

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".