



Sat. 11 Mar. 1944

30th. Battalion.

Copy No. 6

C I F I C

With the increasing pressure of work around here lately "Conder's Crew" find that a day is much too short to do all the chores. It has been suggested that we send for a few wharf-workers who would be more than likely glad to assist us. (under similar conditions to their Saturday afternoon assisting Americans.) But of course the type of work we are doing here may be a bit dangerous for them, and we couldn't risk the chance of one of them being bitten by a centipede, scorpion, or snake. No, it's out of the question, the N.Z.E.F.I. will get along without them! -The Editor.

HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!

To a white man they're next door to hell -
 And give us a sight of fair pastures
 In the country we all love so well.
 "Pro Bono Publico."

In the sultry heat of the tropics,
 But a few degrees south of the Line
 Lies the lovely island of (censored)
 Where the weather is seldom fine.

It's only a dot in the ocean,
 A beautiful sight from the air,
 You'll get a different opinion --
 If you ask any Kiwi who's there.

For'tis there that the jungle grows
 The trees interlace and entwine,
 Should you find a track that looks
 You're sure to trip on a vine.

Fresh water is always a problem,
 On wash-day the boys look so glum,
 As they wish that to (censored)
 And Enzed bound troop-ship would
 come.

Yes we're sick of the sight of tinned
 Of H & V. tins by the score,
 As no matter how short is the mess-
 The troops will not ask if there's
 acre!

So take us to latitudes forty,
 Away from this island of trees
 To a land where food grows in plenty,
 And health floats along in each
 breeze.

Let the Japs make their home in the
 tropics.



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