

Dozerdust

VOL I. NO 9.

WORKS SERVICE ENGINEERS.

AUGUST 7, 1943.

We noticed at the Concert Staff Fred Paul playing host to a party of local residents with suavity and aplomb (we mean this as a compliment). Later, sounds of revelry came from the Building Section Orderly Room as a small supper party was turned on for the visitors. Padre Lowden revealed himself as something of a linguist and at times the conversation almost sparkled.

Also present were Lieuts S. Tremain and R. Gilmour.

Sorry to hear Tom Martin is in hospital, and we all trust he enjoys a speedy return to health. He will be able to talk shop with his namesake Frank.

A welcome back to H. Maxwell, who has returned to the unit from hospital.

NAIOULI CONSTRUCTION CO.

ALL TYPES OF WINCHES AND HAULING GEAR MANUFACTURED TO SPECIFICATIONS.

CRITICISMS AND SUGGESTIONS WELCOMED FROM KNOWALLS

NAIOULI CONSTN COY, Cyril McRae,

MANAGER. (Advert)

CURRENT TOPICS

Keep Monday night free.

LIEUT-COLONEL H.A. JONES.

AN IMPRESSION

When Captain Boyd said to me one cold morning in Waiouru, "I want you to meet the Colonel", I was very close on panic and had not time to make an excuse to avoid the meeting. I had not previously met a high ranking officer, and I visualised myself standing very ill at ease, stammering badly, and making a fool of myself as I generally do when meeting important people. Some people find interviews easy, they immediately find themselves at home with the person they are interviewing. I find myself feeling very conspicuous, usually tongue tied and invariably saying the wrong thing. On one occasion, when interviewing a person of some importance who casually asked me my age, I replied that I did not know. From this you will gather that I had good reason for my fit of nerves.

My first impression of Colonel Jones greatly surprised me, for I found myself facing a man who was not a chip from the conventional block, but one who gave the impression of "boyishness", which is one of the rarest qualities one meets in a man in this age when the emphasis is placed upon the artificial at the expense of the natural, and conviction of belief gives way to tawdry imitation. One meets men who have that veneer of sophistication which means little more than a pose; men who have

that "old woman" quality that makes you feel they never rise above wasting your time; men who are so full of their own importance that no frame would fit the picture they make of themselves, and men who are the embodiment of efficiency which has little of human sympathy about it.... In none of these do we find much that inspires or even encourages; in none do we meet that freshness which one finds in the man who has retained that "boyishness" which makes you feel you know where you stand with him.

Perhaps it is because he has retained that elusive something which most of us lose as we move into maturity.... the ability to believe in ideals that make life a continuous conquest.... that bridges the gap between the cynicism of middle age and the enthusiasm of youth. So common is this difference between the two, that we often fail to appreciate how valuable the quality of "boyishness" is. He who possesses it, you find, will infect you with his spirit of enthusiasm which he carries into everything he undertakes. Everyone may not get the "idea", but those who do will work like hell to make it go. It extends to making you feel there are lots of things you take too

(Contd Column 1, Page 3)

The United South Island States of New Zealand, yesterday mourned the passing of a figure whom the passing years had mellowed into a kindly and benevolent old gentleman, steeped in the traditions of the Far South.

The demise of Percy Kenna recalled to mind the stirring years of his heyday, when the foundations of the fabled Kenna fortunes were being well and truly laid.

His earlier life was inconspicuous; as an Orderly Room Clerk in the Pacific War (1941-1945) the business of the section was conducted in the usual balled-up Army manner. Returning to civil life, he took up metallurgy, and became skilled at recognising whether a platinum blonde represented diamond rocks, or merely workable (h)ore. Turning his attention to psychology, he became a psychiatrist and was able to tell whether children had more fun in childhood than adults had in adultery.

These pursuits failing to give him mental stimulation, he married a sob-sister who, his friends related with gusto, "Sits on his knee and bawls, making it very hard for him". After the divorce, he began to play an important part in local politics, and was elected Alderman of the village of Dunedin, which, after a slow decline over the years, was beginning to build up a tourist trade in Hokanui whisky and haggis. Other organisations which remain a monument to his name include the Anti-Rubber-Heel League (Dunedin folks claimed they gave too much); Rice Laundry Ltd (For cleaning rice re-used at weddings) and a Company selling bottles of fresh air for bicycle tyres.

Marrying, for the second time, a Hawkes Bay (North Island Dependency) girl, he enthusiastically took up hog-raising - and finished up with five daughters and four sons, who enjoy a precarious existence as a touring 3-ring circus.

We extend our sympathy to his widow and family on the loss of a substantial citizen (he weighed 16 stone).

WHAT HE THINKS.

In reply to the innocent question:- "Do you think the war has made any difference to you?", Spr. Gibbs did not hesitate to reply that he thought it would change the whole course of his life.

"You wouldn't believe it, but I was only eight stone six when I came into the army in January of this year.... do you know what I am now?.... Ten stone four! On the farm I worked like a slave, got up at four in the morning; the wife and I milked ninety cows between us, and after breakfast at eight o'clock I had to turn to and do the work on the farm. Very often I

Sir;

On behalf of our clients, the "Humorous Concrete Coy", we emphatically protest against your scurrilous leader in last week's "DOZERDUST". That a paper of such standing should stoop to such "Yellow Press" practices is painful to such an honest Coy as the above.

They are reluctantly compelled to ask you to publically apologise in the columns of your paper before the 4th August 1943, otherwise we have been instructed to take legal action in the matter,

GETTEM & SKINEM
Barristers & Solicitors

We have consulted our legal advisers, Messrs. Dhobies & Itch, who advise us to ignore the above threats.

If they wish to take the matter further they know what to do..... (Editor)...

CURRENT TOPICS

MONDAY NIGHT

SUBJECT: "WOMEN AND THE WAR"

AT 7 P.M., IN Y.M.C.A.

SPEAKER: PADRE A.H. LOWDEN

RUSSIA AGAIN !

From "Russia at War" to Russia after the War, led to Germany after the War and round the best part of the globe, before the meeting came to a close on Monday night when one of the best Current Topic Discussions was held. Padre A.H.Lowden took the lead.

PING PONG !!!!

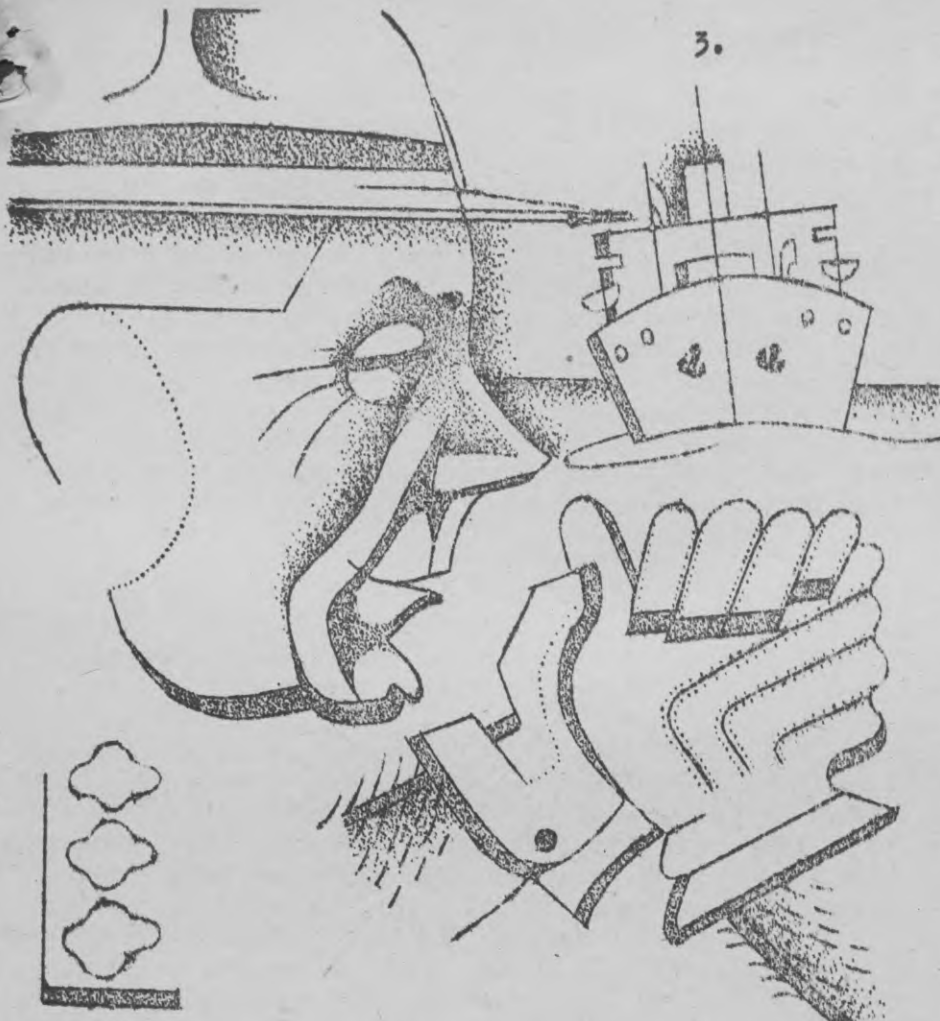
TONIGHT, SATURDAY...PRACTICE IN Y.M. !

had to get the wife to do such work as harrowing and other jobs I should have had a man to do."

"You would say, then, that the army has surprised you?.... "Yes, it seems to have given me more confidence in myself. Stuck on a farm in the Kaipara Flats all my life, I had no kind of social life, and I never felt I was able to take part in things.... But here it is different. I am with the 'boys', free from worry and am much happier."

"Do you think you will go back to share-milking?..." "Not on your life. I'm going to do work I've always wanted to do. I've had my share of being a slave."

CAPTAIN F.J. CLARK



I asked Captain Clark for an interview. He told me to be on the Bridge at eight bells and waved vaguely at a bark lined Buré on the hill.

While waiting for him I wondered if he was "Tropo" or merely an enthusiastic yachtsman over-excited about his job of Dock Officer. I decided it must be the latter.

He told me to sit on the starboard side under the porthole; I looked enquiringly at him but sat on the M and V box without comment.

Obviously he had some interest in the Humorous Concrete Company for the walls were lined with pierced-slabs, the furniture formed of them and at the door

was a box of pamphlets headed "Squat for health" and with a notice "Take One". I didn't. He admitted that he was manager of the Company, and, as I already knew, the director was also an Englishman, which I felt explained the infamous conduct of the firm.

To him, every ship for unloading is a potential buyer of his wares. So far all have been New Zealand ships and it will take more than the Company's catchwords to shift those sailors off their old fashioned but comfortable eight holers. Of course he blackmailed me into buying a dozen slabs so this year my relations will receive a very unusual Xmas present.

He was the engineer to an Auckland District and on his return intends enforcing the use of Dorothy Lamour Latrines (for health of course) in all old and new buildings. He so greatly admires her interest in native things that he feels certain she will be delighted to hear her name used in connection with a native type convenience. I suggest the firm sends her an autographed photograph of the director and manager with a slab as a frame - ready for use.

As the wind rushed through the Naiouli's the Captain (perhaps he is in the Navy) bellowed through the hole in a slab "Batten down the hatches".

I felt seasick and cleared.

lightly and lots you do not take lightly enough. You are made to feel that your suggestions and co-operation are vital to the "success" of the work undertaken; you take for granted that you have his backing where you have justification, but try to put "one over" and it will be just too bad for you.

That was my first impression of Colonel Jones, and one that subsequent meetings confirmed. One of my secret ambitions was to be walking along the road with him and suddenly come upon an empty jam tin.... I still feel that were I to have kicked the tin, he too would have joined in the fun.
Editor.

The Kiwi Concert Party gave a very bright concert in this camp on Wednesday night. It was their first visit since the building of a movable stage by Works Service Constn Coy, and, as the producer said (and the production showed) it made possible a non-stop entertainment of a high calibre.

Some of the sketches made the audience uncomfortable, but some of the remarks (particularly to female impersonators) must have made the players more uncomfortable.

Lieut Tremain thanked the party, who then went for supper. We hope they enjoyed it as much as we enjoyed their show.

Thank you, Kiwis.

To Sgt Paul....

Glad the supper was O.K. Hot sauce was much appreciated
Cafe De Tropo.

Ossie Gray has returned from his triumphal tour with the Kiwi Concert Party. A ny rumours that he slept with certain of the performers are emphatically refuted.

AROUND THE JOBS.

In the seven weeks that he has been at 4th Gen. Sgt. Fred Watts has developed that Rexona Girl complexion that is going to make him Glamour Boy No 1 at our big dance. Sgt. Chas. Rye is making a magnificent effort to build up a he-man " front ", Sgt. Lin Lipanovic is doing his best to put vim into his step and young Clark and Reid are back^{ing} their Oomph to carry them into the front rank. What none of them quite realise is that Fred Watts has that " natty " finish which gives him a flying start. It is that something about him a woman cant help noticing...and paying attention to. It impressed me when I paid a visit to Sgt. Watts, Sprs D. Holwell, J. Burling, F. Sayers, G. Stribling, A Thurston, L. Innes, J.Fowlie, and T.Innes at 4th Gen on Tuesday. They are all in fine fettle and have been putting in some good work there. At least that is what one WAAC told me....now dont misunderstand. I mean that they " boys " have been putting up some mighty useful buildings and putting everything they dive into the work. One week-end they worked right through, despite the heavy rain which sent other workers to the cover of tents. The camaraderie which is in evidence among the lads is a fine tribute to Fred's leadership.

From 4th Gen.to BRCH was a fair step to L/Cpl H.Page, Harry Stringer, J.Olsen, C. Hayward and F. Britton who have made some mighty fine bures. Harry is getting fatter than ever and looks like taking up thatching for a livelihood. Writing pads were the main requests. They all agreed that " riting to Mum " was most important.

Another long ride brought us to Sgt. Jack Mathoson who was just a job and looking forward to moving on to another. He was just finishing a cup of tea, so we butt-
-onholed him for information. We've seen little of the Warehouse Party since they constructed thieir first building here; but seven hefty warehouses now constructed show that they have not been idle. A systematic method of erection works something like this: Sprs L.Clark and W.G.Smith who specialise in concrete piles for the buildings are the first to get busy; while this is going on all the sorting has to be done, that is, sorting out the various parts of the building, which is in the hands of Spr. E. Bradley. Cpl. Lane is the man in charge of the " sides ", who works in with Cpl. G. King who has charge of the " hoisting ". Roofing is handled by Cpl. M.Watson. With him is Spr. Swift who is sd.d to move like a cat across the roof. Sprs. J.Fox and J.Woods are the " door kings "...apparently they put them up quicker than most of us close them. From doors we come to windows where we find Spr A. Williams. Afterthe windows we bump into difficulties. We have notes that are all mixed. We've been on the roof, round the walls through the doors and poked our head through the windows and still have men who are experts on all parts. We can hardly add another roof, or an extra wall, though that would help us out. So perhaps we had better compromise by saying that all the men we mentioned are nearly as important as M.Pasco, J. Ellery, N. James, J. Coneybeer, E. Whitehouse, W. Goddard, R. McCosh, F.J.Culling, W. Apperley, H. Cole, T. Orr, R. Croskerry, E. Sheffield, G. Nicholson, A. Neal, and L. Wilson.

L/Cpl Lane we were not able to contact. We shall try to get in touch with him and his party next week. Liout. W. Wise we just saw. Ho had a mass of plans spread out before him and was in conference with an officer. L/Cpl. A. Wagner did not have time to give us the news, but promised to have something to say next week.

" A pile driver " was the laconic description of the queer looking contraption in the course of construction with which Liout. R. Gilmour answered my question :- What is that thing ?. Perhaps he thought the reference to the pile driver as a "thing" deserved the answer, though I suspect he was too engrossed in the details of the new bridge Sgt. C. Bishop and party are working on. What priority the old one has in " Security " we do not know, but judging from the " pile driver " the new bridge is going to give all the security needed. L/Cpl. T.F. Bluck and Spr. R.N. Cossill are the advance bush party for the pile driver. Our L/Cpl. has developed what is described as " bush fungi " on the upper lip. We hop it is nothing of any consequence.

BOXING.

Tuesday night saw some good boxing by A. Toner and L. McGregor. The former has the making of a good heavyweight with a wallop in both hands. Mac is fast for a welter, carries the medicine in his right. Both are inclined to leave themselves too open and do not make use of their weight. C. Goffin, L. Day and A. Ward have greatly improved. Goffin fights much better since he discarded the " southpaw stance " !

The proposed match against Field Bakery may not eventuate, but the Sec. of the EOD sports committee advises that he may be able to arrange for a team of boxers from his club to visit us.

PING PONG

G. Laurie's " game " continues to prove attractive. His frequent visits to the Canteen for " small change " suggest good business. It is well conducted.

A PING PONG PRACTICE TONIGHT IN THE Y.M. AT 7, O'clock. ROLL UP !

Most of us may not know that the Wharf Operating Coy. consists of three groups of specialists who, in their own line can hold their jobs down with the best. The Winchmen who have a responsible job in civil life have a equally responsible, and perhaps more dangerous one in war time; the Hatchmen upon whose skill in judgement the working parties on the wharf depend as the cargo swings up from below, and, finally, the Tallymen who have the chocking of the cargo. Normally, wharf work is never a "safe" job even with all the modern equipment of unloading; the heavy, bulky cargo which covers products from all types of factories and industries does not make for easy handling. How much more difficult the Wharf Operating Coy. must find the undertaking we must leave time to reveal, since the nature of the "cargo" handled is "security".

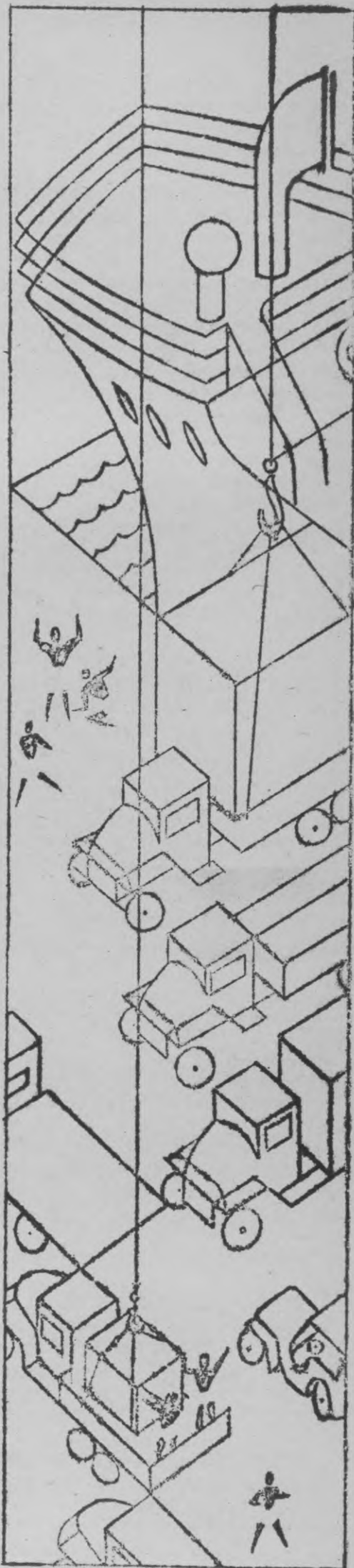
Unloading is something that has to be worked out on the spot. With a wharf we usually associate overhead cranes, vessels berthed lazily along the wharfs, trolleys, and large storerooms. But not so here. The cargo is transferred straight from the holds to the waiting lorries below. Watching the loaded slings swing up from below after the cry "Shoot The Moon", and then hovering in mid air for a few seconds lends a touch of fantasy to the scene. The small jetty, it is no more, the bright lights from the ship, the screeches from the winches, the hissing of the escaping steam, the shadowy figures of the men and the Pacific moon overhead reminds one of pirates and smugglers of long ago.

Daylight, it is needless to say, gives a mere sober picture. The work goes on just the same—in four shifts of six hours each, under the supervision of a Sgt. and officer. During the day Eddie Heald and Tom O'Donnell are conspicuous....as cooks should be, it is said. More conspicuous is the famous oven which looks like a cross between a Heath Robinson Nightmare and the Flying Scotchman. In this all the cooking is done, and the water boiled....and where Eddie lost his lantern. Water has to be carried two miles for cooking purposes. The local water is liable to leave you more dirty after the wash than before. But even the cleanest water and the best soap are useless against the reddish earth once it is churned into mud after a heavy shower. The dark stain it leaves is a souvenir you carry until the trousers & coat is discarded.

The camp is situated on what must be one of the levellest spots on the Island. Built on the top of a hill before which stretches the great blue Pacific, while below is the small jetty and around are the Naiculi trees which form a background for a picture one does not easily forget. The impression is enhanced by the neat paths around the camp.

Capt. F. J. Clark O.C. keeps his eye on details which to the casual observer may appear trivial, but which are appreciated by those who know wharf work. Second in charge is 2/Lieut. B. Wright who does not miss very much that goes on.

There is the story of Sgt. N. Stanley who is given to sleep walking and one night removed the commutator from a jeep; Sgt. J. Hewitt of the Oven Fame; Sgt. Gilcoy and Cpl. Lyons who know something of a fishing trip and Sgt. "Wally" Hobson in the HQ Orderly Room who keeps a check on what is required when the boys are out on a job. There are many stories space does not permit us to print and may comments we would like to make, but the note on which we finish is the unity and good feeling that makes the Wharf Operating Coy. an effective and vital part of our Army.



In the

RUGBY.

In the game against 26th Field Coy. on Saturday Works team scored the first try after five minutes play, Peachy registering the try which was not converted. After a nice piece of passing by the backs "Bunny" Spencer scored a second try. This was converted by Neal. And just before half time Neal kicked a penalty making the score 11-0 in Works favour.

In the second half, Dye opened the scoring after Bull had made an opening. From a line out Charleton broke through and handed on to Corrie who walked over to score underneath the posts. Neal converted. The next try was the result of a good combination between Dye and Neal, the latter scoring. The final try of the match was the result of a good attempt at a field goal by "Bunny" Spencer. The kick missed and Corrie and Neal had a race for the ball. Neal got the ball and went on to score which made 25 in Works favour. It was a good game throughout, as well as the first game in the second round of the competition.

Elsewhere we publish a letter from a legal firm requesting a public apology from us. That we refuse to give.

We have good authority for believing legal proceeding will be taken and that we will be faced with a Supreme Court Case. In view of that possibility, we request all our readers who have evidence which may be of use to call at this office as early as possible.

Editor,

Dance Committee reports that arrangement for dance is well under way. The floor in the Y.M. is almost completed and with a bit of work on it should be in good order. This will be the first dance we have organised since the two hold in Waiouru.

Funds from those dances amount to \$12.50. A meeting of the committee which was responsible for those dances will meet the present committee to discuss disposal of the money.

DOZERDUST GREETINGS to Lieut. Mann and Party. We have not heard from them for some time. We always have space for you... perhaps S/Sgt. Mitchdson will figure in our new series. What about an article "Mitch"?

GREETINGS also go to Sgt. Peter Wingfield, Sprs Ray Barnaby, & Rex Coneybeer. Your turn to write Ray.

CSM Fred Kronast returned on Saturday from the "course", looking well, Fred was eager for all the news. Says he has been warming up for more debates.

SOCCER.

Playing against B.O.D.-B team, Works Soccer team rang the bell for a win. As in rugby, this was the first game in the second round of the soccer competition. Both our teams, owing to late entry in the season were placed in the B grade. In the Soccer Competition the trophy for the B Grade is several cans of beer. And it seems that the Works team is going to collect.

In the game on Saturday A.E. Butler had his first game for some years. Tony Radisich was unlucky to crack a couple of ribs on colliding with an opposition player. Play throughout was hard and keen, but both teams lacked finish due mainly to inexperience of positional play. For forthcoming matches the future is good; players are recovering from injuries, players whom we missed were members of the Wharf Coy. who have now returned. Hoskin, Haycock, Scott and Radisich are pretty well fit again. Good support from Bruce and Cleave. Each match helps to mould the team so that better and brighter games can be expected as the season goes on.

Pressure of work prevents Sgt. Rye from supplying the series of articles he promised. He hopes to be able to commence the series in the course of a few weeks.

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS:

A.B.: We do not know of any Eddists in camp. The librarian may have some books on the subject.

"Hairy Chest": Your poem is no doubt poetically long. Needs trimming. We suggest you see Tom Yuill. Even trimmed it might not be good for local morale. Try less passionate subjects.

TO OUR READERS.

You are invited to contribute not odd articles occasionally, but sufficient to complete the paper. Items of gossip, short poems, and articles of interest to men in and out of camp. Extracts from your diary, impressions off camp and life in New Caledonia will be welcomed. Like the manager of the Naiouli Construction Company we welcome criticism. If you don't like the general tone of Dozerdust, bump in a letter.

A few French grammars are available at the library. They may be had on application.

Also available shortly is, "Pacific Paradise", a good book on New Caledonia by W.G. Burchett. Ask the librarian to put your name on the waiting list.

"Blessed is the man who gets his sucker down". Ian Pears.
