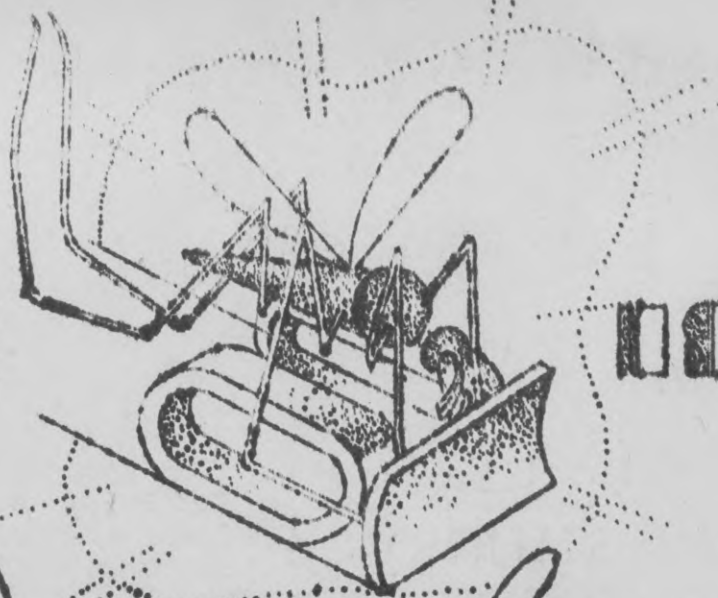


HOME

NOBUE



# Dozerdust

VOL 2. NO 12.

WORKS SERVICE ENGINEERS.

MARCH 11, 1944.

## LET'S STICK THIS BLOODY WAR OUT

YES ! Sure it would be good to be home. But how the hell can we beat the Japs in N.Z. - or should we fight them here ? Our war is in Japan - right up the main street of Tokio. And we, as Works Service Personnel, are destined to provide those services as long as our Division requires our help on it's way up that rotten thoroughfare that leads to the hovel where the " Emperor Of Heaven " will have his nose pulled so long that he will look like a featherless stork.::: WE would

### SOCIAL NOTES.

Issuing a statement from bedside our "Clean Old Man" George Lindsay said :- They wash me with a different brand of soap every time. I now feel much younger and hope to become your delivery man on recovery! Shows what soap will do !

Lieut. S. Fromain, also a patient, deplored the absence of a bunch of flowers we hoped to take him. Sgt. Craig will remedy the defect.

Cpl. Johnny Mason visits us for a few days ( in search of good meals we suspect.)

S/Sgt. Sutherland, Cpl. T. Knowling & "Fat Willie" Hart went for a "hike" on Sunday. Not the same men since. Condolences.

be accepting a defeat - ist spirit by wanting to go " home " before the war is over. If the " Yanks " adopted that attitude where would we finish ? Milking cows, by crikey, or weeding gardens for little, yellow bellied Japs.::: YES - production may have slowed up, but what of it ? We cant all muck about like the wharfies and the minors, so let's set our minds to winning the war, and keep at it till the last little yellow rat has been exterminated by good doses of Kiwi Rat Nip.

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HELLO folks, our editorial writer should be invaluable to City Fathers as NO.1 Rat Catcher on his return. How is everything round the house. All in the pink here.

### AGONY COLUMN.

#### Deserving cases only.

Seedless Raisin Gossip. At wash bench :- "You know, this having to do our own washing will be useful when it comes to doing napkins! (While Dozerdust will not deny the above is imputed to S/M Fred Kronast, it must point out that the garments mentioned have been mentioned by more than one S.R. ED)

"Ollie" Nairn deserves more sympathy than he receives from his tent mates - interest in the hot water system in Ward 5 and not the pretty little Weac is what keeps him hanging " round the place".

Bill Morrissey's sing- earns a corner here.



## STAND AT EASE AND PAY ATTENTION !!

TO WHOM IT MAY NOT CONCERN.

### A Testimonial.

" THIS is to testify that on joining Works " Be The Man Your Honey Thinks You Are, Campaign " I suffered from the following complaints:

Spots before the eyes; night-starvation; B.O. ; corns; bunyons; flat feet; receding chin, flat chest and House Maid's Knee. For years I was afraid of the dark, dogs, loud noises, virgins (foolish) and was continually swigging at a bottle. Look at me now!

(SGD) Cliff Foster, Sgt.

The Campaign is growing. Jackie Gibbs joined this week. He says: " I'm gonna be the man me Honey thinks I oughta be " ( A great spirit - worthy of our early pioneers)

"AT 'EM " ALDERSON now refuses to eat ice cream ; says it has no part in Campaign life.

LENNIE Boot refuses to join in this mighty campaign to rejuvenate the nation.

DID you know that Jim Merideth now grows a fierce bristling moustache. Steve Nash and Maurie Palmer say : " We are proud of what our cookhouse can produce " We suggest that keep such productions out of the cup.

WHO was seen in a jeep wearing a nurse's hat ?

CYRIL Walker, Doug McIntosh, Jack Dodd and "Panhandle", mechanical quartet say they've been in bush so long they blush when they see a woman. -they go blushing unseen.

Alan Matthews grows homesick for the lass in Okakune.

JIM WELLS has just completed making a comb out of a piece of perspex. Very finely worked, Jim says the wife will find it " useful " ! He has also made a crib board from the wing of an aeroplane.

OUR younger generation, Tommy Stokes, Oed Reid, E. Clarke, Jimmy Fleming, Jimmy Ellery, Snow Hendry, Frank Sayers, Hamilton Maxwell, Les Day and " Boogie Woogie " Southcombe are all enjoying life in the Pacific - they might become colonisers.

"MRS. PERKINS " and Gordon Macale have patched up their differences and are working in harmony.

" H.M.S. NEVERFAIL " captained by Charlie Hardwick, now has " Tired " Norton as cabin boy. He is learning.

" KANAKA " Dabson growing into a man. He was overheard saying: "I'm not going to be buggered around any longer by you 'ee blokes " !

ACK Dorroch, another of the younger generation, is being taught all the things " a young man ought to know " by " Bunny " Spencer. is proud of his pupil.

SERVICES Section are on the lookout for suitable male to act in a similar capacity (Sgt Keith Dawson, Tommy Takins, R. Hampton, "Bluey" Pederson, J. Richards, R. D. Millar, G. Dickinson, G.L. Bolton, F. W. Clark and R.C. Attwood. The prospective teacher must be a man of the world; capable of understanding the needs of growing youths, have plenty of cash and versatile. We suggest either S/M Gordon Barry, or Spr. Alf Black, or Cpl. Claude Lowe, or Jack Wingland. Much too impetuous are George Moreton, A.G. Boyd, A. G. Stoner and Keith Vogt. Sprs. Wilder, Walls and Allen are possibilities. As an assistant we suggest Spr. Fussey and think Lennie Boot would, in collaboration with Alf Saunders, by an ideal teacher - he would not hustle the boys.

Cpl. Corrie, Snow Lord, Dave Smith and George Welsh appear very depressed since "Scotty " the cook went to the " bush". We assure them he is in good company.



### AROUND THE JOBS.

WITH 4th. N.Z. General Hospital almost completed, Works Construction Unit soon had a party under Lieut. S.R. Mann down at Bourail Beach where scarped cliffs had for the first time in centuries to watch hoary old cacti uprooted and ancient raiculis swept aside by bulldozers as a party of determined Kiwis got to work on the foundations of what will be one of the most up-to-date soldier clubs to line the shores of the wide sweeping Pacific. WITH Sgt. Alex Bowman as architect, Lieut. Mann has Sgt. Alan Wagner, Cpl. T. Black, G. King and Sprs. Arty Williams, Alan Chesswass, Fred Bradley, Gordon Gardiner, Mic Drew Bill Jones, and M.T. Lloyd assisted by a party of infantry. How do the lads enjoy carving out of the water's edge a spot for the Div's. relaxation? Here is what Alan Wagner has to say: "It is fine here but for one thing - the mozzies; they breed in the sea water and have all the technique of the barracouta - and I mean it. But we have made a small hut mozzie proof where we can write and read at night - c'mon and I'll show you! After work the lads hop into the surf for a swim - it is also their basin for morning wash. THE Club will account for 26,000 square feet of timber and will consist of a cafeteria, restaurant, kitchen, servery, storeroom and build store for vegetables and other food stuffs. A barbers shop, writing and reading room, a large hall with ample accommodation and large stage equipped with footlights and drop curtain which will make possible high class entertainment. Facing the surf, a verandah four feet wide will stretch along the of the building where soldiers on leave will be able to

rest in the comfort of deck chairs. Accomodation will consist of three blocks, that for male visitors will account for 12,500 square feet, 3,600 for female visitors and 348 for staff quarters. The whole area will be a poor stamping ground for mozzies and other insect tribes when S/M Gordon Berry and his drainage experts get to work and install a system that meet all necessary requirements. To that must be added a hot and cold water system and electric lighting which "The Terrible" Whitten and Georgeson will probably have a hand in. The undertaking as at present conceived is a fine acknowledgment of N.Z. to the her fighting men and expresses a sentiment that will be heartially reciprocated by every man.

### CON. DEPOT.

IF you entertain any doubts of the morale of the party under Captain W. P. Boyd working at the Convalescent Depot you can skip it with your best hop step and jump. There was not one scone done in the two hours we were there and all we got from Capt. Boyd was a wave, from Lieut. W Wise a "how are you", from S/M Stuart Mitchinson a "c'mon have a cup of tea" (which we did); Sgt. Peter Wingfield, when we told him he looked twenty years younger, asked if we thought he were "seventy" and then went on to tell us "everything was a question of mind" while he vigorously demonstrated the material nature of mosquitoes. S/M Fred Paul wore his come hither smile (about the progress of which we'd say more were this not a home issue). Cpl. Robb, known as the "man from the bush" was stripped to the waist; Cpl. Johnny Mason (Cont. col. 2 page 5)

WORKS AT PLAY.Jewellers To Macrame Workers.

"WHAT do you do in your spare time?" This is one of the most frequent questions in "letters from home". Occasionally there are warnings not to "go making love to those hula girls under the palm trees" - a warning that would have some point to it were there "hula" girls who had half the charms of N.Z. girls, and palm trees that are not the camping grounds for mosquitoes and everything that creeps and crawls. Even Clarke Gable would find his marriage somewhat handicapped by ants crawling up the leg of his pants, moths fluttering round his mouth, mozzies nipping him aft and bats blinding the moon. But, joking aside, love making is not in our line. :: HORSE racing is more in our line; not flesh and blood horses, but wooden nags about two foot high and two foot six long, with jockeys up in all the poses jockeys assume when making for the winning post. We have a "course a mile" round and races vary from seven furlongs to two miles. The Cup is an "illuminated" address opening with: - "Hear Ye" etc., opening with signed by the Patron and other Club officers. The six horses are numbered one to six, so that the horses in one race are limited to six; the nominations often number sixty six which means that the thirty six acceptances are balloted for. :: TO racing is adding debating in which Works team has not suffered a defeat up to the present; subjects range from problems of the Pacific to Social Security. Incidentally, debating reveals that the N.Z. soldier ranks easily first as the best educated soldier in the South Pacific. :: AS a letter we publish in this issue indicates souvenir making rates high in the Unit. Work in brass ranges from aeroplanes to ash trays; in wood from a model swing bridge made by Spr. J. Coneybeer, to a model bure made by Spr. T. Mattin; work in coconut shells is highly developed by Spr. Jennings and other members of the Unit. The more highly skilled work of watch repair is carried to the extent of repairing hundreds of watches by Sgt. "Red" Brownlie. Macrame work that is placed highly by Americans is done by Spr. J. Hawthorne. :: WORKS Surf Team has been described by South Pacific Daily News as "crack N.Z. Team" and has justly earned the title. The table Tennis

Club has met most other teams with success. Cricket, soccer and rugby teams have also set a high standard. Boxing and physical fitness also has devotees. Finally, there is the duty that has no irksomeness, the hobby that outshines all others - writing "home"

""""""""""

TALKING OF JAPS.

THE other day we cornered Sprs. J.L. Loy and Hec Coombes who have been in the forward area. After some persuasion they took us along to their tent and displayed some of the Jap souvenirs they have. Spr. Loy has a Jap mess kit. It is shaped very much like a binocular case and could easily be mistaken for one. Painted brown, it can be hooked on to a belt as carried as would a billy. Inside are small five small trays, a round container something like a large pepper shaker and a perforated tray. The container which looks like a pepper shaker is a general utility carrier. Inside it was what we took to be a packet of aspros, but which we learnt was a packet of dye tablets packed after the same manner as aspros. The tablets were dissolved in water and smeared over the face - a form of Jungle camouflage. All the trays in the mess kit and the case were made of pressed aluminium, very neat, easily cleaned and of very fine workmanship. The container could be used as billy. :: WHEN raiding Treasury, said Spr. Loy, "we disturbed the Japs at breakfast. What I saw of the food it was good. The M & V for instance, which was on the table was different from ours in that at the bottom, say, was a layer of meat, then a layer of a vegetable, then another layer of meat, followed by another kind of vegetable. In the larder were fruit and root foods the Japs had scrounged off the island" :: THE canteen was well stocked with a wide range of goods. He showed us a soap container which was made of heavy celluloid, a packet of cigarettes, packed in a flimsy packet with poor wrapping, but the cigarettes were smokable. Underclothing was made of cotton and wool and of sufficiently high quality to impress us. Spr. Coombes said he was most impressed by the Jap blankets - which were thick wooly ones, soft and in good condition. :: TWO water bottles, one used by a paratroop, the other

(Cont. col 2 page 6)

# SNOOPER

SNOOPINGS BY



5.

THE JOB - cont. from page 3.col

WELL, here I am again everybody. The Editor says I gotta be pretty circumspect an' size up things before I open my mouth this time - on account of the paper going nome to all you misses and sweethearts. That's pretty limitin' you know to a bloke like me with a lot of inside information, 'cos there's some pretty funny things happen' in this place. ::: BAGPIPES, for in stance. We had a pipe band down here a few weeks back to play for a parade some of the boys was goin' in. The band was camped near us, worse luck, and used to come round practicin'. It was interestin' to watch the boys. Some was honest and said straight out they didn't go much on the pipes; another lot what didn't really like 'em, but didn't like to admit it, said the pipes was alright. And other blokes what claimed to be Scotch got quite troppo. Johnny Sutherland got all worked up as though somebody had got something outa the store without payin' - signin', I mean - for it. Surprisin' too, the blokes what said they had Scotch blood bubblin' in their veins when the pipes started squaking. In addition to the McKenzies and the McGregors there was Fred Kronast, Marrie Corrie, Jack Ryan, young Ewart, Willie Woolf, Charlie Storey, Tony Radisich and even our Basil. Fancy a joker with a name like Murgatroyd claimin' to be Scotch! There was some talk of startin' a Free Scotch Movement, but there was not enough of 'em. And anyway, all the blokes I've mentioned are too keen on Chinese Checkers - one of those free games started by "Fat Willie" Hart. ::: I was gonna tell you folk of the five reasons why most of the blokes here dont want a furlough home, but the Editor looks he's ready to go to press, an' I reckon if I'm not ready he'll be puttin' in one of Peter Wingfield's poems in my column. Can't have that. Peter's a good guy, but his poems are so gloomy they make even the mozzies depressed. Guess I'd better rush. Cheerio, folks. Boys are all O. K.

who had a bad attack of misogyny - a sailor we believe - has now thoroughly recovered and with justifiable pride gave us a brief "look" at a snappy photograph, but would not permit a glance at the address on the back. Ray Barnaby, slightly more generous, showed us two snaps (no wonder we cant find a girl friend) which made the "pin-up girl" look a jerk. It seems as though only the Corporal and Sapper deserves the fair. Some of theses lads go the monopoly way - take "Ced" Reid, for example - but no, we must not spill the beans. ::: OUT on the job we bumped into Fred Watts, our best dressed rep., who always looks natty. "When are we going home?" he asked. "Any year now!" we replied. If you know Fred, there is no need to repeat what he said; if you do not know him, you're missing something through the Censor clouting down on us. Sgt. Maurice Watson we saw in the distance. We were making for him when we heard "How are y' fellas?" from now other than young Bobbie Craif who was beaming with joy at the prospect of staying here another two years. Mic Pasco, our racing authority, was not so beaming. He was almost profane in the Rascoish way. ::: THEN we bumped into a group of the Wharf lads who gave us a great reception - they say Works are helping them build Con Depot. They are a pretty good bunch. We located OC of Wharf, Captain F.J. Clark, promised a "Home Issue" for Wharf in a few weeks and then had to flit. Our next contact was young E.D. Clark who promptly shouted: "Look out - here's that Dozerdust on the job, keep your mouths shut!" That ruined everything. However, we met Jim Taylor and his mate, Duncan Comrie. Jim was on top of a building, Duncan ("Doug" to strangers) glowered at from round a corner. Jim says his mate has taken a new lease of life since the P.T. course. When we told Jim his horse (Tom Clarke had a part share) won the race in the last meeting he was not surprised. He has not the stake money (£5 This is for Mrs. Taylor's information). ::: IT is time we said something about the job. Here it is. The boys are working on a hospital theatre, 4,276 square feet, not just a jerry jumped dump, but a theatre containing all modern equipment for operations, setting limbs, skin diseases, xray & all that will be required. Two hospital wards, each capable of taking 60 beds - one ward already has patients in. Administrative block will include pay office, postal, reception room, administrative offices for medical ....

Cont. col 2. Page 7.



## TO HELL WITH WASHING

a standard army issue were of pressed aluminium, very light and with screw tops. It was not possible to see where the parts had been joined. ::::: SPEAKING generally, the two Sappers said the Jap soldiers equipment of a high quality and from their limited knowledge the Jap soldier was well looked after. It is also true that the average Jap soldier "can run like hell" when there is danger of their being hurriedly sent off the the 'flowery land' !

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By courtesy of Spr. Jim Toner we publish a letter which is self explanatory.:

Dear Mr. Toner,

HOURS of the week-end are spent washing clothes - khakis, nighties, unmentionables. Dont think we dislike the task, because that would be untrue. I've known blokes to take in washing not for the slight remuneration, but because they really enjoy the bubbling of rich creamy soap suds, the rhythmic stroke of the scrub brush and the gay chatter at the wash bench.::: BECAUSE he says it gives him a thrill, there is one boulder here who has endeavoured to get inhabitants of the Waacery to laundry his thingummies. Our recommendation is: take a cold showers three times a day, old man. ::: DO you know that one of the men never launders his clothes. 'Sa fact ! He's a nature lover - believes in fairies, seven day effortless wash and Mother Nature. She does the honours for him.::: ONE of the advocates of the " change daily " is our little " Linnny ", the girl with the hairy upper lip. " Every morning I soak a few things in Rinso, with just a dash of dettol. Cleanliness is <sup>next</sup> to godliness, you know ! And he's no angel. ::: WHEN F.K. goes home for good he is thinking of take-up laundry business. In five years he expects to make enough to buy a pub in Eltham. Good idea, too.::: MANY men in this company have taken to the clothing of the near nude - hat shorts and shoes. Will this mean a packet of nudism in the post-war years sponsored by the sun tanned heroes of the South Pacific ? Personally, I hope it indicates only wash-weariness. What do you think ?

PRW.

\*\*\*\*\*

IT is understood that Improvisors Unlimited are designing a new type of Washing Machine. Details a dirty secret. General principle :- Soak clothes for seventy two hours, then hang on line first rainy day there after. ( Patent 0099944?? applied for)

Possibly by now you have heard that your pair of P- 38's won the vote for popular appeal, receiving, in fact, twice as many votes as its closest runner -up. I find that I am unable to mail a U.S. War Bond, which is the first prize, to New Zealand, therefore I am holding \$18.75 ( the price of the \$25.00 War Bond you would have received ) for you at the Club. Would you step in and pick it up when it is convenient for you to do so. You can telephone the Club beforehand, if you are not stationed too far away, to make sure that I will be here. ::: ADMIRAL Halsey came in to see the display, and was so pleased with it that he said it should be sent back to the States for nation wide exhibit to promote the sale of War Bonds. However, arrangements for this would, I am afraid, take so long to make that after another few days of having the things on display at the Club I shall start mailing them away. The planes shall be sent to the address in Addington which you gave me. ::: If you ever make another pair, please put me on the list of those wishing to purchase them.

Sincerely,

(SGD) Lucy Crockett,  
Red Cross Service Club,  
APO 502,  
March 3, 1944.

The contest won by Spr Toner was an ingenuity competition sponsored by US Red Cross open to all members all Allied Forces it drew in South Pacific, the entries were many and varied.



UNOFFICIAL.....UNRELIABLE .

UNBELIEVABLE.

A war-time News Service that makes journalistic history and hits an all time record for fast news transmission from the "Higher-Ups" to the "Lower-Downs" and from the "Lower-Downs" to the "Higher-Ups" -- there is nothing like Gonophone News, for the Army, with the Army and of the Army, this New Service make the March Of Time slip on the hair spring to a has-been. HERE is the "dinkum oil"! :::: WORKS SERVICE CONSTRUCTION will be first Kiwi Unit to send Pacific spray through Father Neptune's beard. Think of it! (No don't, its, its unbelievable, its, its true) In releasing this News Gonophone issues the warning to personnel of other Units - Works will not welcome transfers IN and will not seek one OUT. Further it is reliably stated that on return "home" Works will build the Karapiro Hydro-Electric scheme. A dim view was taken of this. June is the deadline set for the return. A few hopefuls make it even earlier.::: ANOTHER Gonophone release is that Works will head for China when work in New Caledonia is completed. Indo-China, the Burma Road, the Great Wall of China are all focal points in the war zone where Works may be used. :::: AS we go to press a sig message from the Service says we go to the Solomons and then on to Green Island. No one takes this too seriously, as all indications are in favour of "home in June" and there Gonophone News signs off for the week.

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"FARMER" Sainsbury, it is learnt, has broken the pledge - he drank his last beer issue. His fall from grace is deplored and regretted by all who got his beer issue in the past.

Jeff Mannix, better known as the "Young Maniac" qualified recently for full membership in the "Sconedors Club" Congratulations, Jeff. You will be able to butter them when in IN'gill.

and nursing staff, bu'lk ration store, pack store, men's kit store, laundry and tailor shop. Drainage, a most important item in a climate such as this, will amount to a 3,700 foot system, a septic tank, hot and cold water supply and electric lighting system throughout the whole area. And, incidentally, we were finally nabbed by the "Terrible" Whitten who buttonholed us and, taking us aside said in the best Karloff voice: "What do you know? When are we going home?" Knowing him, as you no doubt do, you will agree that we did the wise thing by asking: "-What do you think?" And then agreeing that he had the dinkum oil. Before we left C/Cpl Len Butler, the "Man with the Kissable Lips" got his claws into us and wanted to know what his wife would say if she read what we had been saying about him. What could we say. (We'll dodge him after this till he finds out) By this time we were feeling like a prospective patient for a ward bed, when along came Basil of "Wh oack-er" fame. "The Old Man" will be going in a few minutes - and out out that Dozerpopp you're putting over! Well, the "Old Man" duly arrived, and Driver Tom Yuill - no, we'll skip it and move on to Base.

BASE CAMP.

OO in charge of this party, Lieut. R. Gilmour is an officer we see very little of. He and his lads are kept busy on the essential services of supplying metal, shingle, maintaining plant and turning out a host of odds and ends which all our jobs depend upon. He also fights a bitter war against an army of pot holes on the main road (we know about them, but they fight a losing battle, thank Gawd) After a salute from Lieut. Gilmour we made direct for Don Hallaway's Canteen and were politely, but firmly told we could not have this and that, but we did get a stick of candy. Then who should come bounding along but "Gill" Brues. "So you got here at last. What have you got for us?" (typical Q.M. manner) "What about the welfare dept.?" We weathered the storm and learnt that "Gill" had finally be caught by the untimely arrival of the Ration Truck and he had to unload - hence the bite. Charlie Rye, the transport Sgt. put us in a good mood by showing us over his office, where he turns out his well known batch of scones. We missed the lot he did when he fell in the river. Ray Asby, Orderly Clerk, would not spill the beans; he occupies the

Cont. col 2 page 10.

INTRODUCING .... " GERTRUDE "Pride of Improvisers Unlimited.

(See Opposite Page)

IT all started because the IO RB shovel always seemed to miss the boats coming from N.Z., and Bill Charlton, going along buoyed up by the news that it was arriving " any day now ", finally got tired of shovelling shingle into trucks by hand. ::: IN the first place, the apparatus was going to consist only of a bucket elevator from one of the crushers driven by a salvaged engine. The idea was that one man shovelling into the bottom of the elevator could get shingle into trucks without all the heaving and sweating that Bill Charlton took exception to, but when the " Heads " added their improvising quota it was decided that a storage bin was needed too, so that it could be filled when the truck was away. This was called " getting a quicker turn round " or something like that.. The next step was Cyril McRae and party of scroungers departing <sup>under</sup> sealed orders for the Salvage Yard at Noumea. They returned with such a collection of junk that Lieut. Gilmour and the OC were able to revise their ideas completely. Nothing more happened for a while, except that the two of them would measure up all this junk from time to time; and go away with a rapt expression on their faces and draw weird and wonderful diagrams on bits of paper.::: APPARENTLY they argued it out this way - If you had a bin, it had to be high so that shingle could fall into trucks below without shovelling. In time the shingle would get used up and the bin would have to be shifted to another site; but if you could overcome this tiresome delay by having the bin on wheels so much the better. Of course, if you had the bin on wheels you would have to have it made telescopic gashion so that it would slide up and down, otherwise you would never get the height required. But on wheels it had to go, and height with it.::: HOWEVER, production steps under way as Dick Laurie and Co. got a four wheeler trailer made up in quick time, while Cyril McRae and his lads overhauled a salvaged V8 engine that was to supply motive power for elevator. At this stage Lieut. Gilmour pinched the trailer to haul logs from Bushman Claude Lowe's party in the wilds down to Charlie Bishop's bridge building experts. The OC took a dim view of this. The IO RB might make the trip before the Improvisers got beyond the paper stage. The OC could not get the trailer back until another one was made for the logging lumber men.::: IN the interval, the Improvisers decided that, as they had managed the Bin difficulty they might as well add a set of screens too, to screen shingle. Then the thought of washing the shingle occured. Ah! We may have to make concrete. So the orders went forth for a revolving screen and a pump - all to be driven by the salvaged V8 engine! Bill Charlton, now caught up in the inventive enthusiasms, wanted to mount on the rear end a Barber Green Ditching plant. By this time the Improvisers hardly knew what they had, so that the ditching plant proposal was regarded as an exaggeration - and rejected.::: WORK came through that " the IO RB was on the water ". This set the Improvisers on their mettle. Jim Taylor and Fred Broadley flattened out old oil drums for the bins and chutes. Dug Combie was the fly in the bottle. "TPH" Buckley, " Panhandle " Johnston and Bob Johnston swung ino' line with welding torches on the old chassis member; Cyril McRae worked with frenzy on frames. Original design was ignored by "TPH" who, as you can see, was top man and who found the higher he went the cooler became his beer; then he wanted to see what lay over the next hill, so he called for " more height, more height ". The OC had to call a halt or "TPH" would have had his wings; as it was winches had to be surreptitiously stolen from an old planer so that " Gertrude " as the contraption was now called, could be wound up and down. Finally finished( before IORB arrived) Dick Laurie, a man of great resourcefulness and ingenuity, rose early one morning, after good wishes and blessings, set off towing it to the hospital.. "TPH" dropt a tear and thought of another beer collar he'd have to make. ::: "Gertrude", in facing the cold world, was wound down to the last turn, but nevertheless, she carried all telephone lines before her at Base H.Q. Irate signalmen stormed out to abuse "Gertrude" her ancestors and her driver. After other adventures of which of book will some day be written, she arrived at the hospital where Jim Gardiner and Willie Woolf made her work, as Basil Murgatroyd's charts, show, so that she turned out at least 4,600 yards of shingle. An American newspaper man visited her and she hit the headlines - a monument to the Kiwis Improvisers Unlimited, such is GERTRUDE. (Drawn by Norm Matthews)



35.  
"GERTRUDE"

KEITH  
DAWSON

T. PH. BUCKLEY

BOB. JOHNSON

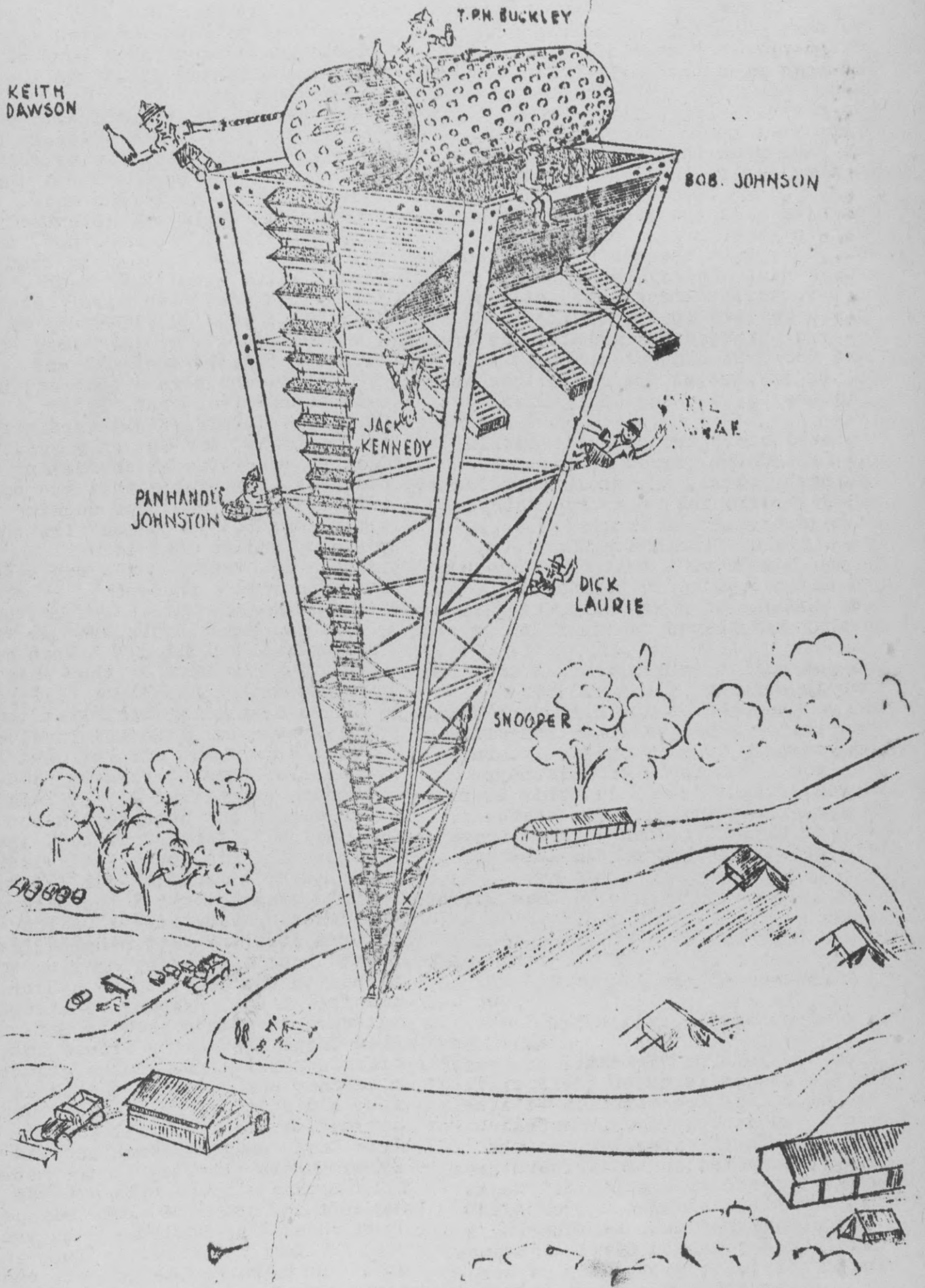
JACK  
KENNEDY

PANHANDLER  
JOHNSTON

DICK  
LAURIE

SNOOPER

BOB



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

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

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

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

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

Sam Burrows

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LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD.

" Hokanui " Still Tops.

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

other end of the partitioned  
office and conducts the pen and  
paper warfare for the party. ::::  
FIRST to nail us was "TPH" Buckley  
who wanted to know what Bob Johnston  
did to us for cutting a poem of  
his we published. Great was the  
disappointment:  
" Why he said he was going to tear  
you up for ... , but I 'spose he  
forgot. Anyway when are we going  
home, c'mon, you oughta know; this  
Dozerdust must be in the know.  
What's this about the "Old Man"  
giving a talk. C'mon, now, what  
was it ? " Just then along came  
"Maurie Palmer and Steve Wash. "Had  
tea yet,?" was their first question.  
We fell to it. :::: NEXT day we  
whooped out to the " Drag Line "  
to see " Deacon" Carswell and  
Alan Dye who have a home of their  
own on the river bank. Peter  
O'Reiley, chauffeur extraordinary  
to the party, was out on a job. The  
"Deacon" was reticent on fishing  
methods, but hinted that the spec-  
ial frying pan used for cooking  
catch has to be put on fire when  
going to bed so that it will be warm  
in morning. :::: ON our way back to  
the main road - four miles - we  
contacted Ron Bull, Alan Matthews  
and party. Greeting us with  
the unusual question : " When are  
we going home ? " they were  
stumped with the reply : " If you  
were General Puttick what would  
your answer be ? " Rather involved,  
judging from Ron's effort - but he'd  
got everyone home ( Farmers need, you  
guess, come first ) :::: BACK in  
Base we did our best to contact  
Major S. West, DORE, but, apart  
from seeing him busy interviewing,  
we had to come away with S/Sgt.  
Aim's promise that " the Major  
would not be very long ! Of the  
Major's staff we buttonholed Lieut.  
Scott whose marine engineering we  
tapped on the question of hydro-  
graphy; Lieut. Brooker we missed,  
but were very impressed by Sgt.  
Alan Chapman's neatly ironed and  
creased shirt. I/Cpl Burge growled  
a welcome - he usually rushes us  
into a rickety chair a spider would  
not hang a web to. Cyril Walker,  
Jack Dodd, Doug McIntosh and Ted  
Aylwood were all busy in the mech-  
anic's shop - looks like a cross  
between a church and a sky scraper  
from where they hurled - " so you've  
come at last ! " Yes, we came and  
unfortunately, had to go, but con-  
vinced there is none better than  
WORKS.