

THE PEOPLES VICE.

Published every decade

by
HQ.DIV.ENGS.

Mon.26 June 43

"Last with the latest always"

EDITORIAL

The much vexed topic of leave has once again raised its hoary head. It would appear that at the present rate of progress each OR (mark ye well the classification) will obtain leave of seven days once every 1068 days or 2.91780559563yrs. Speaking for the men in this camp who do not give a ????????? about leave (much) we can suggest alternatives that would be of little cost to the army and give that much needed rest to the war-grimed lads of the Division. Using this camp as an example, and realising that the New Zealand Government are spending in the vicinity of £153,000,000-19-4½ per annum on war alone (mostly on shirts for the 3rd Div) we suggest that some further £100 or so will make little difference. With this sum divided among the men, and by closing the camp down for a week, they could all scam (horrid word) off to, say-Houailou. There may be a little difficulty in recovering the little fellows after the holiday was over, and so far we have no remedy for that fault, but after all, we can only be expected to make suggestions, not also to carry them out.

? ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY ?

Formation of the

"FRATERNITY OF TORN SHIRTS"

To be a member of this select body all you need to do is to forward particulars of the state of your shirts and enclose with your application a sum of ~~£~~1. This amount goes to defray the cost of this advertisement. Applicants are then classified under the following headings.

BUM.....Two shirts beyond repair.
TRAMP....One shirt beyond repair.
HOBO.....Shirts torn, but usable.

WRITE IN NOW.

LOCAL NEWS

We mourn with Silent George the loss of one of his babies

Owing to the shortage of balls the ping-pong table stands as a eunuch white elephant.

The gale was postponed owing to unfavourable weather conditions..

All arrangements have been completed for evacuation by HQ personnel at the seat of Berchtesgaden.

ADMIRAL JOHN.

John was an officer, brave and bold. The army's pride so far,
But he said "I'll reign on the rolling main

As I do at Camp Moindah!"

And as he paced his little craft, he gazed o'er the rising tide
Where the ocean rose and the ocean fell,

And his tummy heaved inside.

Then he cried "Yo-Ho, and away we'll go,

Come aboard merry men with me,

And we'll take this craft, let it storm or blast,

Up the coastal sea."

So they sailed away that very day, and the waves began to rise

But the crew so slick were very sick,

And were hanging o'er the side.

Then he cried "See here. My crew so queer,

This day you must wait for me.

For while I reign on the rolling main

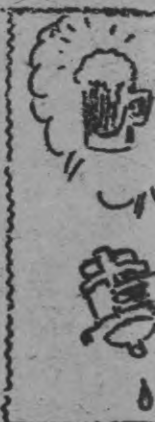
I'll be second to none," said he.

Then he heaved away with his crew so gay,

And the night began to fall.

Then he hoisted his pips to the fore of his ship,

And he cried. "We're Commandos all."



A fishin' expedition from this camp recorded once again the Fishermens Lament "A wet 'ass' and no fish". A do or die effort was 'Russian Ives' contribution, but there was a definite lack of esprit de corps exemplified when Tojo Ally said "I'm n-not t-that bl-blo-bl-. I'm n-not th-that bl-bl-bloody hun-hungry."

BOMBS & WHAT HAVE YOU.

Starting with a bang this week is the Bomb Disposal Course. This is controlled, operated and instructed by the Minister of Mines, Paddy Webb, and the Russian Ambassador, Ivan Skivansky. All personnel taking part in these courses are timed to fall in at 0755 hrs. They are then elevated to a plane where they are fully charged with their duties and infused with ideas that explode an old theory. Thus loaded with the facts of life and death, they are released to discharge at odd moments. Hence the report in this paper.

Often mystified and fascinated by the queer actions of Sapper Allanson we now see the naked truth, and are no longer mystified but still fascinated...



QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

Why didn't you get leave ?
Are you a tramp ?
Do you talk in your sleep ?
Are you a bum ?
Who paid the milk bill ?
What happened to our beer ?
Do you go to church ?
Are you a hebe ?
Does the dog lick your dish ?
Why don't you get up ?

We now have a Cpl. Coulam.
On bomb disposal to school'em
You can tell by his eyes,
That most of it's liea
But hopes nevertheless to
fool'em

They listen to our Cpl. Coulam
His words and actions rule'em
Many notes see them cram,
So on the day of exam
They all get together and
pool'em

THIS SPACE WAS RESERVED FOR A HA-HA, JOLLY-GOOD-SHOW, NICE-WORK, GLAD-I-MISSED-IT; COLLECT ON THE ROUTE MARCHERS, BUT YOUR ABLE EDITOR LEARNS WITH MISGIVINGS THAT THEY (MEANING THE MARCHES, NOT THE MARCHERS) ARE TO BE A REGULAR FEATURE OF OUR TRAINING

A MONK'S ELEGY WRITTEN IN A MOINDAH MONASTERY

In that old monastic hide-out
Proudly titled Priory Hall,
Can be found five monks devot-
ing
Their days to thought and toil.

These monks from choice do
dwell there
Far away from lust and sin.
Forsaking all the pleasures
Of women, cards and gin.

But, Sceptic, please remember
That in the days gone by
These monks have known the rap-
tures
For which most men would die.

The thrill of waiting anxiously
The toss of cards to tell
Whether you will be a million-
aire,
Or shirt you'll have to sell.

They too have known the reck-
less
Joys of being properly soused;
And the subsequential tortures
When throbbing head is doused.

They have felt the rapturous
thrills
Of man's desire let loose;
The ecstasy of a maid held
close;
The taste of forbidden fruit.

But ere these monks had gone
too far
On the way that leads to Hell
The Lord, He spoke to them one
word
Which meant new life - 'NECAL

And so their hearts resolved
and firm,
With true religious fervour,
They journeyed to that prom-
ised land
Forsaking worldly pleasure

And now on balmy tropic nights
When ere the sun has set.
The monks you'll find a'praying
Their souls for to be blessed

But though the monks seem
bright and gay
Their hearts do truly yearn,
For all the joys they left
behind
Their noble lives to learn.

For they have found, that after
all
The things that make life
fine
Are just the things they can-
not get.

Yes --- Women,
Song,
and
Wine..

The huge profits made by the Canteen are well shown by the huge building now being erected on a corner section at Camp Moindah. Covering four acres and towering six stories high it is a monument to the business acumen of Ockey Stevens...