

# 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 rthur ( 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 conners 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 Humourous 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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