

"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 don't, and, as everyone is entitled to their own opinion, I don't 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 don't stamp too often. and don't "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.
