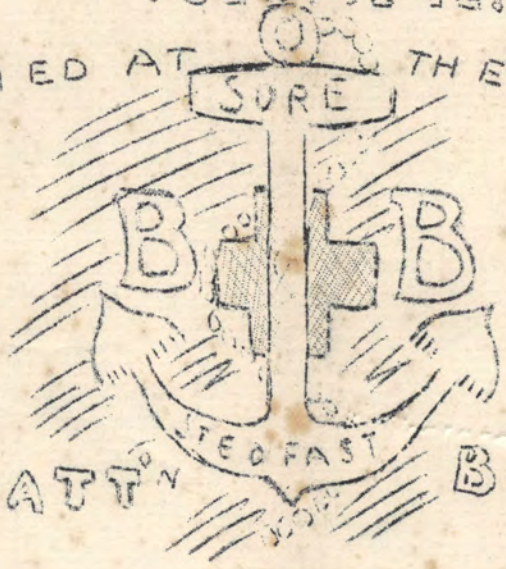




THE CAMP LYRE.

VOLUME 12.

PUBLISHED AT THE CAMP OF

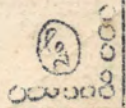
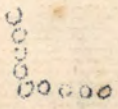


THE BELFAST BATT^N THE BOYS BRIGADE

GANAWAY-JULY

6TH ~ 14TH 1934

PRICE 6^D





The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 12. No. 1.

Friday, 6th July, 1934

EDITORIAL.



The Lyre's
General Manager.

Once again the "Camp Lyre" bursts forth on an eagerly expectant and innocent world, confident of its high place in the world of liars and letters.

We have long since passed the stage when we need to apologise for our existence - we meet as has often been said a long felt want.

To all our old subscribers who have suffered us in the years that are gone, we say thank you. To the newcomers to the Camp, Officers and Boys, who know not what a Lyre is, you will know before the end of the week that there is not, nor could there ever be, a bigger "Lyre" than this one.

In taking over the Editorship of this illustrious Journal, we feel very humble when we think of the literary giants who have sat on the Editorial soap-box. We pause for a moment to give homage to the great PLATT, the founder, now playing himself at Editing a paper in Leeds; of Joe Millar, to-day Editor of the Isle of Man Chronicle; of Harry Reynolds, now fed up with Journalism; of Davie Sands, who now Edits the Shankill Road Budget, and last but by no means least, of Hughie Norman, now of Llandudno Times. We feel the responsibility laid upon us and we shall endeavour to live up to the high standard set by those gentlemen we have named. One thing is certain, that if the present Editor is lacking in brains he is not lacking in brawn, and we shall throw every ounce of energy of our 16 stone weight into making this paper fit for heroes to read and burn afterwards.

It may appear superfluous to state our policy, but for the benefit of our new readers our Motto is "the Truth, the whole Truth, and anything but the Truth". We shall speak out fearlessly and shall expose to the last drop of ink in our pen, anything we see or hear of in Camp which to our minds need

Editorial (Cont.)

exposing. Anything that happens and much that shall never happen shall come under our eagle eye and will be denounced with all the venom at our disposal.

Our Politics will be as before; we shall at all times give our unstinted support to Prime Minister Finney and the Commissariat Department. We believe in a free breakfast table, and shall at all times vote for sugar with our Porridge.

We claim the right, as hithertofore, to slander any or every one in Camp, from the C.O. to the rawest recruit.

We will accept action for libel from no one, and would warn anyone who may contemplate suing us for damages that we were broke before we came to Camp and will be more so when the Camp Treasurer is done with us.

You now have or should have, an idea of what to expect, so once again we twang a welcome on the good old "Lyre" to all the Officers and Boys in Ganaway, 1934, and we trust that each of us will be able to say that it has indeed been worth while to spend a week in our own Camping Ground.

We would appeal to all in Camp to send in Contributions to your own paper - everything suitable - short stories, Poems or Jokes, will find a place. Don't leave all the writing to the Editorial Staff, they will likely feel dried up early in the week. Now Boys this is your chance to get a start in journalism.

P.S. All advertisements must be paid for before publication.

THE ADVANCE PARTY.

It has been customary in past years to make jokes about the Advance Party, but those who form a part of this labour squad say it is no joke.

Early on Wednesday morning members of the Advance could be seen making their way from all parts of the City towards the Co. Down Railway, in many cases rubbing the sleep from their eyes. There they were met with a smile and a cordial handshake from Quartermaster Wilton, who had thrown aside his grave outlook on life for the time being. Having shepherded them all into the proper train, he tucked them in, and they all settled down to finish their disturbed slumbers. The only sound heard during the journey was the heavy breathing of some of the heavy-weights of the team.

After a lightning-like run, Donaghadee was reached in safety, not one of the members being wide awake enough to even pull the flowers on the Railway banks. On arrival, refreshments

in the form of Chewing gum was served out by the Quartermaster and in due course the whole party arrived at Ganaway.

Much regret and not a little indignation was shown by several of the squad, who knew no better, when it was seen that everything was ready to be spend up. However that spirit soon passed away when it was known that Flight Lieutenant Finney, who had arrived in his own private Aeroplane accompanied by Chief Cook Willis, had a good substantial meal of bully beef and Coffee prepared. A frontal attack in full force was made on this and feeling like giants refreshed the whole party proceeded to the field where "their Laurels were gathered before". The Quartermaster divided the party into four quarters (or rather squads) and each squad vied with the others as to how little they could do, but little by little, inch by inch, the work proceeded well into the night, and when the Bugle blew to cease fire the whole party adjourned to the cook-house where again the wants of their inner man were satisfied.

Immediately after supper, the Quarter-master having brought with him a full supply of the necessary requisites, laid each out on a straw palliass and all slept soundly until Reveille which was blown about 11 a.m. on Thursday morning. After a wash and brush-up and good breakfast, the work was tackled again, and so well did everyone do his bit that when night came only a few finishing touches were necessary to make the Camp complete, and we who have joked in the past about the "Advance", should take off our caps and give three times three for the gallant lads who laid the foundations of Ganaway 1934.

-----ooOoo-----

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

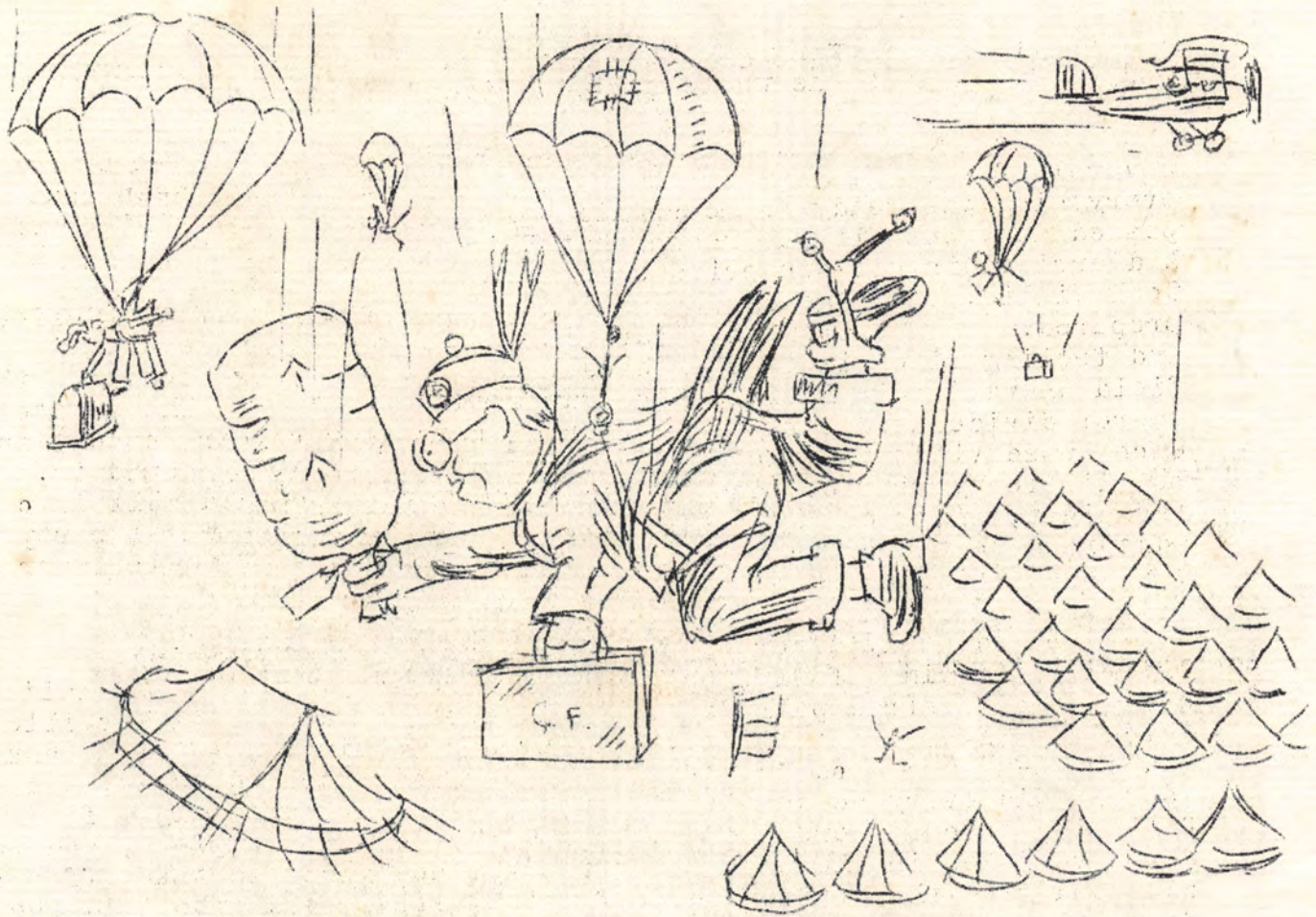
The "Lyre" and the Camp generally offer Mr. W.J. Irwin, Canteen Officer, their heartiest good wishes on attaining his 77th (Ekenhead) birthday to-morrow, 7th. Mr. Irwin has endeared himself to all members of the Battalion who have had the privilege of spending a week under canvas with him during these long years, particularly the younger officers who have had at various times a pressing engagement in Millisle or Ballywalter, and who speak with awe of many a thrilling rush to either of these places on the pillion of his motor cycle.

We understand that Mr. Irwin intends to entertain his many friends in the Night Club, Tent No. on Monday night when we hope a large number will turn up to show their appreciation of our worthy friend.

Tickets of admission can be had on application to the Assistant Adjutant. Gate crushers will be forcibly dealt with.

-----ooOoo-----

GANAWAY MUSICAL COMPETITIONS....Monday evening in large Marquee.
Four Sections -- (1) Song (accompanied or not), (2) Recitation,
(3) Instrumental Item, (4) Group item (Sketch, &c.)



THE LYRE STAFF ARRIVES

In Reply to XI.3015. No you are wrong, although the Photo of Chambers is being exhibited in Bairds Window, he does not head the list for getting his Photo into the Press.

The Record among the Officers of the Belfast Battalion is held by Mr. Joe Millar, 15th Company, who has appeared in some form or another 979⁵ times. Mr. Geo. Armstrong, 66th Company, comes second with 956² times. Mr. W.J. Irwin, 77th Company, is a bad third but he is young¹⁰ yet.

SUPPORT THE LYRE AND THE LYRE WILL SUPPORT YOU



The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 12. No. 2. Saturday, 7th July 1934.

EDITORIAL.



Now that we have got the first night over, the Editorial Staff hope you all feel quite perky. As a great many Boys were unable to get to Camp with the main party a large number of you fellows got some elbow room in your Tents last night, and will be looked up to as old campaigners by the time the full complement arrives.

We trust however that those of you who arrived yesterday have got rid of the stiffness caused by the fatigue you suffered in getting to Camp. After spending an hour and a half in a Corridor Saloon Carriage on the Co. Down Railway, we do not wonder that some of you were asleep when Donaghadee was reached. However the nice walk through Donaghadee to Mt. Royal Hotel freshened you up, but after that you had to suffer the ill effects of being crowded into one of O'Neills Rolls Royces, and a nerve shattering ride to the outside of the Camp at Ganaway, but when you looked on the white Tents glistening in the sun and breathed in the odour from the cook-house, you began to sit up and take nourishment. Suffice to say you all arrived safely thanks to the excellent arrangements of the Adjutant and his assistant. They are useful sometimes.

OUR DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

WELCOME TO OUR DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

The "Lyre" and the Camp in its entirety, give the glad hand of welcome to Mr. J.W. Morgan, President of the Dublin Battalion, who will be with us to-day as our Official Visitor. Mr. Morgan has had a long connection with the B.B. in Dublin, and is highly esteemed by all who have met him at B.B. functions in England, Scotland and Ireland. We welcome him as a brother Irishman, and wish to assure him that as far as the B.B. in Ireland is concerned

On looking round Camp we are struck with the number of new faces we see, and we are inclined to burst forth and sing "Where is now the merry party we remember long ago." We are glad to see many old familiar faces that we would sadly miss at Camp, and we are glad to see that we have still with us a large number of habitual campers, amongst whom is our worthy C.O. We hope his second year of office may be even more pleasant than his first.

To his second-in-command, the Major, we take off our Caps. What would we do without the guide, Councillor and Friend of all in Camp?

We also welcome the Adjutant and his assistant and we are delighted to see that neither of them has increased his waist measurement -- due no doubt to the strenuous course of Physical Training they each go through during the Winter.

Speaking of physique -- we give a very warm welcome to our M.O. and his able assistant, and we sincerely trust that age has not dimmed the faculties of either. We hope that the Black Jack so liberally supplied will have the same moving effect.

The one and only Finney we are glad to see looking not one day older than when last we met, and we look to him and under his able guidance to our old friend Willis to look after our wants as of yore.

To our worthy Battr. Secretary we give a hearty greeting and trust that this week spent in the bracing air of Ganaway will make him so fit that the circulars he sends out from Bedford Street will make the most slipshod captain send in his returns at once.

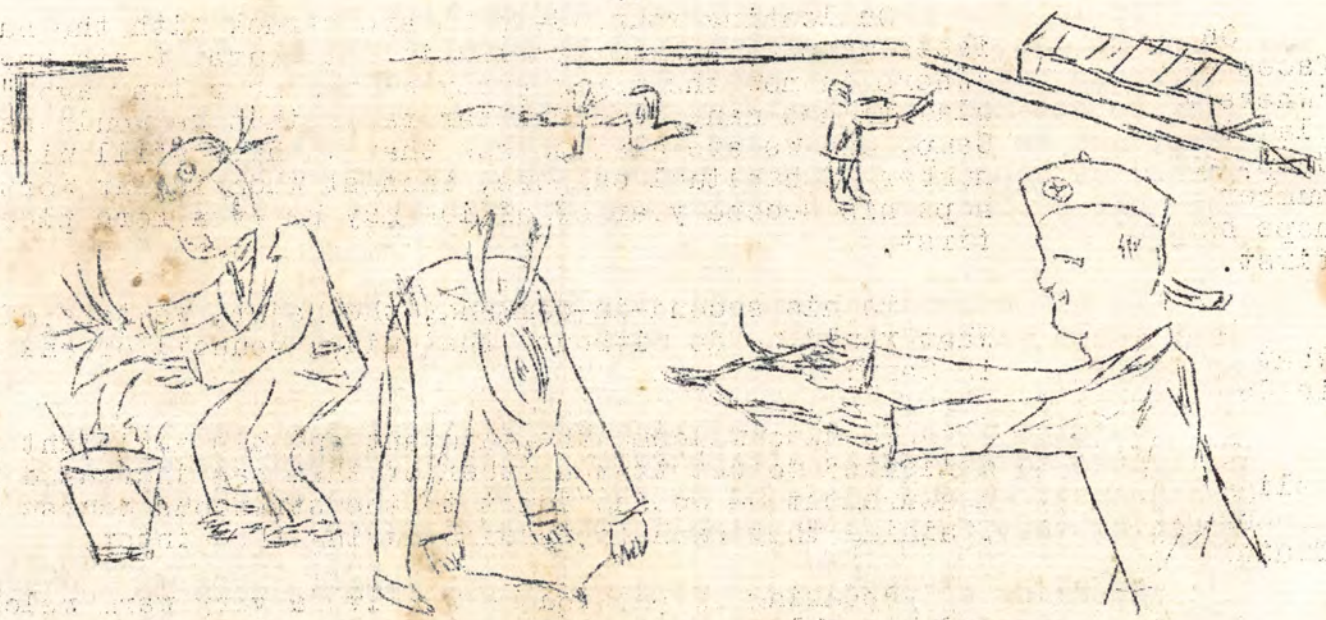
The Canteen is still under the supervision of the genial Billy, and we hope that his heart is as soft and as big as in former years.

The Quartermaster is new to his job, but we hope that we shall have the same thing to say of him as all his other customers say -- "No complaints".

So with the Sports Officer, but we will give him a sporting chance, and we hope that he will be able to collect all the "tuppences" he is so anxious about.

The Camp Treasurer another "ould lad" will still keep your treasures safely and will account for all your halfpennies with the same studious care as he always does.

And lastly -- because we wanted him to finish the page -- our Bednar Padre, as hoary and as nutty as ever. Camp would be very much different without his branches influencing us all.



THE WATER DIVINERS AT WORK.

WHAT'S IN LIFE? TIERS OR NOTHING?

Yes! The funeral undertaker wants you to die, boys, not that it may help him in his search for this earth's wealth -- NO! -- "For other aims his heart has learned to prize". He wants you to die for your country in times of peace as well as in times of international strife. It will avoid a financial crisis and there will be plenty of work for all. That's his view! What's our view? Life is worth living, and it is full of humour, even in the funeral undertaker's line.

(This is not an advertisement).

Heard in the Canteen -- "Is the Lyre in yet". No! Forshaw does not arrive until to-night!

We have a report to hand that one of our Staff-Sergeants was seriously troubled last night by growing pains. Well Will.

The Battalion Secretary was heard to say that "in a few years time his Photograph would easily outnumber all those mentioned in yesterday's issue." It was noticed that he kept close to the "Telegraph" photographer yesterday in the Mess, and later cajoled him into taking a photo of himself reading the "Tele".

SCRAPS FROM LAST NIGHT -- No buns! Is the tea cold? Furnished with coupons! Is the Health and Strength Camp out of bounds!?



The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 12. No. 3.

Monday, 9th July, 1934.

SUNDAYS CHURCH PARADES.

Special to the "Lyre"

Those that were privileged to attend the Church Parades yesterday were particularly favoured. The contingent that marched to Ballywalter looked very imposing as they marched out on to the road-way in column of threes. By the way, Mr. Adjutant, that was a brain wave.

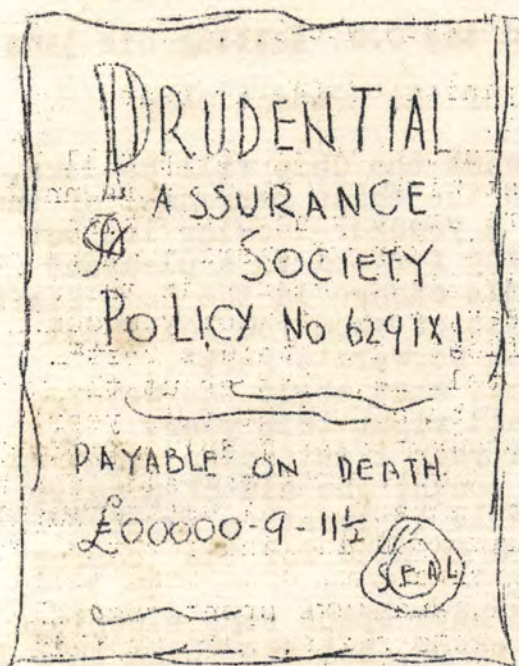
At the Presbyterian Church in Ballywalter they were given the usual hearty welcome by the Rev. Heron, who gave a full house a very helpful address based on the "Light of the world". We were particularly glad to have as fellow-worshippers contingents of Scouts and Guides.

At the Parish Church another delightful service was held, but our special correspondent who attended was overcome by the strenuous heat, and was not able to give a full detail of the service. The contingent was welcomed by the Rev. Mervyn Archdale, who preached an appropriate sermon based on Daniel.

Those of us who may be classed as lightweights, who were not thought fit for the walk to Ballywalter, lost nothing by having to attend Service in Camp. Our own Padre, Rev. Chestnutt was at his best, and kept us all in attention during a short but charming address. We were glad to see special visitors present who expressed themselves as delighted with the homely service.

The finishing touch to the days services was given at the Drumhead Service, which we were privileged to hold in the Camp field in the evening, when our good friend, Rev. Alan A. Buchanan, held and thrilled a great gathering of the Camp personnel and visitors, all of whom spoke afterwards of the quiet dignity and force of eloquence shown by the preacher during the address.

To all those mentioned who gave us such a splendid spiritual uplift the "Lyre" twangs our best thanks.



OUR POLICY.

PROMINENT PERSONALITIES INTERVIEWED

No. 1. The C.O. "Morning Mr. C.O. I am glad to see you occupying the same position in Camp this year. I think you were quite a success last year".

"You are rather flattering" replied the C.O. "but who have I the honour to address".

"I represent the Camp Lyre, sir" I replied, handing him my card. "That rag" exclaimed the C.O. with wrath in his eye, "Ah well, I suppose I will have to go through it", as you will have something to say about me whether I do not not. Shall I put the questions or shall you".

"I shall feel grateful if you will just briefly answer my queries" I said.

"Fire away, I will do my best" said the C.O. setting his jaws just like Pickie Rocks.

"First of all what is your opinion of the present Camp compared with former Camps" I asked.

"It is somewhat early to say just what the Camp will be like, but I am delighted up to the present with the whole personnel of the Camp. You will notice that Officers are a younger-looking lot but from what I have seen of them, I am looking forward to a pleasant time among them. Of course there is little change in the Camp Staff - the "High heid yins" as one might say, some of whom you could not get rid of, even if you set them afloat on Dorward's raft".

"Quite so, sir" said I, "but tell me, what about the water supply at Ganaway? Is it likely to be all right this year?"

"After my experience in Bangor last year I determined that we should not suffer here in Ganaway, so we sought the aid of a water Diviner, and I am pleased to say he was able to locate a supply".

"What improvements, if any, have you in mind for the comfort of those in Camp this year" I next asked.

"I have thought of many things, and have spent some sleepless nights trying to put these thoughts into shape, but one thing that I have decided on is to fit up a Billiard table for the use of the Junior Officers, W.Os, and Staffies. I don't like them going into Millisle or Ballywalter for these harmless pleasures". For the Senior Officers, (I was going to old Officers, but no Officer ever grows old) I am getting a square marked off beside the Boys Mess Tent where they can play marleys, Tiddely-winks and other strenuous games - it takes something to hold them down" was the answer.

"I thank you sir! I shall tell our Readers how well you look! The first Bugle having gone for Boys' dinner, Mr. Craig held out his hand and said, "Well Good-bye. Tell your readers that I look to them to make Ganaway, 1934 a memorable one".

 XXXx Would the Battalion Secretary kindly return the pencil he removed from the "Camp Lyre" tent.

FOOTBALL --- "A" Line 5 goals, "F" Line 0 goals.
 CRICKET --- "E" Line beat "B" Line by 7 wickets.

Sunday afternoon being a time in which the Officers have few duties to do, many take the opportunity of showing their better halves round the Camp, particularly the unmarried Officers, many of whom were seen yesterday escorting some stylishly dressed ladies, as if they enjoyed it. Our Lady correspondent herewith gives a description of some of the dresses.

 Mrs Jack Craig was attired in a perfectly fitting Sports Suit, The streamline cut of which reminded you of a windmill. This was trimmed with Ballyholme sea-weed and Pickie rocks.

 Mrs Jas. Dorward was pleasingly arrayed in a dress of Boulevard satin trimmed with Stranmillis lace.

 Mrs W.J. Chambers was dressed in a flame-coloured dress of Tapioca Crepe de chine, which set off her husband's slim figure to advantage.

 Mrs Billy Irwin was delightful to see in an Ice Cream costume trimmed with dough-nuts.

 Mrs Billy Tweedie was a Poet's dream. Her beautiful Pro Tanto Quid etc. was pleasingly relieved with Orange lillies and sweet William.

 Mrs W.M. Rea was attired in a pair of white kid gloves. She was regarded with absorbing attention wherever she went.

 Mrs F.J. Parkinson was beyond description. We leave her to our readers' imagination.

 Mrs J.M. Rea was very delightful to see. She wore an 3 H.P. six cylindered Fordson dress with a sliding top. From her graceful dander through the field one could well see she was from the Antrim Road.

 Mrs J.W. Morgan (of Dublin) appeared in an Isle of Man Blue shirt, trimmed with De Valera lace, and Connemara marbles. It was noticed that the soles of her shoes were of Cork.

 Mrs Jack Steenson wore a beautiful gown of sky-blue pink Georgette, her hat being the latest Bolongo style. She also had a muff with her which bore a striking resemblance to the aforesaid J.S.

 Mrs T.G. Robinson was patriotically dressed in a Blackstaff Linen costume, which was trimmed with double-fives. She was very attractive.

 Mrs Harry Currie's Agincourt Purple Brown dress of Grey silk was a sight and contrasted perfectly with Harry's Pullover. Her little snub nose was tilted at a ravishing angle.

More on Page 4.

Mrs C.W. Atkinson wore a peach of a dress, coloured like Grey stone, the fabric of which was woven in the Crumlin Road.

Mrs Albert Stren was turned out in a gorgeous dress of Coliseum green-trimmed with Distillery colours and black and white stamps.

As was expected Mr. W.H. McVicker's better half turned out in a creation that could only have come out of Bond Street. This was trimmed all down the skirt with Lifebuoys and Abbey House circulars. She was accompanied by her sister, Mrs Jim Bowden who wore a very becoming Plus Four suit made from Donegall Pass tweed, round the foot of which were a number of Sandy Rows. She was chic.

OPEN LETTER TO MR. CRAWFORD.

Dear Mr. Crawford,

I am only a little Boy and I hope you won't mind me writing to you.

I was very lonely and homesick in Camp the other day so I took a walk along "A" Line where the 9th Boys live and I was soon myself again. They are a bright set of Boys from Fitzroy Avenue. I think they take it after their Captain. By the way I met a chap called Horace Crawford and had a talk with him. I thought perhaps he was a brother of yours but judge of my surprise when I was told you were his father.

Once upon a time I read a book called "Peter Pan" - the boy who never grew up., I think you are the "Peter Pan" of the B.B. for you seem to grow younger every day.

I do not know much about Camp for I am only a little Boy, but I have a feeling that Camp would not be Camp without you. Not that you ever seem to do much work. I once heard someone say you were President of the Soft Men's Club but I think that was somebody's idea of a joke. I wonder why you are called Major. I suppose they had to give a man like you a big name.

I like you very much, Mr. Major Crawford, and if I were allowed to choose my B.B. Captain, I would take you if I couldn't get anyone else.

I remember you at Camp last year. I heard you had something to do with Mr. Forshaw's Duck Farm. It is just like something you would be in. Wouldn't it be great fun to put a few cows in his tent this year? Of course it would have to be done "on the quiet" so that he wouldn't hear about it.

Yours ever,
"Only a little Boy".

HEARD IN THE STAFFIES MESS TENT -- "I say Elwood, what about your sister". "Man, Bowden, she's real bad. She's going to the Hospital next week for a big alteration.

GREETINGS FROM AN EX-EDITOR.

Belfast is fortunate in its newspapers and in the standard of its journalism. The Belfast Telegraph among evening papers, and the Belfast News-letter, the Northern Whig, and the Irish News among morning journals are well known and are among the best of their kind.

Now to the number has to be added the Camp Lyre - not indeed a Belfast journal, because it is published at Ganaway, but a journal relating to a Belfast organisation, the good old B.B.

To my mind, a position on the Staff of the Camp Lyre is preferable to one on any of the great journals mentioned. And why? Because you get 51 weeks' holiday every year with no reduction of salary. That ought to appeal to any man, boy, or hobbledehoy anywhere. Let me hasten to add -- as Gladstone put it in 1869 -- that by hobbledehoy I do not necessarily mean Staff-Sergeant.

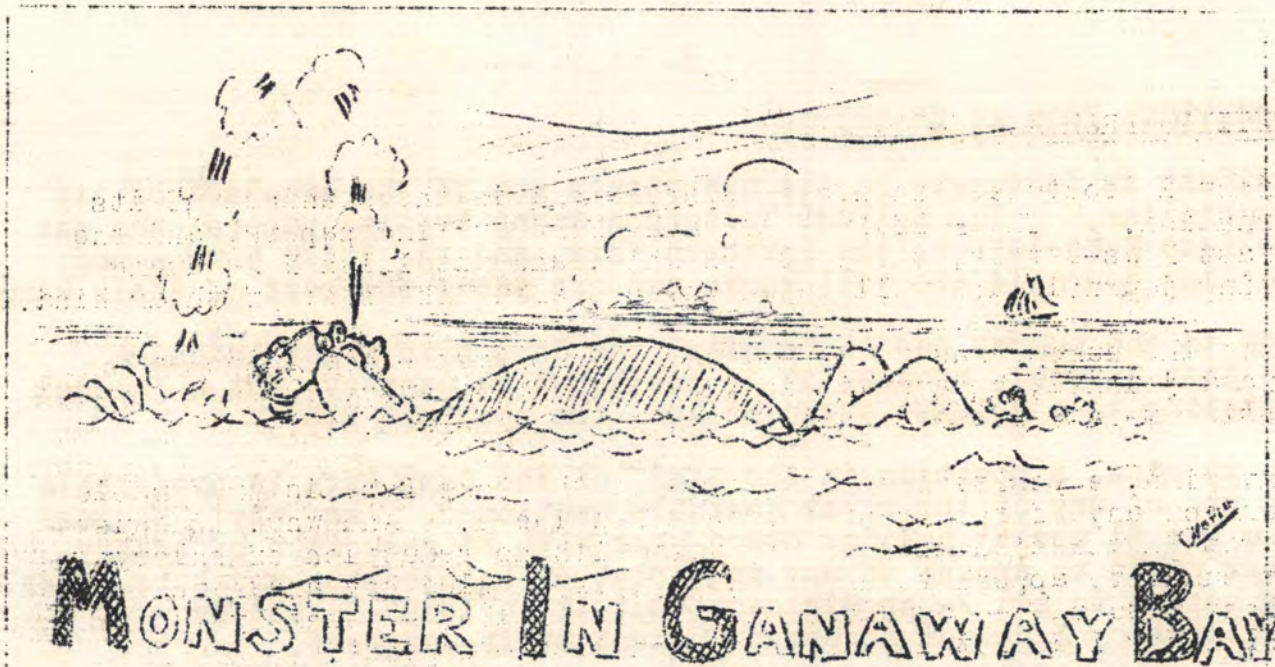
Again, the Camp Lyre surpasses all its contemporaries for the thorough unreliability of its news. It is unencumbered by accuracy and unfettered by mere fact. Ganaway may be its winkle. The world is its oyster.

Moving as I do among the press lords, the paper magnates, of the adjacent island of Great Britain, splashed as I am at times by their passing motor-cars, I am aware that at times the bushy brows of these great men are knitted and their eyes, sweeping the possible circulation areas of these islands, come to a halt with a click in Ulster. They would like to invade this fair Province with their linotypes, their process blocks, their scare headlines, and their ruthless, raucous, roaring rotaries. But they know, and I know, that they dare not. The Camp Lyre is in the field. Let them have a care.

To each and all of the noble six hundred - or is it seven hundred? - now under canvas at Ganaway, I wish a happy and successful camp. May you all come back sunburnt and joyous. And may the Camp Lyre carry through its week's mendacity with traditional triumph.

In brief, may an enjoyable time be had by all.

S.J. Platt.



Great excitement was caused in the Camp yesterday afternoon when it was rumoured that a Monster had appeared in Ganaway Bay. Our Special Correspondent who investigated the matter assures us that there is no danger. The Monster, it appears, was only a well-known Officer having his annual bath. N.B. This accounts for the scarcity of Fish in and around Donaghadee,

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Morbid". Yes, Wilton must use the 24-hour clock. He advertises a 24-hour Service.

Private White, "D" Line. No, Lad, the Tent Sergeant of your Line whose name you mention cannot help his face, he was born with it!!

Tommy, H "F" Line. You are wrong - it is not rats your line is suffering from -- it is Bats in the Belfry.

Horace, "A" Line. No Sir. It was not the Vaulting Horse that Taylor of your Line fell off. It was a real horse, but he did not fall off - the horse went away from under him.

Willie, "B" Line. Atta Boy, you have been dreaming. The noise you hear is not the train shunting - it is the Sergeant in No. 2 Tent letting off steam.

Sandy, "H" Line. You are mistaken. We are in no Newspaper ring. In the words of Shakespeare - "the Ring is still on, but the "Lyre" is not in it".



The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 12. No. 4.

Tuesday, 10th July, 1934.

EDITORIAL.

The days are wearing on and we are all on tip-toe in expectation of our big day to-morrow when we hope to show on a bigger scale what we have already shown our friends in Company Displays. To our great regret Mr. Morgan and Mr. Scott, of Dublin, left us yesterday, the claims of business being too great for them to ignore. We gave them a right royal send-off - the Boys emphatically demanding "We want Morgan". God has blessed us so far in giving us such a glorious Camping week, and if there are any grouzers in the Camp there should not be. Everything has gone smoothly up till now, and all the machibery is running perfectly.

As stated we are looking forward to the morrow when we expect a record crowd. Yesterday's issue went like

the proverbial hot cakes and we again appeal to everyone in Camp to become a subscriber. Sixpence will secure a full week's issue which you can take home with you on Saturday, so leave your order in the Lyre office.

The Rev. Chestnutt after a strenuous game of Golf at Donaghadee was returning home by way of Ballyferris, and called on his friend, Dr. Warnock. It being near Luncheon he was pressed to stay for Lunch.

One of the courses set on the table was a succulent duck. Leaning back in his chair after Lunch and heaving a sigh of satisfaction his Reverence said, "Man, Dr. that was a great duck, how did you come by it?" "My dear Chestnutt", replied the Dr., "I don't think that is a fair question. I have heard you preaching many a time and I never asked you where you got your sermon."

Who was the Officer who tried to wash his face with floor soap?

THE VOLUNTEER.

A very good man is needed to-day.
 "I would, if I could, but I can't".
 To do some work on Inspection day,
 "I would, if I could, but I can't".
 The visitors' teas will need a good man
 To arrange and keep them in order to plan.
 A man who can talk as a woman can.
 "I would, if I could, but I can't".

A man with his head screwed on, they say.
 "I would, if I could, but I can't".
 Who's willing to stay in the tent all day.
 "I would, if I could, but I can't".
 Is there a man in the Camp at all,
 Whose skin is thick - can shout and bawl?
 Let him come to the bugle call,
 "I would, if I could, but I can't".

J.C. P.

=====

We are sorry that we said the lady who accompanied Mr. F.J. Parkinson on Sunday was his wife. We have now been informed that she is his sister. Poor girl! We suppose that is not her fault.

.....

We have had a very indignant letter from Mrs Norman Rea, complaining that her name was omitted from the article published in yesterday's issue, describing the dress of the ladies who visited the Camp on Sunday.

We can assure that good lady that it was quite unintentional on our part. Our lady correspondent says that she saw this lady but she had so little on that she formed the impression that the lady was returning from a bathing parade. We offer no apology to Mrs Norman Rea and we don't care if she does turn up her nose at us when she sees us. We are not afraid of the big bad Wolf

A dastardly attack was made on our Manager while on his way from Millisle to the Camp. We presume that robbery was the objective, but in that the miscreants were frustrated, as we never allow our Manager out with more than 2d. in his possession. It may be that jealousy was the cause of the attack, as we understand he was in the company of a charming young lady. When the attack was made our manager, like the hero he is, gallantly stood in front of the lady, who stood 6 ft. 2 inches in her stockings, and after an exciting 3 minutes in which he laid out 10 from amongst the 20 who attacked him, the rest having taken to their heels. He safely piloted the lady to Ballyferris.

WATER DIVINING.

The problem of pure water supply at Ganaway has been exercising the minds of the Ganaway Committee during the dry spells. In fact some one suggested that they suffered from water on the brain. After much discussion it was agreed to employ the services of a Water Diviner, and this done the Committee met the expert on the Camp Site early in June, and we are pleased to state that they located a plentiful supply. The members of the Committee were afterwards invited by the expert to try their hands in Divining.

Mr. W. Garrett, the President, took the first turn of the twig, and it led him directly to the houses on the estate. Mr. Kirkpatrick then had a try and on his way down the field the twig began to twist in his hand and led him straight to the ditch where he discovered a few bits of coal. Mr. E.J. Garrett then took his trick and right in the middle of the field he stopped and the twig pointed downwards. On searching the ground at the spot indicated he discovered a 3d. bit that the Camp Treasurer had dropped last year. Mr. Finney took the twig then, confident that he would locate water. He did - the twig led him right down to the Cockhouse where he found water in a Boiler that Willis had forgotten to empty last year. When Mr. Craig got his shot he landed at the Canteen. Mr. Crawford's twig caused him to turn round and he headed towards the upper end of the field. Luckily the gate was shut as one never knows where he might have landed. Mr. Dorward's turn led him right down the path until he came to the shore, where he exclaimed - "Eureka, I have found". Mr. Powell was the next to try, but he unfortunately fell into the Ganaway Burn. However as the water was not deep he swam ashore. Mr. Gihon, when his turn came had much difficulty in keeping his twig from turning upwards. It did so for a while and then a shower came on and he also found water -- so ended the experiment of Water Divining.

.....

Messrs Milligan, Anderson and Kirkwood, Ltd. of "A" Line beg to announce to all the inhabitants of this city that they intend opening a Fish and Chip Shop in A1 at an early date. Only flat fish caught in Ganaway Bay used. Stewed eels a speciality. Everything will be A1.

Who is the Lance-Corpl. in "J" Line who is so deeply in love that he talks about her in his sleep?

Adair, "I" Line. You should, as you say, have a comfortable time in your Line. Your Captain is always Fair.

Tommy, "G" Line. No, it was not the Tent Sergeant of 1st Kilree who said we are seven. Look up what Gladstone said after the Battle of Waterloo.

OUR DAILY POSER.

If a certain number is doubled the result is equal to that number added to one-half that number added to one. What is the number?

Do a bit of thinking, and check your result by the solution which appears at the foot of this page.

Why did the Sports Officer after collecting the Tuppences he was so anxious about set out for Belfast.

OPEN LETTER TO MR. KIRKPATRICK.

Dear Mr. Kirkpatrick,

I am only a little Boy but I seem to know you quite well. No matter where I go with the B.B. I see you. I heard you have been Captain of the "19th" for over 34 years. That is a great record.

I met some of the "19th" Boys in "J"Line the other day. Mr. McAnally, the Line Captain, thinks they do credit to you. He says there is one very quiet and meek little Boy called McMeekin, who wouldn't hurt a fly. As your Boys are very good little Boys Mr. Kirkpatrick, I am sure it is a very easy job looking after them up at McQuistin Church.

You take a great interest in Camp, Mt. Kirkpatrick, and although you don't live with us, I think you are one of our greatest Campers. I think if you lived with us we would call you "Our Great White Chief".

Our new Fump is fine and I hear you "divined" it for us. Well! Well! Well!

I must close now, but please Mr. Kirkpatrick, will you do me one favour for I am a shy little Boy. I like you and Mrs Kirkpatrick very much indeed but would you mind telling your charming daughter that I like her too.

Yours ever,
"Only a little Boy".



Here is the solution of the problem, set you at the top of this page. The number is two. Did you solve it?



The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 12. No. 5.

Wednesday, 11th July, 1934.

EDITORIAL.



To-day, the Red Letter day of Camp life has arrived and in honour of the occasion the Camp Lyre has been re-fitted with new strings so that the "twang" of welcome it gives forth may be heard throughout the Camp.

We extend a hearty welcome to our Inspecting Officer, the Right Honourable, the Viscount Bangor, P.C., D.L., Hon. Battalion President, who has laid aside a number of engagements to enable him to be with us.

We trust what he sees to-day will make him even more interested in our great movement, and we of the "Camp Lyre" staff honour him and ourselves by inscribing his name on the Camp Roll of Honour.

We delight to welcome, among others, Major and Mrs D.G. Shillington Councillor and Mrs F.J. Lavery, Mr. W.T. Pollock and party, Mr. and Mrs David Bell, Mr. Archibald Scott, Rev. M.G.H. and Mrs Willis, Mr. T. Burns, Mr. and Mrs J.T. Kinnear, Miss Glass of Belfast, and many who are with us from year to year.

Many apologies have been received, including Lord and Lady Dunleath, Capt. the Right Hon. Herbert Dixon, Lt. Col. Crawford, and one from Rev. Hugh Scott, M.A., from the Boys Auxiliary Camp at Castlerock, in which he sends best wishes for a happy week.

J.P. of "E" Line writes — "On Monday at Officers' tea I noticed a bottle-full of sprinkle-backs in an empty bottle outside the canteen door".

We suggest that he should see the Doctor.

An incident that occurred in Camp has been brought to our notice which we think worth recording, as illustrating the spirit that prevails in Camp.

A Boy in "G" Line, not too rich in this world's wealth, had the misfortune his first day in Camp to lose most of his pocket money. He had no Hymnal with him, and rather than let his Tent down at Tent Inspection, he bought one with his few remaining coppers. The other Boys in the Tent like the gentlemen they were, offered to share their funds with him, but though poor, he was proud. Eventually two of the Boys secured a Ticket for him for two excursions and so helped to bring a little happiness into his life. Bravo, boys - that's the B.B. spirit, and we Officers think that often our teaching is in vain.

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.....
THE BUDDING VERITY.

In the Cricket match, "H" versus "C" played yesterday, L-Cpl. Willie Gribbin of "H" 2 had the remarkably good bowling average of 9 wickets for 6 runs. The result of the match was "H" Line, 33 runs, "C" Line, 22 runs.

Congratulations Willie. You may get your place for the Province some day.

This splendid feat brings to mind the fine performance at Ganaway in 1927, when Mr. Tom Briggs (the good-looking, auburn haired young officer of the present Canteen Staff) then a Boy in the 9th Company who took 6 wickets for 0 runs in the Camp Final.

.....
Overheard in the Canteen. Small Boy to Mr. Irwin, Canteen Officer -- "Any Lyres here?" Mr. Irwin (angrily) "No, we all tell the truth".

.....
Mr. John M. Rea, Sports Officer, is quite indignant that we should try to take away his character in querying what he went to town yesterday so early for. He states that the object of his visit to town was to convert the "Tuppences" referred to into bank-notes.

We accept his statement for what it is worth. We had no intention when asking the question of taking away his character, There are such things as impossibilities.

.....
The Minerva parked beside the "Lyre" Camp does not belong to the Editor - he has not been long enough in the job yet.

OPEN LETTER TO MR. McVICKER.

Dear Mr. McVicker,

I am only a little Boy and feel very shy writing to a great big man who has come all the way from London to Ganaway.

I saw in the "Telegraph" that you were to be one of our special visitors. Now, Mr. McVicker, to be quite frank, I see nothing special about you, and I would rather think of you as just one of ourselves.

Do you know when I like you best, Mr. McVicker? I like you best when you smile and I think you smile most of all when you are with us in Ganaway. I think that's because you like us. We are such nice, friendly people down here, especially dear Mr. Purdy, and all his sweet little pets in "F" Line.

I must tell you about a strange thought. I thought you were married and I pictured in my mind exactly what Mrs. McVicker was like. Some day I will tell you about her for I feel it will all come true.

It is funny that a Boy like me should be writing such things to you but I feel I ought to tell you all. You see, I can't help thinking if you could love a nice young lady, half as much as you love us, that nice young lady would be very happy indeed.

Now, Mr. McVicker, wouldn't you like to make some little Boy's sister very, very happy?

Yours ever,
"Only a little Boy".

.....
.....

WE REGRET TO ANNOUNCE THAT a very bald man had died and his widow was troubled lest his wig might fall off as he lay in his coffin. So she said to the UNDERTAKER -- "You had better stick the wig on. You will find a tube of Seccotine in the Cupboard". When the Undertaker was finished she came back into the Room and was pleased to see the wig just right.

"You found the Seccotine" she said to the Undertaker. "No, Madam," he replied, much pleased with himself, "But I found a box of tacks".

Editor. He should have tried Chewing Gum.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Worried, "A" Line. No, we are sorry we cannot undertake to repair your trousers. You should have no difficulty in getting this done, there are two Taylors in your line.

Ligott "A" 4. Don't be rude, Boy. How do you think we know what Sergeant Crawford's girl said in her letter which he got the other day. Judging from the expression on his face we should say she is coming down to-day.

Billy, "B" 7. Yes, the Tent opposite you in "A" Line is quite an aristocratic one -- there is a Duke in it.

Baird, "A" 6. No Sir, Shannon of "B" 3 is not the originator of the Shannon scheme for supplying Electricity in the Free State. He is responsible for a lot of bad things, but not for that.

Jim Mc. "D" Line. We are not sure whether Pte. McCullough found his footless stocking with the leg cut out of it. What a footless question.

Enquirer asks - "Has Mr. Finney stopped laying eggs"? Mr. Finney to our knowledge has never laid any eggs, but all his life he has been laying foundations. He's a schoolmaster.

Pte. Younger, "A" 2. We are not sure whether Jim Younger of "B" Line is younger than Robert Younger of "B" Line, or whether Robt. Younger is younger than Jim Younger - they are both Younger, though not younger than you.

Pte. Orr, "C" 2. The wave, Sergt. McKeown of your line has in his hair is a natural one, not a perm. He is too careful with his Ballymoney to pay for a perm.

White, "C" 8. The answer is a Lemon. You will find him in the next tent.

McBride, "C" Line. The sound you hear is not the bleating of lambs, but there is a Kidd in your Line and another Kidd in "F" Line - perhaps it is them you hear.

Staffie, "F" Line. Your Line is a funny one! We hear that one boy has Given a Topping Austin to another boy for being the Best boy in the Line.

Jessie, Ballywhisken. Yes, we believe that Sergt. Mahood of "D" Line does put his hair in slides when he turns in to bed at night. Perhaps that's where the one you lost has gone.

Bobbie, "F" Line. No, Finlay of your Line has no connection with the Soap manufacturers of that name. Let's soap he will some day -- they are a good old firm.

Who sucked the sucker out of the Pump?

Great consternation was caused to-day when it was found the new pump would not work - that it was indeed a broken cistern that contained no water. When the fact became known the Battalion Secretary went for the quartermaster. He in his turn threw off his coat and rushed off to gather all the tools in the Camp. Just as he had started to unscrew the first nut, the chief of the Commissariat appeared and asked what was wrong. He was told by the Quartermaster the grave news that the sucker had dropped into the well and he was taking the Pump to pieces in order that he might dive for it. Just then the Captain of the Day appeared with the sucker in his hand. It seemed that he had been enjoying his leisure time in using the sucker to catch flat fish for his tea. N.B. The sucker is now restored and there is a full fresh supply of water available.

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ANNUAL CRICKET MATCH.

Band versus Labour Corps.

The first innings of this Annual dog-fight took place on the sands on Monday. Having won the toss, which was done with a shirt button, the Labour Corps sent in the Band to bat.

The wicket proved very sticky and runs were hard to get, and despite the herculean efforts of Cymbal Player Joe Geddis who made $5\frac{1}{2}$ runs, the Band were all out for 16 runs. It is only fair to say that most of the Band players were suffering from "Wimbledon throat", or at least an equivalent to it, as a bucket of water had to be carried out to them. On going in to bat the first two batsmen of the Labour Corps made a great stand and between them piled up the huge total of 5 runs, and it looked as if the Corps were going to make a record score, but thanks to the perfect body-line bowling of Hammerhead Campbell of the Band, the Labour Corps were dismissed for 26 runs.

The second innings will be played on Thursday, when the Labour Corps return from their visit to the Ministry of Labour. As the Band hope to have the services of their demon bowler - Holdfast Jones, they hope to turn the tables at their next meeting.

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XXX Come to Ganaway and see the sights -- there are several knocking about -- W.....n, C.....e, Chest.....

XXX Who was the Staff-Sgt. who missed the Ballywhisken express from Millisle to Camp last night?

SING - SONG TO-NIGHT AT 7.30. We'll be seein' you.

MUSICAL COMPETITIONS.

In the Ganaway Musical Competitions held on Monday a great wealth of talent was brought to light. It seems the Camp is plentifully supplied with artists of all kinds, so we can look forward to having a good time at the Sing-Song, which will be held in the Boys Mess Tent to-night. The price of admission is as usual 1/- which goes to help the Camp Funds. We want all our friends to roll up in their thousands -- dont stop to change when you get home. Come as you are.

SPORTS.

The Heats in connection with the various events in the Sports Programme were run off in the Camp field on Tuesday forenoon. Finals at great Sports Meeting on Friday afternoon. Come and see the champions.

PARADING IN BORROWED PLUMES.

We are informed on reliable authority that one Officer went on parade to-day rigged out as follows. A pair of Collar Badges on hire from Canteen, a white Collar on loan from a brother Officer, and because he could not borrow a collar-stud he used a bit of string.

The following letters and telegrams have been received by the Editor.

From the Proprietors, Northcliff Press - "Vacancy now on our Editorial Staff - yours for the taking - fix your own terms".

From the Ballymoney Express - "Congratulations on being able to slander so freely and get off with it".

From Rt. Hon. J. Ramsey MacDonald - "Heartiest congratulations on your verry grreat paper. Only a brither Scot could do it".

From Downpatrick Mental Hospital - "Leave cancelled, come home at once. You have played the fool long enough".

From a former Editor - "Read your rag" quoth the raven, "nevermore". Burn it. (pure jealousy. Ed.)

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 xxxx HUGH NORMAN, Late Editor of the "Lyre" sends his regards to everybody, particularly the General Manager of the Staff. An article from his pen will appear to-morrow.



The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

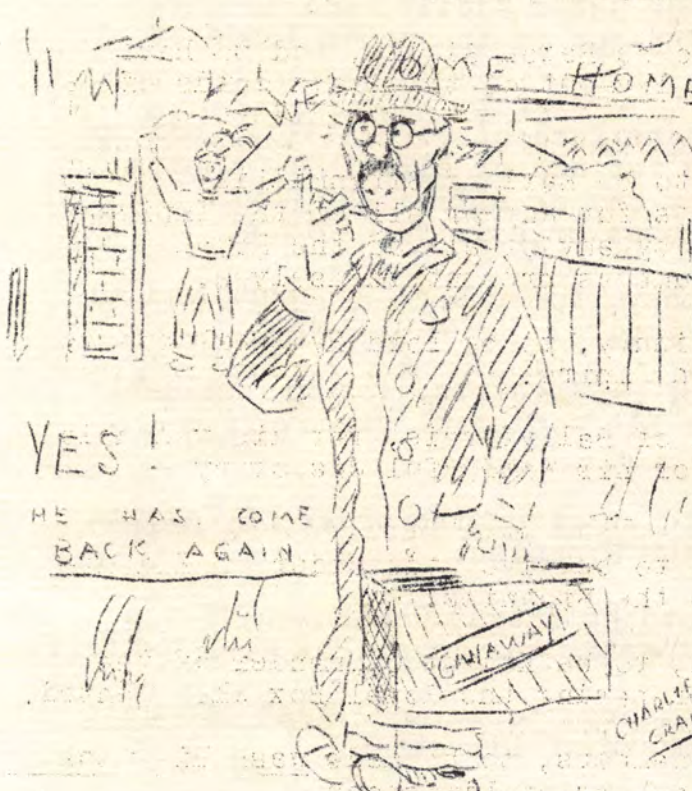
Vol. 12, No. 6.

Thursday, 12th July, 1934.

EDITORIAL.

To-day, being the day of glorious memory, we feel we should do no work (you do very little at any other time, Ed.) Why should we? Yet on second thoughts if we do no work, there would be no issue of the "Lyre". Possibly some of you will think if you don't say it, that that would be a blessing.

As we sit in our office chair our thoughts turn homewards and we can hear in imagination the roll of the lambegs, the skirl of the Pipes, the screech of the Accordians, and the blare of the Brass Bands. We cannot help but think of the many sore feet that to-day will trek towards Finaghy. Ah, well, these are but memories, all we hear in reality is the Bugle Band awakening the Camp. Poor lads, they are doing their best, so don't shoot them.



INSPECTION TODAY.

This Red Letter day of Camp life passed off as never before. The imposing sight of our C.O. leading the Parade in one that will live long in the memory of the large gathering of friends, who graced the proceedings by their presence. Everything went with a swing and the only thing we can say is, that we are not quite sure whether No. 4 Company of the left-half Battalion was out of step with No. 3 Company, or whether No. 3 Company was out of step with No. 4 Company. They can settle it between themselves, but it looked from the Lyre tent that some of the two Companies were on the wrong step.

Lady Visitor, to Captain of the Day at the Flag-staff -- "And does that wee alarm clock make enough noise to waken the Camp."

DARING OUTRAGE AT GANAWAY.

We regret to say that the house of the well-known and highly respected Officer, Line Captain R. McAnally was burglariously entered during the absence of the occupants on Tuesday afternoon.

The unwanted visitors not only disarranged and damaged the furniture, but badly abused the personal property of the owners. From evidence which the miscreants left behind them we are led to understand that an arrest is imminent.

From the finger prints secured by the Camp C.I.D., who immediately had Chief Inspector Dorward, assisted by District Inspector Billy Chambers, C.O.D. on the spot, it looks if one or other of the "gangsters" who are at present with us in Camp are in for it. It looks rather suspicious that one of the prominent members of the Camp left hurriedly for Belfast yesterday.

WHITE versus BLACK.

The Camp dog-fight Championship between Powell's "White Hope" and Forshaw's "Black forlorn Hope" will take place in the incinerator at an early date. The stake is a ham bone kindly supplied by Billy Willis, winner take all. What is left over will be made into black and white stripes to repair the Football jerseys of John Parkinson's likely lads. The well-known Referee "Eleanoro Peter" will have charge.

WARNING to certain Officers in "J" Line --- "Beware of G2 for your health's sake".

N.B. This is not issued by the Q.M.

QUESTION - What do the boys in D1 say when Line "A" heads the Inspection.

(Ans. We're Down-pat.)

What Tent will have the wisest Boys next week?

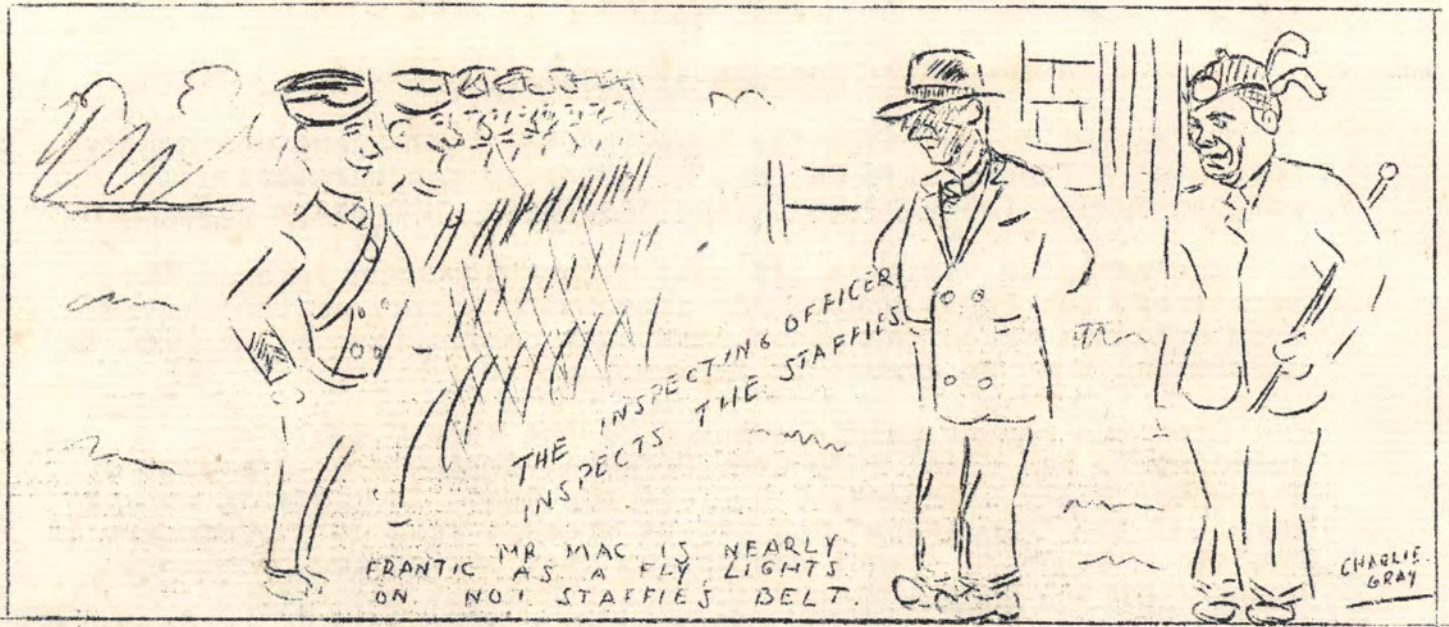
Ans. D2 - we heard them saying they were going to Larne on Saturday.

WHO SLEEPS with boots on to keep the earwigs from biting their toes?

"Jack" A Line asks - "Who is the Tent Sergeant in "A" Line best acquainted with the hay heaps in Upper field"?

You would be better to ask Jessie from the Lisburn Road.

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EXTRACT FROM A LYRE OF 50 YEARS AGO.

Kicking the Football - 1st. Sergt. E. Powell.

Good man, Ernie. You still have a hefty kick left!

Putting the Weight (Staff-Sergeants) - 1st, S-Sgt. J. Dorward.

And he is still throwing his weight about. My! My!



Lieutenant Gilmour Mack, 89th Glasgow Company who along with a number of Boys of that Company spent a week with us in Ganaway last year, sends best wishes to all members of this years Camp.

The 89th Glasgow are holding a Company Camp at Brodrick, Island of Arran, and any member of the Belfast Battalion holidaying in that district who can find time to visit are assured of a real Scotch welcome, and probably Scotch haggis.

XXXX What time did the Assistant Adjutant get to bed finally on Wednesday night, or rather Thursday morning. It is rumoured that after his supper of herrings he rose from his bed while asleep and wandered out to the road and then walked towards Ballywalter direction still asleep. However he was in no danger as our informant states he had his arm round a young lady's waist for support.



The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 12, No. 7.

Friday, 13th July, 1934.

EDITORIAL.

As we have to pack up to-night to suit the Transport, the "Lyre" twangs for the last time for 1934.

In this, our last issue, the Editor wishes to thank those who have spoken words of appreciation of his effort to interest and amuse the Camp.

He wishes to acknowledge the valuable assistance given him by those of his staff who stuck to their work during all the hot spell, and for the help given when he was available by Mr. Wm. Hull, Headqrs. Staff.

Best thanks is given to Mr. Hugh Norman for the sketches which appeared in the first issues. To Mr. Charlie Grey and Mr. Edie McKeown, who are holidaying in the neighbourhood, and were ready to lend a helping hand at any time by illustrating topical subjects on the spot. To all who contributed articles who wish to remain anonymous we offer our best thanks.

Above all our Editor thanks every Officer, N.C.O. and Boy, who took his remarks about them in such good part - no offence was meant and no offence taken, and he earnestly hopes that he has contributed in even in a small way to make Ganaway 1934 "the best yet". The Editor include in the above thanks the Boys who acted as salesmen.

Last month a Ganaway Publicity Committee was formed to boost the advantages of Ganaway Camp. This Committee was, at the outset, composed of some half dozen members but during the past week 650 further members were added. The address of all these members is "Ganaway". When, however, they depart to-morrow for a short stay in such places as Belfast, Ballymena, Ballymoney and Ballymacarrett, we are sure that they will talk up their native town of Ganaway to such an extent that next year the summer population of Ganaway Town will be a record one.

Special by W.H. McVicker.

To the Editor,
The Camp Lyre.

Dear Sir,

As a newcomer to Ganaway I would like to let you know how much I appreciate your valuable paper and look forward to its daily appearance. I was attracted by your policy, so clearly stated in your first issue. You are giving a lead which the lesser lights of the Newspaper world, such as the "Daily Wail" and the "Chicago Tribune" will be compelled to follow. "Truth in the news" is THE crying need of the day and this is where the "Camp Lyre" excels. I have never known any paper so fearlessly open to expose many of the grosser evils of the day not to mention most the grosser persons of the Camp! As well, the moderate tone of your leading articles and the absence of morbid sensationalism in the news items are features which I am sure all your readers appreciate. Might I suggest that you introduce a serial story in your 1935 issues? "The mystery of the spotted dog" by A. Cook would grip(e) the whole Camp. A scheme of Insurance against visits from maiden Aunts and Mothers-in-law at next Camp would also go well.

Wishing your hitherto blameless paper every success in the future.

Yours truly,
An Admirer.

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CRICKET FINAL - "I" LINE all out 19, "E" 20 for 0 (declared)

Mr. Forshaw's dog is leaving Camp to-morrow. He is not sure that Ganaway is a fit place for "heroes" to live in.

.....

The Night Patrol at 3 a.m. this morning heard extraordinary sounds proceeding from the gate and on going down to investigate heard the well-known tones of a highly placed brass hat saying "Kiss me hardie". On shining their lamps on the culprit who was attired in a white sweater (and who was accompanied by another Officer carrying his trousers over his arm) the brass hat hurriedly released his arm from the waist of a very beautiful(?) female.

.....

McCormick of "E" Line was so overcome after receiving his half-crown for his turn at the Sing Song, that he fell off the Form at breakfast on Thursday morning.

XXXXXXX Our Tame Artist clocked in late this evening, thus holding back the first Edition. We wonder if he was one of the two, weary-looking creatures who were seen walking in from Carrowdore at an early hour this morning. (We thought your interest was in Portavogie this week, Charlie.)

Editor.

"OUT OF THE NIGHT" by Hugh Norman.

All was dark! Night with her velvet pall enshrouded the sleeping camp. O'erhead a million stars intensified the gloom.

Lieutenant Cornelius Watherspoon, 1st Officer of the Night Patrol, peered anxiously ahead as he glided clumsily across the dew-spun grass. His companion had just left him to investigate a disturbance in the washers' lines.

Cornelius was alone -- a prey to his own fears! Never before in all his 28 years had he been up so late, and -- alone!...alone!! A sense of complete isolation possessed him. It seemed as though the night with its mystic spell existed with nought but himself to apprehend it.

As he moved forward, like a wraith, walking through a sea of ground mist, on either side of him rose vague, star-pointing masses, blotting out serrated sections of the dim spangled heavens.

He was in the Boys' lines!!

How different it all looked at night he thought -- then over him crept an uncanny instinct that someone was watching him. A snore rent the silence causing him to jump round like a startled cat. To his left a voice mumbled...sonnalent...incoherent -- "Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf"?

Cornelius straightened himself and laughed inwardly, "Talking in his sleep" he said to himself, but at the same time heartened by the assurance of close, living companionship.

He moved forward into the night. Suddenly he stopped, -- rigid -- his blood frozen in his veins -- his eyes piercing the gloom, while his heart thumped under his Thermogene.

The patter of rapidly speeding feet reached his tensed ears -- they were coming directly towards him. The rapid tempo increased in volume -- what creature of such rapid movement could be abroad at this hour?

He gulped in the night air -- a clammy sweat bedewed his face.

Suddenly -- out of the gloom it came, a flapping, formless thing. Cornelius turned with a piercing shriek and would have fled but tripping over a guy rope he landed full length on his face.

In a flash the terror was upon him. With a gasping flurry and the twanging of a guy rope it landed full in the middle of his back. "Please sir" it gasped, "Please sir, I was...only at the Latrine".

From the Land of the Rising Sun,
July 11th, 1934.

To my young friends in Lines 1 & 2.
Ganaway Camp.

My dear young Savages,

I am sending you a few prints of one of the photographs I took when in Camp. What a pity the camera moved and so the heads of a couple of you got cut off! I didn't do that intentionally, however much you deserved it.

What a splendid time you are having in this perfect weather. When you get to your home your mothers won't know you with your sun browned skins.

I am very sorry time did not permit my paying you a visit at night time to decorate your bodies, as I did to a few of my friends of the 16th Belfast in their line. However, that's a pleasure I shall look forward to another year when I will try and come to Ganaway not on a Sunday and then I promise you a very hot time indeed.

Now be sure and come to Camp next year and look out for your bearded and solemn friend.

(signed) ROBINSON CRUSOE.

P.S. I am sure your C.O. thinks I ought to be shot or imprisoned for being such a rowdy visitor!

P.P.S. I bear in my body the marks of Nos. 1 and 2 Lines, my leg is black and blue, however, I am almost quite recovered.

GOOD BYE!

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XXXX The above was enclosed with a letter from Mr. J.W. Morgan, in which he sends good wishes to all in Camp.

=====

Belfast, no relation of the famous Tenor, out-harry-ed Harry Lauder. Private Sloan sang "Wagon Wheels" and Private Willie Dowds told us why he left home. A selection of instrumental music by the Band was much appreciated by a packed house as were items on the mouth organ, violin and recitations. The immortal ditty "There's a hole in the bucket" was rendered with sympathy and restraint by Ptes. Orr and Peel. Their rendering of the song has brought them undying, if unwanted fame.

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A LETTER HOME.

Dear Auntie Lizzie,

I lost the 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. stamp you gave me to write to you so I will have to send you a line through the Camp Lyre. This is a Newspaper we get every day in Camp. Some people in the Camp think it is very funny, the others come from Scotland. I have only 1d. left out of the shilling I got last Friday but $\frac{1}{2}$ d will buy the Lyre and $\frac{1}{2}$ d stamp will do if the Editor puts this in but I'm sure he will, for he's a dear kind-looking man. He is fat and bald and has a little black dog to lead him around. But I mustn't say much about him or he might get angry and then you would get no letter. You asked me to tell you was there any nice looking young men among the Officers who would suit you. There is a big number of Officers here and some are good looking, but the others are bald. There's a few wee ministers too but they go round with football trousers all day and it was only on the Inspection Day I knew they were clergymen. I don't think you have a chance with any of them as I'm sure they're all married. Anyway there were a number of ladies with them on Inspection Day who looked as if they owned them. I think you'd like one of the Staffies - he's tall and has curly fair hair and look's like Maurice Chevalier. I don't know his name but I think they call him Herbie.

I'll be home on Saturday but I wish Camp was only beginning to-day. How are the cat and the canary? I hope Ma remembered to give the ants eggs to the goldfish on Thursday evening.

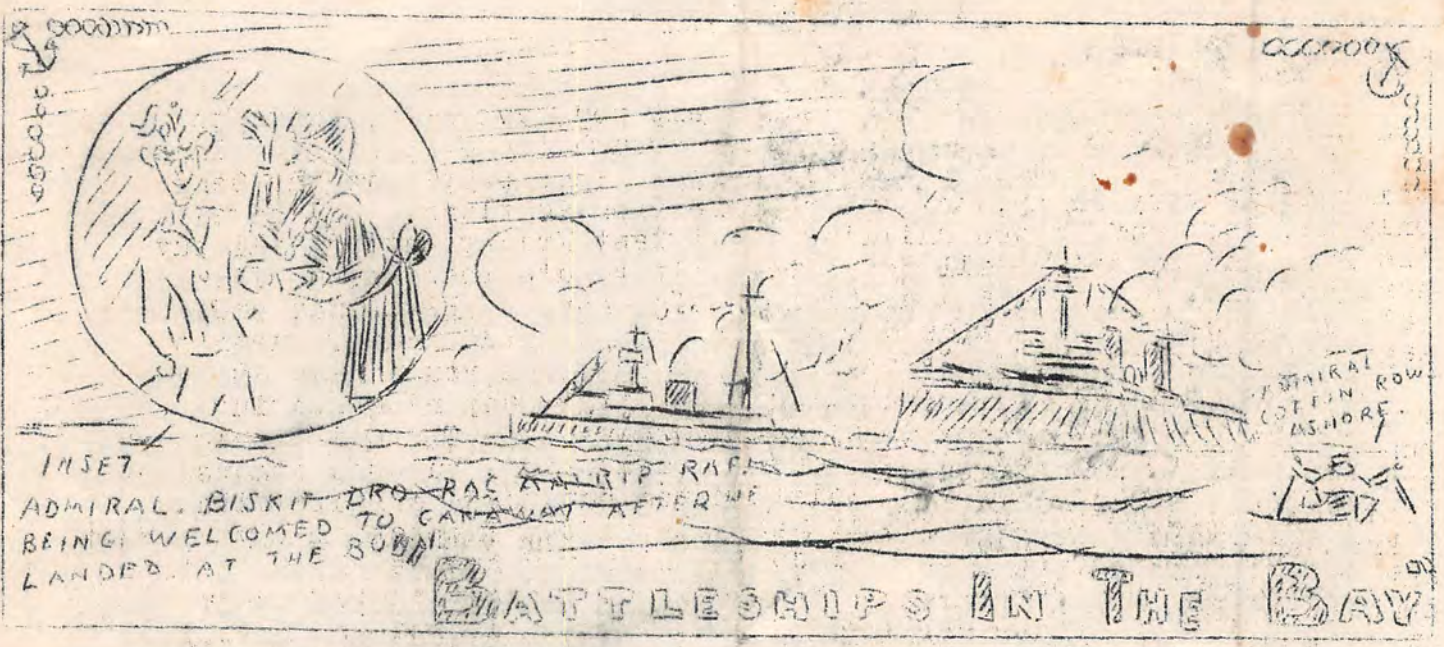
We sleep in tents and each tent is supplied with so many earwigs. They nibble at us during the night but some of them are nearly tame. I will bring some home in a match box. You would like them.

Don't forget to meet me at the Station, but please don't kiss me in front of the boys. I will point out "Herbie" to you then.

Your affectionate nephew,
Willie.

.....

The Camp Concert was held in the Big Marquee on the evening of Inspection Day and was much enjoyed by all. The famous classical tenor, straight from his successes in America, Mr. Harry Ince, again captivated the audience in numbers, new and old. His range included from $\frac{1}{2}$ d, cornets to Fish Balls at 5 half-pence. The local talent was in no way lacking, several prizewinners from Feisanna North, South, East and West taking part. Staff-Sergeant "MacHaggis" assures us in song and speech that he was going to join the "airmy". Private Roy Watt hails from Ballymena - his claim to notoriety is not confined to singing. He is a minor edition of John McCormack and "his Bonnie lies over the ocean!" Bob MacCormac of the 16th
(continued on page opposite)



INSET.
 ADMIRAL BISCUIT ~~DR. RAE~~ ~~AND~~ ~~RIP. RAPP~~
 BEING WELCOMED TO GANAWAY AFTER HE
 LANDED AT THE BAY

VISIT OF H.M.S. DORWARD.

The Mess was honoured this morning by having as its guests two representatives of the "senior service".

During the night the Warship which was engaged on preventative duty, putting down smuggling of cattle into Ulster, put into Ganaway Bay. Vice Admiral Biscuit, P.N., M.A.D., who was accompanied by Commander Coffin, P.U.G., N.O.S.E. were introduced to the Officers' Mess by Lord Windmill, C.O., and were accorded a hearty reception. Subsequently after C.O.'s Parade the Battalion marched past the Saluting Base, Vice-Admiral Biscuit taking the salute, while Commander Coffin took a Collection. Later in the day the distinguished visitors were given the freedom of Ganaway, and after saluting the Quarter-deck (not the Quarter-master) addressed the assembled Camp.

The Warship was thrown open for Inspection and all members of the Camp took the opportunity of seeing what the navy could do.

Special excursions were run on the trains from Ballywhiskin and neighbourhood.

The vessel is of the latest type of pocket Battleship, and is accompanied by a Light Cruiser of the "Tripe" class, and carries a crew of 2 men and a wee Boy. The latter's duty is to attend the "donkey" engine which is the oscilating type. Her speed is 95 knots per minute. The ships will remain open for Inspection until the tide goes out at the low charge of 2d. Proceeds to be put to the aged and infirm Officers' Fund.

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