

N Z E F I P

# Highlights

Incorporating "Cactus Courier" and "Weakly Muse."

Sat. 29 Jan. 1944

30th. Battalion.  
OVER TO YOU.

Copy No. 2

Those of us who remember the long days spent at Momi Bay will also remember the popularity of the Battalion paper, "The Momi Meteor." Also will you recall its popularity amongst the Unit members. Those who worked on the daily copy know and appreciate the valuable aid given by numerous contributors.

Therefore, it is intended to pass this paper over to you, its readers. Hence, this serves as an open invitation to all who care to take advantage of the offer. Prose, poetry, or simply digs at those who have been sufficiently unwary to commit some 'Faux pas' will always be welcome. Write them and hand them in to the Y.M.C.A. or to Bill Gamble, H.Q. Company -- we will do the rest.

--The Editor.

## --MY WORRY--

I've never seen a black man hurry-  
I've never seen a black man worry;  
All luxuries he sadly lacks,  
But then he pays no income tax.

His wife is scantily attired,  
But then no coupons are required;  
Her skirt of grass may seem old-  
fashioned  
But anyway the stuff's not rationed.

He doesn't hide his weakness,  
By rudeness to inferiors,  
He doesn't practise meekness,  
To toady to superiors.

He's never heard of politicians,  
He's not annoyed by prohibitions;  
He has no trouble with apartments,  
He's not controlled by State  
Departments.

To spend his life in making money,  
To him would seem --well, rather funny;  
Birth control just makes him grin, he's  
Very fond of pianinnica.

Divorce he never contemplates,  
Or fancies that his wife's untrue,  
Or covets other black men's mates--  
There charges alas, are very few.

So why the devil should he hurry?  
And why the devil should he worry?

.... "Deejay."

## AS HOLLYWOOD SEES HER



BUT WE'VE GOT A  
RINGSIDE  
SEAT

