

28th HEAVY NEWS

Christmas Number

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- 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.