



The Ganaway Lyre

1888

Irish Jubilee Year 1938

GANAWAY

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 16. No. 1.

MONDAY 11th JULY. 1938.



HALF A CENTURY!

(By our obstinate artist)

Well you could have knocked us down with a steam-roller. Yessir! It almost sent us sideways.

You see we had nowhere to throw rejected contributions from all over the globe:and did they accumulate? We ask you - Did they? To cut a long story short, things reached such a pass (no, not Donegall Pass) that it looked as though the only solution would be to print some of them - and we COULDN'T DO THAT!

After all we have our *prestige* to think about (we don't know what that means, it sounds very respectable) We must keep the old flag flying, you know - Not an Inch - and all that sort of thing, so (as Private Smith of "C" Line said on Friday night) "Half a palliasse is better than no bed" And that, readers, is the inside story of why there will be only two issues of the LYRE this year.

All very distressing of course, but now that you have swallowed the lump in your throat and decided not to jump in Ganaway Burn after all, we feel sure you will find our pages, as usual, full of instructive and reliable information from all quarters.

REGISTERED READERS who have been collecting our FREE BOOK COUPONS should continue to do so, as nobody cares anyway.

Although this is not our fiftieth Camp, it is the Camp of our IRISH JUBILEE YEAR, and we feel confident it is going to be one of the best yet. We go to press secure in the knowledge that GANAWAY 1938 has settled down to that smooth way of going which is the result of months of intensive preparation, and many years of accumulated experience, which go to make this the *happiest week of the year* and we feel sure everyone will do his utmost to make GANAWAY 1938 really *joyful* and a *landmark in the Camps of the Belfast Battalion*.

BE SURE TO GET THE CAMP LYRE ON WEDNESDAY! SPECIAL INSPECTION DAY ISSUE

IT WILL CONTAIN FULL DETAILS AND PROGRAMME OF THE CAMP CONCERT.

DON'T MISS WEDNESDAYS LYRE !!!

EDITORIAL

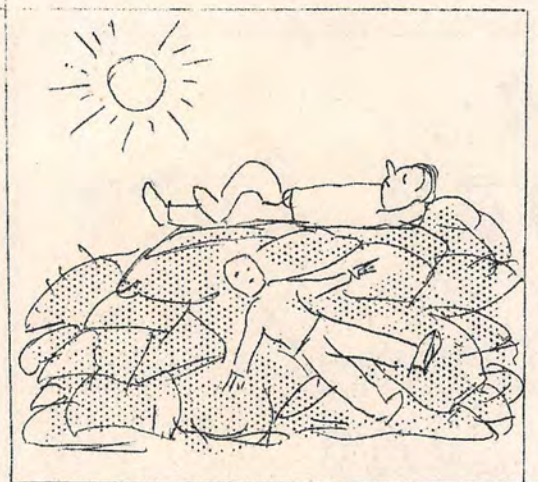
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Hello! Folks! Here we are at last. The old LYRE back in circulation once again.

What's that you said? About time too? Gerrawayathat!!

So you really missed us on Friday and Saturday? Well! Well! You want to know what happened to us? It is a long story so pin your ears back pal and get a load of this.

You see we must move with the times-Yessir!-and keep on moving (so the rent man said) and what with all this business of installing new machinery - nice new type - (no, we haven't gone "sissy") internal combustion typewriters and triple expansion typists, and what not, we have been - as Shakespeare said - all of a doo-dah. 'Sa fact! We did not know whether we were coming or going, or had gone and were on our way back. Then to crown all, we lost our waste-paper basket (*Sensation in Fleet Street - you remember the headlines; PRIME MINISTER CALLS SPECIAL CABINET MEETING - DE VALERA RETURNS TO DUBLIN*).



THE PALLIASSE TESTERS.

The LYRE extends its very extra special greetings to our Isle of Wight visitors. We are proud that the fame of Ganaway has been carried so far afield and we trust that their stay among us will be all that we know Ganaway can be at its best.

We also twang a respectful chord of greeting to our Official (how we hate that word) Visitor Mr. S.E. Barnes, Brigade Training Officer (England and Wales. We hope that his impressions of Ganaway will be such, that his cares of office will soon dissipate into the Ganaway ozone.

We are glad to see Mr. R. Lowry West - who went east some years ago - back with us again. There are so many ex C.O.'s in Camp this year, we can truly say that we are in good C.O. company.

- C.O. "Absent from parade - anything to say?"
- BOY. "Yes Sir! A cow kicked the Quartermaster and I had to fix it Sir".
- C.O. "Fix it?"
- BOY. "Yes Sir! The cow's hoof".

STONEY BROKE : (to Line Treasurer) " I BEG YOU TO LEND ME 5/- AND THEN TO FORGET ME FOR EVER. I AM NOT WORTHY TO BE REMEMBERED"

OFFICER: (to Boy on the shore last night) "I'm sure, Johnnie, you don't smoke"

JOHNNIE: "No, Sir! But I can spit fine".

WITH THE ADVANCE PARTY

The ADVANCE PARTY arrived at Ganaway at 9 am on Wednesday to find that the Quarter Master had been on the scene of operations an hour earlier, while the Commissariat Dept determined to maintain their tradition of never being late with a meal, must have arrived about day-break, as a hearty breakfast was ready for the party.

When there was nothing left to eat, a start was made on taking the bare look of the landscape. This was not without its difficulties. The lorry bearing the canvas, as soon as it felt the Ganaway earth under its wheels decided to be a plough and proceeded to dig itself in. Consequently it was found necessary to detach the trailer and do some donkey work, for which the entire party showed great aptitude. Favoured by good weather the first day's work saw practically all the canvas up and all the palliasses filled. During the filling of the latter one of the boys lost his needle and it was suggested that he should sit on each palliasse in turn until he found it. Mr. McKibbin objected to this, as he feared it might eventually rob him of his job as chief palliasse tester, in which occupation he was ably assisted by Horace Crawford who proved to be a worthy chip of the old block in in this onerous vocation.

The Commissariat - always advocates of solid nourishment, surpassed themselves with the rice. "It will lay a good foundation in your stomach", explained Mr. Craig.

"Certainly looks like concrete anyway", agreed the Quarter Master.

However it went down and the tents went up, and we must congratulate the Advance Party upon having accomplished a good piece of work.

The recruit was being drilled in marching tatics. He was new to the business and his N.C.O. explained orders to him thus:-

"Now, when he shouts 'Halt!' you bring the foot that's on the ground to the side of the foot that's in the air and remain motionless".

Mr. Kennedy: (Bugle Bands Officer) "I hope you have been practising those marches at home".

Boy: "No, Sir! I haven't. It wouldn't pay me".

Mr. K: "Why not?"

Boy: "My mother gives me sixpence a week not to".

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SWIMMING.

At the bathing parade on Saturday morning 50% of the bathers were Officers.

We dont know who the hardy Boy was.

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DRAUGHTS.

The Coalisland Officer who complains of a slight draught in his tent will be pleased to know that the Quarter Master is at present working on a new Patent Draught Excluder for De Abris and hopes to be producing same in quantities shortly.

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????????????????????

Teacher. "Johnny, What is a cannibal?"

Johnny. "I dont know"

Teacher. "If you ate your father and mother what would you be."

Johnny. "An orphan."

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o o o o o CRICKET. o o o o o o o o o

TEST MATCH AT GANAWAY. By Howard Narkinson.

.....
Officers wallop the Staffs.

The Match was played on a wicked wicket at Ganaway on Saturday afternoon the umpires being Tom Black and Bobbie McVeigh.

Skipper Chambers guessed the spin of the double headed penny and decided to bat. Gilbert Martin looking swell in his green checked sleeping jacket opened with George Doherty. Inside one minute 'Dock' was out for a 'Duck' to Victor Whites deadly attack. His colleague met a similar fate three minutes later and soon Victor Allen was out for 0 to Stevenson.

Three wickets for one! We were beginning to wonder if the Officers 'couldn't take it' at this stage then Leslie Loggett put on a five including a four hit into farmer Robinson's hay field. When W. Chambers retired to the pavilion with his 'Duck' the score board was beginning to look like an Egg Marketing Board Report.

Sam Doherty came in and rose to the occasion displaying Bradmanlike touches. At 21 he was neatly caught by wicket keeper Milligan off White. R. G. Atkins the Isle of Wight left hander was next in and made a useful six. W. Allen followed for five not out.

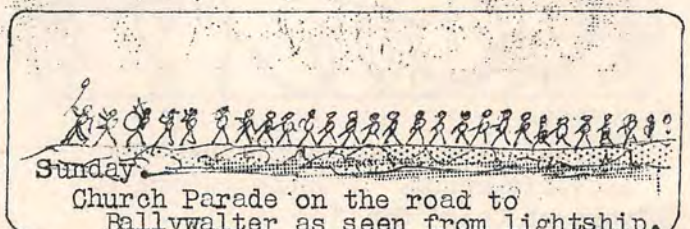
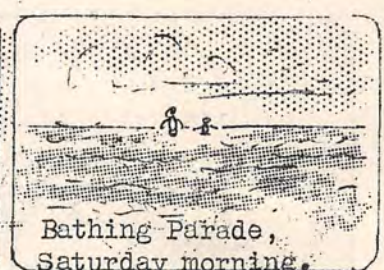
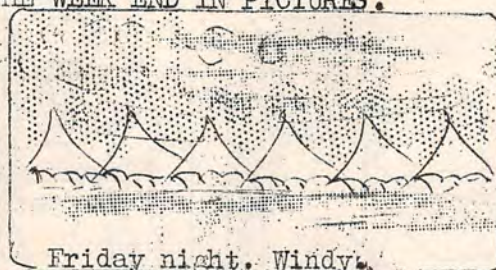
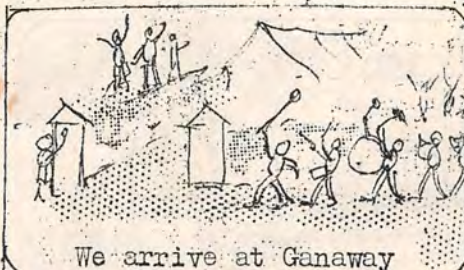
J. Chambers- Ewart--and Hughes each contributed a single to make, with five extras, a total of 40.

The Staffs then started their dreary procession to and from the pavilion making 26 all told (in thirty minutes) V. Powell and V. White were their star batsmen making six each.

We spare the Staffs their blushes by making no further comment.

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THE WEEK END IN PICTURES.



Nick Names

Nick Names

The Editor has asked me to write something about earlier Camps but there are so many things which I can recall about Camps of yore that it is hard to make a choice. I was wondering if boys use nicknames as freely as they did when I was a Boy.

I remember many nicknames used in Camp and these lead on to a general recollection of many others belonging to the days of Boyhood.

Most nicknames are based upon some peculiarity of the bearer or his real name and some are classics. For example--all Murphys are 'Spud'- Clarkes 'Nobby'- Parkers 'Nosey' and Hudsons 'Soapy'. But what about these, every one representing a person known to the writer.

'Bumbo--Buff--Bubbler--Bunny--Buffer--' ('Buff' was always bumming hence the name while 'Buffer' was a bit of a fighting man).

'Curlew--Clood--Cooter--Chuck--Chicken--and Churdy (who was an expert at doing the Crab Walk, could also walk on his hands as well as he could on his legs and throw cart wheels at a lightning rate)

'Doot--Doxer--Fatty or Pudden--Foser--Gutty--Jimmy Dab' (Jimmy Dab got his nickname through his habit of dabbing the butter and tasting it when fending for himself about the house as his mother was dead-- If the butter didn't stick the nickname did)

'Kiff' so called because if a thing was all right it was 'kiff' or as we would say now O. K.

A peculiar nickname was 'Keesty Joe', then there was Marley--Middy and Moon-- afterwards called 'Noah' because he was a joiner in the shipyard.

'Nixer--Nooker--Fellows who were on the small size were called Nipper or Midgey-- and one--Mouse'. 'Pringo--Piggy--Pedlar--Pa--Punch-- and of course --Judy (Punch' is now managing a swell hotel on the coast of California but alas 'Judy' passed away some years ago).

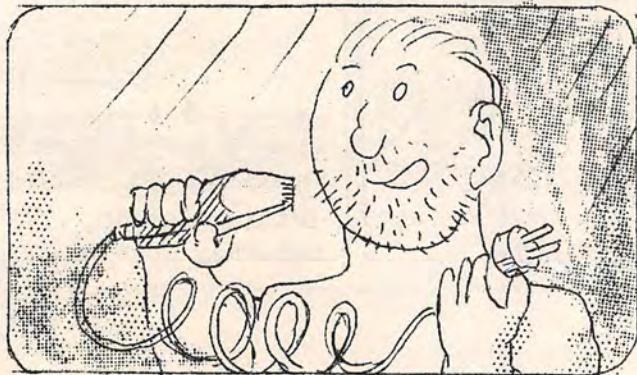
Then there was 'Smudger--Sausage--Sparrow--Stickey--Scotty--Squeezer --Samson--Staller and Smiddy--(sometimes called 'Smiddy Gowler').

Finally --'Topsy--Tit--Whacker John--and Winkie'.

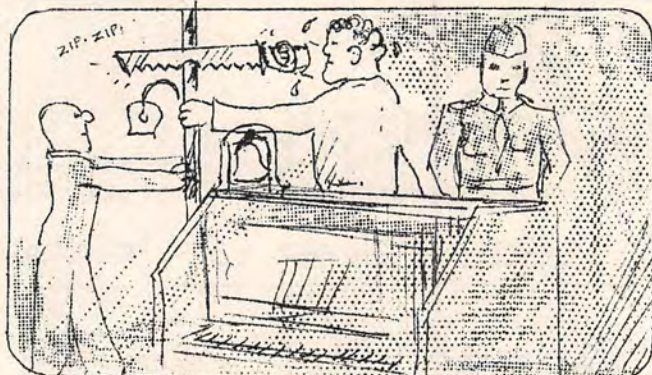
Others there are but they clude me. All sparkle with memories of by-gone days. What are the nicknames nowadays ?

The Editor would like to hear from the Boys in Camp about the nicknames now being used in Ganaway. Make a list of those you know and send it to him. If sufficient are received before Wednesday's issue of The Lyre goes to press they will be printed.

G.C.



"Gosh! I've gone and brought my electric razor. I wonder would it work on Calor Gas ".



SABOTAGE ! ?

Dastardly attempt to wrock large Marquee

A DAY FROM MY DIARY

By "First Timer"



IN THE CANTEEN

DO YOU MIND IF I TRY ONE FOR SIZE?

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

THEY WEIGH

1,000 FLEAS	-----	1 OUNCE
3 PENNIES	-----	1 "
1 BUSHEL OF ONIONS	-----	57 LBS.
MAE WEST	-----	116 LBS.
BATTALION SECRETARY	-----	INCREASING DAILY
MR. A. H. M'ROBERTS	-----	CARAMELS

THEY TRAVEL

LARGE RAIN DROP	-----	3½	MILES PER HOUR
FOOTBALL	-----	35	" " "
AIR GUN PELLET	-----	400	" " "
PTE. BINGHAM (C.LINE)	-----	ABOUT 500	" " "
(going back to tent for his fork)			
ADJUTANT'S CAR	-----	ALMOST 11½	" " "
(all out down-hill)			

C U R E D

There was an old man from Calcutta
 Who coated his tonsils with butta,
 Thus reducing his snore
 From a thunderous rore
 To a soft, oleaginous mutta.

THURSDAY 7th JULY. Went into town to-day and bought a bathing suit (1/11). It doesn't fit like the advertisement picture but will do. Spent the evening packing my kit-bag - did this "Roly.Poly" style as instructed (why don't they make elastic kit-bags?). At the tenth attempt succeeded in getting it packed then discovered had packed my uniform inside so out it all had to come again At 12.30 had got it filled again and labelled. Whole family in state of collapse - so to bed.

FRIDAY. Up at 6a.m. Too excited to take my breakfast. My da went with me to the Parochial Hall. Marched to Scrabo Street. All the people going to work looked at us with envy. Great excitement in Scrabo Street. Got my photo took for the "Tele". Lost my train ticket soon after I got it but found it in the hip pocket of my new pants just before going through the barrier. Whew! what a relief.

Great fun in the train-Willie Wisecrack nearly fell out of the window. Lost half-crown but found it under the seat; so put all my money in the Bank

Saw Sadie McMeekin in Main Street, Donaghadee. Must come here some day with Willie Wisecrack. Got a front seat in the bus.

Were those half-dressed savages lining the road really the Advance Party?

As we marched into Ganaway got a whiff of the Cookhouse - Ganaway looks and smells good to me.

When dismissed, had some difficulty finding my kit-bag; for a while thought it had got lost, but at last recognised it by the shape of my football boots in the side, where I had stuck them at the last minute.

Dinner at last, and was I ready? Gosh! it must take a lot of grub to last the Camp a week. Drew a shilling from the Bank. Spent two pence in the Canteen - lost sixpence - however have still 2/11 in the Bank.

Played cricket and football, then went down to shore and threw stones.

Tea-time came none too soon Drew sixpence from the Bank. Flew a kite. Visited the Canteen. Bought potato crisps in case am hungry during night.

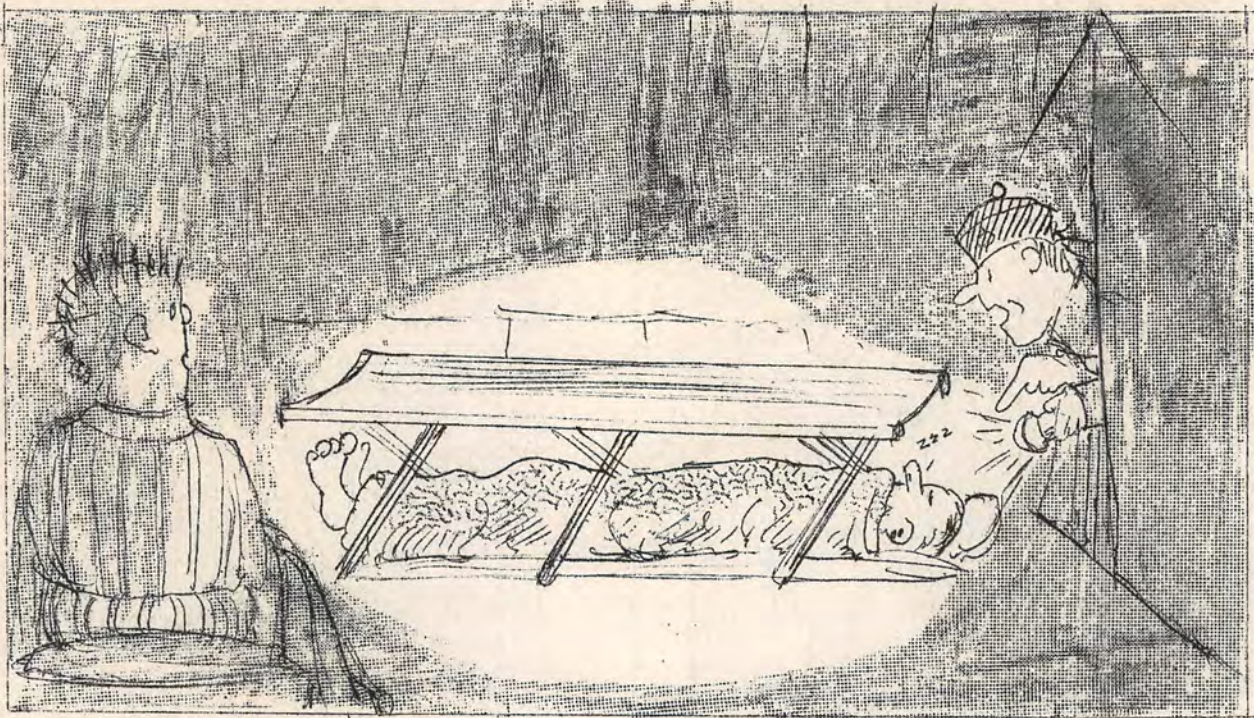
Rather tired during supper and Evening Prayers Glad I sent a post-card home to-day. Suppose they won't get it till the morning - seem to have been here a long time.

Had great difficulty making my bed, as Willie Wisecrack & Jimmy Bingham kept standing on it to make theirs. However arguments died down at the "Silent G" and I got fixed up soon after.

For a while could not sleep, as Officers kept beating the tent with their sticks, and shouting "go to sleep", but eventually popped over.

FROM AN AMBULANCE EXAM PAPER:

The spine is a lot of little bones that run up and down the back, the head sits on one end and I sit on the other.



(NIGHT PATROL) "WHO'S THAT?"
"OH! THAT'S MR. ROBERTS. HE ALWAYS SLEEPS LIKE THAT. HE'S A MOTOR MECHANIC."

The Stars Foretell.

MONDAY:

A good day for those of active disposition. Canteen proprietors should do well. Proceed with some caution in money matters.

TUESDAY:

Mess Orderlies advised to proceed with extreme caution. Sprinters are advised to keep finishing line constantly in sight.

WEDNESDAY:

A trying day for those in authority. Many will receive gifts of money and grub. Romantic attachments under most favourable influences. So Staffies advised to pay particular attention to personal appearance.

P R O V E R B

The bugle doth blow
To let us know
If we be wise
'Tis time to rise.

POETS' CORNER

THE SONG OF A STAFFIE.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO BALLYWHISKIN,
IT'S A LONG WAY TO GO.
IT'S A LONG WAY TO BALLYWHISKIN
TO THE SWEETEST GIRL I KNOW.
GOOD-BYE ROYAL AVENUE,
FAREWELL SHAFTESBURY SQUARE,
IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO BALLYWHISKIN,
BUT MY HEART'S RIGHT THERE.

V.C.

"Dear C.O." writes a fond mother,
"don't let any of the boys hit my
wee Willie. He's a delicate child
and can't stand it. At home we
never as much as lay a hand on
him - except in self-defence.



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Irish Jubilee Year 1938

GANAWAY

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Vol. 16. No. 2.

Wednesday 13th July, 1938.

EDITORIAL



OUR INSPECTING OFFICER.

TO-DAY IS THE MOST IMPORTANT DAY IN CAMP. INSPECTION DAY IS ALWAYS REGARDED AS THE CLIMAX OF OUR CAMP, AND THE CULMINATING POINT OF SEVERAL MONTHS WORK ON THE PART OF THE STAFF.

THIS YEAR INSPECTION DAY IS DOUBLY IMPORTANT FOR SEVERAL REASONS:-

FIRST OF ALL WE HAVE, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OUR CAMPING HISTORY, A DIGNITARY OF THE CHURCH FOR INSPECTING OFFICER, AND WHAT COULD BE MORE FITTING?

HIS GRACE THE LORD PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND, BRIGADE VICE-PRESIDENT, IS A REAL B.B. ENTHUSIAST, AND THOSE WHO WERE PRIVILEGED TO HEAR HIS ADDRESS AT THE JUBILEE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN ST. MARY MAGDALENE PARISH CHURCH, WILL NEED NO ASSURANCE FROM US THAT WE HAVE TO-DAY THE PEER OF ALL OUR INSPECTING OFFICERS. WE ARE INDEED HONOURED BY HIS PRESENCE.

SECONDLY, THIS IS ONE OF THE LARGEST CAMPS EVER HELD BY THE BELFAST BATTALION.

WE EXTEND A CORDIAL WELCOME TO ALL VISITORS, ESPECIALLY TO THOSE RESIDENT IN THE DISTRICT WHO SUPPORT US SO CONSISTENTLY EVERY YEAR. ONCE AGAIN WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF WISHING YOU ALL A VERY PLEASANT AFTERNOON, ALSO A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A MERRY NEW YEAR.

DON'T FORGET THE CAMP "SING SONG" TO-MORROW NIGHT.

ROLL UP IN YOUR THOUSANDS.

WE CAN ASSURE YOU OF A FIRST CLASS EVENINGS ENTERTAINMENT.

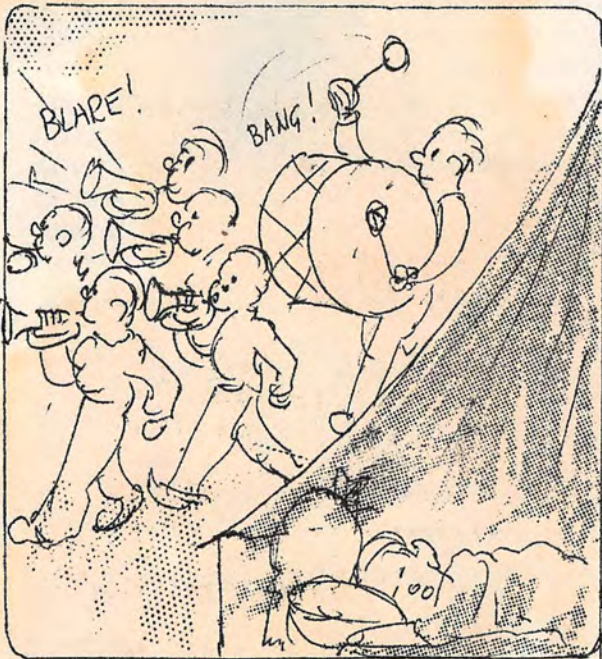
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CAMP FACTS. THIS IS OUR FOURTEENTH CAMP AT GANAWAY. The Belfast Battalion has been holding Camps such as the present almost annually since 1904. The Camping Ground of 12 acres is the property of the Battalion, the late Rev. R. H. S. cooper's generosity being largely responsible.

SUCH PHRASES
SELDOM RING TRUE....



1. 'The cook's behind in his work'.



2. 'You can't stop me from dreaming'
BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF BLACK JACK

WHO'S WHO AT CAMP.

D is for Dorward, through the microphone
He gives instructions in clearest tone.
.....
C is for Chestnutt, but not from that wood
beneath which the village blacksmith stood.
.....
W is for Warnock (not the boxing champ)
but the one who keeps things moving in
Camp.
.....
T is for Turner, No, not the undertaker,
but assisting the above as bottle shaker.
.....
F is for Fair--The Major-- none other--
to the Staffs he is both father @ mother.
.....
B is for Boyd, who keeps a tent
where all the lost property is sent.
.....
G is for Gihon, in his wee den
there's lots of paper, ink and a pen.
.....
C is for Craig and Crawford, but Garrett
helps too
to keep us filled with Irish stew.
.....
McK's for McKibbin who runs a store
Supplying all needs from roof to floor.
.....
A is for Addis, we wouldn't be here
if he hadn't brought down all our gear.
.....
R is for Rea, he's one of many;
has balanced his books to the very penny.
.....
J is for Jehnston, a sporting chap
kept busy arranging your handicap.
.....

OUR INSPECTION PROGRAMME

INSPECTING OFFICER) - HIS GRACE THE LORD PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND.
BRIGADE VICE-PRESIDENT.

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 IN TWO PARALLEL ALIGNMENTS.

GENERAL SALUTE AND INSPECTION.

MARCHING PAST IN COLUMN AND TAKING UP POSITION IN LINE.

THE SPORTS FINALS. (100 yards, 220 yards, Tug-of-War and Tent Pitching)

PHYSICAL TRAINING DISPLAY.

INSPECTING OFFICER'S REMARKS.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

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

There will be a bathing parade for Boys at the conclusion of the formal programme.

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WHO'S WHO'S AT CAMP.
(continued)

McR's for McRoberts, in his wee shop
you can buy ice-cream or a lollipop.

P is for Parkinson, Press and Publicity
all go together which makes for simplicity

T is for Tweedie, if you sing or dance
he's the man to give you your first big chance.

'THE TWELTH' IN GANAWAY.

DASTARDLY ATTEMPT TO FRUSTRATE ORANGE DEMONSTRATION.

The members of The Ganaway (Little Audrey) Grand Lodge met in Council in the Officers' Mess under the Presidency of the Worshipful Grand Master, Brother Raymond McAnally. After breakfast, the Lodge, headed by the Sons of Ganaway Fife and Drum Band, paraded in full strength to 'The Field' to the stirring strains of 'The Sash my Father Wore' while Brother Martin, champion Lambeg smacker of Ganaway lashed the pigskin in no uncertain manner.

After appropriate resolutions of loyalty had been passed, Mr. S. E. Barnes, our Official Visitor, was initiated into the Order with fitting ceremony which included riding the goat. Unfortunately, the official animal being required for use in the Belfast Celebrations, resort had to be made to a substitute which did not display the energy usually contributed by the official beast. This probably accounts for the ease with which Brother Barnes became entitled to wear the highest colours of Orange, Purple and Green.

The proceedings were somewhat marred by an unruly element believed to be the 'Friends of The Soviet Union' who staged a counter demonstration headed by two unsavoury characters believed to be Comrade Johnston, the Nihilist and Armstrong the noted agitator. Left Wing epithets were hurled at the Procession and red flags waved. It was plainly evident that the mob was recruited from the lowest grades of society. However the timely arrival of police reinforcements (on a bicycle) from Millisle soon had the 'Red Flaggers' in full flight.

.....
SHEEP STEALING IN GANAWAY.

Following on the cessation of the lucrative trade of smuggling livestock across the Border, it is believed that a gang of notorious rustlers has come North to carry on the nefarious profession. Last night a raid was made on the Warnock Ranch and valuable livestock spirited away. A posse of local Cow(es)boys was soon raised by sherrif Dorward and after an all night ride portion of the missing livestock was tracked down to the hide-out of 'Two-gun' Chestnutt. We are familiar with the padding the feet of smuggled animals but this was the most thorough job yet encountered the entire animal being covered with blankets. Upon the return of 'Two-gun' Chestnutt he was pounced upon and is now in the Calabose.

.....
CAMP SING-SONG -- CAMP SING-SONG -- CAMP SING-SONG.
I/- THURSDAY, 14th at 7-45 in LARGE MARQUEE I/-

A splendid programme has been arranged by Mr. W. Tweedie, The following well known Artists having kindly consented to come and entertain us.

MR. JIM WHITLEY ----- TENOR
MASTER STERLING MORTIMER BOY SOPRANO
MR. DAVID McALPINE ----- BASS
MESSRS SPOTTISWOOD @ ROWAN, HUMORISTS
MRS. T. WEIR (ACCOMPANIST)

L/CPL. H. HAMILTON 24th PIANOFORTE
PTE. J. REID 19th SONG
SGT. G. SMITH 1st MOUTHORGAN
MR. H. HILL 19th COMMUNITY SONGS
CPL. E. CALDWELL 20th PIANO ACCORDIAN
L/CPL. H. ARCH 43rd GUITAR
PTE. S. BURNSIDE 4th SONG
MR. A. STEEN 44th SONG
PTE. J. REID 13th RECITATION
MR. H. CRAWFORD 9th SELECTED.

In addition to the above, the following items will be contributed by members of the Camp -----

A first class programme. Be sure to come.



DOCTOR: "THE ONLY THING TO DO IS DIET, I'LL . . .
 PATIENT: "DYE IT, DOCTOR? IT'S NOT THE COLOUR I
 OBJECT TO - IT'S THE SIZE".

TRUE STORY.

(Special to local residents)

An enthusiastic young clergyman who was attached to a church in Donaghadee, was most anxious about the spiritual welfare of the residents on the Copeland Islands.

Addressing a young man in "the Dee" one day he asked, "Are there any Christians on the Copelands?"

Probably not hearing correctly the young man blurted out, "No Sir! Only Cleggs and Emersons".

TO THE ADJUTANT.

(A WARNING)

A DASHING YOUNG FELLOW CALLED JIM,
 DROVE HIS CAR WITH A GREAT DEAL OF VIM.
 SAID HE, "I'M RENOWNED
 FOR COVERING GROUND".
 BUT ALAS, NOW THE GROUND COVERS HIM.

NEPHYR MIND.

(For farmers)

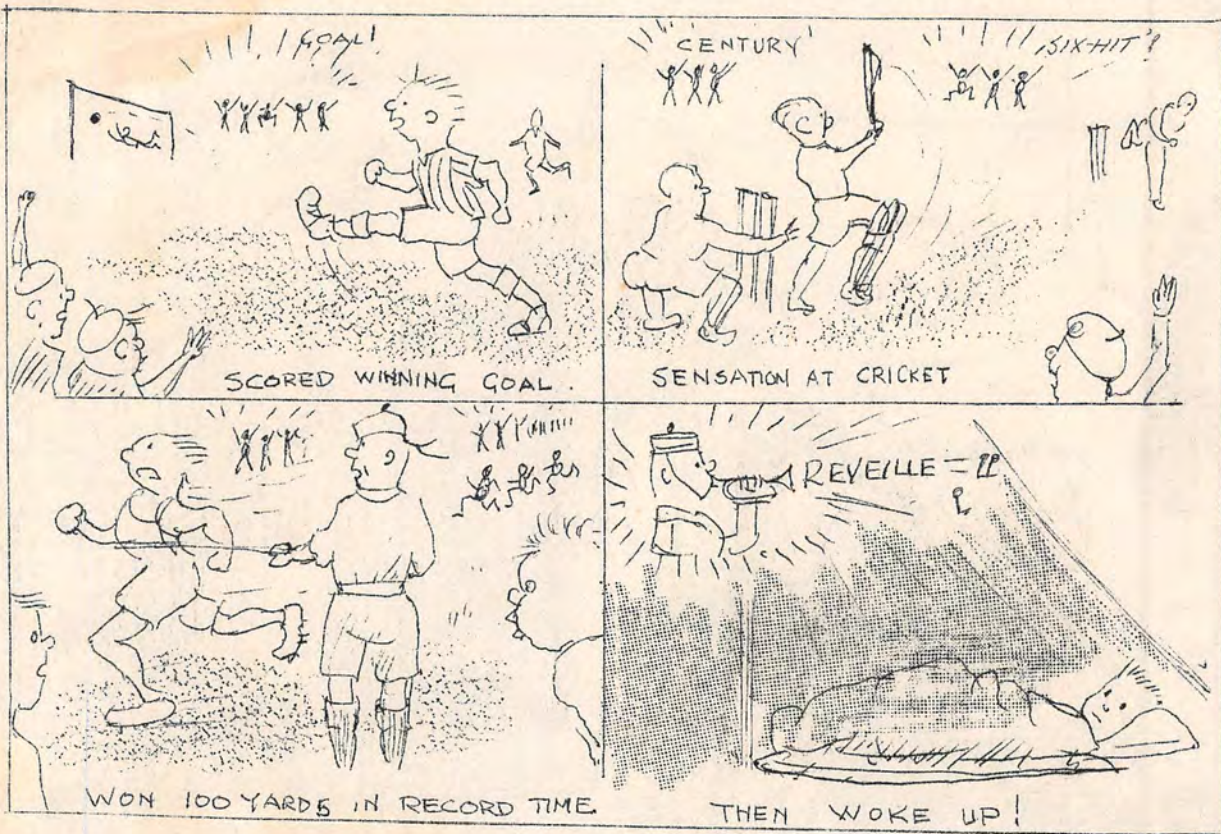
A farmer once called his cow Zephyr-
 She seemed such an amiable hephyr.
 When the farmer drew near
 She kicked off his ear,
 And now the poor fellow's much dephyr.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES

strong men make meek husbands,
 SO DO STRONG WOMEN.

OFFICER: "Willie, there are two words I wish you wouldn't use. One of them is "SWELL" and the other "LOUSY".

BOY. "O.K. Sir! What are the two words?"



SUCCESS!!

* * * * *

WANTED.

LARGE TENT. FOR GENTLEMAN WITH GOOD FRONTAGE AND EXTENSIVE OUT-BUILDINGS.

Apply Battalion Secretary



CANTEEN OFFICER.

LIKE DUFFY'S CIRCUS, BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER.

During the Sunday School lesson, a Life Boy, reading from the Old Testament, came across the sentence containing the words "three score cubits". When he had finished the passage the teacher asked the class whether any of them knew what a "cubit" was. Silence. Then up shot the hand of the youngest Life Boy. "Please, Sir!, I know. One of those things we undress in at the Swimming Baths".

* * * * *

Beneath the spreading "chestnut" tree, our worthy C.O. sits. The C.O. is a worthy man, with large and useful mitts.

His jaw is seldom still, because - He makes the rules, and shouts the laws, But the chief vocation of his maws Is champing spuds and bread and haws.

* * * * *