

N.Z.E.F.P.

Highlights



Incorporating "Cactus Courier" and "Weakly Muse."

Sat. 20 May 44

30th. Battalion.

Copy No. 16

NORTH. V. SOUTH

-Almost any tent in which a bunch of the boys gather to yarn over a mug of tea, home-town talk invariably drifts around to "Which is the better Island?" Well, to me, being a South Islander the answer is obvious! But my pride suffered when one wit jolted me with -"I don't hold it against a man being born in the South Island, but I do if he doesn't get out of it as soon as he can walk!"

-Another which had the victim stumped for a reply. A Northerner turned to one from the South and said "Boy, if you could suck half as well as you can blow you would have the South Island up here!" -The Editor.



"THE GRUBS PRETTY.
LOOK TODAY."

"OH WELL - WE
MUST MAKE SOME
SACRIFICE"

- FOR THE BOYS
SERVING OVERSEAS!

"FAMOUS PHRASES"

- "I'm not worrying about the stripe; it's the extra sixpence a day I'm after."
- "If I'd liked to appeal I could have stayed out of the Army."
- "I could have got boarded out in Fiji if I'd gone the right way about it."
- "I found it hard to live on Army pay in N.Z. after I'd been getting £20 a week in civvy life."
- "I don't reckon I'm half as fit as I was in N.Z."
- "Are we the only mugs about here who do fatigues?"
- "My old man who was right through the last war told me -----."
- "I'll bet these pills affect you in after life."
- "A Yank told me -----." "A fellow from Div. told me -----."
- "I'd hate to be left back in New Caledonia."
- "Wait till I meet him in Civvy life."
- "How the hell did he get a stripe?"

"Deejay."

"THE SNOONS TO CONQUER" "A MENACE TO SOCIETY"



He will sidle up to you (This inoffensive looking person) with his disarming smile, and engage you in seemingly friendly conversation.

He will adopt an air of polite boredom while you pour out your life's history, family troubles, and such.

But don't be taken in by his seeming lack of interest -- your every word is being mentally recorded and filed for future use within his agile brain!

Ignore him! -- Treat him with silent contempt. If he cuts up rough, draws himself up to his full height and snarls - "So you won't talk huh?" Don't let his size



fool you -- "JUST BAT HIS EARS BACK!" (Printed under protest.) - years ago
 Editor's Note: How could you be so unkind Jim? It shows that mine is not the only pen which is dipped in vitriol. Regarding "Batting my ears back," Step along to the Editorial Dept. and I'll put you through a few Commando tactics, and then toss you in the lagoon! Or so thinks --
 The Editor.

"BLOOD & SAND"

"GAMBLE'S GABBLE"

"Bulls' Stamping Ground," a typically tropical basketball arena, fielded two teams of rugged stalwarts this week. The aggressiveness during play would have put any All Black pack to shame. Hereunder a list of the respective teams:-

During conversation in one of the tents, Les Gillespie was heard saying - "Seeing it was Mother's Day yesterday I think I'm entitled to my say today!

<u>POSSIBLES.</u>	<u>IMPOSSIBLES.</u>
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|--------------------|-------------------|
| "Grappler" Graham. | "Demon" Delaney. |
| "Jostler" Jessup. | "Midge" McCrae. |
| "Rover" Randall. | "Noggin" Nixon. |
| "Rambler" Rennie. | "Romeo" Roughton. |
| "Tipper" Nairn. | "Slim" Stokes. |

"Barty" has given it plenty of consideration, and figures he won't get married as he can make thousands of girls happy! Feminine readers beware.

"Battler" Bullen officiated, having little trouble with the teams except on occasions when he was obliged to caution players for biting, gouging, strangle-holds, and kicking!

Maje Keenan greeted the cook one morning - "Hello Joe, did your mother ever tell you how to cook prunes? They're supposed to be soaked for twenty-four hours you know!"

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

The Editor informed Ted McLaren - "We're short of paper, will you get some - it doesn't matter how, or where, fair means or foul." - So away ambles "Mac" and returns with several reams. Thanks "Mac," we won't print how you got it!

Vic Hughs is a chap who's "been around" and in giving us the dope on his past life, he tells us of the Post Office job he held. "I stood in the doorway and customers moistened stamps on my tongue as they passed by!"

PUNGENT PUTRY: Gals who lack a bit of poise
 Fall for J.Y kind of boys!