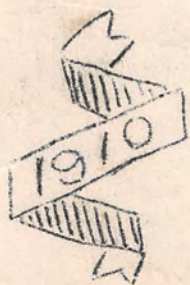


G A A Y



THE JUBILEE VOLUME

T. Young





# The Camp Lyre

SPECIAL ADVANCE NUMBER

JUNE 1st, 1935.

Issued from Headquarters Office, 36 Bedford Street.

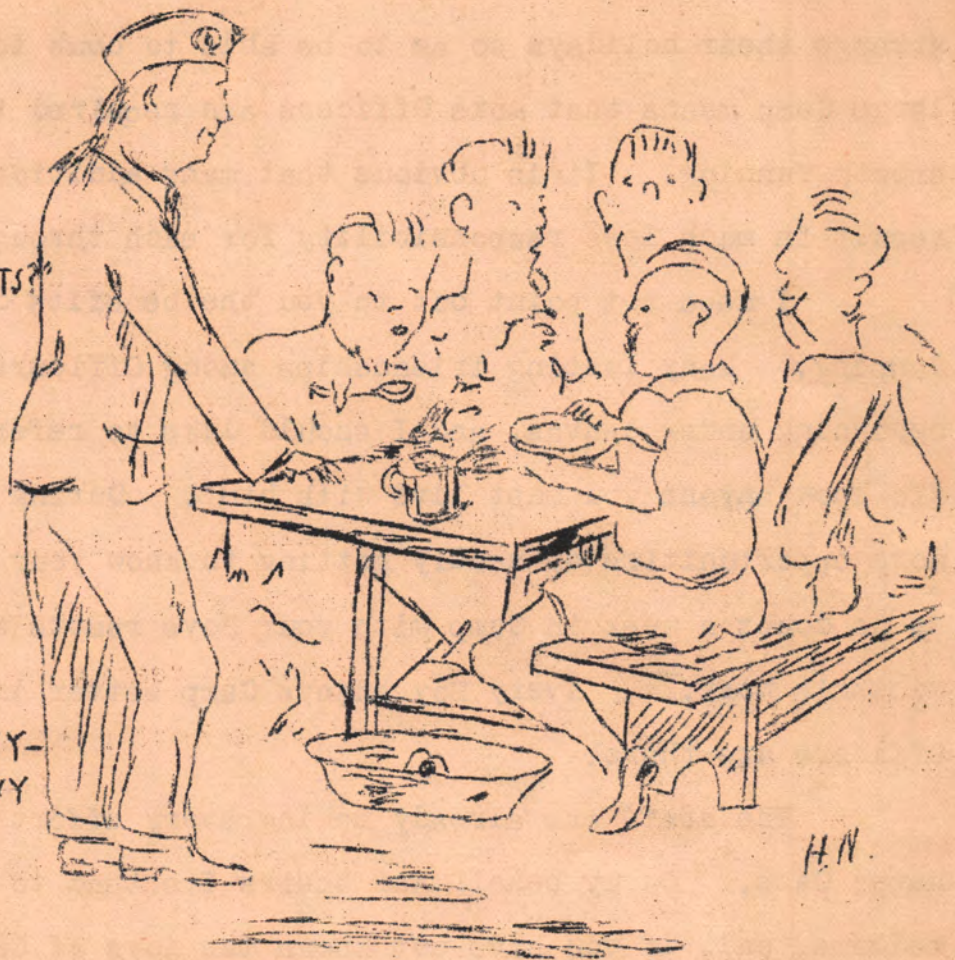
## IN "LIGHTER" VEIN.

"WELL-BOYS!  
ANY COMPLAINTS?"

"YES SIR! PLUM  
DUFF'S WRONG,  
SIR!"

"WHAT'S THE  
MATTER WITH  
IT?"

"IT DEFIES THE  
LAW OF GRAVITY—  
SIR,— TOO HEAVY  
BUT WON'T  
GO DOWN"



PAGE 2.

THE C.O.'s FOREWORD.

Dear Brother Officers,

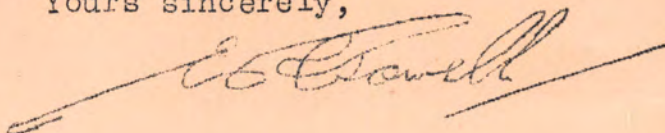
We are all looking forward to "Ganaway 1935", and are expecting a record number in Camp.

As I have been honoured by the Battalion in being appointed C.O. this year, I appeal to all Officers who can possibly do so to arrange their holidays so as to be able to come to Ganaway. A large Camp means that more Officers are required to help in its smooth running. It is obvious that many additional Officers will result in much less responsibility for each throughout the Camp week.

I need not point out to you the benefits derived from Camping. Many lasting friendships among Officers had their beginning under canvas, and I should like to refer to the old adage "To know anyone you must live with him". During Camp you have more opportunities of really getting to know your Boys, and there is no doubt a week in Camp with your Boys reacts wonderfully on the winter's work. Every Boy enjoys Camp better if some of his own Officers are there.

The Staff are already making every effort to ensure a happy Camp. On my behalf and theirs I extend to you a hearty welcome, and, if you have not known the joys of Ganaway until now, come this year and we will gladly introduce them to you.

Yours sincerely,



An old B.B. Camper who was invited to attend the March Council Meeting at which "Old Camping Days" were to be introduced by Mr. W. Garrett and talked about, wrote regretting his inability to attend. The following extracts from his letter will commend themselves --

"I object to Mr. W. Garrett, old friend and crony of mine that he is, striking this attitude of hoary antiquity.

As for the alleged superiority of the new camping to the old, let me tell you that in pre-historic times, at Ballywalter and Cairncastle and so forth we had all the things you vaunt about today. D'Abris, for instance. We had that, all right, but we spelled it with an "E" - Debris. It was mostly found sitting round the tables in the Officers' mess. As for Camp Beds, we had those as well, but they were called palliasses to distinguish them from the other asses. You always knew the palliasses because they had the stuffing knocked out of them on the last day. The others came home still inflated. Then as to electric light, why, in those days every Officer carried a switch about with him.

I trust these few sidelights on the past will disabuse the minds of all and effectively dispose of any impression that the Ganaway Grand Hotel is any better than camp."

It is obvious that the Ganaway of the Nineteen-thirties has to be seen to be believed.

---

#### RE-VALUATION.

There has been much talk and much thought recently regarding re-valuation and it might not come amiss if we paused and asked ourselves whether or no it is not time to re-value Ganaway. Not, of course, in terms of £.s.d. but in the case of those of us who are old Campers as to whether we have done all in our power to ensure that so far as possible every Boy in our Companies shall have the chance in the years to come of cherishing happy memories of the comradeship under canvas at Ganaway.

If you have not yet experienced the wonderful spirit of friendship and the opportunity of getting to know your Boys better, is it not possible that it is due to an under valuation of the part that Ganaway can play in shaping the lives of your Boys for the Master's Service.

Having re-valued Camp in this light can we consciously set aside its claim on our support and presence in 1935? I think not.

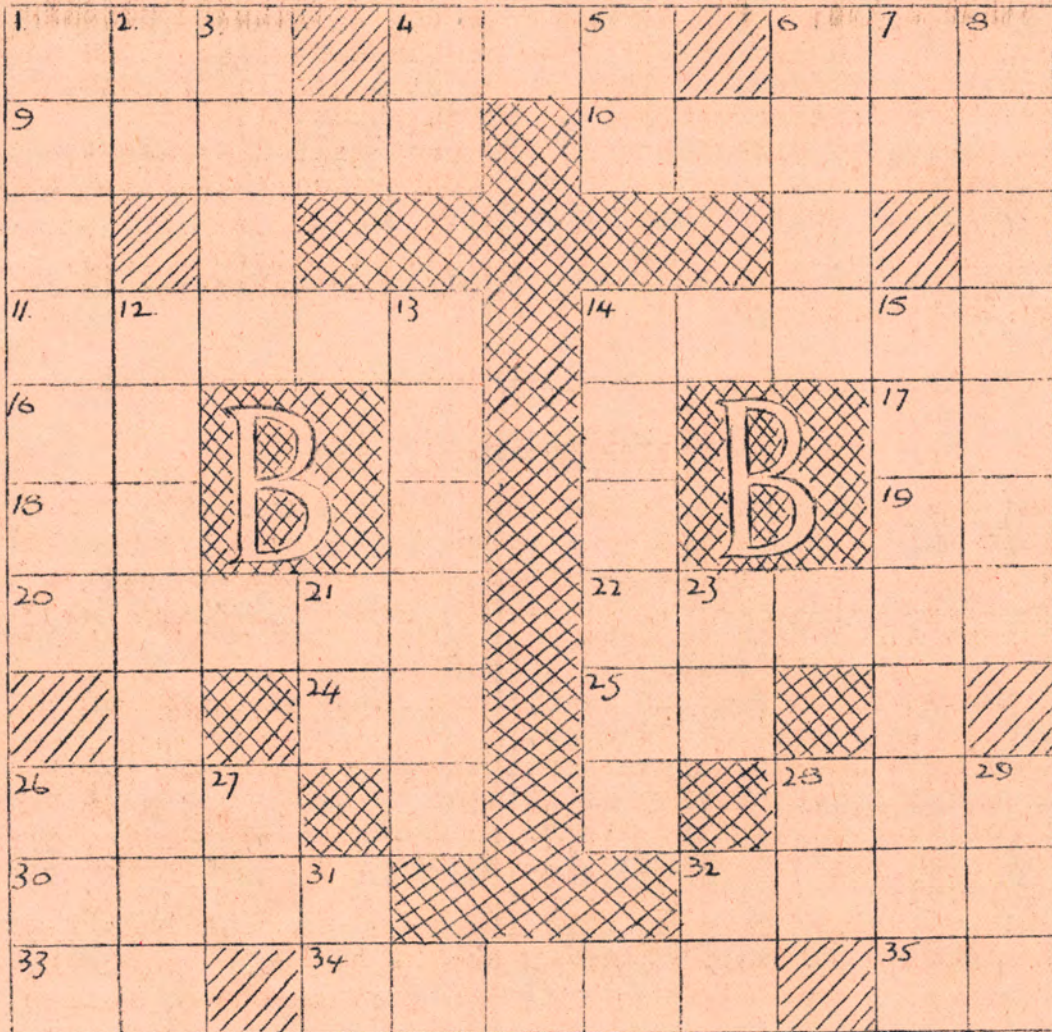
OPEN LETTER TO MR. J...H M...R.

Dear Joe,

We are delighted to learn from a correspondent of your recent visit to the jewellery establishment of our mutual friend, Harry McNeilly, and to think that at last in spring your fancy has "lightly turned to thoughts of love". We understand you have not yet announced which of the Newington Belles you have promised to ring, but we hasten to assure you of our good wishes.

Yours sincerely,  
The Editor.

Camp Cross-word



For clues see page 5

CROSSWORD CLUESAcross

1. Kit -
4. Our C.O.
6. "Hams" in the making.
9. Reveille.
10. Sports Enclosure.
11. Ganaway Spirit.
14. House Fly Family.
16. Half an idea.
17. Harland & Wolff.
18. New Jersey.
19. Motoring Organisation.
20. Tickets please!
22. Kit Bag Conveyance.
24. Not you
25. Electro Plate.
26. Boy.
28. Officers Title.
30. Preposition.
32. Carvas Home.
33. Ards Motor Race.
34. Officer.
35. Green Light.

Down

1. Popular Pastime in Camp.
2. Arrival.
3. Furniture Trimming.
4. To ease.
5. Father.
6. Tent Anchors.
7. Not out.
8. Best place for holidays.
12. C.O's Hardest Worker.
13. Over there.
14. Puts '6 Down' in place.
15. Female visitors' opinion of our M.O.
21. The 'Beak.'
23. Observation Post.
26. Ignited.
27. Delerium Tremers.
28. - of Ganaway is, Skulmartin.
29. - The Station Boss.
31. Orangemen's Body.
32. Our Moderator to a T.

EDITOR'S POST BAG

Dear Mr. Editor,

I am only a little boy, but I am right up-to-date with B.B. News. I heard you were publishing an Easter issue of the "Camp Lyre" for Officers only. Have you forgotten us Boys?

Let me tell you a secret. I long for the day when I shall be an Officer in the B.B. Now, I have to ask my Mother's permission to go to Camp, but then, I shall just go. Of course I might get married and then I would have to ask the wife's permission. Do you think she would let me go? Of course if she didn't I could always tell my brother Officers that I loved her so much, I couldn't bear to leave her. But honestly, Mr. Editor, I can't think how any Officer could love his wife more than Camp. Why it's great to be in the Officers' Mess and to order little boys like me about in this fashion - "Orderly, more porridge, another rasher of bacon, a few more biscuits and another cup of coffee."

I don't think you could order your wife about like that. Do you? I know some Officers who, rather than overburden their wives, prepare breakfast and do it with a smile. Do you not think they are the World's real heroes?

I believe it is better to go easy with wives. I imagine it would be wise to say "Camp is really no holiday for me, my dear, but I simply must go to look after my Boys". I think that would reach their tender hearts.

Camp is glorious for Officers. They crack jokes in the Mess Tent, and their roars of laughter can be heard all over Ganaway. Then they sleep in their tents after every meal. They bathe if, and when they feel like it, and I bathe because I dare not let the other Boys see I am a "funk." I love those beautiful D'Abri Tents in the Officers' Lines and the lovely Camp beds. Ganaway comes to me in my dreams, and I see the day when I am C.O., and when all little Boys will be treated just like Officers.

I hope many nice new Officers will come to Ganaway this year. Those who are married should talk sweetly to their wives, and those who are about to be married should do what I intend to do; get my sweetheart to promise me Ganaway once every year, before I shyly ask her to be mine, for ever and for aye.

Yours till the gates of Ganaway swing open -

"Only a little Boy"

---

OUR COMPLETE SERIAL STORY

"THE GENERAL'S DAY OUT"

Major General Dashup anorted through his mustache as he perused the card in his hand. The inscription on the card was as follows:-

"To Major General Dashup, H.P., B.O.P., O.K.,

Dear Sir,

The Belfast Battalion of The Boys' Brigade would be delighted to allow you to act as Inspecting Officer at their Camp at Ganaway, and will expect you there as early as possible. Bring the wife and kids and also your batman if you like.

(signed) S. Gihon, (Sect.)

P.S. Tea and buns will be provided also forage for horse (if any).  
(Please cross out if not required)"



Accordingly on the deputed date the General rose early and shined his medals, and having given orders to his Battalion to behave themselves in his absence, he got into his car. "I'll drive"! he said to his Aide-do-Cong, who looked very nice and young and clean limbed (which of course was understandable as he had a bath every Friday night) "You get in the back with the old woman and Gladys."

So the Aide-do-Cong (meaning the nice young Officer) got in beside Gladys, the General's lovely daughter, and although it was a bit of a squeeze he didn't mind.

"Have you your sword?" "Daddy." lisped Gladys.

"Of course." snorted her marshal parent.

"I do hope you put on your heavy underwear, Bertram." said Mrs General anxiously. "It might be cold at Ganaway."

The General snorted and changed gear and the car shot forward, and kept shooting forward until it hit the gate posts of Ganaway.

Here a small party of Officers was drawn up under a chubby young man with a round face and nice skin. It was evident that these were picked men.

The chubby young Officer with the round face and nice skin saluted, and speaking respectfully he said "We're the Guard of Honour, General, in case you don't know."

"By Jove! What a fine body of men." replied the General and he proceeded to inspect them at close quarters, while the chubby young Officer with the R.F. and N.S. began to do a line with the fair Gladys, much to the chagrin of the Aide-do-Cong, who was not used to such fast work. As they made their way to the Parade Ground, the young chubby Officer (with R.F. & N.S.) was overheard to say "You may call me Billy if you like."

The C.O. came striding across the field from the Canteen

"Hello! General!" he shouted "You're late!" but, never mind, we started without you. How are all the weans. Would you like a cup of cold Bovril to warm you up.?"

"No thanks! Old Boy" replied the General. "We'll just wait till it starts raining and then we'll inspect the boys -- Well! Well! There they are! The little devils! Tell them to stand at ease while I inspect the Cookhouse."

With that they all ambled off as usual while the band played soft music to the best of its ability.

About an hour or so later they returned and the General gasped with surprise.

"Good Gracious! They're still here!" he said as his eyes swept the ranks.

So the Parade began with the various line Captains sticking out their chests and bawling out their commands, even to the danger of losing their false teeth in their anxiety to impress the General (or his daughter Gladys). Everything went O.K., and all the locals who had come because it was free were much impressed.

Finally as the Battalion was marching past in Review Order the unexpected happened. A thundrous voice rang out "Halt!" in tones which woke up the men on the Skulmartin lightship.

The Parade halted. Who had given the command? It was the General Himself. His face was stern and fiery red as he turned to the C.O.

"I could not let that go on!" he said. "There was one boy out of step! Now carry on!"

After that the General presided at the Sports finals, holding one end of the tape for the races. The C.O. was obviously out to flatter.

"You hold a lovely tape, Sir" he said ingratiatingly.

"Huh! Red Tape! mostly" snorted the General.

Then the General supervised the Tug of war, and as the rival lines heaved, it was very amusing to see their Line Officers urging them on with ill-timed yells of "Heave! Heave!! Heave!!! and at the same time swaying their bodies violently in the desired direction as though intent on creating a helpful breeze.

The General had a good laugh at this when he got home.

After this the General spoke a few thousand words to the boys who greatly appreciated it all.

Then the General and his entourage had tea with the C.O. and all the Clergymen in the Camp (dozens of them). As the General jokingly remarked "It looked like the General Assembly, By jove!" (loud laughter).

The General expressed himself well pleased with all he had seen and eaten, and as he drove off in his car his daughter was heard to say to the chubby young Officer with the round face and nice skin.

"Good bye Billy! I'll be seein' you."

-----

THE GOOD CAMPER

He is one who knows that Discipline is the beginning of all Good Camping

He is careful of Property and does no damage in Camp or out

He takes a Pride in the Camp. He never drops litter, but picks up that which the bad Camper throws down

He is not content to do his share of the Work. He does more

He is a Sportsman. He Plays as hard as he Works.

He is Cheerful when the Sun Shines. He Laughs when it rains

He is considerate of all Living Creatures

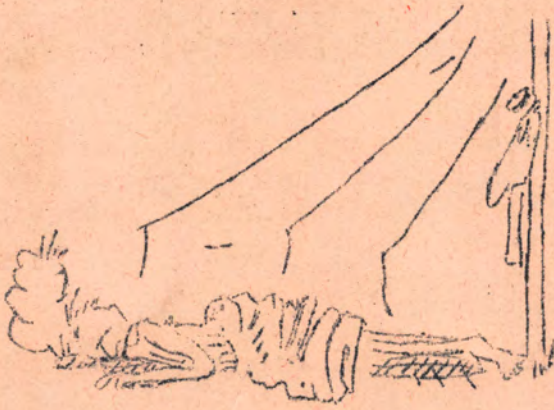
He everywhere guards the Good Name of the Camp and of the B.B.

He puts Others First all the time and he does not forget the Giver of All Good Things

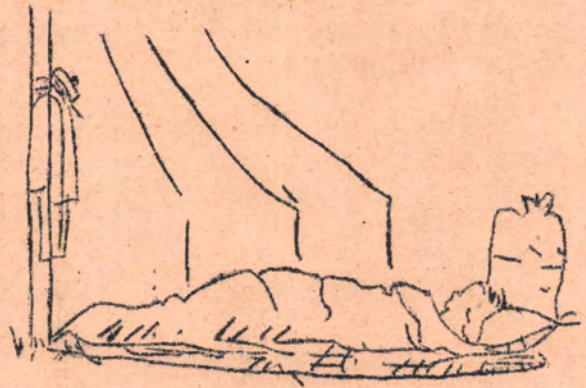
The Lord thy God walketh  
in the midst of thy Camp  
Therefore shall thy Camp  
be Holy

Deut. XXIII. 14

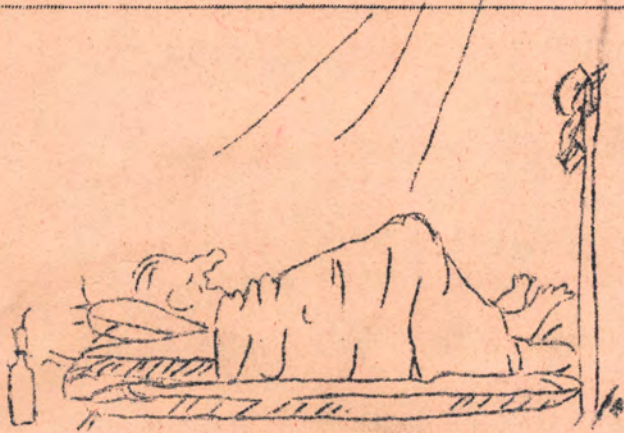
CAMP COMFORT  
OR  
THE EVOLUTION OF A C. O.



PRIVATE P-W-LL.



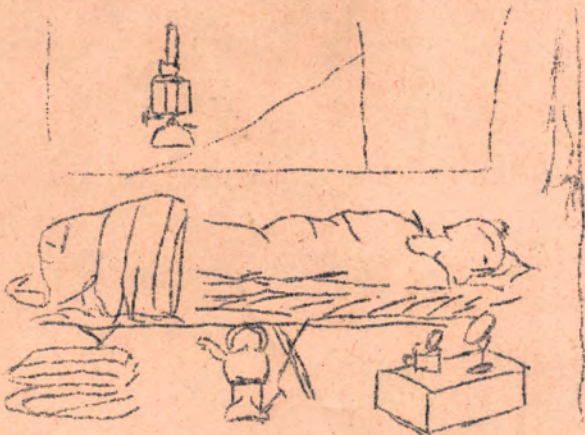
SERGEANT P-W-LL.



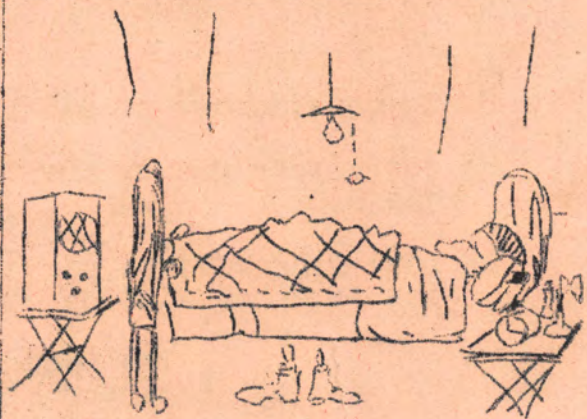
STAFF-SGT. P-W-LL.



LIEUT. P-W-LL.



QUARTER-MASTER P-W-LL.



C. O. P-W-LL.

HN:



# The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 13. No. 1.

Thursday, 11th July, 1935.

## EDITORIAL

Good afternoon everybody! The "Lyre" calling Ganaway Camp (Wavelength 113549, KC/S 342lm.) Again in the thirteenth year of our "reign" we bravely "break forth into printing". We aint superstitious and in this year, as in the past many summers we shall continue to courageously sound forth the policy and doctrine of this world-wide organ of unfettered, insensible, irresponsible, uncontrollable opinion.

At the outset we wish to state that we make no apology (nor WON'T during this regime -- libel seekers please note) for coming forth once again re-strung and

atuned to echo and reiterate our age long policy -- "thetru tath wehol etrut handa nythin gbutt hetruth". This interpreted from Oxford to Ballywhiskin "lingo" means THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND ANYTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

The portrait of our "Big Chief" has been reproduced by his gracious consent and with the kind permission of the artist, Mr. Charles Gray, B.B., N.O. G.O O.D., O.K. We are glad to announce to our legion of subscribers, sympathisers, rivals and readers that we have secured at immense cost, and no doubt great personal risk to himself, the services of this famous County Down artist and cartoonist for this noted daily journal. Mr. Gray, who formerly served on the staff of the "BALLYMACARRETT BALONEY" has had a noted artistic career and many of his prize works have been "hung" on the yard lines around Pitt Street way.

We again solicit your support - buy, read and "learn" from your own daily paper (produced in your own canvas town of Ganaway by B.B. reared sons of Ulster fed on good Willis porridge and paid highest wages in genuine canteen tin-tops). Our columns are open to all -- we shall be glad to receive contributions -- sensible or otherwise.

May you all enjoy this 1935 Camp and revel in the pages of this illustrious, carefree, entertaining volume!!

### FEATURES OF COMING ISSUES.

Make sure of your copy -  
ORDER NOW.

Going Up -- Dinah Mite.  
Faster and Faster -- G. Upp.  
The Horseman -- Ridah Stride.

## WITH THE ADVANCE PARTY

Account by an "Eye Witness".

The Advance Party arrived at Ganaway on Monday morning after a very "smug" journey via the B.C.D.R. The disturbed slumbers of the members -- they had been up with the lark -- about 5 a.m. -- were comfortably continued en route. "Stick around -- ye may be needed" harped Quartermaster Wilton in his American-Shankill twang on reaching our destination. "Its a bare outlook" bleated one of the advance guard as he scanned the grassy sward. "Sure ye're right, brother" replied his mate "and I feel bare inside too" pointing to his breadbin. "Oni" said a third, "my belly thinks my throat's on holidays too". Commissariat Officer Finney suddenly appeared, "Now then Mr. Wilton we'll feed the "donkeys" and they'll soon work". Feeling no doubt rather sore at the nasty outburst of the Grub Big Chief but still at the same time feeling also sore at the pangs of hunger and realising discretion the better part of valour we partook of the good things provided and in a halfhour's time the party -- like new men -- then got stuck into it. Into the work -- not Mr. Finney, I mean. "Chucker off" Armstrong and his transport squad were soon busy aiding the popular Jack and his bhoys. Then it was WORK, WORK, WORK, WORK, with the Powell Patent Electric Tent Erector in motion the canvas flats appeared to spring up just like mushrooms. Palliasses were filled with Mr. J. Steen ably carrying out the responsible duties of chief tester which job he very successfully tackled! -- oh how he was envied!

Next, Grub Grub Grub to keep the members alive and kicking, then WORK WORK WORK. Tea and a bathe under Petty Officer Adjutant Dorward, B.S. (Bachelor of the Sea) and would you believe it again WORK WORK WORK.

Then to many of the toilers appeared the relief of the Ganaway Advance. In through the massive gates stalked the Commanding Officer Mr. Powell accompanied by the Great J.A. (Mr. J.A. Kirkpatrick Battalion Vice-President). "What's all this"? WORK WORK WORK at this hour of the night -- the Royal Antique Order for the Prevention of long working hours for youngsters will be upon us". Where is this tyrant of a Quartermaster, where is he?" "Where is he"? bawled the, by this time, infuriated C.O. Nowhere could Mr. Wilton be traced. Orders were given to down tools and a search carried out. After some time SNORE SNORE SNORE sounds came from behind the haystack in the sport's field and there beautifully -- one would have thought it was himself nicely laid out in his own mortuary -- lay our good Q.M. peacefully asleep. "Hi! Hi!" roared the C.O. Mr. Wilton awoke and jumped to his feet his hair standing on end(?) in surprise and rage. "All present and correct, sir". "Bah! are you not ashamed to be found here sleeping while all these of your workers toil incessantly" demanded the C.O. "It's O.K. Big Boy" retorted Mr. Jack -- my men work just as hard when Im, not there as when I am". (We understand legal proceedings are developing and as the case is sub-judice we refrain from further comment on the matter) However -- the Camp went up!

C A M P A. B. C.

In Rhyme.

- A. is for Ambulance Tent to which none of us want to go.  
B. is for Black Jack, a favourite cure there we all know.  
C. is for Canteen where all our money goes.  
D. is for Dinner - ready for it - I suppose.  
E. is for Egg - you get a good one - if you're lucky.  
F. is for Finney. To keep us 'fed up' we consider rather plucky.  
G. is for Grumbling - a thing in camp we never do.  
H. is for Headache sometimes caused by too much stew.  
I. is for Ices which vanish just like snow.  
J. is for Jelly Fish which sometimes bites your toe.  
K. is for "Kookhouse" where mysteries are brewed.  
L. is for Last Rose which recruits are told is blued.  
M. is for Music which we get and enjoy from the Band.  
N. is for Night Noises, mostly snores we understand.  
O. is for Orderlies very useful as a rule.  
P. is for Porridge your wait for it to cool.  
Q. is for Quartermaster who is always "on the run".  
R. is for "Reveille" so early in the morn'.  
S. is for Staffies a pest you will agree.  
T. is for Toffs they are sometimes said to be.  
U. is for U on whom Ganaway's good name depends.  
V. is for Vanity its good name we'll sure defend.  
W. is for Week-end camp we all expect.  
X. is for 'Xtra the report from "Home" who inspects.  
Y. is for Yawning most prevalent in the morn'.  
Z. is a letter we wish had ne'er been born.  
(Letters have run out - so we must stop)

COURT AND SOCIETY.

The Most Adorable, the Grand Duchess of Ganaway, the Honourable Lady McAnally, has arrived at her summer seat -- Elenora Bungalow, where she will spend the next ten days (keeping an eye on her distinguished husband, "Juke" Raymond McAnally, B.A.R.K. during the latter's stay in Camp at Ganaway).

Special to Staffies and others interested -- the Grand Duchess is accompanied by her charming young daughter the Hon. Lady Nell McAnally.

.....

Heard at Ballywalter.

Look, John, look. I'm sure that's a shark I see out there.

Your'e quite right, darling, said John, that's my landlady bathing.

.....

He knew his man.

A well known Officer in Camp called at the Hospital Tent and asked Dr. Warnock to examine him. The Doctor gave him the once over and then said "I don't see much wrong with you, what are your symptoms"? "Oh," said the patient, theres one thing Doctor, I don't feel inclined for work". "That," replied the Doctor, "is not a disease its just a common habit".

by G.F. (an ex-Lyre).

.....

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

What is the relative value of a rich uncle?

Do dark ladies belong to the fair sex?

If a spider's life hangs on a thread?

Why endurance records have so little endurance?

.....

Question.- A bottle and cork costs  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. the bottle costs 2d. more than the cork. What is the price of each?

(Answer -- Bottle,  $2\frac{1}{4}$ d. Cork  $\frac{1}{4}$ d.)

.....

If to-day is the to-morrow of yesterday, is to-day the yesterday of to-morrow?

.....



SPECIAL CROSS WORD COMPETITION.

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8
9					10			
11	12		13		14		15	
16							17	
18							19	
20			21		22	23		
			24		25			
26		27					28	29
30			31			32		
33			34					35

CLUES.

Down.

1. Popular pastime in Camp.
2. Arrival.
3. Furniture Trimming.
4. To ease.
5. Father.
6. Tent Anchors.
7. Not out.
8. Best place for holiday.
12. C.O.'s hardest worker.
13. Over there.
14. Puts '6 Down' in place.
15. Female visitors' opinion of our M.O.
21. The 'Beak'.
23. Observation Post.
26. Ignited.
27. Delirium Tremers,
28. - of Ganaway is, Skulmartin.
29. - The Station Boss.
31. Orangemen's Body.
32. Our 1934 Moderator to a T.

- Across.- 1. Kit - , 4. Our C.O., 6. "Hams" in the making, 9. Reveille, 10. Sports Enclosure, 11. Ganaway Spirit, 14. House Fly Family, 16. Half an idea, 17. Harland & Wolff, 18. New Jersey, 19. Motoring organisation, 20. Tickets please! 22. Kit Bag conveyance, 24. Not you, 25. Electro Plate, 26. Boy, 28. Officers Title, 30. Preposition, 32. Canvas home, 33. Ards Motor Race, 34. Officer, 35. Green Light.

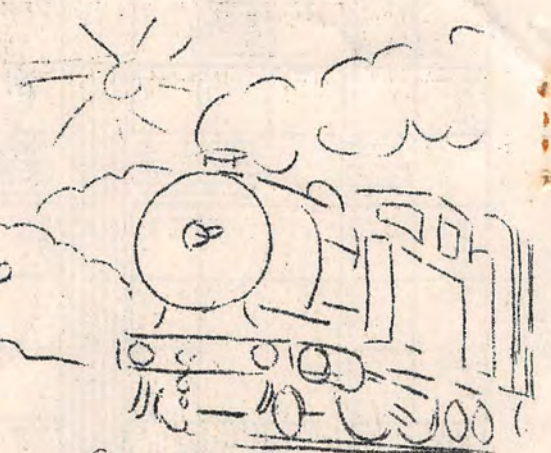
.....  
 Entries must reach the Lyre Tent before "Lights Out" to-day Thursday. For the first correct or nearest correct solution opened a special prize will be awarded (No! not the Editor's beautiful young daughter).

The Competition is open to all Ganaway "subjects" -- that is "all people that in Ganaway do dwell" -- all who have taken the oath of allegiance to the C.O. and are now resident in this canvas town.

ENTER NOW

(Solution and particulars will be published to-morrow).

WHY IS THE ADVANCE SO CALLED?  
ANSWER: A LEMON.



PeP. USUALLY HAS TO ADVANCE BEFORE YOUNG GEORGE GOES TO GANAWAY.

GEORGE GOES BY TRAIN. IT DOESN'T ADVANCE. IT JUST GOES.



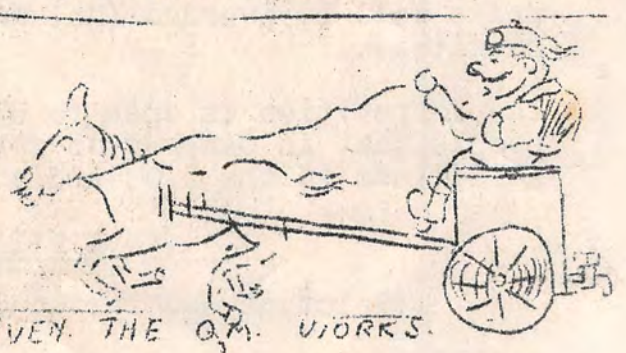
THE TENTS ARE NOW PITCHED BY MASS PRODUCTION.



HERE WE SEE OUR ADVANCE AT WORK.



HERE ARE MORE OF THE ADVANCE STILL AT WORK.



EVEN THE O.M. WORKS.



# The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 13. No. 2.

Friday, 12th July, 1935

## EDITORIAL

We had splendid sales of our first issue and are hoping to smash all records these coming days. MAKE SURE OF YOUR COPY. ORDER NOW.

We trust you all enjoyed your first night's 'rest' and 'sleep'. We wonder did you?

Reveille (to the Lyre staff, as we gazed from the fourth storey of our very commodious offices) certainly seemed 'early'. We dont wonder that the C. O. (see picture) shot out his neck to his subordinates for allowing 'hiking at such unreasonable hours. We assure our worthy 'Brass Hat' on behalf of our numerous readers and supporters it wont occur again (maybe it will be SOME job getting us out of bed on the next mornings.



The C. O. shoots out his neck.

To many of our young friends in Camp for the first time who may be feeling lonely we recommend an intelligent

comforting perusal of these pages and a visit to the Canteen to drown their sorrows. (McLellans Minerals fully guaranteed)

Yes! The first night's the hardest-- Ye'll soon get hardened----Look at ould 'has beens' like Jack Craig, George Crawford Raymond McAnally and Georgie Armstrong ---and they're not done yet. " Though the years are creeping on " . Copyright W. T.)

To all old timers we are happy in renewing the bond of B. B. friendliness in that great body -- The Ganaway Fellowship. The More there are of us and the longer we're here, the happier we shall be truly sums up this happy happy holiday.

-----  
THAT MAN WITH THE VACANT LOOK. WHAT AILS HIM ? IS HE ILL?

No. He just doesn't read the LYRE.

FRESH AND THOROUGHLY UNTRUSTWORTHY PEPYS MATERIAL.

.....  
SAMUEL PEPYS sees the B.B. at Balmoral.  
.....

Belfast, May 13.

Up betimes, and my wife having expressed a desire to remain in the hotel, pleading a headache -- though methinks the wretch only desires to look at the shoppes, they being gaudy beyond belief here with frills and furbelows and other feminine vanities - I betook myself to Castle Junction, where the trams meet. I fell in with Tommie Robinson and persuaded him to join me in taking a posset at the Carlton coffee house. He told me that a friend of his, a military man lately out of Dahomey, says the King of Ethiopia hath a great press of soldiers for fighting the Italians and that they are equipped in all points like our own men but without boots, as they never wear any, which I thought an exceeding strange thing, and ill tidings for the leather trade if there be a war, which God forbid. In the afternoon to Balmoral - or "Belmorl" as they call it in these parts - to witness the young peoples' examinacioun by the King's son, the Duke of Gloucester. A great multitude preent - some say 20,000 - so that I had little expectacioun of seeing anything from so far up in the stand. Opposite me was Mr. Garrett's army, which was first in the order of going in and is called The Boys' Brigade. These boys wear brown belts round their middles and white sashes, or haversacks, over their shoulders, with the neatest little round caps I ever saw. The Officers wear Scotch bonnets, and among them I saw my lord Bangor, who I am told is as good a leader of Boys in peace as he was of men in war. Boys and girls marched past with their colours very spruce, methought. But, law, when the Duke walked among the boys he was lost to sight among them and the word went round that he might not be found again and his royal father would have to count one Duke less. But he came laughing from among the press and the roaring, for which Heaven be praised. There were girls in blue and boy Scouts in khaki and others in Uniforms of various sorts and there was a Scotch marshall in a kilt called Speir who was the man to see all, which I thought a curious thing, for the Scotch who came with the King to London always say they "speer" when they see a thing, as they would say "speer a bawbee" when they mean "see a policeman", which I think odd, but they are a barbarous people. Had much ado to get to the gate afterwards, but hired a chaise and so home, to my great content.

(The foregoing "screech" is contributed by that all famous one-- the Founder of the Camp Lyre -- S.J. Platt.

We bow in gratitude.)  
.....

## COLLOSAL ESPIONAGE

Authorities outwitted...

Is John Bull's Prestige at Stake!

(exclusive to Camp Lyre)...

We are able to reveal, states our Special Representative, that there are among us two Secret Service Agents in the person of General Oh Duffer and his right hand man Sean Blewshoit. With them in our midst are members of their personal bodyguard. These members of the bodyguard are believed to be residing in or about "I" Line. The experienced eye can easily recognise these persons as they are attired in blue round about ten o'clock every morning (Camp Inspection)

We take this opportunity to make a fervent appeal for observant boys to watch these desperadoes who were last seen disguised as officers. It is interesting to note that one of Sean Blewshoit's aliases is Miss Kelly. Any clue as to their wrong doings and whereabouts will be received by Detective W.J. Chambers P.O., Head, Telephone Ganaway 12121212.

An effort to locate these hardy villians was made last night on the super transmitter in the Big Marquee by Const., F. Picton but the effort to stop all cars and the arrival of Oh Duffer and Sean Blewshoit proved a blank.

P. S.. Their arrival is synonymous with of Mr. Jimmy Paul who has brought, we understand, special dispatches from DEV in the South  
(Press Association Copyright)

### A DISCLAIMER

Mr. George Armstrong our worthy Transport Officer has asked us explain, neither He nor any member of his family are in any way connected with the Cartoon in yesterdays "Lyre". While we publish this Disclaimer we would like to state "we aint so sure of it".

### COMPETITION

Problem Two B-B boys in Camp last night were discussing their ages, in which there was a difference of four years.

" I am twice as old now as you were when I was as old as you are now " said George.

" Yes, that's so said Fred," and when I am as old as you are now you will be twice as old as I was two years ago."

Find the boy's ages (if you can).

Answers to be returned to the Lyre Tent to-night before Retreat - Special Prize

Now please a Bumper Entry.

A D V E R T I S M E N T S =

(Special to all Customers --)

To-day "The Famous Twelfth"

"Orange Crush"

3d. per Bottle

(Remember the "Orange Bottle of 1690") .

R A D I O G U I D E .  
(Friday)

Features of to-day's programme.  
Ballywisquin 12,345.6 inches from Ganaway.

- 3-15 P.M. ---- Light Music, presented by Sir. Wulum Tweedie Mus. Pest.  
4-15 P.M. ---- Selections by Gustav. Whind, and his famous French  
Fiddlers from Donegall Pass.  
4-45 P.M. ---- "Wally Willis" and the Cookhouse Warblers.  
5-15 P.M. ---- "Kiddies Hour" conducted by Aunt Sloppy and Uncle  
Harry.  
6-. P.M. ---- Time Signal from the "Flagstaff Alarm". Weather  
Forecast from the "Lyre Observatory. News Bulletin.  
6-30 P.M. ---- Books in General by "I readem".  
7-5 P.M. ---- Foundations of Music --G. Armstrong  
Tin Whistle --- E. Powell  
Big Drum -----J. Steen.  
7-30 P.M. Farmers Bulletin by John Craig.  
7-40 P.M. ---- The Money Exchange by Norman Rea.L.S.D.  
8-. P.M. ---- Programme of Variety . -Recitations by Harry Fair,  
A Storm-four boys -and a banana by John Miskelly.  
Ballad of the South by Jimmy Paul.  
9-. P.M. ---- Poetry read by Padre Chestnut. Adoration by night,  
(The Stars,etc.,).  
9-30 P.M. ---- Dance Music by Jack Wilton and his Boys,--Vocalist  
"Bing Ritchie." (From the Café-de-Ganeway)

H E A R D .

Boy (4th.Comp.,), at the Halt, on the way down to Camp, (awaiting  
the buses return,)---"We are the Left Half Battalion,-- I think we  
are the Left Off too. \_\_\_\_\_

Enquirer --- No, Mr. Paul the man from Dublin, isn't the Apostle  
as you suggest. Mr. Kelly of Ballymena is called Arthur not Silas.  
\_\_\_\_\_

Heard in the Officers' Mess,-----What do you think of a man who  
can constantly deceive his wife? ----"I think he's a wonder!"

BY OUR UNTAMED POET.

SUMMER.

'Twas a sunny summer's morning,  
The sun was nearly set,  
The spring flowers bloomed in splendour,  
Although the day was wet.

The birdies sweet beneath the sea,  
Sat singing in the corn,  
And little fishes in their nests  
Arose to wake the morn.

The bantam hen and the rooster  
Were swimming in the lake,  
And singing in the highest tree  
Was the beautiful corncrake.

It was a winter's evening,  
The sun is rising soon.  
The ducks upon the Ganaway roost  
Slept away the autumn noon.

THE SEASIDE FATHER.

Beneath no shady chestnut tree  
The seaside father stands.  
With breaking back and joints that crack  
He digs the Ballywhiskin sands.  
The children laugh to see his sweat,  
And clap their sunburnt hands.  
Toiling, perspiring, burrowing,  
On through the day he goes,  
And since his bed is full of lumps,  
He gets no night's repose.

(First-Aid Officer Turner has ordered our poet's removal to  
Bellevue -- detention at the Zoo for observation purposes. Ed.)

.....  
W A N T E D

A smart energetic electrically-driven lad between the ages of  
12 and 17 for the Editorial office of this renowned daily paper.  
All applicants must have an unfair knowledge of Shorthand (500 words  
per minute will be considered). Typewriting, French, Ballywhiskin,  
Gaelic (to suit our Dublin visitors) and Belfast languages are  
essential but not English as the Editor "ain't no anything about IT..  
The hours are 5.90 a.m. till 10.67 p.m. Boys with more than six  
grandmothers need not apply.(?????) Salary will be paid annually--  
no subs will be granted. £1,500 premium required. Applicants must  
be well recommended, sound in every ear and not liable to sleepy  
sickness. Apply AT ONCE to Lyre Offices, 1515 Third Street,  
Ganaway, Co, Down - enclose bank books as proof of premium, and  
address applications to Box XYZ, 2345678.

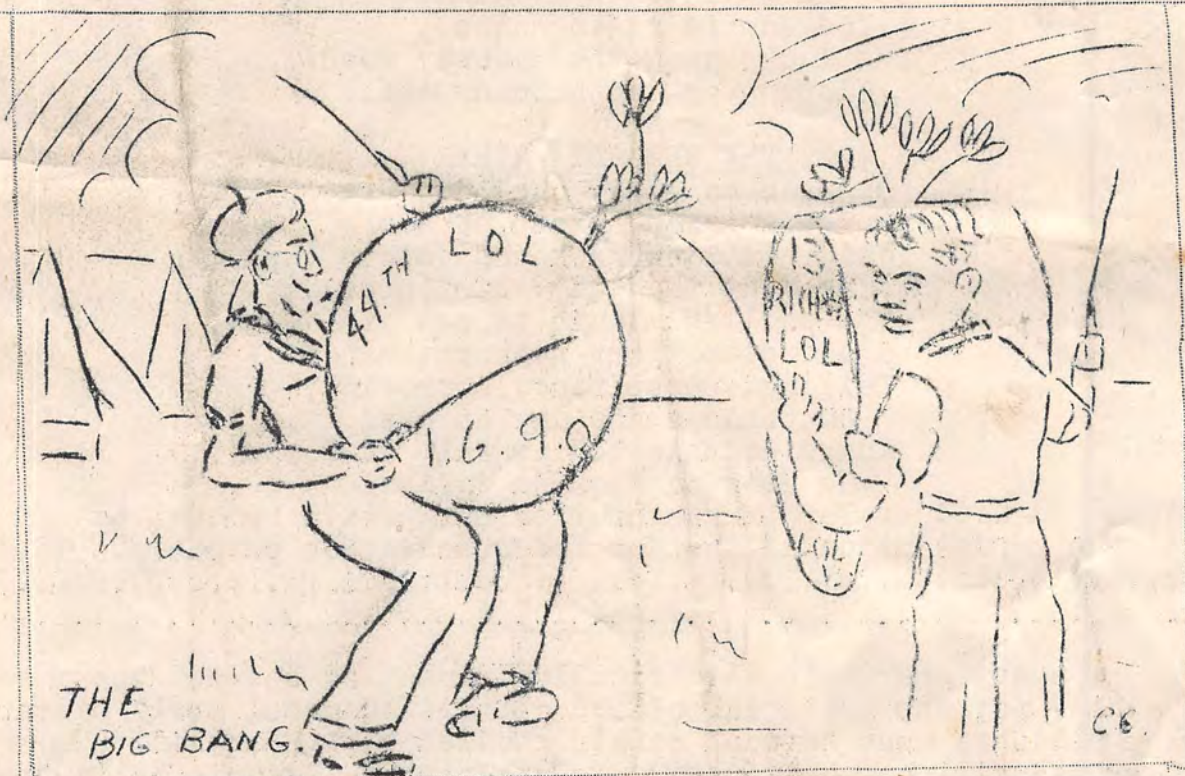
CROSSWORD COMPETITION =  
 (Winner---Pte. R. Dickson.-H.I.--)Solution below.

- |                   |               |                |           |
|-------------------|---------------|----------------|-----------|
| DOWN.--1=.Bathing | 14=.Mallet.   | ACROSS.--1.Bag | 20.Guardd |
| 2=.Ar.            | 15=.Charming. | 4.Erp          | 22.Lorry  |
| 3=.Gilp.          | 21=.R.M       | 6.Pig          | 24.Me     |
| 4=.Ee.            | 23=.O.P       | 9.Arise        | 25.E.P    |
| 5=.Pa.            | 26=.Lit       | 10.Arena       | 26.Lad    |
| 6=.Pegs.          | 27=.D.T       | 11.Happy       | 28.Sir    |
| 7=.In.            | 28=.S.E       | 14.Musca       | 30.Into   |
| 8=.Ganaway.       | 29=.R.T.O     | 16.I.D.        | 32.Tent   |
| 12=.Adjutant.     | 31=.O.L       | 17.H.W         | 33.T.T    |
| 13=.Yonder.       | 32=.T.T       | 18.N.J         | 34.Lieut  |
|                   |               | 19.A.A         | 35.Go     |

T W E L T H at GANA WAY F I E L D....  
 Celebrating the Great Occassion.

(Special Camp Lyre Photograph).-----Copyright.....

"B R O T H E R S" Best and Alexander "in action. T O - D A Y =



FOR SALE.....

One 250 C.G.S. ,Cast iron bargain,as originally used by Noah, ..... It has only covered 7,000000000000 miles..... Has extreme sentimental value.....The horn is in an excellent condition.....One of its supreme qualities is tthe fact that it can run on either GRAPE=FRUIT or JUICE.....

Our artist would not dispose of this valueable machine except for the fact that he needs the money to keep up the payments on his ukelelee-banjo

PRICE@@@@@@@@@@@@@@ \$ you'd be surprised.....





# The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 13. No. 3.

Saturday, 13th July, 1935.

## EDITORIAL.

We today give special space (one whole page) to the worthy recipients of the Jubilee honours.

We are sorry we are unable to state WHEN and WHERE and by WHOM these gentlemen (? ?) will be received in audience.

In the special circumstances we withhold (in the meantime) our congratulations.

\$\$\$\$\$. \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

WALLY, OUR OFFICE B Y ON "KAMPIN".

Kampin is a funny thing and one wot has to be taken seeriously. You kids think that becaws youve stuffed yer garminits and other longeree into a kitbag with a prity label tied thereon, that yer a 100 per cent per annum Kamper. But ye arnt! Yer only  $\frac{1}{2}$  of

one of them persents.

Garn! Ye nant tell me! Kampin I tell ye is a perfession on its own. Isnt everybody can do it. My ma couldnt for one. She isnt built for it. She sez so - she sez she hates the beastly earywigs and wasps. But onee yev been to Kamp once or twice more or less, these little dont worry ye at all--ye dont even worry to knock em off yer jam --if--and when yer get it.

Take beds - it's a site for sore eyes to see the new kids at making beds for the first time--how them hams missed their ma's.

Once yer know how its as easy as drawin money from the Kamp bank and easier than spending it. Anyway ye ought to know how to make a bed even if ye kant slepe on it. Thats what ye call Kampin. Have a pipe at the other guy at his --then do the same.

Befour biddin yer gudeby dont forget the LYRE computishuns. Enter -- and coleckt the dough. So long fellers-- I'll be seein ye.

P.S. If ye want to know how many shilings there arr in the pound ask Mr. Dorward. Wally.



Adj. Dorward broadcasting on the state of the pound abroad.

THE "STAFFS".

(By an old camper).

Of all the folk, who visit Camp, "The Staffs" they are the dandies  
An easy time they most enjoy and work feels like the jaundice  
They dress and dress and dress again until one wonders are they sane  
Then out they march and look around and calmly view the Old Camp ground  
To see if some "dames" can be found to fill their time with gladness.

-----  
The first few hairs of manly grace, are gently shaved right off his  
He feels he cannot be denied, his looks, they fill his heart with pride  
Looks on the boys with tearful eye, sad memories of the days gone by  
When he was just like one of them and had to be in his bed at ten  
and think of Staffies cushy job and often wish he were a k"Nob".

-----  
Some of this Camp have yet to roam, into the Staffs illustrious home  
where everything is of the best and the only work you do is rest  
For I myself was one of them and wish I could go back again  
The be a Staff and act the ass, as only good ould Staffs can do  
To wear my gloves and swing my cane and give the 'Glad' to any 'dame'

-----  
Now to attain the rank of "Staff" -- should be every boys desire  
Have all the fun, The Camp to run ? and a cushy job acquire.  
So Sergeant down to private, look on with envious eyes  
and pray to have a chance some day to gain this "Paradise"  
Where down the years the dear old Staffies come and go.

R. K. L.

YESTERDAYS COMPETITION

Winner ----- Private C. Martin (Dublin) Tent E 7.

The correct answer was George's age 16. Fred's age 12.

-----  
Note. There were twelve other correct solutions but  
the first correct one opened was awarded the special  
cash prize.

CROSSWORD TODAY---- Fill in the blank squares, tear out page, write  
on it theyour name, tent, and line and deposit in the  
Lyre Competition Box before Tent Inspection on Monday.

No correspondence will be entered into in connection with this  
competition and the Editors decision is final, binding and beyond  
all disputation. In other woids infallible.

THIS WE WILL MENTAIN. THIS WE WILL MENTAIN. THIS WE WILL MENTAIN

That the Camp Lyre is the best paper published in Northern Ireland.  
Order your copy today.

JUBILEE YEAR HONOURS LIST



MR. POWELL.



MR. GIHON.



Mr. FINNEY.



COMMANDER COFFIN



VICE-ADMIRAL BISCUIT.



MR. CRAIG. H.N.

.....  
MR. ERNEST POWELL, Commanding Officer to be elevated to the Peerage in recognition of his great services (in retrieving blankets for innocent Officers). The new peer will be known as Lord Sefton of Amelia.

VICE-ADMIRAL GEORGE CRAWFORD BISCUIT, to receive the B.K.O. (Big-Kick-Out) for notable services with the fleet in Ganaway waters.

MR. WILLIAM FINNEY to be designated as First Lord of the Interior - for important and gallant services in feeding so many of His Majesty's "subjects".

COMMANDER JACK WILTON COFFIN, P.U.G., N.O.S.E., to receive the Freedom of all Grave Yards - for distinguished day and night services carried out without ring and combine.

MR. SAMUEL GIHON to be Knighted - (kept at home at nights by Mrs.G) for notable literary secretarial services in the B.B. Kingdom.

MR. JACK CRAIG to receive a Companion of Honour (at long last - Mrs. C?????????)

Prominent Persons Interviewed by Ed...

Willis the Cook  
(By Special Correspondent)

The pleasant aroma arising from one portion of the Camp, led me to the most inviting place within the Bounds, the Cookhouse, Here I met my old friend Willis sitting on the top of an upturned bucket, assiduously studying a Cookery Book, while a large pile of other books lay around him. Looking up, he said to me, "You have come at last, and I think it is not before time, I have been here man and boy for the last fifty years, and no reporter from the Lyre or any other paper has been to see me,"--"I am sorry for that Mr. Willis" I said, "I have often remarked, that, and I wondered many a time, that my predecessors were thinking about, wasting their time, interviewing,--The C.O., Major, adjutant, etc., when a man of your importance in the Camp was being overlooked." "You need not tell me, you are from the "Lyre" said Willis, "had it not been for me and the like of me, that "Rag" would have been out of existence long ago." "What exactly do you mean, I asked, sure the thing has been filled year after year by my caricatures.

"Well it is good of you to let Bygones be Bygones and to give me some of your valuable time, tell me how long is it since you first acted as Cook to the Camp," I said soothingly. "More years than I care to remember, but I think I took over the job about 1815

"I suppose you do not give away any of your Trade Secrets, I said,---"You have sure hit it," said Billie with a proud shrug of his shoulders.-----"Do you know Willis" I said, "I think the Educational Authorities have missed a lot by not engaging you to give Cookery Lessons at the Tec". --"Indeed aye said Willis I mentioned the matter to Jimmy Dorward, but because I learned my trade in the Queen's Island and not in the Queen's University, he seemed to think it a joke(was it not).

"I mind one young fellow" Just at this point the Bugle blew for dinner, Willis jumped up in haste, upsetting the bucket, and said, "Duty calls me---Some other time, --Cheerio

(We hope to produce a photograph Of Big Chief Willis in our early edition.) Editor.

A Bit of news for Autograph Hunters.

Jack Lovelock the Mile Champion can be found in Tent B4.

SPECIAL

Detective Constable Chambers P.O., Head, is in Camp, and is willing to undertake all cases (if paid in advance),---This Officer has had a wonderful career in Crime. He knows all the Jails in the United Kingdom. (Crime Detection, of course, we mean).



A - FEW - DAILY CARTOONS BY CG



WITH A POLIGIES TO KENSITAS.



Mc Collin



# The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 13. No. 3.

Monday, 15th July, 1935.

## EDITORIAL =



The "Lyre" twangs its congrats to Mr. Millar the esteemed "skipper" of the 15th Comp., on his election to the distinguished position of President of the Soft Mens' Club. This famous organisation for the information of our readers was instituted since camping first started in the days of Yore. The popular Joe well earned his title and the decision of the Executive Council which is composed of "Past Presidents" was we understand unanimous - the recipient arrived in Camp (after a "relaxing" holiday on the Blackpool sands) on Sunday afternoon (after all the work was done and is leaving, we understand on Wednesday (before work restarts) - he sure is a soft one.

Mr. Joseph Millar.  
 (President Soft Men's Club) 1935.

Cross Word Competition No., 2.

Winner L. Col., Lindsay F. 2.

Line Treas.,

"There are £2 missing from my money bag", and no one but you and I have a key for it."

Mr. N. Rea.

"Well, let's each put a pound back, and forget it".  
 (Ed. You had better see Mr. Dorward about the Pound.)

## CAMP BEAUTY PARLOUR =

F. 2 Permanent waves a speciality.

## The Doctor Doctored.

"Doctor, did you ever doctor another doctor? If so, does the Doctor doing the Doctoring Doctor the doctored doctor in the way that the doctor rest ----- Doctor wants to be doctored, or does the Doctor doing the doctoring, doctor the doctored Doctor in the way that the doctoring Doctor sees fit?"

(Now physician Warnock, we leave it to you? What say's thou?)

China 1935.

To the Editor,  
"The Camp Lyre"

Dear Sir,

I understand there is to be an invasion of the peaceful North by some particularly notorious felons from the Irish Free State. I know these rascals, having in my unlightened days served in the same Brigade & Company of the I.R.A. "21st" some of them have been in the "Glass House" on the Curragh but have no doubt escaped, in fact they are dangerous rebels.

Coming as they are, right into the peaceful surroundings of Ganaway in the week of "Glorious, Pious & Immortal Memory" they think they can evade observation, and no doubt they hope to seize the reins of Government on 12th July when all the Big Wigs are away in the Field at Finaghy & elsewhere. Having subdued the camp at Ganaway they think to take Stormont - by storm? - and then carry on to the City Hall where they will declare an "All Ireland" Republic. This will most likely be done by a gentleman who shall be unnamed - but he wears a pointed beard - need I point to him Further?.

I trust this warning may be in time - and that the Gun-boat which visited Ganaway last camp with Admiral Coffin & Staff aboard, will again be there. Having no navy themselves these Free Staters have the "wind up" badly about Warships. If the Admiral is on the Spot all may yet be well. Meanwhile the "Staters should not be allowed out without armed guards and for bathing parades they should wear hand-cuffs lest they make an attempt to seize the Admiral's Flag Ship.

For my own part I would'nt dare to give this warning but for the fact that there's a few leagues between me and the Dublin Rebels - otherwise I'd be assassinated (with a tin of Nugget).

Yours truly,  
Walter C Wisdom,  
(an ex-rebel of Ireland now an  
outlaw in China).

Congratulations . . . . .

We offer to Bobbie Caul the Lyre typist hearty congratulations on winning 3 prizes at the Ballyhalbert Sports on Saturday. One of these was for "Throwing the Hammer", (beware to all Campers) - Bobbie lives in Tent I4--. (He has had to decline, a commission on "the York Street Front owing to leave of absence being declined by the Editor.

---

#### Lost Staffs Found

We understand that the Staffs expedition to the G=L=B territory have returned "empty handed". Staff Sgt., Jack Martin has since been advised to speculate on a Woolworth Compass.

---



Camp (Labour Saving) Postcard.  
(The Val Young 1935) copyright reserved.

Dear . . . . .  
(Mum.  
(Dad.  
(Uncle  
(Aunt.  
(Old thing  
(Love.

I am  
(In the blues.  
(starving  
(having a glorious time  
(home-sick  
(broke

The weather is. . . .  
(fine  
(wet  
(below Zero  
(tropical.

My money is. . . . .  
(spent  
(given to charity  
(in the canteen  
(gone West.  
(plenty.

Please send me. . . .  
(a clean shirt  
(some grub  
(a return ticket  
(your love & L.S=d

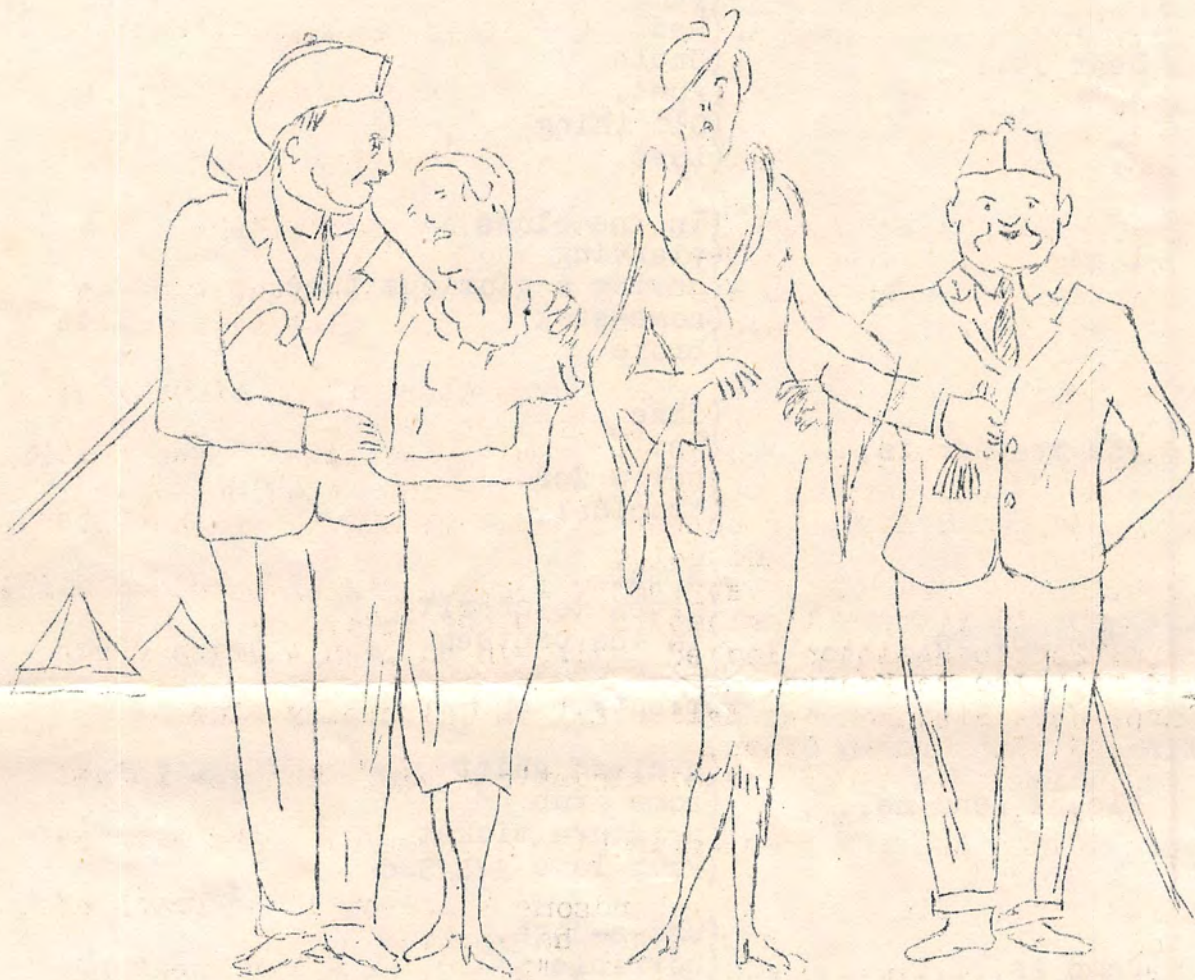
Camp is. . . . .  
(unk-a-dora.  
(horrible  
(O.K. Big Boy.  
(not arf all right.

Come up and see me sometime.,

Your . . . (loving (son  
(unloving (nephew  
(lover (pal.  
(old thing . . . . .

Staff Sgt's Beauty Contest. . . . .  
Photographs to be sent to our "Office" by mid-day to-morrow.  
(First, second and third Prize winners "likenesses" will be  
published in our issue tomorrow). Look out for the "Beauties".

F A N C Y D R E S S P A R A D E =  
At 6-30 P.M to-morrow in Large Camp Field come and see the fun.



H N

.....  
Left --- Mr. and Mrs John Rea, and right --- Mr. and Mrs Billy Irwin  
seen in Camp yesterday.  
.....

SUNDAY'S FASHION PARADE.  
By our Lady Correspondent.

Mrs. John Rea (see above) wore a beautiful pale pink gown to match her face. She had a becoming little sports hat. Mrs. Billy Irwin (see above) was nicely arrayed in Mackintosh's Cream-de-cheape. Her hat was decorated with Wolak prize hen feathers. Mrs. Ben Horan had a very smart toilette of Free State Orange lilies. She carried an umbrella in her hand (???)

(Continued on next page)

FASHION PARADE.

(cont.)

Mrs. Willie Duke was wearing very little. She had a neat little frock of Shankill Blue silk.

Mrs. Jask Spotiswoode had a neat costume done in College Squares.

Mrs. W.M. Rea proved a great sight. Words indeed fail us.

Mrs. Jack Steen had a paper gown done in Black and white (the Company Colours). She wore no hat to show off her "U.Seen" Perm.

Mrs. Billy Chambers was turned out in Rowatco green. Her royal blue matched her sweet twinkling eyes.

Mrs. James Dorward had a very handsome dress, (the same we think as last years!) of Boulevard satin trimmed with Stranmillis lace.

Mrs. Hugh Norman had a gorgeous sleeveless frock of Donegall Pass tweed. She also wore an Irish Terrier fur.

Mrs. William Tweedie was in Red, white and blue. Her pretty little "Berry" fair set her off (Billy had a job watching her.

Mrs. Norman Swindle appeared in a Mushroom frock painted (by her husband) emerald green and gold.

Mrs. Norman Rea had a very smart Woolworth's three piece suite. She wore a broad rimmed black hat to hide her face.

Mrs. Bobbie Hamilton looked loving in an Orange Crush dress relieved with Ice De Kreeme.

Mrs. Jack Steenson was delightful in University Blue intermingled with Ormeau Green.

Mrs. Willie Watt was indeed a poet's dream. She was indeed hard to look at.

Mrs. Jimmy Rodgers dressed in Life Boy Serge. She carried a dog (not Jimmy).

Mrs. Albert Steen was in a handsome Somerset linen frock of gold (colour only). She hadn't any hat.(???)

Mrs. John Parkinson, wife of the "Lyre", came with her "ma". Nuff said.

.....  
ENGAGEMENT

CHARMING YOUNG OFFICER'S BETHROTHAL.

Our Society correspondent informs us the announcement has just been made of the engagement of Mr. Hugh Toner the popular young Lieutenant of the 46th Regiment now stationed at Ganaway, to Miss Mae Westtt of Oxford. Miss Westtt, a tall good-looking young thing, like her charming groom to be, met Mr. Toner during the recent Brigade Council Meetings in the Oxford seat of learning (it was!) and thus a short happy acquaintance sprang into love and now the engagement. Mr. Toner is we understand not yet 33 years old (Miss Westtt's age not obtainable).

Heartiest Congratulations.



MR. MISKELLY.  
ON.  
THE HORSE.  
IMITATING KING. BILLY. (SEZ YOU)



KING. CANUTE. (MR. SWINDLE).  
SINGS.  
RIVER. STAY. AWAY. FROM. MY  
DOOR.



OUR. TITLE. COMPETITION.

SUPPLY. A. SUITABLE. TITLE.  
(NOT. MORE. THAN. 10. WORDS.)  
WITHIN. THE. SPACE. BELOW.  
DEPOSIT. IN. "LYRE". COMP  
BOX.

BEFORE. TENT. INSPECTION.  
TOMORROW  
CASH. PRIZE!

TEAR. ALONG. DOTTED. LINE.



# The Camp Lyre

McCollin

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 13. No. 5.

Tuesday, 16th July, 1935

## EDITORIAL.

The Lyre bids a hearty welcome to Mr. Andrew McPherson from "guid oul Glasgow toon" on his arrival in Ganaway. We assure Mr. Mc he will have a happy time amongst us (if he does'nt go near the Canteen) and the Commissariat has promised to produce the best "Scotch Stew" brewed in Northern Ireland. We have great pleasure in displaying our most distinguished guest on our front page (this as he sometimes? ) appears.



HN.

## Greetings

We reciprocate kind greetings from Mr. Georgs Foreshaw, last year's "Lyre" (another Scot?) now "reformed" i.e. telling the truth(?) elsewhere.

Mr. "Abe" Steen our Belfast Correspondent has returned to camp, and reports "all quiet on the York Street front."

ANDREW MCPHERSON D.S.O.  
arrives in Ganaway.

## From our Indian Correspondent.

We have received an interesting letter from Mr. Archie Ferguson, the former Captain of the 146th. Glasgow B.B. an ex resident of Ganaway Camp, now representing this publishing establishment in Burma. Extracts--

Always remember to join in the fun, or you will be like the man who fell out of the aeroplane -- he wasn't in it. If you have duty, do it with a smile, and if you have escaped, you can have a broader smile. Remember nothing comes to him who waits, but if you are too pushing you may get more than you want.

Best wishes for happy camp....  
A.E. Ferguson Burma...

B A N A N A S .....  
 (by Professor Davey Addis H.A.M. Jamaica).

The banana are a great remarkable fruit. They are constructed in the same architectural style as sausage, difference being, skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it is not advisable to eat wrapping of banana.

The banana are held aloft while consuming, sausage depend for creation on the human being or a stuffing machine, as we call them. In the case of sausage, both conclusions are attached to other sausage, banana on other hand are attached at one end to stem and opposite termination entirely loose.

( Now Boy's you know what you were eating last night?) Editor.

.....  
 (Tear off here)  
 C O M P E T I T I O N =

		Solution
1. Read Solfort	----- Very Useful on the rocks--	_____
2. Hot-cha-cole	----- An enjoyable snack.	_____
3. Juan Datt	----- The man to keep in with.	_____
4. Mar Mossi cat	----- On whom we depend.	_____
5. No Pud	----- The Claimants Haven.	_____
6. Lumba-cane	----- The slopers rest.	_____
7. Ann cete	----- Good value assured.	_____
8. Stivoris	----- They throng from home.	_____
9. Has derriers	----- Needs visit before camp.	_____
10. Hornac	----- Our signpost.	_____

Rules --- Fill in the missing words -- letters when re-arranged, make complete sense and fit in with the clues given.....

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Line \_\_\_\_\_ Tent \_\_\_\_\_

Leave in Lyre Competition box before Tent Inspection to-morrow.

Cash Prize

.....  
 (Tear off here)  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Yesterday's Title Contest.  
 (First Aid Officer Turner serving up Black Jack)

Winner ----- Pte W. Patterson A6.  
 Title King of the Movies (28 entries)

Who is the Staff who sat waiting on his girl in Millisle for Two hours and found her walking along the shore with a Pte.

Who is the Staff who protects his waves going to bed (does he put in curling pins)

A Stirring Poem....  
(by Samuel Percival Wrongfellow)

The adjutant dressed with his neat smile attached,  
No Officer better at cutting a dash,  
He folded his papers, his shoulders he bent,  
And then from the Ganaway Orderly Tent

By tent pegs and canvas in ordered array  
He stalked all unheeding - pursuing his way  
While orderlies paused ere their labour was done  
To hiss, "Public Enemy - Numeral One"

To dining marquee - it was there that he steered  
While orderly buglers the famishing cheered  
With "Come to the Cookhouse" line up at the fire  
Or risk Mr. Finney's unquenchable ire

Anon to the dining-tent's cavernous shade  
There rushed the whole mob of the Boy-o's Brigade  
The First, and the Ninth, and the Twentieth too  
All the Shankill, and Ballymacarrett, a ravenous crew.

They jostled and sighed and hummed and guffawed  
Awaiting the coming of food to be Gnawed,  
For never did monkeys crowd from a tree  
More up to there victuals than Belfast's B.B.

Aloof stood the Adjutant, heedless, Erect,  
A picture was he of official correct  
No shadow to puzzle, concern or perplex  
Could reach his so coldly efficient complex.

Then right from the heart of the riotous rout  
A spindle-legged youth tumbled hurriedly out,  
Ran str aight to the Adjutant, eyes all A-start  
As one who has terrible news to impart

Now what could account for this urgency dire?  
Had ship come ashore, was the marquee on fire?  
Had B.B. companion been sudden struck through  
With malady awful? - was murder a-brew?

Then up spoke the youth mid a silence profound  
That fell on the mess tent from ridge-ropes to ground  
And these were the words that the spindle-legged youth  
Ejected - "Please, mister, I havent a spoon!!!!"

(and so they founded the "Lyre")





99 Chancery Lane,  
Woburn,  
Co. Down.  
July 16th. 1935.

The Editor,  
The Ganaway Lyre & Allied Nuisances Ltd.,  
Ganaway Co. Down.

Sir,  
We have been consulted by Mr. Hugh Toner, Lieut., 46th. Regiment, now stationed at Ganaway, with reference to an article by your Society Correspondent, which appeared in to-day's issue of the Lyre and headed "Engagement".

Mr. Toner instructs us that, while agreeing with the statements in the article referring to himself, he denies that he met Miss Mae West at Oxford or in the alternative, that if he did, the meeting has not ripened into an engagement.

Our client also informs us, that, in consequence of the publication of the article complained of, his stock in the Local Matrimonial Markets has been marked down considerably and that thereby he has suffered serious loss.

We are instructed, therefore, to call upon you unconditionally to withdraw the Article and also to publish a full and unqualified apology to Mr. Toner in the next issue of your paper, such withdrawal and apology to be printed in the same type and in as prominent a position as the libel of which he complains.

Should you decline to adopt this course, please let us know the name of a Solicitor who will accept service of a Writ on your behalf, as in that event an action for libel and defamation of character will be commenced against you without further notice, and the jury will be asked to award our client substantial damages.

Yours faithfully,  
Shyman, Tommyrot, Piffle & Co

THE GANAWAY CANTEEN. BARGAINS TODAY.

BUNS. (Baked with ultra Norman Rea)	I/- per bakers dozen.
STICKLEBACKS & WILLOCKS (Specially caught by fisherman McKibbin)	3d a score.
HOT ICE CREAM -----	2d and 3d.
(with special Robert Hamilton flavour)	3d extra.
ASSORTED UBE JUBES (for ould Officers)	2d Quarter Stone.
PARKINSONS DELIGHTS (?????)	1d a time.
TWEEDIES BACHELOR MINTS	2d per ounce.
CHEWING GUM. (Note. One bar guaranteed to last all week may be preserved on tent pole nightly)	

WHY GO ELSEWHERE TO BE ROBBED ?  
WE ARE ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE...

STAFF SERGEANTS BEAUTY CONTEST.

RESULTS.

FIRST PRIZE.

SECOND PRIZE.

THIRD PRIZE.



HN.

JUMBO HAMILTON.

GILBERT MARTIN.

VAL YOUNG.

OUR POET OUT AGAIN.

Convalescent from Bellvue Observatory.

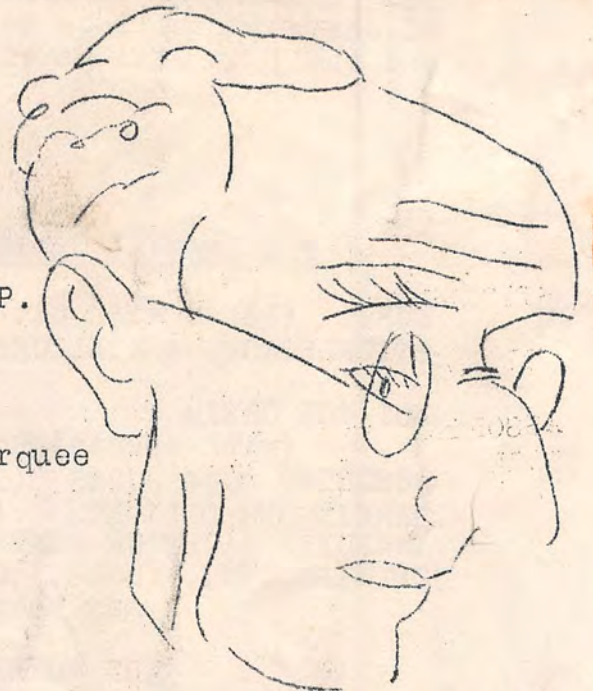
Under the spreading "Chestnutt" three  
and at meal times in the Mess Marquee  
pouring out some milk but not in the tea  
but on the head of a good old Dublin J. P.

-----  
Under the spreading spreading three  
along with the Adjutant and the O. C.,  
and the best looking boys in the Mess Marquee  
from Ballymena, Dublin and Kilrea.

.....

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

What year's model is Mr. Tomlinson's  
bathing costume ?



OUR POET

C.G.

JAMES PAUL ESQ.



# The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 13. No. 6.

Wednesday, 17th July, 1935

## EDITORIAL

The Lyre has for many years sounded its greetings to many illustrious visitors to our Camp but today we not only twang a note but strike a full chord of welcome to the Right Honourable The Earl of Home, K.T., our distinguished Brigade President.

This will be the first time his Lordship has visited our Battalion. We are pleased that Camp has been the first happy medium and we trust he shall take away with him good impressions of our Camp (and a bound issue of the Camp Lyre).

To all our good friends assembled at the Inspection today we give a hearty welcome --We hope you will enjoy your visit and go away pleased.

Come back for more! See the notice below.



THE RT. HON.  
THE EARL OF HOME, K.T.

## CAMP CONCERT.

TOMORROW ( THURSDAY ) IN LARGE MARQUEE AT 8 P.M.

ADMISSION )-----ONE SHILLING

SPLENDID PROGRAMME == ARTISTES INCLUDE - MISS FLORENCE COOKE,  
MISS DEBORAH HORAN, L.L.C.M., MR. W.G. PATERSON, MR. JACK HEARST,  
AND PROFESSOR HERCAT.  
CHOIR OF 1000 VOICES WILL BE PERSONALLY CONDUCTED BY MRS. MULLIGAN.  
SPECIAL ITEMS BY 55TH OLD BOYS' SILVER BAND AND OTHER CAMP ARTISTES.

----- COME -----

PLUM DUFF !!

Wee Jimmy of "B" Line has written requesting the publication of the recipe of the world famous Ganaway Plum Duff as supplied in the Big Marquee yesterday.

Thanks to Mr. Billy Willis, the Big Chief Cook of the Ganaway Household, here goes - (recipe copyright - all rights reserved).

Ingredients -- 999 lbs of McAnally prize grown "raise ems"; 9,789 currants of  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch mesh; 1,00 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs of "hard bread" (tramped down to crumbs by fatigue squad under supervision of Orderly Officer one with big feet preferred); 2345 selected "Nolak" fed eggs; 9 $\frac{3}{4}$  dozen lbs. of well chopped sea rocks; 345 ozs. of orange peel; the white stuffing of 10 Ballywhiskin cows; 1,000 pints of Donaghadee sea weed juice and 5 gallons of Turners Special Black Jack Mixture.

Make as follows.- Dig a big hole - put a fire under - dump in all the "doings" - stir well till all comes to the boil. Let cool and serve up in fine corrugated old clothes.

.....  
SPECIAL TO STAFF-SERGEANTS.

The following letter was discovered in our mail to-day. The letter apparently has been dropped into our Competition box by an absent-minded young love-sick Staff-Sergeant. The "epistle" will be returned to its rightful owner on application to the Ed.

.....  
Staff-Sergeant's Demense,  
Ganaway Camp.  
July 13th, 1935.

My own dear sweet Rosie,

I have arrived safely here at Ganaway. I am enjoying things but do feel so lonely without you dearest, particularly in the evenings, that "soft hour which wakes the wish and melts the heart", and makes one faint with an indescribable longing for what one has not -- your own dear presence Rosie. I am just longing to see you and embrace you in my arms. I shall be looking for you on Wednesday. We may not have much time together - us Staffs have to do all the donkey work (??? Ed.) To gaze into those charming blue eyes of yours again will be to me like beholding the golden gates of Paradise when the sun is sinking below the hills. Forgive darling this rushing into verse - I can't help it - the words seem to rise unbidden. You have made yourself necessary to my life and my whole being just yearns for you pet lamb.

Now my sweet one I must close - Major Fair is patrolling around and its time the light was out - Good Night.

Ever think as you do now of him who signs himself  
All thine own,  
Tommie.

P.S. Don't bring your Mother.

## OUR POET'S CORNER.

### The Tents of the great.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

### Special for Staff Sergeants

A scientist says that in fifty years' time there'll be no kissing, because people will have found how unhygienic it is. Yes, and then somebody'll find out how darn nice it is, and it'll start all over again.

---

### T H E " L Y R E "

Bound Volume --- Price sixpence (3 daily copies)

Orders must be made before 5 P.M. on Thursday. (at Lyre Office)  
Volumes ready 5 P.M. Friday.

C O M P E T I T I O N

A cash prize will be awarded to any bona-fide member of this Camp, who submits the best "Last Line" for the following Poem. Editors' decision to be Final. (All entries to be left at the "Lyre" tent before Tent Inspection to-morrow Thursday morning.)

.....Tear off.....

Said Billy the office boy why,  
If Sailormen strike, should'nt I?  
So he tried it one day,  
But I'm sorry to say,

-----  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Line \_\_\_\_\_ Tent \_\_\_\_\_

.....Tear off.....

Yesterday's Jumble Competition .....

Winner Staff/Sgt. J. MARTIN SII.

Answers

I. POSTAL ORDER. 2. CHOCOLATE. 3. ADJUTANT.

4. COMMISSARIAT. 5. POUND. 6. ALBULANCE. 7. CANTEN. 8. VISITORS.

Heard about Camp....

9. HAIRCRESSERS  
10. ANCHOR.

After cookhouse had sounded (two boy's in G Line) .

"Hurry up Bill, the bugle is, blue ". (that one was a funny colour, Mr. Jack Steen, bands officer---what thinkest thou?).

Jack Steenson on parade----- "Now then cut out the talking". We wonder how.

Mr. Tweedie (Canteen Officer) - who has watched one of the Ballymena Coy., count his change four times, "Is your change not right?" Member of Coy===. "Aye, it's JUST right.

Tommie "I Line" (pointing to aeroplane, while on way to Mountstewart)

"I would'nt like to be up there in that.

Johnnie "J Line" "Indeed I would'nt like to be up without it.

Mr. Davey Mc Fall "That's tent's talking !

Mr. Wilton and the rest of us, would like to hear it sometime.

Mr. Joan Rea (Sports Officer) "Wee'll have to get the heats of the Long Jump "run off" to-day (Strange is'nt it?)

ONE FOR OUR VISITOR (EARL HOME)

If it takes five years service to become a Staff Sgt. -- How long will it be before I become an Earl----- Eager Recruit....

BY I MENTION OF THE FANCY DRESS PARADE BY THE TALK ARTIST.



The winner evidently liked to keep things dark.



Mr. I. Wun, Wunce Parkinson.



Mr Mac and Henry (middle out) west gave a good show as they and noses.



Mr Billy (Molak) Irwin.



Mr. Curry gave us an impression of what Ganaway air can do.



Words fail to describe this.  
EXTRA SPECIAL

I WAS EXPECTING TO SEE

Rev (Mussolini) Chestnutt.

we have been informed that our artist is very fond of fishing. perhaps that is why he is in Portavogie so often this week. (You hav'nt had any young ladies on your pillion this year Charlie is your weakness over there.)

(ED).

THE BOYS' BRIGADE =.  
BELFAST BATTALION ...

Inspection of the Camp at Genaway on wednesday 17th July 1935,  
by Rt. Hon. Earl of Home.K.T.

Programme

1. Reception of Inspecting Officer.
2. March Past in Col. of Companies.
3. Advance in Review Order.
4. Physical Training Exercises.
5. Tent Pitching Competition Finals.
6. Final Ties --- (a) 100 yards flat senior  
(b) 100 ---- --- junior  
(c) sack races.  
(d) Obstacle Race.
7. Hollow Square Formation.
8. Inspecting Officer's Remarks.

T E A .

---

C A M P S T A F F . .

C.O Mr. E.R. Powell Capt. 20th Coy.  
Major Mr. E. Fair Reserve of Officers.  
Adjutant Mr. J. Dorward B.Sc. Lieut. 21st. Coy.  
Chaplain Rev. W. Chestnutt M.A. 42nd Coy.  
Battn. Sec. Mr S Gihon Capt. 3rd Coy.  
Med. Officer. H.A. Warnock Esq. M.D.. D.P.E.  
Commissariat Mr. W. Finney Reserve of Officers  
Mr. J. Craig Capt. 1st. Bangor Coy.  
Quartermaster Mr. J. Wilton Capt. 54th Coy.  
Transport Officer. Mr. G. Armstrong Capt. 66th. Coy.  
Camp Lyre Editor. Mr. F.J Parkinson Lieut. 44th. Coy  
Sports Officer. Mr. J.M. Rea Lieut. 27th Coy.  
Canteen Officer Mr W. Irwin Capt. 77th Coy  
Treasurer Mr. N. Rea Lieut. 27th Coy.  
Bands Officer Mr. J. Steen Lieut. 44th Coy.  
Battn. Commanders. Mr.F. Furdy  
Mr.G. Crawford.





# The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 13.No.7.

Thursday, 18th. July, 1935.

## EDITORIAL.



"Billy Ross and his Boys".

### TO-DAY'S PROBLEM.

Will Mr. Tweedie decide on  
'Pearls' or 'Diamonds' ?  
(for E-----N )

Mr. T. would be advised to try  
one of Gibson's Mallets from the  
Q.M. store.

We are all familiar with the expression "What's home without a Mother" This leads us to think (those of you who are capable of thinking ) what would Ganaway B.B. Camp, be without the 55th. Old Boy's Silver Band. For Years and Years the Band have been with us --- Billy Ross (the "Master") "Artar" McClenaghan, "Jeff" Allen, Billy McCamley, Jim Duffin, Geordie Campbell, Josh Burnside are a few who never miss - we feel sure they will be with us as long as they have a life in them and a breath to blow. We give to them the Camp's best thanks from the "Big C.O. down to "wee Eric McIlveen of B" ----- more power to them!

### GANAWAY CASH STORES.

#### STUPENDOUS ANNUAL SALE.

Single prices only for all goods in stock.

Your orders for supplies for Tent Feeds should be placed at earliest possible moment.

Write the list and hand same in now.

SUPPORT GANAWAY INDUSTRY.

PROMINENT PERSONALITIES INTERVIEWED.

MR. HARRY FAIR, THE MAJOR.

By our Special Correspondent.

Acting on instructions from 'He who must be obeyed' to wit the Editor, I after a great deal of trouble managed to catch the genial Major 'at home' the other afternoon.

The first thing that struck me was the luxury displayed in his tent. There was a magnificent Turkish Carpet on the floor, several very comfortable settees and on one side was a grand piano, on the other a Radio Gramophone, an electric reading lamp etc. I formed the impression right away that his honour knew how to do himself well.

"Good morning, Mr. Fair" I said. "Come in man and close the flap, I don't like draughts" was the answer. I thereupon introduced myself. "Well, Well" said the Major shooting out his chest "I suppose this is one of the penalties of greatness, well, what can I do for you?"

"First of all perhaps you will allow me to congratulate you on landing a cushy job in Camp" I said.

"Aye" proudly chimed the Major "Everything they say comes to him who waits, if he waits long enough, of course."

"Is there any special new feature worth noting in the Camp this year?" I asked.

"Yes. The latest addition to the comfort and pleasure of the boys the new cricket pitches, are I think a step in the right direction" he replied "I often thought it was very hard on the budding Sutcliffes and Hammonds that we have in Camp, that there was no proper pitch on which the boys who are members of first class clubs at home could show their real form".

"I see you have not yet laid out the often spoken of Golf Course" I said. "Not yet" he replied "but later we hope that these and the Tennis Courts etc. will become an accomplished fact, no doubt."

"Do you ever consider" I asked "whether it is possible to add to the comfort of the Officers who take night patrol".

"That is one thing that puts me off my sleep at night, thinking of those poor chaps. At present all the sleep they get is in motor cars parked in the field, but as you will notice the tendency of the car owner is to go in for the latest small models. It is beginning to be a hardship for members of the night patrol to sleep in some of them. Then some of the owners lock their cars at night. What I would like to see is a bungalow built, a small one would do, where the unfortunates could get their rest. I would have it fitted with alarm bells which would be attached to an invisible wire extending round the Camp. Anyone attempting to enter or leave the Camp would cause one of these bells to ring and so give the alarm."

"A brilliant idea" I chimed (to the delight of Mr. Harry). "I see a number of boys and officers wearing shirts of a blue colour is that according to regulation?" was my next question.

"Oh, Those fellows" replied the Major, "Those fellows come from Dublin and they are the only shirts they have, so I just have to close my eyes."

Looking at the electric clock that stood ticking away in one corner the Major said "I am sorry you will have to excuse me, but I have a lot of work to do" (???) and taking me by the hand he said "Goodbye, Tell your Editor that although he is not as big a lyre as last year's editor I believe he is just as good a one."

TO-DAYSS WEATHER FORECAST.

All Ganaway (Except Hospital tent which is heated to a temperature of 999 degrees)

An auncie cycle oon is coming across after McPherson from Glasgow and is moving towards the back o' the beyond. Early it shall be Harry Fair and later rain from Lowry West and it shall rain until it stops when it will then be dry.

There will be a hungry depression over the Cookhouse till the hens lay. Thundering noises will come from the Staffs lines (about bed time) and in the Canteen Ices Saloon. Around the Dorward floating raft the temperature will be rather cool.

Further outlook - Showers of praise (from the O=O=) and bright intervals (grub times). Dew likely to fall about 2 a.m. and in the evening rather cold. (Small boys are advised to wear their socks, Staff Sergeants their night caps and (certain) officers to use their hot water bottles).

Ganaway Bay - Wind coming from the Scull Martin direction; Permanent Waves; sea coul and wet.

-----  
THE LYRE 1935 BOUND VOLUME. BOYS 3d. OTHERS 6d.

Ready to-morrow. Orders must reach our 'offices' 5p.m. to-night.  
-----

.....  
Tear off here

OUR LAST COMPETITION.

- MY first is in golf but not in cricket.
- My second in bat but not in wicket.
- My third is in hansome but not in smart.
- My fourth is in painting and also in art.
- My fifth is in Wilton but not in Powell.
- My sixth is in Warnock nor yet in O'Donnell.
- My seventh is in happy still not yet in glad.

NOTE- Each line represents a letter and thus these seven compose a word- A GREAT NAME.

Write the word here.....

Name.....Line.....Tent.....

Deposit in Lyre Tent before Tent Inspection to-morrow.

E N T E R N O W .

# M U S I C K .

BY BEN HORAN A.L.A.R.M.



Your good Editor has invited me to tell anything I know ( we admit it isn't much ) about Musick so here goes ----

Now th re several kinds of Musick but all Musick can be broadly divided into two main classes. Staff Musick and Tonic Sol-fa.

The former consists of wee black dots like tadpoles with tails and the latter is the Doh, Ray, Soh, Fah stuff they dish up to you kids at school. I just dont know where the tonic comes in, it wasn't looked on as a tonic at the school that I mitched from. Perhaps the Medikle Osifer could tell you where the tonic is.

Bach was a great musician but he hasn't composed much lately as I understand he has been decomposing for some time Caruso was a great singer who got mooroned

on an island.

We have great talent in our mist. Come to the Sing Song tonight and here them for yourselves. We have arranged a splendid programme to suit all classes. 'High Brow' and 'Low Brow' ( Mrs. Mulligan a specialist ).

Make sure you get there. I'll be seein ye (and hearin ye too).

CONCERT TONIGHT LARGE MARQUEE 8 P M ADMISSION I/- ...

Heard about Camp.

Curious Boy --- (pointing to Mr. McVicker with his Cine Camera)

"what's that nice big man doing over there."

His Big Brother -- "That's the man from the Movietone News."

Old "Campaigner" - "The first I was in camp the temperature on three successive nights was below Zero."

Recruit (calmly) "That's nothing."

Old "Campaigner" (astonished) "What's nothing?"

Recruit = "Zero" (the old Campaigner - Mr. Sam McConnel.) & d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Small Boy"- You ask 'How is the Editor of the Lyre chosen'? In various ways, last year the Editor was chosen for his brawn this year it was brains that won.

---

"Lieut. B " - No you don't require to take an alarm clock to camp with you to waken you- you will be lucky if ever you get to sleep.

---

"Bashful Bertie"- We would not, like to publish what we think of your young lady's treatment of you, perhaps you could call and have a personal interview with us. (there will be no extra charge).

---

"Young Officer"- The night patrol is divided into two parts, in one you sleep in the most comfortable car you can find, the other you sleep in your boots if you can.

---

"Enquirer, Line E."- No, the officer you mention is not the original Billy Bunter you used to read about, and his name is not Bunter. Yes, he comes from the Antrim Road.

---

"Talkie Fan, Line A."- We wish to state there is no Talkie picture of the Battalion Camp, what you heard on 'Demonstration' nights was a prospective Professor trying out his voice.

---

"Burnett, Line F."- The poem you sent us is not suitable for our paper we think you should do with it as your name suggests.

---

"Wee Walter, Line G."- It's rather risky to test mushrooms by eating them. If they are NOT you may never know. (Case then for Wilton or Forshaw.)

---

OUR LIMERICK COMPETITION.

Winner- Pte. A. Spence B.7.  
Last Line- HE'S GOT NO PAY TO THIS DAY.

Commendation Prize- Pte. J. Norton B.5.  
Last Line- HIS JOB WAS VACANT NEXT DAY.

---

SPECIAL TO-MORROW.

Exclusive report of the Ganaway "Dog fight" (i.e. Officers v Staff Sergeants Football Match)  
To be played to-day in the Big Sports Field (near the Hospital Tent)???  
REFEREE JUDGE - Mr. James Paul (Dublin).

CAMP CONCERT 18th. July 1935

PROGRAMME.

BAND SELECTION.	-----	55th. Old Boy's Band.
Solo	-----	Miss Florence Cooke.
Pianoforte Solo.	-----	Pte. W.T. Ewing. B.10.
Solo.	-----	Pte W. Nesbitt. C.3.
Chromatic Accordionist	-----	Mr. Jack Hearst.
Elocutionist	-----	Staff Sgt. Henry Lees.
Ventriloquist	-----	Profes sor Hercat.
Mouth Organ Solo	-----	Cpl. Patience. J.5.
Solo	-----	Mr Wm. Patterson.
Community Singing	-----	"Mrs Mulligan" Conductor .
Duet "The Eastern Brothers"	-----	Cpl. Black & Cpl. Callen I Line.
Solo	-----	Miss Florence Cooke.
Instrumental Solo	-----	Pte. Tinsley I Line.
Violin Solo	-----	Pte. J. Ferguson H.8.
Solo	-----	Mr. Ben Horan.
Conjurer.	-----	Professor Hercat.
Flute Solo	-----	Pte. W. Newbury. H.4
Chromatic Accordionist	-----	Mr. Jack Hearst.
Solo	-----	Mr. Wm. Patterson.
Mouth Organ Band	-----	The Ist, Belfast Company.
Band Selections National Anthem	-----	55th. Old Boy's Silver Band.
Accompanist	-----	Miss D. Horan. L.L.C.M....



# The Camp Lyre

GANAWAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 13. No. 8.

Friday, 19th July, 1935.



THE LYRE STAFF LEAVE FOR BELFAST FOR THEIR ANNUAL  
51 WEEKS HOLIDAY.

(Left to right. The Editor. Mr. Bobby Caul, Printer. Mr. Charlie Gray  
Cartoonist. Mr. Willie Hull, Works Manager. Mr. Val Young,  
Distribution Director. Mr. Hugh Norman, Photographer.

## E D I T O R I A L

'Fare Thee Well, I Must Leave Ye

Do Not let This Parting Grieve Ye!-----

Today we say good-bye to our readers for another year. 1935 has been a record year for the Camp Lyre. To our numerous readers and to the thousand odd (?) people who have sent us letters of congratulation we express our grateful appreciation.

The Lyre agents have done their work extraordinarily well and we give to them a hearty 'ta-ta'.

We leave tomorrow on our annual excursion (see picture above) so we must rush to get our things packed. So! Checricio! - Good-bye!

STATUTORY NOTICE FOR THE ABATEMENT OF PUBLIC NUISANCE .

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It has been noticed that at the annual Camp at Ganaway, the blissful slumber of the occupants e.g (any that they get) is marred by the thunderous explosions of the Lightship "Skulmartn" now at anchor in the Bay... We, that is, the Committie, moved and wish to have sanctioned an order for the abatement of the aforesaid nuisance, this being considered a menace and a danger to the health of the Ganaway Camp, many of whom having seen service are apt to run for cover, when and at the report of each detonation.

Signed (on behalf of the Oul Warriors)  
S. James Boyd (Chairman)  
E.S Gilliland (Hon Sec., pro Tem)

"Acting" Admiral Malcolm McKibben has undertaken to visit with his "craft" the source of the aforesaid nuisance and convey the necessary overture. (So come to Camp and enjoy your rest next year).

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Our Final Competition.

Winner +----- Pte Alex Shaw A.8  
The "Great name was --- Ganaway.....

40 (all correct)----entFies were received  
A COMPETITION RECORD.....

---

PANSY MAN....

PRIVATE BILL...-- Lance Cpl. (?) thinks no end of himself.  
PTE=JACK.....-- Yes. I believe every time he looks at himself in a glass he gives himself three hearty cheers.

WANTED....

A Sea "Fair"ing man to capture the Sea Lion (C Line) in Camp.  
(Apply to Mr. Gihon I.N.S.E.C.T..

Answers to Correspondents..

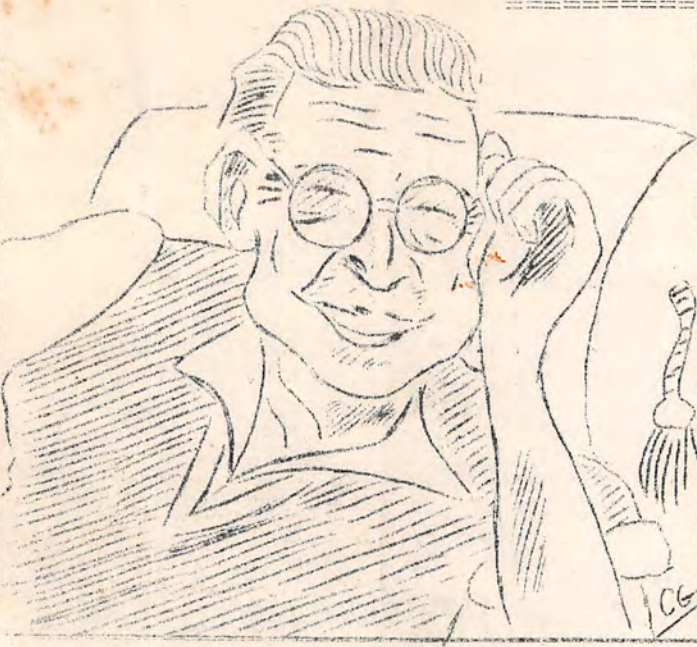
Serg. Collins G Line. ---The Titanic was 800 feet long --we, have'nt had the opportunity of measuring "Da" Martin'S Feet.

Inquisitive --- No Mr. Sam ALlen is not a son of a Farmer (although He sounds like it) - He's an offspring of The Manse.





OUR CELEBRITIES.



" OUR MAJOR AT WORK."

Mr Harry Fair in his LOUNGE.

Billy (Plum Duff) Willis.  
This is his Silver Jubilee.  
we tender our congratulations.

OUR TAME ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF YESTERDAYS INSPECTION. ?? .???????



SOAP.

SOME OF THE CROWD.

THE BIG NOISE.

THE ICE CREAM.

THE INSPECTING OFFICER.

OUR ARTIST.

VISITORS TEAS

THE TALE ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE CONCERT IN PICTURES.



Henry (Willie John) Lees.



The Eastern Brothers.



Prof. Herbert & Ferdinand  
(Haircut it should be.)



Pte. Ferguson.



Cpl. Fattie on.



Pte. Newberry, and his  
Flute.



Mrs. Fullington & children.



Pte Tinsley.



Mr Joe West.

WELL, CHEERIO  
TILL NEXT YEAR.  
YOURS  
ALWAYS,  
CHARLIE GEE

Ballynowhere,

Co. Daft.

July 18th 1935.

Dear Sirs,

We have been handed your letter, written on behalf of Mr. Toner, to the Editor of the Ganaway Lyre, and have been instructed to reply to same.

The Editor informs us that the article of which your client complains, is true in every detail and that he has in his possession, evidence to prove it to the hilt.

In these circumstances, therefore, and in view of the policy of the Ganaway Lyre which, we beg to remind you, is "The whole st and anything but the truth"- our clients cannot see their way to comply with the terms of your letter.

Should you desire to commence proceedings as threatened, we have instructions to accept service of writ on behalf of our clients.

Yours truly

Doollittle, Donothing & Sons.  
Ballynowhere.

Messrs Shyman, Tommyrot, & Piffle.  
99 Chancery Lane,  
Woburn.  
Co. Down

---

THE STAFFIES DREAM. (1) A good feed. (2) A nice girl. (3) A long sleep.

SPORTING NEWS.

Jeff Allen of the 55th Old Boys-- The Ganaway Cricket Champion, is leaving tomorrow for a test match tour (Venue of the Test Match not Mentioned) We offer our best congrats and good wishes to this 'Hobbs' of the future.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Our Medical Corner.

Anonymous ---- According to your description, your tent mate is apparently suffering from a mild attack of sun stroke. I would suggest you take and run him up against a fellow that is suffering from frost bite (i.e. a member of the night patrol). Dock.

EXPLANATION...

The page opposite is for those who cannot read. J. D. D.

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ANSWER ----- See first issue of Camp Lyre next July!!

A blind beggar had a brother who went to sea and was drowned. The man who went to sea had no brother. What relation was the blind beggar to the man who went to sea.

A TICKLER... (365 Days to worry it out)

~~~~~

IMPORTANT ----- NICKNAMES Copyright.

- "A" LINE. ---Bad, chunk, hairy, soap, footste, Beijners, Ronghnut, Tippy, Bisto, Seamen, Rabbler, drums, kidney, Buster, Neaky.
- "B" LINE. ---Unconscious, Serapins, Pepper, Mustard, Bing Bong, Bonzo, Sager, Kangaroo, Widge, Sharky, Mountain.
- "C" LINE. ---Spider, Rudolph, Banty, Jumbo, Hokey, Gobweb, Ha'enny, Moses, (from bellymens) Svancker.
- "D" LINE. ---Hooky, War, Suoker, Bap, Minty, Lich, Steavy, Steenty, Cairn, Cowboy.
- "E" LINE. ---Pronto, Sausage, Blob, Moustie, Scooty, Onions, Sniffer.
- "F" LINE. ---Fanny, Clute, Nutt, Buttalo, Dickery Dock, Chooswaka, Hurriscane Joe.
- "G" LINE. ---Silver mint, Lanky, Cuckles, Lefty Hambone, Thunder Bolt weary Willy, Podger.
- "H" LINE. ---Kaiser, Screwnails, Fido, Guaman, Fish, Nut, Doorreen, Poke, Tulp, Sealtion, Turkey, Twinkle.
- "I" LINE. ---General, Blow, Chucker, Diddler, Lanky, Susie, Bing, (not Crosby-) Pansy, Alfred The Great.
- "J" LINE. ---Snowball, Holly, Slim, Blondie, Spud, Peggy, Muck, Ham PACHIE.

FALOUS MEN IN OUR CAMP

