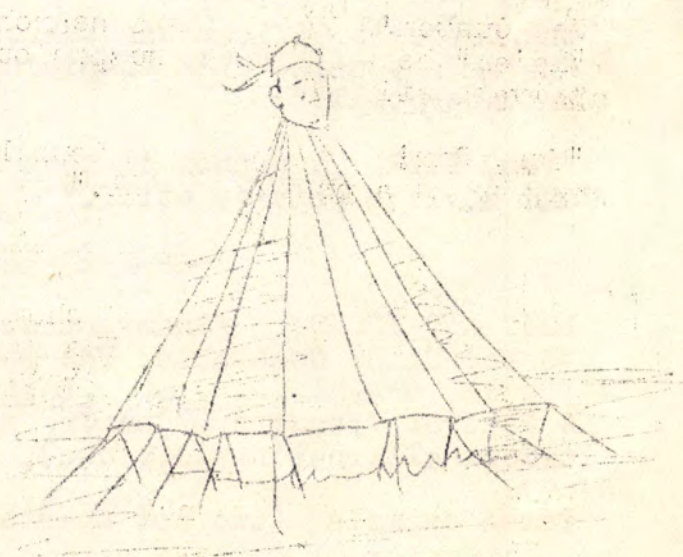


How the big boys get into Millisle  
at night.

Two privates of B Line were examining a beehive on the twelfth, wondering why they were buzzing about. Suddenly one of them let out a howl "Oo-ww--- I known now ! its an Orange Lodge Meeting One of them has just stabbed me with his deacon pole.



At last we have the B. B. Emblem Fully Explained. Sure & Ste dfast.

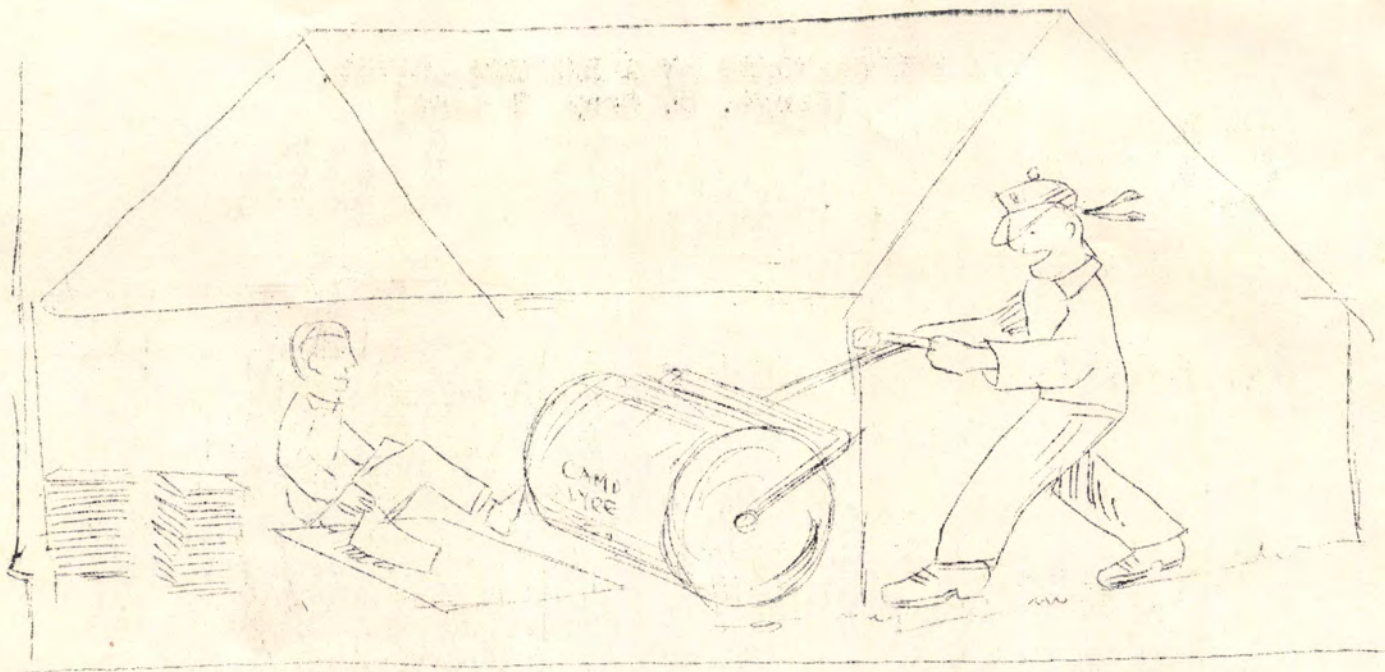


The Boys in Camp want to know does Mr. Saunders sleep Like This.

000000000  
000000000

000000000  
000000000

A VISITOR COMPLAINS that he made two attempts to enter the Camp without success. The first time he was chased out in a madly rushing throng clad in bear skins, next by a mob of about 600 boys brandishing knives and other weapons. What a pity he didn't know that they were only going for a swim and coming out from dinner.



HOW I THINK THE "LYRE" IS PRINTED. (By Sgt. G.G)

-----ooooooooo-----ooooooooooooo-----ooooooooooooo-----ooooooooooooo-----

We trust the C. O. and Staff may act on Mr. Stanley Smith's suggestion and adopt the recognised bugle calls. This morning the Officer of the Day not recognising Reville failed to hoist the flags. Had it not been for the Adjutant the boys might have been denied the delights of walking about the Camp at Retreat when by order they should face the Flag Staff and stand to attention.

J.N.D.

oooooo      oooooo      oooooo

The Custom's Officer was searching the district for the Poteen makers "Ma'am" he said " I'm suspicious of this place, do you know of a private still?"

"Yes, Sir! My nephew in town has been in the B. B. for five years and he is a private still."

-----  
 LOST AND FOUND. Finders should give information to the owner or to the Chief Constable, The Crystal Palace.

Lost.

A Pair of Trousers belonging to the Junior Sports Officer (Buff colour alternating to Stone).

Three caramels (two not started) near the Canteen.

A lot of Officers on Thursday Night.

Found

In the Boy's Lines--- A shaving brush---A butterfly collar.

In the Staffies Lines-- A tube of mustache wax--- some scented note paper.

COMPETITION.

The answer to yesterdays competition was "MAIN ENTRANCE" which was sent in by a large number of competitors.  
 The winner was Pte. Bradley--H Line.

We have decided not to have any competition today as the editor thinks everyone will be too busy to compete.

88888      88888      88888      88888  
 11111      11111      11111      11111



# The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Volume 10. No. 8.

Saturday, 16th July, 1932.

## EDITORIAL

Alas, it has come at last to the final day, and we must strike Camp. Like the Assyrian - or is it the Arabian, or some other guy - we must 'fold our tents and silently steal away'. The "Lyre" once more utters up its valedictory twang, and will shortly go to earth to sleep through the cold grey months of winter. Our existence is brief, though gay, and we rest content in the knowledge that we have sustained our reputation as a journal of high ideals and unquestioned veracity (!)

We do not believe in ending up in a sorrowful strain, but rather prefer to leave the literary field in regalia and with all flags flying.

(Impression left by  
Mr Forshaw's feet)

What the Camp will look  
like after we have gone

Many there are who have been the victims of our criticism and our wit. We offer no apology, but rather consider that these gentlemen should feel highly honoured, as we direct our shafts at only those who are sufficiently protected by a natural sense of honour to withstand the assault. In particular, we would tender our regards to Mr Wright, Black Jack, and Lieut. Winters (formerly Earl Fatigue), who probably stand the brunt of the attack. These three are more than personalities - they are institutions, and Camp would not be the same without them. The Ganaway L.O.L. is, of course, an institution - or was - as its status is at present very doubtful, mainly owing to its members taking a leaf out of Mr De Valera's book in efforts to muzzle the Press.

The Editor wishes to thank all who contributed to the success of this Journal, especially his Staff, who worked so untiringly, and the several outsiders who dropped in occasionally to lend a hand, and also those who sent contributions, especially Mr S.J. Platt, Mr George Forshaw, and Mr Fred Galway, and last but not least, the boys who sold the "Lyre". We thank you one and all, and hope to renew your acquaintance next year.

Until then - Au Reservoir!

---oOo---

Mr George Armstrong begs to inform readers that on and after to-day, he will do all moving, as Black Jack has given up business. We trust he will do his work as speedily and efficiently as his predecessor.

## SPORTS RESULTS

### 100 yards (Senior) H'cap

1. Cor. F.L.Gibson. 1st D'ptk. C7
2. Ser. A.Kirkpatrick. 22nd Bel. G2
3. L/c. J.E. Rea. 27th Belfast. C3

### 100 yards (Junior) H'cap

1. L/c. D. Walsh. 37th Coy. E3
2. Pte. Thos. Saye. 49th " I9
3. Pte. Roy White. 13th " D1

### 220 yards (Senior) H'cap

1. Cor. F.L.Gibson. 1st D'ptk. C7
2. L/c. J. E. Rea. 27th Coy. C3
3. Cor. L.F.Stewart. 13th Coy. D2

### 220 yards (Junior) H'cap

1. L/c. D. Walsh. 37th Coy. E3
2. Pte. T. Wilson. 1st Coy. A1
3. Pte. Jas. Carr. 24th Coy. C9

### 440 yards (Junior) H'cap

1. L/c. D. Walsh. 37th Coy. E3
2. Pte. J. McDowell. 22nd Coy. G1
3. Pte. J. Carr. 24th Coy. C9

### 1/2 mile (Senior) H'cap

1. Cor. F.L.Gibson. 1st D'ptk. C7
2. Sgt. A.Kirkpatrick. 22nd Coy. G2
3. L/c. J.E. Rea. 27th Coy. C3

### Novelty Race

1. (Cor. F.L.Gibson. 1st D'ptk. C7  
Sgt. G.A. Smith. 24th Coy. C9)
2. (Sgt. R. Gowdy. 22nd Coy. G2  
L/c. H. Davison. 29th Coy. G9)

### High Jump (Junior)

1. L/c. V. Peres. 31st Coy. A9
2. Pte. Roy White. 13th Coy. D1

### Balloon Race

1. Pte. G. Wilson. 66th Coy. I6
2. Pte. J. Robinson. 20th Coy. F2

### Tent Pitching Competition

1. Tie between "C" & "D" Line.
2. "F" Line.

### SWIMMING

#### 30 yds. H'cap (Junior) Free Style

1. Pte. James Wray. 32nd Coy. D5
2. Pte. C. Cardwell. 19th Coy. J9
3. Pte. J. Carson. 42nd Coy. H3

#### 30 yds. H'cap (Breast stroke)

1. Pte. J. Carson. 42nd Coy. H3
2. Pte. W.J. Allen. 27th Coy. C3
3. L/c. James Waugh. 62nd Coy. H5

#### 30 yds. H'cap (Sen) Free style

1. Pte. F. McNeill. 20th Coy. F3
2. Pte. C. Moore. 32nd Coy. D8
3. Sgt. M. Mercer. 28th Coy. G5

#### 50 yds. H'cap (Sen) Breast stl.

1. L/c. J. E. Rea. 27th Coy. C3
2. Sgt. M. Mercer. 28th Coy. G5
3. Cor. F. Ashby. 7th Coy. I1

### Long Jump (Senior)

1. Cor. F.L.Gibson. 1st D'pt. C7.
2. Sgt. A.Kirkpatrick. 22nd Coy. G2.
3. L/c. J.E. Rea. 27th Coy. C3.

### Long Jump (Junior)

1. Pte. Roy White. 13th Coy. D1
2. Pte. Jas. M'Dowell. 22nd Coy. G1
3. Pte. John Kelly. 22nd Coy. D1

### Throwing Cricket Ball (Junior)

1. Pte. J. McDowell. 22nd Coy. G1
2. L/c. V. Peres. 31st Coy. A9
3. Pte. E. Connor. 13th Coy. D1

### Throwing Cricket Ball (Senior)

1. Sgt. S.S. Kennedy. 1st Lisburn I3
2. Cor. F. McMurray. 9th Coy. F5

### Sack Race (Junior)

1. Pte. R. Morrison. 33rd Coy. C8
2. Pte. J. Robinson. 20th Coy. F2

### Sack Race (Senior)

1. Cpl. F.L.Gibson. 1st D'ptk. C7
2. L/c. J.E. Rea. 27th Coy. C3

### Wheelbarrow Race (Senior)

1. (Sgt. S.M'Reavie. 22nd Coy. G1  
Sgt. R. Gowdy. 22nd Coy. G1)
2. (Cor. F.L.Gibson. 1st D'ptk. C7  
L/c. J.E. Rea. 27th Coy. C3)

### Obstacle Race

1. L/c. H. Davison. 29th Coy. G9
2. L/c. A. Dickson. 28th Coy. G6
3. Sgt. A.Kirkpatrick. 22nd Coy G2

### Inter-line Relay Race

Won by "C" Line.

Tug-of-War Championship - Won  
by "C" Line, who defeated  
"E" Line.

### Football Championship

Won by "F" Line

### 5-a-side Football Competition

Won by "D" Line

### Cross Country Race

- 1st. Sgt. J. Ewart. 27th Coy. C1
- 2nd. Sgt. A.Kirkpatrick. 22nd. G2
- 3rd. L/c. J. E. Rea. 27th Coy. C3

### LINE COMPETITION

Won by "C" Line 390 marks  
2nd - "G" Line 195 marks

### Individual Camp Championship

WON BY

L/c. F. L. Gibson, C7,  
1st Downpatrick Coy. 150  
L/c. J. E. Rea, C3,  
27th Belfast Coy. 110

CAMP LYRE SOUVENIR OF GANAWAY 1932.

A PICTORIAL REMINDER.



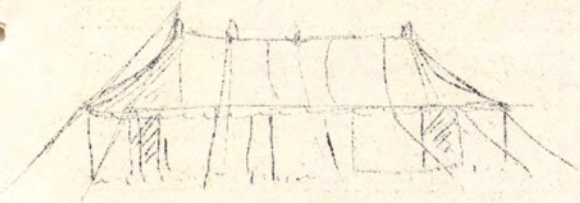
1. Your tent



2. Your groundsheet.



3. Your pailiasse



4. The Mess Tent.



5. The Canteen.



6. Hospital Tent.



7. Sample of Black Jack



8. The Crystal Palace.



9. G. C.'s Belt.



10. The Flagstaff.



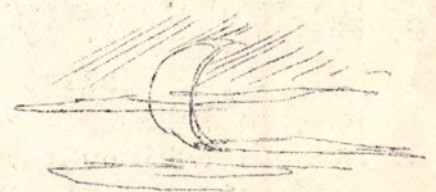
11. The Post Box.



12. Rain.



13. Sun.



14. Moon (seen by night patrol)



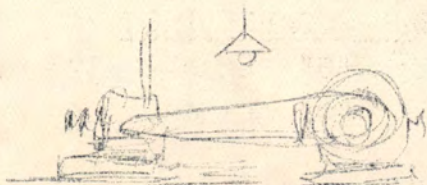
15. Warwig.



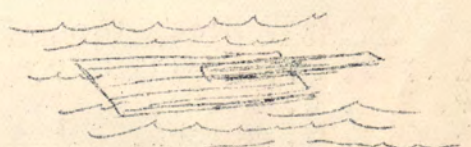
16. Boiled Egg.



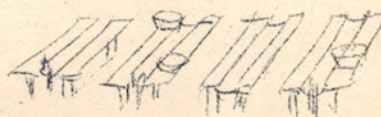
17. Plum Duff.



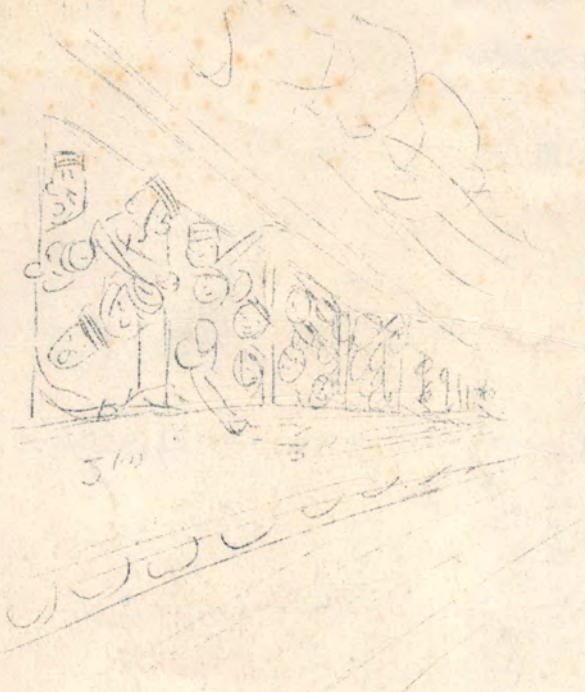
18. Electric Station.



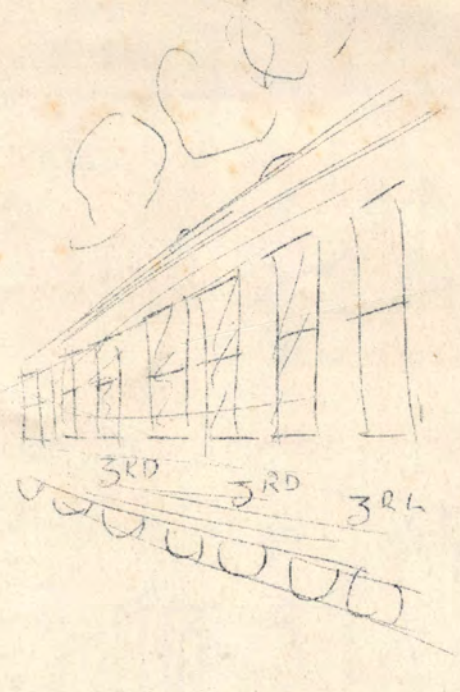
19. Sea with raft.



20. The Wash.



THE TRAIN AS IT  
APPEARED COMING TO GANAWAY.



SAME TRAIN  
GOING HOME TODAY.

We regret to learn that Mr. Allen of the 55th Old Boy's Band has had to attend at the Hospital Tent to get his chest reinforced with sticking plaster. It is understood that he was trying to get a high G on his cornet when his tonsils back-fired into his carburettor causing his diaphragm to shift thus restricting the hearts action. No further bulletin will be issued.

HEARD IN THE LOUNGE TENT.

"Oh, Mr. Currie what big eyebrows you've got".



the squads of boys running to and from the cookhouse and washing up and so forth. Then, getting a bit above himself, he let go a couple of spools on the officers at feeding time-- I mean at the officers tea in their little marquee"

"That rhymes" I said "But I dont follow. What harm did it do?"

Well you see, this quarter bloke didn't stop at taking photographs. He had his pictures made into lantern slides and handed them round to the battalion for lectures to popularise camping. And it wasn't until the boys of some six companies expressed their intention of paying no more into the camp fund that it was noticed that one half of those lantern-slides showed boys working and the other half officers eating. I think myself that that was why cameras were forbidden in the Great War".

S. J. P.

...000...000...000...000...000...

THE LYRE'S WHO'S WHO.

The C. O. Name of West. Lowry of that ilk. A man of commanding presence. To be approached with awe and whose slightest utterance is best regarded as an infallable truth.

The Major. Grand Sairong of the Staff Sergeants. The only man known to get staffs to work without resorting to violence.

The Adjutant. Another name for Intelligence Officer. This does not mean that he is the most intelligent man in Camp. But he has to guage the intelligence of the other officers and accordingly appoint them to their various duties. (Perhaps this explains why so many officers appear to have nothing to do. Ed.)

The Chaplain. A great prophet from the banks of the Connswater.

The M. O. Reputed to have a good bedside manner which we hope he wont need to demonstrate this week.

Commissariat Officers. The men between us and starvation.

Quartermaster. With his assistant and assistants--assistant, which total three-quarters of a master. "Were here because they're here--".

Transport Officer. The name sounds familiar but cann ot place him. (See page 2. Ed.)

Canteen Staff. The reason we have a Hospital Tent.

Sports Officer. Does more running about than all the competitors put together.

Camp Treasurer. Sure to find a scotsman on this job. Has good teeth for testing three penny bits.

Two Half Battalion Commanders. May be only half commanders but they are all there'.

Officer I/C Visitors Teas. Open day and night. No ring. No combine.

Hon. Battalion Sect. Nuf Ged.

Bands Officer. A man of notes.

Sing Sing Organiser. Nothing to do with 'Up River' or 'The Big House'.

Press Correspondant. The man who sends what appears in todays Lyre to the Belfast papers for their tomorrows edition.

.....

THE COMBINE. (Continued).

Fortunately this dangerous situation did not materialise as, owing to a regretable lapse on the part of the founder, the members considered it convenient to fall back into the obscurity from which they ought never to have emerged.

Mr. Miller had intended coming to Camp this year but when he heard that Mr. Wilton would be present he decided otherwise knowing that gentlemans antipathy to all Combines.

#####

Ist. Private. "Here mate, There must be two dinners in thes Camp".

2nd. Private. "Why.

Ist. Private. "It says here in the handbook 'Ist Dinner Bugle' and then '2nd Dinner Bugle'. This is something like a Camp."

Willie wasn't sure whether to go to Douglas with his Da

or with his Ma to the bungalow at Kilroot

or down on farm with his aunt Maggie at Ballynahinch



Perhaps with his pals in their own private tent at Carnalea ---- but --

being a wise lad he decided

to go to Ganaway and have a good time instead.



COMPETITION.

We intend offering a small prize each day to the reader who send in a correct solution of our problem. The first correct solution opened will receive the prize. In the event of no one sending in a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the one nearest the mark.

TODAYS PROBLEM.

A man aged 30 has a son aged 5 years. The father is therefore six times as old as the boy. In five years time the father will be 35 and the son 10, or the father  $3\frac{1}{2}$  times as old as the son. In 20 years the father will be 50 years old and the son 25. That is the father is only twice as old as his son.

NOW. The question is this. How long will they have to live together before they are the same age ?

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Answers must be left in Lyre Tent today.

Boys only eligible. Put Name, Line and Tent No. at foot of your paper.

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

GRAND FREE INSURANCE SCHEME

BECOME A REGISTERED READER=

Every person in Camp should become a Registered Reader of the Lyre immediately. In past years the last day of camp always found a large queue of disconsolate readers clamouring for back numbers of the Lyre to take home. We cannot undertake to keep a supply of back numbers. **INSURE YOURSELF** against disappointment by placing your order with Lieut Briggs at the Lyre Tent **TODAY**, and by paying 4<sup>d</sup> (Boys) 8<sup>d</sup> (Officers) The Lyre will be delivered free every day as published.

REMEMBER the Lyre is the best record you can possibly have to remind you of the happy days spent at Ganaway.

SIGN TODAY and brighten your old age.

= SUPPORT THE LYRE AND THE LYRE WILL SUPPORT YOU =



## FOOTBALL SENSATION

### WELL KNOWN OFFICER "SIGNS ON" FOR SENIOR ENGLISH TEAM.

We have pleasure in announcing that Captain T. D. W. Gordon (Tommy) of the 40th Belfast Company, has signed on to play for the Crystal Palace next season. Most of our readers are aware that Mr Gordon has shown promising form in B.B. football for several years, and it is common knowledge that the directors of many big teams have had their eye on him for some time. We hasten to congratulate Mr Gordon and hope to hear great things from the Crystal Palace team next season.

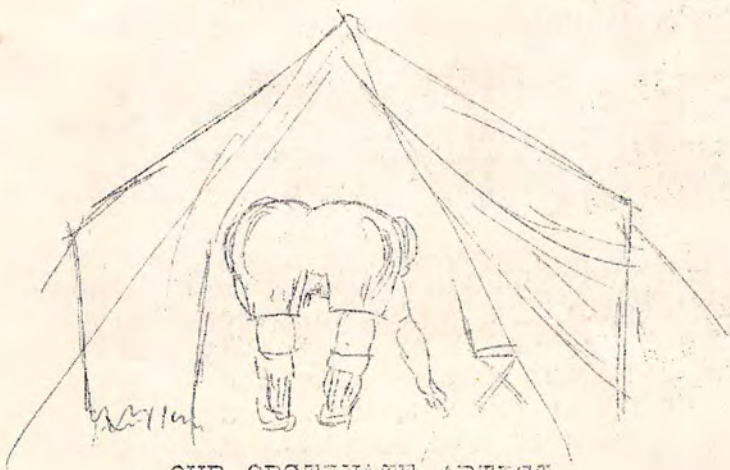
---cOo---

### Two Boys Take the 55th Old Boys Too Seriously

---  
|||  
---

On Saturday morning at Tent Inspection the 55th Old Boys Band enlivened the proceedings, on the strength of the maxim that 'music hath charms.' By an unhappy choice they included in their programme that old classic "Home, Sweet Home." They played this with such feeling that two small boys decided to make tracks for home, which decision they carried into effect in no uncertain manner.

When, at supper, they were missed, search were hastily formed. As one of the parties included Mr Forshaw some of the local residents jumped to the conclusion that the Treasurer had perhaps lost a 3d. bit, which would account for the extensive nature of the search, as a specially powerful lamp was used by the party. A series of clues picked up by the Flying Squad led to Donaghadee, where the police (for the first time for several generations) were roused from their beds and as a search of the cells and finger print department proved fruitless, the flying squad returned to Camp in their fast cars, where they learnt that the boys had been found, safe in bed.



OUR OBSTINATE ARTIST was asked to illustrate "Mr Chambers' Seat in the Adjutant's Tent", and this is what he drew.

|||

### To-day's TRUE Story.

On Saturday a small boy entered the Canteen, and asked for a postcard. When he received the p.c. he tendered his penny - and asked for a stamp, for which he gave another penny. Having got this he ordered a bun, on receipt of which he gave another penny.

This rather annoyed Mr Maybin. "Why don't you ask for the three things at once, instead of keeping me running back and forward?" he asked. "Oh, but you see," replied the boy, unabashed, "these are for three different people."

=====

On Saturday at Tent Inspection, when Mr Powell was inspecting "C" Line, the occupants of Tent Number 1, being without the guiding hand of a Tent Sergeant, all turned in file and followed Mr Powell into the tent when he entered to inspect that abode. It is not quite certain whether the boys were so fond of Mr. P. that they just couldn't tear themselves away from him, or, on the other hand, it is thought they might have entertained thoughts of intimidation, with a view to assuring a high percentage of marks.

## FIRST STEPS IN SWIMMING

In introducing the beginner to the water let me assure him that he is going into illustrious company. To-day in Camp the C.O. and several of the Camp Staff were on the beach, and looked at the sea for almost ten minutes. A very creditable example, and one which we hope will receive the support that it deserves!

It is hoped that the beginner will make some effort to understand the nature of the water that will play such an important part in his sport. Water is composed of 1 part oxygen and 2 parts hydrogen, well joined to withstand the slashing onslaught of those learning to swim.

There are two sorts of water - swimming-bath water and sea water. Swimming bath water (sometimes mistaken for drinking water by learners) is water mixed with chloramine (not chloroform) which hurts the eyes and makes you leave the water before your time is up. Sea water is simply water with salt added to suit the taste of the people in the various districts. The water in some districts, such as the Dead Sea, contains so much salt that it is almost impossible to sink in it. If those of our readers to whom the slight additional expense of travelling to suchlike places is no object, we recommend them to go there to learn.

We can now proceed with our swimming lessons. Science has proved that it is much easier to swim on the land, and until the learner is able to look on the water with ease, we will keep on the land.

We recommend a private room at first, in order to spare our friends as much as possible. Lock yourself in the room, and barricade the door with the wardrobe, the small car, or the garden roller. Next, remove your coat and hang it on the door-knob so that it covers the keyhole. Balance yourself on a chair or the piano stool, and you are now ready to begin. By the way, better push the piano into the corner, as the sweeping leg stroke sometimes carries bits off the corners. Also take care that the feet are not pointing towards the window, as you are no doubt aware that glass does not bend easily.



Everything is now ready to commence the exercises as illustrated on the Chart to be obtained from the "Lyre" office, at a price of 2/6 each, providing sufficient are ordered. (Editor's decision final.) These exercises to be carried out once per day, but, if carried out twice per day, the charge is 5/- per chart.

(EDITOR'S NOTE. We regret that we cannot afford the space to continue this subject. We recommend our readers to attend the Baths for the usual Bath Practice, as we believe they will learn there very much more quickly.)



## SEASHORE LIFE

By Professor Slatoff  
Millisle University, N.I.

At this period of the year the observant enquirer may derive great benefit and interest by studying the various forms of marine life about the shores of our islands. By fishing in small pools in the rocks, using a piece of plum duff or some similar malleable substance as bait, it is possible to catch a strange little fish known as the Ganaway Whale or Howling Catfish. This fish is easily distinguished by the fact that its gills are horizontal instead of vertical, and it is the only fish with eyelids. Its young are not called Kittenfish, neither are the offspring of Dogfish referred to as Pups.

Another strange creature is the Lochinvar Eel, a thin thread-like fish about the length of a piece of string. In Scotland the natives catch them in large numbers, and having dried them in the sun they use them for bootlaces.