



The Ganaway Lyre



VOLUME

No 11





The Ganaway Lyre



THE GANAWAY LYRE STAFF resume 'work' after their 52 weeks holiday up in Belfast City. (Photo-- Copyright)

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN, AS HAPPY AS KEN BE" -- Welcome to all our readers--old and new--. THE GANAWAY LYRE emerges from its annual hibernation to serve an expectant clientele. Bigger! Brighter! and Better than ever!!! Readers will note our change in name from the Camp Lyre to the Ganaway Lyre. We would like however to point out that the policy remains unchanged.

Our motto, since this paper made its debut fourteen summers ago IS AND SHALL BE "THE TRUTH THE WHOLE TRUTH AND ANYTHING BUT THE TRUTH".

HAPPINESS CAN BE BOUGHT! BUY AND READ THE LYRE DAILY.

OUR C. O. "BROADCASTS"

Dear Reader,

Your Editor has asked me to write for publication in his first 1936 Camp issue a letter addressed to you. Newspaper "magnates" who make proposals may not be thwarted but I am really delighted to comply with his request and take this early opportunity to welcome you to the glorious fields and sands of Ganaway!

Many of you have been here before. You are specially welcome - the Camp Staff value the advice and help experienced Campers can give and they appreciate the compliment you pay in returning to spend another holiday in the Battalion Camp.

Those who are here for the first time are bid heartily welcome. At the end of next week you will agree with us that NO holiday can equal one at Ganaway for REAL happiness. The BEST way to secure such happiness is to be unselfish and think first of the comfort and safety of others, particularly of those smaller and less experienced than yourself. Nothing should be done to let down the splendid reputation of the Battalion in the neighbourhood of the Camp. Do your job with the greatest keen-ness. Get it done, well and soon, **work** hard for your Tent Squad and your Line Company, enter for the Sports, make full use of any games equipment available, bathe as often as possible and answer all bugle calls with the greatest promptness.

Finally, remember that through our B.B. work we strive to advance Christ's Kingdom. Please see that nothing you do or say hinders this work for our Great Captain.

Yours sincerely,

James D. Howard

C.O.



OUR FIRST COMPETITION

A Tickler...
(360 Days to worry it out)

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.

The above Tickler appeared in our Last Issue in 1935. Today we are setting it for our First Competition. The first correct solution opened will receive as a prize a complete Volume of the 1936 Camp Lyre ---Autographed by the Editor.----

Entries to be deposited in the Competition Box outside the Lyre premises before Tent Inspection tomorrow Saturday.

-----~~FEAR--HERE~~-----

The Camp Lyre Competition 1936.

The blind beggar's relation was
Name and Rank.....
Line and Tent No.....

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

-----~~FEAR--HERE~~-----

Heard in the train---en route to Camp...

First Year Camper "What does 'not Transferable' mean on the ticket."
Clever Guy "It means that if you don't go you won't be admitted..

Home Notes..

A second hand Piano makes a good paperweight.
Ink can be removed from a table-cloth more easily before it is spilled than after.
A steam roller makes a good pants presser -- if you remember to take yourself out of the pants.

Heard in the Canteen.

Officer to Boy loitering near the Buns "Are ye trying to take A Bun..
Boy "Na, I was trying not to...."

WITH THE ADVANCE



" Look at me carrying this big tent all by myself "



" Davey, That's what I call a good day's work "



Erecting the Large Marquee.

REMARKABLE MISCHANCE IN BELFAST..

Extract from "The Belfast Telegraph" July 10, 1956.

A most extraordinary mischance occurred in our fair city to-day and aroused the utmost excitement. The love of our sublime Fuhrer, King Botherbore II, for demolitions is well known as one of the most beneficent of our Sublime Newspaper Dictatorship.

The members of the Belfast Corporation having been asphyxiated some time ago under the Too-Old-at-Thirty Decree, the Fuhrer directed that the City Hall be demolished as useless. His Sublimity paid a special visit to the City - to our great honour-- to see the good work done. The method was to be the usual one of dropping manganite bombs which penetrate the ground to 100 feet and then explode, forming a crater shaped like an inverted cone, and effectually disposing of all surface erections. Two planes accordingly flew over the city at noon.

By some misunderstanding not yet explained, the airmen misjudged the distance and the manganite bomb fell in May Street demolishing the house once known as No. 14. Among the debris which soared aloft the assembled multitudes noticed a small square object which skimmed far up into the clouds and then, describing in its course a figure like and enormous double B. descended straight to the spot where His Sublimity the Fuhrer stood surrounded by his staff of special correspondents. The box, for such it was, fell directly upon the head of the Furher, the corner of it entering his skull. He died immediately, for nothing had ever entered his head before.

Falling to pieces, the box discharged a great quantity of small objects among the special correspondents with such terrific force that several of these gentlemen were beheaded, and the others so severely sub-edited as to be useless or even more so.

The objects which wrought such havoc were, it appears, drill books and other publications of an extinct organisation known as The Boys' Brigade which was demolished some ten years ago by our Late Sublime Furher of Glorious Memory, King Botherbore the First, to make way for our glorious organisation, The Botherbore Youth

An eye-witness says that besides his other wounds the Furher was pierced through the Swastika by a copy of the B. B. Manual.

Needless to say, full enquiry will be made into this disasterous affair. It appears that the box was one deposited at the spot about twenty years ago by the then Lord Mayor- and office demolished in the early days of our present Sublime Dictatorship.

Unfortunately, as appears, no one can be made amenable for this affair, all the officers of the extinct organisation having been smothered also under the 'Two - Old - at - Thirty Decree'. On enquiry late this afternoon at the hospital the 'Telegraph' was informed that an operation upon one of the injured correspondents Mr. S. Tunter, has been successful, a copy of The Camp Lyre having been removed from his innards .

THE NIPPER



" THE GANAWAY LYRE "

Our Sales and Delivery arrangements.

The "Ganaway Lyre" (seven daily issues will be on sale in the Canteen or at the "Ganaway Lyre" Offices price One Penny. Subscription rates -- Officers and Staff-Sergeants - Sixpence, for the complete issues (delivered to your doorstep!) Boys -- Threepence (delivered by Line Agents).

BOUND VOLUMES. A limited number of bound volumes are offered for sale price Sixpence to all ranks. Orders for these MUST be made before TENT INSPECTION ON MONDAY.

Fill in the Form below, tear out this page and return AT ONCE. Officers to Mr. William Watt, Staff-Sergeants to S-Sgt. Val Young and Boys to Line Agents - (See Camp Notice Board for Particulars).

.....ORDER NOW TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.....

THE GANAWAY LYRE -- 1936.

Please have delivered the daily issues for which I remit the sum of _____.

Signed, _____

(Rank and Name)

BOUND VOLUME also required for which I enclose the additional sum of Sixpence.

Home Company _____

(Strike out what does not apply).

Line _____

Tent _____



IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Campers can have their daily issues bound into with special frontispiece cover for the special charge of ONE PENNY during Friday the 17th at the "Lyre" Offices. Preserve your "Lyres" and laugh in your "oul" age!!!

H.N.

PUT IN YOUR ORDER NOW.

"THE GANNAVAY FIVE"

Get 50c and 10c every 2 weeks

The "Gannaway Five" leaves daily issues with an extra 10c
and contains an extra "Gannaway Five" Office price for 10c
Subscription rates - 50c for 10 issues and 10c for 20 issues
for the regular issues (delivered to your doorstep)
50c - 10c (delivered to your doorstep)

BOUND VOLUMES - A limited number of bound volumes are
offered for sale price 50c each to all ranks. Orders for these
MUST be made before THE INSPECTION ON MONDAY.

Fill in the form below, tear out this page and return it
ORDER, Officers & Men, 111th Street, 3rd Fl., New York, N.Y.
York and Boys to the Agents - 1000 Camp Street, New York
Particularly

.....ORDER NOW TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.....

THE GANNAVAY FIVE -- 1935

Please have delivered the daily issues for which you

the sum of _____

SEND VOLUME also for _____
for which I enclose the
additional sum of 50c each.

State what does not
apply

Name _____
Home Company _____
Address _____

IMPORTANT NOTICE
Officers and Men
Daily issues bound in
with special features
price over for the
special group of 100
being during which the
List of the "Five"
Officers, 10c each
your "Five" and back in
your "Five" again
PUT IN YOUR ORDER NOW





The Ganaway Lyre



THE GANAWAY LYRE twangs a full chord of greeting to all Campers, new and old. We trust you have all settled down to your "New Home" - picture above shows some of the arrivals yesterday. During your stay here away from the hum-drum of the Big City, THE GANAWAY LYRE will endeavour to keep you "in touch with the world". Our News is hot - indeed scalding! (you we Make our own news!) Don't fail to get YOUR copy daily -

SEE SPECIAL ORDER FORM IN THIS ISSUE.

TO DAYS THOUGHT
We boil at different degrees.

SWANK!



COMPETITION RESULT.

ANSWER — BLIND BEGGAR WAS A SISTER!
WINNER — ~~PE~~ D WHELAN (29TH) D. 3
ENTER FOR TODAY'S TITLE CONTEST.

PROMINENT PERSONALITIES INTERVIEWED.

THE ADJUTANT.

Says the Editor, "I see we have a new Adjutant this year - hop along and interview him, and find out how he means to set about his job, new brooms sweep clean usually". And so I went! (Our big Chief must be obeyed).

I was met at the door by a hefty Ballymacarret Sergeant from the 94th I think who asked my business I produced my credentials from the "Lyre" and soon I was in Mr. Boyd's presence.

"Good morning, sir" I said, "hows things". "I suppose you came for some matter for your paper" (delightedly). "You are quite right, sir" I said, "seeing this is your first year, perhaps you have some new ideas as to how

MR. $\frac{1}{2}$ BOYD OUR ADJUTANT IN HIS "DEN"
"The Pound".

the Camp should be run". "Yes," he says, "I see a particular need for a change in the method of transport for the excursions. Year after year we pack the Boyd into a bus and take them a trip round Co. Down. This is quite out of date. I am in communication with the Aerodrome at Newtownards and hope that all our excursions will be by aeroplane. Just think when an excursion is arranged for, say the Copelands, you have to drive to Donaghadee, take a motor boat, and in general waste a lot of time. My idea is to have an aeroplane start from the Upper field, take a load, dump the passengers on the Copelands, come back, take another load, fetch back the first load and so on. You could have the whole Camp there and back between Dinner and Tea". "Not a bad idea" I remarked. Just then the Telephone rang and with a nod of apology the Adjutant lifted the receiver, and I had to listen to the following one-sided conversation. "Hello, yes, this is the B.B. Camp at Ganaway". "No, it is not the C.O. speaking, it is the Adjutant, the C.O. is having a nap". "Who's speaking please"? "Oh! you're speaking for Lord Castlederry, right go ahead". "Yes, yes, I understand, his Lordship is bringing his Plane over to give the Boys some fun". "That's very good of his Lordship". "Yes, Tuesday would be a good day". "Oh, yes certainly, 'I'll go up, I'll show them how' its done". With that he placed the receiver on the hook and turning to me said, "Now what do you think of that - that shows what a real live Adjutant can do especially if he is in the habit of rubbing shoulders with the aristocracy". "That's fine" I said. "Excuse me, Reporter, but I must leave, I have an appointment in the Medical Tent with Mr. Turner. "Could you spare a 'mo' for a picture" I enquired. "Yes, make it snappy" chirped our good Adjutant (proudly!)

AND SO WE GOT THIS PICTURE.



C A N T E E N D A Z E
or "The Corporal's Nightmare."

Of Corporal Don a tale is told, one never heard before:
how Pirates took him from the fold when camping near the shore.

The Canteen was a haunt of his from early morn till
dewy eve--he thrived on chocolate cream and fizz and stayed till
"Retreat" made him leave. When bugle calls said time for bed he
took a heavy stock along, and kept it handy near his head although
he knew the act was wrong.

This night as usual, pockets full, he was the final man
to go and made for bed to keep the rule--a stalwart, trusty N.C.O.
He'd been in bed an hour or more when from the beach came sounds
of fight. Alarmed, he jumped to scan the shore, and got a most
terrific fright.

A Pirate crew were quarrelling fierce: two, each with
cutlass, circled round. Then one the other quick did pierce and
left the battle at a bound. He'd spotted Donald looking out: he
spun round quickly like a top, and grabbed our hero with a shout.
His pals cried "Now, boy, where's the pop?"

They promised Donald horrors great unless he told where
lay the brow. Then on the scene there came the mate with battered
face of roseate hue. "Come, tell me quick, my boy!" he snapped,
"The men are mad, and must have food!" Don heeded not--he stood
enrapt, for near the mate his Princess stood.

From Chapelhall the Princess came. In truth she was a
lady fair; Don and the Pirates thought the same, they knew she was
a hostage rare. Quick Donald to the rescue flew, his beauteous
damsel to enfold. The Pirates they threw Yo-Yo's two and laid poor
Donald out stone cold.

They carried Don on board the craft and tied him to the
vessel's mast. They got the pop--and how they laughed as with the
canteen stock they passed. Then tired of Donald, planks were
brought, the usual end to Pirate larks. They prodded Don, gave him
it hot, and said "Now meet your friends, the Sharks!"

So Donald reached the edge and fell: the deep, dark
waters made him choke. He fought for life and he fought well, for
with the mighty splash he--woke!!

.....
OUR MEDICAL CORNER.

Our Medical Officer, Dr. H.A. Warnock, will be glad to offer
"advice" through these columns to all "sufferers". Address your
wants to Doc. c/o "The Lyre". No fees - this business free in
conjunction with Wilton's Day and Night service.

.....
BILLY, "A" Line.

Lackus Scintillatus or Dullness of the buckle - a distressing malady
associated with the belt. Usually found in Boys of careless habits.

The symptoms are shortness of breath, stiffening of the elbow
and lack of ambition. The patient who usually tries to excuse his
condition should be dealt with firmly. Brasso and elbow grease
have been known to give relief.



Miss Vere De Vere, our Lady correspondent has arrived at Ganaway.

Mr. and Mrs. McAnally at "Eleanor" will have the honour of being her host during the week-end. Her exclusive descriptive article on Sunday's fashions will appear in Monday's "Ganaway Lyre .

(Editor's Note - We understand "Eleanor" is out of bounds to all Ganaway Campers, till Miss Vere de Vere has departed -- Staff-Sergeants please note!)

.....

OUR TITLE CONTEST.

The sketch to the right depicts a usual (Happy) camp scene - a boy "Broke" receiving a letter with a five bob postal order enclosed.

You are asked to suggest a title (not more than 12 words). Entries must be deposited in the Competition box before Tent Inspection on Monday. CASH PRIZE!

Let us have a bumper entry..

Rank & Name _____

Coy. _____ Line _____ Tent _____

.....

Heard at Ballywhisken.

Camper(to old villager) "Don't you ever get tired of doing nothing?"

Old Villager - "Yes, mister. I get so tired doing nothing that I can't do anything else.



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Signed, _____

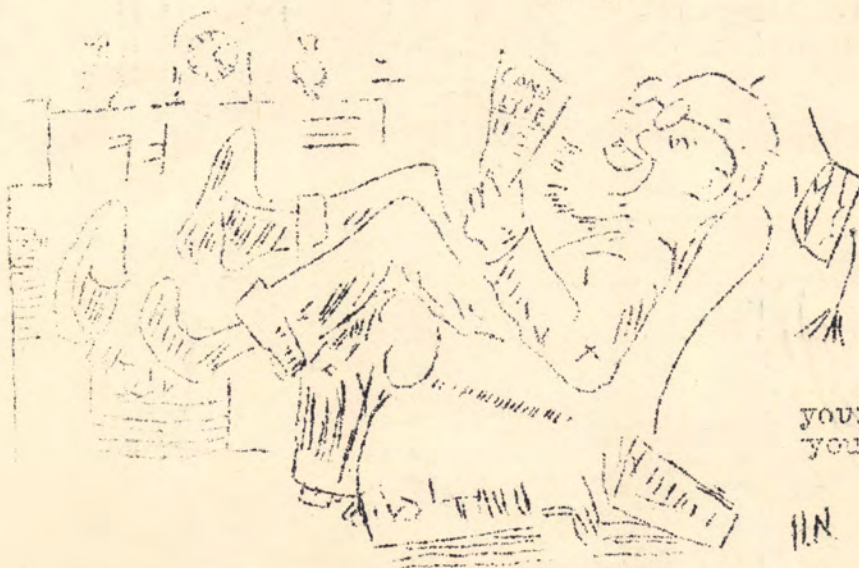
(Rank and Name)

BOUND VOLUME also required for which I enclose the additional sum of Sixpence.

Home Company _____

(Strike out what does not apply).

Line _____ Tent _____



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PUT IN YOUR ORDER NOW.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dear Sir:
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst. in relation to the above mentioned matter.

The Board of Trustees has considered the matter and has decided to grant the request for the amount of \$1000.00 for the purpose mentioned in your letter.

Very truly yours,
The Board of Trustees

W. H. RAY
President

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



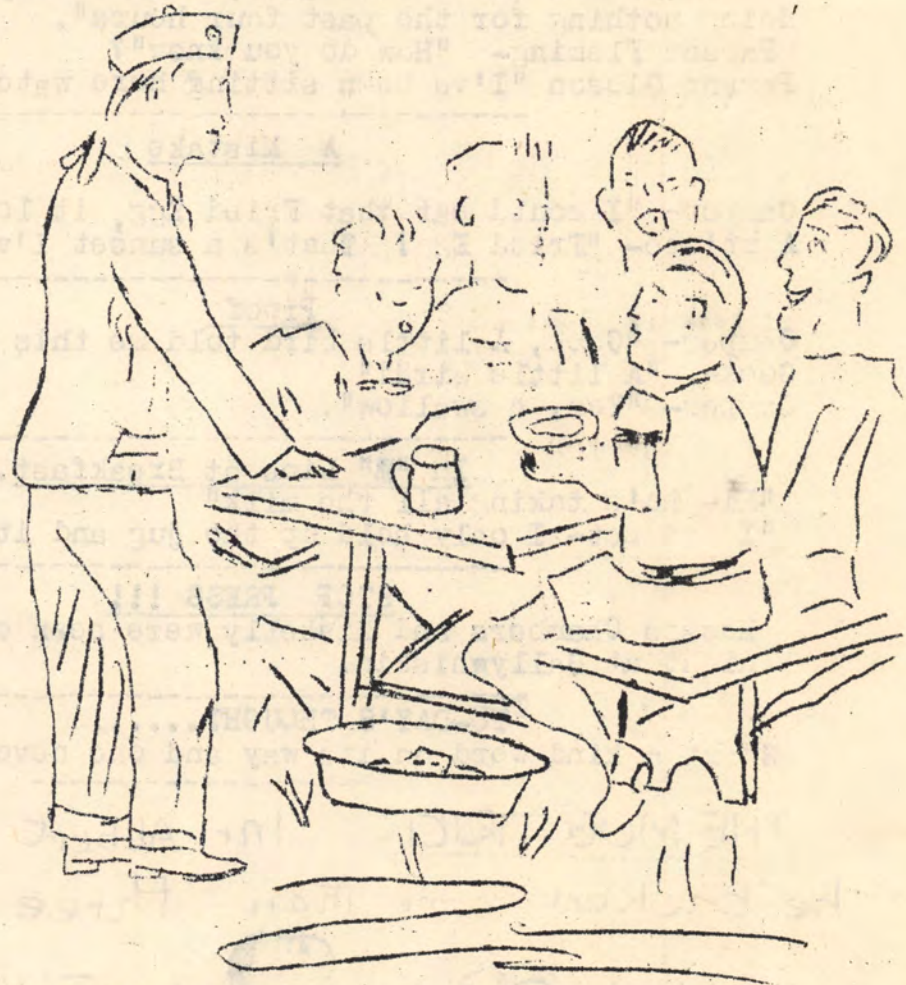
The Ganaway Wire

"Well boys'
any complaints?"

"Yes Sir. Plum
duffs wrong, Sir

"What's the matter
with it?"

"It defies the law
of gravity—Sir,
too heavy but
won't go down."



PRIVATE

Sergeant (at camp) "Here come away from there! You cant go into
C.O. 'S tent!"
Private Jones "But it says 'Private' over the door".

TOUGH

Camper (to cook)--"Here there's a bit of wood in this sausage".
Cook. -----" Well -----
Camper. " I dont mind eating the dog but I draw the line at the
kennel".

Winner - Pte. R. CLARKE, 64 th. Belfast Company (C.6)

Title- "And some fell on stony ground",

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Heard Around Camp. and Neighbourhood.

Parson Gibson (on the advance) "That chap has been sitting there doing nothing for the past four hours".

Parson Fleming- "How do you know"?

Parson Gibson "I've been sitting here watching him".

A Mistake

Campor- "I could eat that Fried Egg, it looks so ~~good~~".

Artist- "Fried Egg! That's a sunset I've been painting".

Proof.

Campor- "Cook, A little bird told me this soup isn't good".

Cook- "A little bird?"

Campor- "Yes, a swallow".

In "A" Line at Breakfast.

"Hi- he's taking all the milk"

"I did not- I only held up the jug and it fell out"

STOP PRESS !!!

Messrs Chambers and Miskelly were seen on Escort Duty last night at Ballywhiskin.

TODAY'S THOUGHT.....

Start a kind word on its way and one never knows where it ends.

THE MUG TRICK Mr Albert Steen at work — he "knocked" more than "three mugs!"



Sunday's Fashion Parade
Special --By our Lady Correspondent

Mrs J Dorward was wearing a diadem of Gold -in keeping with the high position of her distinguished husband.

Mrs J Boyd was in a pretty frock of Ballymacarret green and red,

Mrs J M Rea dressed in pink, she wore a lovely red rose to, set herself off?

Mrs Jack Steen had a plated skirt, (not from the Queen's Island).

Mrs Hugh Toner (nee Miss Mae West) ~~Order - by little another guy!~~

Mrs M Rea was just beautiful--she wore a string of Woolworth's pearls.

Mrs Albert Steen dressed in a lovely Donegall tweed costume, having spent a holiday in Donegall last summer.

Mrs Hugh Norman looked smart in a hand painted gown done (the painting, not the making), by her artful hubby.

Mrs Willie Watt came from Comber with a pretty sleeveless (and backless) frock. She carried a lovely bouquet of buttercups and daisies.

Mrs Willie Tweedie was in sawdust fawn. She was singing to "her hubby" most of the time.

Mrs James Rodgers would be hard to describe.

Mrs Norman Swindle's dress was claret. Her nice frock just suited her lovely lips.

Mrs Walter Douglas was in a "Swagger" she was indeed lovely to look at.

Mrs Jack Steenson wore a becoming dress of Stranmillis lace. Her lovely eyes twinkled at other people.

Mrs Wm J Chambers (like Billy) was very predominant. She was in black and was supported by a stick.

Mrs Jack Craig (Bangor) was adorned in a three piece suit of beach brown.

Mrs Harry Currie was in Life Boy serge with "berry" to match.

Mrs John Miskelly proved a sight (???) she was indeed a poet's dream.

Mrs F John Parkinson → looked very spruce in quarter oak parquet with tongued and grooved joints, trimmed with oval brads and with mortised tenons down both sides her hat was an instructional model made off three ply Gaboon Mesmerised mahogany. She looked very spruce and was admired a great deal.

So many ladies purported to be Mrs William Irwin that we regret we are unable to find space for a description of all their dresses (and to avoid "jealousies")....



HN

.....TEAR.HERE.....

Today's Competition..

My first is in Camp but not in Millisle
My second's in laugh but never in smile
My third's not so easy I'm sure you'll agree
For though its in ocean its never in sea
My fourth's what we drink and also in cat
My fifth is in seat yet never in sat
My sixth is in ease and also in rest
With my seventh letter we've finished our quest
For it lies in zinc and also in tin
If you live where I think of you'll never grow thin
I'm sure your there often ---In fact I've been too
So find where it is and the prize goes to you

In the above rhyme a word of seven letters----popular at
Ganaway-----is hidden. Write out the word below and earn
a cash prize..

The word is

Name and Rank.....

Line and Tent No.....

Deposit in Lyrc Competition Box before Tent Inspection Tomorrow..

.....TEAR.HERE.....

Our Loopy Poet.

It was a wet, dark,,stormy night,
The roads were dry and clean,
And I was walking backwards
To the place where I had been
When suddenly I smelt a noise,
Sat on my face and looked.
I saw a noise. What could it be?
I got up close to myself
And clung tight hold of me.
I did the splits, had fifteen fits
And left myself with me..

P.S Our "Poet" has since been detained for observation by
by Mr Turner at the Medical Tent...

~~~~~

## OUR CANTEEN

Our Canteen they take us in,  
And sell us things out of their wee tins,  
Penny bricks, and ice cream cups,  
Choc'late bars with hazel nuts.

Our Canteen has a grand wee staff,  
They sure are nice and make us laugh.  
Boys all meet with minerals sweet,  
Chew and talk in this retreat.

Our Canteen has a quare good stock  
Of brandy bells and camper's talk.  
Early morning and late at night  
Our Canteen's the quare good sight.

-----  
SUPPORT YOUR OWN "SHOP" !!  
.....

### FEATURES OF COMING ISSUES.

The Crooked Staff - by Harold Bentit.  
The Cobbler - by Sola Neil.  
The Farmer's Boy - by Claude Hopper.  
The Desert Wanderer - by I. Mustapha Kamol.  
The Guide - by Hugo First.  
The Gardener - by Ivan Hoe.  
Mysterious House - by Dora Jar.  
The Runaway - by E. Stoptin.  
The Fallen Idol - by Esau Stars.  
Should I? - by Y. Knotte.  
The Minor - by D. Seente.  
The Biscuit - by Crispin Parts.  
The Culprit - by E. Diddit.  
Brass Band - by Watt & Din.  
The Lost Legion - by Miss Ing.  
The Mystery of the Blood stained putty knife -  
by N. Swindle.  
The Jammed door - by I Lockdit.  
The Chloroform Punch - by Jimmy Warnock.

.....  
READ THE "GANAWAY LYRE" .....



THE "TWELTH" AT GANAWAY

The famous "Twelfth" was duly celebrated to-day. The picture shows the Rising Sons of Ganaway Lodge leaving for the field at Balkymuffsed.



# The Ganaway Lyre



VOL. No. 14. No. 4.  
TUESDAY 14th JULY, 1936.

THE GANAWAY LYRE artist has penned many famous faces in past years. To-day with pleasure we produce a picture of Mr. J. M. Fraser who is President of the Singapore Batta. The Boys' Brigade, our official visitor and guest. Our artist caught during some of his happiest moments in camp-----reading THE GANAWAY LYRE!

RECORD MADE AT G A N A W A Y.

L/Cpl. Jimmy Arthur, 72nd B'fas Coy. (tent D7) made a new potato eating record yesterday, devouring 22 "spuds". We understand that an official attempt on the record will be made by members of H5 to-day. Here's the "champion's" picture.



Heard in 2 lines. . . .  
"What are the three principal health resorts near Ganaway?"  
Reply. Millisle, Ballywelter, and Bally Draft."



THE NIGHT WIND

The shades of night were falling fast,  
S round the light there slowly passed  
An officer who grasped a cane,  
And thumped the tent's to this refrain  
"Put out that light".

In happy tents he saw the light,  
Of ha'penny candles gleaming bright,  
And as he thought thus of his own,  
From his lips escaped a groan,  
"Put out that light",

His brow was sad, his eye beneath,  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath  
And like a punctured big base drum,  
Came wailing in that well known tongue,  
"Put out that light".

"O stay" a corporal cried "And rest  
That weary head upon this breast"  
A tear stood in his bright eye,  
Again he answered with a sigh,  
"Put out that light!"

"Please try our guys" a private said,  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
And Ganaway Turn is deep and wide"  
Again that wearying voice replied,  
"Put out that light".

"Beware thou of the rowdy staffs",  
At this the tent-squad loudly laughs  
This was the sergeant's last goodnight  
A voice snarled at him from his right,  
"Put out that light".

Next morn as "bin squads went their round,  
Half-buried in the whins they found  
An officer, who grasped a cane,  
And muttered low the strange refrain,  
"Put out that light".

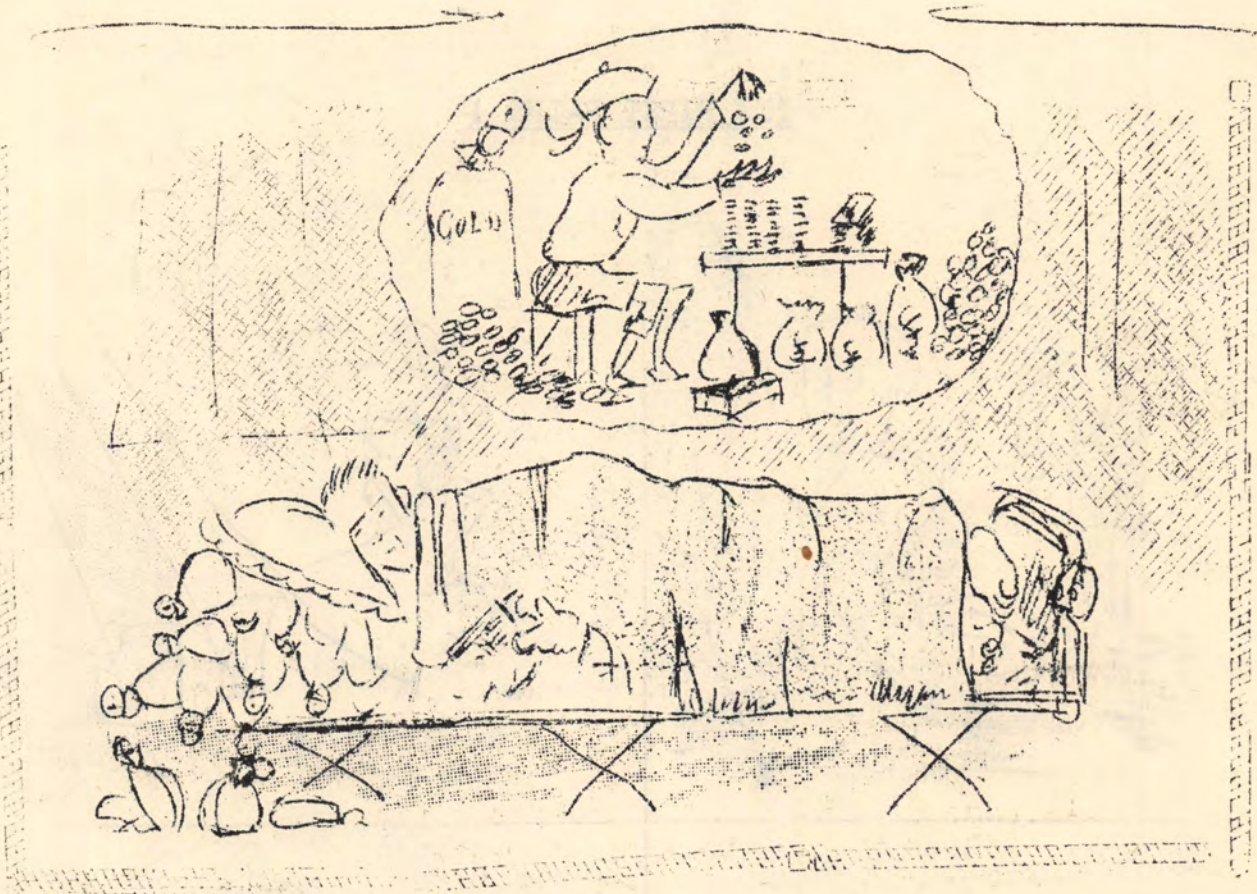
They bore him to the first-aid tent,  
And as the cortege slowly went,  
A sound came from him soft and low,  
In accents of the deepest woe,  
"Put out that light".

TO-DAY'S THOUGHT

lose an hour in the morning and you will be all day hunting for it.

CANTEEN WAS THE MISSING WORLD!!

WINNER - PTE. J. CREIGHTON A 4 (23 ENTRIES)



A MOONLIGHT IMPRESSION OF MR. NORMAN REA THE CAMP TREASURER ---

"GOLDEN DREAMS"

F A N C H   D R E S S   P A R A D E

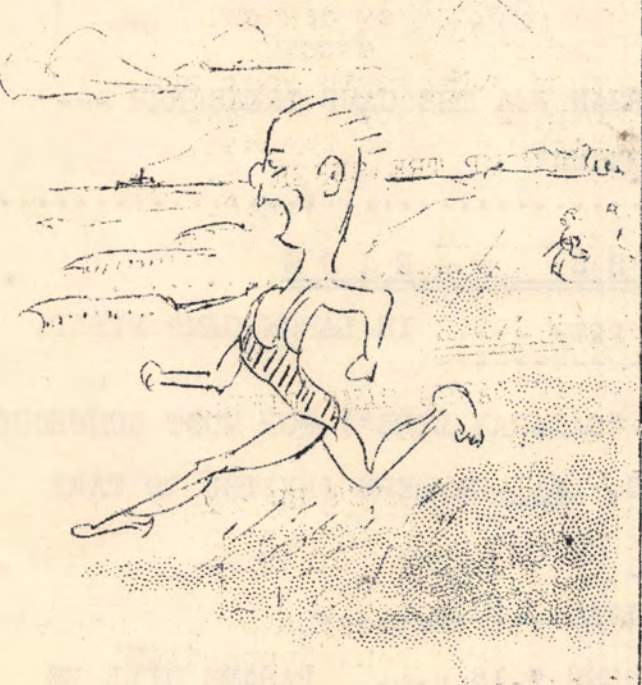
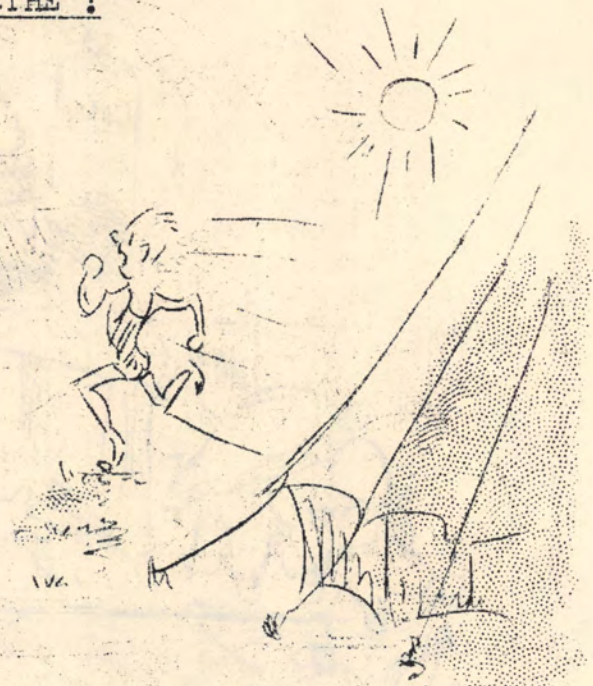
TUESDAY ... JULY 14th.... 7.30 p.m. .... IN LARGE CAMP FIELD.

SPECIAL PRIZES (PRESENTED BY THE "GANAWAY LYRE") FOR MOST HUMOROUS PICTURESQUE AND ORIGINAL TURNOUTS. ALL CAMPERS INVITED TO TAKE PART AND JOIN IN THE FUN!

PUBLIC HEARTILY INVITED.....

TO ENTRANTS .. MEET IN LARGE MARQUEE 7.15 p.m. PARADE WILL BE HEADED BY CAMP BAND.

THE FIRST BATHE !



Where the Hills of Millisle sweep down to the Sea..

---

Oh, Mary, this Ganaway's a wonderful sight  
You must be in Camp at ten every night,  
If you miss the Retreat, You're "fatigued" the next day  
You can't swim till your told in Ganaway Bay.  
Since I left you at half-nine in Main St, Millisle  
My heart has been longing for you all the while,  
Though I'm having my supper, I'm longing to be,  
Where the hills of Millisle sweep down to the sea.

Oh, Mary, this C.O.'s a wonderful man,  
If you don't go to sleep, you're hide he will tan.  
But my first night in Camp, just as I had almost,  
Got to sleep, I was sent out to fetch the last post.  
My Sergeant's a tough nut, as strong as a bull.  
He would'nt think twice, dear, of cracking my skull.  
As I dream of your arms, shure, I much rather be  
Where the hills of Millisle sweep down to the sea.

Oh, Mary, my loved one, please say you'll be true,  
Each moment we're parted just leaves me more blue,  
For when "Staffies" are prowling, they're hard to resist  
But be faithful, my true one, until they desist.  
Asleep in my tent, dear, in dreams I'll espy,  
Your brick coloured hair, the sweet turn in your eye.  
And all through the night, then, in fancy I'll be,  
Where the hills of Millisle sweep down to the sea.

V.H.C.

---

Today's Competition.

Good little Willie Rose  
Was tired and sought repose  
But his brother named Clair  
Put a tack on his chair

.....

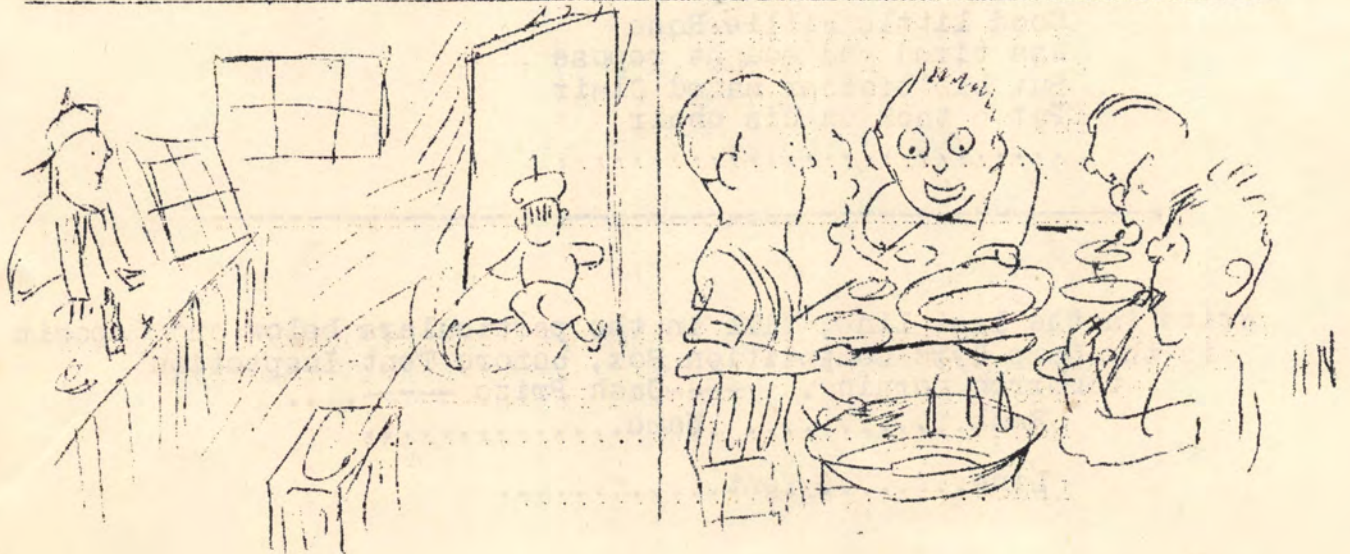
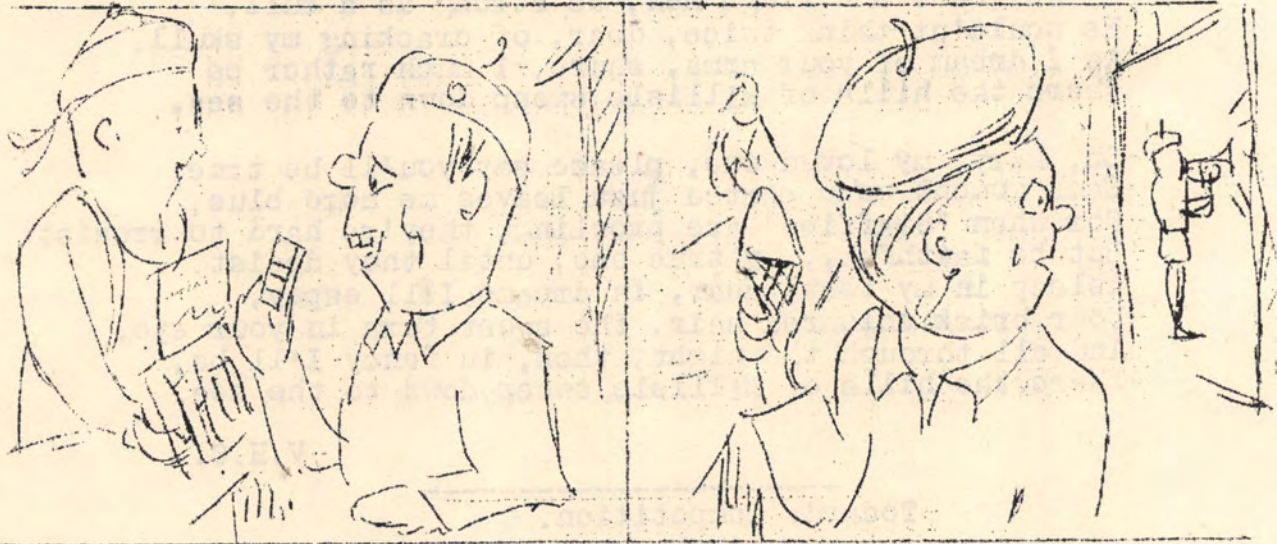
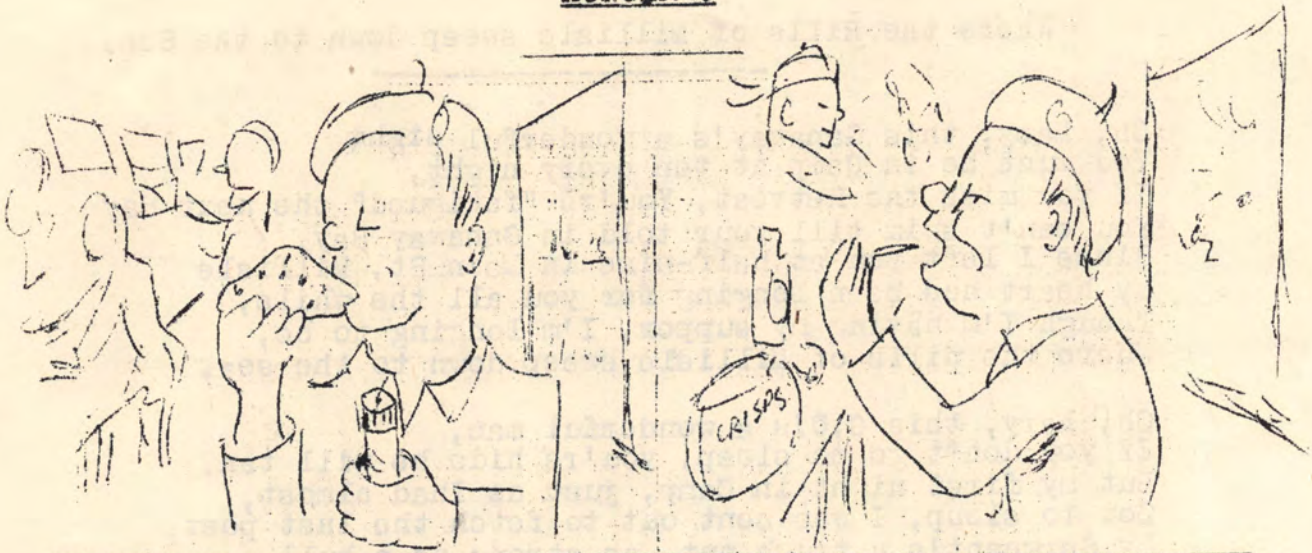
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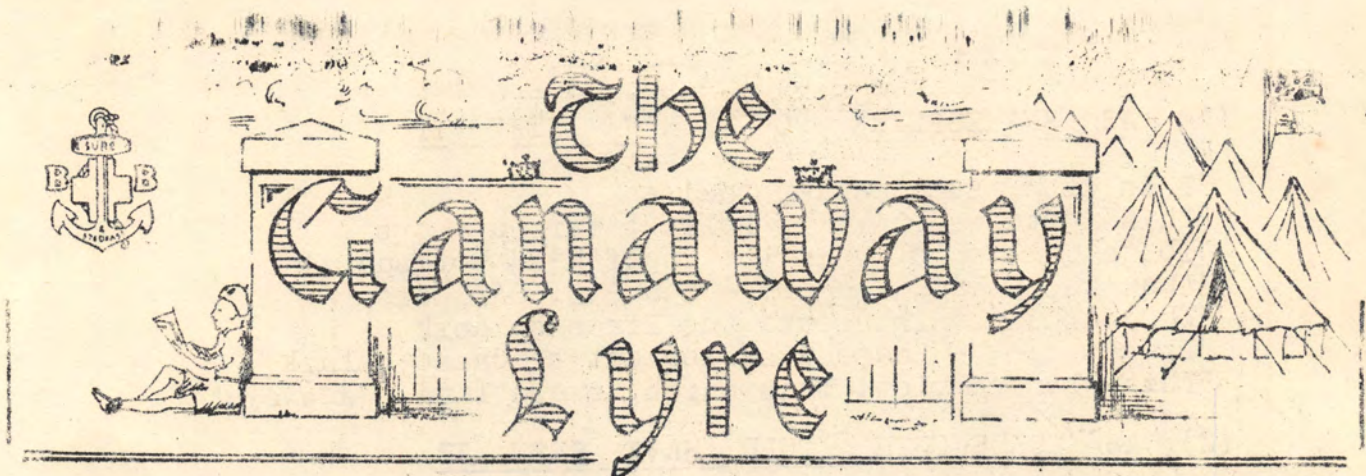
Write in the last line, fill in the particulars below and deposit  
in the Camp Lyre Competition Box, before Tent Inspection  
tomorrow morning. ----Cash Prize ----....

Rank.....Name.....

Line.....Tent.....

HUNGER !





VOL. 14 No. 5 WEDNESDAY JULY 15th., 1936.

THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

BELFAST BATTALION.

Inspected by. The Right Honourable The Viscount Bangor, D.L.  
(Honorary Battalion President)

PROGRAMME

1. Reception of Inspecting Officer.
2. March Past in Column of Companies.
3. March Past in Column of Fours.
4. Advance in Review Order.
5. Final Ties..... (A) 100 Yards flat Senior.  
(B) 100 " " Junior.  
(C) Sack Races.  
(D) Obstacle Race.
6. Tent Pitching Competition Finals.
7. Physical Training Exercises.
8. Pyramids.
9. Hollow Square Formation.
10. Inspection Officer's Remarks.
11. National Anthem.

TEA

(1) AS SHAKESPEARE WOULD HAVE SEEN IT

"This other Eden demi-paradise  
"This fortress built by Belfast for her boys  
"To them keep happy in the Twelfth's" hot sun  
"That happy breed of men - the B.B. Officers  
"Who nightly walk around the lines so dark  
"These boys, - these Staffies out to cause a lark  
"This blessed plot, this earth, sweet land, Ganaway!

(2) AS WORDSWORTH WOULD HAVE SEEN IT

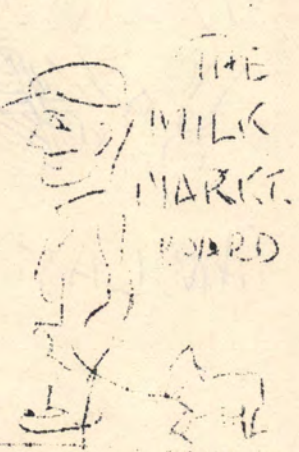
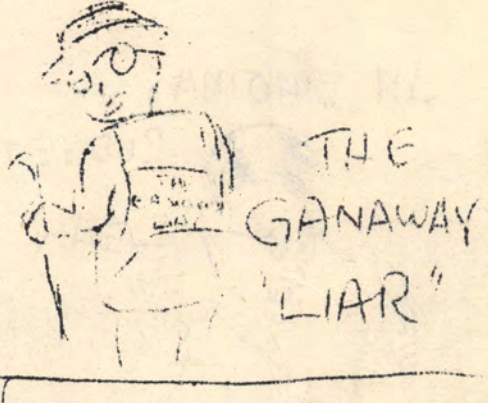
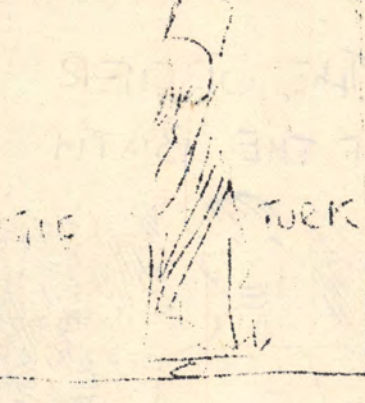
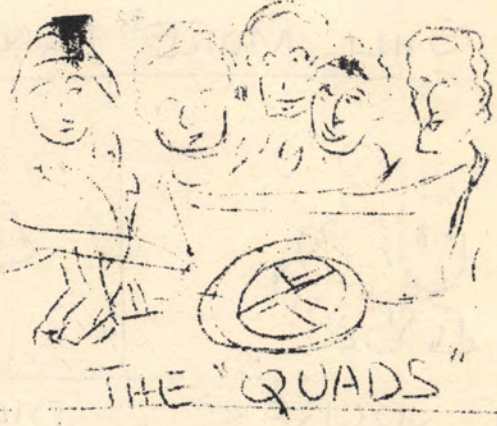
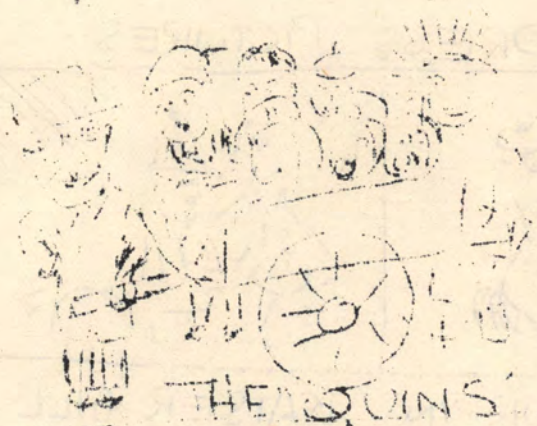
I wandered lonely as a cloud  
Of humans full on pleasure bent;  
When all at once I saw a crowd  
Of those white things we call a tent  
Their doors were flapping in the breeze  
A gentle wind blew from the seas.  
I gazed and gazed and then I thought  
How much the Advance Party had wrought  
For oft when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood  
I think of Camp, wish it were nigh,  
Ganaway built, its days so good.

(3) AS PRIVATE SMITH SEEN IT

I was waitin' at the stas'ion wi ma grannie. All  
All them brass hats was there too. I cud see the Captain  
Agertent and the Transport Ossifer. Then the captin  
tould us to fall in. We got inty the carriage an' the  
train shued off. I waved at ma grannie but ah'm  
feered she didn't see mi. Notin' more happined till we  
got to Donickadee. We got outside the stas'ion and the  
captin toul us to fall in again. That made me laff.  
If we'd fell in Donickadee harbor Andy White wud be  
broadcasting again but different from Christmas it wud  
ha been a job for him an' his life-boat crew.

We marched through the town in great stile and then  
we got inty motor buses. Leater we rached Ganaway.  
The captin of the day pulled the flag up the pole. I  
heard an offifer say that he broke the fleg. Did ye  
iver hear anythin so daft as breaking a fleg?

I got me kitbeg and got inty the tent. Just as I  
got settled down a bugle blew. I asked the tent  
sarjint what it was but he was away runnin' so I ran  
too. When I got down to the big maskee guess what it  
was?? Ye'd niver beleeve it. Real stew for dinner!  
Ai Ganaway suits me alright - its just great so I'm  
goin' again this year - All be seein ye!



YESTERDAY'S COMPETITION RESULT

The Winning Line was "AND LITTLE WILLIE PAINFULLY ROSE"  
 WINNER PTE J. VINT TENT H 3 (10 ENTRIES)

Today's thought AN OPTIMIST IS ONE WHO CALLS  
 HALF-EMPTY HALF-FULL, A PESSIMIST ONE WHO CALLS  
 HALF-FULL HALF-EMPTY.



STILL MORE FANCY-DRESS PICTURES



THE JOCKEY



DICK TURPIN



KAISER BILL

JH THOMAS

BUDGET OF THE BATH

LEAK



THE ORDER



THE PRIVATE'S DREAM



THE BRIDE AND GROOM



AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST

T.B.B. THE INVISIBLE MAN



# The Ganaway Lyre

VOLUME 14. No.6. THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1936.

CAMP-CONCERT-PROGRAMME

Selections by 55th Old Boys' Silver Band from 7.30 p.m. ....

- |                                                 |                                                 |
|-------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| 1. L/Cpl. H. King 21st. Coy. Pianoforte.        | 11. Mr. T. Livingstone (Camp) Selected.         |
| 2. Pte. G. Greer 44th., Coy. Song.              | 12. Privates Waring & Greer 44th. Duct.         |
| 3. Cpl. J. Patience 62nd. Coy. Louthorgan Solo. | 13. Pt. T. Mc Carley 3rd. Ballymena Coy. Dance. |
| 4. Pte. S. Burnside 4th. Coy. Song.             | 14. Mr. J. Hutchinson. Song.                    |
| 5. Pte. S. Kirkpatrick 13th. Coy. Recitation.   | 15. Sgt. T. Black 66th., Recitation.            |
| 6. Messrs Redlow & Gibson. Duct.                | 16. Pte. A. Waring. 44th., Coy. Flute Solo.     |
| 7. Pte. H. Connor 46th., Coy. Song.             | 17. Mr. Jim Thompson. Song.                     |
| 8. Mr. E. Currie, Community Songs.              | 18. Master Billy Moreland. Song.                |
| 9. Pte. W. Brett, 20th., Coy. Song.             | 19. Mr. W. Cassidy. Selected.                   |
| 10. Cp. A. Goddis 66th., Coy. Mandoline         | 20. Messrs Spottiswood & Rowan. Entertainers.   |

ACCOMPANIST ..... MRS. T. Weir.

National Anthem.

TO-DAY'S THOUGHT-- TO-DAY IS THE HARVEST OF YESTERDAY, AND THE SEEDTIME OF TO-MORROW.

BUY TO-MORROW'S GANAWAY LYRE---Special Reports and Pictures of the Officers v. Staff Sergeants Football Match and to-night's Concert Items

COMPLETE VOLUMES PRICE 6d

TO BE HAD AT LYRE TENT TO-MORROW. GET YOURS!

# OUR PAGE OF PICTURES



OUR HONORARY PRESIDENT  
LOOKS ON WITH PRIDE

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.** The Rev. G.R. McDowell (Kilrea) wishes to inform his "flock" that his telephone number is changed to

GANAWAY CZ 6293.

SECRET

MESSRS FRASER, FERGUSON, & JOHNSTON

Lady Visitor:- "I hear you've three Scotsmen in camp?"

Mr. Willie Rea:- "Yes, we've a tidy few but the earwigs are even greater greater pests!"

JOB'S COMFORTER....

Mr. W.H. Kelly (in hospital) "You know this is my first illness"

Kind Visitor:- "Well let's hope it will be your last"

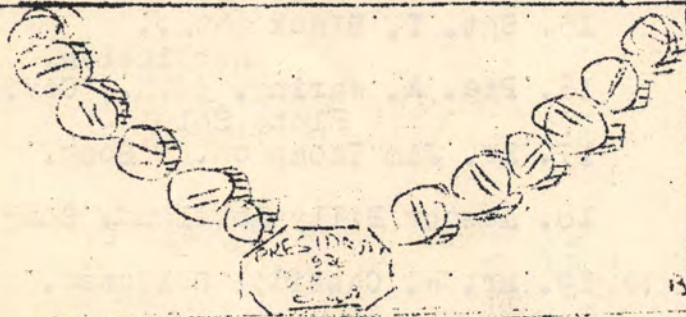
What goes "99 tap, 99 tap, 99 tap"

Answer.

A Centipede..

(With a wooden leg)

## OUR ARTIST



President of the Soft Men's Club.

We congratulate Mr. Harry Fair, the Camp Major, on being elected as the President of the Soft Men's Club for the year 1936. Herewith we publish a photograph of the valuable 40 carrot mineral chain which was manufactured by the well-known firm of Grattans, Belfast, with which the new President was invested by the C.O. with all due ceremony to-day.



SGT. TOM BLACK, TENT B1



HIS SILVER JUBILEE.

The Canaway Lyre twangs hearty greetings, congratulations and good wishes to that most popular of B. B. officers, Mr. Raymond D. McAnally who is attending his twenty-fifth Belfast Battalion Boys' Brigade Camp this year.

Mr. "Mac" is B. B. to the core. As Captain of the 13th and as a member of the 27th Belfast Companies he has done yeoman service.

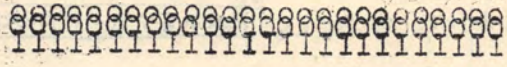
He is also one of the Battalion "Brass Hats"--- i.e. (one of the Executive) and ably leads the Recreation Committee as Convenor.

Here is his "likeness".

We believe he's good for another few 25's.

May he be long spared with us, and to read (as he has

always done down the years) THE CANAWAY LYRE.



ECONOMY

" I once saw a man," said the Englishman, "Who was so economical that he used to cover up his ink well between each dip to prevent loss by evaporation."

" And I know a man," said the Scotsman, "Who stopped his clocks every night to prevent the works wearing out."

Then up spoke the Irishman, "I know a man who was so mean that he gave up reading the newspaper in the free library to save his spectacles."

£ \$ £ \$ £ \$ £ \$ £ \$  
.....

ARE YOU PALE? DOES YOUR BREATH COME IN SHORT PANTS? DO YOU FEEL BLUE

If you feel ready to drop it is a sure sign that you require my services. I have cured thousands worse than you! Operations-- Massage --X Ray Photographs, mounted or unmounted. Black Jack on tap. Wholesale to tent sergeants. Guaranteed.

(Advt.) Professor Turner. Specialist. Medical Tent. Hours --6 a.m. to 12 p.m.

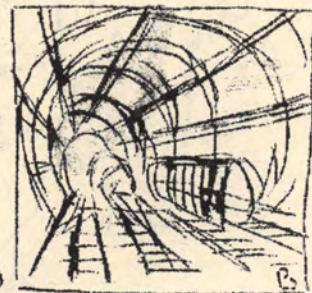
# GANAWAY CAMP IN 2936 A.D.

(BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT)



GANAWAY CAMP

HERE IS A VIEW OF GANAWAY IN 2936. THE SUPER GLASS CABINS BUILT IN STRAIGHT ROWS REPLACE THE FAMILIAR TENTS. ORDERS OF THE DAY ARE BROADCAST TO EACH CABIN'S TELEVISION SET FROM THE CO.'S BUILDING IN THE FOREGROUND IN FRONT OF WHICH IS HIS ROCKET CAR.



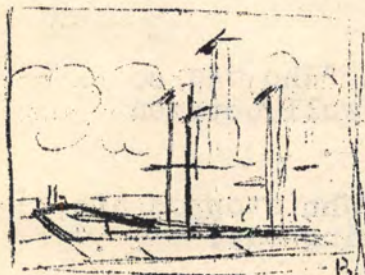
THE TUNNEL

NO LONGER DO WE TRAVEL ON THE WORLD'S FASTEST RAILWAY. WE USE THE TUNNEL CONNECTING BELFAST TO GANAWAY. THE MORE AMBITIOUS OF US TRAVEL BY ROCKET SHIP WHICH DOES THE JOURNEY IN 1 MIN. 4 SECS.



ROCKET SHIP ARRIVING

WE POSSESS A GIGANTIC SWIMMING POOL 1 MILE LONG  $\frac{1}{2}$  MILE BROAD BUT NO DEEPER THAN 15 FEET.



OPEN AIR SWIM POOL

IN CAMP THERE IS A SUPER HOSPITAL CONTAINING 20 OPERATING THEATRES. WE ONLY FLY THE RED CROSS FLAG ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS FOR FEAR OF ITALIAN BOMBERS.

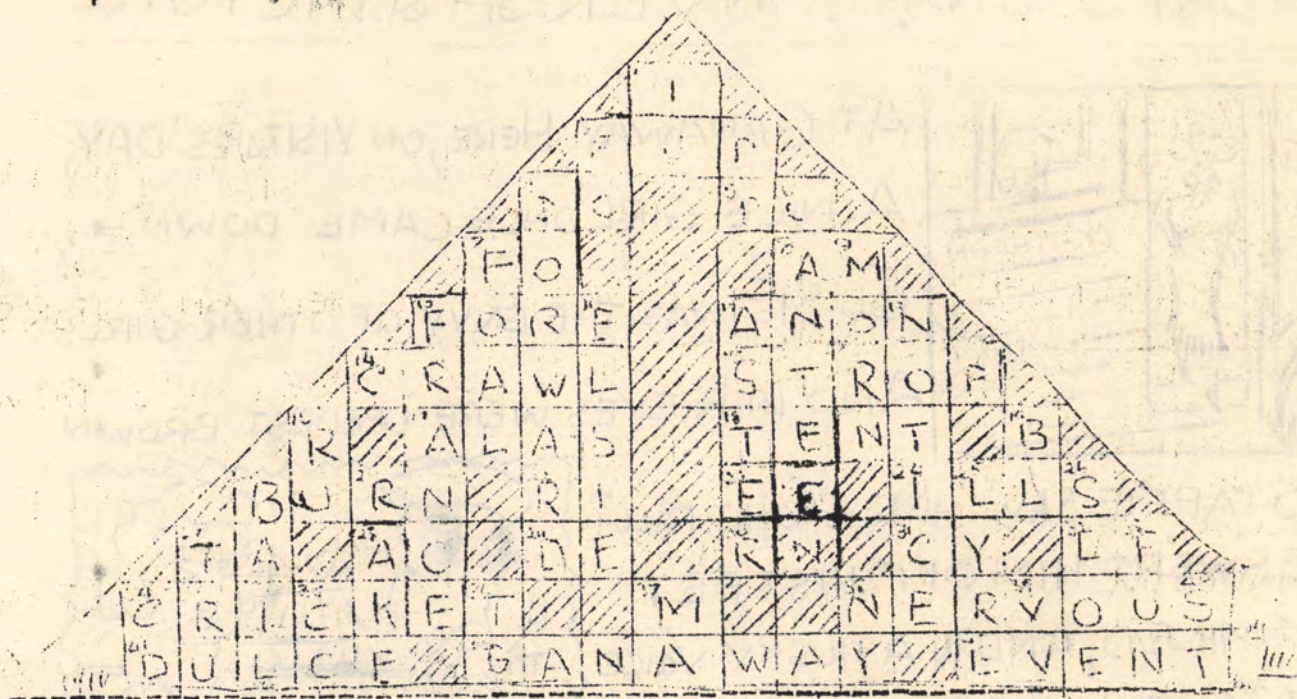


HOSPITAL

NEEDLESS TO SAY WE DON'T FORGET EXCURSIONS. ON MONDAY WE GET DINNER HERE AND TEA WITH THE NEW YORK BATTALION.

T.B.B.

YESTERDAY'S CROSS WORD COMPETITION SOLUTION. THE WINNER WAS  
 L/CPL. WIM PATTERSON TENT.....J4.....



TO-DAY'S BUMPER COMPETITION-

"John-Bull" isn't the only paper that has "Bullets". THE GANAWAY LYRE offers you as a novel competition "GANAWICKS". All you have to do is to write comments witty or otherwise, consisting of not more than four words, on two of the various examples given. Here's how you do it. ENTRIES BEFORE 10 O'CLOCK TO-MORROW.

EXAMPLES-- "Black Jack" GANAWICK-- " King of the movies"

( THIS EXAMPLE MUST NOT BE USED IN COMPETITION )

Fill in the form and deposit at the Lyre Tent Cash Prize!

.....Tear along here.....

EXAMPLES-----

- 1/ Reveille. Ganawick.....
- 2/ The Last Post. Ganawick.....
- 3/ Heard in the lines. Ganawick.....
- 4/ Black Jack. Ganawick.....
- 5/ In the middle of the knight. Ganawick.....
- 6/ Rain. Ganawick.....

Only 2 examples are to be taken.

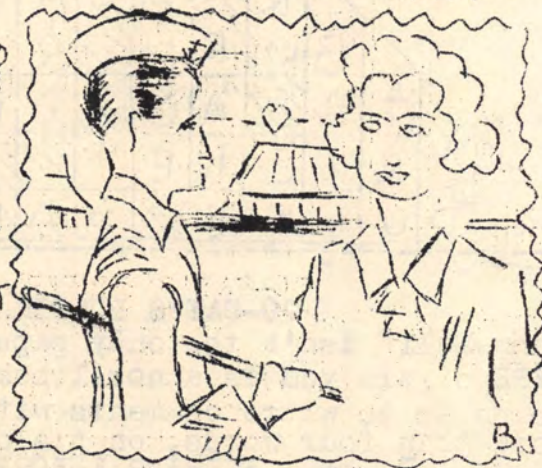
Rank&name.....Line.....Tent.....

TODAY'S STORY INVERSE & PICTURE



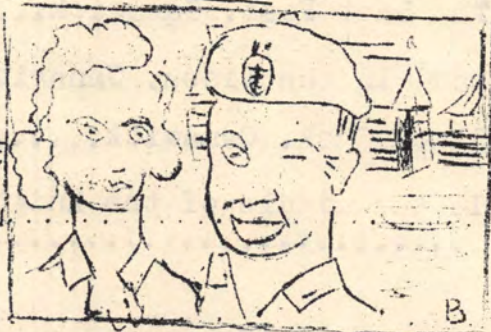
AT GANAWAY HERE, ON VISITORS' DAY,  
 A NICE GIRL ONCE CAME DOWN.  
 SUSIE WAS THE ENVY OF OTHER GIRLS.  
 AND HER EYES WERE DEEPEST BROWN

A STAFFIE SAW HER, DID HE FALL?  
 SHE SWEEPED HIM OFF HIS FEET.  
 HE SMILED, AND IN A HUSKY VOICE  
 SAID, "GOSH! YOU'RE PRETTY SWEET"



AROUND THE LINES HE SHOWED THE WENCH,  
 SHE THOUGHT IT ALL WAS SWELL  
 THERE THEY SAW ONE, PRIVATE SMART,  
 THIS TIME THE GIRL SHE FELL

THE DOWNCAST "STAFF" THEN WENT AWAY  
 IN MINERALS HIS WOES TO DROWN  
 PRIVATE SMART TO MILLISLE TOOK SUSIE  
 FOR HER EYES WERE DEEPEST BROWN



T.B.B.

A POEM - by One who couldn't come.

At the "ripe age of nine he joined The Life Boys;  
He was just as proud as could be.  
He could scarce wait the time he would get  
His promotion into the good old B.B.

First a Private, then a "Lance" with a stripe,  
A Corp'ral, then a Sergeant with three,  
(As a Sergeant he went to the large Glasgow Camp  
And took part in the great Jubilee).

Then two years as a "Staff" with his white gloves  
and cane -

The "Battalion Backbone" chaps, you know!)  
He's been through each rank of The Boys' Brigade,  
And now he's a fully qualified W.O.

Not a Camp has he missed from Private to "Staff",  
At this world-famous Camp at Ganaway.  
But this year, his first as a W.O.  
'Tis sad at work in Belfast he must stay.

While so many are happy, he feels very sad  
At missing "plum duff" and "camp stew":  
Although you may not be thinking of him,  
Be quite sure, he'll be thinking of you!

Well, he'll wish you "the best" for 1936,  
From C.O. down to Private so small;  
He hopes you'll enjoy every minute you're there,  
And vote it "the very best Camp of all".

(Leslie F. Stewart, 13th Belfast

.....  
A POPULAR PROMOTION.

"We've got a jolly good 'C.O.' this Camp",  
Said a Private with very shrill voice.  
And nods of approval were seen on all sides -  
"Our C.O. is a popular choice.

For years as "the Adjutant" he was just fine,  
His "fatigue list" was not very long!  
When an armlet of yellow was given a boy  
It was certain that the boy had done wrong.

"The Adjutant" now will fill a new role;  
Under him this Camp will go forward.  
So rally round, Officers, Staffs, and Boys,  
And support your C.O., Mr. Dorward.

L.F.S.



It was a long time ago, in the days of the  
great westward expansion, when the pioneers  
were seeking new lands to settle on.  
They had heard of the fertile plains and  
the rich soil of the West, and they  
were determined to go there. They had  
heard of the gold mines and the silver  
mines, and they had heard of the  
great cities that were being built.  
They had heard of the great rivers and  
the great mountains, and they had heard  
of the great plains. They had heard of  
the great West, and they had heard of  
the great future.

They had heard of the great future, and  
they had heard of the great West. They  
had heard of the great cities that were  
being built, and they had heard of the  
great mountains. They had heard of the  
great rivers and the great plains. They  
had heard of the great West, and they  
had heard of the great future. They had  
heard of the great cities that were being  
built, and they had heard of the great  
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great rivers and the great plains. They  
had heard of the great West, and they  
had heard of the great future.

They had heard of the great future, and  
they had heard of the great West. They  
had heard of the great cities that were  
being built, and they had heard of the  
great mountains. They had heard of the  
great rivers and the great plains. They  
had heard of the great West, and they  
had heard of the great future.

THE END OF THE ROAD

A FURTHER CHAPTER

If you get a chance, go to the  
mountains. They are beautiful and  
they are grand. They are the  
great mountains, and they are the  
great West. They are the great  
cities that are being built, and they  
are the great future. They are the  
great rivers and the great plains. They  
are the great West, and they are the  
great future.

They are the great future, and they  
are the great West. They are the  
great cities that are being built, and  
they are the great mountains. They are  
the great rivers and the great plains.  
They are the great West, and they are  
the great future.



# The Ganaway Lyre



VOL. 14 NO. 7 FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1936.

## EDITORIAL

The Ganaway Lyre twangs its "Cheerio" to all campers for another year.

Our year 1936, if a "trifle" damp, was a very happy camp and for us all store many pleasant memories. We respectfully suggest that copies of our paper be kept as an interesting memoir.

Please send your requests for obtaining complete volumes, and if you are of separate regiments - SER-2 LGW - meanwhile, Cheerio - we'll be glad to see you again. THE GANAWAY LYRE - July 1937.



## IMPORTANT NOTICE

CAMPERS can have their old issues bound into a special frontispiece cover for the special charge of ONE PENNY during the day at the "LYRE" Offices. Preserve your "Lyres" and laugh in your "old" age.

COMPLETE VOLUMES may be obtained at a special PRICE-Sixpence- GET YOURS NOW!

70-DAYS ... - THE MISFORTUNES ARREST O BEAR ARE THOSE ... NEVER COME.

Competition Winner - Pte Sam Mc Clune J.3.

## STOP PRESS

Football Results.

Officer's Goals..... Staff Sergeants 1 Goal.

Cornered Celebrities.....

By Cheerful Charlie. Our Extra-Special Correspondent.

"Go forth" Said the Editor to me this morning "and beard the lion in his den, interview some Big Cheese----Hitler, Mussolini-George Bernard Shaw! Or Geordie Crawford! Our readers want to read about Big Bugs! Big Noises! Lets hear from someone who helps to lighten the ignorant masses!"

Thus instructed I fared forth to waylay the great.

On consulting my map I discovered that Ballywalter was the nearest large town. To this thriving hive of industry I wended my way and proceeded a mile or two along the promenade until I observed the oldest inhabitant knocking barnacles off himself with a caulkers hammer. "Ah-Ha" I said, "I shall interrogate this ancient mariner" approaching him I bawled in his ear "Toll me kind Sir, who is the biggest noise in the locality?". "Whats that Ye say, Sorr? They be from the Camp at Ganaway, Sorr!" "Not boys" I yelled, "Noise!" "Big Noise!" "Who is the leading light in the locality?". "Oh! Aaye! Sorr. You mean the light. That be the biggest noise in these parts, quote the ancient one, pointing to the Skull Martin Light Ship. Disentangling myself from his beard I made my way to the harbour and hired aboat and its crew. The crew was a very nice man indeed!

I boarded the vessel and enquired for the Big Noise on board. "Old Issac McTurk" said the sailor who received me, "I'll fetch him.

In a few minutes he returned with the bold Issac who was a wee wisened-up man with a face like a dried up toffee apple with hair on it.

"I wish to interview you on behalf of the Camp Lyre Mr McTurk" I explained, his face lit up. (A Light Shipsman's face often does light up Ed) "Sir! You make me a proud man."

"Mr McTurk, I understand that you are the big noise in this neighbourhood! what exactly are your duties?"

"Oh, I make the Big Bangs you hear every now and again". McTurk swelled with professional pride as he made this statement.

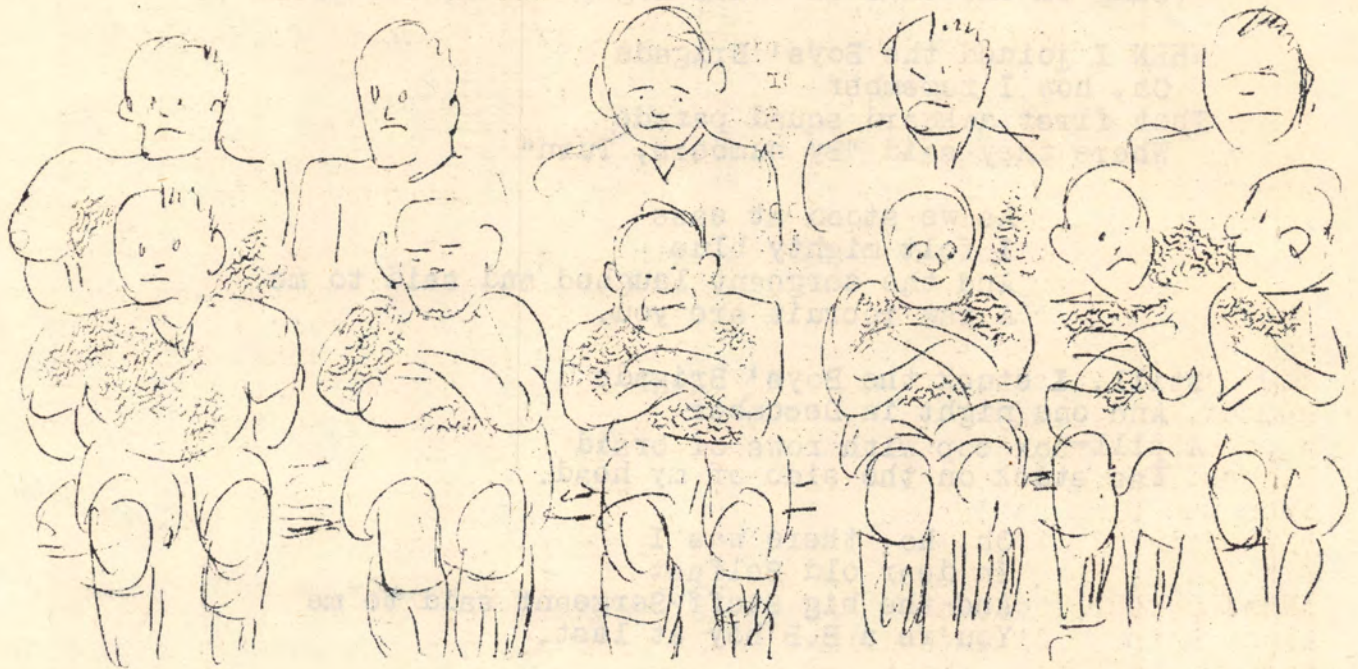
"Do you find this life very exacting, or calling for a high degree of skill," I enquired.

"Exacting? I should say so. It takes you years to learn how to make a really Big Bang. Why I attended the Board of Trade School for seven years before I took my degree as L.R. (Master of Reverbations)

"What do you think of world affairs" I enquired, (McTurk's "bread bin" shot out----"Why has anything happened lately" He said in great surprise. "The only paper I read is the Camp Lyre, and I have'nt noted anything startling this ween of years." At this I thanked Mr McTurk and left him ----- to live in "that little world of his own.

-----  
Quartermaster "See hear, lad, that other fellow is carrying two tents and you are only carrying one=. what have you got to say?".  
Sig. Private "That fellow's too lazy to go twice.  
-----

FOOTBALL PHOTOGRAPHS. (Copyright)



THE 'STAFFS' TEAM-



THE OFFICERS TEAM -

The annual football (???) match - Officers v Staffs took place in the Big Field,

WHEN I JOINED THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

(Sung to the tune of "When I grow too old to dream").

WHEN I joined the Boys' Brigade  
Oh, how I remember  
That first awkward squad parade  
Where they said "By numbers, Turn"

As we stood at ease  
I felt mighty blue  
And the sergeant laughed and said to me  
A raw recruit are you.

Still, I stuck the Boys' Brigade  
And one night in December  
A pill-box cap with rows of braid  
Was stuck on the side of my head.

Oh, ho, there was I  
In dear old Belfast  
And the big Staff-Sergeant said to me  
You're a B.B boy at last.

On I went in The Boys' Brigade  
As a full-fledged member  
Till the N.O.O's were made  
And they put two stripes on my arm

And me it did please  
Those stripes on my gleeve  
And the first lieutenant said "What, what  
The corporal, I believe"

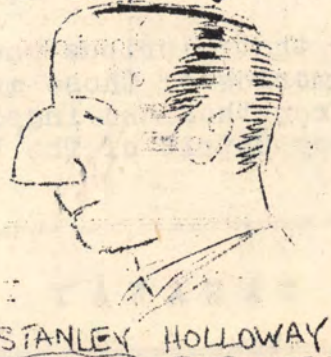
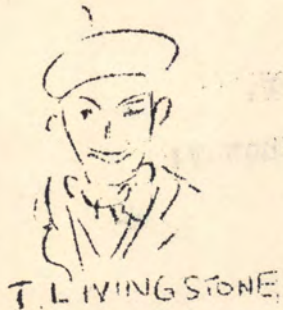
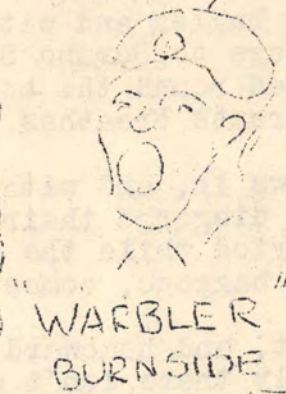
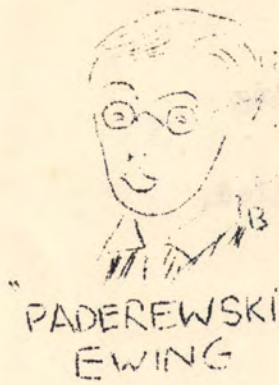
I'M still in the Boys' Brigade  
And maybe about November  
Sergeants four will be arrayed  
And one of them will be me.

And then on parade  
You bet I mean to swank  
And the Captain's sure to say to me  
"Oh, sergeant, take the flank".

Then I must quit The Boys' Brigade  
Ere another September  
For B.B glory's got to fade  
When seventeen you see

And an OLD BOY I'll be  
Laid up on the shelf  
And I like the thought as much  
As I like the OLD BOY himself. S.J.P.

==LAST NIGHT'S SING-SONG IN PICTURES==  
(Exclusive to GANAWAY LYRE)



CAMP MEMORIES.

With sounding bugles and with lusty song,  
At last the Boys to Scrabo Street draw nigh;  
While, gathered round the booking-hall, a throng  
Of patient parents breathes a thankful sigh.

The train draws in, and with a screech is stilled,  
The carriages disgorge their cheerful load;  
And then a period while the lorry, filled  
With kits and baggage, comes along the road.

And so we part, and homeward go apace.  
While outwardly there isn't much to show  
For Camp, except a sprightly walk, a face  
Of sunburned hue, and eyes with health aglow.

And yet, with all its laughter and its fun,  
We who were there know something deeper stirred  
Our hearts, as day by day we learned to run  
Life's race with thoughtful act and kindly word.

Now pals we found where such brief time before  
We only knew by name the chaps concerned;  
In daily round and common task the lore  
Of Universal Brotherhood we learned.

And, as together at each close of day  
We gathered round His throne of love and power,  
We felt His Pros once moving us to pray:-  
"Great King, Thy grace and strength upon us shower;

"The secrets of Abundant Life disclose,  
Make us MEN, whose duty is our joy;  
Help us to walk in steps aligned with those  
Of Him who once on earth was 'Just a Boy'."

And as that glorious week we recollect,  
The memories of those moments will not fade,  
But strengthen and inspire, as they reflect  
The very Spirit of The Boys' Brigade.