



Sat. 4 Mar. 1944

30th. Battalion.

Copy No. 7

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

Having successfully completed two actions which included the surrounding and cutting off of a mere twenty odd thousand Japs, we are now settling down to a period of inactivity. Naturally our thoughts turn to that ever important question -- "LEAVE" -- Leave with "Wine, women, and song."

Already some of us have conjured up mental pictures of long happy days spent in the old and ancient sport of 'pub-crawling' with it's close associate, 'elbow-exercising'. "BEER." Beer flowing like water -- unlimited quantities -- what a thought!

Stories to feed the "suckers" (statistics state one is born every minute) are being prepared in anticipation of the times when cash runs low and thirsts run high. "SONG," of course will be provided after a few pots have been sunk. "WOMEN." We'll see -- we have reason to believe the Marines got in first.

Anyway it's great to day-dream in this fashion, and it doesn't cost a cent - boosts the old morale and all that sort of thing you know. But wait; there's a fly in the ointment. Who mentioned leave in the first place? A bit of wishful thinking does no harm (it's a soldier's privilege) but so far no one of any authority has mentioned a word about leave. And here's an awful thought, don't want to dispirit you, but what if we do get leave and have to spend it in New Caledonia!!  
--The Editor.

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"R.A.P. BLUES."

I wandered to the R.A.P.  
To seek a little cure,  
"Duffy" almost strangled me  
And now I have malua!

The next day I saw Jack,  
With trouble in my ear,  
And now I wish he'd put it  
back  
Then maybe I could hear.

The Doc I showed my finger,  
He said "you've come too  
late."

Told "Duffy" not to linger  
As he'd have to amputate!

Any one who went,  
but won't go again."

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A War Correspondent says he was surprised at the amount of tea our troops drink. Perhaps he has not tried cook-house coffee.

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THE TESTIMONIAL EXPERT.

"Oppy" wrote a letter,  
To the firm that we all know --  
Praising up it's products,  
He had used before this "show"

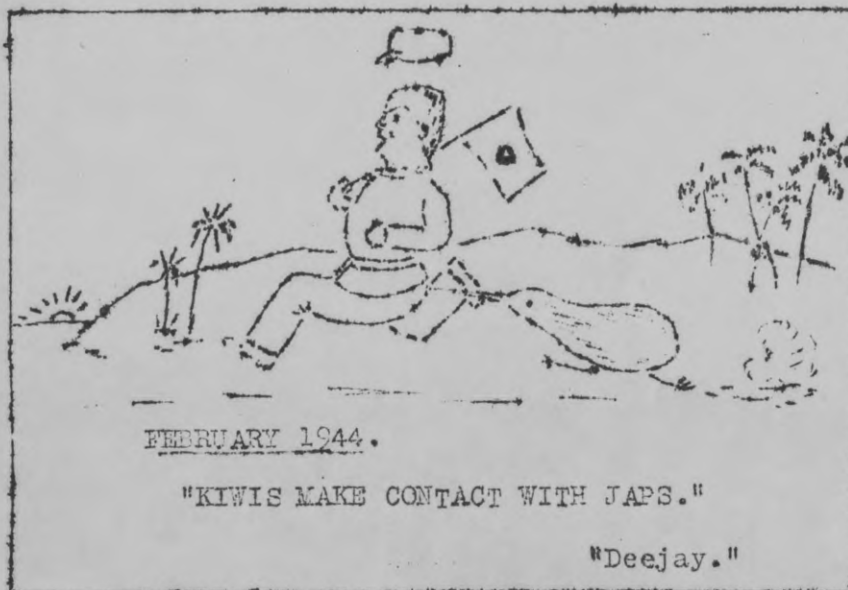
We've fought a few miles further,  
It had slipped right from his mind,  
Till yesterday upon his bed --  
A letter he did find.

He gently broke the crested seal,  
And scanned the pages few  
Then loudly did he chuckle  
As he said - "I'll read to you."

The firm had right there stated,  
That for remarks so kind  
Half a dozen lovely samples,  
In the next mail he will find.

So right now we are waiting,  
For the mail boat to come in,  
With all those lovely samples --  
Of BAYERS ASPIRIN! "G.B."

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FEBRUARY 1944.

"KIWIS MAKE CONTACT WITH JAPS."

"Deejay."

"RAMBLE WITH GAMBLE."

Len Vine contemplates studying algebra -- then he considers he may be able to understand a few of the Army moves!

The subconscious mind is peculiar. One of the boys in this Company has been heard singing "White Christmas" in his sleep. We think that if the person in the next bed listens more carefully he will find it's the "White Mistress" that's on Jim's mind!

In last week's Carrier Platoon publication reference was made to "Honk's" singing, in which it was defined to an artillery battery opening up with rapid fire. This week someone wishes to correct that with a claim that it resembles a wounded elephant dashing through the undergrowth. -Honk, honk, here I come!

"Skipper" was unhappy. The Doc told him he has tonsillitis and "Skip" says he hasn't any tonsils!

Paul Krause thinks we should swipe a flag from a destroyer, paint a Rising Sun on it, and display it in P.Z. as a souvenir of War.

It was most pleasing hear that George McKirdy located his lost mess plate which he's had for the past two and a half years. Such sentimentality!

R.A.P. greeting. -- "And what colour do you want on today?"

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MORE TOPICS FROM THE TROPICS.

Wally Hadwen, visiting us from "B" Company, startled us with a black beard. One of the boys suggests he use it if ever he is short of signal wire!

Then there is a certain member of this Company who, during one night, struggled frantically. He thought a Jap had approached his bed, so he struggled for his knife, but in doing so discovered that it was merely his mosquito net which had fallen on him.

CYNIC: "Heard any news in the past six months?" -C.S.M. Harrow.