

THE PEOPLES VICE

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by

"HQ DIV ENGS"

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"Last with the latest always"

EDITORIAL.

Yesterday was Sunday...Yesterday I returned from the hall of pain and suffering...Yesterday I walked again the quiet streets of Moindah Camp...Yesterday I passed the silent room of draughting that has so many memories for me...and then to the Orderly Room. This was not the place I knew..It seemed almost to come to life..almost...as all the memories came flooding back to me...and now..I am here again, viewing the things that have changed so much..was it just a week ago? that I left? You have all changed..gone the way of all faults the things that were found wrong that day..I see order where chaos reigned..I see activity where was peace..It all means that I am no longer of this world....

I SEE ALL THE MORE CLEARLY NOW..that all the joys we so often planned together can never be. Now HE has come. Nothing in our lives can ever be complete without the freedom that we fought for and gained. I know that we shall ever live in fear. that we can never live again the free way to which we were born..could there ever be lasting peace for us? I know now as I see the threat to our future that we have no choice but to carry on and start again..will there ever be a day of consistency? when thousands like us will relax in a world of ease..will fear ever go from our hearts? will the torture of long days ever pass? ..In the meantime do as you are told..alter this and that...build here and there ...baths, showers, mess halls, ...but tomorrow..prepar... tomorrow..tomorrow comes the revolution....

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

Why don't WE get hot water?
What happened to the training?
The date is now the 3rd Sept.?
Who was carried home?
Who got drunk at the races?
Who is not going on the Officers mess?

"FRATERNITY OF TORN SHIRTS"

Enrollments to date are..
BUMS 1234
TRAMPS 1111
HOBOS 1000
TRAMPS 3345
FLASH .Since going to press there has been an issue of four shirts to the 3 Div..

C A M P S P E C I A L S

The first steps towards the erection of the Municipal Baths are proceeding behind a screened enclosure at the western corner of the camp. Fully equipped with duckboards, handbasins, shelves and a heater it is receiving careful trial every night. We suggest that the water could be carried from the heater to the basin by a hyphon. sorry, syphon. The enclosure was erected by Patterson-Kelvin, McKenzie-John, and Hohneek-Ernest.

We are sorry to report that Blaster Veale and Grandpa Fell have gone the way of all flesh. They have succumbed to the wiles of the Bomb Disposal Organisation, and daily may be seen wending their way towards the schoolroom.

A plebiscite will be shortly held for the troops to vote on the following questions.....Do you desire..

Pictures as promised ?

Pictures you cannot see ?

Pictures you cannot hear ?

Pictures filmed in 1910 ?

No pictures at all ?

S P O R T S

A seven-a-side football match was played between the "Monks Reps." and the "Vealities" on Sunday. A huge crowd of two massed on the sidelines to witness the game of the season. For the winners Brother Alfie, suddenly finding the ball in his hands collapsed, but luckily happened to be over the opponents goalline. Still dazed by his good fortune he then proceeded to put the kick over. Stodge Sefton for the losers, scored the first try of his career, but was too tired to score the extra points. The play was of a pleasingly high standard; all players chasing the ball, all the time, all over the place, all to no purpose. Highlights of the game were; Encouraging remarks to the referee from Butch, and Grandpa Fell's positional play, mostly on the hands and knees,. Both teams totally collapsed at the final whistle.

One of the pathetic sights ever to sadden the heart of man is shown in Toiler Grant's refusal to keep pace with the times. Competition is keen in the taxi world, and hour after hour Toiler stands by his cab while 'alf-a-mo Patterson with cheaper rates and modern service collects all the fares.

TOPICAL RHYMES

Stoogey Sefton joined the boozers
Helped to drink their beer.
Showed them how to open bottles,
Quite devoid of fear.
"Hold the bottles close together"
"Watch, my merry singers".
Off, came the bottle top.
With it went his fingers.

Sgt. Coulam sweetly smiling,
Scorned the fleeing time.
Wo-one Jimmy warned him gently,
Time to rise and shine.
Ginger Terry helped to rouse him,
Jimmy spurred him on.
Flat on back, with bed upon him,
Ivan did his scene.

The gentle corporal, Theodolite
Ken,

Orderly Corporal sublime.
Doing his duty, waking the camp,
Telling the sappers the time.
Went into Mecca, lifting the net,
From a long gingery dial.
Angry Bob chased the sad corporal
Threatening action vile.

Brother Alfie cleaned the tanks,
On a winter's morn.
When he'd finished rubby-scrubby,
All the rust was gone.

Silent Snow, we called this fellow
Never said a word.
On the trip up to the races,
Snow was never heard.
But he sampled wines and spirits,
Champagne he did try.
Coming back o'er din of traffic,
Was Snow's voice, raised on high.

S'FACT

We have it on the very
BEST OF AUTHORITY that
the 3 Div will shortly
be moved to the isle of
Sicily to act as garrison
troops under the leader-
ship of Rt. Hon. Walter
Nash.

That there is no short-
age of man-power for the
position of C.R.E.

That the contestants
for the position of the
C.R.E. tossed for it.
1st Prize THE JOB.
2nd. " THE NEW CAR.
3rd. " TOILER GRANT.

That we are not going
home yet.

That the new Jeep driv-
er is not always in the
best of moods at 9 pm.

That the rumour about
the large body of troops
was meant to announce the
return of Cpl. Hohneck.

That all the work on
the compressor truck was
doomed to bloom unseen by
the 37 Fd Park.

That Pony Gardner's
fame does not lie in his
ability to drive a bull-
dozer.

ALLY'S SILLYCQUE

I'm sick of idly playing cards,
Through gloomy nights and days.
Observing with a weary eye,
That gambling never pays.
I think perhaps there's much to win,
At least there's right good cheer.
I'll risk the chance of wayward sin,
Tonight I'm going on the beer.

My friends may lift their hands on high,
Their eyes with shock amaze.
Their disapproval I defy,
I find indifference pays.
I view them through a beery haze,
My troubles disappear.
Whatever fuss they choose to raise,
Tonight I'm going on the beer.

Pick me up my gallant crew,
My tent's so far away.
Carry me home and let me stew.
Until the break of day.
Such loads of Cascade I did drink,
My eyes are dimmed with tear.
The depths to which my soul can sink.
Tonight I'm going on the beer..

LOCAL NEWS

An interesting display of flame throwing was given by the one and only Spike Bougen during the past week. The show was held in the cookhouse and went off with a bang. Had it not been for the coolness and calmness of purpose displayed by Wo-one Jim, Spike's bid for fame may have been his last. When all seemed lost however, Wo-one Jim retained sufficient puff to call plaintively "George, come to me".

Stung by the attention paid to Spike's effort, Greaser Akins attempted an even more spectacular show. Held in the "vehicularium" it was a novel demonstration of flame throwing and fire walking. A very nervous but appreciative audience voted the show noteworthy for its speed and effect..