

Doggedust

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WORKS SERVICE ENGINEERS

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THIS IS NOT A HOME ISSUE.

OUR Aussie Austin is something more than a Bulldozer expert. If you doubt it, ask Uncle Sam's nurse how she came by heart on one side of which is a rose and on the other no less than four ... roses.

TERRY Innes has some difficulty in distinguishing between chewing gum and chewing tobacco. He recently bought a swag of Beech Nut Chewing tobacco anyone new may have an exchange for a tip on how to distinguish chewing gum.

INKSTER says E.D. life is a bit boring, but he enjoys watching boys roll out of bed in morning.

JACK Adair made some of the boys think they were back on the farm. His "Whoas" reverberated through camp at midnight this week.

THIS IS NOT A HOMER.

AN APPRECIATION.

ON behalf of WORKS personnel, DOGGERDUST, wishes to convey to Major. E. Blacker and his officers their thanks and appreciation of the motor trips and entertainments which made the four day leave period thoroughly enjoyable and permitted everyone an opportunity of visiting Noumea and environs.

WELL DONE WORKS.

CONGRATULATIONS boys on the completion of phase one of the hospital within scheduled time; it was an achievement of which we may all feel proud and is a pretty clear indication of what WORKS can do when put to it. : : : THE hours were long and the going was never easy. From day to day problems arose that required initiative, courage and willingness to experiment on parts of the job that were mighty important. To the job with all it involved there were added administration questions of the camp ranging from censorship to beer issue, all of which must be included as part of the detail. Everything went without a hitch..well done.

EX.R.A.B. orderly Len McGregor suggested all local cars be fitted with sirens; says a man cant put his best into a kiss when a pair of headlights flash on him. (Quite right, Len)

RAT catcher Rosen had to call in reinforcements the other night when he found a rat on his table; it was resting so quietly that he took no chance. He got his second lieutenant to go it with the bayonet and someone else to bash with the boot. After several stabs and bashed it was discovered that the rat had been dead for several hours. Figgure out how it got on the table.

" SAY, are you an electrician ?" .. someone was overheard asking and the reply was " God, no, I've not fallen that low yet.. I'm a plumber "

TALKING o plumbers.. who is it that does his scone after siesta? He makes a great batch, but is not too popular.

UNCLE SAM VISITS US.

RATES " CHOW " HIGH.

CPL. Preston Charles of the 161st Signal Photographic Coy., who visited us several Sundays ago, is a journalist in civil life, takes a keen interest in the ways of the Kiwis and, in the following article, gives us his impressions.

DEAR Editor : Thanks for a very interesting day in your camp. Since you asked for my impression in five or six hundred words, I'll go into the subject without further introduction. ; ; ; MY day with you New Zealand boys left me with a burning ambition to speak better English. The impression was so strong, in fact, that I went for three days without splitting an infinitive. This is the identical feeling a lot of Americans get when they associate with the Kiwis. The urge usually fades away after a few days, however, as there is a strong prejudice among Americans against speech chameleons. ; ; ; A thing that surprised me no little was the quality of your " chow " Partly this was due, I suppose, to the signal honor of eating at the sergeants mess. I had an idea that we American soldiers were the best fed, best housed, etc, in the world. To get down to cases, the meat pie I had for evening " chow " was a dish that will ever be in my memory. The light noon meal appeals to me very much. In fact, I have already decided that when I get to be a two-star general I shall urge the adoption of this plan in our army. ; ; ; ASSUMING that I shall be a major-general some day, there is another custom I should like to introduce - - morning and afternoon tea. Unfortunately, tea is not generally considered strong enough for the re-blooded American. I feel sure, however, that if we Yanks could take a ten minute break in the morning and afternoon we could even go for tea. While I'm thinking about it, I'm making a note on this in my little black book, under the heading: " Things to Be Done When I become a Major General " (At my present rate of progress this should be about 1980). ; ; ; I used to think New Zealanders were formal and reserved like the English. My visit to you indicated otherwise. My ideas along this line quickly vanished when I joined in such an essentially undignified ceremony as passing round the bottle of beer. ; ; ; I was much interested in the ingenious washing and screening machine your company made from salvage parts. Judging from this achievement, I should say a few New

Zealand construction battalions could equip their Army and Air Force themselves given a few junk yards to pick over. ; ; ; THE only feature of my visit that was not a hundred per cent was a bit of self-consciousness about speech. I was always afraid you wouldn't understand our army slang, so I had talk " straight " After a year or so in the army, a fellow relies so much on slang that he finds it hard to talk unadulterated English. However,, I don't believe I pulled any " boners " or at least not one as bad as the time I asked the New Zealand bag-pipe band maestro if his boys ever played " Waltzing Matilda " ; ; ; WORDS fail me at this point. I've written this piece three times, trying to make it good, and each time it got shorter. I would like to say, though, that knowing you fellows are our Allies gives me a very nice feeling, now that I've got to know you. You're all damn good coves, say I.

MORE COOKHOUSE HASH.

By NASH.

THE Quartermaster hurries in
On his face a cheerful grin.
Now you blokes there's two or three
Who'll be in late for their tea.
Goodo, we say, and save the tea
For these tardy two or three.

But later much to our surprise
There's Sappers round the floor like
Flies. With firtitude and restraint
We listen in to each complaint
And given them ---- Curry.

If when this orcul war is over,
I ever see New Zealand's shore
And see my wife come tripping in
With something tasty in a tin,
Baked beans or sausage long and wide,
I'll grate my teeth, I'll grown & frown
frown. And then I'll promptly go to
Town.
The Comoner will say with pride "
" Justifiable Homicide."

ATTENTION ! All lads now paying
high prices for haikl oil. The Q.M
announces that he has several tins
of rancid butter he 'issuc without
requiring a signature. Be in boys!

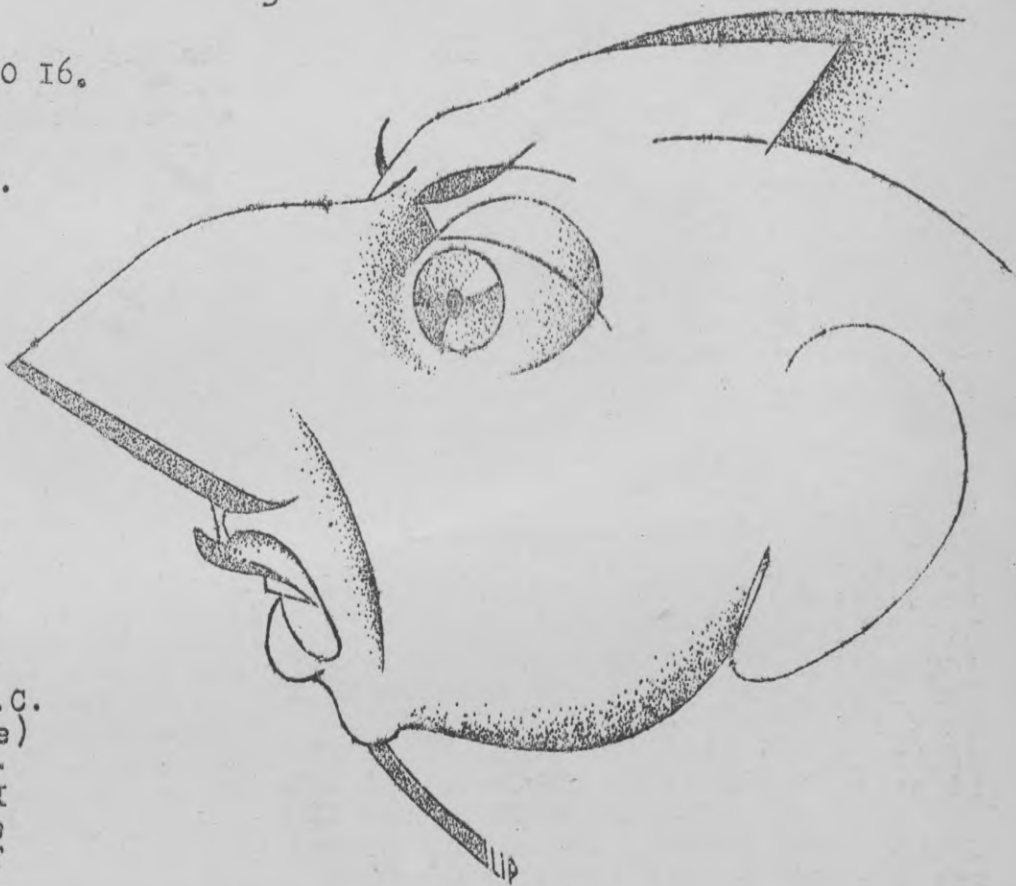
When asked to comment on his popul-
arity with the photographer, Sgt. Jim
Craig said : " They need good looking
blokes for the camera " (Worth bear-
ing in mind)

THIS IS NOT A HOME ISSUE.

PERSONALITY PARADE NO 16.

BILL HART.

By Major Sucker, O.B.E.



HE was born, educated and lived in Auckland until called to New Caledonia. He worked as a cabinet maker specialising in bed-side cabinets (W.A.A.C. newspapers please note) In the army he is Ration Storeman. : : : I found him in his store surrounded by goods of trade. He looked a picture of health and a magnificent advertisement for the excellence of his wares. He offered mesamples, including tinned butter, spam, dried eggs and M & V. Knowing his sensitive nature I accepted them, for I had heard of his recent sorrow. One evening an officer called for some delicacy to add to the meal he was giving in honour of some nurses and refused Bill's offer of attractively packed Beef Shapes. They were Bill's proudest possession, and largest stocks. I admired the neatness and compactness of the store which was not cluttered up with fresh vegetables, eggs or milk. : : : HIS hobbies are getting married (or being married, did he say?), being a play boy and beer. He is a magnificent drinker and recently drunk all his friends under the table and for that matter all the bottles in the neighbouring tents. Unfortunately an officer called in and until he came into the light Bill's language was not appropriate. : : : HE loves New Caledonia and intends returning after the war to start a banana farm. If Ray Branaby does not get in before him he may marry a Kanaka. He assured me that as soon as the Americans have stopped monopolising the stocks we will again be having Chile Con Carne.

TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.N.Z. V. U.S.A.

WORKS Table Tennis team will have the honour of representing N.Z. in a Table Tennis Tournament against an American team at the U.S. Red Cross the coming week. Playing an eight man team, the tournament will open on Wednesday night at 7 o'clock when players 8,7,6. will play best out of three games; on Friday night players 5,4,3. will play another three games and on Saturday night the final series will be played between players 2 and 1. The first two nights play will be in the games room, and on Sat. night the games will be the star events of the evening and held in the main room. (Cont. next col.)

An American Photographer will be present to take flash lights of the games and photographs of the teams. : : : A MEETING OF THE TABLE TENNIS CLUB WILL BE HELD IN THE A.E.W.S. HUT.

STOP PRESS:SOCCER MATCH.

A hastily arranged soccer match was played against a French Military team on Saturday afternoon; WORKS went down before the Tricohour 7-2. Scores for home side made by Hec Hoskins and Jack Mayall. Bob Haycock says "game was fast--everyone enjoyed lubrication!"



BY SNOOPER.

WENT with the boys to the picture show on Monday. Thought from all the talk that the show was going to be pretty hot, but apart from a dance by a nifty bit of work dressed only in a something which, had she been a man, would have been a jockstrap, and a bedroom scene with the heroine in a very low cut white nightie, split right up one side, it wasn't any different from any other picture. THE producer had everything he needed in the bedroom scene. The lovely honey in her nightie, her lover and a bed big enough for two couples. Looked nice and soft too. THE lover bloke did his stuff well. He had the girl sitting on the bed in no time; he was holding her in his arms and looking into her eyes, every now and again having a peep down the front of her nightie. Although the cross talk was in French, all the boys could tell that he was putting in the hard word - and from the actions of the girl he was getting a pretty satisfactory response. To cut the story short, after the scene had been prolonged sufficient to allow the audience to get the hang of all this French talk, the lover had her stretched right out on the bed and, although the nightie was still intact, it looked to be all over bar the shouting. WE were all settling back on our seats a bit tensed up waiting to get a few tips from what looked like up-to-date-French fashion - you could hear everybody breathing a bit fast round about - when the damn producer let the rat of a husband in through the window and the whole show had to be called off. WELL that spot of leave wasn't too bad was it. I managed to get round most places and keep an eye on everybody. Anac Vata was nice, specially the days the W.A.A.C.S. were there. Thought I'd got a bit of good dope outa that, but the bloke in charge wouldn't let them get away in couples, so I shall just have to keep my eyes skinned for future developments. I put my name down on the beach list every day along with the rest of the crowd - nearly got trampled down in the rush too - but none of the girls would have a little guy like me. So I just had to hang on to my own.

(Cont. page 5)

" WE are the two-man army and our front line covers a hundred mile sweep and takes in everything from concrete construction to pink houses... that was the line of bull... " Skip " Bark and Charlie Claxton handed out to us when they found us in their tent at transit the other night. And they certainly looked fit for anything; both were stripped to the waist and liberally sprinkled with cement dust. WE were explaining how we had enjoyed the swim at the beach when Lieut. S.R. Mann joined the group. He did not have time to say more than " Good day " when he was introduced to us as the " Commanding Officer of the two-man army " He refused to commit himself on the question of tactics and promptly clamped down on the question of a " second front " But he did have a good deal to say on the breast stroke of which he is something of an authority. We were grateful for the hints which we shall do our best to use on our next visit to the beach. Lieut. Mann is liaison officer (WORKS) for us with the American forces. He was transferred to Noumea shortly after our arrival in New Caledonia and with him went " Skip ", Charlie and others. Of the original party the two worthies are the only ones that remain. If there is anything you want to know about Noumea, or someone you wish to contact, " Skip " and Charlie are the men for you. If they cannot do it, they'll tell you who can.

 BOXING Monday night at 4.30. Make for the A.E.W.S. Hut and join the pugs. Arrangements are under way to invite a group of boxers up from a nearby French military camp, and several of the lads are prepared to push the mits in the Beer Garden at Noumea one of these Saturday nights. It is understood that a tournament will shortly be held at B.T.D. at which a silver cup will be presented to the most scientific boxer of the night.. What about lighting the trophy for WORKS. We can make it.

 CHESS enthusiasts are requested to meet at A.E.W.S. Hut on MONDAY night to discuss forming a CHESS CLUB. Games can be had with the 353rd Engineers and against players in NOUMEA. Learners are invited to attend the meeting. ITS YOUR MOVE.

SNOOPINGS (cont. from page 4)

GOING TO TOWN.

SOME DID.

GOT left behind at Anse Vata one night and was glad I did too, because three of our chaps came down with a couple of girls to a sort of dance place. Two of them took the girls inside so I tried to get in myself, but you couldn't get in without a girl, so I had to hang round again. I'm always on the outer where girls are concerned. : : : THE third chap - I wont tell you who he was because he'd cut my throat with the knife he always carries - tried to get in several times, but he had to hang round too. I saw him peering in through the door and the windows at the others enjoying themselves inside. At last one of the couples inside must have took pity on him because they came outside and started having a yarn. They'd no sooner got out than the third grabbed the girl and rushed her off along the beach. I was in a quandry I can tell you. I couldn't decide whether to follow the third guy or stay and listen to the second guy's language which was pretty choice - without the girl he could not get back in again and he was getting worried because his beer was going flat. : : : HE just sat on the beach muttering to himself what he would do if he had the third guy's knife. After a while he began to repeat himself, so I went to look for the third guy and the girl, but couldn't find them anywhere. : : : AFTER about an hour the other couple came out, joined the chap, and the three of them set out to find the others. There wasn't any chance of coming on them unawares unfortunately, because the two men were going great guns running down the guy who had pinched the girl -- you could have heard them for miles. After I had been floundering along in the sand for a good while we met them coming towards us and they said in a weak sort of way that they were coming back. Sounded sorta fishy to me. 'Cos they couldn't of come far as the rocks were just handy and they were both outa breath as though they'd been running. But that broke the party up and they all came home. I nipped inside when the girls were getting their coats and drank up the beer that was left, and managed to get a ride home on the back of the jeep.

BLACKOUT boys Fleming, Ellory, Stevens, Phillimore and Hanson know how to go to town, but they are very hazy on what happened in the city. Jimmy Fleming says all that he remembers is taking a walk to look at the moon on Friday NIGHT....he has a vague odea of truing to sing " Bless 'em all " to a coloured boy some time, somewhere, somehow. After that he saw the moon. None of the others would commit themselves. Mat Hanson didn't remember being carried up the hill, and he had no recollection of being dumped on the way.... But they all say...." never again."

BATMAN AT IT.

BATMAN Tom Yuill made batman history the other night after his return from the nearby French home he visited. In fact, : : : it hadn't happened to him since he left the napkin days behind, and he doesn't know of another batman placed so fortunately as he in having Maurice Woods and Percy Seagar to help him. Even Harry Compton stayed long enough awake to give advice. TOM blames the wine, other the brandy.

MAKING A GOOD POOL.

B.T.D. Detachment lads got together on the matter of providing swimming facilities at the river for the W.A.A.CS. and they have made a good job. By Thursday a shelter (dressing) was well under way, a clearing made at the edge of the river, and a raft....details of which you had better ask the S/M. It was slightly submerged when we saw it. By the time all the plans are under way the lads will have made a jolly good pool.

A SURPRISE.

IT will come as a surprise to WORKS personnel to learn that the launch trips which were enjoyed over the week-end were not charged up against UNIT Funds as had been arranged, but was generously donated by the National Patriotic Fund Board. For which we say many thanks. Edt.

Y

BILL Boy can make a Cherry Pie, but you'll never guess who makes the Cherry Wine. We had a sample. Boy! Does it lift your hat off. Its dreadful. We cant take it. No Sir.

DRIVING IT HOME.

REPORTING DON R.

NORM James gave us a jolt the other day when he told us that he thought it was time DOZERDUST folded up and disappeared decently or otherwise. It had, he thought, reached the stage where it simply piddled around with small talk common to Sgts. We denied that the paper had anything in common with mere Sgts., but just in order to check up we asked Peter Wingfield, cultural O.C. of the N.C.O.'s, and he was most indignant that he or any one of the Sgts. should be associated with the "rag". There were one or two, he pointed out, who had some truck with it, but not one of the better class. "she-er drivel, my dear fellow, that's all DOZERDUST is; went last long". After that we had some difficulty in believing Norm James' charge. However, we decided to pursue the observations. : : : Cpl. Robb was most helpful he complained that there was too much "piddling" (Sappers like that word) in the rag. What it needs is more kick. Spr. A.E. Williams was more helpful; said he never read it. Spr. Pasco who is very patriotic, said he was appalled at the waste of paper which could be used for wrapping up fish and chips. Spr. M.J. Woods said the style made him sleep...too much the same. Spr. Southern termed the paper a "bullshit affair" and Spr. Burling said he was afraid to open his mouth or the paper would put words in it. Jimmy Fleming asked why the hell we had no CAPITALS. While Cecil Arthur said that unless DOZERDUST could help boys make contact with the W.A.A.C.S. it was useless. Batman Seagar and Yuill said that their positions in the Unit prohibited their using obscene language or they would have expressed their opinions there and then. : : : AS a result of the combined kick in the pants we have decided to (1) use capitals; (2) appoint a bunch of high class newshawks; (3) run so close to the law of libel that we will need a guard from B.T.D. Detachment twenty four hours. That is until we have the barbed wire fence erected.

RUMOUR has it that Cpl. Robb is setting up a shoe repair shop for ladies only as a spare time hobby. It is understood that all male boots will still have to go to Les Day. The swag of shoes the Cpl. was carrying the other day suggests his first clients are hand picked. Wonder if the W.A.A.C. is so disappointed on Sunday at his absence...is a client. What are you hiding, Robbie. ???????????????

REPORTING Don R. Tommy Stokes says he has been too busy enjoying leave trips to catch stray gossip. Confidentially - he finds competition keen in the race for waccery recognition. Some of the boys, notably E.D. Clark, made a flying start. His specialty was a Sgt., but his initial move was spoiled by WORKS Sgts. inviting the lovely one into the Sgts. mess. Still the get-together meeting on Friday night was a start. : : : BILL Burnett did alright for himself the other day when he had Maxie in the cab on the trip north. Tom says Bill will have to keep his eye on a B.T.D. Sgt. (Look out Bill) Several lads have been asking who sweet vision was slipping across the hillside recently. Some say it was Brenda, some Veronica, and some Joan, but Tom's guess is that it was Charlotte. Shows how the boys have soon reached use of christian names. : : : TOMMY suggest he run a weekly column on HOW TO SUCCEED AS AN ESCORT (O.K. with us Tomay) and he offers the following tips as a kick off. No. one. Dont be impatient. The girls go for the strong silent man who knows when to talk and looks indifferent. Two. Dont talk about " home " or the girls will think you a " sissy ". Talk about the farm back home if you like, but say your'e coming back to New Caledonia to start a cow farm. If your Grandpap came out to N.Z. in the days of long beards and strong tobacco, tell her all about it...hint that she too can become a " pioneer "...that'll get her. Another thing, when you start kissing, get a spot where there is no likelihood of being disturbed by car headlights. The main thing is not to be discouraged. : : : WONDER what it was that brough Rom Bull, " Farmer " Sainsbury and the other boys in the other day. They have been enjoying a week's leave in Noumea. They say it was not so hot when, on the first day in the city, they had to turn round and do a day's fatigue...as mess orderlies. However, they had a good time but say they've had enough of Noumea to do them for the duration.

MEMBERS of WORKS Surf Club face movie camera this week-end at Bourail Beach when a short will be taken of surfing exercises. Hope our Running Transport Sgt. doesn't do his scene.