



Incorporating "Cactus Courier" and "Weekly Muse."

Sat. 29 Apr. 1944

30th. Battalion.

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BEER !!

I'm sure readers will not mind my devoting this issue entirely to that sparkling amber rarity B-B-E-R -- "King of Hobbies," and "Hobby of Kings." It's seldom we receive the liberal issue in a forward area which has been made available to us in the past few days, and from resulting sessions it seems it was accepted as 'next best' to a good N.Z. brew.

Thanks are extended to Jim Yearbury our prolific artist, who in his usual unique style has illustrated these pages. -The Editor.

FORWARD AREA

PROLIC 3

This was one occasion when the eternal din of jungle night-life was unheard because of a merry-making bunch of N.Z. troops. It seemed that beer called for celebration, and celebration called for song and gaiety, and plenty of it.

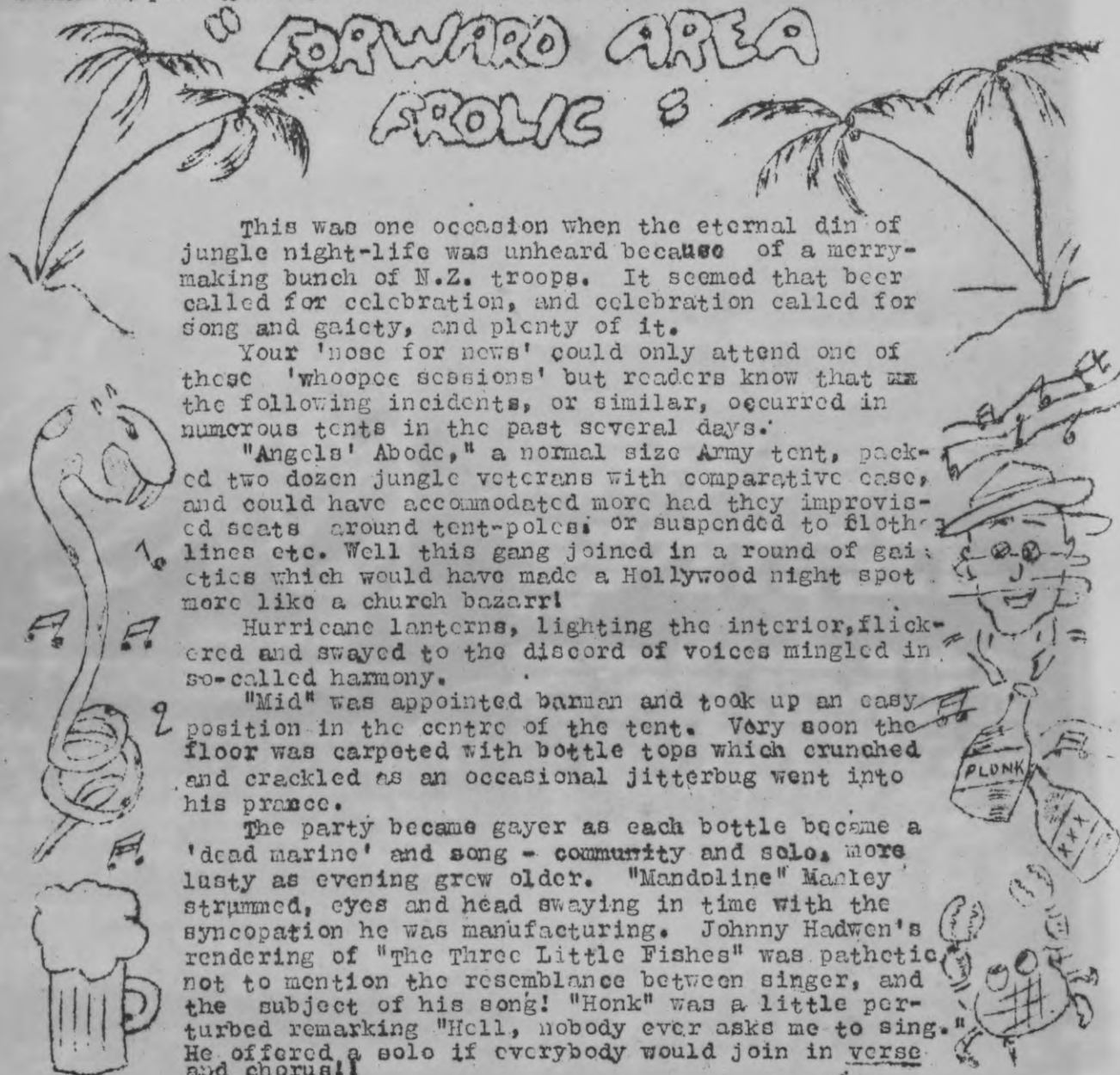
Your 'nose for news' could only attend one of these 'whoopie sessions' but readers know that the following incidents, or similar, occurred in numerous tents in the past several days:

"Angels' Abode," a normal size Army tent, packed two dozen jungle veterans with comparative ease, and could have accommodated more had they improvised seats around tent-poles; or suspended to clothes lines etc. Well this gang joined in a round of gaieties which would have made a Hollywood night spot more like a church bazaar!

Hurricane lanterns, lighting the interior, flickered and swayed to the discord of voices mingled in so-called harmony.

"Mid" was appointed barman and took up an easy position in the centre of the tent. Very soon the floor was carpeted with bottle tops which crunched and crackled as an occasional jitterbug went into his prance.

The party became gayer as each bottle became a 'dead marine' and song - community and solo, more lusty as evening grew older. "Mandoline" Manley strummed, eyes and head swaying in time with the syncopation he was manufacturing. Johnny Hadwen's rendering of "The Three Little Fishes" was pathetic not to mention the resemblance between singer, and the subject of his song! "Honk" was a little perturbed remarking "Hell, nobody ever asks me to sing." He offered a solo if everybody would join in verse and chorus!



"FORWARD AREA FROLIC." Cont'd.



Meanwhile, "Slap-happy" Wood decided a stroll into the jungle would be invigorating. If it wasn't, it was at least profitable. He espied two fellow-tiplers on the way to nowhere in particular, shoved one in the mud, and returned with a bottle which he swiped from his "victim". So it can be seen that plundering also came into the night's fun! None other than our mournful friend, "Guzzler" Gillespie was sitting outside on a tree stump engaged in a little moon-gazing. We didn't explain to him that there wasn't really a moon there at all!!

"Boogie Woogie" Keenan, a chap who never was very thrilled with his musical nickname, began hurling bottles at some of the boys who were gently crooning B-O-O-GIE in his direction. This was done on the off-chance that a bottle would come their way - a full one. During this episode "Slap-happy" Wood had been enjoying a ride in a tram - gave the clothes line in the tent a sharp tug, and asked the 'conductor' to let him off at "Tojo's Terrace Theatre."

"Honk" checked the time from his imaginary, and invisible perspex watch, and suggested it was time something was cookin' in the way of a snack. Bread, onions, and cheese were produced from (censored) adding flavour to an already spicy evening. It was a most disappointed crowd which heard "Hurricane" Hogan's bitter announcement - "There ain't no onions left!"

I gave "Barty" a light as he was having a little trouble lighting a smoke with his torch! The ever popular "Strip Polka" was given a great hearing and at the part which goes "But she stopped, and only just in time," remarks like "What a pity!" and other quotes which are not printable were made by these he-men of the back-blocks. During this none too musical interlude an officer was offered a drink. He took it, gulped, and passed the bottle back. One wit had filled it with water!

Maje Conder, the Guest of Honour, dropped in, sunk a few 'quick 'uns', put across a rumpy yarn, and evacuated before considering it his duty to maintain a little harmony, and organise a more orthodox tent layout. By the way. His yarn is not for printing - sorry!

The two Hamiltons, both of whom had been on our entertainment list, parted with a fond "Fare-thee-well Anabel. It was suggested that they use "Honkie and Georgie Were Lovers" as a theme song. The night was too black for a liquor party.

After all one has to stumble his way back to his own tent after it and it seemed coral and roots had been deliberately placed along the jungle tracks to hamper a man's progress. And the lagoon is goo handy. Why a man may take a midnight swim and not know anything about it!!

That's all for now boys. If I have exaggerated the whole show I know you'll overlook it. If I have under, or over estimated your ability as a hard drinking, hard talking, two-fisted type of New Zealander, let's blame my old complaint --

"JUNCO!"

GUZZLE
GUZZLE

