

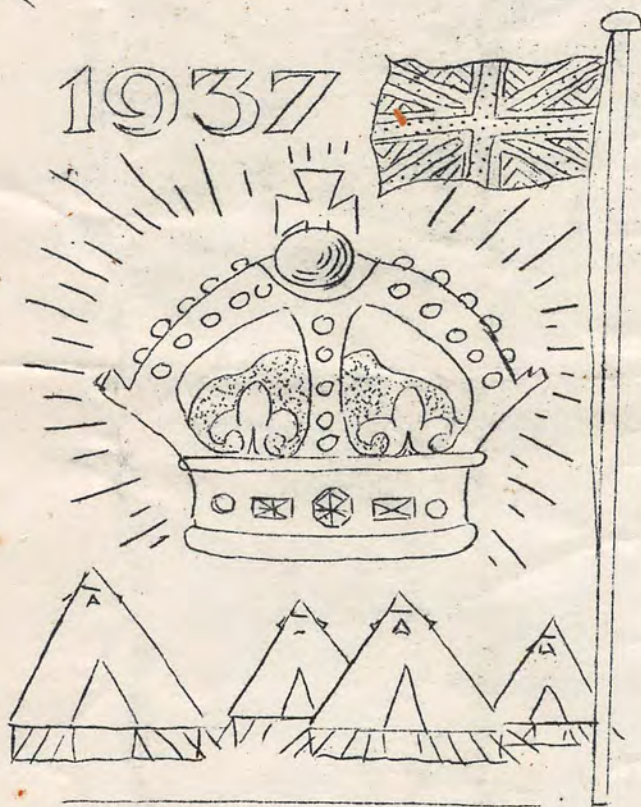
VOL. 15 No. 1.

Friday, 9th July, 1937.

EDITORIAL.

THE GANAWAY LYRE twangs a hearty welcome to all - Officers, Staff Sergeants, Members of the Cookhouse Staff and Boys - to our great Coronation Year Camp. 1937 will be a year of outstanding treasured memories for us all. We trust our happy week under canvas here at Ganaway will contribute much in future days as we ponder in remi-  
scent mood.

THE GANAWAY LYRE, with it's age long motto, ("the truth, the whole truth and anything but the truth" (translated from the Latin VERBUM SAT SAPIENTI) will fearlessly endeavour to carry out its declared policy. We confidently solicit the continued support of past and new friends.



CORONATION YEAR  
CAMP.

SAYINGS FOR THE DAY.

Fortune is like the market: if you bide your time, the price will fall.

Think twice before you speak, or, better still, just keep on thinking.

THE ADVANCE - BY A FIRST TIMER.

The month of July comes round once more  
With its visions of Ganaway, camp and shore,  
'Tis better than spending a month in France,  
And this year my lads, I'm on the "Advance".

We'll carry the tents and marquees and stuff  
And the flour and the raisins (they're for plum-duff)  
And roll the new floor boards, up hill and down dale,  
The "Advance" has never, never been known yet to fail.

We'll fetch and we'll carry till setting of sun,  
And then look around at a job that's well done,  
The Q.M looks us up and says "Boys that's the Style"  
I'll stand you some lemonade - next year - in Millisle"

There seems no end to the work to be done,  
But we'll hope for fine weather with plenty of sun,  
When the main party comes we hope for a glance,  
Of Approval - and then "Well done - the Advance".

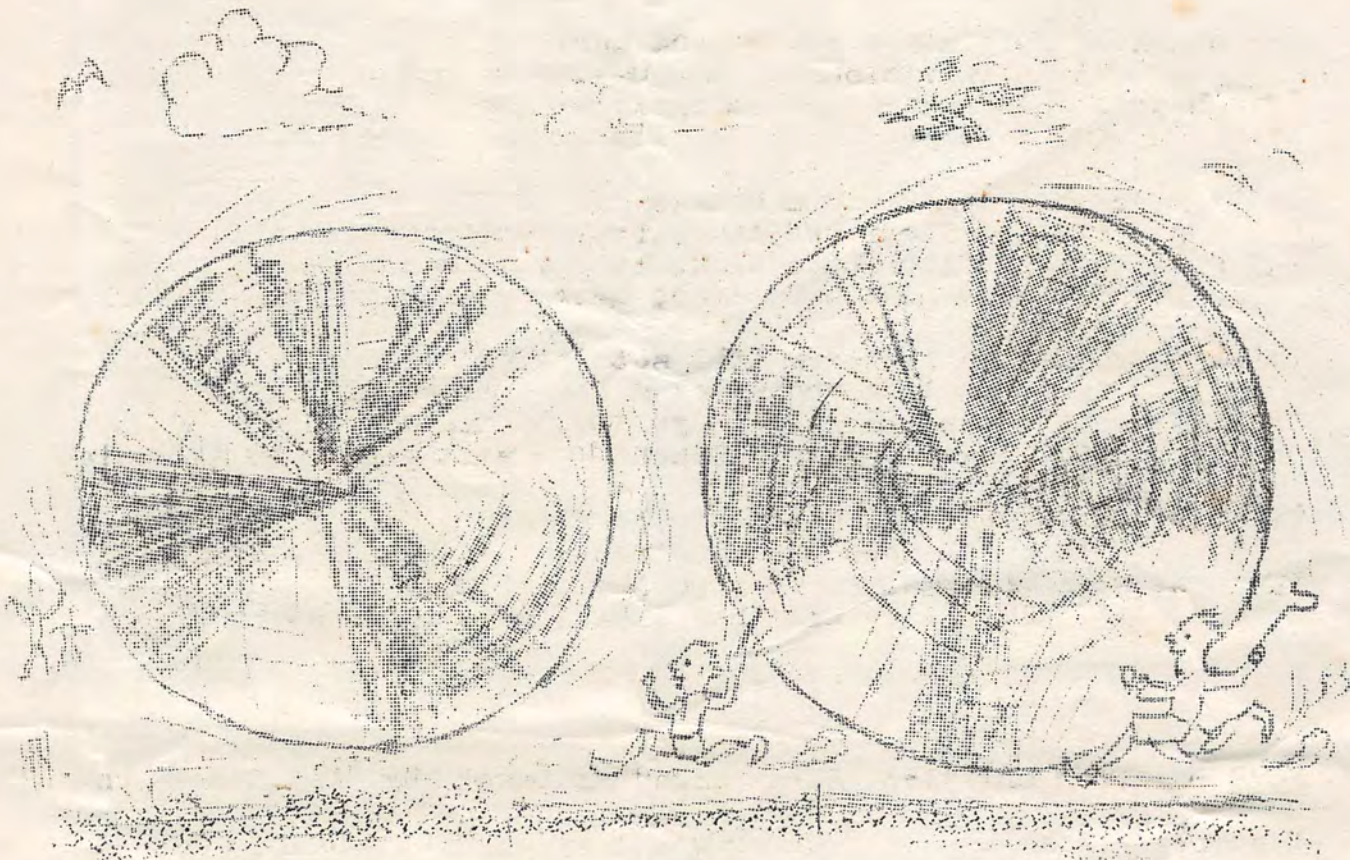
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NOTE - Poem entitled "First night in Camp" by 'Oul Timer' in  
tomorrow's issue. Order you copy of THE GANAWAY LYRE

NOW!!

Answers to Correspondents

- Flo. No dear - a sergeant is NOT higher in rank  
than a captain.
- Brown Eyes. No - Plum-duff isn't a Staffie - it's an  
eatable?
- Blue Eyes. Yes Child. Most of the Officers are married.  
You can tell that by looking at them.
- Private X. No! The word LYRE on the outside cover is the  
correct spelling.
- Private Y. See reply to Private X.

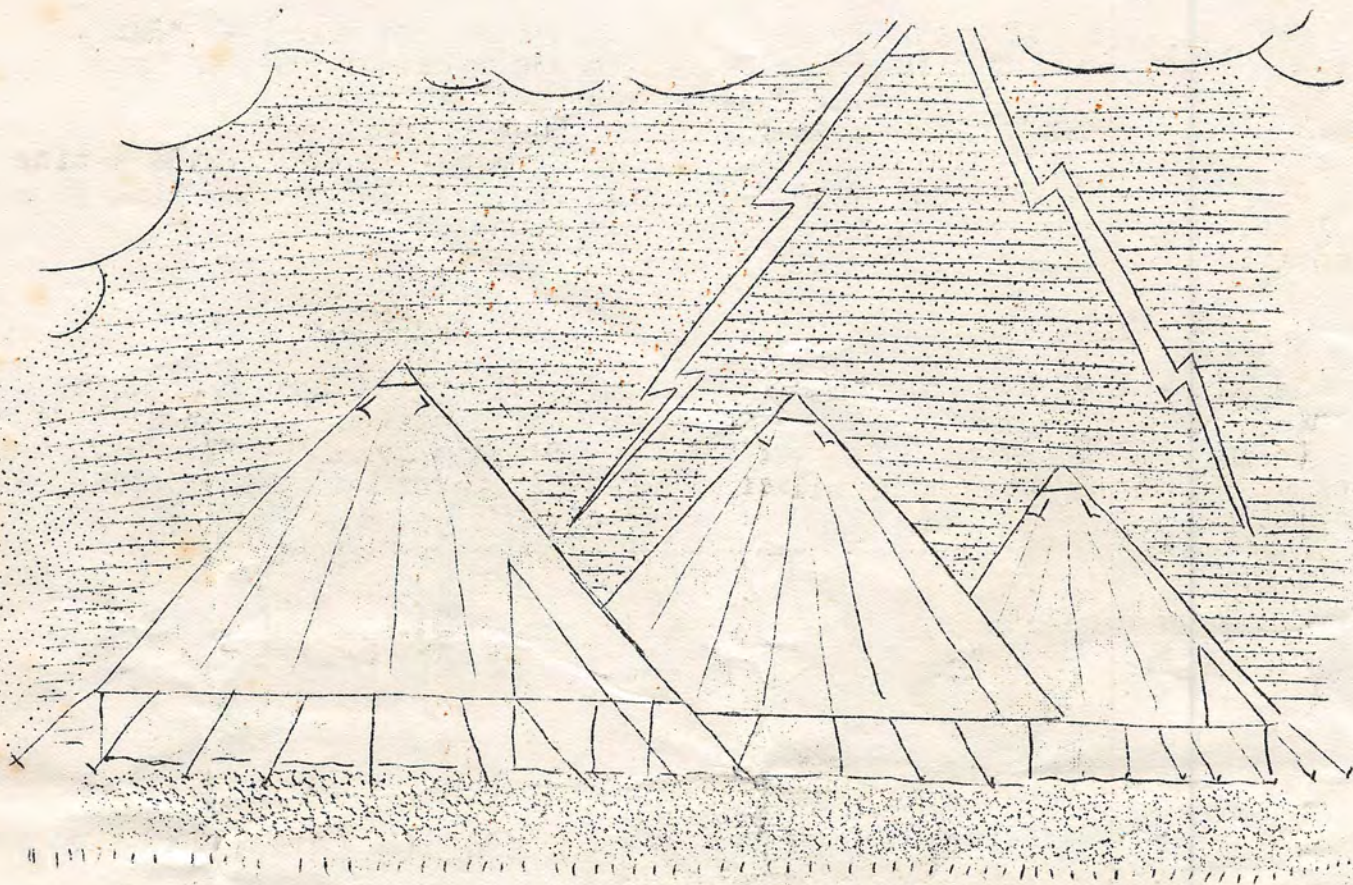


THE ADVANCE PARTY HAVE A HOOP RACE WITH THE NEW FLOOR BOARDS

The Seagulls down at Ganaway  
Took wing and upward soared,  
When each of the Advance Party  
Selected a tent floor board.

To race toward the beach they tried,  
Each bowling his big "hoop",  
Instead of pitching Marquees and Tents,  
They tried a prize to scoop.

Although this rhyme is awful,  
And the Artist is quite daft:  
If it rains as much as last year,  
Each "hoop" will prove a raft.



"FLOOD-LIGHTING" 1936 STYLE  
(OMITTED FROM OUR LAST ISSUE)

---

PATENT COMB FOR BALD HEADS  
(INVENTED BY PROF HEDCASE)



AS SUPPLIED TO MESSRS C — G AND W — N

Not Soft.

City Boy (pointing at hay stack)- "What kind of a house is that?"

Rustic - "That's not a house; that's hay."

City Boy - "Go on, you can't fool me! Hay doesn't grow in a lump like that."

Dignity!

Camper - "Did you ever take a bath?"

Tramp - "No, Guvnor. I never took anything bigger than a silver teapot."

Tough.

Camper (to Cook) - "Here, there's a bit of wood in this sausage!"

Cook - "Well --"

Camper - "I don't mind eating the dog, but I draw the line at the kennel."

Useful.

Artist - "I hope you don't mind if I sketch in your field?"

Ganaway Farmer - "No, no, you'll scare the birds off the peas."

OUR SPORTING OFFICERS



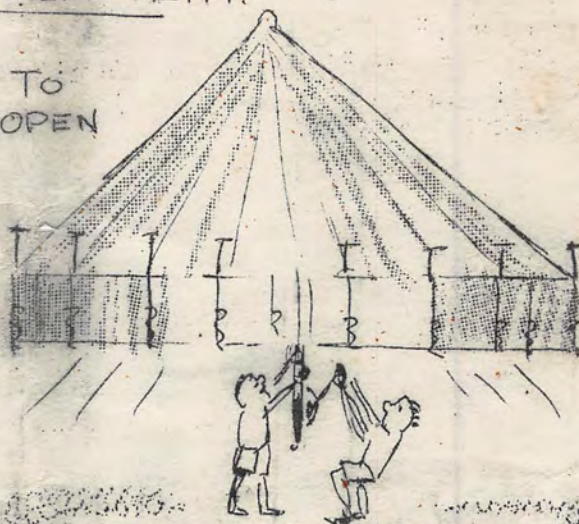
OUR ARTIST'S  
IMPRESSION OF  
MR Gordon Collins  
STROKING HIS  
" EIGHT "

THE 'GAMP' PATENT  
UMBRELLA TENT.

TENT ARRIVES  
FROM MAKER  
LIKE THIS

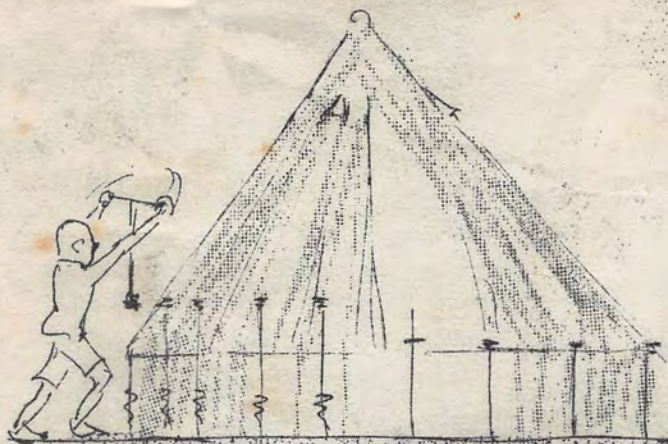


TO  
OPEN



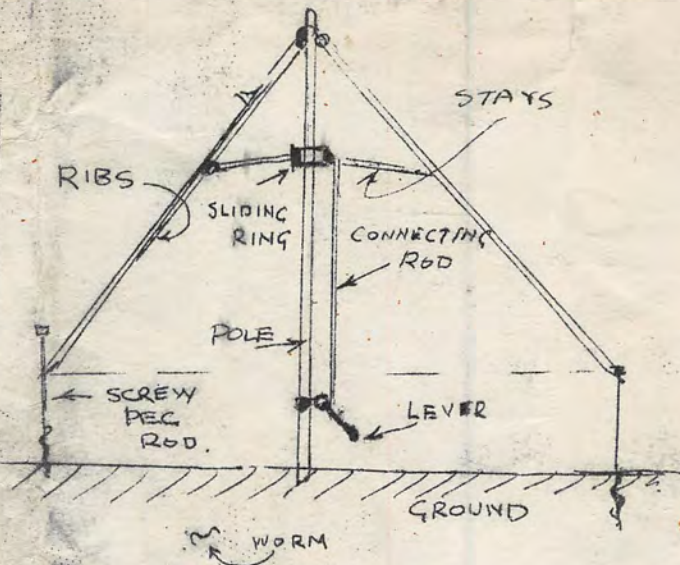
JUST PULL DOWN  
LEVER

LOWER TENT TO GROUND



AND SCREW HOME THE  
PERMANENT (BUILT-IN) PEG RODS  
WITH BOX SPANNER (SUPPLIED  
FREE WITH EACH TENT)

HN



CROSS SECTION THRU TENT

PATENTED THROUGHOUT THE  
UNIVERSE BY PROFESSOR  
HEDCASE.



# The Gananaway Lyre



VOL. 15. No. 2.

Saturday, 10th July, 1937.

## EDITORIAL

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

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

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

Ah, the dear old days.

Sometimes, visitors to the Camp were induced to pay as much as sixpence or even half-a-crown for a copy. . . . Yes, we're telling you!!

By the year 1934, the circulation had grown to a million or less. (?)

TO THE POUNDER: Capt. Platt, tribute! Latele our paper enlarged through the "Stout" efforts of the genial Mr. Forshaw, THE GANAWAY LYRE thus has served in three reigns - And we trust for many yet to come.



HOT OFF THE PRESS

A B.B. "Howler."

An explanation of "Form Fours" given at a recent Boys' Brigade N.C.O.'S examination.

"Form Fours" - Take a pace to the rear with the right foot and a pace to the left with the left foot. Should this be wrong, the right foot is the wrong foot, so start with the left foot, that will be right. The left foot cannot be the wrong foot, therefore, it is the right foot, and the right foot is the wrong being the only one left."

---

GANAWAY KAMP - BY NIBBS THE ORFIS BOY...

Kamp is like everything else, it 'as its ups and downs. Some rough blokes chucked me up in a blanket - that was one of the ups; and fergot to catch me in my desent - that was one of the downs. Most fings wot went up came down like tennis balls and the mallett wot come down on me napper. Sumtimes it was vice vercer, like it was on Batterday afternoon when I sat down on a wapsies nest, and I didn't 'arf jump up. It was that 'ot, I thort me trousers was elite.

When the Kanteen was shut up, I tried me 'and at football I borrowed the Guvnor's boots - odd'uns - and Mr. John Rea's Sweater, but I couldn't nonow get hold of any knickers. 'owever when I put the sweater on I found I didn't want any. o I boldly sallied 4th on the field of battle, where they shuved me into goal. It was easy - no' 'arf! Not a ball came near me not till a great bullock of a Buffalo got going, then something red 'ot shot parst my left ear, and my team said some 'orrible fings wot shot parst my right ear. I 'ad only just finished adjustificating me sweater, when a ball took me unaware - besides I wasn't looking. It come like a greased canon ball, cort me in the pit of the tummy, andsent me flying through the back of the net. When I came out of 'ospital the next day, I rote a letter of protest to the Football Association under bi-lor 420 $\frac{1}{2}$  wich sezs, "You ain't aloud to 'it a bloke below the belt." Lor Cregivin replide the Kabinet was considering it and was I wearing a belt (wich I wasn't), cos if not, 'ow could I be 'it below it. Sich is Storrmunt.

'Ence it was that a pal purswaded me to play cricket. He sed it was a gentleman's game and so wood suit the likes of me. But the other side didn't no that rule, and a big brute called (?) was bowling. His first ball landed on the little toe of me rite foot. "Owzat?" he cried "Raging 'ot" I yelled, dancing on



one leg. I swollered me tears and stood up to 'im again, and this time the ball jumped up and cort me a buty on the nobbler just over the left eyebrow. "'Old 'ard" sez I, "wot's yer game?" "Crickit, yer piecan," was the loving reply, wich got me back up and stiffenned me sinews. The 3rd ball was a yorker sich as I loves, and I went to slosh it over Mount Kaburn, instead of wich it sloshed me rite on the Saterdag afternoons wasp bite. That caused it! I don't mind a joke, but I ain't an Aunt Sally, so I picks up me bat and walks out. "Hi, you're not out" shouts the Umpire. "Oh, ain't I" sez I, "well I'm goin'!" and I wented.

As I sed be4, Kamp as its little ups and downs, and you 'ave to take the smooth with the worse and the better with the ruff.

---

OUR ADVERTISEMENT CORNER!

Lost - A fountain pen by a man half full of ink.

APPLY - - - MR. BOYD.

For Sale - Bulldog. Will eat anything. Very fond of children.

APPLY - - - MR. WILTON

Wanted - Quiet pony for young boy with long tail.

APPLY "WEE WILLIE" A LINE.

Pianist required - Must be good or useless.

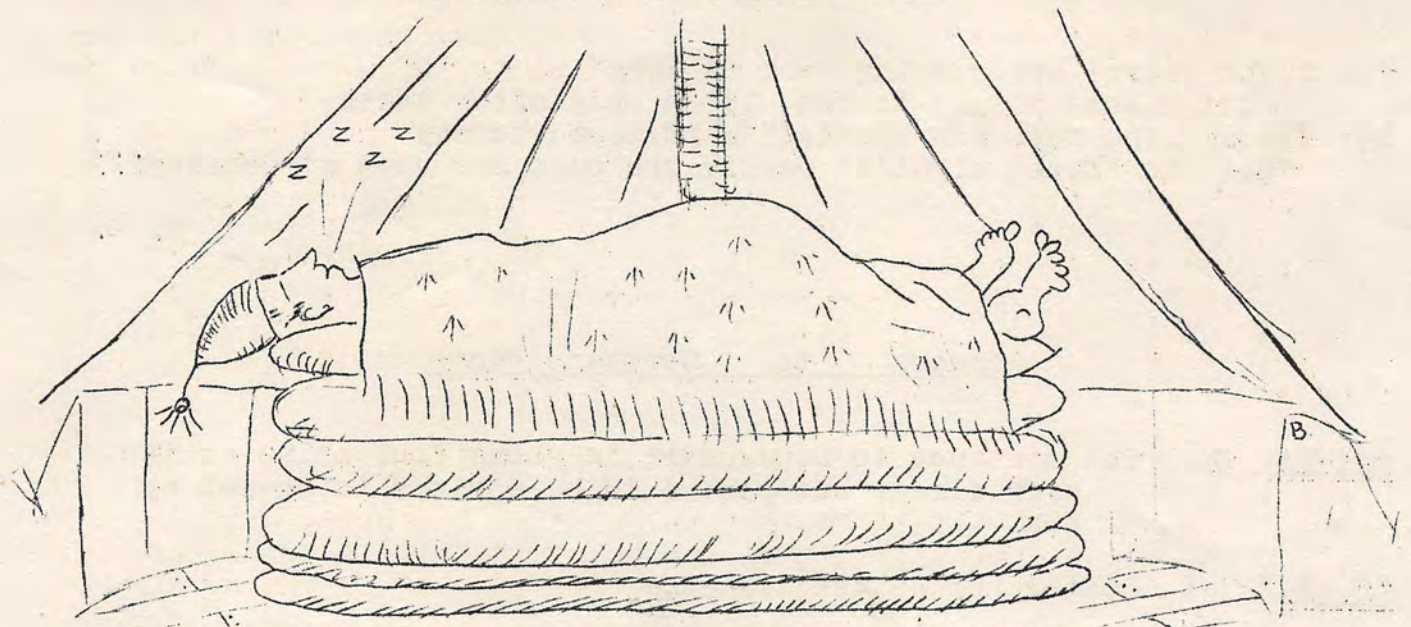
APPLY - - - THE CHAPLAIN

Wanted - A man to mind pigs with an honest character.

APPLY DR. WARNOCK.

---

HIGH UP IN THE WORLD



"SOMEWHERE" IN THE STAFFS LINES .

THE FIRST NIGHT IN CAMP

By "Oul" Timer

The first night is always hectic - "Sergeant where'm I goin' to sleep?"  
With kitbags, bedclothes and mattresses lying in a heap,  
And the talking and the laughter, it's fit to turn your head  
The questions and the answers, and making up a bed,

The sergeant says "Lie down there" and the Corporal takes his part  
Spreading out the blankets and nearly losing heart  
Tripping over kitbags and perspiring fit to melt  
Till a voice exclaims "Hi Sergeant - that fellow's got my belt"

Sorting out the jumbled clothes-hooks to find a coat  
Falling over fellow's feet It's enough to get your 'goat'  
Earwig hunting starting when at last you've settled down  
Then someone's lost his 'futball boots that he left there on the  
groun'"

When 'lights out' sounds it makes things get very bad,  
The "Officer" takes the lantern - it's enough to make one mad,  
Trying hard to get to sleep, has it occurred to you  
The "first-timers" up for breakfast at a quarter after two?

The night patrol are rushing from "A line" up to "G"  
Telling boys to get to bed - it's only after three  
But for all the fuss and bustle I'm prepared to say  
That the "first night's" really the best one down at Ganaway!!!

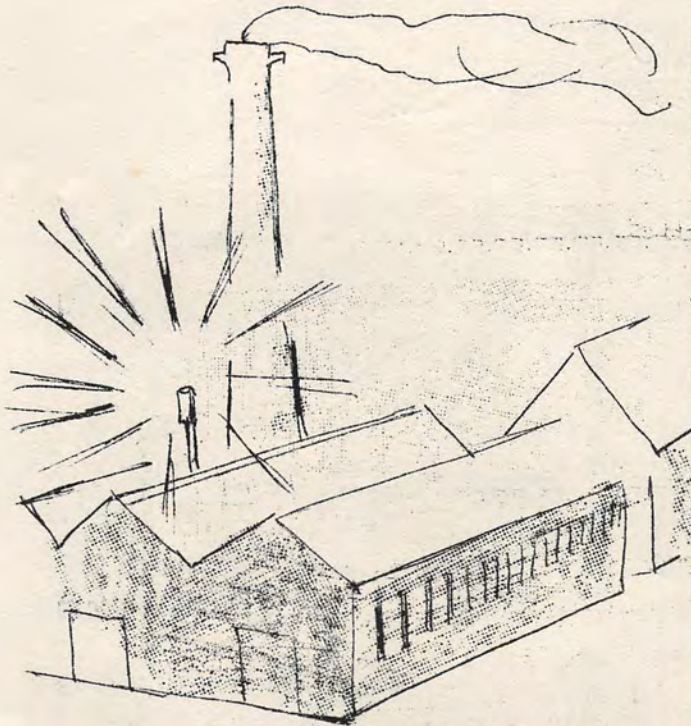
G. C.

-----  
Answers to Correspondents

Private Z. The distance to Donaghadee is about four miles as the  
crow flies, but you would be advised to travel by  
bus.

"C. O." Letter not authenticated.

ARE YOU TROUBLED BY THESE?



7-30 A.M. 8<sup>TH</sup> JULY.



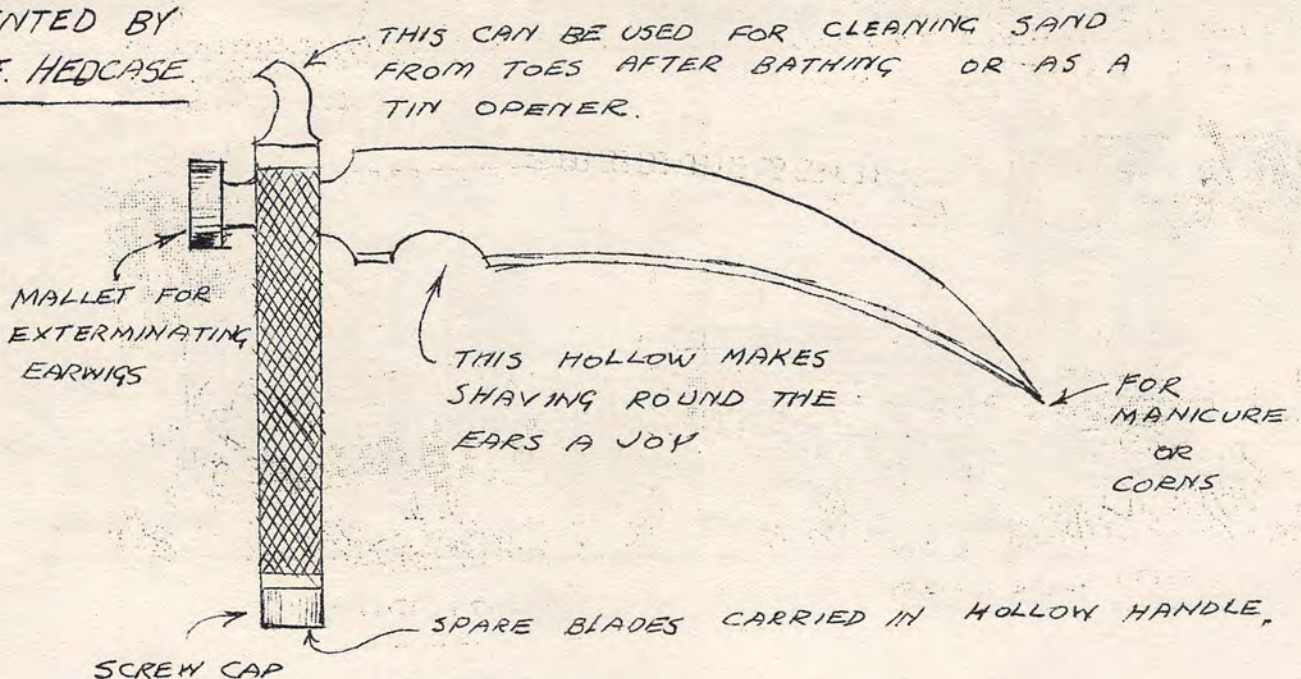
7-30 A.M. 10<sup>TH</sup> JULY.

ISSUED BY THE ANTI-NOISE COMMITTEE.

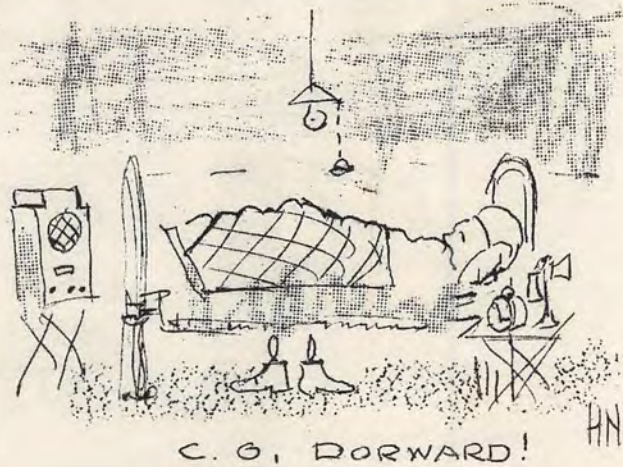
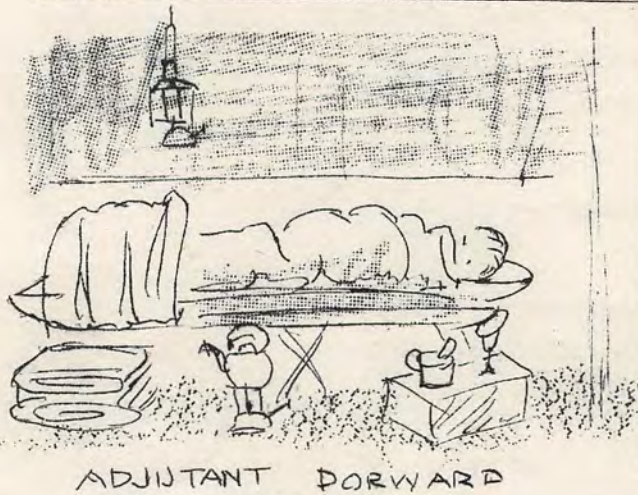
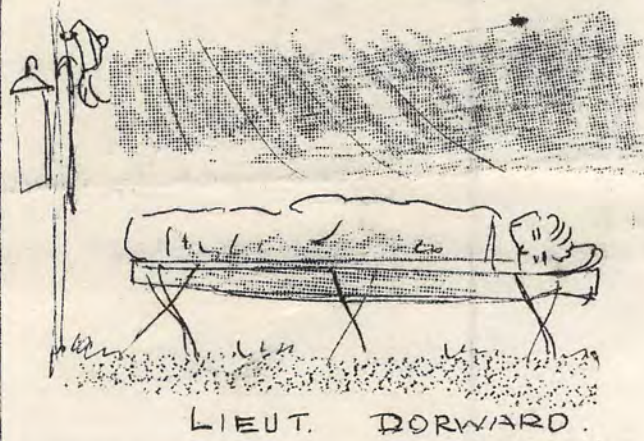
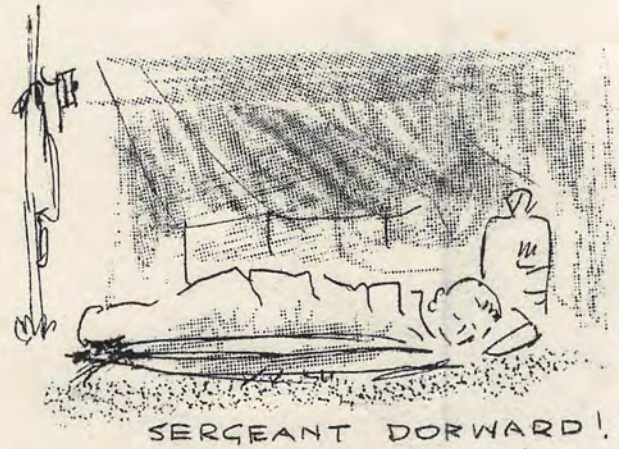
ABOLISH MORNING DISTURBANCES

## PATENT RAZOR FOR STAFFIES.

INVENTED BY  
PROF. HEDCASE



CAMP COMFORT!  
OR  
THE EVOLUTION OF A C.O.





# The Ganaway Lyre

THE CAMP WEEK - END IN PICTURES

1690-1937

THE SASH MY FATHER WORE!



GANAWAY APPRENTICE BOYS CELEBRATE THE TWELFTH MARCHING TO THE FIELD



BIG WHITE CHIEF MELLOR ARRIVES FROM GUARDING THE OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE AT MBONGA BWONGA

CAMPBELL GARDINER AND THE STAFFS' MOONLIGHT FLIT" BEFORE THE TWELFTH



CANTEEN OFFICER McROBERTS IS TO GET A NEW SHIRT PUZZLE FIND THE SIZE [IT BEATS ME! ED.]

## CRAZY EUCLID VISITS GANAWAY.

1. Problem for a rainy day- If Line D be completely washed out, describe
2. If it be assumed that the C.O. is obtuse, it follows that the (an ark. state in camp is acute, which is absurd.
3. If it can be proved that another camp can be run on parallel lines to ours --- let it be produced!!!!!!!
4. CH-MB-RS has position as well as magnitude. (Ha! Ha! a good point)
5. A straight line is the shortest distance between ~~xxx~~ any given tent and the Canteen or Latrines.

HARDLY TRUE = = The Staffs think that Mr. Chambers P.O. is the nicest man they know???????

## SUNDAY'S FASHIONS DESCRIBED

by

Miss De Vere.

Our Lady Correspondent

---

Mrs. James Dorward came in a black silk gown - without a mortar board.

Mrs. Jack Craig (Bangor) was in Esplanade brown with sandals to match.

Mrs. James Boyd's hat was of the "Glen's" colours - red and green. She wore a nice Woolworth bracelet.

Mrs. Norman Rea looked smart in a brown tweed costume - made by the 5 bob tailors!

Mrs. Hugh Toner was in Distillery white. She carried a charming bouquet of daisies to match.

Mrs. Albert Steen arrived in a two piece suit of lavender. A neat little Somerset "hankie" was conspicuous.

Mrs. Jack Spottiswoode dressed in a frock of College Squares. Her cream coloured "berry" just set her off.

Mrs. Hugh Norman has again a costume of Donegall Pass tweed. She wore a nice rabbit fur.

Mrs. John Rea was in grey serge - to suit her husband's flannels.

Mrs. Jack Martin had a black woollen coat over a black and white 44th coloured gown.

Mrs. Tom Bingham looked charming in her gown of Grosvenor cotton.

Mrs. Willie Rea was wearing red which very much suited her Cavehill complexion.

Mrs. Bobbie Hamilton wore a dress of Sandy Row blue; she certainly looked lovely.

Mrs. Willie Duke made up in Glenard yellow. She had a lovely "perm".

Mrs. James Rodgers had a lovely frock of Life Boy blue trimmed with Stranmillis lace.



Mr. and Mrs. Billie Chambers during Sunday's Fashion Parade!!

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---

Mrs. Billie Chambers - was on her "hubby's arm". She was nicely "done up" for the occasion. Her dress - in Robinson and Cleaver satin was of Cliftonville red.

Mrs. Willie Baker was turned out in Bog Meadow Green. She wore a brimless hat.

Mrs. James Allen had a Coronation flavour - red hat, white blouse and blue skirt.

Mrs. Jimmy Smyth wore a veil - a pity, no doubt!

Mrs. Billie Irwin arrived in a pleasing blue suit. Her red earrings just matched her lovely lips.

Mrs. John Parkinson, wife of THE LYRE - didn't turn up at all! Poor Sap!!

CAMP ALPHABET.

- A is the ADVANCE, each man a rum feller,  
Who sang songs as they marched under one huge umbrella
- B is for BUMBLE, the chap who was nutty,  
We've seen better things by far made of putty,
- C is the CANTEEN where Boys stuffed till they bent,  
And they next made a call at the Medical Tent.
- D is for DAPPER, Bumble's partner in crime,  
They pinched the Camp Clock and are now doing time.
- E is for EGGS - mine started to peck  
So I opened the shell and just wrung its oul' neck.
- F is for FOOTBALL! Just listen my son.  
The Officers could lick by four goals to one.
- G is for G)LINE. We played them at cricket,  
The wicket was sticky but we couldn't stick it.
- H is for HOSPITAL and the Horrid things in it,  
You hear horrible howls when you're close up agin it.
- I are the INSECTS, the wapsies and ants,  
Quite harmless they were till they got in our pants.
- J is for JAMAS, which we put on at night-time,  
Some vanished sky-high at the end of the kite-line.
- K are the KIDS from Ballymena. By Jingo!  
A jolly fine lot - but oh! what a lingo!
- L are the LIMERICKS, and the rows that they kicked up.  
The ones we liked best were those that were 'picked up'
- N are the NON COMS in charge of each squad,  
Their faces when sleeping resemble a cod.
- O is the score that followed a snorter,  
Which a batsman hit when he didn't 'ave 'orter.
- P is for Parkinson, the LYRE whose tricks,  
Are worth seeing for libel to put him in a fix.



Q are the QUESTIONS so wistful and quaint,  
 "Please Sir, can you give me a tin of striped paint?"

R are the RACKETS which did everyone diddle,  
 If you hit a ball hard it went right through the middle.

S is the SCOUTING which won lots of tuck,  
 Though the officers returned with their clothes in a muck.

S is also for SUGAR - Yes, we had some this year,  
 How sweet of our Commissariat Officers so dear.

T is for TUMMY, oft called 'Little Mary'  
 And green apples from Armagh made Mary contrary.

U is for URGENT. On their letters 'twas wrote  
 "Please Dad, send some dough, I'm jolly well broke"

V is the VILLAGE we love - dear Ballywhiskin,  
 Where the folk, rich and poor, are most wondrously kind,

W is for WATER for drinking and washing,  
 But early each morn it was most used for sloshing.

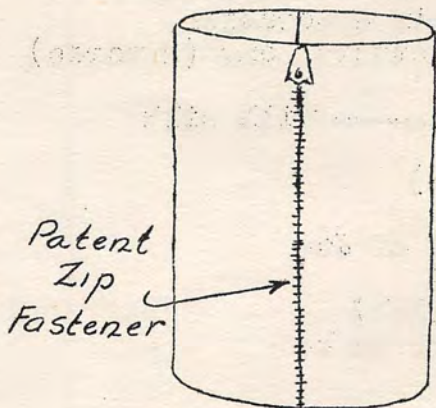
X is the EXTRA good concert, and you may learn,  
 That this year's is sure goin to live up to its name.

Y is for YORKERS they bowled with such zest,  
 Our intentions were good but our wickets went west.

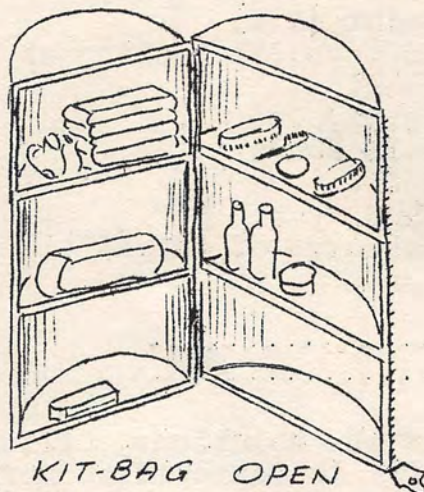
Z is for ZEBRA - there are several types,  
 In Camp we had lots of young asses with stripes.

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PROF. HEDCASES PATENT KIT BAG FOR PRIVATES



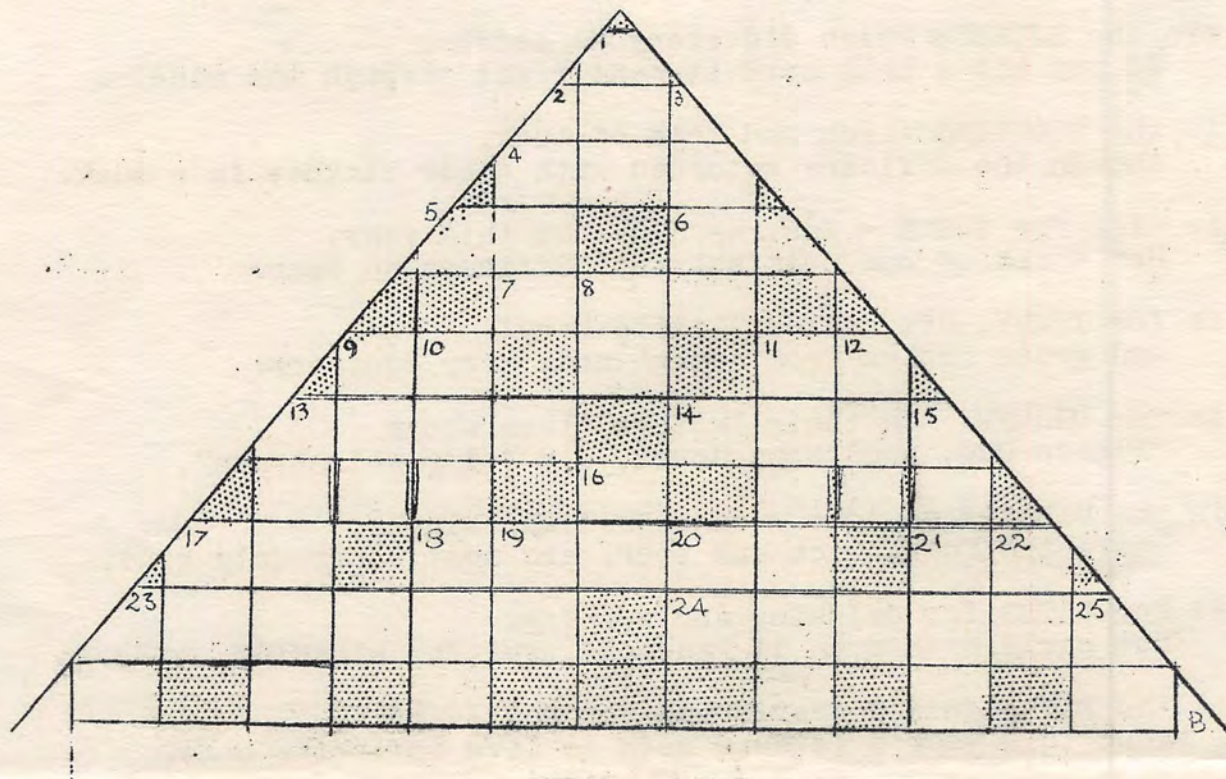
KIT-BAG CLOSED



KIT-BAG OPEN

USE ONE OF THESE KIT-BAGS, MADE OF PRESSED STEEL  
 GUARANTEED FOR YEARS

To-days Bumper Crossword Test



C L U E S = .

ACROSS .

- 2 Because of
- 4 Beverage
- 5 Alternative
- 6 Exclamation
- 7 Father
- 9 This is easy (Abb)
- 11 Saint (Abb)
- 13 What you're looking at
- 14 Retain
- 17 Nearly One
- 18 Well **Known**
- 21 While
- 23 Wind
- 24 Measures of weight

DOWN

- 1 "Pill-----"
- 2 Crosses a river
- 3 No 2 runs on this
- 8 Part of verb "to be"
- 9 "X" line did not play as they had one in the first round
- 10 Metal used in decoration
- 11 Privates' letters home (2 words)
- 12 Beverage
- 13 His coat was----- with silk
- 15 Situation
- 16 And (French)
- 17 Instead of
- 19 Quite a lot of Joe
- 20 19 Reversed
- 22 Warm Wind (Abb)
- 23 Part of verb to be
- 25 Half Size

Name.....  
Tent.....

Supply the solutions, fill in the necessary particulars and deposit in Competition Box, before Tent Inspection Tomorrow  
Special Prize



# The Ganaway Lyre



VOL. 15 No. 4.

Tuesday, 13th July, 1937.

## CROSSWORD COMPETITION RESULT. (20 ENTRIES)

WINNER----- E. HEDLEY LINE F, TENT 6. CONGRATULATIONS!

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.....

"Ballymacarret Gunmen"-----Your threats noted ---We fear no foe.  
(Special Constable BAKER has been informed !)

### OUR NEWS IN PICTURES

Our singing discovery....

The Treasure Hunt...  
(Find the invisible Motor Car)



S. Sgt. Vincent (McCORMACK) Taylor.  
Can he sing or can he sing!!!!



PRESENTATION TO MR HUGH NORMAN=



REMEMBER --To-night's Big Fancy Dress Parade will leave the large Marquee headed by the Camp Fife Band at 7-30 P.M. **COME!** Portrait in "oilskins" presented to Mr. Hugh (Rembrandt) Norman R.A.B.B. by C.O. Dorward to-day in the Officer's Mess Tent

... Odes to "THE LYRE" !EMOO

.M.4 UC-1

Dear Editor a word of thanks,  
For all your care and skill,  
The sketches are delightful  
And the stories quite a thrill.

May your readers grow in numbers  
And your pen abide in power,  
To bring us joy and gladness,  
Like sunshine after shower.

J.W.

Here's to the "LYRE" our paper so true,  
Here's to the Editor and Printers too,  
The willing assistants we must not forget,  
Isn't it worth a penny? == Why, you bet!

R.L.

(Editor's Note. While we express thanks to  
correspondent we hardly "agree" with the  
expression "so true", "THE GANAWAY LYRE,"  
we trust will never belie it's great name!)

-----  
TEAR ACROSS HERE

... SPECIAL LIMERICK COMPETITION

.M.4 UC-1

There was a young urchin named Sid,  
A really impossible kid,  
He told Aunt Louise  
Her face looked like cheese

-----  
SUPPLY THE MISSING LINE AND DEPOSIT IN  
THE GANAWAY LYRE COMPETITION BOX BEFORE  
TENT INSPECTION TO-MORROW MORNING .....  
CASH PRIZE

Signed.

.....

Line.

Tent No.

.....

1111

SPECIAL!

(BY ROTTER).

TRAGEDY IN GANAWAY COOKHOUSE.

TODAY'S SHORT  
ADVENTURE STORY

With tear-stained face and head bowed down,  
Our weeping camp-cook Willis stands,  
"I cannot do the deed," he cries,  
And the knife drops from his hands.  
"But, oh, I must," he vainly cries,  
And again the knife he feels,  
And with tears streaming down his cheeks -  
The onions starts to peel!

CHAPTER 1  
Algy met a bear.  
CHAPTER 2  
The bear was bulgy  
CHAPTER 3  
The bulge was Algy.

THE END

---

SMILE!

SMILE!

SMILE!

Why is a hungry boy looking at a pie like a wild horse?  
Because he'd be all the better with a bit in his mouth.  
Why are green cherries like a new book?  
Because they're going to be red (read).  
When is a farmer cruel to his corn? When he threshes it.  
How many insects make a landlord? Ten-ants..  
Who is the greatest athlete?  
Adam; he was the first in the human race.  
What is the principal part of a horse? The mane.

---

???

CAMPING TIPS.

???

Campers should remember not to leave bottles lying about when they are going away. There might be two-pence due on them.

It may be a difficult job erecting a tent, but you'll get on all right if you keep "pegging" away at it.

If you want to make a fire "light", kindle it with feathers.

A perfect camp site goes a long way to making you enjoy camp life. Never pitch your tent in the middle of a river, at the foot of a coal mine, on a railway line, or - nuff said!

NOTE! - If you're short of firewood, cut up the bell-tent pole.  
AFTER YOU HAVE GOT MR. WILTON'S PERMISSION (NOT GUARANTEED)

## NIBBS ON "HOW I WOOD IMPROOV THE B.B."

The B.B. is like Kamp eggs, Company suppers, and the Guvnor's bike - they can all be muchly improved, and for the better. "Wot is more attractive," writes Corporal Smart, "than an Ossifer in B.B. uniform?" Why, a pretty young lady in Life Boy uniform, sezs I. sezs you! Which brings me to my first improovment.

Ossifers should ware brass 'elments like firemen. These 'ere 'elments to be worn on all drill parades and root marches, and polished as 'ard as the pore little kids 'ave to polish their belt bukkles. Also, down each trouser leg should be 2 rows of wite brading - 1 for Leftenant - like a kid has on 'is Pillbox. These 'ere to be kept wite wifout marking the blue suit. "This feller feeling wood make 'em wondrous kind," as Julius Seesar sed wen he stabbed Shylock.

Nextly, suppers ort to be more encouraged. It 'elps the esprit-de-corpse, which means it keeps yer spirits up and saves yer from an early death. Suppers should be more numerous and oftener. Just for the sake of argyment, why not every drill nite? dere lads, for as Gladstone sed in '21, "Feed the brute." This 'ere plan wood of corse necessariate an orteration in the uniform as you wood 'ave to 'ave elastik belts.

Every Ossifer ort to do gym and P.T. The Captain ort to lead orf, in gym vest and knickers, with a flying splits and dubble summersalt over the 'orse, and then go froo Table 10 in the P.T. wile the Kempany wistles the tune. Any kid busting himself with lafter will be taken out and 'ave 'is sides massarged.

(Editor's Note:-- We regret having to curtail Nibb's article - many more "Improovments" were suggested).

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### THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY.

Have not thy cloak to make when  
it begins to rain.

One bad herb mars the whole  
pot of pottage.

He that may and will not,  
may repent and sigh not.

One ounce of discretion is  
worth a pound of wit.

---

### SAYINGS FOR THE DAY

Remember always your end, and  
that lost time does not return.

Drawn wells have sweetest  
waters.

PROMINENT CAMP PERSONALITIES INTERVIEWED.

NO. 1. --- DOCTOR WARNOCK.



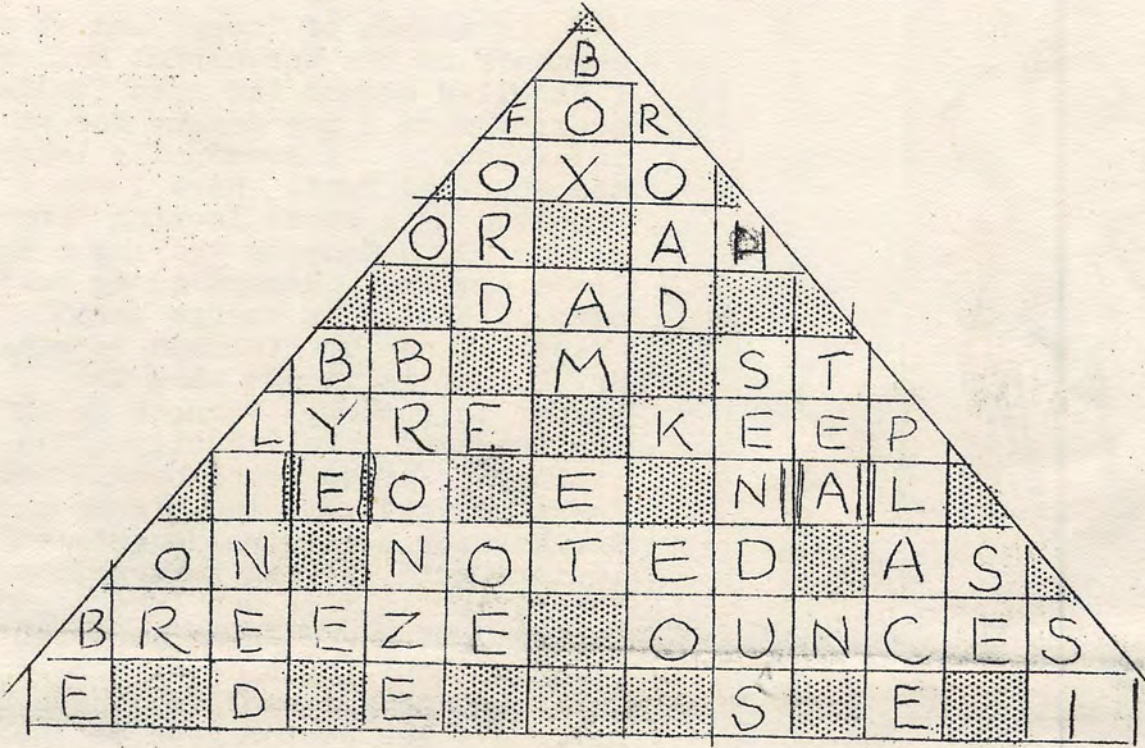
DOCTOR WARNOCK EN-  
GAGED ON A "BLACK-  
JACK" TEST.

In search of "copy" and at the commands of the Worshipful Editor, I strolled around the camp fields seeking whom I may devour for an interview. I eventually landed at the Hospital Tent. Here I was accosted by a smart looking Sergeant of the 999th Company wearing a Red Cross armband. Regarding my business. "Who is in charge here" I asked. "When Dr. Warnock is out, Mr. Turner is in and when Mr. Turner is out, Dr. Warnock is in" the Sergeant intelligently (???) replied. After some formalities I was ushered into the presence of Dr. Warnock - at first sight, an austere grim looking personality. The man of letters was (see sketch) so busily engaged in an important (?) test that for some minutes I was (big and all as I am) quite unnoticed. The Doctor gave me the

"once over" and then proceeded as follows - "What is it - where's the pain - what had you to eat last" etc, etc, etc. I butted in nervously "Sir, I'm not a patient - I'm from the LYRE" producing my note book and pencil. "Delighted to see you" responded the elated practitioner "Well Sir," I stated, "Are you busy?" "No" mournfully answered the Doctor. this is an 'abominably' healthy camp. "What are these?" I asked lifting up implements in appearance much like hedge clippers. "Those are for performing tonsil operations - for curing the fellows with the big snores." The Doctor next pressed a button and there unfolded into position a fully modern operating table with all sorts of gadgets - "Just imagine having all these and no chance of using them" disappointedly chirped the Doc. "What about medicines, Doctor, have you a good stock in hand or on tap?" I queried. "We have" Dr Warnock said in reply, "Stuff to cure any disease, known or unknown. We can compound a prescription that would shift Scrabo Tower and split the rock it stands on; we can pound a powder that could even dissolve the Copeland Islands - let me tell you of an incident that happened in the 1935 camp - it was" -- Just then the telephone bell rang, in rushed Mr. Harry Fair the Camp Major exclaiming "Hurry up, Sir, you're needed at the Cookhouse, Billie Willis, the chief cook has swallowed the porridge ladle!" The Doctor immediately grabbed his bag - out he dashed - "Sorry, Reporter" he breathlessly echoed, "Goodbye, - business is business!"

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# YESTERDAY'S + WORD SOLUTION



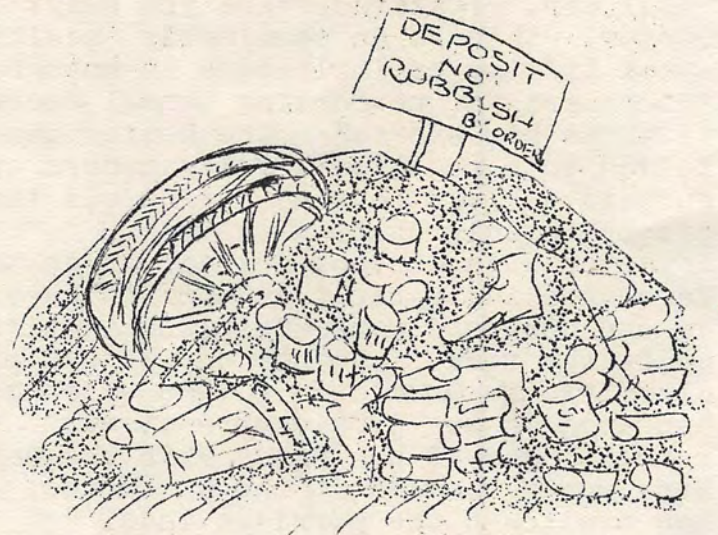
## OUR OBSTINATE ARTIST

We asked him to

illustrate for us

"LEFT WHEEL"

Here's the result.







# The Ganaway Lyre

Vol. 15. No. 5.

Wednesday 14th July, 1937.

EDITORIAL

With our Inspection Day, the Camp reaches, what might be fittingly described as, it's climax. We trust our many friends will see Ganaway (and the weather!) at its best. In this the GRAND CORONATION YEAR every endeavour will be made to excel the high standard of our previous camp displays.

We extend a cordial welcome to our Inspecting Officer whose "likeness" we have pleasure in granting pride of place (Our front page!) in these columns. We realise our distinguished visitor will expect great things from the B.B. today - THE GANAWAY LYRE truthfully asserts he shall not be disappointed.



OUR  
GOOD  
FRIEND

THE LORD MAYOR.

THE GANAWAY LYRE twangs a full chord of warm greetings to old and new friends - - - Good Luck to you all!

SPECIAL TO-MORROW.

INSPECHUN DAY OBSIRVERSHUNS BY  
"NIBBS" OUR ORFIS BUOY

→ - - - - -

GEMJ.

(Reprinted from the 1937 B.B. Diary).

- - -A- SPORT - - - - -

He was no runner, but he took his place  
Within the lists, and tried to win the race.  
He was no cricketer, but all the same,  
He gave his time, and thought to learn the game.  
He made no brilliant feat with footer ball,  
But knew the rules and kept them - that was all.  
And when success to others would appear,  
Though he had failed, he was the first to cheer!!!

- - - - -  
THE CREATOR'S PICTURES

Touched by a light that hath no name,  
A glory never sung,  
Aloft on sky and mountain wall  
Are God's great pictures hung.

- - - - -  
TODAY'S MENU (WE HOPE!!).

Beesey Bee Soup

Roaste Beefee  
complete with round peas or/ and  
other vegetables.  
Crawford Gravy and Craig Spuds.

Dessert.

Not the Camp Plummey Duffy, but Appley Tarte and mobby  
Trifle or shivery Jelly. Icee de Creme.

Tea, Chocolates and Biscuits to be followed by your usual  
after dinner nap.

- "OFFICIAL"

- - - - -  
SPECIAL TO BATHERS (EXCLUSIVE).

THE GANAWAY LYRE announces (exclusively) that it has been  
arranged with the Commissariat Department to pour some hot water  
into the sea shortly before bathing parades so that even the very  
timid may enjoy the 'dip'. Staff-Sergeants will now be able to  
enter the water. TO:- Bathing Parades' officer, James Allen, THE  
GANAWAY LYRE voices the grateful appreciations (of all "coul rifes")  
for his efforts to ensure the Irish Sea being more 'comfy'.

## THE NIGHT PATROL.

We've wandered round the bell tents very solemnly at night,  
And there was no moon at all, no timid star alight,  
We've wandered 'til the dawning till the sorry sky was red,  
We thought the camp was livin' but we found that it was dead.

We've heard the staffies snoring, and the privates moaning loud,  
Amid the ghostly bell tents, beneath the lowering cloud  
And the Officers were leaving the mess tent in a bunch,  
(Instead of having supper, I think they stayed for lunch).

We've tried to get some shelter from the night winds blowing cold,  
But the "Owner-drivers" think their car-keys are made of gold,  
We've tried canteen and cook-house, but they guard the precious stuff,  
(We do not want their sweeties or the nextday's 'new' plumduff).

We've trampled around the camp field 'til our bunions were quite sore  
Encased in rubber thigh boots which weigh a ton or more,  
'A tramping through the long grass in the early morning dew,  
(Instead of doing twelve till six we should have done ten till  
two).



HEARD IN THE MEDICAL TENT

Tent Sergeant (accompanying a fat Lance Corporal)---"Doctor, this fellow isn't feeling up to the mark ---he had 29 spuds for dinner."

Dr Warnock (after a strict examination of the patient)---

"This is a serious case of Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcano-  
koniosis.

Sergeant---"Thats just what I told him Sir!"

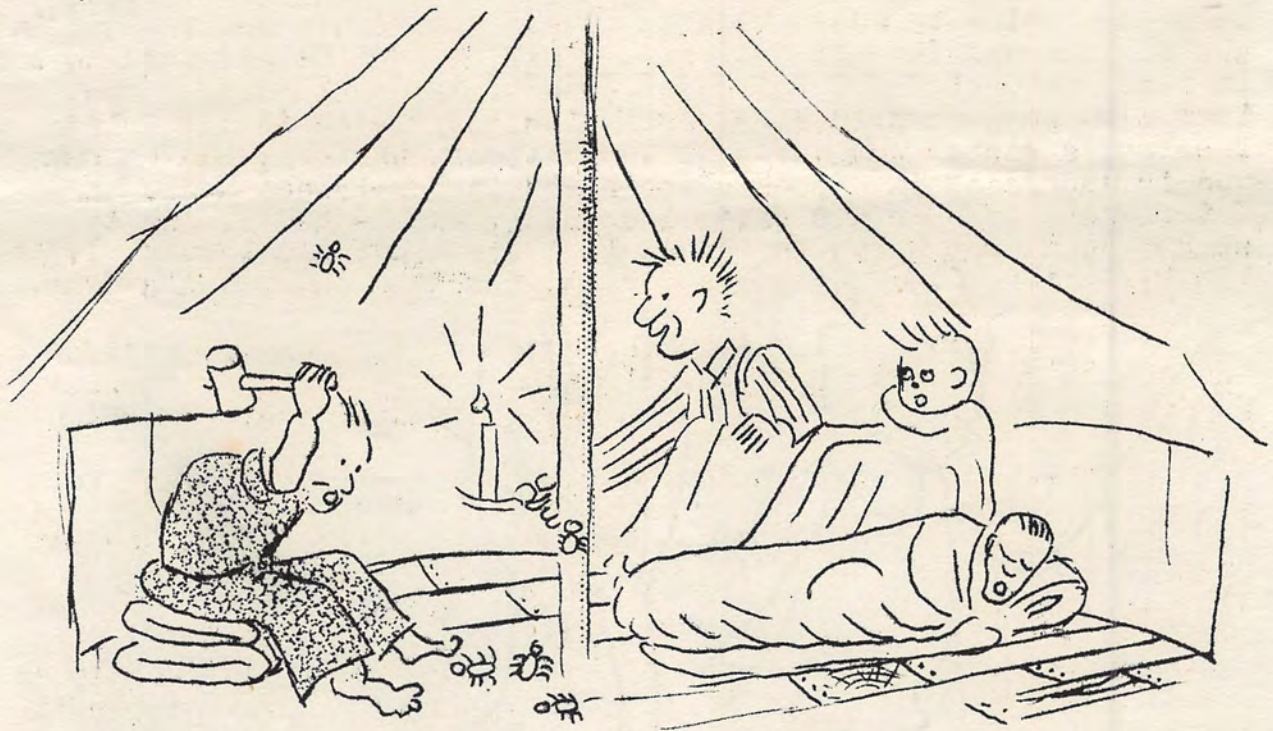
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HEARD IN "B" LINE .

Private-----"Oh look Sergeant there's a rabbit! "

Tent Sergeant-----"Nonsense boy--its your imagination."

Private-----after a pause-- "Sergeant, is imagination white  
behind?"



"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT" .

All me life I suffered from being modest. I've never bin one of those pushing blokes wot shuvs 'emselves forward, except wen I'm on drill parade, and then the Kaptain tells me to pull me tummy in. Who's tummy it is I'd like to no, and in any case 'e can't talk. He must have had a big chest once, but it slipped and stayed out ever since. But you'd never believe me if I told you some of the amazing accidents of my life. One day I'll write an autobillio-grafy of me life and 'ow I descended from Royalty.

Wot! didn't you know? Lummy, you ain't 'arf ignorant. Didn't you know I 'ad blue blud in me vains? Didn't you know I was born with a silver-plated tea strainer in me mouf? Didn't you know? O' corse it's my fault really - I ort to 'ave told yer before, only we aristocrats don't go shouting the odds. But seeing as 'ow its Coronation I'll open me 'eart - blue blud and all.

Going rite back to the days of me four fathers, there was old Nibbulus wot polished the nobbs on Boadecia's war chariot - that was in 1888 - and in more recent time there was an ansister who was lady-in-waiting to Queen Anne in 1066. She didn't get the job but she did the waiting all the same. All me family have been to Eton in fact, me uncle Bert still has a job there - cleaning boots. Then I've got a cousin Sarah wot sells chocolates in the Palace Theatre, a sister wot works in the Princess Laundry, and an aunt who is undercook in a cook shop in Buckingham-Palace Road. My father used to have a Charles I spaniel, but he had it put to sleep cos it got a bit tough and lost its head; and lastly, I, dear reder, believe it or not, was born in the King and Queen's Arms.

'ence I wasn't a bit surprised when t'other day I received a summons to go to Court. After all it was only natcheral seeing as 'ow the family 'istory dates back to pre-war days.

An ossifer in uniform brought it up an' all, and I 'ad to go and see His Warship the Mayor. I reckoned 'e was going to put me in gold lace uniform with a cocked hat and send me in a coach to B.B. House, Westminster, there to meet the King and attend him on Coronation Day.

Well, I went to court, and I saw the Mayor orlrite - only it was the Police Court, and 'e fined me 5 bob or 7 days for playing football in Distillery Street on Saterdag night. Wif tears streaming off me forrid I told 'im I 'adn't 5 bob, but, 'is 'eart was as 'ard as 'is 'ead was soft, and 'e only said "7 days".

This was where me loving Ma stepped in. She forked out 5 bob with one 'and and lugged me out by the other, and wen I got 'ome I 'ad a Coronation all to meself. Did she crown me! - I'm saying she did!

OUR INSPECTION PROGRAMME.

Counter marching by the Camp Bands.

Line Companies will form two close columns at upper flag staff.

The Inspecting Officer will, on arrival, be taken on a tour of the Marquees and Camp Lines.

Battalion will move to the parade ground and form up on two parallel alignments.

General Salute and Inspection.

Formation of Close Columns.

Wheeling of close columns.

Marching past in column and Positioning in Line.

The Sports Items (100 yards, 220 yards, Tug-of-War and Tent Pitching Finals) will be given, also Physical Training Display.

Remarks of the Inspecting Officer (The Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor of Belfast)

National Anthem.

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INTERESTING ITEMS.

TEAS (price 6d.) will be served in the Marquees after the Displays.

Weather permitting, a bathing parade will be arranged.

Copies of THE GANAWAY LYRE for 9th, 10th, 12th and 13th July can be purchased price 1d. each at the Canteen or "Lyre" Tent.

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# The Ganaway Lyre



Vol. 15 No. 6

Thursday 15th July, 1937.

## FANCY DRESS IMPRESSIONS BY OUR ARTIST.

THE LINEN QUEEN



MADAME BUTTERFLY



THE LEGIONAIRE



DIMPLES  
(Shirley Tomlin)



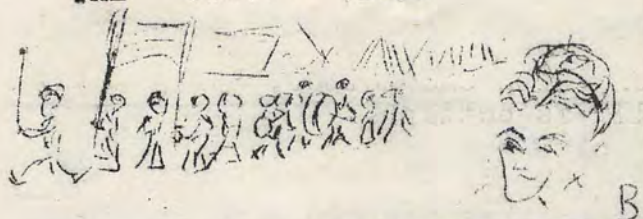
THE "STAFF" WEO'BLUED'  
JIMMY WARNOCK



BIG GAME H INTERVIEW!  
(Play to g. n. G. G.)



THE "SALVO" BAND



THE MILK BAR



STOP PRESS (From the Court Circular.)  
Amongst the arrivals at Ganaway from 'overseas' is Lord Balrossie  
(NE MR. FARMER.)



INSPECTSHUN DAY.

We 'ad a luvly time on ins-  
pectshun day at Kamp. All me family  
came troppin in rite acrost the  
big field and the vast ordience  
applauded and cheered, thinking  
it was the company marching in all  
dressed up. As there weren't any  
spare seats me family 'aE to sit on  
the platform among the 'Erbs, and  
you ort to 'ave seen Lady de  
Molescombe's face when my mum asked  
'er to 'old the baby for 'arf a mo,  
wile she had a luck at THE LYRE.

NIBBS OUR OFFICE BOY SNAPPED  
"AT WORK"

Then the Kumpany lined up in  
Column of root and the band played  
"General Salute" in A flat. The  
Bandmaster ort to ave been a drill  
ossifer - he knows just 'ow to say  
it. I'm tellin' ye.

Then came the inspetchuning  
ossifer's little game. Wen he came to me he couldn't find any  
fault 'cept that me belt ort to be worn outside me jacket and not  
on me trousers. He did day summat about my havferysack being on  
the wrong shoulde, but lummy it was acrost my chest. Besides, I'd  
like to know 'ow long yer neck 'as been part of yer uniform. He  
sed it looked as though I'd washed me bukkle with water and me  
neck with the brass polish.

After that we properly started to show off - jinnastics and  
paraffin bars. The crowds cheered us agin and agin. Ah tell ye  
it waz a great day - "stickin' out". The "Tele" futograffer  
wuz knockin' about and so I suppose our pictures will be in their  
paper tomorrow nite. THE LYRE man was present too wif hiz  
Kamera and tuck snaps. I think he got me.

(Editor's Note:-- Correct Nibbs - see the "photo" herewith.)

SAYINGS FOR THE DAY.

Spare when you are young, and spend when you are old.

Hoist your sail when the wind is fair.

"Say well" and "Do Well" both end with one letter,  
"Say well" is good, but "Do well" is better.



## CAMP INDOOR GAMES.

No. 1. Earwig Slugging. This game may be played by six or seven boys or nine or ten; as a matter of fact the number of players is of small importance. Each player provides himself with a mallet or a similar weapon of destruction. Having divided the players into two sides, each must collect a team of earwigs. Great care should be taken in their selection as the result of the game depends greatly on their agility. The large very black ones with powerful limbs are the best.

Having carefully selected the team of earwigs a space is cleared in the centre of the tent. The two teams of earwigs are lined up in two lines facing each other about eighteen inches apart. At the umpire's whistle the teams are released and allowed to scatter towards each other until they are somewhat mixed up. The players then attempt to swipe the earwigs of the opposing team with the mallets, taking great care not to hit one of their own earwigs. The game continues until one side is completely wiped out. Scoring is counted as follows.

Killing earwig of opposing team	5 points
" " " own team.	Minus 3 points
Maiming earwig of opposing team	3 points
" " " own team	Minus 2 points

If the Umpire is maimed by mistake a penalty swipe is awarded to the opposing team.

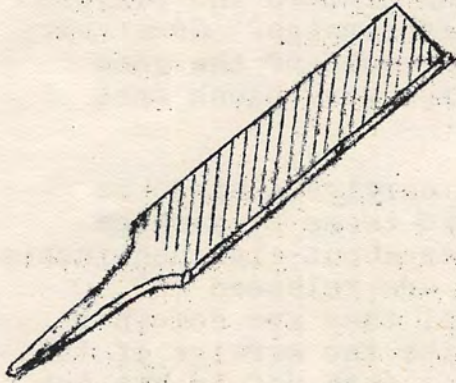
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No. 2. Climbing the greasy Pole. Clear the tent pole of all hooks, coats, etc., Get half a pound of lard (Mr. Craig will be only too pleased to provide this). Grease the pole well, taking care that all splinters are first of all removed. The players then endeavour to climb up the pole and out through the ventilation holes at the top of the tent, sliding down the outside. This game is most amusing. (Make sure Mr. Wilton isn't about).

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No. 3 Fortune Counting. To be played by any number of players (youngsters preferred). Each player will pluck out a handful (tuft) of grass and repeat same for 15 times (longer if there is any "carpet" left). Each player's amount will be counted per blade. The player having the largest "crop" will be declared the winner and will take All his opponents' "hay" and feed on same with a canteen mineral (supplied by his rivals), to "wash it down". Note:- A weed will count 5 blades; daisies 3 blades; buttercups 2 blades; and nettles 1 blade.

OUR OBSTINATE ARTIST.



SINGLE FILE.

was what we asked the Artist  
to illustrate and this is what  
he did...

A BIG MISTAKE ..

The following story is, we learn, told concerning a well known  
married officer (of outstanding proportions) at present in  
Camp. Mrs ----- wife of the officer referred to, sent her  
'hubby's shirt to a city laundry for washing. In the course  
of a few days the article was returned, untouched, with the  
following note attached --- Dear Mrs----- Your parcel to  
hand per our vanman. Sorry we do not do BELL TENTS , try  
Langdon's of Liverpool.

Yours etc...

(Editor's Note---Further comment we feel is unnecessary).

--SPECIAL--

TO STAFF SERGEANTS.

FACES CHANGED IN A NIGHT..

NO STAFF NEED BE UGLY.

IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AT  
7/6 per BOTTLE

APPLY BOX 999999a  
This office..

## RAFFISH RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD-TIMER

ONCE upon a time - oh, quite a bit since - an old billy-goat joined the 15th Belfast Company. This, I should explain, was a different 15th from the present one, and they weren't as particular about the age limits as they should have been. In fact, it was the captain's way on the first recruiting night in September just to open the front door wide and let the whole crowd rush in anyhow. And sometimes when they came to sort the recruits out into squads they would find an odd policeman or two among them, or maybe a telephone linesman or a rent collector or a boy scout caught up in the rush while trying to think out his good turn for the day.

But how the billy-goat got enrolled was a mystery to most folk. The staff-sergeant in charge of the door said he saw the goat, right enough, but mistook him for the Sunday-school superintendent, whom he resembled strongly.

The goat lined up with the others, and as his hind legs were in the rear rank nobody noticed that there was anything not quite as it should be. When they did find out at long last that No. 17 in the front and rear ranks was not two Boys but one Goat it was too late to do anything about it, as the caps and belts had been issued. As I have hinted, the 15th was a slack company always, and the Captain put it down to the fact that it had an unlucky number and that this was the work of the Battalion Executive and was no fault of his. Perhaps he was right.

Anyway, the goat carried on, and to save trouble when forming fours it was always a blank file, so nobody had to take any steps about it. In time the goat was regarded as one of the most intelligent members of the Company, which was not saying much - for, as I have hinted, the 15th Belfast of those days were not high Flyers.

All might have been well - there was even some talk of a one-year efficiency badge being awarded to the goat for regular attendance - if it had not been for the unfortunate affair of Sir Dullas Ditchwater. Sir Dullas had been asked by the captain of the 15th, in a more than usually weak moment, to take the chair at the annual inspection. Unhappily the knight had a straggling beard and a bleating way of talking. He had hardly got further than to say - or, rather, bleat - that he was so glad to see so many dear boys and so glad to know that their motto was "Be Prepared" which either thought that even that unlucky Company had had enough, or else - and this is more probably - mistook Sir Dullas for an old rival of his to whom he owed a grudge, broke ranks. Amid an awful silence he circumnavigated the knight, picking his objective carefully. Then he charged Sir Dullas full tilt, hitting him square amidships with a biff that was heard all over Carlisle Circus.

I admit, for one, that it was time Sir Dullas was shut up, but it was hard on the Captain to lose the chairman's pound, though no doubt it made him more careful on the next recruiting night.

And that, my lads, is how the good news came from Ghent to Aix, and all that.

S. J. P.

when the goat

