



# Dozerdust

VOL. I, NO. 8.

WORKS SERVICE ENGINEERS.

JULY 31, 1943.

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## A WARNING !

Dozerdust extends a welcome to Padre A.H. Dowden who arrived last night.

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Services Section For Action: Bill Charleton is learning Irish Airs from O'Reilly the Great !

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We hear that Mussolini is out a job. Da poor guy will have to take to selling peanuts again. Should find it easy after roasting pot of the Italians for twenty one years.

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As a special favour we were give a preview of Jack Mason's portrait gallery... the latest addition is very nice. We like her. So does Jack, we think.

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From all accounts the farewell dinner to the Colonel went with a good swing. The only complaint being from the cooks who went to the QM about the lack of Hop Sauce.

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Before his departure this week, Alf Ogier gave our typewriter a further once over in the RAP. She is now sparking well, thanks to Alf who knows the machines as well as he does the RAP business. Many thanks, Alf.

It is with regret that we again have to draw attention to the business methods of the Humorous Concrete Company.

Early this week a member of the Wharf Operating Coy. sent us an unprintable letter in which he claims ( and we believe him ) that he had no sooner taken up the " correct posture " above on the " vile seats, than he heard a dull, heavy thud beneath him. He struggled to his feet and hobbled to the protection of a nearby Naiouli tree, thinking he unwittingly sat upon a " booby trap " ! But that is not all.

Imagine his thoughts when he discovered the loss of his money belt, containing several hundred dollars and his sheath knife. To retrieve the loss was impossible. Likewise the indignity he suffered through being seen hobbling with a bare behind.

Furthermore, late that night figures were seen with lanterns around the " seats ", and it is said they were seen with long poles poking in a hole..... looking for the unfortunate man's money belt, no doubt. At last, it would seem, we have unearthed the plot---you use the seat and lose your money. We approached a Spr. T.W. Armon who fills the position of under cover man. He refused to talk. He had the impudence to infer that the Wharf workers received far too much money.

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In fact, he behaved in the manner of a man guilty of defrauding the public, a practice, we believe, followed by his employers.

Furthermore, it is a well known fact that two Sgts. from across the " river " still refuse to use the " seats, preferring to wait until dark and sneak over when all is quiet....to comfortable seats. This is borne out by Sgt. Lipanovic who came into the office this morning. He had just been across the river. "I've always been used to sitting down taking it easy. To hell with this squatting. They say that if I go over there, I'll have to help dig another hole. I'll do it willingly !.....that is the spirit that made the Empire and will bring the Humorous Concrete Company to ruin.

In the meantime we ask all our readers to leave their money belts in safety, and keep a very close watch on the affairs of the Company, which, we hear, is about to float a loan.

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Dozerdust moved into new offices on Main Street Friday. Editor and Art Editor in same office until basement ready for models.

WRITE YOUR OWN OBITUARY NOTICE.

AT THE RACES.

NO 2. R. H. CONEYBEER.

( BY T.A.S. )

It is with regret that we announce the sudden death of Mr. R. H. Coneybeer this morning at his beautiful home in Fitzherbert Avenue. It will be recalled that on Saturday Mr Coneybeer celebrated his 93rd birthday by scoring three successive tries in the representative rugby game against Shannon. It is thought that the heavy kick in the groin he received in the course of the game may have been a contributory factor in his untimely end.

Mr Coneybeer's early years were spent in Palmerston North where he received his early education. It is not known where he received the latter part of it. Nevertheless he was a studious type and devoted many years to the study of "systems" of backing horses which invariably ran last. He was a junior partner in the legal firm of Droopsnoop & Crabs who specialised in outwitting the Income Tax Dept.

At the age of 21 Mr Coneybeer enlisted as a Sapper in the Works Service Engineers which played such a prominent part in the Pacific in World War NO 2. He was one of the few men in the Unit, as the Unofficial Historian goes to some length to show, who had great difficulty in getting out of bed in the mornings, and who broke so many steel tapes that the Survey Parties to which he was attached were reduced to spend most of their time making "pegs"!

On his return to civil life, Mr Coneybeer was hurriedly married. His wife was an untiring worker; she had a fine flower garden, one set of triplets, three sets of twins, a baby grand piano and the name of being the "best dressed woman in Palmerston" of which she was very proud.

Mr. Coneybeer was a man of varied interests; what his friends had to say of him was not so interesting, or truthful, as that said by his enemies. A keen member of the Rotary Club, he was a strong advocate for less birth control among members. On this he frequently crossed swords with Sir Peter Wingfield who considered total birth control a great cultural stimulant. Mr Coneybeer's cultural attainments were not conspicuous despite his interest in rugby and racehorses.

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"STILL PEELS WITH HIS HANDS"

Two and a half hours after his twenty eight birthday, Sgt. Ian Pears, a little flushed and unsteady on his feet said: "I still feel with my hands" in reply to the question: "How do you feel!" Asked what he thought of the WAR he replied: "I think New Zealand should give the Japs twenty four hours

Last Saturday a party of fortunates, or perhaps they would prefer to style themselves "unfortunates", set out in the early hours of the morning to attend their first race meeting in New Caledonia. A great deal of "scone" was "done" by Tony and others at the gate when the hold up of the truck took place before the party got going. The journey was uneventful, except for the orange incident when a native was unwittingly done for half a dollar. Dust from the preceding trucks in the convoy was but also the reason why the party looked more like a lorry load of negroes by the time they reached their destination. However, a wash in the stream under the curious eyes of the "Wog" beauties restored our Romeos to their natural, virile manhood, and a cup of tea at the Road House raised their confidence in backing winners.

The racecourse was a surprise to all in that it was far better than anyone expected. Even though Naiouli played a prominent part in its construction the facilities were as good as found on the smaller racecourses in N.Z. Old Sol shone on the large attendance comprised mostly of En Zeders who were well aware of the French Girls present---they were very nice too! The Div. Ban rendered items between races while an amplifying system kept everyone well posted which gave a finish to the organisation and which went to making the day most enjoyable.

All the horses were in good form, making the races a punter's nightmare; the comparatively low dividends ( six dollars being the highest ) did not deter the enthusiasts from putting their "hard" earned on would-be winners. There was a suror method of losing on the field and a good many found it more popular than the horses.

Although some races had bad starts, all were very exciting. Assertions that such and such a horse should have won were rife, while others were quite certain that their nag should have paid more than two dollars. Of those from Works Service Engineers, Captain Boyd appeared to be the only one who made the races worth while; the losers were in the majority and averaged a deficit of three dollars. Despite this "she was a good show" and everyone hoped that their next meeting would be when there is a ten bob toto and a two way betting system.

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to get out of Tokio!"

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Lonely young man wished to correspond with young lady interested in higher things. Colour no bar. Reply. genuine.



PERSONALITY PARADE: NO 6.

ALEX TONER.  
( By Major Sucker O.B.E )

" The members of this tent take in washing and people generally " I read on a notice in the Building section lines, and saw below it the name of the soldier for whom I was looking. Another wronged South Islander, I thought, when those shoulders turned in my direction.

He was born in Ashburton in 19-19 and went to school there. He did not study very seriously and is glad now that he did not--he would hate to look as glum as the draughting Sgts. For a time he worked on a sheep farm and it was during that period of his life that the Ashburton Borough Council decided to shift the " Old Gents Only " and form a Civic Square in the hope of enticing at least one unsuspecting traveller to stay in their village for more than the ten minutes for Refreshments. They could get no house shifting gear and applied to Alex whose civic pride was great and who promised to help them.

On Ash Wednesday, 1935, to the delight of the entire twenty three inhabitants he lifted the " Old Gents Only " ( while empty ) and carried it bodily across the road. Later, people availing themselves of its amenities were pained to find it retaliated by leaking on them. Alex was called in to repair the roof and found the work so fascinating that he gave up farming and started work as a carpenter.

He was fired with enthusiasm for the Cause of Temperance and fought valiantly for it till the elections brought success to his cause. Naturally, he and his associates arranged a party to celebrate their achievement, only to find that their success blocked them from having one. Like all true Irishmen they were "again the Government" and vowed not to rest till Prohibition was defeated. The Council thought otherwise, Ashburton had become famous ( if unpopular ) overnight and they wanted to retain that fame. Alex and his friends were immediately put in the army where their enthusiasm and energy would soon be killed.

He is looking forward to again working on the interior of expensive houses, but I fear he might whack about with axe and hammer in a manner distressing to the architect and client, to say nothing of the wood. I suggest he attempt to popularise rustic interiors by advertising " Ye Olde Worlde Intoners ".



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DOZERDUST SCOOP !!!

GONOPHONE.

Sgt. Charlie Rye who electrified readers of the ELTHAM ARGUS with his graphic and full blooded articles on NEW CALEDONIA has been signed up for a series of special meaty articles on HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF SITTING ON YOUR SUCKER. Watch for this series from the pen of one of Taranaki's slickest writers.

We have to acknowledge receipt of a copy of our distinguished contemporary " Gonophone, of the 23rd Fd. Engineers. Here is a line on the policy of the paper :-" After all, this is an rmy paper and intended primarily for men---so to hell with tender scruples---we're out for a laugh !" And judging from the articles....they get it. All the best Gonophone----theres nothing piddling about you. Ed.

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Who were the revellers who serenaded out side " The Killer's " tent on the night of his birthday ?

This week one of our boys received a letter address " Senior Sapper ". Promotion comes to those who wait!!!!!!

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## A DAY WITH A BANKER

Do not allow the title of this article to mislead you--- Dozerdust is not yet in the hands of the Banks, is not in need of an overdraft, and the mortgage is not due yet for some years. We are on good terms with Big Business, particularly Brewers.

Nevertheless, we cannot escape the Bankers. At least that was what we found when we paid a visit to Services Section Orderly Room when we set out to interview Cpl. Alf Black on Orderly Room routine. Our aim was to find out what our friend Alf did from first thing in the morning until bat-time. Before we had opportunity to ask, in came Sgt Charlie Rye with the request "Could you let me have the loan of a brace and bit for a minute, Alf?" What the Transport Sgt required the tool for we did not have time to ask, for he had no sooner gone than in came Cpl Newman with a request for something else, and he was followed by several others after one thing or another.

Between the "one thing and another", we learnt that Services Section consists of three clearly defined sub-sections, each with a specialised set of jobs, and that attached to the Orderly Room is a small store room from which Alf issues tools etc.

Sub-section one, is the Mechanics, which is concerned with repairs and attention to mechanical work from driving to "jacking-up". Under Sgt C.D. McHae who has the following team of NCO's under him:- Cpls N. Hansen, N.J. Laurie; L/Cpls R.R. Whitten, H. L. Palmer and R.B. Georgeson. This section gets to work on Bulldozer, Grader, Plainer and other implements of destruction. If you want to know more about the business keep an eye on S/Sgt G. Barry, who has them at his finger tips (that is, figuratively speaking). He might even tell you something of the "drag line". That is something very close to his heart, even though it was at the bottom of the river when we saw it.

Next come the Construction Section, which swings into line under Sgt C.E. Bishop, who has Cpl Newman, L/Cpls F.T. Black, J. Paterson-Kane and D. McIntosh with him, as they turn from preparing the way to make WAACS happy to helping make the bread ovens more breadlike.

In the third Section we have Sgt W. Charleton, who has Cpl. E.B. Brownlee, L/Cpls J.M. Blair and W. Morrissey with him. Their job, one at least, you will soon discover when

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you strike a patch of road that rides as smoothly as bitumen. No one would try to estimate one section's work above that of the others, but that new road makes us wish all the roads round here were as good.

This you will no doubt think, is the very place for a Banker (Don't misunderstand me, I don't mean the road) in an Orderly Room where there are so many strings leading to important work. And that is just what Alf does. Though not in the conventional way. His job is to make all things move smoothly and smooth out the wrinkles of all things. We don't suggest he didn't do that back in the Bank of N. Z. in Cambridge, where he was third man in charge. Alf could hardly do otherwise. He has that way with him.

Talking of "having a way" reminds us of the jaunt round the "jobs" the other day with Lieut R. Torrie who must possess the patience of a Job and the constitution of a man who has lived in North Auckland...we've never been bumped and banged about in or out of a Jeep as we were the other day with him, but he took it as part of the routine of inspection. And it would seem that he has to ride in that bouncing baby of a Jeep every day since he is the officer in charge of jobs on the spot. He did not say what he thought of the potholes, the wind and rain, but he did say with some conviction that "They are a damn good team of men I have on the jobs", and you could tell he meant it.

The same opinion is shared by Lieut R. Gilmour, who is OC Services Section, and who has the organising and dispositions to make out, as well as a host of other duties on his hands. The way in which the Services work together, the camaraderie of the "boys" out on the jobs, and the good spirit in the camp is a tribute to the leadership of the OC, and in keeping with the unit as a whole.

But to return to our Banker....we learnt that he too is going back to "the" Bank after the war (worth keeping in with him), and that he was going to finish the day by writing to "MUM and the family".

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Congratulations to L/Cpls Les Lane, Bill Hanlen, Alan Wagner and Les Boyd on attaining NCO rank. Just think there might be a potential Colonel among them!!!

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"Ace" Norton, his friends will be pleased to learn, has had to take to playing draughts. He's a bit slow on the moves, but shows promise.



## " AMERICANSE "

## A GLOSSARY OF SLANG, N.Z. PERSONNEL FOR THE USE OF :

- \* Pin-up Girl.....Photo of Film-Starlet for putting on Hut Wall.  
 \* Dopes out a way to beat the rap....Thinks out a scheme for avoiding trouble.  
 \* One-way chat.....One person monopolising the conversation.  
 \* K.P. (Kitchen Police)....Mess Fatigue.  
 \* Gold-Leaf.....Major.  
 \* PX.....Canteen. (Post Exchange) \*  
 \* Bums a cigarette...Borrows a cigarette. \*  
 \* Dead-Pan .....Expressionless face. \*  
 \* Shave-Tail.....2/Lieut. \*  
 \* Dolls.....Girls. \*  
 \* GI's.....Grade one soldiers. \*

## RUGBY.

The game against Scot's B team resulted in a good victory for the home team, and, although the final score was 18-0 Works did not have the game all their own way. In the Scot's there were some hard working players who made the most of any weaknesses in Works attack and were only prevented from scoring by quick defensive work.

First blood was drawn by Dye in the first five minutes of the game, the try being converted. The second one was scored by Corrie, converted by Peachy, as the result of a brilliant dash by Dye from behind half way to well into the Scot's quarter.

The second half opened with Works playing into the sun which made taking the ball more difficult. Two tries were obtained in the last half; the first by Jack Richards, who backed up Neal at the end of a good passing rush by the backs. The last score was registered by Jack Mason in the final five minutes play. Mason made the most of a wild rush and whipped in before Scot's were aware of what was happening. Try not converted. \*\*\*\*\*

Among the forwards, Day hooked well, but the ball did not come clean from the scrums. Charleton played his usual hard game.

In the backs, both Dye and Fleming displayed good turns of speed. Richards and Mason played good attacking games and were seldom caught out on defence. O'Reilly at full back was very sound and found the line with good kicks on numerous occasions. Spencer, at half, played well, but tended to make too much use of the sun. Neal moved fast enough to cover a few mistakes. It was a good game.

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## SOCCER.

Soccer has taken a new lease of life this week. The practice in the late afternoon is keen, and the lead given by Lieut. Tremain is a timely backing to Skipper Bob Haycock who is busy seeking new talent, as the team is depleted as a result of transfers, etc.

The match on Saturday was a game for the opposing team. Our side having too many race patrons who were off for the day, and also a few off with injuries which told

heavily in favour of the opposing team.

Two bald heads appeared for the home side and were soon the targets for a good deal of good humoured bantering from the enthusiasts on the side line. Hosking and Mayall who were suffering from leg injuries had good support from Bob Haycock who battled hard throughout the day.

In the forwards, Bruce and Scott did not coordinate as well as in previous games, but they put in some fine dashes.

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## PING PONG.

On Friday night Ten Knights of the Sand Papered Three Ply sallied forth as representatives to meet the challenge of Field Bakery. The hasty selection of the players proved again the versatility of talent in the Unit; for though most of the players had not touched the Three Ply for months (since boyhood it was rumoured) they proved themselves in the Hot Oven of Contest as table tennis players, not "ping pongers" and beat the Doughboys by 10 to 5. There was no championship Cup at stake, but one of the players came home with a cash prize ---the result of his ability to pick winners from a maiden field. The team consisted of :- Fred Broadley, Alan Chapman, George Aim, Gordon Larsen, Bob Johnston, Mack Mason, Arthur Ward, Ted Knowling, Jack Gamboni & Gill Bruce. Space does not permit an account of the matches, but our players proved themselves as worthy upholders of the name of Works Service Engineers.

Our team showed itself to be constructive, with good "services" and not afraid of work. Field Bakery not only gave their opponents a hard evenings playing, but also topped it off with a great supper. Another match will be arranged in a few weeks, and, in the meantime, COY HQ, which is numerically smallest, considers itself richest in talent, and issues a challenge to either the Bldg or Services Sections to a six team match.

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Len McGregor is back from a two week course....R.A.P.. He has developed an excellent bed side manner, we hear. We feel sure the patients will be happy and comforted. Len is taking up boxing again too..... for the benefits of the patients??

TENT IO.

Now Dick he is a Corporal,  
So very proud to show,  
His prowess netting butterflies,  
He's got a box full now.

Theres yellow, red and pink ones,  
Each pretty wing all spotted,  
But till he's got a blue one  
Acts like a man besotted.

He prepared for his old bed last night,  
When it was awful cold,  
Donned singlet, jersey, jamas too,  
Why the man is growing old !

I've never seen the like before,  
Mat knows just what I mean,  
But listen girls, just take this tip-  
Must keep the party clean.

Then Mat his grey hairs prominent,  
A trencher man of might  
Of cake, candy and spearmint  
Munches far into the night.

I do not like to mention,  
His belches and his groans,  
That defile each early morning  
In our happy Corporal's home.

And as for one named Olive  
Who one day not long ago  
Went off to a far D--a  
A dozor for to borrow.

We gave him all our dollars  
To buy some things for us  
Those Yanks we contemplated  
Their canteen open up.

When home he came with nasal drawl,  
His tales they sounded rather tall,  
But most important to us all  
Of PX stuff he had.....all.

Of George I have nowt to say  
For he is quite a model  
Of discretion with his song and wit..  
He sometimes even yodels.

And last of all there leaves me  
A grouching sortof fellow  
A handy man about the place  
So I have cause to bellow.

I'm a bushman and a plane-a-road  
With a dozor I'm a wonder,  
With apologies to our Old RED,  
I must not steal his thunder,  
For now I must say good bye  
My thoughts wont work,  
My pens run dry.....  
I'll write the rest another day.

E.R.N.

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Believe it or not, we believe our CSM is  
homesick in the camp where he is "doing" a  
course. He looked in to see us today and  
gathered all the gossip..and some pipe  
tobacco.

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SABOC--A SELF REGULATING BALL-UP.

An impromptu debate, one of those all  
in affairs, on Private Enterprise V State  
Control was Monday nights substitute for  
the Current Topics Discussion.

On behalf of the struggling industrial-  
ists, Tony Radisich opened fire and before  
long was explaining how he was going to run  
his fish and chip shop after the war. Much  
to the disgust of his supporters Tony ended  
by supporting State Control. This so upset  
Jim Craig that he plunged into the battle  
boosting Private Enterprise until his supp-  
orters brought him on the the right side.  
Sprs Tredennick left no doubt which side  
he was on. He flung enough material to set  
everyone squabbling over economics for the  
rest of the evening. Sprs Billington  
and G. Moreton had something to say that  
made the judges, G. Laurie and Ted Canton  
sit up. State Enterprise won the night on  
the vote of the judges and audience.

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We hear that Bill Charleton and Party  
are preparing to draw lots for a visit to  
a house of popular colour. And it is stated  
that young Williscroft is in on the first  
sitting. Watch him, Bill, he is a bit young.

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SUSPICIOUS ??

Close on " lights out " on Friday night  
Sgts Rye and Lipanovic opened their " Fit-  
ness For WAACS " campaign by a fast run to  
the bridge. Details of the programme are  
a closely guarded secret. An invitation to  
avail themselves of the boxing club, soccer  
club and rugby have been refused. It is  
thought that the Sgts are following a  
system laid down by that well known and  
greatly admired writer, Marie Stopes.

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BOXING.

The noble art is well on <sup>the</sup> way again  
after a week of rest. Arrangements are  
under way for a team from Field Bakery to  
visit us when the local Dempseys will have  
their first try out. The Doughboys are hot  
on the gloves he hear and have a good man  
in one Shadbolt whom we hope will visit us  
and look our boys over.

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Our evening entertainment in the Mess is  
proving very popular and is well conducted  
by G. Laurie. George knows the game.

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From the Bldg Section: A hearty welcome  
to Sprs Cheswae and D.H.Smith who have  
recently joined us, also to "gang" from  
across the river. May your stay be profitabl  
and educative.

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