

THE PEOPLES VICE.

Published every decade

Mon. 17 May 43

by
"H.Q. DIV. ENCS."

"Last with the latest always."

EDITORIAL.

An appeal should be made to the Army and Civil authorities with a view to settling the mosquito menace. When we volunteered for army service and later applied to be transferred to New Caledonia we were told that we were heroes; Of what are heroes made? Achilles was a hero, but had a fatal weakness, his heel. So it is with us. We have our heels, excluding for the moment the rank and file, and in these heels our evident pests. There are two methods by which the question can be settled. Firstly..Treat the mosquito with cold disdain. Be completely oblivious of his advances and show by your actions that his presence is not wanted. The mosquito is sensitive to ridicule and uncharitableness and if his rushes and best efforts are replied to by comments of not even having noticed them he will eventually retire looking very red and uncomfortable. If however you find he is the small pin pricking type that eventually gets under your skin the next scheme is suggested. This is the education of the mosquito..Text books tell us that the mosquito is active only between the hours from sunset to sunrise. Now.. the average mosquito is not aware of this. but continues through the daylight hours. Could not a school be set up for the education of the mosquito. Fair play and social ethics could be of necessity be drilled into him and definite hours of activity arranged. A splendid suggestion would be perhaps to make the school a night school; Say from 6pm to 11pm by which time we could all be safely under our nets...

LOCAL NEWS.

Spr. GEORGE, BOUGEN can take a fair amount of pin-pricking, but of needle pricking George was heard to say "it gets under my skin and I go cold all over".
S/Sgt. GARDNER and Cpl. VELLE are attending a jungle course. Their form and nature make them strangely suitable for such education. An effort by the editor to look up their family tree was only successful to the point of being showered by nuts.
Spr. MCKENZIE (Wee Mac) was seen recently drinking a liquid one evening which upon examination proved to be water..

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 that's 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....

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MESS PARADES...Lesson 3..
by the Chief SLUSKEY.

Continued... After receiving a half of what should be served, men will face their original front and following Spr. Matchett move off smartly for the Mess Room. A certain atmosphere and agitation, ever present in an engineers mess, must be glossed over. After the dirt and grease has been removed with the palm of the hand from the mess table tops the plate first to be used may be placed down with the other plate two inches nearer the centre of the table. At no time however are the plate edges to be more than four inches apart. The eating utensils will be found to slip easily into this space in the following order; fork; knife and spoon. The next movement is to take the cup firmly in the right hand and move over to the northern mess wall. Here will be found a dixie containing a little warm water with twelve to fifteen tealeaves in it. There usually are eight leaves floating and the remainder at the bottom. Change the cup from the right hand to the left and retrieving the tea dipper from the bottom of the dixie commence to fill the cup. This will be accomplished to a background of rude remarks relative to the time being taken. Returning to the table, sit down and wait for the milk and sugar. Owing to the lapse of time, Spr. Harrison being mess orderly, instruction beyond this point cannot be given..., THE END..

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

- Do you wear your meat ticket ?
- Did you have any fowl ?
- Who drinks out of the dipper ?
- Do you owe Spr. Fell any cash?
- I wouldn't kill the fowls ?
- I wouldn't do their washing ?
- Why isn't Spr, Bougen. G. on the gas course ?

PROMOTIONS AND AWARDS

Spr. GRANT. R. D.C.O.R.
 For his gallant efforts to join the wreckers association at his present rate of improvement Spr. Grant will be able to sit for his driving permit at a very early date.
 Spr. Harrison. / B?B?
 For his consistent efforts to remain the worst of a bad bunch of mess orderlies. Spr. Harrison believing that cleanliness is next to Godliness remains an Atheist....

SCORE-DOERS HANDICAP

For week ending 15 May 1943	
Spr. BOUGEN. G.	18 points
Spr. STEVENS. O.	17 "
Scores so far being	
Spr. HARRISON. W.	21 points
Spr. MATCHETT. J.	18 "
Spr. BOUGEN. G.	18 "
Spr. STEVENS. O.	17 "
Spr. FELL. R.	6 "

ARE YOU A GAS MAN ????????