

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, it's 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;
His 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?

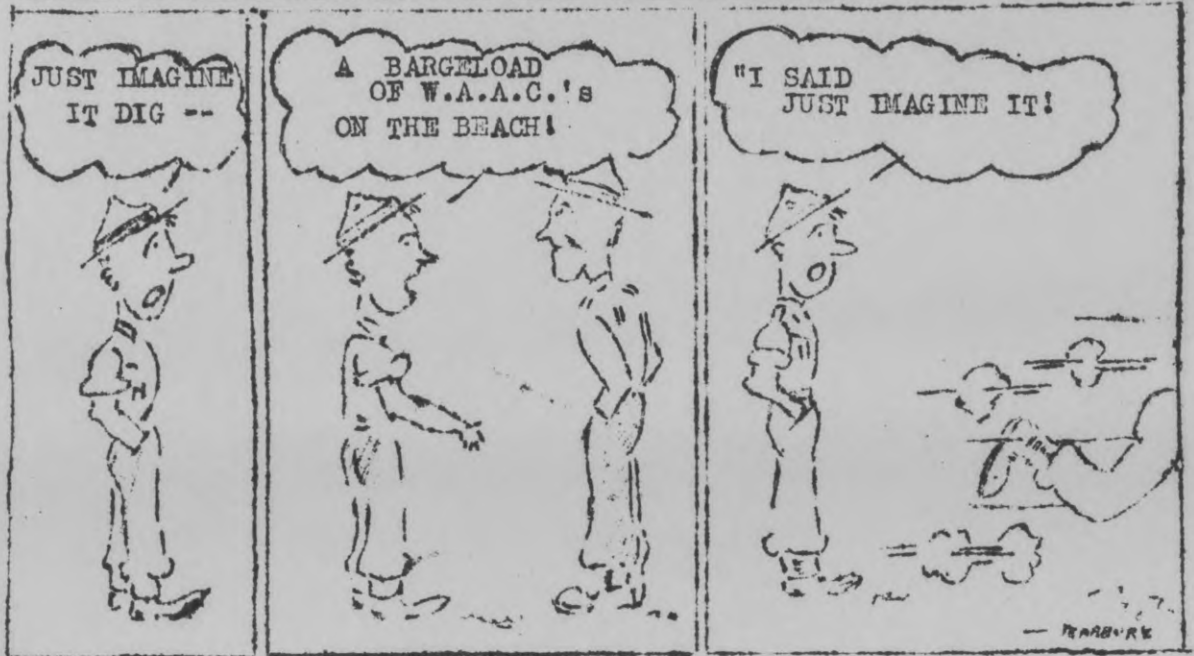
.... "Deejay."

AS HOLLYWOOD SEES HER



BUT WE'VE GOT A
RINGSIDE
SEAT





SOCIAL CHIT CHAT.

"RUMOURS."

Did you hear how the Sergeant Major lost his pen? Putting Routine Orders on the board he placed his pen on the ledge. Later he exhibited a "LOST PEN" sign on the same board. Eagle-eyed "Darkie" Bennetts perceived the joke, returned the pen, but didn't pick up the reward that wasn't offered!

At the picture shown recently a scene showing Olivia De Havilland in the bath drew shouts of "Take out the plug!"

Of whom could "Lootenant" Randall have been thinking when he added lemon to his tea instead of milk?

Another whose name we daren't mention (because of a possible introduction later) tells us he had a girl under a street light only once, and he nearly lost her. Seemings believing. Guess who?

The discussion ran along lines of the recent blows at Jap bases, when one of the boys declared the possibility that so much shell fire might sink the harbour!

Then there is one of the more "homely" members of our tent who says he doesn't like lying in bed late these mornings --on his own! Well I ask you?

There's rumours rumours everywhere, Absurd, puerile, unsound, You hear them in the cookhouse -- You hear them all around. Our destination's Egypt -- Australia -- Japan, Others mention Burma, It's all worked out to plan.

It's "Dinkum Oil" they tell us, And every word is true, The General told his batman - Don't tell a soul will you? His batman told old Harry, And Harry he told old Gus, So round goes the vicious circle, 'Till it reaches us.

Fools and wishful thinkers -- Are willing to believe, That soon we'll be sailing -- To New Zealand for some leave! And so they start these rumours, Ever hoping they'll be right, And they tell us in the daytime -- What they dream up in the night! "P.I.K."

--OVERHEARD--

If a gun fires two stoppages, and then continues firing, what will happen?"

Sgt: "Who wants to put anything in the drying room?"
Stan Kelly: "I'd like to put my rifle in it!"

"Who was the lady I saw you outwit last night?"