



Dozerdust

VOL I. NO 5.

WORKS SERVICE ENGINEERS.

July 9, 1943.

BED ENDS.

With the two bed ends missing when he was very tired Sgt Craigs cordial spirit lagged. Not so Bill Pasco who impishly led Bill Stringer up the garden path, protesting with many an oath Harry led the party to Lt. W.F. Wise. For his bed ends Sgt Craig was ready to fight, for his virginal innocence Harry would fight too, for amusement Bill Pasco fanned the fires and for the peace desired by a tired man Lt. Wise triumphed as a diplomat. The culprit all the while sleeping on the bed ends..

Cheerio to Mum, ^{Nan} Pop and ALL the PRETTY GIRLS IN N.Z.

LIN.

I like that ! Where do I come in ? Editor.

" Bunny " Spencer, Bill Barnett, Hec NicholSEN and " Nick " Nichols, we take back all we said about the garden. It is a credit to the camp. When the tomatoes lose that anaemic slimness, and the lettuce shows signs of life we'll ask for a salad.

To two pretty "Spinsters" I promise love and kisses. (Laugh that off Lin) Editor.

Oceans of love & Kisses on every wave. Thinking of you.

Bill Stack

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

Hello Folks at home ! How are you ? Between ourselves, we are somewhat self conscious, for this is the first time Dozerdust has gone out of the family. Its a family affair with us here, for it has grown up with us and is fast becoming a part of us. We use it to chat among ourselves and that's all its for.

"We" means your husband, your son, or your brother who were strangers to each other a few months ago. " We " are no longer strangers now; we have learned to live together, and we are daily learning to work together. We have all passed through a period of readjustment and have emerged somewhat older in experience and the term " Esprit de Corps " now means that friendliness, mutual trust and respect which has already grown up among us.

So in this, our first home issue of Dozerdust, we ^{wish} to tell you this about ourselves, and send you, and folks at home, this message----We left home to do a job of work and we know that that job can only be done satisfactorily by the combined effort of us all. We intend to do that job just as quickly as possible and, when it's done, we'll be coming home---- fast.

In the meantime you will be

facing the daily round of unexciting routine tasks. Lonely sometimes, anxious sometimes. But we are confident that you all will carry on and see this thing through with us. And, by your prayers and service hasten the day of Victory and our return.

So to you all at home--- our love from us all....
Au Revoir.

"You will know you have been here long enough, not when you talk to the Naiculi Trees, but when they answer you back!"
So They Say.

TOPSY.

Are you saving up for that bottle of "Hjerrings" ?
XXX GEORGE. xxx

Cheerio To : Mum, Dad, my Brother & Sisters. All the best.***CHARLIE.

Cheerio to Opunake. Greetings to Ivy, Chip and Janice.
RUSS.

It is officially denied by the Welfare Officer that he has been approached re the infatuation of our RAY. Note all rivals.

All the best in the new job, Sgt Ford & Staff send Love & X.

Another good discussion.

Culprits On Parade

" I'm not the Quiz Kid " protested Capt E. Blacker as he blocked, dodged and handed back the answers to the fire of questions at the Current Topics Discussion on Monday night. It would have required a Constitutional Lawyer, a Diplomat, a Statesman and a Brain Trust to play ball with the boys. Nevertheless, the discussion was well balanced and echoed through mosquito nets after " lights out " As a subject, the " British Commonwealth " was tops.

WATCH THE NOTICE BOARD FOR NEXT MONDAY NIGHT'S.

Boxing instructors are somewhat perturbed at the speed their pupils are learning. Another hefty left was let loose on Tuesday night by Bob Smith who hasn't had to take any so far. Brian Tapper's teacher is doing some practice on the quiet. It is hinted he approached the AEWs for literature....how the QM slips !

Our swimming rep tells us he saw someone surreptitiously practising the lessons we published last week. No need to be bashful, boys, none of us so fishy but we had to learn.

We know there are small fish in the river. What we want to know is : who was it went to the RAP for treatment ? He now wears a swimming suit !

" He's the best guy on the Island with a Bulldozer " said a U.S. visitor watching Ian Brownlee in action. Hows that for the head, Ian ?

.....DEBATING.....

SATURDAY NIGHT

A unit newspaper is something of a spare time problem. And spare time in the army is precious. There are all manner of jobs, such as washing, darning, mending and cleaning up one's gear. Jobs that a civilian can hand on to the laundry, the wife or the girl friend. But nothing can be handed on here, except, perhaps " our staff " and here they are.

The design of DOZERDUST is the work of Sgt Lin. Lipanovic, in civil life a commercial artist whom the army nabbed in Auckland. Recognising his value (of course) he was one of the first men to be sent to the New Hebrides, of which he can tell some good tales. As Art Editor of this amazing production, Lin, does us a weekly sketch. He goes temperamental at times, but that, he assures us, is a privilege of all the " Elam People " As an artist Lin has something in store for N.Z. Art. But we must not anticipate.

Our weekly feature is the work of one " Major Sucker, O.B.E. ", whose identity has up to the present been " Security ", but which we may now reveal to be no less than Sgt Alex Bowman, an architect of questionable repute who hails from Christchurch. We understand he designs only for the " best people " who rarely, if ever build, since they find it cheaper to move than pay rent. " Major Sucker's " favourite expression is " people of our class " and his pet aversion is " lewd fellows of the baser sort "

Circulation is in the hands of Sgt George Lindsay whose services were obtained when we advertised for " a clean old man " to deliver papers. His antecedents are somewhat obscure. It is understood that he comes from " Washdyke " which should always be spelt in the singular. Of the City of Washdyke he is Mayor, Town Councillor, Chamber of Commerce and carries on the combined practice of grocer, midwife and veterinary surgeon.

In charge of the linotype is Spr Percy Kenne who claims he was born in Gisborne, educated in Dunedin, took up advertising in Wellington, a wife in Napier, and a job with Cadbury Fry Hudson

Ltd. Been in the advertising game all his life and still believes what the copy-writers dish out !!! Hobby, eating Cadbury's chocolate and playing poker. Military career consists mostly of camouflaging himself out of sight when wanted....by the editor.

Assisting Art Editor Spr. Ray Barnaby another zealous Aucklander who gathers news the editor once printed with disastrous consequences. Ray is suspected of writing poetry to Javanese girls. That, at least is the theory of Sgt G. Aim, our proof reader who complains bitterly that he is never given the proof to read until he gets his copy of the paper. Nevertheless, he manages to conceal our lack of primary skool spelling.

Sgt Ian Pears has no relationship with Pears Soap, or Pears' Cyclopaedia. We question whether he has heard of either. We do not wish it to be inferred that he does not wash or cannot read. We do not know. As Distribution Manager he counts the papers fairly inaccurately.

For our legal adviser we have Sgt Ford of In'gill who is reputed to be Oyster Eating Champ and something of a hog on mutton birds.

The staff has not yet made up its mind whether the Editor, Sgt R. MacIvor is entirely mad, or occasionally so. He is frequently heard talking to himself and has a mania for collecting mess gear other than his own...." a lewd fellow of the baser sort "

Spr Rex Coneybeer called at this office today asking that we publish a denial of the story of his affair with Mrs. Spider. He made no date and states that he spent the night in the Spider's web because he could not find his way out; not because Old Man Spider was out on a job.

Nobody's Sweetheart is Ugly. Proverb.

PERSONALITY PARADE NO. 3

by "Major Sucker"

EDDIE HEALD.

I am writing this from Hospital. You will know why when you read my story:-

Cooks are such important people in the Army that I thought it high time one of them appeared on our page. I regret that decision now, for one of those cooks is responsible for my present helpless condition. Don't jump to conclusions, however; mine is external not internal trouble. Eddie is the villain- he's a cook and a mighty big one too!

He was born in Christchurch in 1915 and later (of course) worked in a Brewery. No wonder he wants to get back to his civilian work! He trained for an Army Cook, but unfortunately that Course did not give the necessary experience in opening tins without an opener, so he now feels at a loss. With the other cooks a four-hour shift; the first from 4a.m. till 8a.m., the second 8a.m. till 12 midday, the third midday till 4p.m., and the fourth from 4p.m. till 8p.m.

I went to interview him during the afternoon and caught him between the pastry and the apples. He was the typical, well-built, bronzed South Islander. I immediately

remembered him as the chap who played (with a knife and fork on the window and carriage furniture)--- "Mother's Drawers will soon fit Annie", from Burnham to Lyttelton on the first stage of our journey to the Frozen North.

When I asked him why he had decided to become an Army Cook, he explained that he wished to get even with a number of enemies. To accomplish this, there were two courses open to him- to become a General or a Cook. He chose the latter. He then excused himself for a few minutes and I heard him pointing out to the Orderly (in very colourful language) that if he didn't keep the petrol cooker stoked up with logs, he wouldn't get any dinner. When he returned, he told me that, with his favourite actress, he liked to be alone. I couldn't see her about so I stayed where I was. He brightened with fatherly pride when he told me he had two fine children back in NZ. (by that he meant the South Island, of course)

"Are you married?", I asked. I came to in hospital some hours later.



Some time ago, we received an article written in what appeared to be hieroglyphics. It was handed on to our Art Editor for translation. With the aid of a bottle of "Butterfly Brandy", "Plonk", and a liberal supply of meths we received the translation before going to press. We do not offer editorial comment on the article. It appears on Page 4.

Who was the DOKO Sapper who escorted an elderly Frenchwoman to supper at the recent dance? After exhausting his limited French vocabulary trying to tell her that it was supper-time, he was slightly taken aback with her reply in good English "I know it's time to eat".

Sgt. Fred Watts wishes to nominate Sappers D.Holwell and Leo Inns for the High Diving Class at any forthcoming swimming sports. Both are experts of the crash dive!

For information re the "Pink House", see Sapper Leo. Inns.

CUDDLES & KISSES.

Give me my boots and saddle. Remember -- Cholly.
One Dozen Roses Towhead--From the Cactus.

Hullo Dearest ! Always thinking of you.
Fondest Love to every one.....Keith...
Love to All at Linwood, New Brighton.
JACK.

New Zealanders: In the Old World you are highly spoken of as a progressive and courageous people, ever ready to espouse the weak against the strong; valiant champions of Truth; scorers of petty schemes of personal advancement; upholders of the rights of depressed peoples throughout the world. It is to you that I appeal for justice, fair play and a sympathetic understanding.

Since the arrival, some time ago, of the N.Z. Division, the lives, security and fair name of all mosquitoes, sandflies, fleas, ants, mice, rats, spiders and hornets....the whole insect population of New Caledonia in fact, has been abused and libelled in a manner that does not become you, and is grossly unfair to us.

Let me assure you that we hold no grudge against you on this account. We like you. The admiration that is universally yours, we are the first to acknowledge. Take my tribe for instance. You had no sooner set foot on this Island than we were ready to welcome you; it was not just one or two, but we literally swarmed upon you. The most highly respected joined with the most disreputable in singing your praise. Wherever you went we went. The solitude of the jungle, the eerie swamps and the lonely hills, found us with you. We followed you to bed. You, as the good book says, we "sticketh closer than a brother".

The disregard you displayed towards us is even more marked in your attitude towards the ants who are probably our most ancient and wealthy group. Ever since their landing here centuries ago they have been most industrious and have contributed greatly to our culture. They too, have not been sparing in their attention to you, as you know. You always find them in your blankets at night; in your pants first thing in the morning and in all your personal effects. You do not appear to appreciate ants of the best class in your pants which is perhaps the highest honour they can pay; You may not know that the origin of the now famed Hula Dance symbolically expresses the early settlers joy when he first sat on an ant hill.

I have heard that the solicitations of our fleas do not even meet with your approval. That is regrettable. You have fleas in your own country, even as you have rats and mice which you maintain at great public expense in large public buildings. A highly respected rat friend of mine recently told me how he was most ill-treated when one night he was attempting to sample a National Patriotic Cake. He was sitting up on hind legs doing his best with a very poor tin opener when a large boot was flung at him. That, men, is very poor appreciation of a very genuine interest in what you eat. We do not

wish to eat your food, but we want you to eat nothing that may weaken your magnificent war effort.

It is not my wish to catalogue our troubles, but I must draw your attention to the complete and, I might add, wanton disregard of private property shown by the Works Service Engineers as they rip and tear up Ant Hills, destroy Spiders Webs, and in a few hours completely fill in vast lakes which have been the preserve of ancient Bull Frogs and people of my race for centuries. We own this fair land, it is you who are the foreigners, it is we who have to remain. As an old and honourable Mosquito, I implore you not to rob us of our heritage.

CHALLENGE DEBATE I

At a Current Topics Discussion the question of Advertising somehow became tangled with Social Security. How, we do not know. But two ex-advertising men got to grips on whether their line was beneficial to the community. They were kept apart by a powerful and discreet chairman. Two teams are now formed on the question and will meet on SATURDAY NIGHT. Chairs have been bolted to the floor, the table strengthened. Partisans will be searched before entry, chairman and judge will be provided with armed escort. For further precautions see notice board.

STOP PRESS !!

Sgt Paul, very excited and proud, has recovered his breath sufficiently to gasp out the news. "Darkie" is now the proud mother of SEVEN SONS...all doing well.

Further details will be given in our next issue when we present the life story of our young and proud mother. We congratulate Sgt. Paul who is now resting after his labours. He is excellent as a midwife.

SEE OUR NEXT ISSUE FOR STORY.

Old men forgot their rheumatics on Tuesday night as they watched a fast and slippery game of Cribbage fought out between Wharf Reps Ned Sainsbury and Hec, Mulholland Bldg defenders Tom Yuill and Bob Haycock. Ned tore up the board, Tom palming fast to ask for nineteen. Bob jumped several holes on the blind side. Hec electrified the crowd with his wharf language. Tom saved the game by clever cribbing. Stop work meeting likely to follow. Head Office cabled for lead.

CUDDLES AND KISSES.

Cheerio to all at home- Hello Pat- This will give you some idea. Love, Brian.

Audrey, Dale and Russell Knowlins, Greetings from Nalouli Land. Love to all. Ted.

Cheerio and Beers to Grange Road and the Gang. Loads of love. Ray.

3.
THEY'RE ON THE JOB !

" This road will be ready tomorrow " answered Gordon Berry, as the bulldozer lumbered past, " we work twenty-four hours a day, twenty-five if we can find 'em " he concluded, as he left to have a word with Ian Brownlee who was handing over to Spr Bishop after a six hour shift. Ian volunteered the information that the work on the road had only begun that morning. Dusty and tired he grinned : " Thats how we do things " he said as he moved off, while the bulldozer continued tearing up earth, stones and tree roots that had never known anything harder than the bare feet of the natives.

To road making are added many other activities details of which must be left to the historians. One of the most unusual tasks that had to be mastered was the construction of the " Bure " This begins with the cutting and gathering of suitable grass, stripping the Naiouli Tree of its bark; followed by the erection of the framework and the thatching with grass and bark. Essentially a native building, it is found useful for many purposes in the army. The buildings now erected are a tribute to the versatility and skill of the men who did the job.

Other men have done equally good work which covers the twenty-fours hours and includes the erection of the camp as well as their task of unloading the boat. This is the work of the Wharf Section who have to be a self-contained group. From the moment the boat berts they are ready and the speed with which the work is carried out speaks for itself.

Perhaps that is why, like their khaki and blue puggree, the presence of the Works Service Engineers is now familiar to N.Z. and other troops in New Caledonia. Formerly stern and wild, this Island is now being tamed for all time. It is not for nothing that men with experience in New Hebrides, Singapore and Fiji as well as skilled construction workers go to make up the Unit. Covering a wide area as their work does, they are called upon to undertake many different types of work. And they do it.

THE HIGHER ALTRUISM.

A BATMAN'S DAY.

The conduct of myself is- what ?
A bagatelle, a trifle, not
A matter for persistent care,
But something which, when I can spare
A minute, may perhaps be scanned
With profit. On the other hand
The conduct of my friends, my neighbours
Demands my best, untiring labours.

My ways, alas! are fixed, were fixed
When God first took the trowel and mixed
The mud of which he fashioned man.
A part of the predestined plan,
Fate ties my hands; I cannot move
Except in the appointed groove.
To grumble argues little wit;
I see my weird and bow to it.

But none the less can I descry
My neighbours faults with half an eye.
His little weaknesses I see,
And recommend the remedy.
And strive by every means to raise
My neighbour into wiser ways.
Nay, more, with other folk I run
His foibles over, one by one,
Till all believe each limitation
And pine for his regeneration.
So pure a joy is self-negation.

Poto Garcon. *****

As Batman-Divers Fred and Tom have two things in common. They both like their " Chiefs " and their " Jobs " Otherwise they are poles apart. Tom is " fussy "; he must have everything in his tent neatly stowed away, has a joke for most things and can always be relied upon by his tent mates in the morning. Fred finds the morning nap the best, sometimes knows where to look for his boots and generally takes life seriously. He came over with the Advance Party as Batman-Driver to Major. S. W---. Like most of the men in the Party he had to turn his hand to jobs as they came. Talking of his duties he says that the hardest part was to know where to find the Major who might be in a trench with a pick and shovel along with the lads, or busily preparing for a Conference.

The day begins, as Tom says, with a cup of tea for the " Chief ", includes bed making, washing clothes, attention to personal effect cleaning the car and being ready for anything up to a hundred mile drive. And the day finishes with attention to the mosquito net. Then comes the forgetful hour when one writes a long letter home to " Mum ", telling herWhat do you think ????????

MORE SUDDLES AND KISSES....TO --

CUDDLES AND KISSES....TO-

ALL THE BEST TO GLADYS, NOELINE AND
GLENDA.....XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXFROM BILL.

Cheerio to Joy and Barry. Rai Valley.
Marlborough...XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX..Ted.

GREETINGS TO "VICTORY CLUB"....ROBBIE

6.
 WORLD SERIES FINAL !!!!!!!!!
 U. S. v. N. Z. U.S. v N. Z.

(This account is from a gonophone recording of the Radio Broadcast. Its authenticity is in no way guaranteed by this Paper) ..Ed.

The Final of the World Series was staged today when teams representing U.S and N.Z. (Auckland included); clashed in the game of the century at Cocconut Grove. The teams lined out as follows:-

UNITED STATES.. (red, white and blue stripes)
 BABE RUTH

MAE WEST

BRIGHAM YOUNG

F. ROOSEVELT
 HENRY FORD

D. LAMOUR
 POP-EYE

BUFFALO BILL J. DEMPSEY G. WASHINGTON C. GABLE C. LINDBURGH J. GUNTHER
 AL CAPONE HARPO MARX.

NEW ZEALAND.. (khaki grey)
 W. MASSEY

NIGHTMARCH

PHAR LAP

L. BLOMFIELD
 UNCLE SCRIM

D. SEDDON
 W. NASH

P. FRASER

AUNT DAISY M. NICHOLLS C. McCONACHY T. HEENEY P. W. DEPT. HONGI G. FORBES

UMPIRES... J. DEWEY and T. WILSON.

THE PLAY :-

Nash won the toss from Pop-eye and elected to play downhill with the wind. From the kick-off, both sides got away to a good start and, going past the stand for the first time, Mae West was in front closely followed by Brigham Young, Hongi and Forbes, with Gunther on the rails in the inside position. There was a good deal of jostling down the back stretch, and Blomfield was penalised for interfering with Lamour. Capone hooked cleanly from the ensuing scrum, and Pop-eye went round the blind side, dummied his way past Nash and Seddon, and sent Mae West clean away. She burned up the track with an amazing turn of speed which brought the crowd to its feet, but was safely grassed at first base by Fraser. Hard rucking play followed and Scrim seemed to be doing a lot of talking in the clinches and was repeatedly warned by Umpire Wilson for holding on.

The bowling was definitely on top at this stage and Lamour was uncomfortable facing Nicholls but finally opened her account with a beautiful glance to leg for two off A. Daisy. Quiet play followed, the tackling on both sides being deadly but finally, Babe Ruth with a series of nursery cannons, made a nice break down the fairway, sent on to Harpo Marx and then in a brilliant passing movement in which all the backs handled Mae West, got over for a touchdown amid tremendous enthusiasm. Buffalo Bill raised the flags.

Hongi came out fighting at the bell and cross-kicked nicely but P.W. Dept was too slow and the fish got away.

Coming past the stand for the second time the field was well bunched when suddenly Nash intercepted a pass by G. Washington at Mae West, but Buffalo Bill chased Massey all round the ring, only the half-time whistle saving what looked like a certain fall. McConachy opened the bowling after the tea adjournment and finally had Lamour well caught in the gully by Seddon, but Fraser was too slow, and a great chance was lost. A. Daisy was one up at the ninth but Mae West came again after a brilliant solo run and got a second try. Mae West was proving definitely too fast for Phar-lap and was always dangerous, with or without the ball.

Things were looking 'blacker' for NZ until Forbes and Massey set about cutting chunks off the US lead with some sound batting, but another reverse followed when after a series of elbow jolts in the fifth round, Scrim had to be carried off and was replaced by Shelley. The change was immediately successful - Hongi and Nightmarch scoring sterling tries both of which were converted by Nash; Forbes brought the hundred up with a late cut off Capone.

Lamour hooked her iron shot into the trees at the thirteenth and, assisted by Gable took some time to find her ball. The crowd was growing restive at the delay and kept calling on Lamour to come out and fight, but a successful appeal against the light caused a further stoppage. Lindburgh took up the attack at the resumption, but Hongi continued to score all round the wicket, and took game, set and match-- 6-4, 6-2, 6-4.

(Continued on Page 7)

WORLD SERIES FINAL.

U.S. V. N.Z.
(Cont. from page 6)

Excitement was now intensive and coming down the back straight it was anybody's race, Nash who had been rowing nicely throughout quickened his stroke and at the gong had Dempsey against the ropes drawing both hands into his face. Lamour fell at the brush fence.

U.S. were now a beaten team and coming past the false rail Nash and A Daisy were well in front followed by Hongi with a length between Seddon and Mae West. Mae West was evidently tiring and could not get up and, at last, Seddon found a gap in her defence, and right on the final gong knocked her out with a pile-driver to the solar plexus with the score reading :-

N.Z. I TRY. I BULL. I Maggie. 2 Leg byes

I. Win. I Place. 15 PInts.

U.S. 2 Touchdowns. I. Rome run. 13 Pints

The Lease-Lend Cup was presented to the winners by H. Morgenthau Jr.

Alexander's Ragtime Band played selections during the afternoon.

NEW ZEALAND.

Its a lovely place New Zealand
New Zealand with its skies of blue
With its lakes so crystal clear
And its mountains high in the air
New Zealand that's where we all long to be
In peace time, Oh, so free
In sands by the sea.

Its a lovely place New Zealand
New Zealand with its friends so true
How they long for you and me
As they go smiling through, Oh, New Zealand
It is the land we love
With its trees that glisten, ah so green
In the sunlights gentle gleam.

(To tune :Its a Lovely Day Tm.) BILL BRAGG.

Cheerio Mavis. Wishing you the best and lots
of luck. ARCHIE.

" Our Invasion Barges " QM Lindsay's offer
of " one free fit " was accepted by a vent-
uresome officer. Congratulations, Sir, we
hear you now have the offer of the lid for
a surf board. We'll be there to cheer.

Greetings Bobbie, Mator, Bert, Bert, Frank,
Phil " Uncle Tom Cobbley an' all " STAN.

Our Jack Mason is looking well--and looks
often at the photograph---yes, she is nice.
Jack is another shy lad, so we send our
LOVE AND KISSES TO THE YOUNG LADY. YIBEE !

Cheerio Floss , Freddie & Ronald. Much
Love. XXXXXXXXXXXX GORDON.

Love and Kisses to all at Home, and to
you Mary. XXXXXXXXX GENERAL XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Sapper James , who was our " Cooks Guide "
coming up the N.Z coast is growing very
"porky " Did he and the boys gossip the two
hours we had with them on the job. Ask them

ONE DAY TO COME.

One day that has to come. And we pray its not
Far away
We'll return to our sweethearts in New Zealand
Far away.
We think of them each day and think of the good
Good times we had
At home with our families and our mothers'
And our Dads!
We think of our families and all we love
So dear
And pray that our time will soon draw near
We will go back to our sweethearts and all
We love so dear,
God grant that our sail-ing will ver-ry
Soon draw near.

Tune. One Day When We Were
Young.

T.W.A.

TO THE PEOPLES' OF THE PALACE.

Greetings. Congrats to Brigadiere on prom-
otion. Howdy Bill. Letter just to hand.
Ruth, Flo, Henzie, ALL OTHERS. Rastus

Mima and Beverley Love and Greetings from
New Caledonia. IAN.

To Lt. R.R. Torrie and Party, you hit the
headlines next week. We'll be down to see
you. All the best.

Howdy Ranfurly Road ! Greetings for
Belinda, Mary and " Steamboat ". DAD.

Good game of Soccer on Sat. boys. Three
one in our favour is the way to do it. The
Rugby team were up against a stiff team and
played well, but just missed. We're skipping
the full notes this week.

Ask the Surveyors to cut you pegs,

Cheery to Myrtle & to Barnett
St. Chin Chin & Sam ;
Love to Isabel & Warwick.
Everything O.K. LEN. XXXXXXXX
Love to Martha, Betty, Jenny
& Trevor. All O.K. Clem. XX
Cheerio Millerton, & Nelson.
Chine up Patay & Michael.
Love JIM. XXXX
Hulloa Glad & Mum. Best of
Love. XXXXXXXXXXXX BILL XXXX
Cheerio Gladys, Raymon.
Best Of Love (Billy)
SONNY XXXXX
Cheerio to Kit & all at
Home. From Joe. XXXXXXXXXXXX
Keep the chin up Dear, Love.
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX HAROLD XXXX
Cheerio to Gwen, Jack &
Gwenda. Love, Eric. XXXXXX
Cheerio Dad & Mum. All's
Well. JIM & ALEX .. XX XX
Cheerio Mum and Neville.
Good Luck. Fit & well. DAD
Best of Luck. Doing O.K.
Lots of Love. Tom Martin.
Best of Luck, Mary & Family
Doing O.K. Fit & Well. HEC
Love to Bob, Tex & Judy.
All O.K. here. Cheerio. LEN.
Cheerio to Rene, Edgar &
Barry with love from DAD. X
Cheerio to Jay, Ailsa, Don
& Denis, Mother, & Mac.
Keeping fit. Daddy. XXXXX
Calling Taradale : Dunedin
Lgve to Ita, Peter. Mother,
and All others. XXXXXXXX
*****PERCY.*****
Cheerio Nan & Ross- Keep
your chin up. XXXX POP XXX
Calling KARORI ! Love to
Nola & Jon. Doing Fine.
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX JACK. XXX
Cheerio Wainang. Every-
thing O.K. Here. MAURICE. X
Cheerio Alice & Leslie.
Love. XXXXXXXXXXXX HARRY. XX
How is Marlene ? Every-
thing O.K. LOVE. X X RON.
Cheerio Beryle. Keep your
chin up. Wilson. XXXXXXXX
Cheerio Rota & Kiddies, Mum
Dad fit & well. Keep smil-
ing. LOVE, GORDON. XXXXXXXX
Cheerio to Nancy, Victor &
all at home. BILL XXXXXXXX
All the best to Isabel &
Boys from ARTHUR .
All the best to Will &
Raymond. Doing Fine. JIM.
All the best to Ida &
Family- Also the Gang.
TOM SKELTON.
Cheerio To Mummy, Allison
& Bruce. Everything O.K.
***** Daddy.

CUDDLES AND KISSES.

Cheerio to all at Home- and
friends in Waipuk and Janet in
Blonheim. Lot Of Love, Jim.
Cheerio to Ada and all at
Mt. Summers & Mayfield. Lots of
Love. JIMMIE. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Cheerio To Mabel & Folks at
Pukehau. All the best. Mac.
Cheerio to Jean. And all at
Temuka. Also 57 Burns St. Duned-
in. Also Outram. Gill.
Cheerio Mum, Trevor and Bever-
ly. Fit and Well. Much Love.
DAD. XXXX
TO THE WOMEN IN MY LIFE ---
ACROSS THE PACIFIC COME MY
SIGHS... MAJOR SUCKER. O.B.E.

Jean David..
Cheerio, love and kisses.
"Till the Stars shine again"
XXXXXXXX DADDY.
To the Spinsters Club, Wgton.
especially Peggy, its charming
hostess-- a big Cheerio from
the many who enjoyed your hos-
pitality when in the Capital.

Our two RAP Orderlies, Steve
and Aif were too shy to write
of Love and Kisses. So Ray
sketched the two love birds.
You know why ! There are lots
of girls back in N.Z., so Ray
and Peter and Lin and Alex say,
whom we love very much... and
always.
CHEERIO to Kathleen, Terry
and Gaynor. Wishing you all
the best. XXXXXX STAN.
BETTY: "I'll walk beside you."
Keep your packer up, Max.
To Tony, Valerie and Vi, more
cuddles and kisses. DAD.
News Flash- Helen' here's all
the best. We dont forget. Fred.
Cheerio to all at home and
Love and Kisses to Evelyn. Jack.
Best wishes to Mum. Dad &
all friends at home. Stewart.
Love to Peggy & best wishes
to all in N.Z. D. Holloway.
Phyllis:-Keep smiling dear,
thero's always tomorrow.
Gordon.

SO SAY ALL OF US & US & US.



WHACKO !!!!!
Johnsonville
Hi Jon !
Hi Ra !

Cheerio Washdyke, Hullo Flo,
JOY & Judith-Ann. Lots of lov
Keeps your chins up, George.

Hullo Mum, DAD and Brenda,
Lots of love, I'm keeping well
Alan,
Cheerio to Nyra & Ray of Bern-
borough St. My thoughts are
always with you, George.
Cheerio from Dad in N.C. to
Esther, Bernice & Beryl.
Always yours. M.W.H.
" Ou hoo " to May & Loone,
Weld St., Hokitika. Love, Len,
Cheerio Fuzzy, Pam, Ray, Ann.
My thoughts always with you
all..... SNOW
Cheerio, Sending lots of love
to Mum, Dad & Bubs. From John.
Birthday Greetings to my dear
Esme & Little Erid. With all
my love..... DUNCAN.
Cheerio, Edna, Pat, Brian, Mum,
Dad & Family. Love All, FRED.
Greetings to all at home, &
Nellie. Hope onions a success.
Birthday greetings to ONCLE.
REX & WALT.
Hello Shirley, Lots of love
& lots of fun. I'll be back.
BILL.
Cheerio To Myrtle & Nola,
Waihi Beach. Remember me to
folks at home. Cliff Burns.
Cheerio Mum & Pop & all the
Gang. Be seeing you.
Mrs Bragg's... Willie.....
Happy Returns with Love to
Kaye & all my love to Vi'Im,
always thinking of you.
JOHN.
Cheerio Maud, Pam, Ross &
Kerry. Ah, my beloved, fill
the cup that clears Today of
past regrets and future fears.
Love. NICK.
Cheerio to Mother, Jim, Ken,
Pamela, Gran and Craigs.
Spr Lovell,
Lots of Love to Doll, Mario,
Raewyn & Bruce... JOHN. XXXXX
With this I send good wishes,
Lots of Love and Kisses.
Mandel,
Here's a big cheerio to
My Wife, Jean with love, Bob,
Don, & Mum Hope to see you
all soon. Bill Bowler.
Cheerio Joybells. Fit &
well here. All my love. PAT.
Cheerio Edna, Brian & Maurice.
Doing well. LOVE . CHAS.
There is no place like Home

