

THE PEOPLES VICE

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by

* HQ DIV ENGS *

* Last with the latest always *

EDITORIAL

Once again the peace and tranquility of our camp is to be desecrated by the metley throng of seekers after knowledge. Once again will our hitherto phlegmatic Ockey raise his tear-filled eyes and gesticulating arms to the heavens and mouth curses and maledictions upon the heads of the company ration corporals. Once again the cooks will ferret among the growing piles of discarded rations to produce weird and wonderful concoctions such as the eyes of man have never seen before. Once again will the comfort-loving members of HQs show their appreciation of all things by their ululant cries. Yet, bombs by any other name are still bombs, and so must be lectured on. Far be it from us to dictate the policy of the Engineers, though we rest content in the knowledge that we can do so. We would concede in all generosity that bombs, whether disposed to be bombs or bombs to be disposed, are still bombs, and come under the heading of dangerous, -bloody dangerous. Yet the instructors from New Zealand manage, by guile and pretence, to lure keenly ambitious young officers, commission-seeking sergeants, three-stripe-seeking corporals and pleasure-seeking sappers to the School of Bombing. Whether it be the suave charm of the Big-Chief instructor, or the naive spoutings of his lowly assistant we do not presume to state; but whatever it be that emanates the lure, ... they come, ... they learn, ... they forget. It gives one a cause to wonder at the fascination of toying with fate. Is it the careless laugh of heroes who do and die of whom we read but never see? is it the long awaited chance to visit the home and shrine of Engineers HQ? is it a misguided faith in the knowledge of the instructors' skill? or have they just been told to come ???

Tender Tuesday was the 13 th July for it marked the birthday of your Editor. Thanks are still being expressed to the Doctor and Nurse. The seven days have long since elapsed and visitors are welcome at the home. Please bring a bottle.

EQUALITY

We're in this army so 'tis told
To fight for precious things.
Democracy, Equality, So lift your head and sing.
When the beer comes round, don't you talk or frown,
If you miss your place in the sun,
For the officers bold get five bottles cold,
To the rankers only one.

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Of course you're tired at the end of the day,
And your throat is parched and dry.
But remember clear as you tippie your beer,
Your's not to reason why.
For all the time you slave and grime,
In the pulse of the tropic sun,
That the officers bold work five hours cold,
To the rankers meagre one.

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So the day will come, when you're through with fun,
And with your blood an icy sap.
Your heart beats a trip; there's a prayer on your lip,
You're taking first bead on a Jap.
Now though it seems wrong, that you've waited so long.
For the chance to use your gun,
'Till the officers bold have knocked five Japs cold,
Can the rankers pot-shot at one.

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Behold the trainees,
They rise early in the morning,
Mighty are their preparations,
They go forth full of hope;
And when the night is far spent
They returneth,
Smelling of sweet bodies,
and the strength is not in them.

I once had a yarn with
a Colonel.
And we talked on matters
int Colonel.
He dismissed with a
laugh
Any faults in his staugh
Though really it's simply
in Colonel.

It is with a certain amount of fears for the future that we record Ocky's partnership with Brother Alfie. We can look forward to even less service than before, if such is possible

POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

A 1943 version of that ever popular party game, 'Postman's Knock' has been introduced by Sgt. Civil. The rules have been altered to suit the requirements of troops and can be played by all ranks. There is a total disregard for convention or property, which adds a new dash and sparkle to the game.

A general survey of the rules gives the information that the first requirement is a second-hand badly-broken-down Jeep and the second, a scatterbrained driver. Load the vehicle with parcel mail and steer an eccentric course for the cookhouse. A speed of 15 MPH must be maintained at all times. When five yards from the cookhouse the driver must attempt a pleasing glissade to either right or left. The idea being to remove any one of the corner posts without bringing the roof down about your ears. The Jeep must remain unscathed. Total demolition of the cookhouse is considered bad form. On completion of a successful manoeuvre the driver calls 'Strike one' and then bursts into maniacal laughter. All debris must be removed before daylight.

A brilliant effort by Sgt. Civil was recorded on Sat. night last. As the attempt was not official it cannot be claimed as a record.

We welcome to our happy hunting grounds two new faces. In actual fact, they are not new faces, for the owners have had them for some years. They are, however, new to us. So we say 'Hy ya' to Holmes Sam (of no relationship to 'Home James' of ribald song fame,) and Vic Mahan (no relationship to the 'Old Vic' 'though tis said by Wee Mac that he knows of a 'Hoots Mon..serry). Vic is the little? littlish? littler? blicke and Sam the other chappie.... Both lads are from good south island stock, or as good as south island stock can be, but we do not suggest that it should be held against them. In welcoming them to this home of greatness we would ease their paths by a few words of advice. Remembering always 'that a stitch in time saves nine (nine what, we have never found out) we say..' No doing of the scone, no swearing, full courtesy to N.C.Os especially Lance Corporals, and in a matter of days you will be as unhappy as we are and even more crazy. Live well by the unit motto. 'Esprit De Corps' meaning 'Over my dead body'..

SOLDIERS TEN COMMANDMENTS.

- (1) Thou shalt not scrounge, neither shalt thou swing the lead, lest thy shadow be brought to light of day.
- (2) Thou shalt not take the name of the Commanding Officer, the Intelligence Officer, the Field Officers, or any other Officer in vain, or thou shalt have thy name inscribed on 'Offence Report' and plead thereby.
- (3) Honour the name of thy pay sergeant all the days of thy life, so that thy credits may be sound.
- (4) Thou shalt not fill thyself up with beer and annoy the sergeant-major lest thy noise be ceased by 10 pm.
- (5) Five and one half days shalt thy labour, and on the sixth and seventh do twice as much.
- (6) If it come to pass that thy soul and the sweat of thy brow cause mention of thee in Routine Orders as being elevated to the dizzy heights of Lance-Corporal, even though it be temporary, acting and unpaid, let thy thanks be humble.
- (7) Thou shalt not take unto thyself a comrades kit or his cash, neither shalt thou borrow when the owner be not present, lest thy sins be visited on thee by the quickness of the hand that blacketh the eye.
- (8) Thou shalt not fritter away thy worldly goods by the playing of poker or betting on any sport, lest the voice of the Sergeant-Major be heard, saying, 'Render unto me thy oods, and leave thy monies where they lyeth'.
- (9) Thou shalt not grumble at thy food or thy drink or anything else that the Army giveth thee.
- (10) And when it shall come to pass that thy time art expired, thou shalt embark for thy home. There thou shalt take unto thyself strange garments and be known as a 'civvy'. And thou shalt study the dele and the drawing thereof, and for many moons thou shalt take it easy and rest from thy labours. Yea.....and it was so...

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR.

The new C.R.A. ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
Sailing when ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
Going where. ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
Where are the packing cases ?

'FRATERNITY OF TORN SHIRTS'

Enrollments to date are....
BUES ----- 965
TRAIPS ----- 888
HOBOS ----- 564
TOTAL -- 2417