

MILLISLE USINGS.

We regret that Saturday's issue of our influential journal (which, by the way, was bought up five minutes after publication) was not so seeable as 14. we could wish. Our printing machine was suffering like everybody else in camp, from an insatiable thirst - for ink. But isn't it too bad of a correspondent to write suggesting that a pair of spectacles be presented with each copy. Eyes wrong.

Captain Jordan issuing a command to Staff-Sergeant ditto. "Come on wi' that water, Willie, or A'll stop yer ha'penny next Saturday"

An officer writes saying that he doesn't fancy the singing of Staff-Sergeant Ridgway and his tent companions one little bit. He says, they can't sing for nuts. Well, we don't suppose they're trying to.. He should try them with sliders.

We are asked to state that "Tipperary" may sound all right in parts, but it's a different thing pulling it to pieces. Our informant winds up with the ominous warning: "Stick to the canteen, Willie" whatever that may mean. American papers please copy.

Latest John-ism: "I'll give ye a clap on the bake with this kettle"

Mr. Cooper suggests that our title should be "The Screech Owl" Somebody else proposes as an improvement "The Owl' Screech" But we are going to get even with Mr. Cooper. We know, and so does everybody else, that he nearly "forgot" this morning. 'nuf sed.

We haven't seen the barnaid in the canteen yst. We remember her well; how she purred-eh.

BELFAST BATTALION B.B. CAMP.

The Daily Screech

ONE HALFPENNY.

CAMP
TYPES
1.



THE STAFF-SERGEANT

SUNDAY IN CAMP.

Yesterday was a day which, so long, so long as we remember we never shall forget. It began at three a.m. when the great majority of the boys, whose first night in camp this was, got up and dressed, and seemed to be afraid of being late for breakfast. The outcome was that breakfast was late for them, for what with face-washing and drinking, they used up all the water which the cooks had stored in barrels for that meal. Some tea was served out at seven a.m. but the breakfast proper had to be postponed until after camp inspection to enable a cartload of water to be brought in. And then O then O, when the breakfast did come, what do you think accompanied it but "kippers" Now, kippers are about the "thirstiest" thing from here to Charnsey, and when the boys marched off to church, well, we only hope the parsons weren't like the Boys.

The main body, the Presbyterians, went to Millisle Church, where a special service was held for them, the ordinary service being held as after usual. The Episcopalians went to Carrowmore. The Methodists went to Donaghadee. Then everybody got back to camp at 1.30 the thirst was terrific, and the water to be had --- but Mr. Cooper came to the rescue. 100 bottles of lemonade from the canteen were requisitioned, and the camp had a joy day. Mr. Cooper's the man for an emergency.

In the afternoon there was a drumhead service in camp. There was a good attendance of visitors from Millisle and Donaghadee. The preacher was Rev. Mr. Mitchell, chaplain, 1st Froughshane Company, and he delivered a very stirring and appropriate address. The Boys were seated on the grass, and what with the heat of the day, and little sleep the night before, Morpheus claimed a number of the boys, and several of them were peacefully sleeping on the grass when the order was given to fall-in after the service. The Moderator was present, and after the service addressed the gathering -- glad we were able to moderate 'im. A collection made at the service for the Sir William Smith Memorial Fund realised £2.10.0.

The remainder of the evening the Boys had free, and "strolled around the town" All's well that ends well.

SOME USEFUL HINTS.

Staff-Sergeants and boys should remember that it is very important to preserve the good name of the B.E. in the eyes of the public. Army regiments are very particular about this, and if a soldier were observed in, say, Royal Avenue with a spot on his glove he would be sent back to barracks at once, perhaps in charge of a member of the military police. Boys should be most particular, therefore, that nothing irregular is allowed to be done while out of camp, such as wearing belts upside down etc. In the matter of saluting officers, which must never be omitted, the salute will always be given with the outer hand, and the head turned towards the officer. If standing or sitting, come to attention before saluting. The discipline of the battalion will be largely judged by the way this is done.

CHALLENGE.

The washers hereby challenge to staff-sergeants to a football match, to be played as can be arranged. The staff-sergeants not to be allowed more than one goalkeeper.

JOTTINGS.

A correspondent sends us an adulatory letter in which he says that our editorial name will live when those of such literary and artistic luminaries as Moliere, Shakespeare, and Goethe are forgotten. We hasten to return the compliment. We certainly think him a bit of a goat-ee.

It has been suggested by a correspondent that the junior officers might stop flirting. With pleasure we give publicity to the novel idea, but are afraid those concerned won't think it worth a screech.

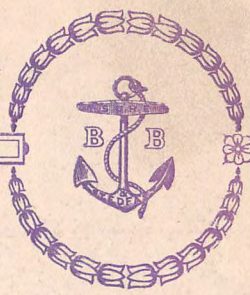
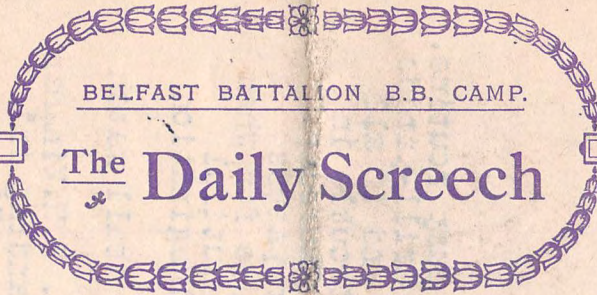
Last night was very "soppy" indeed, so if the "Screech" is a bit dry to-day nobody need mind.

In response to requests, we have pleasure in presenting the following "limerick" to our readers. To the staff-sergeant or boy who can supply the "last line" in the opinion of the Editor most suitable, a box of sweets will be presented. Entries to be lodged with Dr. Henry before 9 p.m. to-day.

A gentle old gent of Willistie
Who wore a perpetual smile
Said: "O Mr. Stange,
I'm sure you can manage

.....
The Editor has gone to town to-day
Peace,
perfect peace.

A soft answer is worth two in the bush.

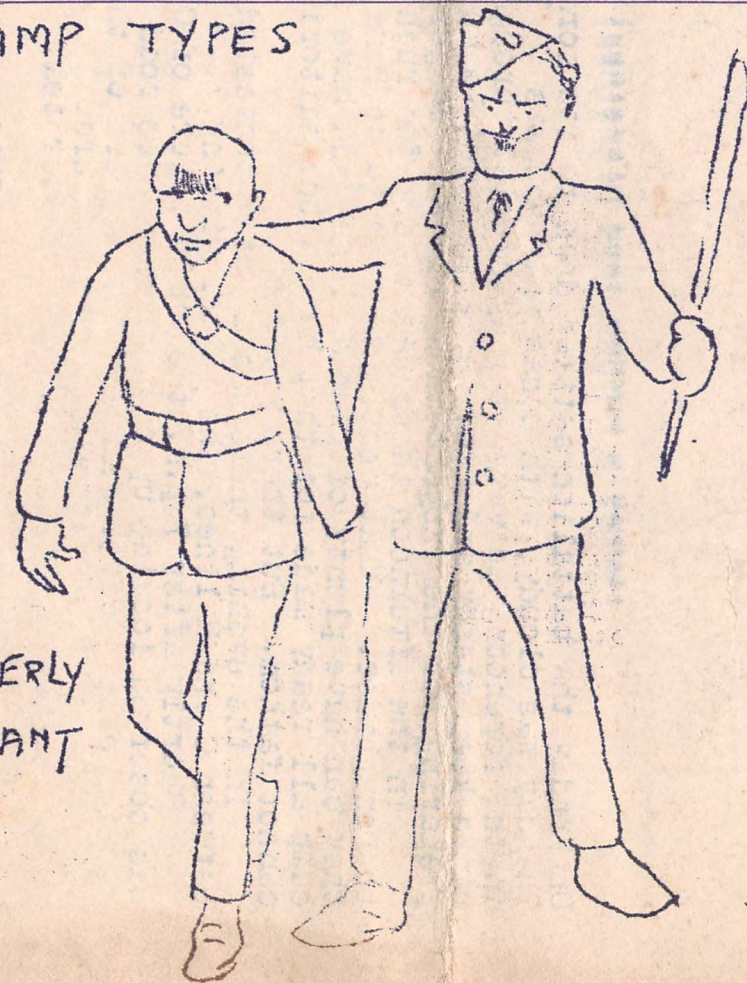


No.....

ONE HALF PENNY.

CAMP TYPES

2.



THE
(DIS) ORDERLY
SERGEANT

On Monday the battalion settled down to its normal camp routine. The day was cloudy, with occasional showers. The drill-parade in the forenoon was very successfully carried through, and if all ranks keep steady and keen there will not be much trouble in preparing for the inspection by Viscount Bangor on Thursday.

In the afternoon there was a terrific rush for passes to Donaghadee. What people want to go to Donaghadee for when they can have plenty of twon a' lone, and have a beautiful camp all ready made for them here, our editorial imagination cannot fathom. But there you see.

In the evening there was a hotly contested football match between C and H lines, the former winning.

Shortly after 7 p.m. the burly figure of Capt. R.H. Kinahan was observed looting up on the Donaghadee road "standing in" for the camp after reading the column of the True Blues

for the camp after reading the column of the True Blues

for the camp after reading the column of the True Blues

CANTEEN TIDINGS.

Various grievance. The canteen is selling tins of blacking. The words "To open, insert coin and twist" but no particulars are given as to how the coin is to be obtained. We demand in the name of our multitudinous (big word, that) readers that the Canteen manager supply a half-crown with every tin of blacking sold. As for the twist, there isn't a bit of 'baccy in camp except-----

Overheard. Boy at Canteen: "The place is closed"
Comrade: "No, the ould lad's in"

POET'S CORNER.

I thought that I heard Reveille, but
I turned on my other side
And away and away o'er the prairie
With the cowboys I seemed to ride
And I chased the wild wild Indian
And I hunted the grizzly bear,
When there came such a correction
I'd been dreaming at Camp I declare.

For the flap of our tent was open
Mr. Cooper he stood inside
His was the Indian war-whoop
That I fancied I heard in my ride
And the rest of my dreams were dancing
A kind of a "ragtime" tune
While the cone of Mr. Cooper fell
On the place where their pants were not.

Now when I hear Reveille, there's
No turn to the other side
For a vision of Mr. Cooper
Causes a "ragtime guide"

C.F.R.

O Kinahan and Garrett
Kings of the Commissariat
Heads of the loaded tray
We maintain it well
Ye make us swell
With more than grade each day



REV. R. DUBLIN

STUDIES AT YESTERDAY'S GOLFING CONTEST



See that
hump?

TOM
CHARLEY

Ye gods and little fishes.
The gowf championship of the camp was played off
yesterday and resulted in a win for Rev. R.
Dublin. At this evening's sing-son the
competitors are to sing in chorus:

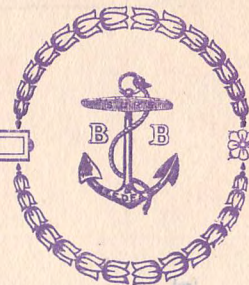
"Gowfin' a' the day
"Daein' nae work ava'
"Pinnin' about wi' a bag o' cleeks
"Doon at Donagha.-daw"

We don't think.

BELFAST BATTALION B.B. CAMP.

JULY,
1914.

The Daily Screech



ONE HALFPENNY.

EDITORIAL.

We regret that some issues of our influential organ
have been difficult to read. We have sacked
the printer's devil and hope there will be no
further cause for complaint.

Notice is hereby given that any individuals,
be they officers or men, boys or hobbledehoy's,
found in the neighbourhood of our editorial
den without authority, will be skinned.

-----O-----

A correspondent writes to assure us that he
has not kissed a single young lady since
coming to Millisle. Dear Us, we should
advise him not to attempt to kiss any
married ones.

An officer writes to ask what does Mr.
Ridgeweigh. Don't know, I'm Shaw.

Foreign Intelligence.

Rooker's telegram reports from the North
Pole that the weather is very cold there
to-day.

It is reported that the war is over
in Albania. We are glad that the war
is over in Albania.

Toodle-oo

"TOBURN WHISPERS.

Mr. Adjutant announces on his Notice-Board: "Found -- a small black lady's bag" We hope he will succeed in discovering and returning her bag to the small black lady.

Georgie Porgie was nearly "run in" by the guard last night. These late hours will never do, Georgie, you may tell her from us.

The floor of the officers' mess being damp in places, we think they might get a wooden floor without any difficulty if they put their heads together. Mr. Purdy says it wooden do.

Volunteers were called for yesterday by the C.O. to assist at the officers' mess on account of the big rush of visitors. About half-an-hour after the work was done a youngster rolled up. In reply to the query: "Who are you?" the youth said "Pleessir, I'm a volunteer" "And who sent you" "The man what blows the whistle", A fresh and interesting description of the C.O.

Last night the cookhouse, which has been subjected to such fearful attacks this camp, succumbed, and fell prone on its back. The local carpenter was summoned, but quailed and beat a retreat. Then a heroic band of rescuers including men of high and low degree, came on the scene and there was a sound of hammering by night. A gathering of grinning local yokels found much cause of hilarity in the spectacle of staff officers with overcoats on, toiling away with hammers and hatchets; but that didn't matter one screech; for the cookhouse rapidly grew to be "itself again" and quartermaster Mulholland anchored it with guy-ropes so that no gale in Millisle could shift it; and this morning it is looking very much the better of it's little adventure. A funny little incident occurred whilst the cookhouse was "non est" The captain of the day, at supper-time, ordered the bugler to sound "Come to the cookhouse door, boys"; whereupon the latter replied: "Please, sir, there isn't any"

The other day something went wrong with the feeding of our printing machine. And who do you think came along and put it right but the commissariat staff? Very appropriate.

Some people have all the luck. The Adjutant with his small black lady, and Lieutenant Mitchell, of Antrim, with his large blue lady, we declare they're making us quite envious, but-----wait and see.

Dr. Koeller, the well-known Belfast musician, has very kindly offered to set to music a battalion song if someone will write one. Here's a chance, ye budding poets, which certainly must be availed of, and that right early. So cogitate, and, and encourage inspiration. We want a "Battalion song"

"BIMERICK COMPETITION"

This has been won by Col-Sergt. Norman H. Douglas, whose effort was "Without putting on so much style"

POET'S CORNER.

"Pretty Kitty Gallagher
"Thesry as a parrot
"There'll be no need to swallow her
"So long as tye such gentlemen
"As Kinahan and Garrett
"Hold Sway"

(Not guilty. Ed)

If you see it in "The Screech" it's so.

EXCELSIOR
(cr, The Worm has Turned)

Who have to stand the most abuse?
Who get their tea without cow-juice?
Who're simply told they are no use?
The "Staffs"

But when there is work to be done
Who are the best men 'neath the sun?
Who take the biscuit and the bun?
The "Staffs"

The Camp Sing-Song held last night in the large mess tent was undoubtedly a howling success. We would proceed to give a full report of the items and the "hits" but our intellectual journal is of far too high and progressive an order to retail what everybody knows already. We exist to tell people what they don't know (an occasionally what we don't know) So suffice it to say that the whole affair was O.K. and that the songs and choruses are this morning, like groggers, in everybody's mouth.

Georgie Porgie Pimpix Crawl
Wears the smile that won't come off
As he deftly paints the pipes
How he gilds his cap in swipes.

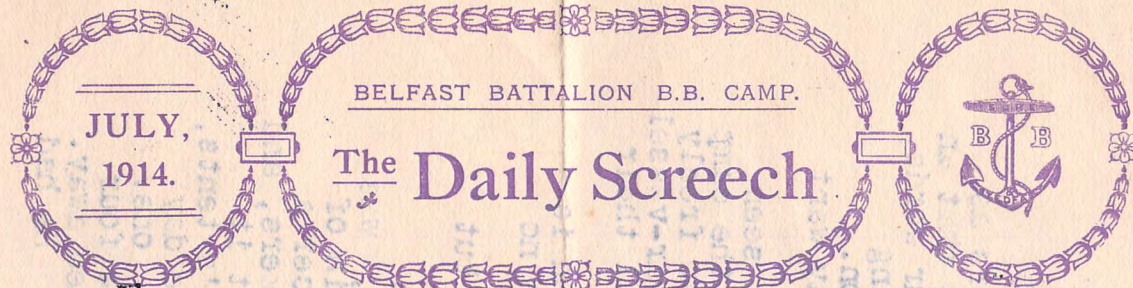
The "Belfast Evening Telegraph" after describing the thunderstorm experienced here on Tuesday night, says: "The camp will be struck on Saturday"
Look out, boys !!!

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

There isn't any local intelligence. Don't keep such a thing in this burgh.

Belfast, Thursday.

It is authoritatively stated that Sir Edward Carson and Captain Craig say they will not have Home Rule.

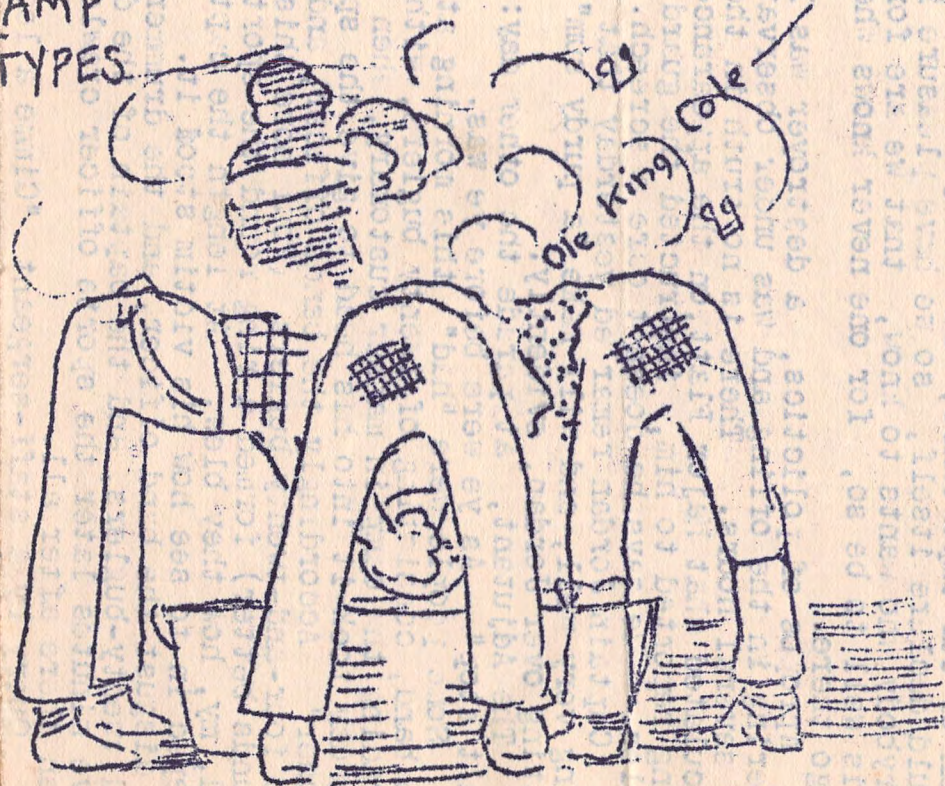


No. 5

ONE HALFPENNY.

CAMP
TYPES

3.



THE SPLASHERS.

We have received earnest inquiries from several quarters as to the political views of "The Screech" It is right that an organ of our importance, with the public hanging on our words, should declare itself, so we have pleasure in informing everybody who wants to know, that we are for the Union. It is well to be so, for one never knows when they may want to go there.

Apropos of politics, a destroyer was last night seen hovering in the offing and was under observation from the camp for several hours. There is no truth in the report so freely circulated that Major Platt, on the appearance of the war-vessel being reported to him, instructed the guard to conceal their rifles. He says he doesn't care a screech.

Captain Jordan remarked yesterday that the Canteen is doing very well, and will make "a purdy sum" There's no getting over Jordan, evidently.

The Adjutant, at parade the other day: "Halt; but don't stop" As ye were before ye was.

Some people were "had" this morning at Reveille. The band, consisting of twenty buglers, with drummers, was parading the camp in manner customary, when the captain of the day took it into his head to give the sports officer a "rouser" Accordingly the bands officer, and the drummers, and the four-and-twenty buglers (four more this time, but it sounds better) formed a ring round the sports officer's tents, and, my, how they blew. At length the captain of the day peeped in to see how his victim stood it. He saw ~~no~~ one. In disgust the band officer, and the drummers, and the four and twenty-buglers, and the captain of the day, marched away. Five minutes later the sports officer crawled forth. He had been there after all.

Query by a staff-sergeant "Gimme a leather'fut' till A strap me razor"

I was strolling along by the seashore
With the fairest young girl in Millisle
When she asked me a heart-searching question
And gave me a sweet winning smile.

What a funny name your paper has
Why do you call it that?
I blushed, I stammered, stuttered
I sunk from under my hat

Should I tell her the dreadful story?
Of how it came by its name
Should I tell of the doctor's suff'rings?
I would, come blame or shame.

And so as the waves rolled grandly in
Upon that shingly beach
I whispered, "the doctor sat on a pin
And decided the name for the 'Screech'"

Screeches.

Where did Mr. Cooper? In the Garrett, of course.

Why did Mr. Leeburn? To make John Boyle.

Aprize is offered to the Staff-Sergt. or Boy submitting the best answer to the query: Why did Cecil Ogle? The answer to be on the same lines as above, and the name of anyone in camp may be used. Editor's decision final.

Alarming Incident.

We saw a horse fly up the camp this morning.

THE LAST SCREECH.

It's just six days ago
Since I commenced to reach
This pleasant E.B.Camp
By means of this my Screech.

Since then the world has come
To B'lieve in what I teach
And now my work is done
I've reached my final Screech.

I'm sinking! Doctor Deer
Ink! Ink! I you beseech!
And let the great Platt (plot) end
With a glorious final Screech.
Phil.

STOP-PRESS NEWS.

The Officers' race has just been held, and never was such a scene seen. It was a clever idea to make the officers run towards the mess, and that just before tea. The race itself, with more boys running than officers, and getting into each others' and the runners' way, was wonderful to behold, but was as nothing to the spectacle that ensued when Mr. Cooper, our honoured President, came in first. Hoisted shoulder high, he was carried towards the canteen in the centre of a crowd of not less than 500, positively yelling with rapture. At length he escaped from his captors, "bought himself off" and made his way to the officers' mess mid a hand-shaking, delighted throng. On his arrival the mess stood up and gave three hearty cheers. It was a great moment.

SPORTS.

An exhaustive programme has been carried out during the week. Space forbids us to mention more than a few of the principal items. The swimming race for teams has been won by "A" line, and the tug-of-war by "G" line. As we go to press, D and E lines are competing in the final of the football contest. One or other of them will win, you may be sure.

JULY,
1914.

BELFAST BATTALION B.B. CAMP.

The Daily Screech



No. 6

ONE HALFPENNY.

AD VALOREM.

To-day we utter our expiring screech. It is sad, no doubt, that our course should run but one short week, and we should give our final shriek (poem). The camp has been quite the most pleasant and delightful in our experience. In regard to our paper, the demand for it has been phenomenal, and we could have sold three times our daily output. It is evident that a camp paper is, as the lawyers say, "a desideratum". An encouraging fact is the large number of contributions, in prose and poetry, received from the boys. If the "Daily Screech" has done nothing else, it has revealed a great amount of literary talent latent in the battalion. The quantity and quality of efforts submitted for insertion was far ahead of the days of our predecessor "The Camp Lyre". The charge is sometimes levelled at Ulster that she has produced few men of literary genius. So now is your chance, ye privates of the Belfast B.B. Cultivate your gifts; begin with the "Screech" and end with the "Quarterly Review". As Captain Cuttle hath it: "The proof of this 'ere observation is in the application on it.

We take farewell of our "public" with regret, but let us shed no tears.

Au revoir.

INSPECTION OF CAMP.

The annual inspection of the battalion in camp was held yesterday afternoon, and attracted all the elite of Millisle and far beyond it. Such beauty and fashion you never saw; people were here who are earning their quid a week. The weather was glorious. Special features were; the band, who blew their own trumpet very well indeed; the sprinting of Major Platt, who seems a likely thing for the stewed stakes, and the extortions of Dr. Henry, who demanded, and got, half-a-crown a copy for our humble journal---we don't say this was a bit too much, as we know the value of the "Screech," but modesty has always been one of our strongest characteristics. The dodges of the last-named gentleman to secure photographs, too, caused intense gratification, and reached a point of uproarious hilarity when, rushing along with his camera held in front of him, he encountered a wicked tent-rope, and rolled in a confused heap of doctor, camera, tripod, and canvas shoes on the ground. After a great deal of marching, and counter-marching, and shouting, and physical drill, and sweating, and speechmaking, we all went off to tea.

Snips and Snaps.

Remark of full private, overheard yesterday: "Hi, d'ye hear me lookin' at ye?"

They're having a spoon race to-day. Spooning is certainly popular. It isn't fair.

Anxious parents have been enquiring if the health of the camp is good. Very, so far as we can learn, except for some heart affections amongst the officers, particularly-----

Rev. Mr. Cooper was observed ~~making~~ mending the trousers of the canteen officer yesterday; we suppose he used the thread of his discourse.

All his old friends were delighted to see ex-Captain "Dicky" M'Kee in camp yesterday, home on a visit from South America. Fresh and well he looks; he's flying about on a tri-car to-day at the risk of his neck, but we suppose he doesn't mind "revolutions"

We had a football match in camp last night. Millisle versus the Camp. We one, but unfortunately the other fellows four.

Mr. Boyle drove down town in a mowrah to-day. He wanted some tea for the officers' mess, and decided that if the tea wouldn't come to the Boyle, the Boyle would----you know.

"Screech" Competition.

This has aroused great interest, and there have been numerous entries. Most competitors intruded too many words; it is important to note that the answer should contain as little more than the name used as possible. The attempt adjudged the best is that of Lee. Cpl. N. Coleman, 26th Company, whose answer was: "Because Mr. M'Keekan"

The battalion had a route march this forenoon in the direction of Carrowdore, returning by the seashore. The distance was covered at a good pace, although at times the step was too short to be comfortable for the officers and staff-sergeants in rear. The battalion returned to camp at 12.30.

"The man what blows the whistle
Rules the Roost"

The Editor will welcome suggestions for the name of the next camp paper; these may be sent to him at any time.