

# *Le Politique*



**Editorial**  
**Note de l'éditeur**

Pour le dimanche 15 mars 2008,  
Courtiron

Internes, soldats, et conjoints de l'armée Tsiba!

Voici la première d'un magazine qui s'adresse à vous, qui s'adresse à vous tous. Vous vous demandez peut-être ce que signifie le titre: *Le Politique*. "Politique": c'est ce qui a rapport à la vie d'un groupe, à la vie d'un ensemble; c'est-à-dire, ici, à la vie de l'armée. *Le Politique*, c'est votre magazine. Vous y trouverez dans le premier article toutes les annonces officielles: les décrets, les prévisions, les nouvelles concernant l'armée. Ensuite, vous trouverez divers articles sur des faits intéressants, des avis de recherche, des anecdotes, des jeux, des nouvelles générales pour le divertissement et l'intérêt de tous.

Sachez que tout membre de l'armée peut participer à la rédaction du *Politique*. Je vous le conseille vivement d'ailleurs; si vous apprenez où que ce soit quelque chose d'intéressant, si vous trouvez un jeu, si vous connaissez une jolie histoire, écrivez-le, tout sera publié; ensuite enroulez la feuille, puis introduisez-la dans la *Boîte Politique*, vous savez où. Mais surtout ! soldats, évitez d'en parler à qui que ce soit, même à vos confrères de l'armée; ainsi ce sera une surprise pour tous lors que votre article paraîtra.

Dans la mesure du possible, *Le Politique* paraîtra tous les dimanche matins. La *Boîte Politique* sera vidée le samedi midi précédent, donc tout article introduit après cette heure ne paraîtra que le dimanche de la semaine suivante. Il est à savoir également que si jamais la *Boîte Politique* contenait un nombre d'articles trop grand pour un seul numéro, nous nous

verrions obligés d'en garder quelques-uns pour le *Politique* de la semaine suivante.

*Le Politique*, à l'image de son armée, est officiellement bilingue. Cela signifie que les articles peuvent être écrits en français ou en anglais, indifféremment. Cependant, les articles en anglais paraîtront de préférence avec leur traduction.

Une bonne nouvelle pour finir cette annonce politique: le conseil prévoit une campagne en fin juin ! Préparez-vous: pensez tous à votre comportement. Un soldat est un soldat en tout temps: il s'efforce de suivre chaque jour la triple devise de l'armée: courage, bonne humeur et contrôle de sa parole. C'est ainsi que nous pouvons être contents tous ensemble.

Le Général vous observe tous les jours pour choisir ceux qui pourront participer à la grande campagne qui vient! Je souhaite de tout coeur, et je crois, que vous pourrez tous venir; mais faites attention quand même: on ne sait jamais.

Pensez aussi à préparer et à acquérir des badges, qui vous rendront plus utile pour vos camarades, particulièrement pendant la campagne.

Réjouissons-nous d'avance, ô soldats et autres membres de l'armée!

Je vous salue de mon affection,

Votre Général

NB: La participation politique du soldat est un droit, c'est aussi un devoir.

## **Biography of the week: Fanny Crosby**

Fanny Crosby was a Christian lady who lived from 1820 to 1815. She loved the Lord very deeply. From her birth, she was blind. But this did not stop her from being thankful to God.

As a child, she would often sit and listen as her grandmother read her the Bible. By and by, in this way, it is said that she came to know a great deal of the scriptures by heart. This shows that it is really possible for children to know the Bible by heart.

When she was older, she wrote many beautiful hymns (hymns are songs for God) that inspire Christians still today. They help us want to be good. For example: "Take My Life"; do you know it?

When she was eight years old, she wrote this poem:

Oh what a happy soul am I!  
Although I cannot see,  
I am resolved that in this world  
Contented I will be.

How many blessings I enjoy  
That other people don't ;  
So weep and sigh because I'm blind,  
I cannot and I won't.

## *A Tale From the Ancient East*



I am an Indian sage. They all call me the most ancient of all the old sages that are yet alive. In my palace in the middle-East, many come to visit me each day, as I sit under my canopy of the finest silk of the silkworm. They ask me many questions and expose to me many of their plights. Thus it is that I came to know many, many strange tales of faraway lands. I will tell you today the tale of the traveller in the desert.

A lonely Arab journeying through the desert met two merchants lamenting. "You have lost a camel," he said to them. "Alas, we have," they answered, joyfully expecting news from it. "Was he not blind in his right eye and lame in one of his legs?" "He was," said the merchants. "Has he not lost a front tooth?" asked the Arab; and they agreed that it was so. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side and wheat on the other?" he queried.

"Most certainly, he was; please conduct us to him."

"My friends," replied the traveller, "I have never seen your camel; I have never heard of him except from you."

"That's a pretty story to tell us," they said.

"Where are the jewels which our camel carried also?"

It was in vain that the Arab protested he knew nothing of the matter; for the merchants carried him off to the ruling sheik, and charged with having stolen the camel. He was searched, but nothing belonging to the accusers was in his possession.

“Very well,” said the merchants. “Then we charge him with sorcery.” At this the Arab confessed with amusement that there was ground for the suspicion against him. I have lived long and alone, and I find ample scope for observation, even in the desert (he said). I knew I had crossed the track of a camel strayed from its owner because there were no human footstep on the same route. The animal was blind in one eye because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg from the faint impression which one foot had made in the sand.

I imagined that the animal had lost one front tooth because wherever it had grazed a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the centre of his bite.

As to that which formed the load of the beast, ants eating the spilled corn on the side, and the flies clustering on the honey on the other side, told me all I needed to know.

So the traveller with his eyes wide open was sent on his way, a wise and innocent man.

-- *Anonymous*

### *What is good?*

What is really good?  
I asked in musing mood.  
Order, said the law in court;  
Knowledge, said the school;  
Truth, said the wise man;  
Pleasure, said the fool;  
Love, said the maiden;  
Beauty, said the page;  
Freedom, said the dreamer;  
Home, said the sage;  
Fame, said the soldier;  
Equity, said the seer.  
*Spoke my heart full sadly,*  
*'The answer is not here'*  
Then within my bosom  
Softly this I heard:  
Each heart holds the secret,  
Kindness is the word.

-- *James Boyle O'Reilly*



### *The Adventure*

One day there was a man named Sir Moggy. He liked boats; his favorite sport was diving into the blue sea with his diving suits and all his equipment. He loved meeting sharks and teasing them with his dagger. One day, as he was on a trip around the world, he jumped out of the boat and into the blue sea. He met a shark, then he realized that he had forgotten his bottles and his dagger! He suddenly remembered the story of Opossum Jones who had met a shark without a diving suit or bottles, he had layed as strait as a log and the shark, taking no notice of him swam away. This is exactly what Sir Moggy did. The shark, as Sir Moggy had been hoping, swam away. Then he swam with all his might back to the ship. He was puffing and panting for he had no air. When he had gotten changed, he smoked a sigarette on the deck!!! "I am not going back to the sea! I am going straight home!!!!" he said. But little did he know how many things could happen between then and the time he reached home...  
*(to be continued)*

- *Anonymous (Intern I !)*

### *La devinette des animaux*

J'ai donné un nom d'animal à chaque personne de l'armée; ce nom la caractérise. Les voici:

- Une cygogne => la conseillère
- un canard des bois => soldat la queue
- une loutre => Soldat du ciel
- un lion => le général
- un chat => le second
- un hibou => interne 2
- un gorille => interne 1

*De Mariane Fleming*

**La devinette de monsieur Moullet**

Devine les mots que quelqu'un à la mauvaise orthographe a écrits (aucun des mots ne veut dire la même chose qu'une autre):

dé dé ver ver ver mur mur mur po po

*De monsieur Moullet*

**Interesting fact**

Shivering keeps you warm.

**Joke**

What is the rarest living thing? Answer: æÂêæπ ÚμÂÚ

Code:      a=‡          n=Â          u=ê          s=æ          e=Ú  
              h=°          i=π          o=μ          m=f