

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 boughs 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.

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.

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)