

THE PEOPLES VICE

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* HQ DIV ENGS *

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"Last with the latest always"

EDITORIAL

We deplore the insidious manner by which the authorities are endeavouring to introduce Prohibition into the Army. The individual soldier would far prefer the open handed method of correction than the cure by torture. We refer, of course, to the latest issue of so-called beer... "Beer, beer, glorious beer" so the old song has it, but where is thy glory now? It has faded and died... It gives us cause to wonder that the consumers have not done likewise. Previous to the introduction of Cascade Beer? there was a lot to be said for the habit of tipping. Certain enjoyments could be claimed as the drinkers rights and privileges; but now, all that has gone. What have we in their place?... A bottle of liquid with the appearance of beer; but remove the top and what happens? There gushes forth in an irresistible flow a cloud of froth and bubbles. With a little bad fortune one can finally direct this burst into a glass and when the energy is spent enjoy the view of three inches of amber coloured liquid. Let us gloss over the the ritual of 'chin-chin' 'skin of your nose' 'good luck' etc, and the raising of the glass to the lips.... but the full grim story of the remainder must be told... A spasm as of death passes over the features, fluttering hands gripe wildly from throat to stomach marking as they do the painful descent of the poison. The head sags wearily from the shoulders, nerve wracking shudders, painful to watch, shake the frame, groans of anguish force themselves between clenched teeth and compressed lips. Is this what we are fighting for? So that the manufacturers of perfectly good furniture polish can sell it as fit for human consumption.... Oh death where is thy sting?..

A clever trio of American artists entertained members of Div Area this week. This being the second occasion on which the Americans have provided us with a good show. Next week we are promised with a further exhibition of American stage-craft.

AUNT DOROTHY'S CORNER

DEAR AUNT DOROTHY...Could you solve a problem which keeps me awake at night and haunts me during the day. During the past month I have received the following from a certain lady.

- (1) Three large cakes (postage on each 4/-)
- (2) At least six magazines
- (3) Many newspapers and sweets.
- (4) One pair knitted socks.
- (5) One pair super knitted mittens.
- (6) One large hand knitted special model scarf.

The last item arrived this morning by express letter mail (1/6) Maybe in my youth I was not told all the things a "young man" should know, but it is not too late and I am willing to learn. The only reason I can think of why I should receive these is that this Division is to move to the South Pole. Maybe you think otherwise so please will you reassure a young subaltern and tell him what he should do so that his days and nights may cease being haunted...Yours expectantly..CHRISTCHURCH.

DEAR CHRISTCHURCH...First of all I should like to congratulate you in your knowledge that she is a certain lady; so few things in life are certain these days, more so with the U.S.A. menace in N.Z. The sending of the cakes was obviously an effort to bind you together, but, if the break had to come, there were the magazines to assist you. As for the winter comfies, she evidently looks upon you as a frozen asset and is endeavouring to pull the wool over your eyes. Your remarks concerning the South Pole will no doubt become a reality in the near future when in company with many others you will wish you were. You become a little facetious when you plead as a young subaltern for the facts of life; to quote Winston Churchill "that will be the bloody day".

LOCAL NEWS

We are happy to record the rapid growth of Ally's hair. It would appear that although the soil may have been barren, it was not virgin.

So poor old George Bougen is suffering from blood pressure, Well, well, does that make your blood boil ?.

Brother Alfie also makes a profit on the R.A.P.. He leaves in the truck for the Doctor, with cases of mild nature on board and arrives there with major casualties of whom very few could be classified as walking wounded.

THE CONFERENCE

I've penned you songs of gonophones, of other comforts too.
Of seats which we call holers, of latrines with a view.
But now the need to splash a line, of the Army's greatest sin.
When into our Camp Mcindah, came one-holers made of tin.

Their form was small and beautiful, they nestled close to
ground.
The sides were short, the open port, fashioned for buttocks
round.

Yet for all the grace & charm, appealment had no lust.
For all the side, the top, the seat, were covered deep in rust.

The sight of these new comforts, raised a stir among the high.
Officers came from far & near, their beauties to espy.
They stood about in circles, tongues wagged, long and loud.
Still they came, more, yet more, by now t'was quite a crowd.

Crowns there were, and pips a host, they glistened in the sun.
"Something new to talk about, Gad boys; this is fun".
Some frown then smile, some talk and shout, some through the
opening peck.
If it had not been for morning tea, They'd have stayed there
all the week.

The Big Chiefs huddled closer, a decision had been made.
Stepped forth a shyly figure, never let his glory fade.
So firmly and precisely, his face with blood was hot.
He turned about, then gently bent, and on the seat did squat.

The silent crowded circle, could scarce forbear to cheer.
As gallant spirit on the seat, did squirm to fit his rear.
To right, then left, now up, now down, he wriggled inch by inch.
Time stood still, Momentous pause. "Well gentlemen, she's a
cinch".

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

Where is all the packing case timber ?	Sappers with pipes Smoking all day
What type of aeroplane is it ?	Smoking in their beds.
Who hasn't paid their canteen account?	Surely if nature, Wished men to smoke.
No fires to be built near the tents ??	They'd be fitted With chimneys on heads.
Who won the shoot ?	

DIRT

Isn't it a pity, when things are looking pretty,
and the war from day to day is doing fine.
When the weather's getting brighter,
And our burdens getting lighter,
And there'll soon be nothing left for which to pine.
I repeat that it's a pity, that I had to write this ditty,
But the trouble is of course you all will guess.
That at these times so happy,
Sergeant Major makes them crappy,
By putting Butchy Harrison on the Mess.

LOCAL FEWS

We applaud Sapper Healy's efforts in the Officers' Mess
The highlight of course being the mess song. Hanging there
in a halo of its own reflection, it serves as a beacon to
hungry officers staggering over rocks and tufts to the
satisfaction of their bodily needs. Such a pity that the
U.S. is full.

We deplore the wasteful habits of Theodolite Ken. When
we realize that in Europe there are thousands of persons
seeking food and drink we condemn Ken's throwing of cups
of tea at Butch. Tea is such a price too. However, on this
occasion, Butch reciprocated by turning out a nice batch
of scones.

A very formal celebration of the last beer issue was held
at Priory Hall during the past week. No visitors were in-
vited but 'the square-headed B-' happened to be passing by,
when the clink of glasses caused him to no longer pass by.
The sight that greeted his eyes was one to gladden the
hearts of devotees of Bacchus. On a bed were the recumbent
forms of 'Butch' and 'Greaser' wrapped deeply in one ano-
thers' arms. On a chair sagged 'Pony' in his pyjamas with an
empty beer bottle thrust up each leg. Over his wildly swing-
ing head staggered 'Kaiser' and Mrs. Fell alternately pouring
on hair oil and then dressing his hair. Altogether a very
formal gathering. 'The square-headed B-' left early..the
beer had run out..