

THE PEOPLES VICE

Published every decade

by

HQ DIV ENGS

Mon. 21 June 43

"Last with the latest always"

EDITORIAL

'The tumult and the shouting dies, the captains and the kings depart'. In this case it was a Colonel. To all the humble servants who laboured so well for the going..we salute you..To all who assisted in the packing...we shall cherish you.Knowing the personnel of the HQ Div Engs for what they are,we can only wonder that the Colonel does not go home for a rest at least every month.Bon voyage, and to repeat the words of a contemporary rag we say.. "May we benefit by your absence"

THOUGHTS

As I lay beneath my net,
And gaze out at the sky,
I muse on what things
Might have been,
If only I'd been wise
And not just lived for
pleasure.

If perhaps I'd married young
Had children by the score;
Then I'd not be taking part
In this confounded war,
But simply adding.

If perhaps I'd been a girl
With men to charm at will
I'd be living safe at home,
And never pay a bill.
If he was worth it.

Maybe if I'd been a chap
Who ploughs Dame Nature's
breast
I'd be making butterfat
Enjoying my untroubled rest
Instead of swatting mossies

My thoughts as of to sleep
My weary senses drag me
Tomorrow is another day
And if I'm really depey
I shall dream again...

There is a rumour abroad to the effect that Batty Healy dropped a set of teeth into the pool on partaking of his bimonthly wash.
.....'Twas false..

PONY EXPRESS..There is no support for the home to tent mail service inaugurated by G.G(Pony) Gardner.This service is for the officers only..

Greaser Akins is prepared to loan his pool to any poor fish who cannot find a better 'ole

'Tis true that Ockoy's bure hole was nearly a bury hole.

It panes us to relate that a frame up became a frame down when a stronger draught than usual came through the draughting room

There is a bid for building contracts between Blaster Veale and Joe Kaiser..The QUESTION at the moment is whether Blaster can pull up a flag..

CONTRIBUTIONS

(ANY VIEW EXPRESSED IN THE FOLLOWING ITEMS IS NOT)
NECESSARILY THE TRUTH..WE ONLY THINK IT IS

Composed and written by a Gentlemans Gentleman.

It is not without considerable shame and horror that the local branch of the F.B.I.report the sadistic tendencies of the new crime clique which has risen to blot the scutcheon of our fair city.An agent of the F.B.I.at the risk of torture exquisitely reminiscent of the middle ages has unfolded a story of sheer unparalled horror.The members of this clique,or as they term themselves,"The Fireworshippers Guild"indulge in orgies of such horrific tendencies that we hesitate to offend the susceptibilities of our fair readers;sufficient be it to say that among their rites they propitiate their idols by sacraficial offerings of flesh and blood consumed on an alter of fire.These misguided individuals are no doubt a throwback to their cannibalistic forefathers.This gang of depraved and disgusting morons rightly earn the censure of the other inmates of the camp..



G O N E

ROUTE MARCHES

Absolutely no attention was paid to this paper's protest in regard to route marching and the programme was carried out as scheduled. 'A' group moved off briskly at 0740 hrs on Mon.14.They returned,not so briskly,at 1040 hrs..A bloody poor show.The best performers were Wo-one Jim and Bigger Ball 'B' group stepped out on the following Wed 16.Led over the hour by the Square-headed B--and the Golden Cherub.They were dragged home by Pony Gardner and Brother Alfio.A good show on the part of Little Willie who insisted on a 1 mph limit..

ODD CASES

Joe the Matchett sat on a stool
Joe the Matchett had a great fall
All the Kings soldiers
When laughter was gone
Couldn't help Joseph to pick up
his scene..

Mirror, mirror on the wall
Who is the fairest of us all
Said the mirror "Why that joker"
"They call Snow, the son of Coker".
"He's the fairest here by far"
"Dimpled cheeks, eyes like stars"
"Pinkish figure, straight & tall"
"He's the fairest of you all"..
"Tod of Nazareth"

LOCAL NEWS

The anti-climax
or
The O.Cs return.

It would appear that our
airmail does not like too
much air too often..

To Silent George goes the
credit of a new formula for
ridding his blanket of fleas

K 9 P.

Thanks Mr. Allen.

Little Alfie has found a
new method of sweeping the
mess floor;..just cover it
with two inches of sand.



--- BUT NOT --- F O R G O T T E N .

ODDMENTS

"B" group was hurt..while this fine group of the Jolly Hikers Club were tripping along the Route Coloniale No.1 a cold-blooded RSM swept by. A rapid computation by We-one Jim was that 3 persons in one truck with a speed limit of 10 mph = 30 mph.

A full and detailed report of the latest route march will be published in our next issue. We are assigning a man to go with the next party and his comments will no doubt make interesting reading... (Providing that he does ever come back)

MAN OF TARATAHI

Composed and written by Allanson..sorry..Sapper Allanson

There's a tent at Moindah..Taratahi.
Not a man in it would e'er tell a lie.

They are all the hard workers, and none of them shirkers,
They will drink almost anything, even rye.

First there is Ally; bright engineer
Drinking too much of his Cascade Beer
Goes to all tents very tight, pulls them out in the night,
Oh'what a cad is this engineer.

And then there's our man Corporal Veale,
Thinking he has every man under his heel,
Poor old chap broke his wrist, didn't do it while pist,
But while attempting a right wheel.

Next in line is old Bob Fell.
At Slippery he does very well,
Cambridge news he reads aloud, to annoyance of the crowd
Yes, to us this is fair Hell.

and now the other Taratahi rat.
This sapper is known as Pat.
On the Flute he's a lerner, but we think he's a snakecharmer,
and wish he would use the flute as a bat..

Ken be careful, tonight you must heed
The deadly allurements of insidious wood,
And too much indulging you pals will tell you
Though sweet at the moment, will soon change your hue.
So Kenneth, remember, the slippery paths
To brimstone and fire are paved by cigars.
Your coughing and choking, indelicate noise.
Cigars are for men; not innocent boys...



I'M A KING --- I HOLD UP MY ---