



Dozerdust

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THE AWFUL TRUTH.

LIEUTENANT R. GILMOUR is an officer who seldom makes requests - in fact he usually has something useful for our pages. Consequently, our readers can well imagine our feelings when, on Thursday night, on his return from Dumba, Lieutenant Gilmour popped into the office and asked: "What is the oil?" What could we say. What could we do, but stare blankly and whisper - "we don't know". We could see disappointment written all over his features. After honouring us by dashing straight for our office (he did not go to see the "OLD MAN" - we would like to underline) the dismal ignorance with which we greeted Lieutenant Gilmour was enough to melt the toughest angle iron. ::: WHAT can we do? Here we are, a responsible weekly paper, and do not know what is happening from day to day. We are harrassed by Sappers, Sergeants, WO's, and sometimes Corporals. When we do get "something" we are told "Huh, Gordon Macale told you that", or "Did the Wharfies tell you that". This search for "oil" has reached the stage where our entire staff may be driven to drink that Gin, Brandy and Rum the Sgts. have in their mess.... such is the cry for "OIL"

HEADLINE NEWS

" IMPOSSIBLE " " SAYS LAURIE THURSTON - AFTER TRYING TO TEACH " SITTING BULL " LOWE THE ART OF DRIVING A TRACTOR.

"SCOTTY" HAMPTON FLASHES HIS WEAPON BEFORE PARTIALLY NUDE TENT MATESS. FEAR AND ENVY QUIETENS ALL ONLOOKERS .

MICK DOYLE AND " TPH " ON SUCKER DRILL .

" Scotty " says his weapon is known as a " tool retriever " Use of his weapon in N.Z. is stricly illegal." Naturally I keep it under cover when police are hovering round. I have my big moments in the country along river banks screened by bush. I'm mighty proud of this 'ere tool of mine , I can tell you. The official name ? , oh, I think it is called a " Spring Gaff ". Scotty made the vicious looking plaything one evening when someone lost their tool in the dark.

WHAT might have been described as an " altercation " the other morning, when " TPH " and Mick Doyle discussed where and when for Sucker Drill. High light of discussion was Mick's telling " TPH " not to " shoot his big mouth off " - and "TPH'S" dancing round talking to himself.

KEITH MORTON BENEFITS FROM EARLY BED AND QUIET LIFE IN THIS CAMP. NO LONGER LOOKS WRECK HE WAS IN DUMBEE. WAACING THOUGHT TO PUT TOO GREAT A STRAIN ON RESOURCES.

"BABE " DAWSON WHO IS NOW STRIKING FOR THE LOCAL BACK-SMITH IS REPORTED TO BE MAKING GOOD HEADWAY. AT PRESENT INCLINED TO LET HIS MIND WANDER TO WOMEN, BUT IS HOPED HE WILL OUTGROWN THE WEAKNESS.

TONY RADISICH JOINS MAURIE PALMER IN COOKING

NORM STANLEY AND WALLY HOBSON LOOK FOR PRIVATE BURE AT NEPOUI

Maurie Plamer , only regular cook on payrobl, said he must have Cook Tony Radisich back in kitchen. Despite protests from men, Maurie got his way. Says Tony : Today I cook, tomorrow I drive da truck, next day I make love; sometime later I nurse da lectle one. Not bad for me, eh ?"

Latest reports from Wharf H.Q. indicate that since Licut. Wright returned with bunch of records Sgts. Stanley and Hobson are on lookout for spot for private bure.

EDDIE HEALD HAD CHOICE OF GOING HOME ON APR OR REMAINING ON TO COOK FOR WHARF BOYS. " DUTY BEFORE WOOLING, THAT IS MY MOTTO. COMBINE THEM IF YOU CAN. BUT WHILE THERE IS AN EMPTY MOUTH IN THE WHARF, I REMAIN AT MY STOVE TO THE BITTER END. A VERY FINE EXAMPLE, EDDIE.

" POP " DRAYON PROMOTED TO CASHIER IN-CHIEF AT CANTEEN. SAYS HE MAY HAND OUT SHORT CHANGE, BUT WILL NOT BE SHORT IN COURTESY TO ALL BUYERS.

SPRAY GUN PAINTER GROWS SUSPICIOUS.

RING THE BULL'S NOSE AND BE THE LOCAL CHAMP!!

Spray gun painter Healy said today that he suspected a monster vehicle parade in the offing; he offered as basis for fear his re-painting all Unit vehicles.

Anytime now the new game of the workshop workers , Ring The Bull's Nose will take the lead as NO. 1 Fad.

" SPEED " WATSON REVEALED TODAY THAT HE HAD BEEN JILTED BY HIS KANAKA SWITHEART. " ANOTHER INSTANCE THAT WE ARE NOT WANTED HERE " WAS HIS HEARTBROKEN COMMENT.

WHO WAS THE TWO GUN MAN THE PIQUET DISTURBED THE OTHER NIGHT ?

UNIT DINNER AT KIWI CLUB PROPOSED.

Arrangements are under way to hold a Unit dinner at the Kiwi Club in the near future.

A CHANCE THAT WILL
NOT COME COME AGAIN.

" BE honest with me , dear, " that was the plea she made to you before you sailed into the South Seas. She asked you because she promised to keep it for you. She put her faith in you; yes, you carry her trust with you every hour; that is a sacred gift you must guard. Only an utter cad would let her down.

WELL, fellas, I just about beat you to New Zealand last week. This is how it happened. I had it figured out that you chaps wont get home before Christmas now that you have so much work to do on the road between here and Bourail, so I thought I'd take a chance to see N.Z. while the goin' was good before the end of the year. I hopped on the truck with Fred Kronast and the rest of the boys when they went down to BRD. But I missed out on the wharf; instead of bein' able to sneak up the gangway behind Gordon Berry, I was pushed and shoved among a heap of kit bags. The way them fellas made up the gangway made me think they don't trust the Army too far. They made one mighty rush and I heard one chaps say: " I never thought we'd get so far without the Army changin' its mind. :::: TALKIN' of changin' one's mind, I reckon Peter Wingfield 'll change his mind when he hears that all grade two men are stayin' on the island to build up good relations after the grade one men go home. I heard him sayin' that when he was re-boarded next week he was going to peddle the MO a line of bullshit that would be a sure grade 2 story. :::: SPOSE some of you chaps seen Bill Charlton's haircuts. Now I don't want to do Old Bill any harm, but I guess his style of haircuttin' is what some blokes would call realistic: He just leaves the scalp - in patches. First he offers you a bottle of beer and the next thing is you've no hair left. He's gettin' ready to open a shop for them Taranaki farmers he's always talkin about. :::: SAY, I hear there is a free beer issue this week, and a big dinner comin' off in a few eeks - looks like we'll be here for a long time yet. Wish I had caught ship to Noo Zealand. I'm goin' there some day, no kiddin' - an' I'm gonna tell 'em all about you chaps.

:::: YOU must not fail her - you dare not. And you need not - no sir, not while your Canteen has a bottle of Passionate Sapper after-shave lotion on the shelf you can keep your promise - all for thirty cents. :::: THIS lotion is dedicated to our fighting men on all fronts; wherever the flag unfurls for victory you will find this lotion ready to play its part in preserving that fresh, youthful and glossy skin she loved to caress. The war might rob you of the race meeting, the good old bar in Willis St and Queen St., the poker game and the surreptitious visit to the pakapoo den, but Passionate Sapper after-shave lotion will preserve that Sex Appeal she loves so well. And remember, this lotion is convertible into Jungle Juice by the simple method of straining through an old sock or any piece of rag you have about the tent. It is sure fire. :::: IF you are an APR take a bottle home for the farm where you can use it as high explosive when stumping. :::: WHEN you go home do not forget Grandma. The dear old soul will be thrilled with one of our strong dressy money belts. She can carry her plug tobacco in the pouches. You Canteen Committee, after lengthy deliberation offers one dozen slightly used pipe cleaners with the first two money belts sold. There are a host of pleasing presents on the shelves just waiting for you. Such things as shoe polishers, fish hooks, soap, and cheap pipes - do not miss this opportunity. (Inserted on behalf of Canteen Committee)

OLLIE NAIRN, Works playboy, returned from greatly rotated from Kiwi Club where he had been sent on a job and brought back the following day. " This army balls-up makes me sick", he said, " If there is a job at the Club why cant I be left to do it? This sending me down and bringing me back is like puttin' 'em in and bungin' em out. I never get an even break with a Waac " (OC, actio please)

...PRESENTS...

HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAY 17th JULY was to be Pete's big day. Everyone knew it. All election speeches he had cooked in the long years of political promises were Council chats compared with the story he was to let loose on the future of 3rd. Div. Sappers and Sgt. looked to Pete - some anticipated him. But he left them to their own devices. :::: Monday was not to be left pass entirely without meaning. When Pete failed, it was rumoured that Works was to be deprived of all its transport requirements were to be met from American sources, and Sgt. Charles Rye, our worthy NCO i/e of Transport, who had distinguished himself was to be given a pair of autographed running shoes. :::: THIS was soon followed by the story that no further "leave lists" would be issued. All leave had been cancelled. The Div. was practically on the ship. ::::: BUT this was too good to last. Works, it was said, was to remain behind and do all the clearing up. This had a most devastating effect on the morale of the troops. S/Sgt. George Aim went off his food for a week. Sgt. Peter Wingfield revived the notion of shooting himself. S/M. Mitchinson tripped over his bottom lip - and Sappers asked for more beer. It was grim. ::::: GONOPHONE NEWS rushed a special reporter to the "OLD MAN" who promptly scouted the rumour and said you may tell the troops that :- "Personnel of this UNIT can, without due optimism, and with a degree of confidence - depending on their pampramental predilection - look for the silver lining in every cloud when the weather clears and the exigencies of the military, naval and air situation improves and are such that shipping, transport and Government Departments see fit to give substance to the optimism which I feel sure will outweigh any pessissim that may lead to despondent prognostication". :::: OUR reporter thanked the "OLD MAN" for his lucid and far sighted statement which should clarify the future, and, let us add, make this the last time GONOPHONE NEWS will appear in Dozerdust.

NEXT issue of Dozerdust will be a Souvenir iss to our fighting colleagues - 3rd. Div Engineers.

DESPAIR not my sons, though thy days weary thee and thou callest in the night "How Long O Lord?" Remember that thou art in a deep sleep; that the trials and tribulations which rise before you are shadowy images of your dream world. Thou must rest well, my sons, for some day - the Lord knows when - thou mayest awaken. Yea, and thou wilt discover a new world which thou hast made in thy sleep. Let not your hearts be troubled. There is one that looketh over thee in thy slumber. When he bloweth the last trump' all sleepers shall awaken, and march with the great division homeward into the light of day - to return no more to the Isle of Dreams.

WHO was the two-gun man the piquet disturbed the other night?

"Nobby" Clark, one of Wharf's original numbers gained his three stripes without a word reaching Dozerdust. Congratulations, "Nobby"

SCOOP!!!

NEWS flash from Kiwi Club reveals that Sgt. Alex Bowman who is on vacation there was seen hanging over information desk for two hours today. Late reports indicate that cause located in RED HAIR. All attempts made to reach Sgt. Murgatroyd futile. No fears entertained for his safety. (Press Assoc)

DUMBEE : Great disappointment felt in Ward (?) when George Welsh and Eddie Clarke left today for Base Camp. George said to be model patient and Eddie very popular with ladies. (French visitors)

FOR benefit of all customers it is hereby stated that two French customers at Canteen this week paid a special visit to look over Passionate Sapper after shave lotion. The girls were impressed.