

28th HEAVY NEWS

Christmas Number

VOL. 1. No. 3

DEC 25 1942

- Editorial -

Christmas 1942 will be for all of us somewhat different from previous ones. Because of this change there is a tendency to feel sad and reflective as we approach it. Nevertheless, we can be happy without being hypocritical - the more so as we enter into and fully appreciate the significance of the festival. For essentially, it is the annual celebration of the greatest event of all history - namely, the birth of the Son of God. In this is the greatest evidence of the love of God for His creatures. Unfortunately, this seems to be a fact which the world has if not forgotten at least neglected. And what is the significance of this day for those of us who observe it? Is it not correct to say that we have been prone to exploit the occasion for our own pleasure rather than pay homage to Him, to Whom we owe its existence? It was discovered by the well known Dickens character Scrooge, and so we too shall find that this season will have a new and a greater significance for us as we honour the event commemorated, and forsake the rut of self and pleasure seeking.

O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

A MEDICAL ORDERLY'S APOLOGY.

From rifleman to mortars
From mortars to the gun
To G.L. cross the ocean
Ere half a year's been done.
And finally to medical-
From mortars a far cry.
I often wonder what the hell
The wherefore and the why.
We came here rather unprepared
And we owe a lot of thanks
For drugs and beds and thought-
ful heads
To the goddam good old Yanks.
So now I'm dippin' in a tin
And doping out the pills
Using good old aspirin
For a multitude of ills.
But now we have another
Called sulphathiazine.
It's saved us lots of bother
From.-- You know what I mean.

From that awful sick of sits
and flits
It's name I cannot say.
But it keeps the boys a moving
By moonlight and by day.
It's bandages and triple dy
And good old number nines
And argyrol for muddy eyes
- You can give me beer for mine
But we're in this war together
Be it medical or guns,
Be it fair or stormy weather
Every goddam mother's sons
Got a job that must be done.
And though I must admit
The comparison is fine
When you're shoving 3.7s
A-screaming to the heavens,
Remember ! I'll be shoving
number nines.

THE BOYS OF R.H.Q.

You should see them on parade,
All lined up straight and true;
Batmen, clerks and R.A.P.
Drivers, storemen - you'll agree
That soldiers they will never be
The boys of R.H.Q.

Just why they joined the army
When they should be in a zoo,
The Colonel wonders every time
He sees them straggling into line;
My God ! Must I admit they're mine.
The boys of R.H.Q.

The Major's given up the ghost
Of straightening out this crew.
Their drill is such an awful mess;
Their motto is 'By God and guess'
But still they're gunners (more or less).
The boys of R.H.Q.

The R.S.M. once cherished hopes
To discipline imbue.
The only time, to his despair,
He found he had his muster there
Was when paraded for their beer.
The boys of R.H.Q.



R.H.Q. ON PARADE.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I hear the bells on Xmas Day
But no ! it only is reveille.
"Feet on the floor" the serg-
cant yells
And that sure ain't no Xmas
Bells.

THE BOOK OF NOWONDA.

And it came to pass in those days that the hosts of the Ac-
Ac Headquarters did hang up their shields and bucklers and did
encamp; and certain of their young men did journey afar being
mighty hunters of butterflies. It was rumoured, moreover, that
there were in those parts barbarians spying out the land and
behold the young men did come across one like unto a barbarian
while hunting, and did straightway run to the Captain of the
Host, saying, "Lord, we did see in a river bed one which did
seem unto us like a barbarian." So all the young men and migh-
ty men of valour, did take up their arms and did pursue the barb-
arian with Tommy guns and chariots and caught him not and they
returned unto their encampment sorrowing.

THUS SAITH NOWONDA.

WHERE'S OUR MAIL.

Maybe it's on the ocean
Tosses by wind and hail.
Maybe it's with old Davy Jones;
Where's our ruddy mail.

We can do without tobacco
We can do without our ale.
In blinding tears we're asking
Where's our ruddy mail.

Neath the blazing sun we labour
And every 'Don R' hails,
"Hey, cobber, can you tell us
"Where's our ruddy mail".

(Reproduced from 86 Bty Ch.Ch.)

REFLECTION.

Gunner Jones ate what he found
on his plate
And never as people do now
Did he note the degree of potato
and pea

He ate it because it was chow.
Undisturbed ? at dinner he sat
Destroying an ant or a fly
To think it was lacking in this
or in that

Or a couple of vitamins shy.
He cheerfully chewed every
species of food
Untroubled by worries or fear,
Lest his health might be hurt
by some fancy dessert
Thus losing his chance of a beer.

Well, you remember we left Dumbea one morning. The Mayor turned out with his retinue all dressed in native array. They offered us a Highland Hilly Billy band, but we only wanted the Padre with his harmonica. At our head was a quartet of batmen carrying a huge photo of Bob Semple. All along the promenade were tropical fruit trees, and the Officers shinned up the palm trees and throw the boys coconuts and bananas. Our equipment was a bit in the way so we throw it in a heap and carried the fruit instead. This was quite safe as Hirohito had telegraphed to say that they would not be attacking until Tuesday. After an hour or so we had a meal served by local spinsters and took up the trail again finally to land up at a spot alongside the Oua Tom. There amidst cheering the Head Man announced that we had broken the road record established years ago by a local poacher who had stolen a rabbit and was chased from Noumea by the local cop. We had a bit of trouble with the electric light here and as a result the electric stoves were not in use, but we found that the gas ones worked quite well. The view from there was not too good so the Head Man shifted us to a delightful little spot up the road. The batmen offered to do the cooking and fatigues while the Officers started putting up the mens' mess shelter so the men lounged around in the luxuriant grass and swam in the big pool which fringed the camp. There were no problems about eating. When we wanted meat we simply lassoed a deer or two or shot a cow in one of the paddocks around us. The food position was first class. We just let the boys wander through the ration store and sort out what they fancied. They then took it to the cooks who prepared it according to individual suggestions. There was always too much food so rarely was the demand for a second helping; in fact many chaps didn't bother to have more than one meal a day but preferred to stay in bed and read the local morning paper. Nobody ever bothered to get the man up as we were all too fit and after all our history books prove that one white man in 1668 was as good as ten Japs. At night the Padre would go to the piano and swing "St Louis Blues" while the M.O. played an accompaniment on the jaw bones of a deer which he had run over in his car. The R.S.M. would give his version of 'Nicky, Nanky, Nock' in French while the 2 i/c would tap dance in the most modern style. Despite our protests the C.O. opened a Wet Canteen and as no one wants to deprive the Wharfies at home of their quoto the boys limit themselves to 1 pint per day. We posted a man at the gate with a 'Welcome to all Meals' sign and if it was not for the casuals who drifted in we would be hard put to it to store our surplus food. The Heads instituted a plane ferry service to N.Z. but the results were most disappointing as the lads simply refused to go preferring to stay with the local girls. They stated that if the N.Z. girls wanted to see them they will have to come over here to God's Own Country, New Caledonia, the place we have learned to love so well.

 SOCIAL NOTES.

Remember, Major Beechey, there's a catch in every revolver - the safety catch.

A recent visitor to R.H.Q. from 204 was 2/Lt. McIntyre. The purpose of his visit was never discovered but a good time was had by all.

A Sig. Sgt recently lost his beer coupon. After a fruitless search he concluded that it must be deeply interred.

The Adjutant was seen to return to camp on a recent evening with a towel under his arm. Questioned later he said that he was returning from his first swim on the island. All ranks are urged to follow this example of cleanliness.

We learn that a very popular 204 Officer has been transferred. In commemoration of his services a handsome edifice has been built and named "Chrystall Palace".

From the dark ages to the present 'news' has been a need which had to be satisfied and so newspapers came into being. As time marched on the dissemination of news has improved by leaps and bounds. From the olden-time newspaper to the present day machine printed paper is a far cry. Nothing unusual is now seen in telegraph or radio news. We have telegrams, cablegrams and radiograms. But now to all these commonplace marvels must be added a marvel of invention which will intrigue the experts for years to come, viz the Craptogram. The craptogram is the most amazing advance in news dissemination since telepathy died out with the Egyptians; amazing in so far as little or no concentration is required to give even the lowest in the army strata an inkling of important events almost before their conception. The craptogram needs no intricate mechanism to function, the only requirement being that more than one seat is in operation. A fine example of craptogram news is the following report of certain troop movements gleaned by the official war correspondent. A vast gathering of soldiers were encamped in a certain area on the outskirts of a certain town. They had been through an intensive period of training and were expecting the call to move on at any moment. Despite the general expectation a sudden call at an unearthly hour in the night caught them napping. In very short time the camp was a riot of milling men rushing helter-skelter - like lost ants whose home had been destroyed - with sundry articles of equipment which did not seem to have a resting place. Officers also were rushing around in a burst of energy and directing operations. Out on the parade ground which was several times smaller than required the Directional Officer was in full swing.

" X Bty will go to Area 8. H Bty to spot numbered O on Map KD/1. Q Bty will enter forest on left of X. A Bty to right and slightly ahead of H. All S.M's to go to a reputable school of instruction ---Mr.Blastit, get me some more pencils -- B Bty to go back to bed until further notice. Mr. Trivial, cancel the disposition of X Bty and send to the School of Instruction for a S.M. Hey ! gunner, where do you think you're going ? All right, make it snappy and on your way back see if you can find a S.M. "

At this stage when chaos was emerging out of order the O.C.i/c of the Unified Command Dept in the disturbed area came on the scene. Hair standing on end and eyes emitting blue sparks, he strode with measured tread up to the Directional Officer.

"Hum - blah - dammit. What the heck do you think your'e doing Mr.Blank ! What's going on round here? What are all these men doing here at this time of night, I said, what's going on ?

With raised eyebrows the D.O. answered haughtily. "We're moving out, Sir, and you'd better pull up your socks if you dont want to get left." " Your staff have already moved up to the left flank, slightly behind X but in advance of O. My authority Sir, is craptogram No.10."

The O.C. i/c Unified Command stared blankly at the D.O. His eyes dimmed and he cried partly to himself and partly to those within hearing as he rushed off for his shaving gear and stretcher:-

"Why doesn't someone tell me these things".

ON DIT.

Not cricket ! We understand that in the duel between D Tp and 203 B.H.Q. Skipper Donald has lost^a versatile bat-man, while BHQ are pleased to announce that they have secured the servives of a Newman.

Xmas is nigh. From certain information we understand that things are brewing down at F Tp.208.

Theme Song at Gas D.P. "You can take a drum of petrol, yet
"But you must make Old Laing Sign".

Many of you may wonder why New Caledonia has such a name and is a French Colony. Gleaned through numerous channels of information at our disposal we have to hand this and other data which we shall endeavour to set down concisely for your information. It is pointless telling you like a guide book where the Island is situated or of the beauties of the Dumbea river, since you know these things so this diatribe will have to take the form of an article. The Island was given its name by Capt. Cook who discovered it in 1774 and thought the coast line similar to the coast of Scotland. It was not until 1843 that the French flag was hoisted there by a party of Roman Catholic missionaries, Cook having considered the natives of a non too friendly disposition. New Caledonia was only a penal settlement from 1864 to 1895, many of the deportees being sentenced for political reasons. After their sentences were completed the convicts were given the option of returning to France or of settling the Colony, so that today there are not one hundred of the original convicts alive on the Island, and these were all young men when sentenced. There were no four-footed animals in the country before the settlers came but deer were imported from the Phillipines and N.Z. Domestic pigs also escaped and ran wild as did dogs. These are the only wild animals in New Caledonia and there are no snakes. Of the revolution of 1940 much will be written later, but what appears to have happened briefly is this:- The then Governor, after the fall of France, declared the colony a follower of Vichy and proclaimed martial law. The bushmen and small tradesmen, however, were of a different opinion, and being all owners of some type of firearm, armed themselves, and the country folk descended on Noumea. In the outskirts of the town they found themselves faced by the regular soldiers sent there to bar their way. The authorities, however, had reckoned without the townspeople who marched out of the town taking the military in the rear., and the bushmen entered Noumea without a shot being fired, flocking to the banner of Governor Sautot, who landed in Noumea at the dramatic moment. Had it not been for these bushmen and citizens we would probably have arrived in New Caledonia under vastly different circumstances.

NEWS, VIEWS AND ABUSE FROM 202. BTY.

This programme comes to you from goodness-knows-where in the Wild West of New Cally by courtesy of Pete Fraser who so kindly organised the cruise of the 2nd N.Z.E.F.I.P. to the HOT SPOTS.

WE HEAR: That the length and number of letters handed into Bty H.Q. have been simply terrific. Local censors are incensed and rendered insensible after reading same.

That crown caps are now paving the floors of tents in this area. There's a reason.

That wooden beds as used at the Grand Hotel are now on issue to the troops. Is this a war or a pleasure cruise ?

That a supply of marmalade sufficient to last for the duration of the war and ten years thereafter seems to have been secured by our Q.M.

HEADLINES: Marched In:
Gnrs. D.B. Lager, Y.T. Mata and K. Appleandplum who have been A.W.L. since Judgeford days.

Q.M. 'Happy Jack' heads the popularity contest of 202. You ought to hear the boys talk about him at mess !

For Sale: Island of New Caledonia, lock stock and barrel (empty), including millions of acres of desert. Or will exchange for $\frac{1}{2}$ acre in any residential suburb of New Zealand.

Live Stock for Sale: Genuine Dumbea mosquitoes. Good biters make lovely pets. Place orders through local Q.M. store.

We hear the 2 i/c has a new Theme Song - "The Flowers that Bloom on the Jeep; tra la". Socking coconuts and Hula girls he strayed off the beaten track. Deep in the heart of Naiouli Land he was espied dallying with the local talent. Coy popinees (shielas to you) ogled the gallant 'Capting' as he strode through the village square, and the 'Capting' was not backward. And then --- he claims he wanted to take photographs ! Reminds us of the story about coming in to see the etchings .

We have it on good authority that 'Dolly' Grey at the close of the present unseemly brawl in the Pacific, intends to open a country store in the backblocks of N.Z. At present he is serving an apprenticeship at 'Bamboo Bunghole' handing out rations of cigs, candy and matches. He has a deft hand with a cake of soap and is studying the life story of Eb and Zeb.

The firm of Middleton & Muddleton, Architects, Builders & Purveyors of all sorts of nonsense wish it to be known that any building contracts will be nirthfully received. Their motto is - 'We build 'em - You knock 'em down. (if you dare) Come and have your shower inside the house.

Home was never like this'. (Allright -- Don't say it.) A notable occurrence at 'Mosquito Meadows', the scenic resort infested by C Troop was the arrival of a Tp. Sgt 'Silly with the Music'. Clutched in one hand was an accordion, in the other a trombone and in the other a bugle. He is fitting a broom stick to his chassis and will sweep out the Orderly Room each day.

Rumour has it that two Troop Commanders are looking for the soldier who "came-flaged hisself away". They need him. Last Saturday there was a sound of revelry by night.

The ale -- the beer -- the PLONK had arrived. Emerging from a cloud of forms and flinging coupons and instructions to right and left in gay confusion, mine host at one 'Naiouli Arms' set forth foaming flagons of ale and stoups of lager. Laughter, beer and jollity flowed gaily through the sylvan glades. Asked by the Mad Newshound why he was pouring his beer down the gonophone a bombardier replied that he was cutting out the middleman.

 Printed and published without care or responsibility
 by the Editors, Padre Murray & Sgt. Lord at their
 Office in Naiouli Chambers.



Perhaps it's a new type of American aircraft ?