

I know that you have seen it,  
The hills when grey with rain.  
And you have heard the songbirds whistle,  
When the sun shone through again.  
You have heard the Naiouli's whisper  
When quietened by the rain.

You have seen the coral rampant,  
Like Canute before the sea,  
You have seen the small white crosses  
Under which the brave dead lie  
You have seen the natives wailing  
As you went rumbling by,  
You have seen the bullocks plodding  
As they pulled the loaded dray.

You have seen the songbirds flying,  
Clad in their bright array.  
You have felt the sun's fierce burning  
As you bent a weary back,  
You have cursed the greasy, sticky mud  
As you sweated up the track,  
And you growled and groaned and grumbled  
When the mail did not arrive  
And you snarled at the mosquitoes whining  
Like the noise of an angry hive.

You have heard the hornet's buzzing  
And felt their barbed stings  
You have cursed the whole damn country  
And it's creeping, crawling things  
You have thought of another country  
And a field of golden grain  
As you lay in your tent of an evening  
And dreamed you were home again.  
Your thought of your children's laughter  
As they had played on the floor at your knee.

And you smiled as you thought of a homeland  
That is smiling, green and free  
And you thought of its hills and grandeur  
When the snow had covered their tops  
And you thought of a Friday evening  
When you did a round of the shops  
And you thought ' Oh hell, this is silly '  
As you ground out a but in the dust.  
And you thought ' When I go on leave again,  
I'll bloody well go on the bust '.

Sam Burrows

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LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD.

" Hokanui " Still Tops.

From the land of " mountain dew " to  
to the steamy isles of the Pacific  
you will find Scotchmen ( what else  
would you expect ? ), and a dang  
guid one in our Cyril McRae who  
was transferred to the forward area  
a S/Sgt., and in a matter of weeks  
had a "pip" up. It was a promotion  
that occasioned much handshaking in  
Services Section in Cyril's absence.  
Dozerdust joins with Works person-  
el in congratulation Lieut. C. McKee

other end of the partitioned  
office and conducts the pen and  
paper warfare for the party. ::::  
FIRST to nail us was "TPH" Buckley  
who wanted to know what Bob Johnston  
did to us for cutting a poem of  
his we published. Great was the  
disappointment:

" Why he said he was going to tear  
you up for ... , but I 'spose he  
forgot. Anyway when are we going  
home, c'mon, you oughta know; this  
Dozerdust must be in the know.  
What's this about the "Old Man"  
giving a talk. C'mon, now, what  
was it ? " Just then along came  
"Maurie Palmer and Steve Nash. "Had  
tea yet,?" was their first question.  
We fell to it. :::: NEXT day we

whooped out to the " Drag Line "  
to see " Deacon " Carswell and  
Alan Dye who have a home of their  
own on the river bank. Peter  
O'Reiley, chauffeur extraordinary  
to the party, was out on a job. The

"Deacon" was reticent on fishing  
methods, but hinted that the spec-  
ial frying pan used for cooking  
catch has to be put on fire when  
going to bed so that it will be warm  
in morning. :::: ON our way back to  
the main road - four miles - we  
contacted Ron Bull, Alan Matthews  
and party. Greeting us with  
the unusual question : " When are  
we going home ? " they were

stumped with the reply : " If you  
were General Puttick what would  
your answer be ? " Rather involved,  
judging from Ron's effort - but he'd  
got everyone home ( Farmers need, you  
guess, come first ) :::: BACK in  
Base we did our best to contact  
Major S. West, DORE, but, apart  
from seeing him busy interviewing,  
we had to come away with S/Sgt.  
Aim's promise that " the Major  
would not be very long ! Of the  
Major's staff we buttonholed Lieut.  
Scott whose marine engineering we  
tapped on the question of hydro-  
graphy; Lieut. Brooker we missed,  
but were very impressed by Sgt.  
Alan Chapman's neatly ironed and  
creased shirt. I/Cpl Burge growled  
a welcome - he usually rushes us  
into a rickety chair a spider would  
not hang a web to. Cyril Walker,  
Jack Dodd, Doug McIntosh and Ted  
Aylwood were all busy in the mech-  
anic's shop - looks like a cross  
between a church and a sky scraper -  
from where they hurled - " so you've  
come at last ! " Yes, we came and  
unfortunately, had to go, but con-  
vinced there is none better than

WORKS.