

DCZERDUST 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.

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#### 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.

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#### 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 ...