



Dredust

VOL I. NO 12.

WORKS SERVICE ENGINEERS.

AUGUST 28, 1943.

THIS IS NOT A HOME
ISSUE.

who was the man who
was seen admiring him-
self in the nude at the
swimming pool ?

heard at 0545 hrs one
morning was the plaintive
cry : "there is noone up
yet. i dont want to be
first up ! but out he had
to go.

our transport sgt. has
taken to walking, he some-
times runs between trucks!

articles of interest to
folks at home are invited
for home issue. what about
an article spr. burnett ?

ping pong players look-
ing for balls. if you
have a spare one get in
touch with spr. broadley.

A SURPRISE.

despite the many and insis-
tent requests for a radio, in-
terest in broadcasts since fr-
iday night, when the radio was
installed, has not exceeded
that of a debate or current top-
ics discussion. classical music
programmes have caught the ear
of one listener only. lack of
interest may be due to inadeq-
uate lighting facilities, an
explanation which suggests that
listeners are not keen enough
to obtain lanterns which are
available for debates, etc. * *
it also implies that, while in-
terest in the progress of the
war is still vital, there are
other interests which are closer
to the immediate needs of the
listeners. * * * one naturally
thinks of cards, but a survey

shows that surreptitious
games of poker, pontoon and
banker are rare. housey-
housey had a run for a few
weeks, but did not amount
to much. * * * the library
is probably the most popu-
lar place every evening and
indicates that reading is
first in hobbies. * * * it
is estimated that most men
on the average write five
letters per week. under or-
dinary circumstances this
may not be excessive; it is
questionable whether the
men would write as many let-
ters in civilian life as is
done here. * * * all news,
it seems is important, but
writing to mum is most im-
portant. * * * next is hear-
from her.

" THE CAT'S OUT WALKING."

" this is where i live " he said as he quickly opened and shut the door before we could see what was inside the partitioned corner of the warehouse. we do not suggest that anything improper takes place in the corner, but knowing Sgt. G. Lindsay as we do....he is young enough to have notions. * * * situated about fifty yards from the main camp, and surrounded by naitoulis, the warehouse is an ideal spot for -- -- tools and things. George holds down the job of "manager" we learnt, as he conducted us round the stock. * * * at different times he had complained that " bloody lorries were arriving at all hours of day and night, but no one took him very seriously...it was put down to his usual WASHDYKE manner. * * * half an hour in the store now suggests that lorries must have carried hefty loads and made enough trips to keep the staff fully employed. * * * there nails of all sizes by the ton, picks, shovels, blacksmith forges, wash tubs, pipe valves, electrical heating systems, an ice cream factory complete but for the ice cream, wheel barrows, steel ropes, globes and parts of a steel bridge, to mention only a few of the items we noticed. * * * our surprise greatly pleased George who by this time was warmed up to the job of showing us round. " you must meet the " managing director " he announced with some pride, and at the same time bawling out to spr. burge, " ask lieut. brooker if he will see these blokes ! " * * * needless to say " the blokes were immediately asked to step inside to the head office. by this time George was beaming, the " managing director " made us very welcome, the best chairs were made ready for us, cigarettes handed out, while spl. Jack Mason and spr. burge hastened to light our smokes. they then took up positions on either side of us. George standing discreetly in the background. * * * apparently lieut. brooker saw the way George let us merely peep into his bedroom, for he began by telling us that George had the only wooden bed - floor in camp, and that the wood had been a part of some kind. at this George smiled modestly. lieut. brooker took the hint and said no more on the matter. * * * the store, he told us, was actually an engineer supply base which supplied not only the requirements of this unit, but also that of outside units. at this both spl. mason and spr. burge straightened as their chests expanded. units were provided with their war equipment schedule, but occasions very often arose when something more was needed. parts of steel bridges or any one of the eight hundred articles in the store. as confirmation of this spr. burge waved a heavy sheaf of packing sheafs before us and said " this means we shall have over a thousand different things here " added to tools etc, all parts of the prefabricated buildings that have been and will be built have to be accounted for. * * * apart from the administrative

difficulties, there was, lieut. brooker pointed out, organisational difficulties in the way of book-keeping to be overcome, as no precedent had been established which could be followed. " headaches ", yes, they had all had them. that one could appreciate as one looked round; lorries had come in all times of the night, very often convoys would arrive one on "top of the other" as George put it. Jack Mason did not even have time to dwell on his art gallery, which lieut. brooker hoped would not happen again. " i suppose you've seen everything of interest, " he added as we got up to go. as we were about to answer George butted in:- " the cat and kittens are out walking !"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

in a recent issue of DOZERDUST you commented on my dislike of your WRITE YOUR OWN OBITUARY series. well, frankly, i dont, and, as everyone is entitled to their own opinion, i dont mind saying that you go in for too much ballyhoo etc. * * * if you want my opinion, i think we must above all, develop our talent to win friends among people of alien tongues, traditions and temperaments, so that we shall be happy in our temporary home. * * * one must not be just another new zealander who refuses to learn anything beyond cows, sheep and butter and who does other than talk incessantly about " going home ". half the chaps here have one foot on the boat all the time. we must be prepared to become part of the integrated community in which we are living, and that way leave our stamp in the country.

T.P.H.

go to it, T.P.H. but dont stamp too often. and dont " integrate " too closely or we may have to WRITE YOUR OBITUARY. editor.

OF A PUP.

one of our best french scholars was very surprised when, after asking for a pup from a local frenchman, he was sent a kitten. he has been seen searching through a dictionary for the word " pup "

congratulations to the officer who saved his pipe as it balanced precariously on the product of the humorous concrete product.

" KANAKA " DOBSON.

lieut. gilmour was overheard warning more than one man that " he was developing kanaka habits. this led to some vigorous boot cleaning, didn't it ?

HUMOROUS CONCRETE COY. ADVISE THAT THE THREATENED COURT CASE HAD TO BE CANCELLED DUE TO MORE URGENT CASES REQUIRING IMMEDIATE ATTENTION. we hope to see some of the cases.

PERSONALITY PARADE: NO 10.

(BY MAJOR SUCKER O.B.E)

ARTHUR.

arthur was born at waimate and originated the idea of building new zealand's only wheat silo in his home town. the brilliant part of the idea was to do the building at the same time as the construction of the waitaki bridge. * * * the bridge engineers were amazed at the unduly large quantities of materials required for the bridge, but apparently suspected nothing. * * * he further improved his ability to make the most of things by going to the christchurch technical college-- a mixed school. * * * now he is in the h.q. works store. * * * in christchurch he worked as a customs agent. i could imagine those delicate hands of his travelling over suspicious bulges on the persons of women travellers. he claimed his work had no such connection with the personal touch, but i knew otherwise: so apparently did the art editor who suddenly disappeared. he returned

with a sad face and the information that the aews had no courses in customs work. * * * during his leisure hours he is designing a costume for defeating the customs. naturally, he would not give any details, but i gathered that it takes the form of a hidden pocket in underclothing. to keep the secret he will have to fit each garment personally. the art editor again abused the aews. * * * his favourite actress is betty grable, but with a job like his, seeing her must be like a busman's holiday. * * * he answered us that he had no connection with the store cats having kittens. the similarity in colouring is mere coincidence.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.five on a bicycle.

the japanese will need all the comforts that shintoism has to offer if the members of the current topics group have a say in finally disposing of japan. that the japs will get variety they need not doubt. discussion opened on the question of the japanese character. the belief that the average jap was a regimented noodle was opposed by our cam, fred kronast, who argued that the japs were highly individualistic. he instanced their riding through the jungle on a bicycle. "five of them loaded with bombs," he added, this was too much for our camouflage expert, sgt. lipanovic who asked what the "hell are the japs supposed to be-- elephants?" * * * what to do with the japs when we licked them was the next question. it was suggested that shintoism should be prohibited by law, but this was thought to verge on dictatorship, so it was suggested that christianity be made compulsory, but here the padre demurred. it was then suggested by sgt. wingfield that as the japs were deficient in the "old shoal tie spirit" that might be tried as a reformatory measure. this was not very popular. next it was suggested that the

emperor's palace be turned into an art club. this was discarded in favour of making it a night club on an american pattern. this suggestion was accepted as entirely satisfactory. the only thing to be done was to defeat the japanese, suggested sgt. lipanovic, they could then proceed with their plans.

BULL DUST BOX COY.

the above coy. beg to announce that owing to an unfortunate discovery, they will be unable to make the boxes ordered. the ban on conveying large boxes to the capital is likely to send the company into bankruptcy. * * * were it not for the very large fan mail enjoyed by sid reid, he would not have stood the strain. partner robbie states he thinks the future of the company bright, so long as his section get rid of all kanaka habits. for phone numbers and addresses, see sid reid.

one of our residents at the transit camp returned home the other morning from a dance with lipstick on his cheek. more evidence of promenading with french girls, eh. keep it off the cheek, boys, and don't write us.

LIARS WE DID NOT KNOW.CAN YOU BEAT THEM ?

* # what chance do you stand in the competition against the *
LYING. * competitors ? here is a chance to try yourself out.... **

when i was just a little chap upon my mother's knee,
 a lot of things she taught me, and i learn't speedily ,
 and the one thing above all, was " never tell a lie " ,
 cause if i did, i'd never go to heaven when i died .

i learnt about the bible and jehah and the whale
 and then of pharo's daughter and tales of old israel,
 about santa clause and fairies and angels in the sky,
 whence babies came ? the stork, she said, the great big stork, my eye,

and so i grew to manhood and distinguished truth from lies
 told every day and every night in every walk of life.
 a salesman does it cause he must, so he can earn a crust.
 a lawyer just lies legally, and i guess that he's the worst.

those candidates at election time are sure very glib:
 they'll get you better wages and make promises ad lib .
 the fisherman tells of fishing and the fish that got away.
 the punter at the races always backs the horse that pays.

now married men are just the limit, staying back at nights,
 at the office, so they say, so barefaced to their wives.
 then there's another tale told so convincingly,
 " for a fortnight in the country, my aunty been to see !

there's accomplished liars by the score, who'll for the three dollars lie,
 they'll tell you fabrications, the limit is the sky.
 now the " DOZER" priester i cant hope to win, or do i qualify ?
 for cross my heart and hope to die, i've never told a lie.

E.R.N.

ANOTHER LIE.

i read with regret, or should i say with
 distress, in a recent issue of DOZERDUST, that
 you are running a competition to see who can
 submit to you the best " lie ". * * * sir, when
 i was a boy, i was told that people should
 not tell lies. it's wicked, and yet you, for
 a measly three dollars invite men, " soldiers
 at that " to stoop to such a mean thing as
 telling lies and expecting money for it. to
 expect a man to lower his prestige, his hon-
 our for such a small sum of money. " how could
 you ! " * * * why not be like me. * * i have
 never told a lie in my life .

L/CPL. L.T. LANE.

petrified twig a petrified bird...and
 all the birds sang marble perfect. * * *
 night was falling, so lifting it up, i be-
 held a fog so thick that, leaning against
 it, i felled a couple of fog balls, and
 with unerring aim, dropped a couple of
 passing elephants. tying their tails to-
 gether, i slung them over my shoulder and
 proceeded homeward. * * * on looking back
 i was horrified to see a herd of uncivil-
 ised savages pursuing me in their jeeps,
 and to cut a long story short, after one
 had surrounded me, i killed about a thous-
 and, and then they slew me.

STEVE ANNAIS NASH.

A WHOPPER.

feeling thirsty i leaped from my bed cot
 and seized the jar of prussic acid and vitrol,
 slaked my thirst, and i then stepped into the
 blazing sunshine to find hailstones falling
 as big as footballs. undeterred i decided to
 go fishing. so i grabbed a convenient tea-
 spoon and dug up some small worms about three
 feet long. i climbed aboard a passing mosqui-
 to which deposited me at the creek. stepping
 on to a floating log, i baited my hook; but
 the worm was so lovely that when i dropped it
 into the water, it kicked the fish to death.
 jumping ashore, i was disgusted to find that
 i had been standing on the biggest fish of
 all. * * * walking home with the catch, a
 400 lb fish, i passed through a petrified
 forest; on every petrified branch was a
 petrified twig, and on every.....(next colm)

HOME ISSUE.

CHEERIOS of twelve words, written in
 ink and signed, will be accepted on the
 following basis:-

HQ WORKS	5	personnell who had cheerios in first home issue will NOT be eli- gible for this HOME issue.
HQ COY.	15.	
BLDG. SEC	62.	
SERV. SEC.	64.	all personnel of the UNIT in hospital may send in cheerios.
WHARF. COY.	40.	

186.

articles, poems, gossip ...welcome.

DOZERDUST MARCHES IN



hello everyone, glad to meet you. my name is SNOOPER, and i propose staying with you for the duration. there is something i like about ^{you} i have heard you described as the "biggest bloody scroungers on the island", which means that we have a lot in common. i scrounge too, as you will learn. in fact, i toyed with the idea of attaching myself to the ASC, but i think i have made the best choice. * * * having more or less marched myself in, i had better tell you something of my appearance. as you will observe from the excellent sketch of me made by sgt. lipanovic, i am a chubby little fellow, with a cheerful complexion and genial manner. it is true that my ears are large, that my eyes protude and that my nose suggests....well, i wont prejudice you in any way. i shall finish my personal history with a reference to my background, since i know that n.z'ers are very keen on that in view of their grandparents coming from that good old english and scottish stock (like you i cant stand people who sprang from domestic, farm labourers and the like). * * * my name is fairly well known. you will find it in the OXFORD DICTIONARY, not in the main body of the work, of course, but in the ADDENDA which is the place where recent notabilities are registered. people who are not regarded very highly, but who cannot be ignored. the OXFORD is frightfully "old school" tieish and all that ! i am described as "one who pries into what one is not concerned with", and it adds, as an after thought "a sneak-thief"....just like the OXFORD. suggests i have a touch of the domestic in my blood. you know, he is not of "our class" * * * talking of class reminds me of a battalion church parade i once peeked at. the c.o. had handed over to the padre who asked :- hats off, and repeat the LORDS PRAYER. the lads mumbled it, as they usually do. this was no good to the c.o. he interrupted the petition in this fashion:- "when you are told to repeat the LORD'S PRAYER it's an order and you bloody well have to do it ! bet that woke the LORD up. another good story with which i must finish is of an officer

with one hand in his pocket scratching vigorously, strolled up to sgts. mcrae and charleton who were superintending a machine. * * * the officer looked on for a moment & then said, as he continued scratching:- "a few more levers on that and the driver would be kept busy ! " yes " replied mac, " he wouldn't be able to have a hand in his pocket scratching his ---lls would he? " out of the pocket shot the hand. he didnt speak to mac again. * * * well, this is too long.....i'll be watching you.

CUTTEE GRASSEE.

voted by the party as better than a marx bros film, a fast moving comedy was enacted one day recently while a party was making contacts for a new grass patch. the scene was set in new caledonian hills, and the cast consisted of a WORKS officer and party, an exciteable frenchman, a kanaka boy and a group of natives. as the curtain rises, the officer is in confab with the frenchman.

#officer: " what is the kanaka's name ?

#frenchman: " he called leon !

#officer: "leon work along us, cuttee grassee, eh ?!

the frenchman and kanakas go into a huddle. the officer confers with his men. the natives agree. frenchman breathing hard, approaches officer.

#frenchman: "oui, monsieur, mais pay" (ah the rascal, that was it)

#officer: (quickly) "yes, we pay leon plenty muchee. who leon's big chief ? me no savvy. (he turns to one of his men)

#officer: " who can oblige me with a packet of smokes? (a packet is handed over) the officer hands over packet to leon who smiles and salutes.

#frenchman: " you get gendarme's permission leon work, yes, no ?

#officer: " yes, i go now, see mon capitane, gettun permission along beeg chief gendarme along leon work cuttee grassee plenty quick, pay mon capitane, eh ?"

the parties then set out in search of grass patch. when found voted "bloody scruffy" by WORKS. kanaka goes to work at once, after a few seconds stops and looks at officer as much as to say " beat that " the officer takes up challenge.

officer: my boys cuttee grass plenty fast too." me wantee grassee in beeg hurry !

kanaka: me cuttee grassee faster three new zealanders"....he goes at it agin. what did the party say ? you ask them.

WENT TO SCHOOL WITH HER BROTHER.

at the recent dance a sgt. took someone to his tent. he was surprised to find his tent mate in. so he used the square off of going to school with the brother. the tent mate fell for it, and sat there, the sap while the other one fumed, but could do nothing. never mind gordon. it has hard ...

" WOULDNT THAT GAP YOUR AXE ? "

thursday august 14th, saw the opening of the shooting season for wharf operating company, and climaxed a strenuous and hectic three weeks i.t. which began at our seaside stamping ground in nepoui harbour. * * * sponsored the o.c. and popularised by lieut. renz whose fetish... a clean rifle... particularly round the trigger guard the " shoot " was a great success, and the averages very good... everything going with a bang. some of the " boys " were suffering from the " joe blakes, " but they soon forgot the empty " handles ! * * * the ranges were at 100 and 200 yards, and included gas mask rapid. the highlight surprise of the day was " speed " who electrified the crack shots with as good a 25 group as one would see at the king's cup contest. honours for the highest score went to that old rooster, sapper routledge - one of the " woodpecker twins " - with a score of 80 out of a possible 90. this gave him the title of " dead eye " much to the disgust of another gentleman who dropped his bundle later in the day. * * * many were the arguments and excuses put up for failures, and after all, what would a shoot be without its possible william tolls! personally, i desire a nice fat rabbit on the hop, a shot gun at handy range in a good n.z. pasture. I can usually qualify. the junior of our lend-lease sgt instructors was, i am sorry to say, prone to square offs like some of the " also rans ". but i hear he is a good hand at nap and an accomplished swimmer. it is said that he goes down to the swimming hole before dawn which is the reason why he has not been seen in the nude... such modesty ! * * * to get back to the shoot-- the catering was in the hands of the capable and benevolent care of works service q.m. under whose heweb supervision we were rationed. he very grandly supplied us with a delightful assortment of stale bread, hard tack and bunghole. it remained for our norman stanley, an english importation of soldierly sagacity and common sense to scratch up, in the absence of jim howitt, our q.m., some very welcome addition to our provisions. out two cooks, oddie, of the striped coat, and tom of the chefs hat were also on the target, but in different places. bum shots, maybe, but give them an open fire, a few tins of this and that, a bag of flour and you'll be surprised at what they can turn out. * * * as master of ceremonies, sgt chorri, a dry fellow made sure of the pasting and checking party. i should know, as i waved the red flag (minus hammer and sickle) * * * our corporal turned up, this time with the bolt in his rifle, to the surprise of all on parade. he is now the storeman so that he can choose from more than one rifle for a bolt. an appointment which drew from gonville sainsbury his favourite expression : - " wouldnt that gap your axe ! " * * * the only casualty of the day was our " lieutenant " who managed to slice off half the thumb of his right hand to the tune... Cont.

of five stitches; up to then he had a fair grasp of the job. * * * " plum " morris, one of the bad boys of the w. o.c. was the c.s. of the messing arrangements**** in the indoor sport line we have some good performers at " tossing the handle " ; a couple of dobaters ... " frog " phelan can be heard free any night, likewise " syncopater " lovell, and apr. blacktop who is handy with the cards.

contributed by apr.hirtzell
" wally " hobson & others

LOCAL COLOUR.

in this issue we publish a letter from T.P.H. who suggests that we should endeavour to fit into the pattern of local life. he gives his opinion of DOZERDUST which he considers publishes too " much ballyhoo " maybe we do, but in order to be fair we publish a few points on native life here so that T.P.H. may find the process of " integrating " made easy. we are indebted to monsieur leclere for the facts. * * * the natives possess no family names. a child is named felix, or kuko, or anything that the native thinks of at the moment. both men and women are inveterate smokers; they prefer a pipe. a hole is pierced in the ear and the stem of the pipe pushed through and carried in that manner. the tobacco is carried in the hair. (how do you think you would manage that, T.P.H. ?) the natives have to obtain permission of the chief before they can go to work for a farmer. their pay is usually 10 francs a day, of which the chief takes a tenth. * * * the natives have no sense of money value. if they are not paid one month, they work on for another month, and if no pay is forthcoming they just leave and tell the chief. monsieur leclere states that generally speaking the natives " are lazy " and that efforts to induce them to change their way of life have failed. a WORKS officer who has had some dealing with them states that he has been told, that the boot and whip have been used to make them work. * * * the javanese, on the other hand, are industrious workers. they are paid on the average about 15 francs a day, receive their food, and a set of clothes every six months. this consists of a coat, a pair of pants, a shirt, hat and blanket. * * * they too, states monsieur leclere, have a very primitive conception of money. one of their chief amusements is a gambling game called " toupie " which resembles put and take. when the javanese has no money left, he will gamble his clothes, and when they are gone, he will stake the woman. with every ten men, an employer is " obliged " to have two women who distribute their favours on a monetary basis. it appears that the javanese too lack family names. * * this touch of local colour lacks in many points, but we hope it helps you, T.P.H.