

# Dozerdust

VOL 2. NO. 9.

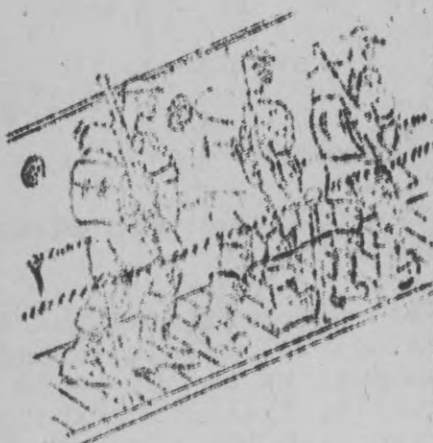
WORKS SERVICE ENGINEERS.

FEB. 19 1944

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUN. 13th. Church Day.  
MON. 14th. Race Day.  
TUES. 15th. Deluge.  
WED. 16th. New  
Blankets.  
THURS. 17th. Fresh Eggs.  
FRID. 18th. Fish Day  
SAT. 19th. Washing  
Day.

THE CENSOR SAYS :-  
" Every day is letter  
writing day "



WELLINGTONIAN SAYS:-  
" The only parade I  
want to be in is up  
the gangway on the  
way home !

Q.M. SAYS - he is no  
not going to chase  
the money he lost ...  
Money to burn.

DOZERDUST goes home  
next week. This is  
not a home issue

## ESPRIT de CORPS.

THE intangible feeling  
called Esprit de Corps  
which is one of the most  
cherished and jealously  
guarded possessions of  
the older regiments has  
been gradually developed  
in the Works Service  
Units through various  
means. :: IT has been  
built up in British Reg-  
iments by tradition and  
performance. In Americ-  
an companies in the same  
way to a lesser extent.

... :: THIS Unit  
has a lot to be proud of  
and it's time to take  
stock. In sport our  
Soccer, Rugby, Cricket,  
Swimming and Surf teams  
have achieved a proud  
record. On the lighter  
side, our Ping Pong, Chess  
and Debating have added  
to that record. We can  
be congratulated on our  
entertainments side -  
our dances have been of a  
high standard - nobody is  
ever likely to forget our  
Xmas and New Year Parties.  
But it is in our work  
where we have excelled  
ourselves, and when we  
retire to civil life and  
get together on a Sat.  
afternoon after football,  
with a foot on a rail,  
talking of other Units,  
its then we are going to  
skite like hell about our  
own - ( Cont. next col)



SAPPERS want to know  
why the squeeze in  
the Mess. But they  
would put up with  
more than that on  
the boat .....

WHO gave his fresh  
eggs away Thursday  
morning ??????????

CONGRATULATIONS to  
"Red" Brownlie and  
Dick Laurie on the  
promotion to rank  
of Sgts.

that men, is Esprit  
de Corp. It is  
being built up all  
the time by the  
hard way and by our  
selves. We are  
proud of our UNIT

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DOZER DUSTINGS.

NEWS OF THE DAY.  
(Services Section)

CALLING ALL EX SERVICES SECTION  
MEN UP NORTH?

DEAR CHAPS,

We often wonder how you are getting on and no doubt you think of us. We take this opportunity of sending you the latest and also of congratulating Cyril Mac on his promotion.

HERE IS THE NEWS.

Lieut. Torrie :- Has developed a mania for working a treadle lathe. Oh Boy ! Does he sweat ! Of course, if it gets too hot there is always the censoring to do.

W H. Barry :- He has been particularly busy, you should see bough he has made.

Jack Gibbs :- This Sapper grows more cherubic under Necal skies every day. Now refuses to look a cow in the face.

T. Clark :- Still a good sanitary man. Burnt Charlie Hardwick's backside when burning out the latrine - now Hoofed, by the way. ( That is, the latrine )

Dick Laurie :- Now a Sgt. Still busting bulbs by the dozen with his new generator.

George Moreton :- Hasn't improved any on the Swanee Whistle.

Kennedy, the "Killer" :- Still crawling around under trucks.

L/Cpl. Kane :- Still pelting shingles at the moon; has added debating to his list of accomplishments.

L/Cpl. Taylor :- The plumbers "mate". Now has glasses so that he can see the tools he leaves behind.

L/Cpl. Waterhouse :- Crib at all hours - can beat hell out of Fred Kronast " mostimes".

Cpl. Brownlie :- Now Sgt. Still breaking up watches and getting paid for it.

K. Vogt :- Has a brand new truck & delights in getting it stuck in the easiest of places. Still bald.

Bill Lawson :- Showing " Panhandle " all he knows about an accordion. The blind leading the blind with noise.

L/Cpl. Lowe :- Has given up employment with the W.A.A.C.S. Says he is too tired.

L/Cpl. Clements :- Ken is now back after a holiday in hospital & at Con. Depot. Looking very fat & still parts his hair on the same side.

NEXT week we shall hand on the gossip of the rest of the lads. Supposing you drop us a few notes on what you do with yourselves. Love and cuddles to all the lads.

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WHARF OPERATING lads doing a good job at Con Depot on drainage system. ....fame you see will spread.

S.O.S. to Capt. F. J. Clark :-

HON. SIR,

Greetings ! The fame of thy MEN hath reached us by devious means. Wilt thou bestow upon us few moments of thy precious time in the form of an EPISTLE FROM THE WHARF to thy Brethern in DUMBEA. Tell us SIRE, in thy inimitable way how thy sturdy fellows hath so valiantly fought the good fight. WE would also know of thy "LOOTENANT" WRIGHT, of whom we too have heard whisperings.

Salutations.

EDITORS.

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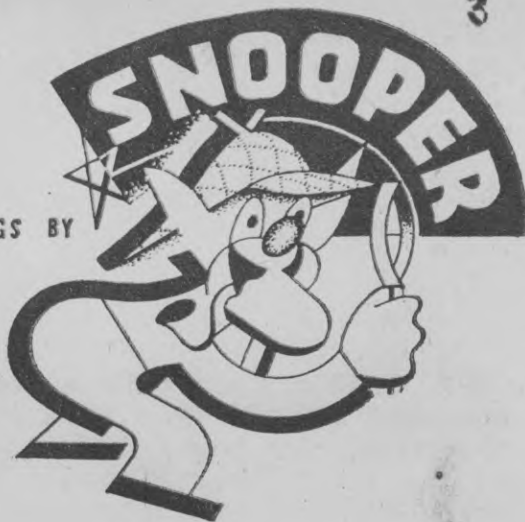
THEY COME - Cole and his painters to the Con Depot.

KIWI CLUB - Under Lieut. Mann the Kiwi Club party rushing ahead. Sgt. Bowman sighs on the beach for a Hula maiden. "Bulldozer" Thurston plays havoc with Prickly Pear.

CON DEPOT - Boys give a good imitation of an exploding party moving through mangrove swamp. They console their souls in solitude. Good progress being made with Theatre and wards. Wagner forces moving in to consolidate.

CAPT. W.P. BOYD - Kept very busy among the Naiculis. We learn he is writing a backwoods serial for Dozerdust. ( Here is a Rookie )





SNOOPINGS BY

GUESS there 'aint much news from you boys these days to fill my notes, as there 'aint enough of you to get ripe news. The numbers has gone down so much lately that I've has to start travelin' again, to visit everybody. ::: WHAT with the Con Depot and the Kiwi Club on the go, not to mention the old gang up at the Base Camp. ::: YOU boys is beginnin' to realise again just how much stuff a chap accumulates when he stays in one place for a few months. Heard the OC tellin' one guy the other day that he had better go through his gear and toss out all the junk, because the day would be comin' when he would have to depend on his kit bag again. I guess these P X's is the trouble. A feller goes into one of them and gets carried away like - by the window display, and before he knows where he is, he hasn't any money left to remit home. Its like one of the boys who bought one o' them fancy knives with all the gadgets on. You know the kind, with only one blade, but a corkscrew and even one of them things for gettin' stones out of horses hoofs - like boy scouts used to have.. Anyway this chap was determined to use all theses things he had bought though he had to change his job as often as Vern Biggs to do it. He started off with a bit of wood carving, but the knife, havin' only one blade, soon got blunt, so he had to buy an oilstone an' a grindstone as well. He didnt have any luck with the horse hoof thing, as when he went down to the remount depot he was just another guy after the grain. He even tried to get in the mess - as an orderly, so that he could use the can opener and corkscrew, but all them jobs was taken too, so he had to buy his own, the the Patriotic parcels helped him out a bit.

He had to buy in bulk as the PX doesn't always have cans in stock. It wasn't long after that he was pesterin' Johnny Sutherland and Jack Matheson for a box and kit bag. Course he got NO for an answer from both of 'em. ::::: HEARD one of the officers ask the OC what the latest oil was, but the OC made out he didn't know. Tom Yuill hadn't wised him up apparently. Besides the OC said he always went to the Gonophone News himself, as that was the best source for what you wanted to hear. Must get round the jobs next week. They tell me there's a home issue in the wind.. I'll be seein' yer.

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EXTRA.....EXTRA.....

EXTRAORDINARY discovery in sceptic tank!!!! Interpreter wanted.

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"NOT worth a fag " was how " Bluey " Pederson described the twelve packets of cigarett tobacco he tipped in the garbage tin... Most of the last issue went that way .....

\*\*\*\*\*

FURTHER pennants may be procured. Contact your Orderly Clerk.

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FEB 28th. ALLIED NATIONS RACE MEETING. This will be the racing event of the year. We have been asked to remind you to rush you nominations in early. We understand some very fine American noddies have been entered and are likely to prove stayers. It is though they will make an effort to carry of the Cobo Cola Race

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The two " Comrades " managed to carry a victory in the debate on Friday night when P. Kenna Esq, & E. Knowling Esquire, set out to defend Private Property. They lost by three points. J. Paterson-Kane & MacIvor the winning "comrades" Major. Blacker judged, Sgt. Foster in the chair. Cpl. W. Stokes (US) timekeeper. Audience good. A meeting of the Club Monday night.



GONOPHONE  
NEWS



## DO YOU KNOW YOUR OWN COBBERS?

HERE are some nicknames. \$1. prize to anyone sending in complete list, identifying persons named. Your list of 39 names only must tally with master-list in the Editor's office. Remember, one name only to each nickname. Entries close March 31st. Editor's decision final.

- (1) FAT WILLIE.
- (2) MICKEY MOUSE.
- (3) KISSABLE LIPS.
- (4) BUTTERFLY.
- (5) BIG LUMBER MAN.
- (6) LONG TACK SAM.
- (7) SCOTLAND.
- (8) THE PANTHER.
- (9) PLUM-puddin.
- (10) BABY-FACE.
- (11) KILLER-DILLER.
- (12) JIMMY & JOE.
- (13) ARTY.
- (14) SNOWBALL.
- (15) BUNNY.
- (16) LITTLE WILLIE.
- (17) PISSY.
- (18) ALIBI CHARLIE.
- (19) SHORTY.
- (20) PLUMBER.
- (21) FLAMINGO.
- (22) JIVE.
- (23) CAPTAIN BLOOD.
- (24) QUEBEC.
- (25) SNOW.
- (26) SEX TAKES A HOLIDAY.
- (27) MAC.
- (28) HAILE SELASSIE.
- (29) SPARROW.
- (30) BUTCH.
- (31) NIEHOLAI.
- (32) TAGGO.
- (33) McGLUSKY.
- (34) SLIM.
- (35) KANAKA JEWELLERS.
- (36) BOOGIE WOOGIE.
- (37) TAFFY.
- (38) NAILOULI NUMBSKULLS.
- (39) POP

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Bull ( alias ) wanders through camp late Wed. night. Should be some Dust or Bully Beef about now.  
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" You should feel better after the P.T. "....." hope to I do, after the agony I've been through " Overheard....Doug Comrie saying.

INFORMATION from this source is somewhat sparse this week owing to one of our top flight operators, the " Treacherous " Whitten, being engaged in installing another set at the Con Depot. The " grata " from Base Area is conservative. :::: FURLOUGH to all Base Units in order to permit them to be on deck to cater for Div. troops who are not fit enough to proceed direct to N.Z. The Malaria and Convalescent cases to be brought back to rugged health at Dumbca, Con Depot, B.T.D., Bourail Club and Kiwi Club. :::: NO definite statement was obtained as to the future of Works Service but a Unit so good at construction may be called upon to assist in building up the troops. :::: OUR International reporter tells of an interview with Admiral Halsey ( " Bull " to the boys. See Sat. Evening Post ) in the unofficial announcement made, he lived up to his nickname, as he is alleged to have stated that since the other day's Green Island action he has no intention of letting the Kiwis be transferred to the command of 'Doug' as he calls Gen. McArthur, unless Congress replaces them with a good portion of the Two Ocean Navy. This would indicate that we will not have much chance of getting that transfer to Aussie, as was hinted at last week. " Bull " while speaking ' off the record ' said he was acquainted with Works Service, which he called the 'Army's Sea Bees ', and he expressed regret at the fact that the Company's transfer to C.B. just prior to Christmas had not been permanent. :::: A strong rumour humming about the hospital area that the Navy, that is the R.N.Z. Navy, was preparing to take over the 4th. Ben. and that a Raider Unit was on reconnaissance, was found, on investigation, to be a party of Radar personnel being taken over the hospital.

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That pretty coloured red the survivors carry round is not for spear- ing fish. Or is it ????????????

"SLIM" seems to be fond of fat.

PETER molasts IAN..WAACS look an!!



### TURF NOTES.

THE N.Y.D. HUNT CLUB MEETING was held under ideal jumping conditions before a large crowd of patrons of the turf. The principal event, the N.Y.D. Steeplechase was won by Surveyor who gave a good exhibition of jumping and plenty of pace on the flat. More should be heard of this horse during the country period. The Tote handled 505 dollars as against 647 for the previous meeting. The starting was well handled by Lieut. R. Torrie who was relieved by the Patron Major E. Elacker. A feature of the meeting was the excellent announcing of S/M Fred Kronast. In charge of the Tote was Paymaster Cpl. Ted Knowling who left nothing to be desired. :: IN the first race VITAMIN D and SAD SACK took the lead, but as the field settled down two furlong from the barrier, ALL NIGHT took charge, and never looked like being beaten. VITAMIN D put in a strong challenge, moving across the top, but as the horses turned for the run to the Judges Box, ALL NIGHT moved out to win by three lengths. The placings were: ALL NIGHT, owned by J. Kennedy and ridden by Peachy, 1st. SOOTHER, owned by A. Norton and ridden by Woolf, 2nd and VITAMIN D owned by W. Woolf, ridden by Pederson, 3rd. :: IN the WORKS HURDLES, DUMBIA STAGGERS, owned by Len Boot and jockeyed to the post by "Red" Brownlie was the victor over DINKUM OIL, favourite nag of Lieut. R. Torrie and ridden to second place by Woolf. Third, was MESS ORDERLY, from OSSIE GRAY'S stables, and ridden by Peachy. The winner jumped out in front; as the field settled down he was just behind the leaders. Up to the first fence DINKUM OIL and BLACK-OUT led the field, but from there on the winner outjumped the field. Finishing fast, DUMBIA STAGGERS easily threw off all challenges. :: IN the NISCAL HANDICAP, the most exciting race of the evening, The three placed horses came up to the Judges Box neck and neck. The field was bunched all the way, with

RELEASE making the early running followed by CONCRETE and PANHANDLE. This was the order for the first mile. At the turn of the mile CONTENTMENT put in a claim on the outside and licked CONCRETE and PANHANDLE to first place. Owned by G. Welsh (of Teapot fame) and ridden by CATHCART, this colt was good. In 2nd place was CONCRETE, from the Broadlay stables, and ridden by Woolf. In 3rd place was PANHANDLE from the Lawson stud, with Pederson on top. :: FOR a race that electrified the crowd and had Owner Macale on the verge of an epileptic fit, was the MAJINEN STAKES which was carried off by an unknown mare, MRS PERKINS (her maidenhood in question) From the barrier, the first to show up were MECHANIC and Soldier's Letter. Sticking close the horses made the pace. HALF OUT made a good dash. At four furlongs MRS PERKINS displayed all she had, moved up to the leaders and with a neigh she went on to win. She was ridden by Woolf. 2nd was Soldier's Letter and third was Inconsolable, from the Hunt string, with Cathcart in the saddle. :: IN THE big race, the N.Y.D. STEEPLECHASE, the American horse, SNAFU, took the lead, with SURVEYOR a close second while HOME and SAPPERS DANCE were close behind. At the first jump met the nags, SURVEYOR joined the leaders and he and SNAFU had a bottle royal, the US horse showing some fine turns of speed. It was as the jumps that SURVEYOR took the lead and was an easy winner. SNAFU was a good second, and Captain Sudman's horse lived up to its reputation. Brownlie was in the saddle. In third place was HOME, with Peachy on top, upheld the name of the Boreham stables. :: IN the last race WORKS SERVICE, with Pederson riding, took first place, GREAT NEWS, Peachy riding, and SAPPERS DREAM, with Cathcart holding the reins was third. From the barrier, SAPPERS DREAM and GREAT NEWS, stepped to the front, with Works Service and Cheap Lodgings close behind. The field was well bunched. Cheap Lodging was doing well. But WORKS SERVICE had what it takes and hit the lead with no effort. IN the run home the challenge was thrown out by several horses, but WORKS did the trick. :: NEXT meeting will be FEB 28th. when Allied Nations will see horses from far and near. (NAG)

6.

INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE.

(by J. Fingland)

Venice<sup>6</sup> lunch ready? Why, are you Hungary. Yes, Siam. Well, I'll Russia to a cafe and Elja. What will you Havre? I'll have some Turkey, but the China is not too clean; please ask the waiter to give me a Soviet. The waiter said 'sorry, but I can't Serbia' so I asked for the Bosphorus when he told me we must not Roumania. The proprietor, a foreigner, rushed in saying Canada noise, Spain in the neck, you Moscow and Amiens what I says. Do you want Rouen my business? I said 'O.K. Sweden the coffee, Denmark the bill, and we'll Ceylon'. He said Asia change Europe to no good. But Egypt me for the brand New Guinea I'd had for years. We went for a Rome around, but it's the last time Alaska. Kenya beat that. Abyssinia Samoa.

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THE Editors received an invitation to visit Tent 4, Building Lines, of the "Gambling Den & Oil Burners Assn." This distinguished Assn. apparently tries to make up for lack of home life by relieving visitors of all their wealth, filling them up with first class oil (NZ) and a lot of bulsh. The meetings are held from Sat. midday till work time Monday morning. Hope our credit is good.

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WAACS want to know when next Engineers Dance will take place.

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"I don't want one of my Plumbers B...grd up with this P.T." A warning from S/M Gordon Berry to P.T. Class. (O.K. Gordon)

\*\*\*\*\*

SAPPER at R.A.F. was told something wrong with his system...Ours too. We backed too many losers.

\*\*\*\*\*

And the misses gets wild and starts to throw

The Pots and Pans when her spirits are low

All the things we did so long ago  
Well! What do you think?

R.G.P.J.

PACIFIC PARADISE.

In this Pacific Paradise  
We're over run with rats and mice  
Find in our beds all things that crawl.  
Disturbed at night by calves that bawl.

The rain seeps softly through our tent  
The fly is sadly torn and rent  
Get nicely settled when there's a shout  
It's Gordon Berry with his 'Everybody out'

We've lately made our lowly tent  
Into a home of some extent  
With coco-nut fronds and string  
Enough to make our officers bring  
Their coppers round so they can view  
What the W.S.C.O. can do.

We'd feel alright if it wasn't for  
The drip of the water on the floor  
When the thunder clouds burst  
And the heavens split  
When the lightning flashes seem to flit

like mile-lo g rabbits of molten  
Through the gloom of a day that  
At the enormity of the offence  
Against which we have no defence

We laugh at our troubles but under  
This 'Paradise Tough' is beginning  
And we're all perfectly willing to  
That given a chance we would all die  
To the H-L out of this 'Pacific Pearl'  
And see once again ladies out of uniform.

When you read this tale of woe  
you know it only goes to show  
That we would all all of us like  
Out with a shovel, rake and hoe  
And feel the fresh light winds  
From mountain tops whose crest is  
Where the sunshine does not scorch  
And the kid comes in with a cut on  
its toe