

THE CRIME AT MOINDAH FOLLOWS.

Methinks you've heard of Camp Moindah
From Div. Headquarters flung afar
And of its inmates, gallant crew
A Colonel, Officers, Sappers too
Who slaved all day in sun and heat
Making all camps clean and neat.

'Twas in among this motley few
There strode two kings of dullish hue,
Theirs was indeed a pleasant life
No jealousy was ever rife
But each took other for his worth,
And lived as equal lords of earth.

But out of ranks there rose the thirst
Of men who seeking to be first
Would plunge their hands in murder red
So greed for power could be fed
And on their bloody victims build
A friendship that in time might yield.

But first must gather forces vile.
Men of whom no crime defile,
Cocks and Batmen and such ilk
With hearts of crows beneath their silk
Gather round you craven beasts,
Today a death; Tomorrow feast.

So came the hour when plot was fair
And hirelings with intent were there
To flick with knife the narrow thread
That fastens life to living head
While their masters deep in guile
Would shelter in their tents awhile.

The fatal hour was in gloom
The kings, unconscious of their doom
On pillowed bed were resting fast
When Death came in with icy blast.
Sir Healy with a ghoulish smile
Tore them from their resting pile.

And not the ever fickle crowd
With no'er a tear, full cry aloud
Death to them this very eve
Yet just before this coil they leave
We'll thrust in front in vicious hate
She, when each had sought to mate".

Out sprang Sir Bougen, slavish cur
And laying greasy hands on her
Did toss her down for fateful chop
And for awhile did talking stop
When humane trait of mem'ry past
Caused axe to fall from drunken grasp

Down fell the axe from inches height
But ere it reached its end of flight
Across the throat stretched taut in pain
The blood gushed forth in crimson stain
She staggered to her feet near dropping
Sir Bougen gazed with eyes a-popping

Leapt forth Sir Owens of cricket fame
Long live his house, long live his name
He could not see her writhing there
While boneless crowd did stand and stare
With firmly hand her legs did grasp
And blow did give her final gasp.

Sir Bougen hung his head in shame
They called Sir Sefton new by name
That he of portly heavy guts
Should do the two remaining cuts,
But Sir Sefton flexed his muscle
And moved along without a bustle.

Step by step with fiendish stare
Upon the kings who lying there
Could only plead without much hope
That hands to do the job of rope
Would treat their bodies in a while
With honour and a little style.

So grasping each full round the throat
He did awhile his victims gloat.
Then moving swiftly as a dart
While eye could barely see him start
The kingly lives at last he wrecks
He tears the heads from off their necks

So now at night when darkness falls,
Amid the clatter of ping-pong balls
A sound of footfalls fills the night
Of flurried wings in rushing flight
You hear the whisper near and far
Tis the ghosts of fowls at Camp Moindah

FACTS??

Our editorial of last week raised a storm of controversy. Scores of letters were received on the question of being sent back to New Zealand. There was not one correspondent however who would consider going home before tomorrow. You will remember that the editorial wound up with a question "are we mice or are we men?". The consensus was "Mice". A very rude and detailed opinion from the OG as to what he thought we were has been burned...

ODE TO HEALY

Every eve I bring the flowers
Flowers for the table rare
From the storm of criticism
Oh I pray the please do spare.

In among those pretty petals
Is a hope thats fond and true,
In my next reincarnation
I can be a pansy too.

For if I could be a flower
With a scent so rare and cute.
Then no more need wash my tootsies
Or put powder in my beak....