

# Dozerdust

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### PUBLIC WELFARE.

The "Black Tracker & Co are annoyed. They've been sneaking off on a Sunday to a home a few miles away. "The Black Tracker" was getting on nicely with one of the girls when, along came Bob Haycock and the lads. They had to make their own introductions, etc... the "Black Tracker" still wears the frown, or so we hear.

The only member of the party at BTD to have a stretcher is Norm Pitt, the quiet lad. His story is "a friend gave it to him" As good a story as any Bob!

The new Bldg Section Orderly Room was declared open with a fan fare of hammers, chisels and saws this week. Any resemblance to an Advertising Man's Office is purely coincidental. Percy's comment: "All that's wanted now is an attractive WAAF stenographer! Action QM please."

Morrie Corrie is now cooking in a Rum Factory, long disused—unfortunately.

Sapper Reid is a lad who has been away so long that he wonders what we look like. He's still talking about those Ractihi & Ohakune girls. If they saw the bronze chest he has now!!!!

As a general rule we refrain from editorial comment on letters appearing in our columns. An exception in the present instance appears to be justified in the interest of public welfare.

It will be noticed that the Manager of the Humorous Concrete Company lays particular emphasis upon the quality of the Company's product and also stresses that "users of our products need have no fear of being interred before death!" A warning our readers may very well disregard, since none have been known to die and, when death does occur, three months must elapse before it is certified. This effort to capitalise the fears of our readers is no more than a piece of commercial blackmail, and should be treated as such.

A warning the Manager omitted to mention, and one that is almost common knowledge, is that many reputable newspapers, including the N.Z. Herald, are interred before death. Too many newspapers fall into the clutches of hysterical, sometimes highly constipated customers of such Companies as the Humorous Concrete. Whether by design or by accident we do not pretend to know. We have sufficient confidence in the cultural & civic conscience of our readers to know they will not suffer Dozerdust to be used for such undignified purposes.

Another aspect of the Company's business methods which merits

an investigation by a Parliamentary Commission is the practice of associating their "Seats" with the personal habits of prominent people. It is well known that photographs of the late & illustrious Queen Victoria, Richard Seddon and Michael Joseph Savage are hung in obscure and sometimes evil smelling places where one finds the much vaunted "Seats". We feel sure that had such notable people been asked, they would not have said:—"If I used "Seats" it would have been Humorous Concrete Company's!"

All fair minded people, we are sure, will appreciate our protest. In making it we wish it to be known that our policy is dictated entirely by the welfare of our readers. We are not, as ignorant fellows imagine, controlled by the Kelly Gang, the Bank of England or Vested Interests. Our boast is that we are ENGLISHMEN.

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### TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Asked what it felt like to be twenty-two, Alan Chapman said: "I feel more mature & enjoy my pipe!"

HARRY STRINGER on reaching twenty-eight:—"I want to be home with MUM"

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SERVICE IN A CIRCUS.  
(By Nobody Nose)

AROUND THE JOBS.

The other day, in the course of my duties, I came across a most remarkable person, who like myself, wishes to remain anonymous. I had seen him on previous occasions going round the camp in a most carefree manner, looking very much at home.

On this particular day his countenance glowed with a radiance which excelled even that of the Wharf Operating Boys. This somewhat rotated me, so I decided there and then, to know the reason why.

After a cross examination, and a promise, he told me that he had been previously employed by Wirth's Circus. Being loyal to the firm who was holding his job for him, he was confident it was on a par with Works Service.

" My present surroundings are similar to my former job, he said. Definitely " Tropo", I thought. I asked him in what he had specialised in the circus.

" I used to paint Zebras, but here I do odd tailoring work ! This left me very much in the dark until he explained that the Zobra was a kind of Ass with stripes.

" Oh, we had elephants too, and they did all the heavy work. The keeper either prodded them along with a sharp rod, or led them by the ear with a hook!

At the mention of pay he became rather despondent. " I was only a sucker", he said, " the clowns got the highest pay, and what are they but the laughing stock of the crowd!

Time was getting on, so to air my knowledge of the circus, I reminded him of Worth's. He regained his former self and said that we in this " show " ( he would use that word ) could go better that that " if....", pressing him to continue I made reference to music. He at once brightened " Ah ! ", he said, " if bull---, were music, we would have a brass band ! That, I thought was the point to bring the interview to a close, so I left him with the rash promise to see him again

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" CHINA AT WAR "

" THE STORM CENTRE OF THE WORLD HAS SHIFTED TO CHINA. WHOEVER UNDERSTANDS THAT VAST EMPIRE HAS THE KEY TO WORLD POLITICS FOR THE NEXT FIVE CENTURIES "

CURRENT TOPICS MONDAY NIGHT.

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" Gunner " Macale is looking fit again. He was one of our " foreign correspondents " before going to hospital: he sure sat at that radio, didn't you " Gunner "?

" So they are holding the elections in September, are they ? ", queried Bill Charleton. The information quietened him so much that one or two discreet questions revealed his wish to be back to stand for a " seat ! He flanked further questions by scrounging for a further issue of patriotic paper and envelopes, a game of " Housey Housey", two more crib boards and several packs of playing cards. In justification of the scrounge he pointed out that his party that morning had shifted eighty yards of material. " Yes, sir, we are prepared to work any other party to a standstill, and I'll back Dick Smyth, our mechanic against any you've got in camp. How are things up there anyway?", he added as an after thought, as he waddled away to scrounge stretchers he had got wind of. What Bill's like as a politician we dont know, but he sure knows how to smell things out. That right Bill ?

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Asked whether he would sooner thatch a haystack or a bure, Harry Stringer left no doubt on the question. In fact, he would sooner build a hay stack into the bargain. To prove the point he gave a demonstration on the art of bure building. "The corners and ridge are the ticklish parts ", he said, as he went on to give a demonstration. Assisting thatcher Jack Olsen thinks much the same as Harry. Other members of the party who take turns are Sps. H. Holt, E. Whitehouse, C Hayward. She's a good job, boys !

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" When's that mail coming in ? " was the greeting from Spr Apperloy and echoed by most of Lieut W. Wise's party when we paid them a visit on Monday. George King was on the roof and our request for a ladder was met with " we're too busy for visitors, you'll find a ladder somewhere ! By the time we had looked over the three warehouses erected in the last week, had a chat to Sprs Wood, Watson, Swift, Cole, Williams, Wilson, Hanson and Fox there was no time to hunt for ladders. Jimmy Ellery buttonholed us for information on the camp, which Norm James referred to as " the old dump ! Lieut Wise we just saw; he was going places at top speed.

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"H'm doesn't appeal to me " was Lieut Tremain's comment on the Austerity Week Campaign opened by " Curly " Griffin at HQ Works on Monday. Despite the all in display, the idea did not take on. Had " Curly " worn a Naicouli leaf, - no, hardly big enough, say two- he might have succeeded. It was a good effort and some kind of public recognition should be made to the O.C of Wharf Coy. " Curly " did his best, and the failure of the campaign was offset by the success of the drain.

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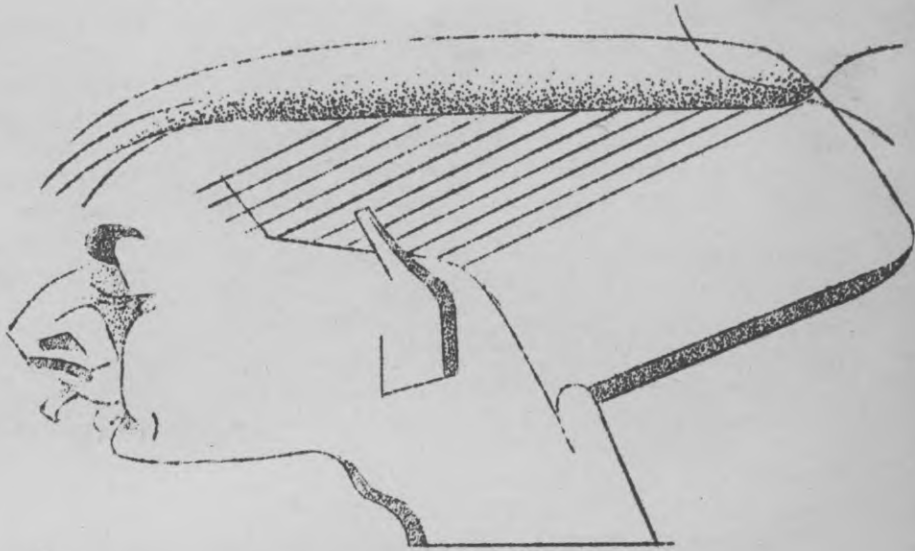
" When two Irishmen meet they have a fight, when two New Zealanders meet they form a club! Percy Kemna



PERSONALITY PARADE: NO 4

MAJOR SUCKER O. B. E.  
(BY SNOOPER)

Some men move through life as smoothly as a river through a Naiouli forest; some sweep through life like a tropical storm; some vegetate like cabbages in a garden and some plod through like draught horses in harness. But not so Major Sucker, O.B.E. whose sharp wit, shrewd observations and playful style charms young and old.



When first he poked his nose on to the stage of life, in the village of Christchurch, he bumped into misfortune..... an unwanted child. His mother, a fashionable lady of the town, his father, a gambler of some standing among bookies, the young Sucker grew up in an atmosphere of stale cigar smoke and cheap scent. He was treated like a girl by his mother, like a coming jockey by his father. At school he was almost expelled by his preoccupation with small girls' underwear-- a habit he transferred to women as he grew in years. On leaving school his ambition was to be a gentleman like his father, but make his money as easily as his mother. A few years as a bookie, backing unsuccessful pugilists, convinced him he did not have the brains of his father. Major Sucker then toyed with the idea of a University course, as most of his class do. Instead he took a job selling Fruit Machines to Barbers and Billiard Saloons at which he did very well until the police caught up with him. He then joined the State Housing Dept. and took an active part in forming a "sweep" as a method of allocating the houses. It is believed he did very well. He was one of the first to volunteer for the war, offering his services as an organiser for the "Victory Loans". Again he did very well, until the scandal sheet, Truth, began asking too many questions. He then pressed for overseas service, and, as is known, was appointed "Gossip Writer" for Dozerdust.

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Letters to the Editor:

Sir,

Re your reference in a recent issue to the testing of the products of the Humorous Concrete Company. I would like to draw your attention to the fact that the officer referred to is nearer seventeen stone than fifteen. This may seem trivial to you, but two extra stone makes a considerable difference to the testing quality of our products. I may state in all honesty that he did break the slab in question, which unfortunately was not in its proper place, but since then we have made big strides in manufacture, both in quality and quantity; and users of our products need have no fear of being interred Before death.

Our Manufacturing yard is open at all times to any of your representatives, and we will be only too pleased to show them around. As I know your paper has the interests of its wide circle of readers at heart, we are prepared to arrange a test with the aforementioned officer at any time. In closing may I state that the products of the Humorous Concrete Coy. are the best on the Island.

The Manager,  
Humorous Concrete Coy.

For reference to above see next col)

We regret the inaccuracy in our report on the weight of the officer of the Company and thank the Manager for his correction. We had no desire to deprive him of his two stone. It appears strange to us that seats designed for rest should require jumping upon. Edt.

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SPORT.

In the Rugby game on Saturday the forwards showed up to advantage. Bill Charleton played a good game, but hung to the ball too long. Sgt. Paul left most of the talking to the Captain and played well. Jack Richards, in the backs, played a safe game, though he tended to tackle a player without the ball.

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In the Soccer game G. Morton played a sound game, as did the backs as a whole. F. Broadley, a newcomer, will with a bit of practice make a good player. Other players worthy of mention were Hoskin, Scotty, Bruce, Radisch, while Lieut Tremain made a good showing as referee. As a game, best of season. ( We regret curtailment of report, next week a SPORTS ISSUE. Edt )

Where Darkie was born is a matter of conjecture; it is thought she is a native of Auckland of which N.Z. is the capital. She did not wear the conventional chain found on all the classy bitches. That was not considered prejudicial, as even representatives of the best class can be bitches.

It is still disputed whether she was a "pick-up" by a sailor (U.S) or an Engineer. Those who favour the former theory maintain that a female of any species who would be a "pick-up" for a sailor is no class; whereas, the other theory insists that the Engineers (Works) do not indulge in "Pick-ups" and that Darkie was invited to join the Unit. Whatever school of thought is adopted, it must be remembered that it was not until disembarkation that she displayed affection for the Engineers.

Since establishment of camp Darkie visited each section in turn. Her visit to Services was the occasion for rude fellows to term her "lousy" when she slept under the bed. She spent one night at Coy.HQ and a few hours only at HQ Works. The Coy cooks tried to seduce her with candy (mice eaten stuff), but even that could not keep her from the Bldg Section where she now resides.

The only person who can speak authoritatively of her love affairs is the "Black Tracker" who acted as midwife. Since then he is most reticent. Professional etiquette, he says, does not permit bedside revelations. He considers that as a maiden effort, seven pups was good; the father, he believes to be a New Zealander which, as he says, is "something to be thankful for". Of the seven, three remain. It is worth noting that Capt F.J. Clark, OC of Wharf Coy, rushed an indent in for a pup at beginning of labour pains.

Opinions on Darkie differ. Capt E. Blacker, has been heard referring to her as a "Bad Tempered Bitch"; Capt W.P. Boyd thinks her "a spoilt dog"; Captain F.J. Clark says she's "savage"; and Tony the cook calls her a "nice little dog". Other opinions are unprintable.

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Sapper Hawthorn and Hardwick want to know what our camp looks like. They find the food so good at BTD they are in no hurry to return. It's O.K. here.

George King and friend McOosh are a gentle pair; they rub tea leaves in each other's hair just for fun. Story next week.

Our best wishes for a speedy recovery to Frank Marxin, Jim Granston, H. Maxwell & L.C. Bevin—all in hospital.

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Sorry we couldn't contact Sgt Watt & Party at 4th Gen for Home Issue. Next time Fred. Lets have some news.

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"The Freedom of the Press", it has been aptly said, "is the foundation of British greatness, the source of her success abroad and the milk of her independence!"

Despite this we still have people in our midst who are sufficiently irresponsible & half educated to assume that the Press does not present a true picture of world affairs.

We refer to the Current Topics Discussion on Monday night when "Newspapers & News" was the subject of Discussion. It was not a discussion, as normal people understand the word; it was a noisy rabble, led by one whom we thought to be a person of intelligence and some sense of decency. Apart from Cpl Knowling and Sgt Wingfield both of whom sat back complacently, if not timidly, the entire meeting appeared to be composed of people who had more in common with the Vodka drinking country than a democratic country.

In the past we have been most generous with our space to this Group of noisy neer-do-wells. In future we shall know how to treat them.

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DEBATING.

For interest, attendance and entertainment the debate on Saturday night registered high. Both teams displayed skill in the presentation of their argument and the standard of speaking was high. The Negative team won on team work.

Percy Kenna, supported by Jim Hewitt & Peter Wingfield affirmed that "Advertising was beneficial to the Community"; but Brian Tapper, Tommy Stokes and Cliff Foster made advertising look like a racket. The audience, at the conclusion of the debate, went for both sides and had them on the spot. Fortunately, chairman, Fred Kronast closed the meeting. Major S. West acted as judge.

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

\*\*On behalf of Coy HQ S/M Fred Kronast issued a challenge to all Sections to a public debate on any question they may choose.

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NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS:

Enthusiast! Your plan for the formation of a HOME GUARD forwarded to authorities.

Bill B. Holding for future use.

L.A.C. In next issue.

Sgt Bishop and party still having a Wacking Time at 4th Gen. Moving to a more advanced position to dig in and consolidate. Local activity in several sectors only. With them the "Human Porret" who always manages to get on trail of "latest"; notable also for small appetite; known to be satisfied with three helpings to great astonishment of flocks in several camps.

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