



Incorporating "Cactus Courier" and "Weakly Muse."

Sat. 22nd. Jan. 1944

30th. Battalion.

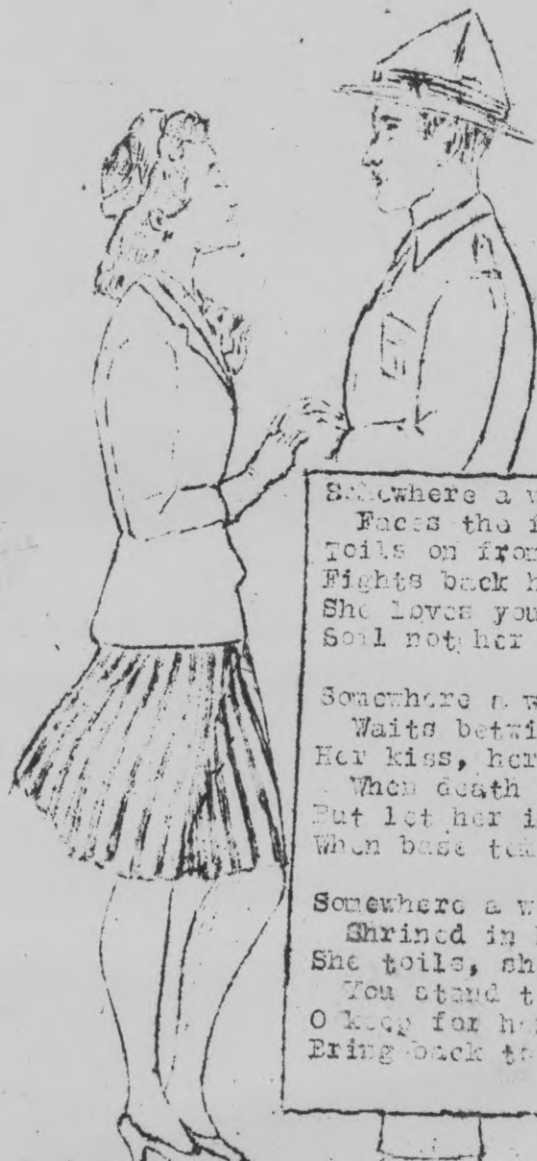
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-- DEDICATED. --

To each and every one of us is given the power to cast reflections over those little incidents in a life which we have known to be better. More often than not are these thoughts showered on that particular one back home, but, by no means does that prevent the sentimental memory of that stroll along the promenade, or, that girl you took home from that last dance. And then, do we occasionally take a glance at ourselves, whence we think along none too complimentary lines. Despite that, however, we can improve ourselves, and this copy may have that aim, and is dedicated to her regardless of whether she be mother, wife, or fiancée.

--The Editor.

.....



FOR HONOUR AND

FOR
Her!

By

MARGARET SCOTTION.

Somewhere a woman, thrusting fear away,
Faces the future bravely for your sake;
Toils on from dawn to dark, from day to day.
Fights back her tears, nor heeds the bitter ache;
She loves you, trusts you, breathes in prayer your name
Soul not her faith in you, by sin or shame.

Somewhere a woman --mother, sweetheart, wife--
Waits betwixt hopes and fears for your return;
Her kiss, her words, will cheer you in the strife;
When death itself confronts you, grim and stern;
But let her image all your reverence claim
When base temptations search you with their flame.

Somewhere a woman watches--filled with pride;
Shrined in her heart, you share a place with Honor
She toils, she waits, she prays, till life be wide
You stand together when the battle's done.
O keep for her dear sake a stainless name,
Bring back to her a manhood free from shame!

"THE KIWI AND FERN."

While in Momi Bay, the late 2/Lt. Colin D. Griffiths, a member of the 30th. Battalion wrote the words to a song which has frequently been on the lips of our older Unit members. This song "Kiwi and Fern" makes known the sentiments of all, as long as our memory lasts, so will this song. -Ed.

'Neath Fijian skies,
My love never dies,
To you Dear I'll always be true,
With palm trees above
And sweet songs of love,
I'll always remember you.

I'd exchange those Fijian nights of
 charms
For one more dear moment with you in
 my arms,
And when I return,
To the Kiwi and Fern,
'ever we'll part again.

...O..

"SOMEONE."

Is it only another name...
In another casualty list..
For someone -- life never the same;
Someone, will ever be missed.

As you look quickly down...
Maybe for someone you knew...
Glancing from town to town,
What is it all, to you?

Is it sister, wife, or mother,
Mentioned as next-of-kin,
Likely 'tis one or the other...
He gave his best to win.

To them one name shines clearly,
'Till it o'ershadows the rest,
The one they loved so dearly,
Had given his very best.

Like parts that make a measure,
Notes in a deal, cash down
That price was paid for your pleasure,
Your land, and homes, and towns.

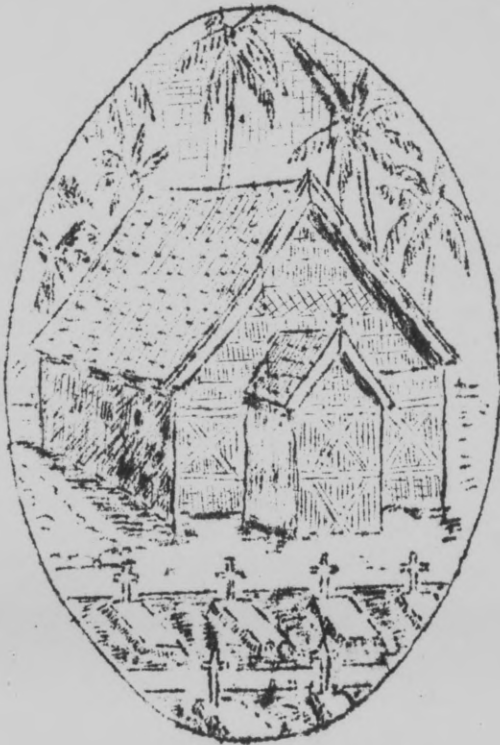
"P.A.P."

--SOLITUDE.--

I wandered lonely as a cloud
'Cross the coral by the sea,
My face was turned to heaven,
My thoughts were all of thee.

Above me graceful palm trees,
A salt tang in the air,
I heard a sweet voice calling --
Calling to me there.

From far across the ocean,
It breathed a melody,
That ever takes me homeward --
The call from you to me. "Pro Bono Publico"
...O...



"TAKE US HOME."

(Tune -- Strip Polka.)

There's a country down under
Where the boys long to go,
To see wives and sweethearts that they all love so;
And a guy who is single, then can look for a wife
And help build a nation all his life.

CHORUS:

Take us home, take us home, cry the boys over here
Take us home, take us home, to a long glass of beer,
Take us home, take us home, you'll fill us with
 good cheer,
But they won't -- cos someone wants a fight!

There are large public houses, where there's booze
 to be had,
And for nineteen and sixpence you will feel, not bad,
And a whisky and soda and a gin or two,
Will make you forget the things you do.

"B.I.T." and "T.R.G."

"HOME THOUGHTS."

...O...

Tonight the boys were yarning
Of things they'd do a "kick" on,
And as they laughed and chatted,
Each vowed no more he'd roam.

Some of them come from the city,
Others had toiled on the land,
But all are impatiently waiting
For Tojo to make his last stand.

Over here on these tropical islands,
However happy they seem,
They'd rather be back in the city,
Or driving the same old team.

They are sure there's a welcome
 waiting,
From sweethearts and wives left
 behind,
The day they set foot on New Zealand,
I trust each will happiness find.

Yes, let Mother put on the kettle,
And Father build up the fire,
For it's of folks like you we are
 thinking,
In the land of our heart's desire.

"Pro Bona Publico."

...O...

"ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS."

This initial copy of "H.Q. Highlights" has been printed after much time and consideration, but such could not have been attained without valuable thought and assistance from many enthusiasts. It is the wish of all concerned that the efforts will meet with hearty approval. Sincere appreciation must go to all who have willingly co-operated, but special thanks must also go to V.S. Blomfield, and J.W. Yearbury for the originality in their designs, to C.R. Adams who has ably reproduced them, and to the Battalion staff for their valuable aid.

