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THIS IS NOT A HOME ISSUE.

The "White Butterfly" may have his wings singed: watch the net!

It is reported that a HQ Sgt in the dark the other night, fell over two tent poles, got hung up on a clothes line and trod on the business end of a rake, which sprang up and hit him in the head. Although he doesn't know the ropes he still got the rake off.

Twins or singles? Odds are even. We favour singles, Spr Cole, but you should know best. Don't bet too heavily, nevertheless. There are instances of triplets. ***** INFORMATION PLEASE.....

What has the leap frog attitude to do with the effort to find a fit for the upper dentures everyone has been trying. Please remember our staff wear dentures too. The Sgt Editor will go temperamental at slightest rebuff.

KEEP MONDAY NIGHT FREE.

GOING "TROPO."

"He's going tropo" someone remarked the other lunch hour as a group watched D.P.O'Connor; his actions were most unusual for a normal person which he is, particularly after a delicious lunch tastefully cooked by Tony. D.P. had something that looked like a whitebait net on the end of a long pole; muttering to himself, and unaware that he had an audience, he was waving the net high in the air, shooting it out to left, then to right, coming to an on guard position, sweeping it around him, and, finally, dropping it on the ground and crawling on all fours to see what was under it. On not finding anything, he swore so loudly that everyone thought he had not been to church parade on Sunday.

When it is known what he was doing we shall advise our readers. In the meanwhile, we think the time has come when we should outline some of the symptoms of advanced "Tropo!"

Take the condition of Sgt. George Jim; most of us know him; he is well known in Auckland as a wool expert. Messrs Dalgety's Ltd never succeeded in pulling the wool over his eyes and the army cannot rob him of that slightly pregnant protuberance of which he is so proud. It is true he has not stood for Parliament, nor the City Council, or the Harbour Board, but he has

seconded a motion at a public meeting which shows his balance.

Now he is not the man one would expect to find sitting up in bed at night holding a conversation with mosquitoes; but he does, we regret to say. He even uses abusive and threatening language. He has been heard to refer to mosquitoes as "little bastards". One could understand such language were they inside the net which they are not. Furthermore, we cannot allow Sgt. Pears to be infected by such conduct. Then there is Percy Kenna. He is above reproach, a faithful librarian and a solid citizen. But in his tent you will find a photograph entitled "Poise" before which he sits and gazes for hours. Even the "Black Tracker" and young boys skulk around the tent asking for a "lock". After the "lock", they go away talking of "desire" and other things. Then there is a man who, not content with eating the Patriotic Cake, but must eat the paper wrapping also. We shall not say what use he puts the tin to. An even more pitiable case is that of the man who planted dehydrated potatoes and is still waiting for them to come up....cont. page 3
