

Doggedust

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WORKS SERVICE ENGINEERS.

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THIS IS NOT A HOME

ISSUE

in a recent broadcast prim minister fraser promised a minister of sport and amusement : he did not say whether politics would be treated as sport or amusement.

who was the man who in reply to the question : " could i have the loan of a lorry ? " said " holy hell !and discovered it was the padre who asked.

tank party who moved in to our camp were followed up by advance party two days late.

we hear that " explosive bill " has taken two trips to noumea since he arrived. good going !

driver lawson leads the new fashion in hats. there are some cutie ones on display.

do you want your beer ? this was the most important question on friday night. it was lions night.

cheerios to our readers up north. how is the AEWS going curly ? dont forget to write us.

THE JOB.

when jim paterson-kane s said that " it would be a fearful thing of our casualties arrived before we had the hospital ready " he snapped out a conviction that needs no prodding. we all know it. and in the words of " red " brownlee we know that " we're going to be so bloody tired at night that we wont know whether we're coming or going * * * another thing we know is that the boys who have " gone north " will be bloody tired of the malarial jungle, bullets, booby traps and hell fire of the japs. but they'll get there. they have the guts and the organisation it takes to do it. * * we have it too. that's why we are here.. what we have to lick is time. it's against us, there are other things, such as weather, equipment and other drawbacks. but we can lick 'em. same as we can knock time back by sticking to organisation. that is what gets us there. proper organisation means doing things on the jump; on to the job like a football team making for the goal posts; half time means half time, not half a day. * * we know what our goal is, we know why we're going for it. and bloody " tired " as will be we'll get there. O. K. ?

" iko " smith was sparking well on friday night.

sgt craig did some good work at his tent this week. the q.m. looked on.

have you heard len boot sing the H. of J. ? ask him to give you a few verses.

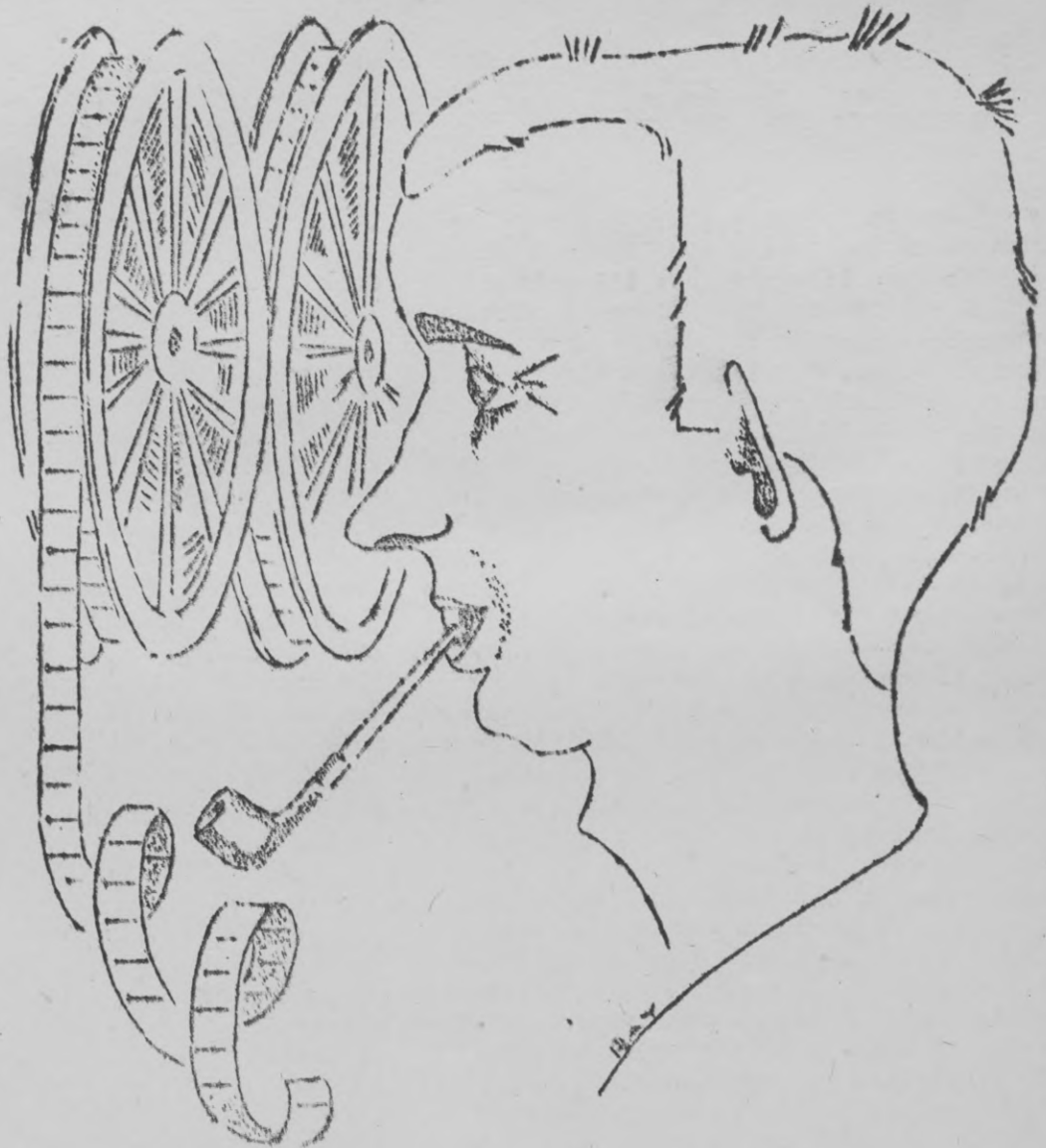
" wingie " is very depressed these days. what is the trouble old bean ?

to our delivery man : these papers are not for sale on the streets in noumea .

all the best to the lads in hospital. drop us a note.

watch notice board for announcements re boxing, debating and library.

lonely sapper would like to correspond with respectable girl, view matrimony. must be able to milk cows and cut wood. 19.



PERSONALITY PARADE : NO 12.

T. P. H. BUCKLEY.

(by major sucker.o.b.e)

he was born in 1909 at herbert, north otago, and educated in new zealand's centre of culture, christchurch; worked as an engineer repairing bull dozers and the like, then changed his job and became a motion picture projectionist. the best picture he remembers showing was " lives of a bengal lancer " * * * when i interviewed him in the services lines he blinked at me, his pipe in his mouth. he gave me the history of his own and other peoples' families, told me how to cook ants and spiders and cure rheumatics. unfortunately he didnt tell me how to keep out of the army. it was not till i sat down to write that i discovered i had got little relative information from him. * * * during the projectionist period of his life he had many exciting experiences (so he told me) including the incident which happened before the perfecting of sound synchronisation. they were featuring " feeding time at the zoo " and " loves sacrifice " on the same programme. the former gave exhibitions of the noise animals make when being fed, the latter contained a good deal of the noise lovers make during a passionate embrace. the records were mixed (by mistake i hope) so that when the keeper poked half a sheep into the lion's cage, it whispered " its too much darling, and in any case you cant leave me in this condition " * * * he likes ronald coleman's acting almost as much as jeanette macdonald's figure - or was it voice ? * * * " but " i said, " you haven't mentioned that famous canadial stugh mixture your grandparents patented. there must be large profits in that " * * * " honestly i dont get a cent out of it " he answered me. * * * he didn't think he had buckley's chance of getting into the personality page but some of those whose lives he endangered at waiouru thought otherwise. at that time they considered him public enemy no. 1.

we had to leave our " clean old man " # " bunny " spencer too, was left to
 behind. in our absence he is settling ** his own devices. how are they getting along,
 down to smoke his four hundred yards of ** " bunny " ?
 cigarettes. for. forit george. **

" KANAKA " DOBSON.

DEHYDRATED PEA NUT MAGNATE.

" kanaka " dobson died this morning somewhere in the " king country " on which he lavished so liberally his ill gotten gains. * * * few men have risen to such spectacular fame as the man whose death we record today. * * * he owed his first step up the ladder of fortune to lieut. r. gilmour, now chief engineer to the new caledonian government, and designer of that famous scenic railway of that country. it was this officer who gave to " kanaka " his nickname way back in the forties when the WORKS SERVICE ENGINEERS were stationed on the island for several years. * * * tradition has it that one morning on parade, lieut. gilmour said to " kanaka ": " my man, those boots of yours, what has become of the soles ? and your hair, why you have not had it cut for at least six months. and those two buttons on your fly...where were you last night ? " to all these questions " kanaka " had not answer, so lieut gilmour went on : " you, you, look like a kanaka, you must get rid of the bad habits " * * * this got dobson. he there and then decided to return to new caledonia when the war was over and knock kanaka habits out of kanakas by employing them in his vast dehydrated pea nut industry. how he came to originate the industry has been a closely guarded secret known only to a few. by the courtesy of his financier, mocosh, we are able to give the full story. * * * in the building section of WORKS SERVICE ENGINEERS there was one morrie swift, a pea nut eater of prodigious capacity. services section to which " kanaka " was attached (he was most affectionately so) challenged the building section to match morrie against " kanaka ". the challenge was accepted. * * * morrie scoured the country for pea nuts. the WHARF COY. unloaded several boats of them specially for the contest. bill morrison blow the side out of a hill for the stage, jim blair graded the terraced seats, aussie austin and friend macale batterdd holl out of the sides. h. q.'s section got to work and dug a huge hole for sh the empty tins. bill charleton had huge sums of money. bill bowler acted as loud speaker and number counter. basil murgatroyd, accompanied by a large number of ready reckoners, counted the number of tins eaten. * * * the great day arrived. both men look hungry after starving themselves for weeks. " kanaka ", wearing a dressing gown of dirty white with coloured strips was the first to enter the stage. he was followed by morrie who waddled on in a tattered khaki and blue gown on which artist lipanovic had drawn a kiwi rampant with a tin of peanuts in its beak. * * * at the gong both men leaped into action. " kanaka " had the advantage of reach; morrie that of speed. they both grabbed the same tin. they wrestled. the crowd roared. morrie used his knee, kanaka groaned and bit his ear.....

the tin burst open and they scrambled for the nuts. * * * they then concentrated on the mountain of tins before them. both men ate tin for tin. the crowd roared. building section men raced after empty tins for lining their tents. morrie slipped a few tins behind. scotty the cook rushed him a cup of tea and toast. infused with new life morrie refused to wait for tins to be opened; he flicked empty tins out the side of his mouth. this broke " kanaka's " morale. he soon lost heart and morrie went on to win by a hundred and fifty tins. it was a great battle, despite the protest by building section that morrie had swallowed the last hundred and one tin. * * * the direct result of the defeat was to turn " kanaka's " thoughts to dehydrating pea nuts which he did on a grand scale. * * * his great ambition was to meet morrie swift in another contest, but morrie who had to wear trousers with a split crutch ever after the match would not eat pea nuts again.

TOMMY ATKINS.
(cont. from page 5, col 2)

..... that an army marched on its stomach. * * * the modern tommy atkins is through with route marches, or any kind of marching, and if you mention hitch hiking he becomes vuluble and will tell you all the short cuts. but you must not mention the transit camp to him, otherwise you will be treated to a lurid outburst. he. it was there that he fought his greatest battle and was forced to evacuate at dawn. * * * other delights on his character reveal themselves in his willingness to sell his ration of tobacco and matches, his eagerness to keep body and soul together by as many helpings of sweets as he can lay his hands on. altogether he is an admirable character.....such is tommy atkins.

OUR SHOWER.

" queue up, please, queue up please " this was the order of the day when we had our first shower. the business is somewhat complicated.that is of obtaining your shower. first you start the motor, you then make for the buckboard platform, hang on to your soap, and pray that you can remain under the water long enough to get a good lather up. the water incidentally, sprinkles down on you from the jam tin above. * * * if you are curious you will want to know how the water gets to the jam tin. well, that is where the pump does a useful job, in that it sucks it out of the trickling stream below. heaves it along the half inch pipe into the jam tin. it is a piece of good improvising. the only catch is knowing how to start the motor; not that the motor is an improvisation, but that for a mechanical dumb luck like, well, never mind, it just wont kick over.

here i am chaps. had a hec of a time getting down. everybody was so busy looking after themselves i was ignored. one look at charlie rye was enough to keep me well away from him. * * * i managed to sneak into the cab with lin and norm matthews. thought i was set, but when the lorrie went off the road lin got such a scare. he shook so much i had to get out. i hoofed back to camp. came down next day on the back of charlie's motor bike. it was good, but i was afraid he was going on to the "pink house" * * * he got the notion at bourail on saturday night when he and two other sets. had dinner at the pub there: he had a fair load of "plonk" of course. so did the others. but chas didn't carry his. * * *

bear. you can guess what the bear was converted into. * * * before i forget, you will be glad to learn that i am going to visit the "pink house" one day next week, so i shall be able to tell you all about it.... that is those of you who do not know. i heard that the welfare officer was thinking of arranging for a party of n.c.o.'s to go down very soon. some of the lads dont like the idea. they reckon there is too much organising in the army.. * * * did you notice how agitated the "black tracker" was last saturday night? i overheard him say :-" i bet you they dont succeed ! and he kept asking : " are they back yet?!" i couldn't figure it out, till i discovered he was referring to a small party of officers who had gone to visit..... (sorry, censor wont allow names) anyway. the "black tracker" was left out. he sure was sore. * * * before i finish i think i had better say i like this place, and we're going to have some fun. keep it clean.

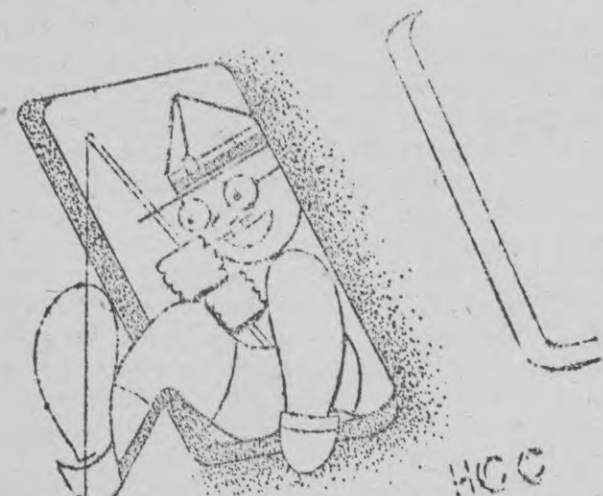
TWO PARROTS.

did you hear of the two brothers, one of whom was a parson, and the other was a sailor. the one who was a sailor was fond of parrots: he had two of them. before going away on a long voyage he gave his brother, the parson, one. * * * now it happened that the one the sailor had heard some very powerful language, whereas the one the parson had, heard a good many prayers. that was only to be expected. * * * it so happened that when the sailor brother returned, he had his parrot with him. it was placed beside the parson's parrot while the two brothers talked over old times. * * the sailor's parrot looked at the other and then getting as close as the page would permit said: " say, baby, what about a bit of love ?!" to which the parson's parrot replied :- "say, what the hell do you think i have been praying for all these years !. !"

BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

(by gunner)

the name "tommy atkins" has been a household word wherever british soldiers have been in the limelight; but up to the present it has always been associated with the men of the english regiments. however, we of the WORKS SERVICES are really fortunate in having a tommy atkins with us. * * * in many ways he reminds us of the tommy atkins who made the englishman famous as a soldier. the english tommy has always been a grumbler; but his naz. namesake, being modern " does his scene " instead. his pet grouch is the rationing because being an old soldier, though tender in years, he has a lot of time for napoleon, especially napoleon's idea ... (cont, page 4, col. 2).....



HCC

5 \$
talking of carrying reminds me of the big salvage job basil murgatroyd did on wednesday. hear about it ? he was doing his squatting exercises when he heard a dull thud below him. didn't pay much attention to it. then he did a bit of quick thinking. " gad, sir, my bill fold ! that made him move. i was having a leak against a nearby tree, 'cos i cant reach up to the gonophone, that's how i saw it all. what basil didn't say wasn't worth repeating. he didn't mention capt. clark's name, but he did say some dreadful things about the products of the HUMOROUS CONCRETE COY. as he gazed below at the \$15 dollars. * * * now basil is not one to give ... five dollars....in easily. he tried with a long stick, with string on a stick, with wire & a pin, and finally, with a combination of them all he retrieved his the \$15 dollars and the bill fold his sunday school teacher gave him. doing up his trousers, he made for the river where he washed his possessions. * * * * the wallet now hangs in the "old man's " office, the \$15 dollars, he converted into



EXTRACT FROM SOLDIER'S DIARY.

" the nickle works proved well worth the long walk round the bay. the treatment of the crude ore is done by a small proportion of modern machinery, augmented by a large number of native labourers. the ore is lifted out of the boats which bring it down the coast, by big cranes and is dumped into hoppers from where it is taken to the works by an over-head rope bucket system. the buckets deposit the ore into heaps under large tin roofs where it is loaded into hand trucks by natives and taken to the smelter as required. * * * the first process the ore goes through is the crusher, in fact, it is crushed two or three times, and is conveyed from one crusher to another by a endless belts. following the crushing it is mixed with a certain amount of coke and passed over jets of flame, which appears to clinker the whole mass. it is then conveyed by hand truck in this red hot condition to the main furnaces. what happens here i wouldn't be very certain, but i did see the refuse now in a molten state being run off above from where the nickel is located. * * * this being the first time i had seen a molten mass, it^{was} with difficulty i left it. it was a great sight and looked like running flame, spreading itself in all directions, until caught in the trough where it was subjected to a jet of water in which it immediately crystallised into a fine granulated substance like crushed coke. the nickel itself is only run off once a day, and unfortunately we did not strike the right time. * * * we left the nickle works thumping a ride back to town with an american officer just in time to buy a good supply of beer at the beer garden. now this place is only a high bloused-in area where one can buy beer--- two cans which must be consumed therein. as there were three of us, we got a good supply by one of us watching our first issue while the others doubled back for more. this of course meant waiting in the eternal queue. nothing is procured without waiting in a queue in the army. well, we consumed our beer, feeling a lot better and more eager to get to places; but the way the others were behaving, i could see someone would be soon getting into trouble, so i managed after much persuasion to coax them back to camp for tea, after which they soon calmed down and soon went to bed. * * * it was the best day i have had. noumea, itself, is disappointing. the best place in the town is the american red cross which provides a writing room, big reading room, a games room and a buffet where one can buy most things. * * * i tried to find something at a reasonable price in the civilian shops to send home the wife and Middles, but it was a hopeless task. the prices were ridiculously high. †

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.BY THE WAY.

SIR,

it has been noticed that major Aucker has taken up wrestling. are his interviewers proving too tough for him? it would look like it. i cant think of anything else he would want to learn the back loop slam for. may i warn his future victims that they beware of him. * * * you might tell us, mr. editor, what the o.b.o stands for. how he got it and what it represents. we know he has a bad breath, but we hardly think he would get it for that.

EYE WITNESS.

professional etiquette does not permit us to reveal personal affairs, shady or otherwise, of members of our staff. we leave the major to answer himself. editor.

SIR,

the other day the editor of DOZERDUST was noticed having trouble with a piece of wood and a saw. he asked a sapper how to keep the saw running straight. the unsuspecting sapper took the saw and cut the piece of wood, and exclaimed " that is how it is done " well done, mr. editor, but dont say it on some of the old hands.

EYE WITNESS.

the answer is that the " milkman " got the editor up so early his eye was out, ED.

draughtin room motto now is: rubbing it out : putting it in.

water carrier ian poars undertakes to supply h.q. lines with fresh water. three baskets carried per hour. dont rush him.

carpenter alan wagner had surveyor len boot on toast one night this week. alan went civil servants, len came in hot with pawds. on defence. honours even half time. len had most of his argument still to trot out.

o'reilly of singing fame now collecting candle grease for section. all donations thankfully received. purpose of collection : security.

who was the sapper who sawed a stool through in mistake for a plank ?

DOZERDUST'S thanks to jimmy ellery and jim fleeming for their job in the " office " the tables and shelves are splendid. likewise the " meatsafe "!

bill charleton backs j.a.lee., but he cant scare the " black tracker "!

tommy atkins plans to marry ten years hence. ask him all about it.