

# XMAS

# NUMBER

# Dozerdust

VOL 2. NO. 2.

WORKS SERVICE ENGINEERS.

DEC. II. 1943.

ALL the best from the boys to S/Sgt. C. D. McEie, Sgt. H.J. Evans, Cpl. M. W. Hansen. Cpl. H. L. Paikar and Spr. J. R. Miller.. We'll drink our "cheer" with you in mind and toast that soon your wishes will be granted.

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TO our contemporary, Bulldozer, we extend the Season's Greetings. And we take this opportunity to thank the Editor for his generous and prompt help in supplying us with ink with which to complete this issue of Dozerdust.

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TO our OC, Major E. Blacker and his Officers we wish the compliments of the Season and a Happy New Year.

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PARDON Me, Mr. Editor. This is Snooper ----- To my "Sunshine" Happy Christmas and lively New Year - 1944, I mean.

### FOR YOU.

CHRISTMAS is a time of good cheer which will not be wanting on this occasion.::: WE know that you will enjoy yourselves; we know that we shall too. It would be hypercritical of us to say or think otherwise. @: BUT that does not mean that we -or you - will have that joy-so difficult for words to describe - that we would have together. We know it. :::AND we have learnt that it is only when we are together that Christmas, like all other things we value, mean most. Some of us learnt that in camps elsewhere. Some of us are learning it for the first time. But there is not one of us who will not be thinking of you and for you on Christmas Eve.

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TO COL. A. MURRAY and members of 3rd. Div. Engineers we send our sincere good wishes over the Xmas season and wish them the speedy realisation of their hopes for 1944.

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DOZERDUST extends the Season's Greetings to Lt-Col. H.H. Wood, his Officers and staff.

PASSED BY THE BASE CENSOR - WE HOPE.

Dozerdust extends to Major E E. West, his Officers and staff the Season's Greetings and best wishes for the New Year.

TO Captain. F.J. Clark Licut. Wright and members of Wharf Operating Coy. we send our Best Wishes over the Xmas and New Year Greetings.

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Go thou thy way and I Go mine.  
 Apart yet not afar.  
 Only a thin veil hangs between  
 The pathways where we are.  
 And God keep watch  
 O'er thee and me.  
 This is my prayer.  
 He looks thy way He looketh mine  
 And keeps us near.

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TO the "boys" of the WORKS DOZERDUST wishes all the best - may that one BIG WISH come true very soon. For the co-operation in the past months many thanks. 1944 will find DOZERDUST still gossiping. ED.

THE KANAKA OF NECAL.(By Cpl. E. Knowling)

THE natives of this island are mainly of Melanesian origin being characterised by their dark skins and ' chunky ' build. They are called Canaques by the French but to their faces they prefer to be known as Indigenes ( Natives ) or by the more colloquial French term of ' garcon '(boy). The language barrier prevents us from getting to know them well, and there seems to be little authoritative information available, as the French do not appear to encourage any pride in race or tradition. :: THE tribal set up appears to be that of a loose confederation of sub-tribes under a paramount district chief, the 'Grand Chief'. Each sub-tribe has its own chief and his authority apparently depends largely on his personality, as in some cases discipline within the tribe is good. In many cases the minor chiefs are quite young men, and a considerable amount of control is exercised through the heads of families who are consulted in matters of tribal policy. In only one case have I come in contact with any suggestion of taboo and in this case a native man and woman were walking along the road towards a 'Grand Chief'; the man continued and met the chief and, as is usual, went through the routine of hand shaking and cheek kissing. The woman, however, sat down with her face averted some hundred yards away. It seemed that she must not pass in front of a chief. If contact is unavoidable the woman must turn her back and not look the chief's face.. There must be exceptions to this rule, maybe it only applies to strangers for most of the chiefs I have met have been blessed by more than one offspring.:: THE Kanaka attitude to work is typically native; if interested he will work well in short bursts, but continuous routine work does not attract him at all. When employed by the Army he is paid about fifty cents a day and as there is little available for him to buy, the money is little incentive. His food is home grown in his plantations which may be near his home or else miles away in the hills; he is mainly a vegetable in diet and his only local food purchase is bread, which costs him the equivalent of six pence a loaf. In the earlier stages of the war when invasion seemed imminent so many natives

were at work at camps, etc that the plantations were neglected and the Govt. had to make an issue of rice to feed them. Since then the Gendarmes have supervised the cropping and should a native fail to have enough planted he will be compelled to get to work and grow more. :: TAXES are paid by work on the roads - and fifteen days on the pick and shovel sees him free to look the Tax Dept. in the face. As a result of the combination of home grown food, scarcity of goods to buy and the system of working off taxes the lure of money has not sufficient pull to counter balance the love of leisure encouraged by the climate of the South Pacific Paradise.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

CPL. Ted Knowling - One time respected Auckland accountant, now something of a financial vagrant who is "nipped" between pay days when not scrounging pay books between pays. Speaks French like a Kanaka, acts as interpreter and paymaster in Unit native affairs.

POETESS R.H. Williams of the Waacery, christened H.R. and known by such until she contributed to Dozerdust when R.H. replaced original. A keen Auckland she favours Tunnel scheme in place of Bridge proposal. A mainstay of J.R. McKenzies she thinks firm may be bit wobbly in her absence. Adores Clarke Gable.

STEVIE NASH says he has been every-where but in jail - that doesn't mean he went. Is too busy writing poems to read posts. Hobby- opening Bluff oysters. By adoption belongs to Wellington which he poetically describes in an epic poem as the " Belchy City ".

" CURLY " Griffin our Wharf contributor. A city boy who now chews grass as a probationary period to chewing Spark Plug tobacco. Is chief librarian to Wharf - deplora absence of highbrow literature, says his readers will look at nothing lower than Shakspeare.

SNOOPER - mystery character of the Pacific; thought to have had a good education in most third rate ports. Attached himself to Dozerdust and adopted Works for duration. Spends most of his time spying on lads.

(Cont. page 7 |





WHEN you meet a man with a 'twinkle in his eye you are at once disarmed by his warm sense of humour, as we were when Col. J. K. Twigg D.S.O. consented to sit for Dozerdust. Our hut was in a jumble, the box on which we had to ask him "take a seat" had lost the strength of youth. "How shall I sit?" he asked as we listened apprehensively to the ominous creaking of the box. The question soon settled he told us to "fire" ahead which we did. ::: IT was not long before he had our undivided attention. Speaking quietly, he gave the impression of a man who possesses a clear, facile and strong power of abstract thought unclouded by vague generalities. This enables him to get to the vital and urgent essentials of a problem; with a firm and clear judgement he sees what is required to do the work. He can and does appreciate the trappings, but first things first. ::: COMBINED with that is the honesty of outlook of the scholar who is interested in his work not from the narrow self-interested view, but from the drive of the work itself. A short discussion on the question of malarial fever showed that he possesses the thoroughness of the scientist and the tenacity of the bulldog. To that let us add the warm understanding of human nature of the man of action; this was unconsciously emphasised by the tribute he paid to those under him when he said "they worked hard". It was a sincere sentiment expressed by one who did appreciate what certain types of work entailed. ::: THE box lasted the distance and, on looking over the rough copy of the sketch, he gave a smile and said "a little unkind perhaps" but he can take it.

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QUESTIONS AT EVENTIDE.

What can you wear tonight,  
Oh, lovely lady,  
Half so becoming as the memory  
Which robes you in a gown of sweet carressing,  
And takes me home  
So far across the sea?

What can you do tonight,  
Oh, lovely lady,  
Half so inspiring as of yesterday  
The deeds that formed my love and keeps me near you  
Though war must place you many miles away?

What can you see tonight,  
Oh, lovely lady,  
Half so delightful as the scene I keep  
Enshrined within the gold of recollection  
- Portrays your smile  
When faith and cheer I seek?

What can they say tonight,  
Oh, lovely lady,  
Half so endearing as the humblest tone  
In which, upon the nights' still air arises  
My fervent whisper  
" Darling, I am HOME "

R. H. Williams.

THE GYPSIES.

Now we hell up and down this damned over,  
Thru the dust and the rain and the heat,  
And we always break camp on a Sunday,  
Like the " Sallys " that pray in the street.

We moan and we snarl and we bicker,  
Like hobbs, we've no fixed abode,  
Our tents they are almost in tatters,  
While our gear leaves a trail on the road .

And our beer is always short-rationed,  
What we thieves on the ships is a crime,  
We're " Foster's " bad boys, that's what we are,  
Yes, they give us a bloody rough time.

I believe we're the bums of Nocal !,  
The gypsies, the " Knights of the Winch ",  
" Hard cases " and " boozers " and gamblers ,  
Still we're useful and sharp in a pinch,

So we scoff at our critics and curse them,  
Our Sergeants all love us, we know,  
And the OC thinks we're the catswhiskers,  
I once heard him tell " Westy " so.

Now I give you a toast to the " Wharfies ",  
The " Sundowners of the Third Div. ",  
The " Gypsy Boys " of the Pacific,  
Where there's Vienna sausage they live.

Spr. F. A. Hirtzell.





YOU'VE GOTTA BE GOOD.

A red blooded tale of modern times written specially for Dozerdust  
by SNOOPER, ED.

THE CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE.

Dad Heffadust.....A Cock  
Eliza """""".....His Wife.  
Simon Deeds.....A rascal lawyer.  
Flossie Heffadust.. Their daughter.

The scene is of a poorly furnished farm kitchen. The only furniture is an old table bearing the remains of the evening meal; and two or three delapidated chairs. On the wall is a Loan & Mercantile calendar, a photogravure of Phar Lap. A faded patch over the mantel piece was where Uncle Scrim had the place of honour, but his photo has been taken down.

When the curtain rises Dad is sitting at the table filling his pipe and Eliza is busy at the stove.

ELIZA : Did you get that fencin' finished ?.

DAD : Yes. Them damn cows o' Scotts can find their own feed bermorrer.

ELIZA : Well, that's a good job.

DAD : Yes. It was worsen I thought. By gee, with all these repairs we wont make much outer the farm this year. This game has gone to holl once the Govt. got in again.

ELIZA : Well, never mind. We can save a bit by puttin' in for this Army labour. An we've saved up the mortgage money so the place will be freehold anyway. Wonder Deeds hasn't been over; it was due today.

DAD : (Uncomfortably) Well we would 'ave been able to but I did most of it in on Gladynov at the Cup.

ELIZA : (Furiously- she turns and faces him) Why you poor cockeyed little squirt....What the hell are we going to do now ?

DAD : Dont go me El. I did it all for the best. If things 'ad gorn right we would of been able to buy them lambs from the new chap down the road what had his appeal dismissed.

ELIZA : Dont give me that lamb stuff. You orter ---- ( There is a knock at the door and Simon Deeds comes in. He is a tall lean bird who should have been in the Army but got out on a Public Interest appeal)

DEEDS : Well, you know what I've come for.

DAD : Er - yes. We was wonderin' if you might care to extend it fer a month or two. With the Govt. callin' for more production it seems everybody's duty to grow more wool an' - -

DEEDS : So you can pull it over my eyes, eh. Everybody knows that that production stuff is just a good stunt to appeal on.

DAD : But Mr. Deedsr---

DEEDS : Dont Mr. Deeds me. You know the terms. Money up or fore-close.

The door opens and in comes Flossie. (Cont. page 7 )



YOU'VE GOTTA BE GOOD (cont from page 6.)

She is pretty in a vacant sort of way, but has an AI. figure like the blonde down the street back home that you used to watch and undress with your eyes when the wife wasn't looking.

ELIZA : Why Flossie ! What ever are you doing down here ?

FLOSSIE: I'm on vacation. The Lootenant said I could have a couple days off.

ELIZA : The Lootenant ? What Lootenant? Dont you work for the Farmers any more ?

FLOSSIE: (Scornfully) The Farmers ! I gota real job now. My boy friend got me a job with the Yanks. Lovely place it is too. A big sort of pink building down by the harbour.

ELIZA : Your boy friend. I didn't know you had a boy friend.

Flossie: Yes. He's a thrill too. He's a marine.

DAD : Is he one of the fellers what always has everything in hand?

ELIZA : Shut up Dad. ( To Floss) Is he going to marry you ?

FLOSSIE: (Regretfully) Everything's on a lease-lend basis at present.  
(She changes the subject hurriedly ) What's Deeds doing here ?

DEEDS : I've come for the mortgage money and as your dear parents cant pay up, you'll have to get out in the morning.

FLOSSIE: How much is it ?

Dad :

Eliza : Five hundred.

Deeds :

FLOSSIE: Well if that's all ( She lifts up her skirt and extracts a roll from the leg of her knickers. No brother, she is'nt wearing scanties. It's still chilly down in little old N.Z.)

DAD : Five hundred ! Where did you get five hundred ?

ELIZA : (Brokenly) Oh Flossie! I hope you've been good <sup>a</sup> girl.

FLOSSIE: Let me tell you that to earn five hundred in the city you've got to be damn good.

QUICK CUR

SPR.F.A.Hirtzell Whary Coy's.wandering poet whose chief hobby is talking - mainly about himself. Drives a jeep with a sang-froid that warns passengers never to travel twice with him. Considers is unfortunatate that Mu Z. should be attached to Auckland.

LOWDOWN - Reputed to be full brother to Snooper. Educated at Oxford, allowed £500 a year by family lawyers to provide bread and butter, has to find jam for him - self. Has specialised in Colonial Affairs. Secretly adored by Snooper

who refers to him as a " guy that gets around ! Dozerdust present first of a series of specially written articles. World copyright reserved. No part may be used for broadcast, publication, or quotation by publicists or politicians without written authority.

OUR apolagy to Jack Fingland; we had to with hold article. Will use it next Christmas number.

UNCLE MOONSHINE -one time racing announcer. Now talks to himself. Gets very argumentative at times.



## SNOOPINGS BY SNOOPER.

WEEK by week the Gonophone News Service brings you the latest rumour gleaned from sources that are "in the know". No incident is too small to be significant, none too big but our credulity will swallow it. Moreover, Gonophone News has one characteristic that no other News Agency in the world can offer. Associated Press may boast of the number of foreign correspondents on it's payroll; Reuters, that it transmits news from the ears and eyes of the globe faster than any other agency; and Deutsches Nachrichten Bureau may work overtime keeping up Gabbling Goebbles. But only the Gonophone News brings you what you want to hear and believe; it brings it in tabloid form and can be grapevined through the Unit in a matter of minutes.... and give the bearer high honour. ::: THIS week our service started off with the startling announcement that Works would be home for Christmas and to expedite the transfer the OC was leaving for N.Z. on Dec. 18th. In the words of Basil Murgatroyd that was a "whoopacker"! It was followed by the purely domestic fatality that Lieut. Tremain had lost the power of hearing in both ears. The news had literally deafened him. Then came the incident of the pants. Spr. Jack Gibbs found the seat of his trousers unbecoming for a Sapper of the Services Section so he approached Lieut. Terrie for authority to obtain another pair. Jack was told that "it was not worth while" his getting another pair. "Not worth while!... that could mean only one thing - we were going home sooner than we thought. With excitement thus whipped up there came the flash from "high up"! A batman had told some one who told some one else who told another who told our barber that "New Zealanders were passing out of American command" on Jan. 7th! That the 3rd. Div. would be replaced by British troops and that we would soon be on our way home. And as the week closed, comfort, if not certainty was dispensed by the information that the Unit was to be medically examined, graded two, and head for home soon after. Thus ends the Gonophone News Service for the week.

OUR THANKS TO GEORGE KING, JIM CRAIG, CHARLIE EYE, E.D. CLARK AND TOM YULL. TOM CAME IN AT THE KILL AND TOOK OVER THE PRINTING AND MADE A GOOD JOB. TO HIGH CLASS PAPERING HE ADDS JOB OF PRINTER FOR DOZERDUST. ED.

SAY, ever see a knife thrower try to stick the but' end of a knife into a tree from six feet. Cant be done! Course it can. Bill Charleton did it. The tree was almost rotten an' he meant the sharp point to go in - he was givin' a demonstration - you know what Bill's like. But you wanta see him on parade - yes sir, no sir. ::: DIDN'T see much of Lieut. Gilmour when I was up in the camp. Thought I'd get out in the jeep with him same as last time. He didn't go, but I got out with Lieut. Scott. Went to Con. Depot and saw Ern. Newman in shirts and straw hat - glad he had the hat on - lots of Waacs about there I hear, but didn't see any. What ya think. I heard Lieut. Scott was goin' to the Ice Cream factory in the afternoon, so I hoofed to the jeep and hid under papers in the back seat. Pretty good factory I guess. When Lieut. Scott and blokes went into office, I whooped over to churn affair an' hung on handle with me mouth under the tap. Tried to sneak a five pound block of frozen cream - but I aint up to the Wharf standard - yet. Got back to camp and had a look at the boat we heard so much about. She was a whoopacker. Painted white and about fifteen foot. But she sint no more. Boys put her in river to have seams fill up, then the motor was goin' in. But a big flood came up - carried boat away and thumped her bottom. Wish Editor would print what boys said. Deb Williscroft was goin' to take his Javanese girls out for a ride. ::: IN the morning I tore over to Tech. Store to see Lieut. Brooker's new office. Flash pessie, too. Heard him say to a bloke who just went in. "Sit down for a minute - ah, sorry, the visitors chair is out at the moment!" I got under Arthur Burge's chair, but he's got so fat I moved. The chair cant stand strain for ever. ::: HAD a great night at the boxing on Sat. night. Guess that boy Newton was good. Only one that looked he wasn't scared of the coloured boy. I hollered like hell in last round when Newton had the other fellow on the ropes. (Cont. col. 2 page 9)



" WHERE THE PLAY IS NOW !

( Written specially for Doz-  
erdust by LOWDOWN.)

WHAT'S all this talk about who started butter rationing. I started it myself. ::: IT was just after I cleaned up that Rotorua business and got the lowdown on that crook sleuth that the big shots had appointed to track down the crooks who claimed they were going to assassinate Bob and Dan. ::: THEY were all pretty grateful over that show and wanted to put me in the Upper House, but I wasn't interested. I think I could even have been a ~~Member~~ Sed. if I had wanted, but as I told them, I only wanted to do another job to rotate my adopted country. ::: THEY all came crowding round me when I got that one off my chest and patted me on the back, and Paddy said he would be prepared to "take his Mat off" to me anytime. I know they were with me then. ::: WELL the upshot was that we had a conference. Walter wanted me to take on a tour to sell Rehabilitation and Housing to the country, but I didn't go much on the idea. I pointed out that the great mass of voters is like a horse and can only think of one thing at a time. What was wanted was something to really rotate the public and then Walter could please himself about Housing and all that while the public was too mad to notice. ::: THERE were several ideas put up. Coal rationing, Lower Rents, Beer Tax, Tote Tax, but they all seemed to affect somebody present so they weren't well received. ::: I let them all talk for awhile then I sprung it on them. Butter Rationing. They didn't think much of the idea at first till I pointed out that it rotated everybody - women, kids and all. Paddy thought there would be some opposition from the big unions and I agreed, but I pointed out that when they started to squeal he could always come out with the usual line that they had no intention of being stampeded by anybody and, anyway, the question was still under review. ::: I pointed out too, that they could easily take butter away from the Army as the soldiers had more than they knew what to do with. I told them it was the usual thing for soldiers to open a large tin, dig their knife in just once and then throw the rest away. It was wrong, I said, for more soldiers to get as much butter as wharfies, jockeys and other shock troops of the war effort when the said soldiers had

M & V and Cration biscuits to make on. They heartily agreed with this view, ever having been soldiers themselves. AND as Gordon Hutter says from I YA - " That's where the play is now !

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GLORIOUS M & V.

(By Stevie Nash.)

WHO was it called the cow a cook?  
I have heard him called a babbling  
brook

BUT we dont mind we can't go crook  
WE are here to win the war.

WE feed your husband or your son  
AND do our best for every one,  
IT thrills us right down to the  
core

When we hear him ask for more  
---- Vienna Sausage.

FROM the boys come crics of glee.  
WHY ! We've got Sauerkraut for tea.  
I hope they leave enough for me  
THAT odour's simply heavenly.

---- Balancy .

NOW this ode is incomplete  
WITHOUT due refernce to a meat  
KNOWN to diggers far and near  
AS a masterpiece by Gear.

---- Bully.

AH ! the ration truck is in.  
WHAT a gleaming pile of tin.  
AND there it stands in pride of  
place

HEAPED together case on case,  
----Glorious!M & V.

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SNOOPINGS. (cont)

Heard Tom Heeny say this country aint too good for trainin' in - too hot and muggy. That little fella Brown put up a great fight too - was too heady for his opponent, an' I saw a Yank had him a wad after the fight. Nearly had one myself when a guy put his fut on me. Wonder if I could get a Kiwi hat. Say, ask Jimmy Woods how he liked bein' nursed on way home from boxing. What ya think, me photo's gone to N.Z. - the Editor sent it to Jim Sommerville . Heard Percy Kenna tellin the Editor " Jim was a good fella and would see a good job was made ! Only gotta get a girl now and I'll ncarly be respectable. See Lowdon's article. Smart guy that brother of mine. Told him to look up Jim Blair and boys up north when he goes. I'll be watchin' .

BOXING CONT. from page 5)

HEALTHY STORY.  
(By Uncle Moonshine)

was puzzled; he was not getting home with his punches. Newton had him measured and was jabbing a left with a good right following. Back moves and side slides were used for the first time of the tournament and half the bouts over. :: WITH the opening of the third round Newton met Williams on his own ground and after a fast and two handed battle Williams took cover in a smother. He caught Newton a chip with a rangy right he tried hard to land from the start, but his timing was spoilt by speed. Newton drove in a solid left, Williams taking it on the chin came back with a right to the body. They stood toe to toe. Newton weakened. As Williams came on him to press home the advantage, Newton resorted to a weave which took the sting out of the punches. It was the best round of the evening and a splendid bout. :: THE bout between Bill Brown 135 lb. and Joe Rodriguez 134 lb. registered a win for Billy Brown. Billy, an Invercargill lad, needs no build up. Rodriguez took the aggressive in the opening round and landed some telling hooks. Brown landed with a good left. There was little infighting, both lads breaking clean. The second round found Brown still on the defense and unable to penetrate Rodriguez's aggressive forcing. His punches lacked force. This round was about even. With the opening of the third round Brown had the measure of his man; feigning with his left, Rodriguez was trapped into leading while a fast back move brought Brown in with fast lefts and rights that steadied Rodriguez. From early in the round Brown took the lead and went on to win a good fight. :: AN interesting sidelight on the tournament was N.Z. use of the straight left, wider knowledge of ring craft and sound defence. The American lads tended to depend upon aggression, hooks and speed. Of every bout it may be said that it was a model of good sportsmanship. :: FIGHTERS from New Caledonian area captured six bouts from the team from N.Z. @: THE finals which will be fought in a forward area are to take place shortly. The team from this area should put up a good showing providing the climate does not prove too enervating.

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THIS IS A HOME ISSUE.

HELLO boys and girls. I am speaking to you all the way from New Caledonia which is far across the sea from where you are. Now that the time has come to hang up your stocking you will be thinking of your Daddy and what you would give him for a present were he at home. :: THIS is the first time I have seen Army Engineers and they are so different from what I thought they were like. When we think of Engineers we always think of railways engines, and big ships. But your Dad is different. Let me tell you about him. He is called a Sapper and sometimes he drives a few engines - old ones that nobody else wants, and he would dearly love to drive a big ship especially if it were sailing to New Zealand. He can do many other things as well. He is fond of making toys. Every now and again he gets some old iron, bits of wire and things like that and makes himself a new toy, and then your Dad and all other men gather round and admire it. One of these toys is a ship called H.M.S. NEVERFAIL, but it sails best on land. They had another ship too which was called Charleton's Pride, but a wicked fairy knocked a hole in it and it sank. Their best toy is called Abercus. It is the biggest toy in New Caledonia; when it moved through the countryside all the people bowed before it. Some nasty minded folk said that they were doubled up with laughter; but that boys and girls is quite untrue. :: AND now let me tell you of a dreadful - no, darling old horse they have which is called "Plonk". I overheard an officer say that no self-respecting horse thief would be seen dead with Plonk which shows what nice kind man your Dad is. They all saved up and bought shoes for Plonk and the cooks gave up their spare time so that they could shoe him. And they gathered up all the pieces of bread to feed the old fellow as he has no teeth; they are having a special saddle made with an upholstered seat so that they may go for a ride and not have to visit the hospital next day. Some time ago a jealous fairy asked your Dad to give up Plonk, but he didn't want to so the wicked fairy said that your Dad would either have to give up Plonk or his children. Dad offered her all his worldly goods instead, but the wicked fairy didn't want them, so he told your Dad where he could put them. Where do you think that was, boys and girls. You'll never guess. Write & ask Daddy some time