



# Dozerdust

VOL. I. NO. 13.

WORKS SERVICE ENGINEERS.

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\*\*\*\*\*

## "LEAVING HOME."

# " we're leaving home, how will we get our DOZERDUST ?!"  
that is how we were farewelled  
by the lads who left this week  
for dumbea. \* \* \* it is now  
our turn to pack up our trouble  
and join the dumbea party. \*  
\* \* the chaos in which we  
floundered this week brought  
forth more chaos. this issue  
of DOZERDUST is pretty punk .  
the art editor is running round  
in circles already and muttering  
" she's a horse, she's a horse!"  
whether he is referring to the  
muddle in the tent, or in the  
canteen we do not know. but he  
more or less sums up our troubles.  
\* \* \* like the other lads we  
dislike leaving "home". this  
camp will take a lot a beating.  
\* \* \* to those who remain be-  
hind we give the assurance that  
DOZERDUST will reach you weekly.

\*\*\*\*\*

# torpedo chasing now  
part time hobby for fox  
and temperton. watch for  
thrilling story of epic  
fight against gin and  
salt water.

# " nertes " we like  
the name. why hide it ?

# the rumour is that  
services section name is  
to be changed to " oil  
drum " section. true ?

# NAILOULI CONSTR. COY.  
now featuring summer style  
trailer. manager morae  
very proud of coy. effort.  
why not paint it yellow  
and green ? c'mon cyril.

# seen up the pole at  
bourail: ops. whitten and  
georgeson. effect of can-  
teen peanuts !

# scoop ! bill morr-  
isey leads dumbea lads  
astray. alf bluck one  
of the lads too ! how did  
jim taylor behave. ?

# "i'll see the photo-  
graph in the morning, i  
want a good nights sleep!  
a neat reply to jack mason  
when displaying photograph  
one night. he has now  
changed his mind on love.  
" aint it grand !"

an introduction to a new -  
comer : " this is keith  
dawson, we dont know him  
well enough to say any  
more ! take it as a com-  
pliment, keith, and keep  
your eyes open.

# bill charleton does his  
soone, lorry goes over bank.  
service now looking for a  
competent driver. qualif-  
ication: must be able to  
drive trucks, etc, on the  
road, ditch-jumping, bank  
rolling and other stunts not  
an asset.

# calling carswell and  
party for details of gin  
party on sandy patch.

# "i'm still tryin' to think  
of something to say in a  
reply to last weeks DOZER-  
DUST." T. P.H.

# ned sainsbury's grand-  
mother now baking small  
cakes for all DOKO person-  
nel. ned got one cake out  
of last large tin.

# if short of cash, ask  
hec mulholland, he will  
oblige with two dollars.

# to jim toner and f.  
thomas in hospital all  
the best. love and kisses  
from percy to ather lads.

## APPOLOGIES.

# two stencils have just  
gone through without check-  
ing. helluva lot errors.

# WE INTERVIEW MAJOR. S. WEST. A/C.R.E.

# " what is the c.r.e.? this is a question we have been asked so often that we decided to carry it bodily "across the river" and ask major west to deal with it. he was busy poring over maps and plans with which his table was littered. nevertheless, he told us to park the body while he cleared a space on the table. \* \* \* lighting his pipe and sitting back, he said that he had noticed some confusion in the use of the abbreviation " c.r.e. " " it is not surprising ", he continued that it is something of a minor mystery; the confusion arises in thinking of the letters meaning a unit, in the first place it is an appointment, that is to say, it refers to a person and his staff. secondly, it is an abbreviation of COMMANDER OF ROYAL ENGINEERS. actually, this is something of a misnomer when applied to new zealand engineers. COMMAND NEW ZEALAND ENGINEERS would be the correct title and probably less confusing to the average person! \* \* \* he then went on to point out that in the n.z.e.f.i.p. there is the c.r.e. of 3rd. div. engineers who has command of divisional engineers which consists of field companies and field park companies. the role of field engineers in this and the last war is sufficiently well known to pass without further comment. \* \* \* the other arm of the engineering service is equally important and is the one we are directly interested in. here again we have the same organization in the c.r.e. and staff, though in this unit slight changes have occurred. on the c.r.e. staff we have lieutenant mann who is works officer and has been stationed at noumea, lieutenant scott, electrical and mechanical officer, and lieutenant brooker who is stores officer in charge of what is known as " c.r.e. stores ". it is these officers that said major west, " i have to thank for working out details of jobs, and party is ing out with painstaking care work such as the organization of the technical stores and other work. \* \* \* our equivalent to field & park companies is WORKS CONSTRUCTION COY. which in turn is divided into bridge and services sections. there is also the WHARF OPERATING COY which, as we know specializes in work that is risky and essential. \* \* \* the duties of C.R.E. include that of technical advisor to the formation commander, estimating requirements of engineers stores, supplies and issues. from this it may be gathered that engineer units, as a body, are called upon to undertake multifarious tasks and have always acquitted themselves with honour, so that around the activities of N.Z.E. there has developed a tradition of which we may all be proud. \* \* \* and now, as large parties of WORKS SERVICES are moving out to undertake another phase of our work i continued major west, " i should like to convey a personal message to all ranks. we all know that we have to build a hospital; what some of you may not know is that it must be built quickly. the KIWI'S have gone forward to less healthy regions. the WORKS SERVICES role in our fighting the japs is not so direct, glamorous or dangerous is nevertheless essential and important. \* \* \* cont. next col.

\* \* \* a small party has been at DUMBEA valley and good progress made. bulldozers have been busy on the formation of subgrades for roads and levelling of building sites. our immediate task is the creation of a theatre block of four wards of sixty beds, staff accommodation and provision of water and drainage systems. the buildings are all of prefabricated type and advice has been received that they are on their way. \* \* \* other work will have to proceed at the same time maintenance and other work will necessitate a party working at base area. these jobs all have an important bearing on the efficient organisation of the FORCE. \* \* \* you have proved yourselves adaptable, capable and willing to put your best into the work. in asking you for your maximum effort in the tasks that lie ahead, i do so in the belief that you will work together as a team, and in that way, show we know how to do our part. \* \* \* long hours and inconveniences lie ahead of us. \* \* \* they faced us on our arrival and were overcome without bellyaching. i feel confident you will do the same on this occasion. \* \* \* to each and every one i would ask: remember that we exist to render a service to the DIVISION and we are duty bound to do our best for our fellow KIWI'S and their folk back home !

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## CURRENT TOPICS DISCUSSION.

# current topics subject for thursday night was provocative and prolonged until supper time. opinions on ITALY did not run in the same direction and the bulletin itself came in for some discussion on the ground of superficial handling. no effort was made to settle italy's fate after the war. bulletins for next week have not yet come to hand.

## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

# we wish to advise all our reader that the editor is not, and has not been, a gangster. his face, for which he takes no responsibility, he has tried to live down. he may look like a gangster, talk like a gangster, walk like a gangster, but there the similarity ends. any resemblance to " legs " diamond, " dutch " schultz or alf capone is purely coincidental.

## BEAT THIS.

# if sgt. george lindsay were to sit down ( or stand up ) to smoke all his stock of cigarettes he would face 400 yards of cigarettes were they put end for end. estimating twenty puffs in each cigarette, he would have to puff a hundred thousand times before he had finished. AEW'S students taking maths are invited to guess how many smokes he has.

HAND YOUR OPERATICS FOR HOME ISSUE IN TO YOUR ORDERLY ROOM.



OUR RUNNING TRANSPORT SGT. CHARLES. J. RYE.  
(BY TOOTHACHE) \*

# born somewhere in eltham, somewhere round the year 1920 was all our popular transport sgt. was prepared to say on his very early life. partly because of innate modesty, and partly because, as he said, "there is so much bullshit about taranaki that one cannot take too much for granted." he was sure of his later years when he attended the village school held in the back of the local mission house. had it not been for the new fangled rule that pupils must not wear hobnailed boots, which cut short his education ;

he considers that he might have been dum of the school had he been able to continue going for another ten years. in reply to the question of what he considered the most important event in his youth, he said he was sure it was the time when he represented his school in a football match against the old identities club. he said he was the only drawback in his team. after the match he was one of the few chosen to broadcast an account of the game; apart from



an incessant attack of hiccups owing to the bad beer he had at half time, the broadcast was highly successful. \* \* \* on leaving school he was tied down to the printing business, a profession his family had followed for generations, at home he has stones which were cut by one of his ancestors in the stone age. his preference, he said, was the transport profession, he was most happy when running about. \* \* \* that is why, he went on. i chose transport in the army. but, he added sadly, the army has it on taranaki. " i came over here as transport sgt. and what do you think i was given? " i did not know. " you dont know? " he asked incredulously. " you haven't heard what happened to me? i was given a pick and shovel," he shouted, " and told to shift a mountain of dirt. then they gave me a wheel barrow. then they took it away. now i have to run everywhere. when the party went to dumbca i ran my legs off chasing lorries! What about a motor bike", i asked. " i had one of them, but it was pinched; the one i have now has only one wheel. i ride it in emergencies. you have no idea how tired my feet get. i wont be happy again until i get a wheel barrow."

# when we were coming in here i thought:-  
what a hell of a place, are the trees never  
going to end. doug comerie.

# i came over here with the advance party  
as a transport sgt. and the only transport  
i saw was a wheelbarrow. chas. rye.

# holy hell ! what an eden for an adam  
like me. george lindsay.

# when i arrived i wrote and told mum i'd  
sooner hang on her apron strings anytime  
than be here. i'm not proud. eddie heald.

# we had no end of fun trying to find  
the difference between meat safes and  
lavatory seats. major west.

# i've grown to like this camp though i  
have not seen much of it. i dont like leav-  
ing it. liout. wiso.

# we live like kings here compared to  
what we did in singapore. cyril morao.

# my first impression of this place was  
that it was a stinking hole. b. murgatroyd.

# another two years here and i'll hide  
behind trees when i see strangers. p. kenna.

# i never thought i'd get such a kick  
out of doing menu cards. lin. lipanovic.

# first thing i looked for was a hula  
girl. i'm still looking. chas. giffin.

# waiouru wasn't nearly so bad as i  
thought. curly griffin.

# i was surprised to find this place so  
good. thought there would be mosquitoes  
as big as geese. a. d. ward.

# i can eat peanuts like a monkey now.  
i'll swing on the rafters back home.  
g. moreton.

# a farm back in n.z. will do me.  
n. temperton.

# i'm beginning to like it over here.  
major blacker.

# give me fiji any time. t. bluck.

# this place has taught me what good  
chaps the yanks are. ray barnaby.

# its the monotony that gets me, thats  
why i dream so much. claudio lowe.

# when i arrived i didn't smoke, drink  
or swear. now ? only one thing to learn.  
a bowman.

# i can talk as good with my hands now  
as i could with my tongue. r. coneybeer.

# i've learnt how ficklo love is. j. mason.

# the other evening we overheard some -  
one ask : will this water give me worms ?

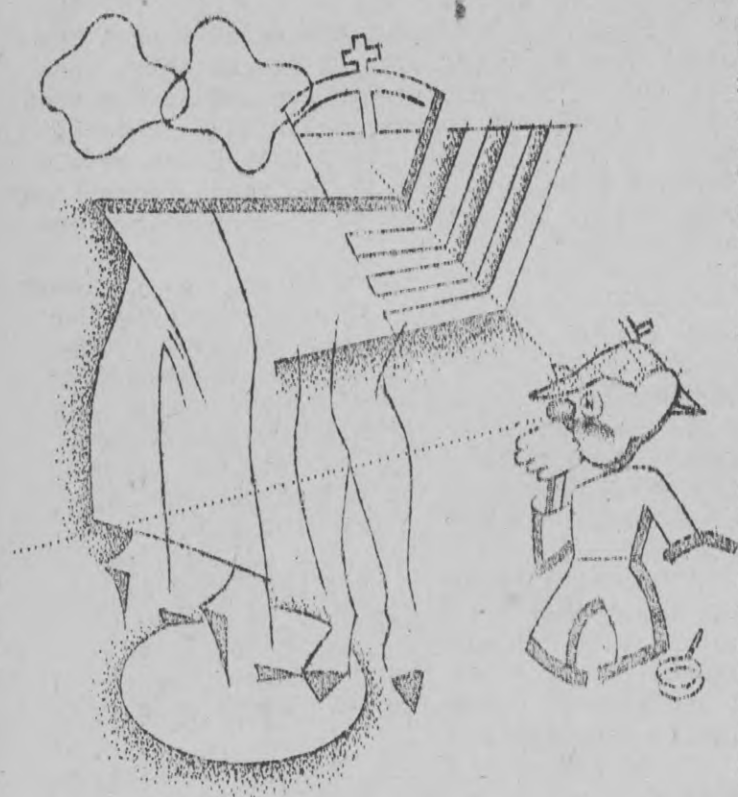
" no , it has been chlorinated " came the  
prompt reply from doug comerie who happen-  
ed to be at the water tank at the time. we  
have heard many uncomplimentary remarks  
passed on the water. we have done our share  
of swearing when we found the tea undrink-  
able, which has not been often. but the  
question reminded us of a warning we had  
forgotten. none of us have seen the hook  
worms. \* \* \* we thought we would look doug  
up and find out just how the water was pur-  
ified. we nabbed him after lunch one day,  
and on the way down to the river where the  
pum was at work he told us that he had

almost completed his apprenticeship as a  
plumber with glengarrys, a fairly well  
known wanganui firm of plumbers. \* \* \*  
in reply to the question whether the stories  
of plumbers were true, doug said he thought  
some were, on one occasion when he was  
called in to fix a bath, he was astonished  
to find a woman completely naked in the  
bathroom. he was so surprised he just  
gaped. " she stared too," said doug, "but  
i had the advantage." " what did you do ?"  
" i just said, 'excuse me sir', and walked  
out." \* \* \* by that time we had reached  
the water waggon. water was being pumped  
inot through some kind of machine, which  
doug explained was the chlorinating machine.  
one gallon of chlorinated water was added to  
every four hundred gallons of water. alum  
was then added for the purpose of helping  
the process of filtering. the water might  
be a muddy colour, as it sometime is after  
a heavy rain, but after having passed  
through the filter it would come out clear.  
\* \* \* " why is it that the water is some-  
times so strongly chlorinated that it is  
undrinkable ?" this question made doug  
grab a test slide. " here is the way we  
test the water." he then demonstrated how  
the test was made, and showed us what  
were the signs of over chlorination. " it  
may happen that we are working at night,  
when it is difficult to see the test slide,  
or it may be that we have a machine we  
are not accustome to, but generally  
speaking the chlorine is never noticed."   
at that moment tom o'donnell came down and  
wanted to know what was wrong with the  
water ... its chlorinated to hell " was  
tom's encouraging remark. another demon-  
stration followed, but tom was not convinced.  
\* \* \* the camp, we learnt, requires at least  
five hundred gallons of water per day, a  
hundred of which is used for washing up  
mess utensils, etc. two trips each day  
are made to field bakery where an almost  
equal amount of water has to be treated.  
\* \* \* this means that the staff have a  
fairly full day. o.c. of the party is l. e. p.  
g. crisp, who has doug and arthur ward with  
him. their day commences at seven and ends  
at 10.30 which is long enough, or so arthur  
thinks. it is not until one thinks of how  
awkward life in camp would be if we had to  
have all the water boiled before drinking,  
that we realise how necessary our water men  
are.....



SNOOPING.....BY SNOOPER.

# "dont hand me dat crap !..... that was as far as i poked my nose into DOZERDUST HQ on friday. i just slide these notes under the door and beat it. the editor was blowing his nose, coughing and looking like a monkey in a cage. the art editor was dancing around like a bantam cock cursing the duplicator and everything else on the island. \* \* \* did you see what i saw on wednesday ? it aint fair, i tell yo, that two girls like that should be caught by middle age charms. i was snooping round the orderly room when i heard a woman asking for lieut tremain. say, i thought i was hearing things. then i saw them. two no less. before i could do anything the " black tracker " came running up. he was beaming. then i saw percy kenna gallop out of his orderly room. he almost knocked the qm. over in his rush.



# then lieut. tremain came along. i crept up behind the girls. she had a wonderful pair of stockings on \* \* \* in a short time half the camp were peering from behind trees, round tents and trucks. charlie rye ran from the bridge to have a look. \* \* \* where do y you think they went ? to the officers mess ? not a hope ! they went to the bldg. section orderly room. the " black tracker " could hardly contain himself. percy, well i tried to sneak into the orderly room between his legs, but.....well.....what's the use.... \* \* \* anyway its time something was done for some of these lads who did nothing else but talk silk stockings all night \* \* \* take ron bishop, for instnco, at the dumb-bea camp. the other night jack dodd was wakened at midnight by someone trying to get into bed with him. all he could see was a figure wrapped in a blanket grabbing at his feet. he got a hell of a fright. he shouted " who's that ? " no reply, but the figure was getting closer. " who is it he roared. (he likes to know who sleeps with him )

" who is it ? ", he roared again, now thoroughly scared. " where am i ? " said the blanketed figure. " what the blazes is going on there ? ", said bill morrisoy, sitting up in bed. the intruder finally got jack in his arms.....then ron bishop woke up \* \* \* ron should have been here on monday morning. he might have got opl. knowing out of bed in time to catch the lorries going to dumb-bea. as it was apt, boyd just got him out in time to hitch hike after the convey. then he had to mother two sgts who were wandering round in the rain. they too slept in. time we had that millman back. \* \* \* " they dont appreciate all i do for them. i've worked my guts out " ( he still has some to spare ) raved sgt. peter wingfield when doing his scene on tuesday night. trouble is he drops his h's when scene doing. \* \* \* other night i had a narrow squeak. was snooping down a bank when one of our jeeps came hurtling down beside me. the woman sure gave me a scare. \* \* \* did you go to the dance at hourail the other night ? disappointing. four of our lads not game to have a second dance with pretty french girl. maddeningly close to the ideal partner she stiffened their manly independence and said no, not again. \* \* \* like the rest of the lads i dont like leaving this camp, but in dumb-bea ...i'll be watchin you.

#### ATTENTION Q.M. AND OTHERS.

# " the Sour Kroutt, the Men would not eat, until I put it in practice -- a method I never once knew to fail with seamen -- and this was to have some dressed every day for the Cabin Table, and permitted all the officers, without exception, to make use of it, and left it to the option of the men either to take as much as they pleased or none at all; but this practice was not continued above a week before I found it necessary to put everyone on an allowance !

extract from capt. cook's  
JOURNAL, with ack. to  
exploration in pacific,  
by j.c. beaglehole.

# not sure whether the javanese lad was asking for a roll of toilet paper or a box, the padre gave him the latter. justification: " i had promised m. leclerc both, but thought the box the most likely one he wanted in meantime " well done padre.

#### LEARN ALL ABOUT IT.

#### FRENCH CLASSES COMMENCE FRIDAY NIGHT.

in recreational hall at 7.00 clock ..... be there to learn how it is done..... FAIRE LOWDEN will teach you how to speak FRENCH for the FRENCH.

THIS IS NOT A HOME ISSUE.....

ORE LIES !!!  
by tom yuille

#the other day when major blacker set out for TOE in the jeep we had a series of astonishing adventures which even i find hard to believe. sometimes i wonder if it did happen, however i leave you to judge the bare facts.

we had just passed plains d'araines when the jeep suddenly shot forward at a terrific speed. major blacker was lifted from the front into the back seat. i did everything i knew to slow her up, but it was no use, we seemed to fairly fly along the road. then i saw that sharp bend -- you know, the one that skirts round the ravine. i was sure we would be hurled to maternity. i called myself a fool for not taking out a fire insurance policy on the hereafter. but major blacker calmed me; i thought we would be dashed to pieces on the rocks below, but no, the jeep kept straight ahead. apparently major blacker sitting in the back kept the jeep balanced. ahead of us loomed a huge cave in the side of the mountain; we were making straight for it. we burst through the mouth of the cave brushing aside the trees and scrubs that concealed it. and we continued on in the dark for i dont know how many hours. i felt something warm beside me. at last i could see faint glimmers of daylight; the outline of huge trees that lined the sides of the cave appeared, and flying snakes brushed past me. then came the crash. i was almost jolted out of my seat; something shot past me; i found we were resting precariously on the end of a branch which was no more than fifty feet in diameter, noticing that the warmth was still at my side, i naturally looked. and what do you think? there was the most beautiful girl i have ever seen. her almost bare and lovely bosom, her hips, legs, lips and eyes. think of the loveliest girl you ever wanted to kiss of all the ones in esquire, man, and lilliput, and you will get some idea of the one who looked into my eyes. i shall never forget her. then i thought of major blacker- he was gone. not a sign of him. then i saw i was in a plane... a p25. i felt a soft hand caressing me-- delicious! my hand too, began to wander.. i caressed her, and she slid towards me.. i felt for the joy-stick. i was still worried about major blacker (after all i was his batman), and just as i was about to take the girl in my arms i saw, with a shock, major blacker sailing round on the back of a flying snake. he was trying to attract my attention; and was eating the leg of a roast chicken and had a bottle of beer. he was calling me. the girl was running her fingers through my hair- you know the way they have-- and as she was about to give me a luscious kiss with those ruby lips-- the joy-stick moved into gear and the plane moved off.

(continued next column)

(continued from previous column)  
the girl clung to me.. she had not been in a plane before; neither had i, but i was not going to tell her. we got into an air pocket. she screamed.. we crashed into a wall.. stones fell everywhere. i felt major blacker land beside me; he took control-- then all went black. a jagged piece of rock had hit me as it hurtled past. when i came too, major blacker was moistening my lips with brandy. the plane was a complete wreck, and i never saw the girl again.

#### STORY OF MY LIFE A Whimsy ..... by P.J.K.

Hullo, customers! Well, to begin with, I was born. i'm not sure where, and i cant even tell you the exact date; but i do know that i was born at 6 o'clock in the morning. i remember the time, because i got up and shut off the alarm.

i guess i was about the ugliest brat the stork ever took off with. i was so ugly, when pop saw me, he grabbed his gun and took a shot at the stork. of course, ma tried to console him. she said "pop, little babies are angels dropped down from heaven". he said, "dont look now, Delia, but i think they dropped this one on his face".

then uncle henry came to see me. the stork had spent a lot of time at uncle henry's. once i asked him if that was his duck coming up the road. he said "that's no duck- that's the stork. he's been here so many times, his legs are worn off". finally the stork got fed up with uncle henry, and stopped bringing the babies down the chimney the usual way-- he'd just fly over, drop a bagful in the back yard and yell "come an' get 'em".

until this day i dont know what my pop meant that first day when he looked at me and said, "i wanted a boy so bad" of course i knew i was a boy all the time -- i had looked under the covers and seen my little blue bonnie.

we had an old aunt who used ti live with us. you know what an old maid is-- a woman who has been chaste all her life... and never been caught. aunt minnie was quite a character. one night she was held up by a burglar. he stuck his gun in her ribs and said, "give me your money". she said, "money, money. that's all you men think of".

and then one day it happened -- somebody said i should be going to school. it took them three weeks to catch me and put shoes on me. i'll never forget the first day i went to school. i was so excited i cut myself shaving. i stayed in the third standard five years. i would have gone to the fourth, but i didn't want to embarrass my father...he was in the fourth. we had a very good teacher. she never struck the pupils except in self-defence. i was some pupil. i stayed at the foot of the class so long everybody thought i was going to be a chiropractist.

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