



Dope and Dust

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THE AWFUL TRUTH.

LIEUTENANT R. GILMOUR is an officer who seldom makes requests - in fact he usually has something useful for our pages. Consequently, our readers can well imagine our feelings when, on Thursday night, on his return from Dumbea, Lieutenant Gilmour popped into the office and asked: "What is the oil?" What could we say. What could we do, but stare blankly and whisper - "we don't know". We could see disappointment written all over his features. After honouring us by dashing straight for our office (he did not go to see the " OLD MAN " - we would like to underline) the dismal ignorance with which we greeted Lieutenant Gilmour was enough to melt the toughest angle iron. ::: WHAT can we do? Here we are, a responsible weekly paper, and do not know what is happening from day to day. We are harrassed by Sappers, Sergeants, WO's, and sometimes Corporals. When we do get " something " we are told " Huh, Gordon Macale told you that", or " Did the Wharfies tell you that ". This search for " oil " has reached the stage where our entire staff may be driven to drink that Gin, Brandy and Rum the Sgts. have in their mess.... such is the cry for "OIL"