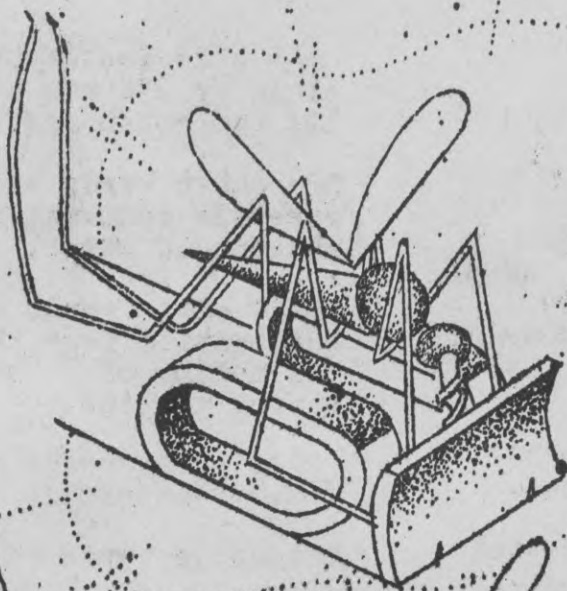




# Dozerdust

VOL. 2. NO. 1.

WORKS SERVICE ENGINEERS.

DEC. 4. 1943.

THERE is no truth in the story that Sgt. Peter Wing - field intends shooting himself on Christmas Day. Not before dinner any way.

ADMIRATION was expressed at the turn of speed of a certain person on Tuesday after lunch.

TENT Commander Smith complains bitterly of visitors from another tent who come in for supper - eat cake & leave the tent in a "helluva mess".

TOM Martin is a modest bard - for two bottles of beer he will make a speech in verse & show his poetic powers.

Spr. Biggs is reported to be seeing rats. Says one sat in drain at back of tent and waved him good bye. Was it a pink one? Biggsie.

"JIVE" Artist Lord willing to demonstrate steps etc. of his hobby to all. Catch: find him awake.

## SWIMMING REPS.

OUR congratulations to Captain W.P. Bowd and his team on their inclusion in N.4. representative team on Dec. 5th. when Combined Allied Swimming tournament will be held in Noumea.

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## UNIT TOURNAMENT.

ON December 11th. we hold our Boxing and wrestling boxing tournament which should provide a good afternoon's amusement - and that is all we aim to achieve. The willingness of the lads to take part indicates that no one looks upon sport otherwise than as a piece of good natured fun. :::: ON behalf of the Sports Committee we convey thanks to Jill Bruce for procuring the mat and padding which made it possible to give the wrestlers a day out. It is the wish of the Committee that he convey to B.O.D. personnel it's thanks for the way in which the request for mat and padding cordially responded to with all assistance possible.

A Letter Writing Marathon ended with a twenty four page effort. The winner states: "It is nothing to me to turn out a letter of eight pages. I could show anyone how to do it!" Does the Censor wish him to?

STEVE Nash returned Thursday after a lengthy spell up in the wilds. Welcome Steve. We hope Maurie Palmer who left to replace Steve has a good run on "Scones".

"THE Man With The Most Kissable Lips" - that coveted title bestowed by a W.A.A.C. on our Len Butler. Well done, Len.

PIPE Gatherer M. Woods now has fourteen. Who can beat it?

DON Jennings had an eye to business when he swapped a dollar for a 10/- note. Javanese buyer.

OUR congratulations to "Bunny" Spencer on 9th anniversary of wedding. It was a good party, "Bunny" or should we say - "Island Happy?"

## ACHIEVEMENT!

THIS..  
IS..  
WHAT..  
YOU..  
HAVE..  
DONE.

HERE in tabloid form are some of the facts of achievement - they speak for themselves.

THE total floor area of buildings erected.....75000 feet.

THE amount of material excavated is 13851 cubic yards.

THE excavations filled amounts to 13255 cubic yards.

THE electricians have installed 444 electric lights and 80 hot points. Reticulated all main lines.

THE number of Plans made by the Drafting Office number 131.

THE Watermains cover half a mile - internal services installed.

THE roads made and ready for tar sealing covers 62 chains.

THE Infectious Diseases Block covers an area of 9120 feet - the largest single building of the job - is well under way. It consists of :-

Dysentery Wing - will accommodate 38 beds. Plus service rooms.

INFECTIOUS Diseases Wing - 6 wards. Four seven beds and two three bed wards.

An eight foot verandah runs round one side of block. Service block in centre connected by covered ways.

FOUR more wards almost completed.

PATIENTS Recreation block 112 by 20 contains :-

Main canteen for hospital.  
Writing room.  
Recreation room.  
Hairdressing room.

UNIT Cookhouse and messes for Sisters : Officers : W.A.A.C.S.  
Spts. : O/R's.

PSYCHOTIC Ward well under way.

( THIS IS NOT A HOME ISSUE.)

ALL this last month was bumped along by 176 men as compared with 193 the month previous.

500 cubic yards excavated for a reservoir designed to hold 68,000 gallons of water.

3117 cubic yards of shingle have been carted from the river. All per medium of " Gertrude "... the wonder machine.

2094 cubic yards metal crushed by H.M.S. Neverfail.

324 cubic yards of sand handled.

CONCRETE Products : 1071 drain channel four feet by four inches. 1659 drain lids. 63 pipes fifteen feet in diameter by three feet. Plus 44 sully traps and 10 grease traps.

530 feet of culverts have been laid.

CARPENTER Shop turned out furniture for hospital - made prefabricated necessary - tank stands. Saws never idle.

PLUMBERS - installation of fittings. Watermains. Erection of tank stands and tanks - boilers - steam for Theatre.

INSTALLATION of necessary electrical equipment in X-ray - operating theatre - laboratory. Maintenance of electrical lighting plant .

COMPLETION of 8 buildings - showers - lavatories -

BLACKSMITH Shop well established. Furnace kept so hot Smithy had to have hair cut off.

MAINTENANCE of all motor vehicles.

TRANSPORT arranged for carting of prefabricated parts from Port - cement - steel - fittings -

ATTENTION to cookhouse : food cooked - distributed - and cleanliness maintained.

RATIONS and clothing ordered and controlled by Quarter Master.

R.A.P. pays close attention to health.

BOOTMAKER'S shop so busy an assistant added.

UNIT Censor always on job.



SIR,

FROM ABOVE

AS far as setting dope for the old rag, it's one hell of a job I can tell you, as all the boys are either at Nepoui or at Neumea. All that are here in camp are Don Holliway, Tom Jefferies on the telephone exchange and myself; so you can see its rather hard getting any dope at all. ::: OUR numbers have been augmented by nine newcomers from B. T.D. and at time of writing they are just settling in. They are a pretty good crowd and here are the names.

Sapper Nixon.  
Sapper. Redd,  
Sapper. Laker.  
Sapper. McCullough.  
Sapper. Espie.  
Sapper. Walpole.  
Sapper. Walker.  
Sapper. Lawry.  
Sapper. Tosh.

SOME of the lads up at Nepoui went to a dance at Kone I believe, and had a very lively time. The French people were very hospitable and are looking forward to further visits. ::: THANKSGIVING DAY was celebrated by the lads up at Nepoui by a good day of "sucker drill" as the Yanks did not work the boat. ::: WE'VE selected a Rept. Funds Committee which consists of Sprs. Stevenson, Mulholland and Eddie Heald from the lads. ::: ASH trays have been more than a race up here; Tom O'Donnell turned out a very fine effort. I don't want to boast, but mine was not a bad effort for an ex-counter jumper. Tom Jefferies is doing a classy one in mother of pearl. ::: HOW are you off for French scholars up your way? A number of lads here are looking for someone help them translate love letters from dance contacts: the girls must have been good. :: JACK Hayman (Skipper) and First Mate, Gunderson have built a raft which sails crabwise; we are hoping for improvements soon. It is another product of the local Henry Kaiser Works. :: BY the way, Gil. Bruce asks that you tell Johnnie Sutherland he should send rations with the bunch of blokes down. ::: OUR pup, Blondie, just about skittled George in the swimming pool, she would persist trying to get a ride on his back. ::: BEST wishes to all. HOW are the W.A.A.C.S. ?

WALLY HOBSON.

W.A.A.CS. O.K., Wally. Thanks for the "Old Rag" reference. We are only six months old - last Sat.  
EDT.

" THIRTY eight years ago, at the close of a wonderful Badenheim day, on December 1. Old Man Stork taxied down gently to the lawn and shouted " come and get him " which was the first intimation of my sex to the household. I immediately dashed into the house to read the congratulatory telegrams and letters - there was only one from an Aunt who wrote it before she left for Europe some months earlier. I there and then decided to join the P & T Dept. and buck it up a bit. I can say, in all modesty, that telegrams and letters now arrive on hand " ::: A bit of good work Cliff, and our best wishes for the next thirty eight years. We hope you spend some of them in N.Z. !!!! ON Dec. 1. thirty five years ago, three years later, the Old Man Stork made another trip which he records at some length in his diary as one of the trips that led him to take to Buck You Up O. nerve tonic. He was delivering young Eddie Goodall who would persist in making his feathered transport do a detour of all the farm land in the vicinity of Riwaka. " I wanna know the layout where you drop me ", & he made his choice; but he had detained the Old Bird so long that instead of landing in the cabbage plot, he finished up in the cow yard. " What did I do ? ", Eddie, says, " well, I just rounded up the cows and put them in the night paddock while the Pop announced my arrival. ". ::: " TALK, why he did nothing but talk all the way. The most curious little cuss I ever carried - and he wanted to know whether he was going to a French home. When I told him he was a Scot he said ' with a name like that - I had to tell him - I should be able to play tennis! " That was 30th Nov. thirty years ago and it looks as though Old Stork's anecdote runs to form, don't you think Cpl/ Ferguson? To you and Eddie we wish the best - which has yet to be. ::: LOOKING at " Tag " Neal it is hard to believe that the entire Neal household slept in the afternoon of his arrival - when he arrived at siesta period. But that is the story. Storkland records that " Tag " was so quiet Old Stork had to set all the alarm clocks in the house to announce the arrival of the quiet youth.  
(Cont. page six col. 2 )

SAY fellas this heat is gettin' me. I feel about done out. Guess I must be gettin' the "Dumbie Stagers". Wont be bad though 'cos I'll get into hospital with Jim Fleming - he says "entrance fee is low, but a man's gotta move fast at times". :::: GUESS I had to keep movin' on Wed - nesday night: there was a party on down at the river - ---- Charlie Coffin threw a buck show celebratin' arrival of his daughter. She was a waw - the party - Percy Burling took all his clothes off and dived into the river. The W.A.A.C.S. ? Oh, they didn't mind. :::: BUT I sorta hunch Pat Cathcart did after he read that letter he got from the Waacery the other night. Keeking round the end of the tent, I saw his face fall when he read it & he burnt it before the boys could see what was in it. Hear about the S/W who went up to the Waacery the other morning with dusty boots an' hair all flyin' about. I wasn't close enough to hear what she said to him, but he came back to his tent, polished his boots, plastered his hair with Jess Catcher oil an' went up again. Heard W.A.A.C.S. say he looked "sweet". See what hair oil does. :::: HEARD boys in Jack Darroch's tent givin' him the works 'cos he's knocked off smokin'. They reckon he ruins their early morning sleep - he gets up at five o'clock - "all sorts of ungodly hours" says "Island Henry" Spencer. No chance now of a good snooze they all say. :::: BUT talkin' of chances you should hear Ossie Gray and Coneybeer on population, they sure agree how many needles should be in New Zealand. Course Ossie has two up on Coney - but as Coney says "wait till I get back". Guess we'll have to. :::: It was funny on the job the other day. An officer noticed prefabricated parts of ceiling were grubby after they were up. Boys said it was owin' to sweaty hands - and one was said "we should have a bowl of water to wash our hands in before we put parts up". The officer said "a good idea", but as he was leavin' he woke up and said somethin' else. :::: SAY, fellas lay off that young Dave Holm. Saw him belt boxing instructor in the eve. It was a beaut. Sent him to the R.A.P. and he had it covered for days. Keep it clean.

A quiet week at the Conophone. The opener for the week was the rifle inspection and the check up on identity discs. "They were not doing that for nothing". Probably not - but no whisper of "home" came from the two insignificant incidents. Later in the week news was flashed through that the dead line for return home was fixed at Feb. 27th. It excited little comment. And so ended the week. :::: It is an interesting commentary on our Conophone Service that in the two American Units in the Dumbie Valley there is what is called the "Latrineconophone News". Unofficial and purely verbal, it follows a pattern of news very similar to ours. For instance, word comes through that a type of Unit is difficult to assemble in the States - the word goes round that "we are returning to Washington any time now". We heard whispers of N.4's building a hospital in the Solomons. Much the same story went round the American camp.

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SIX thousand square yards of paint - that is the job our painters have on hand.

GORDON Macale reports that "Mrs Perkins" will be on the road this week. He is fond of the old lady-tough and all as she looks.

"PANHANDLE" Johnston hopes we can keep him happy now he has joined us. Says the "boys up in the bush are a great bunch of guys" ....he thinks he can put up with us. We have the promise of a demonstration of knife throwing on Sat. 11th.

PAUL Harris joined us on Friday. Maybe we'll rope him in on Sat. too.

BUILDING Section challenge Services to find a man to wrestle a fifteen stoner from section. Gordon Perry says "Course we can do it".

A star bout of the afternoon will be "Fat Man" Willie Hart v. "Puncher" Pears of the Draughting office. Watch notice board for full details of Unit tournament.

HOW many heard of Wilkinson - Matt - have Language Test?



JOE

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THUMBTRACKS OF HISTORY.MAGELLAN.

WE got off the truck together at Cafe Normandie. I hadn't noticed him get on at Noumea; there were so many of us packed together that we just hung on and hoped we'd get a ride all the way. And I don't think I would have noticed him on the road had we not been standing together thumbing for a lift to Dumbea. "New Zealander, eh?" he asked, as he casually looked me over. I nodded and thumbed. He spat on the dusty road. "Been up the Canal?" he asked. I shook my head. "Been up there myself - just got back a week ago," he continued between thumbs. "Up in hospital now!" He spat again. "What the hell's the use of this," he grumbled as heavily laden trucks rumbled past the groups of soldiers all thumbing and shouting for a lift. :::: HE felt for the packet of Luckies. All the while in a fidget very close to an air of abandon. Perhaps his tall, loosely built figure and his voice with the suspicion of a whine accentuated the impression. He watch the trucks race by. "I drove them sonsa - bitches for eight years in the States and didn't have an accident," he said as though recalling a forgotten pride. "And I'll do it again," he concluded as though suddenly remembering "the States" ::: "GET the fever?", I asked by way of drawing him out. "No," he replied. "Two bits of lead in my lung - going back to the States soon. Know what an "Iron Lung" is?" he asked casually. I shook my head. "Wall, it's like this" and he proceeded to make an imaginary diagram with his hands, indicating something between an ice box and a bed. "Guess I'll have to spend the rest of my life in one - only my head out. I oughta live for another fifty years, maybe a bit more. Knew a guy once who was in one for five years. Say, let's walk down the road. A truck wont stop to pick us up here with all these suckers hangin' round ::: HE thumbed and belted mosquitoes as he walked. It was then I noticed the slinky rolling walk; whatever army training he had had left no lasting impression. "Haven't touched a woman for two years," he volunteered, and paused for a reply. That was when my wife was alive." (Cont page 6)

" ON 25 September 1513 Vasco Nunez de Balboa first of European men sighted the Pacific. With a chosen band of men he tolled and fought his way across the Isthmus of Panama; and on that day from the summit of the Sierras he saw the ocean." The story of how he waded into the water and claimed it and all the continents and islands it washed for his master the King Of Spain is an old story and one history has made familiar to us. But not so familiar is the life of Magellan the first great explorer of the Pacific and a man who only in the last few years has merited the recognition he so richly deserved. ::: BORN in 1480 of a noble Portuguese family, his youth was spent at the court of King Manoel where he saw sea captains bring home their harvest of gold, spices, strange men as slaves, and stranger stories of fabulous wealth in foreign seas. The ambitious, but mean King of Portugal, determined to reap a further harvest and to that end equipped the greatest armada ever to leave Portugal (1504). It is estimated that the death rate on voyages at that time was six out of every seven men. But death seldom deters when enormous wealth, religious reward and high adventure go hand in hand. The wealth had been sighted, the adventure was in fighting the Moors, the religious promptings supplied by the Pope in 1493 when he had divided the world into two - the West for Spain and the East for Portugal. Were there not heathens to convert - and was the task not specifically given by the Pope. That motive comes to the fore again and again in the great Pacific discoveries. ::: IN 1505 Magellan enlisted under Almeida, one Portugal's greatest leaders and it was seven years before Magellan returned - and he came fired with a belief of a western passage to the East. He was "always busy with pilots, charts and questions of longitude, and acquiring all the geographical knowledge of his time, perfecting himself in the theories of navigation". He met one Ruy Faleiro "an astrologer of dark looks and uncertain temper, suspected of being in league with the devil." Magellan incurred the displeasure of the King, the unshot of which was to make him adopt Spanish nationality in 1517. (Cont. 6)

Magellan ( Cont. from page 5 )

He arrived in Seville on Oct 20 - " and on that day the conquest of the Pacific began. ::: A fortunate marriage made him the son-in-law of a great Spanish sailor, the controversy whether the Spice Islands were within Spanish territory gave him the opportunity to offer to show a shorter route than known to the Spaniards and to prove that they lay within Spain's power. The intrigue that followed we must ignore. On 20th Sept. 1519 Magellan with five ships under his command crossed the Tagus and turned Southward. The voyage was marked by privation, treachery and mutiny. At the end of March they came to good anchorage and shelter in Port Julian where they made their winter quarters. With the coming of warm weather he set sail on 18th Oct., and ran south west until a cape was sighted on the third day - a bay was also sighted. The Cape was named, Cape of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. But the bay - what of it? Countless other bays had been explored to no purpose. Was this another? Two ships were sent to explore. In the terrific storm that followed there were given up for lost, but after three days returned with flags flying and all guns booming. They had sailed up the bay and found no end to it; the flood tide was stronger than the ebb. There must be a passage at last. It was the first narrow straits.... that now bears the explorer's name. "The navigation of the Straits of Magellan" says a modern historian, "is difficult beyond most tasks of like nature. He did not go astray in the numerous sounds and channels which make the Straits a maze. During the navigation the largest ship deserted. A council was called. With only three ships and not three months supply of rations with them, the return home was argued. A venture into the unknown on such terms was too much. But Magellan said "No, if they had to eat the leather on the ship's yards they would go on." So on the 28th Nov. they passed into the Great South Sea to discover the Philippines, the Mariannes, and touch on many other islands. :: THE great age of Pacific Explorations had commenced. But Magellan, like Captain Cook, met his death on one of the islands he discovered.

Acknowledgement to  
Exploration of The Pacific.  
J.C. Beaglehole.  
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THIS IS NOT A HOME ISSUE.

JOE.

(Cont from page 5)

"Your wife!" I replied with some astonishment. "Yah, my wife, but she's dead - committed suicide. Had two children too. Don't know why she did it; she loved me and I loved her. But... now I'm free, and it won't matter if I do have a woman. I wouldn't mind one of 'em New Zealand nurses. That's not too bad, no sir!" He clicked his teeth round his tongue as though about to enjoy a sweet caramel. "But it just aint easy to pick up the sonsabitches round here. No, it just 'aint easy." He continued talking to himself as though he were trying to straighten things out. :::"SAY, what's your name?" he asked as if just aware of my presence. Mine's Joe" he answered before I had time to reply. "I sure would like to be back in the States behind one of them wheels" he went on as the trucks continued to tear past us. He walked on, thumbing, talking, trying to straighten out the Iron Lung, the sonsabitches who were hard to get round these parts, the States and the hospital which lay before him. But he could not. He was just not made that way. ( R.M.)

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(CONT. FROM PAGE 3 )

::: I saw to it that there was little sleep for the rest of the day - and that has been my policy ever since. Out of that experience I developed my Population theory.. but quietness descends upon me sometimes - as it did when I celebrated the arrival the other unday. That is why Dozerdust missed. Too bad we missed, "Tag" - we might have missed the breakfast on the Sunday morning. Best wishes on population matters and in the days to come. ::: BECAUSE all these journeys were made a long time ago, do not think Old Man Srook is on the shelf. No a bit. On Wednesday our Charlie Goffin celebrated the arrival of the Storke's first visit to the Goffin home. He carried a daughter to Charlie and wife. If the future Miss Goffin has as happy a time as Charlie did at the party she is in for a good time. Congratulation Charlie. Convey our blessing to the new arrival and good wished to her mother. You have something to look forward to at home!