



# Dozerdust

VOL I. NO 10.

WORKS SERVICE ENGINEERS.

AUGUST 14.1943.

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## TOUCHING .

A very touching scene at a near by French home. " The Black Tracker " sitting on the edge of a sofa trying to guess the age of a pretty French maid sitting at the other end.

He starts at 30. She squeals with delight, he giggles too, and says 25 , as he edges closer towards her. She coyly reproves him as he edges still closer. "Naughty, you musn't" she laughs as he finally guesses right.

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" A man of his age should know better than go running after French tarts " says Percy Kenna who found the going too hard. ( Never mind Percy, there is Saturday night to come.)

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Suspense is too much for one man waiting for transfer to the Air Force. He has been ED since he was accepted!!!

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Steve Arthur, RAP, has gone all mathematical since receiving his AEWS course. Sgts Pears and Rye are doing a lot of figuring too.....nothing like calculations, eh ?

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THIS IS NOT A HOME ISSUE.

## A MATTER OF SPELLING.

It came to a head a few hours before going to print with this issue. It had to come. There had been nagging, backbiting and snarling for weeks. Even the censor was growing jittery.

The Proofreader flatly refused to do another thing. " We'll be the laughing stock of the Island. And I know, for I have not worked for two generals, one brigadier and two colonels for nothing. Besides in all the official publications and in KIWI the word is spelt NAILOULI ", not NAILOULI !

That was enough to get his " back up ", as the Typesetter described his attitude. He reckoned that it would take a regiment of generals to teach the Proofreader anything. And at the mention of the word " official ", that was enough to make him oppose " official " spelling with all the obstinacy for which he is noted.. So deeprooted is his dislike of the tribe that he could never be induced to go through even the simplest official marriage ceremony. He stood for " Naiouli " as the Dozerdust spelling.

Then there was the " Delivery Man " who would insist upon saying, " Holy Hell! What does it matter how we spell it. And he would bawl in his rancorous voice, " 'Aint that rite " to the Circulation Manager who never learnt to spell. His reply was, "It doesn't matter, so

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long as you put it down !

The Art Editor would not give an opinion until he had thought the matter over. The prospect of having to wait so long prompted Major Sucker to say that life was too short to allow people with limited intelligence " to think things over ". He favoured the KIWI point of view. He certainly stood for the official spelling.

The Editor was for a clean break with all school masters who had, in his opinion ruled far too long. Spelling was merely a matter of convention; it had nothing to do with the Labour Party or the Chamber of Commerce.

The uproar that followed was suddenly <sup>ended</sup> and it appeared, miraculously, by the Art Editor who exclaimed, " I have it, I have it---- the spelling should be NEIGHOULI ! Even the presence of the Padre in camp did not stem the flow of..... And Naiouli is the spelling.

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THIS IS NOT A HOME ISSUE.

Readers will be advised when an issue of Dozerdust may be sent hom.

THIS IS NOT A HOME ISSUE.

WRITE YOUR OWN OBITUARY NOTICE.NO 4.-- WILLIAM CHARLETON.

Today the nation mourns the loss of the Right Hon., the Prime Minister, William Charlton P.C., who died this morning at Lewisham Hospital at 6 A.M. In the last bulletin issued at 5 A.M., Sir Lenard McGregor, Willis St. specialist that the patient was in a critical condition, and that eminent heart specialist, Sir Steven Arthur (late RAP) expected the Prime Minister to "kick the bucket" at any time. But the Prime Minister was never one to give in easily; he fought a delaying battle to the last.

Sir Stephen and Sir Lenard agreed that it was the last kiss which proved too much for the "Old Taranaki Warhorse" whose recuperative powers were not equal to the strain imposed by his speech at the meeting of the Taranaki Old Identities, held in Hamilton on Monday last. It is estimated that in the course of his political career, the late Prime Minister, kissed thirty three thousand and thirth nine babies bewtween the ages of three months and three years. No records are obtainable of the "babies" he cuddled between the age of consent and the middle aged spread. Authorities agree, however, that he literally kissed his way to power. Never in the history of world politics has a man so effectively used kissing as a means of securing a majority on election day for his party. In this alone he has changed the technique of electioneering propaganda.

Born in Stratford, Taranaki, in 1916, he attended the local poker school where he rapidly reached the proficiency stage; he then took to scrounging at street corners in New Plymouth until he was moved on. It was not till the Global War in the middle of the century that he revealed the qualities that stood him in good stead as a statesman. In that epic war, he was in the thick of the jungle with his Housey Housey game. Many a Japanese warrior called the number too late for the victory of the Emperor.

Entering the House in 1950, on his discharge from the Works Service Engineers, as a candidate for the WAACING PARTY, for the TARANAKI ELECTORATE, he fought an untiring battle against FAT SPREAD which soon replaced the heavy, sickly Taranaki Butter once popular in Invercargill and the Bluff. In his latter years, as Taranaki declined into the insignificant province it now is, the Prime Minister grew bitter towards the Waikato farmers who migrated to New Caledonia and deprived Taranaki of its Malayan cheese market. Despite this weakness, he possessed a lovable nature, as is born out by his fondness for women and babies. He was charitable to a fault with public money which he came to regard as his own. (Cont. next col.)

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No unemployed man ever appealed to him without obtaining a promise of better times ahead, and the gift of a coloured painting of the Hon. George Forbes done by that eminent artist, Sir Lenard Lipanovic

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DOZERDUST records with <sup>pleasure</sup> an incident in the colourful New Caledonian background of this Global War which again emphasises the co-operation of our noble Allies in the struggle for total victory.

Two well known and important members of Works Service Engineers, on a recent Sunday, set off for Houailou. The weather was perfect, the road in good condition and the jeep raced along like a cadillac roadster.

Before long the attention of our worthies was caught by two native girls on the side of the road ahead of them. Gaily dressed in their Sunday best, these fresh and buxom lassies signaled a stop sign. Once the jeep came to a halt the girls brought forth the oranges. But the holiday pair did not feel like them so soon after the excellent camp breakfast of M & V. Rather than disappoint these children of nature, one of the pair, with characteristic N.Z. generosity gave one of the girls a few cents.

She responded with a flow of unbroken French which our hero understood <sup>to mean</sup> the girls readiness to accompany the pair on their journey and, if necessary.....

On this being translated to the man at the wheel, his jaw dropped, his hand became clammy, his eyes lost their accustomed brightness and he fidgeted uncomfortably.

"What about it, Bill?" asked the other.

"Not on your bloody life!" was the prompt reply, as Bill threw another look at the dusky maidens, jammed his foot on the self starter and the jeep shot forward..... His companion still chuckles.

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## DOZERDUST TO FACE SUPREME COURT

## CHARGES !!!!!

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We are summoned to appear at the local Supreme Court on two charges: Defamation of character, and libel. The Humorous Concret Coy. is claiming 100,000 francs.

We are confident of justice from a jury of twelve honest men....if we can find 'em. Watch for special issue !!!!.

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Efforts are still being made to grow moustaches. Best effort to date...Williscroft's.  
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PERSONALITY PARADE NO. 8.  
( by Major Sucker O.B.E. )

R. G. MACALE  
"The Bog Ape"

"I'm not on a grader, it's a damned Perkins", Sapper Macale retorted when I attempted to enthuse over his job in the Services Section.

He was born in Rakaiia, so his birth possibly had some connection with the building of New Zealand's longest bridge; a more feasible explanation of his hatred for the P.W.D. than his claim that, like "Farmer" Sainsbury and Dick Laurie, the Department was always on the wrong side.

Rakaiia (isolated village that it is), proved too hot for him, and at the age of ten, he had to leave and settle in Methven. He was not associated with the W.C. fittings of that name, however. He went to school in Ashburton, and remembers distinctly that exciting day when Alex Toner shifted the Public Conveniences round.

He kept pigs for a time (maybe that explains his amazing eating abilities), but his wife's insistence on his wearing a hat when visitors were at the farm annoyed him so, that he offered his services to the Army. They refused, but the Air Force was not so particular and accepted him. He perfected himself in the technique of holding a shovel—the P.W.D. had already given him some valuable experience—learnt to say "Pulla", and gained the title of "Bog Ape". The Air Force finally caught up with him, however, and he was transferred into the Army.

He again came in contact with Alex Toner who was now an ardent naturalist with a pickle bottle full of New Caledonia's queer insects. He wished to add to his collection a brown and orange moth, but unfortunately chose Mac's pet Horace (or was it Herbert), as the victim. I was not given the lurid details, but Alex is no longer a naturalist.

At 6 o'clock in the evening when he is cleaning up the left-overs in the cook-house, he dreams of a portable stone crusher, rattling (like his teeth when eating barley sugar), over the paddocks, picking up boulders and dropping them crushed in the correct position. He hopes to patent the idea later, but in order not to get away from the Army altogether when demobilised, he is planning to buy a herd of goats.



NOTES AND COMMENTS

Interviewed on his return from a hurried visit south, Sgt. Cyril McRae said that his trip had been most successful. He had been able to secure further supplies of essential machinery for the Faiculi Const. Coy. This would mean still further development of the Drag-Line venture which was proceeding according to plan. Aussie Austin, Norm Carswell, and Alan Dye had had a visit from the official photographer when the new winch underwent the first trials with great success. Sgt. McRae hinted that the Company had a vast programme of works under consideration, but he refused to divulge details.

SURF SLITHERERS CLUB

Emulating Miami's (Flah-ua) riders of the Surf in the Romantic Gulf Stream, the Surf Slitherers lost a good deal of skin and cut anything but glamorous figures Sunday, when they paid a second visit to the beach. (cont. next column)

\* Cpl's H. Palmer, A. & T. Bluck, "Red" Newman, Sgt. G. Berry and Spr. J. Adair gave displays in a new type of "nose-dive". Equipped with spanking new surf-boards, they gambolled in the foaming breakers with abandon. (and the boards often abandoned them!)

\* They tell us "Bunny" Spencer (Bldg.) earned high praise for his effort one afternoon recently when he played in a tough Rugby game, then followed it up with a sparkling exhibition of Soccer in a following game. G.V.S. should be his initials, the "V" standing for "Versatile".

\* "Snow" Stewart (Bldg.) dropped us a line from Transit Camp, and we were pleased to hear everybody is O.K. there. As an ex-Nelsonian, Snow takes a lot of convincing that Napier gets more annual sunshine!

\* Cpl. Ferguson and Keith Motton (Bldg.) Promenading with two little French lassies, eh? We're surprised at you!!

OUR CANVAS "CITY".

Facing the AEWS Hut, and about twenty yards from it, you will see Len Day working at a "last," his sleeves rolled up, and a leather apron on; he is either busy half soling a boot or banging nails into one. Above the table at which he works hangs the sign, "Boot Shop". The sign does not imply that a stranger would mistake Len's shop for the RAP HQ, but it does suggest that the camp has developed considerably in the last few weeks. We have settled "in" so easily since our arrival that the sign "Boot Shop" does not strike as incongruous, or unusual. We accept it. We likewise accept the debates and discussions on national and international question as part of the normal life in camp. In the first few days of our settling "in" few of us would have anticipated the all round development that has taken place.

Most of us can remember when D.P. O'Connor started making his "chairs" and the single bench on which he worked; that bench has developed into a "carpenters shop" where "D.P." and "Bunny" Spencer, with other lads from the Bldg Section have turned out book shelves for the AEWS.HQ., fittings and accessories for Public Relations HQ., hefty tool chests for use out on jobs and for other Units, and ( the most important ) five, two and one hole bomb "ranges, combining such modern features as comfort and collapsability for transport. Mortuary caskets, crosses, pegs and chairs too, are made. The "Shop" is designed to meet tropical conditions--it is without walls and has a canvas roof.

Adjoining the carpenters is Cpl.C. Storey of the Tinsmith & Plumbing Dept. Here you will get anything from a sink, bath, drums cut into coppers and chimneys made out of old biscuit tins. Close to the plumber is the Paint Shop which works in silence on grave pegs, crosses and other products of the mortuary workers.

Moving to the more cheerful quarters we come to the cookhouse where Cpl. Tony Radisich, Sprs. J. Lord, M. Corrie, L. Scott, M. Palmer and S. Nash point out that we have left behind the old oil-burner cooker and open air meal table. The present mess building is a hundred and eighty feet long and twenty wide. The cookhouse and servery occupies forty feet, the mess seventy and the Rec. Hut seventy. The mess tables will accommodate over two hundred men. Tony now has a six tray oven stove which will cook enough for one sitting. There is also an Aldershot oven for cooking meat. Hot water for tea, cocoa and coffee is provided by a copper made by plumber and tinsmith. Six foot five drums, built into a clay over, provide hot water for washing up while several other drums suitably cut

serve as wash tubs for mess utensils.

The Recreation Hut, to which a floor is now being added, boasts of scrim walls, a ping pong table, quoit sets, darts and boards, a gramophone with records of a dubious quality and a hefty punch bag. Although an electric lighting system has not been instituted, makeshift lights are available for debates, discussions, ping pong games and boxing.

At Services end of the camp we find the "Fitting Shop" where Sprs. Cyril Walker and Eric Greig make an equally good job of fashioning scalpels for the RAP and repairing springs for the GMC's. That this part of the Services can acquit themselves in any line they turn their hands to is no exaggeration. This shop too, is tropical in design, unlike the carpenters shop, it has no roof. Fitters say they are kept too busy to notice wind and rain!!!

Across the road from the fitters is the Electrical Dept. Cpls. Georgeson, Whitten and Sprs Moreton, Winterbourn and "Pan Handle" Johnston are kept busy, if not in camp, elsewhere. "Pan Handle" is designing special steel sheaths for hornet-stings. He is of the opinion that progressive hornets will welcome the innovation.

Much of the work, it would be more to the point to say most of the work has been done out of camp. This is true of both Building and Services. So that taking everything by and large we have done very well. No mention has been made of the QM and his staff; we hope to feature them in a later issue. Our QM does not share the characteristics which led up to the popular army song on QM's. There is also the Draughting and Survey groups to be featured as well as other lads in HQ Section. There is the Canteen too, which is our closest approach to a department store and, it might be added, patronised as such.

Part of us, but with their own location, is the Wharf Coy. which has its own camp site fifty or so yards from us. Apart from possessing their own QM Store, Orderly Room and "canvas city" they join with us in our mess, recreation, canteen and social activities. Their NO 1 cook, Eddie Heald is conductor in chief of the Savaloy Banana Orchestra which rendered "choice" selections in the Rec. Hut at the boxing and P.T. on Wednesday night. And that reminds us that Len Day did not turn up to the boxing school on Wednesday night. The Boot Shop may have been working overtime.

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DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT !

This promises to be the DANCE of the Season. No hob nailed boots, by request !!!

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HERE IS YOUR CHANCE!!!!LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

I wish to apologise for our not having patronised your news sheet with an advertisement before this. There has been such a demand for our products and services that we felt it would be unwise to advertise and, then owing to the pressure of work perhaps disappoint some new clients, which an advertisement in your columns must have brought us.

However, at the first opportunity, I ask you to accept an invitation to be shown over our Factory, situated in Tropo Road, Cone. If your requirements include any of the following, we can supply on the shortest notice, if the goods are not already in stock.

Warehouses ( in stock )  
Easy Lay Caskets ( in stock )  
Collapseible Bomb Ranger. 5-3-1 Holers.  
Furniture. ( wonderful selection )  
Crosses and Grave Pegs. ( By hundreds )  
Bures. ( To cover acres )  
Wardrobes ( for play-girls )  
Tin Cabin-Trunks ( QM's Glories )  
Stainless Tin Sinks ( Guaranteed to rust)

In fact, we can supply all requirements for the home, be it drum or palace. Trusting you will be able to avail yourself of this offer.

REDWOOD CONSTRUCTION CO, UN-Ltd.

F.A. Paul.

Gen. Manager.

We thank the Manager for his letter, but would point out that we have had an offer from other firms, such as the NAILOULI COY., of free coal, wood and the services of a stoker. Graves, crosses and caskets may be fashionable in a backward country like New Zealand; they have been obsolete here for years. Many of our staff hope to avail themselves of your offer of Wardrobes ( for play-girls ) after the dance on Saturday night. ED.

Sir,

I wish to thank you for your advice in last week's issue of DOZERDUST, though I regret your incorrect spelling of the Great Buddha's name. Unfortunately, the library has no books on the subject.

A.B.

DOZERDUST regards spelling as a policy question. We suggest you contact Budda direct. ED.

We extend our thanks and congratulations to 353rd General Service Engineers on their publication, BULLDOZER, which is one of the best we have received. It is well sprinkled with poems, cartoons and articles of general interest. We have requested permission to reprint " A Private's Prayer.

For some time it has been felt that insufficient attention has been devoted to the poetic and imaginative side of army life. AEWS goes a certain distance to meet this need, but it is felt to be too restricted and practical. Works Service personnel are essentially dreamers, as is shown by their fondness for their beds, and their tendency to " get on " their " suckers ". Another sign is what they can do with rumours once they get hold of them.

In order to stimulate this imaginative streak in our members, readers, sorry, DOZERDUST offers a PRIZE OF A THREE DOLLAR ORDER ON THE CANTEEN FOR THE BEST LIE SUBMITTED AND TWO DOLLARS FOR THE SECOND BEST.

Here are the conditions:- Entries should be written in INK, one side of the paper only.

Limit: 270 words. each entry.

DOZERDUST STAFF NOT ELIGIBLE.

Entries will be judged by a committee consisting of one officer, an NCO and a Sapper. Where possible all entries will be published.

Closing date : 3rd September.

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SPORT.TABLE TENNIS.

Our Knights of the Sand Papered Three Ply made a crusade to BRD on Monday night where they met valiant warriors of the Records Office. Great were the clashes. Eleven times did Works Service Construction Knights hit the dust. Fired with zeal for his Unit's honour L/Cpl R.G.P. Johnston scored a heavy thrust, but the light from the armour of Records shone too bright. Try as they might G. Aim, Q. McGovern, R. Bishop, F. Kronast, A. Ward, Gill Bruce and A. M. Broadley could not stand up to the heavy and skillful strokes. But they praise mightily the generosity and powerful strokes of the enemy.

When the defeat became known, Doko Knights fought two clashes on Wednesday night. Defeating Works No 1 team by 4 to 2 and losing to Works No 2 team by 4 to 2. This too was a mighty clash in which Doko used many strange sea faring words.

With a better lighting system our warriors should offer some good entertainment at home and a hard team abroad.

RUGBY.

" The worst exhibition of football so far from Works team " was how " Bunny " Spencer described the game against BRD on Saturday when BRD won by 11 to 9. Our team was considerably weakened by the loss of six players.

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The soccer team played a good game and drew with BRD Inf. Score 3-3.



WHAT WE  
DREAM ABOUT

6  
BUILDING  
SECTION  
GOSSIP

THE  
REALITY



FALL OUT  
BUILDING  
SECTION!

A big movement of Section Personnel during the week, as the Prefabricated Store Construction Co. moved from Bourail up to D.O.W., where a few days will see yet another big structure completed. The boys are sure getting expert at "picking 'em up and laying 'em down".

A few new arrivals in camp this week were Bill Apperley, Dave Holwell, Percy Burling, M. Holt and T.P. Innes. Welcome back!

They say that Vern. Biggs rushed out of his tent so quickly the other night, that he forgot to limp!

Morry Corrie has departed for new pastures at Dumboa, where his ability as a cook will, no doubt, receive further commendation.

SERVICES SECTION

"One whistle - you go like hell; two whistles, you go like bloody hell", that is how "Whistling Mac" keeps production up in the local quarry. For further information, see Norman Matthews.

The same "Whistling Mac" can show bomb disposal experts a thing or two. When three plugs of jelly played pussy, he went it with a pick, while the rest of the party hid behind rocks.

Bill "Colossal" is chafing to get back to the Bush Gang. The RAP will put him on LD. L/Cpl. Trevor Bluck reports that work has slowed up considerably since loss of "Colossal".

"Were you a milkman before you joined the Army?", was the question CSM Fred Kronast had to answer at 6a.m. one morning this week.

One tent requests that the CSM awaken them with a cuppor tea instead of a cyclonic visit. What about it, CSM?



DOCKERS AT WORK

We have heard of some of our men talking to themselves, some talking to niaouli trees; but Spr. Basil Murgatroyd (yes, that's his real name) is the first one we have heard talking to the birds in their own language. It wasn't after the week-end either.

NOTE: The Dance Committee regrets that it cannot provide seats outside the Recreation Hut for members of the Services, Building or Wharf Sections. So F.O.B.Q.!

One of our Bright Lads in the Services Section received a letter from home, consisting of one page. In disgust, he sent home a couple of pages of Nat. Pat. paper. The following night he received 2 five-page letters. He is now expectantly awaiting the next mail!

The RAP treats the RAP! In other words, we saw Len McGregor busy bathing two beauts, the other day. Keep your guard up, Len!

Asked what he thought of the Write Your Own Obituary Series, T.P.H. Buckley replied: "...It reminds me of tombstone, crosses and things. I 'aint too keen on this here-after business. ...only one thing I'm hereafter!"

SERVICES  
SECTION

THE  
MORNING  
AFTER A  
NIGHT OF  
BLONK

