

3.
THEY'RE ON THE JOB !

" This road will be ready tomorrow " answered Gordon Berry, as the bulldozer lumbered past, " we work twenty-four hours a day, twenty-five if we can find 'em " he concluded, as he left to have a word with Ian Brownlee who was handing over to Spr Bishop after a six hour shift. Ian volunteered the information that the work on the road had only begun that morning. Dusty and tired he grinned : " Thats how we do things " he said as he moved off, while the bulldozer continued tearing up earth, stones and tree roots that had never known anything harder than the bare feet of the natives.

To road making are added many other activities details of which must be left to the historians. One of the most unusual tasks that had to be mastered was the construction of the " Bure " This begins with the cutting and gathering of suitable grass, stripping the Naiouli Tree of its bark; followed by the erection of the framework and the thatching with grass and bark. Essentially a native building, it is found useful for many purposes in the army. The buildings now erected are a tribute to the versatility and skill of the men who did the job.

Other men have done equally good work which covers the twenty-fours hours and includes the erection of the camp as well as their task of unloading the boat. This is the work of the Wharf Section who have to be a self-contained group. From the moment the boat berts they are ready and the speed with which the work is carried out speaks for itself.

Perhaps that is why, like their khaki and blue puggree, the presence of the Works Service Engineers is now familiar to N.Z. and other troops in New Caledonia. Formerly stern and wild, this Island is now being tamed for all time. It is not for nothing that men with experience in New Hebrides, Singapore and Fiji as well as skilled construction workers go to make up the Unit. Covering a wide area as their work does, they are called upon to undertake many different types of work. And they do it.

THE HIGHER ALTRUISM.

A BATMAN'S DAY.

The conduct of myself is- what ?
A bagatelle, a trifle, not
A matter for persistent care,
But something which, when I can spare
A minute, may perhaps be scanned
With profit. On the other hand
The conduct of my friends, my neighbours
Demands my best, untiring labours.

My ways, alas! are fixed, were fixed
When God first took the trowel and mixed
The mud of which he fashioned man.
A part of the predestined plan,
Fate ties my hands; I cannot move
Except in the appointed groove.
To grumble argues little wit;
I see my weird and bow to it.

But none the less can I descry
My neighbours faults with half an eye.
His little weaknesses I see,
And recommend the remedy.
And strive by every means to raise
My neighbour into wiser ways.
Nay, more, with other folk I run
His foibles over, one by one,
Till all believe each limitation
And pine for his regeneration.
So pure a joy is self-negation.

Poto Garcon.

As Batman-Divers Fred and Tom have two things in common. They both like their " Chiefs " and their " Jobs " Otherwise they are poles apart. Tom is " fussy "; he must have everything in his tent neatly stowed away, has a joke for most things and can always be relied upon by his tent mates in the morning. Fred finds the morning nap the best, sometimes knows where to look for his boots and generally takes life seriously. He came over with the Advance Party as Batman-Driver to Major. S. W---. Like most of the men in the Party he had to turn his hand to jobs as they came. Talking of his duties he says that the hardest part was to know where to find the Major who might be in a trench with a pick and shovel along with the lads, or busily preparing for a Conference.

The day begins, as Tom says, with a cup of tea for the " Chief ", includes bed making, washing clothes, attention to personal effect cleaning the car and being ready for anything up to a hundred mile drive. And the day finishes with attention to the mosquito net. Then comes the forgetful hour when one writes a long letter home to " Mum ", telling herWhat do you think ????????

MORE SUDDLES AND KISSES....TO --

CUDDLES AND KISSES....TO-

ALL THE BEST TO GLADYS, NOELINE AND
GLENDA.....XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXFROM BILL.

Cheerio to Joy and Barry. Rai Valley.
Marlborough...XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX..Ted.

GREETINGS TO "VICTORY CLUB"....ROBBIE