

Highlights

Incorporating "H.C. Weekly Muse" and "Cactus Courier"

Sat. 25 March 1944

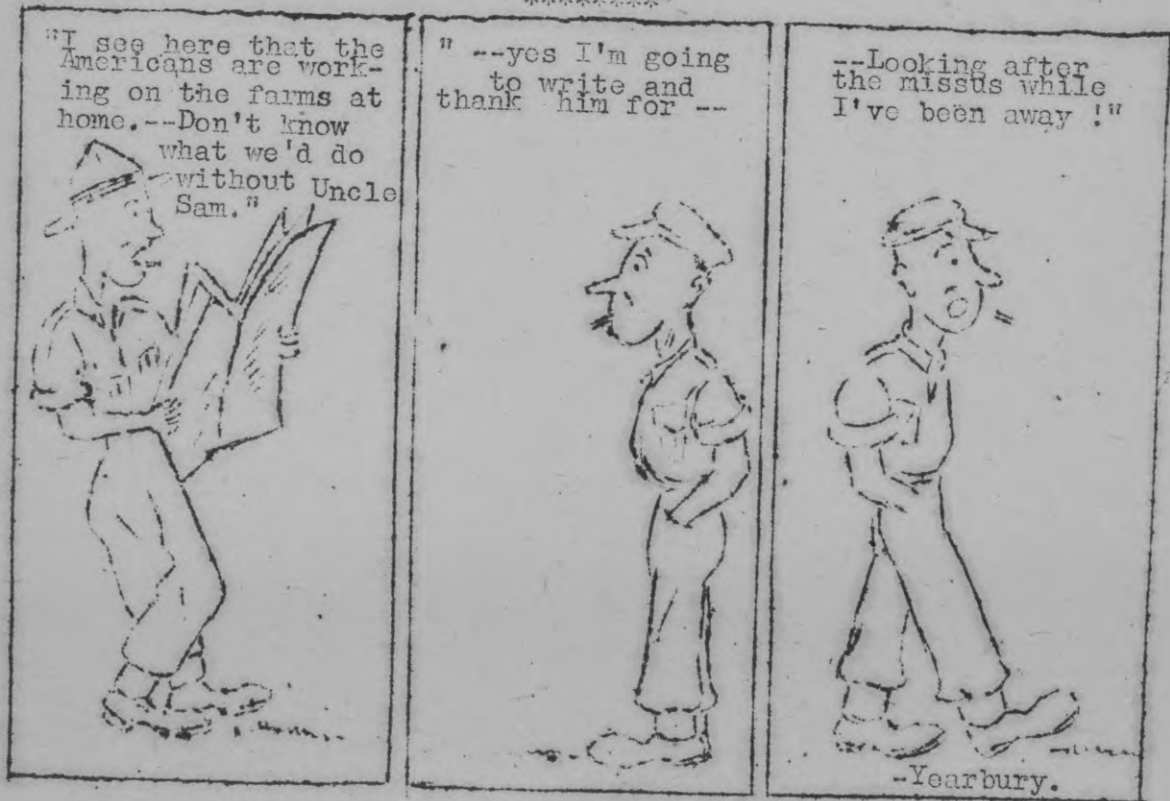
30th. Battalion.

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LOCAL CHAMPS CLASH.

"Out of this tent!" Simple words, yet they caused the liveliest set-to seen in this outfit for months. And all merely because the second person didn't get out when ordered!

From various accounts, the 'Noble Art of Self Defence' was forgotten as they threw caution to the winds' battling grimly on the coral-studded ground. Doubt seems to exist as to what finalised proceedings - whether it was one of our "pugs" demanding that they fight under the Marquis of Queensbury" rules, or when he stomped off for reinforcements! ---The Editor.



30th. HOWLERS.

We were parading through the R.A.P. for innuulations, and it came to Len Gare's turn. "Have you fixed that movie projector yet?" asked the Doc, to which Len said "No." "Right" grins the Doc, and the hypodermic needle pierced Len's arm to about six inches under the skin. It is expected we will be seeing pictures here before we're due for innuulations again!!

May we correct you Les. The title of this magazine is "H.C. Highlights" not "H.C. Headlights." And also another point. The Editor is not real. DEHYDRATED, somebody's put you wrong. Doc would probably say it's something to do with the glands, but I can assure you I wasn't put through a dehydrator.

Sat. 25th. Mar. 1944.

TOPICS FROM THE TROPICS.

"DUMB DIARY."

Saturday March 18.

The R.S.M. carried out his duties well in the making of the picture theatre (that should get me about two stripes anyway) but it seems that he is one of many in this company who possesses a very vivid subconscious mind. The boys talk of a party to which he was invited at Rita Hayworth's flat in Hollywood. 'Beautiful Dreamer,' if you receive any more such invitations how about telling Rita you have a friend!

We announce Les Gillespie the winner of a Quiz held in the Carrier platoon lines. The question: "What was it we had for breakfast this morning, tea, coffee, or cocoa?" It was with the Doc's analysis that a few spots of tea dust were discovered!

Then there is a certain batman who threw in his job one afternoon, and when he heard we were training the next day, applied for his job again the same night. Guess who?

"Wizard" Warner has hit the headlines as a tenebrous star. No reports on his progress, though it's said he can give the Colonel a run for his money.

One thing our watersiders can unload is grievances.

Had to attend sick parade today. Twisted ankle rather badly. Hurrying back to go through the mass queue twice. Papers arriving safely but rather out of date. Last copy received contained account of the signing of Treaty of Waitangi. Our officers are great chaps, yesterday shared some parcels with us - our own parcels! They are becoming quite democratic too. Last night I saw one carrying his own cup of tea from the Y.M.C.A. Received parcel with three tins of beans. Used them as supports for tent poles. Feeling a bit seedy today after a heavy night. We drank several big cups of tea and asked each other riddles. Great fun. Didn't go to bed until 9 o'clock. Found a tobacco tin with a five dollar bill in it, but the Sergeant took it away from me as he said it might be a booby trap. Great chap, the Sarge. Told me I was the best worker in the platoon while I was digging his foxhole. The chaps in our tent elected me Tent Commander yesterday. There isn't much to it except filling all water bottles, emptying the trash can each morning, and taking the billy to the Y.M.C.A. They reckon a Tent Commander should have a stripe and have promised to see the Platoon Commander about it. "Deejay."

FREE LANCINGS.

One of the bright lads in the Company suggests a much simpler method to make tracks in the jungle without the use of cane knives and axes. "Get a 'tame' Jap and ask him to look through the trees at somebody. --- Their movements will leave quite a clear track through the undergrowth!"

"I'm excused duty, and only doing this job because I'm patriotic!" -- Jack Pekin.

R.S.M. "What film is showing here tonight?"
Lt. Roughton. "A Betty Grable show I think."
R.S.M. "You'd better put her on the truck and send her out here!"

JUST A THOUGHT --

"I wonder who the hell did all the work around here before I arrived."



"Deejay."