

Dozerdust

VOL I, NO 15.

WORKS SERVICE ENGINEERS.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1943.

DOZERDUST records with pleasure the promotion this week of s/srgts gordon berry, fred paul and stuart mitchinson to the rank of warrant officers, second class.

this does not seem like election day.... there is no pub to go to after voting.

HAPPY BIRTHDAYS went to g.m. sutherland and bill hart this week. g.m. his his in a homesick mood. bill registered his 35th with the twenty one feeling "entirely wasted here" he moaned. but the biggest moan was when he was wakened at 12,30 a.m. to be congratulated.

padre lowden had the saw chewing through the planks on monday. as an interior decorator he displays promise.

the loss of his little hat has made bill lawson a depressed driver. dont despair bill, you look sweet just the same.

next beer ration promises to quence thirst for duration....even "cascade" will stand a chance, but weather 'il have to be awful hot.

when a party arrived from base early in week an officer was heard asking "has the black tracker arrived?"

THE JUICE IS ON.

the introduction of electric light this week creates an atmosphere that is far removed from our first camp back in the naiouli wilderness. the well lighted mess, ration store, and g.m. headquarters, the long washing bench under the bulbs & the brightly lit orderly room are all very different from what we so painfully grew accustomed to. * * * any remaining resemblance to the camp we grew to appreciate is obliterated once we move on to the hospital site. light blazing in surveying, draughting and o.c.'s h.q.'s....the two rows of electric lights shining down on stacks of prefabricated sections of wards, theatres and kitchens, heaps of malthoid and other material all give the impression of a busy construction camp in n.z. * * * and it is a camp that nightfall does not bring quietness and rest to all. to lorry drivers it means trips to noumea, to men unloading, it means unloading, stacking, counting & and belting mosquitoes, and to others it means poring over plans and details for the following day. * * * apart from men immediately on the job here there are the men back in our base camp, there 2, the WHARF OPERATING COY. at the nepouli wharf unloading the clock round and many others in the chain that unite our efforts to that of the division.....

front page gossip now contributed by new member of staff....EYE WITNESS. readers are requested to stand at door of office & abuse editor. please come right in and tell him all about it. but remember, he takes no responsibility for what EWE WITNESS reports.

no time now for souvenirs from charlie storey, "glamour boy" stewart & plumber ewart.... they are too busy keeping the iron hot.

one of our best boxing men, young dave hollowell gave his hand a nasty jar on thursday. try something softer next time davo.

major s. west made two flying visits up from base this week. cracked a joke and said: "boys doing a great job here!"

art editor gives boys imitation of hula girl dance at 353rd one night this week. he is still talking.

welcome extended to lieut. bersant and 32 a.s.c. boys who arrived early in week to help on the job. we invite you to send in a cheerie for our home issue. articles too....bump 'em in

this is not a home u *****

SIR,

HE THUMBS FOR YOU.

I wish to draw your attention to the fact that in the last issue of your paper SNOOPER brought to the fore that two other sgts. and myself had a night out at Bourail a fortnight ago, but he omitted to mention that there was another sgt. there, and what I want to know, mr. editor, is this: do you and SNOOPER work in with each other not to mention each other's misdoeds? if I remember correctly, mr. editor, you also shared in the misfortune of selling out, or did you poke your finger down as the easy way out?

chas ryo.sgt.

when handed the above letter, the editor repudiated the suggestion of collusion between himself and SNOOPER. HE STATED THAT HIS MIND WAS A COMPLETE BLANK ON WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT (such is the power of plonk) he suggests that since the correspondent uses the phrase "if I remember correctly" he too is hazy about what happened, apparently the four sgts have some thing to hide.

SIR,

is your correspondent EYE WITNESS so ignorant that he cannot tell the difference between a fireman's life and the half nelson on the evening in question I had just read of a case in the last war where a soldier had won the v.o.c. for conspicuous gallantry during a fire in a brothel. and as I am one of those chosen to accompany the a.c.w.s. tour of the pink house I wished to be sure, and prepared, in case things got too hot. pte. larson was kindly showing me both fireman's lift (he too hoping that I would get v.d.) when your correspondent must have passed.

major suskor.

in reading this letter EYE WITNESS asks if pte. larson found the wrestling holds required at the pink house, or was he merely presuming, editor.

major suskor asks us to inform our correspondent that the c.o.b.c. represents a lifetime's work which he cannot outline in a few words. he will give the public a few details in the fifty volume work: MY LIFE ON EARTH, which he hopes to publish to commemorate the armistice. editor.

if you want to hear something choice ask the canton if he is going to run a service station when he goes back to civvie life. his answer will probably be: "like bloody hell, I've seen enough oil tyres & gas to do me till the next war. a pity, he should make a good garage man; he rarely does his scene, but he cooks up some for charlie....."

THIS IS NOT A HOME ISSUE.

thumbing a ride in bourail is comparatively easy, and on almost any part of the road one is sure to find a lorry that is going one's way, but in nomenclature... well there are so many lorries going all ways that solo thumbing is out of the question. the difficulty is solved by a map. who is stationed at a vantage point. * * * you may please yourself whether you tell him where you are going, but you need not worry, there is always at least half a dozen soldiers or sailors making out DUMBEA way. you may only get a lift as far as CAPE NORMANDIE, but there you will find another map whose main interest is to help you find a lift. the most difficult time is after 9.30 when most of the lorries do not make as far as this camp. * * * a point worth remembering is that it is only a waste of time asking a frenchman on the streets where you can buy wine or spirits... for one thing he has answered the questions ten thousand times before, and he doesn't know for another. if he does say yes, you had best drop him fast or his plonk will lay you out.

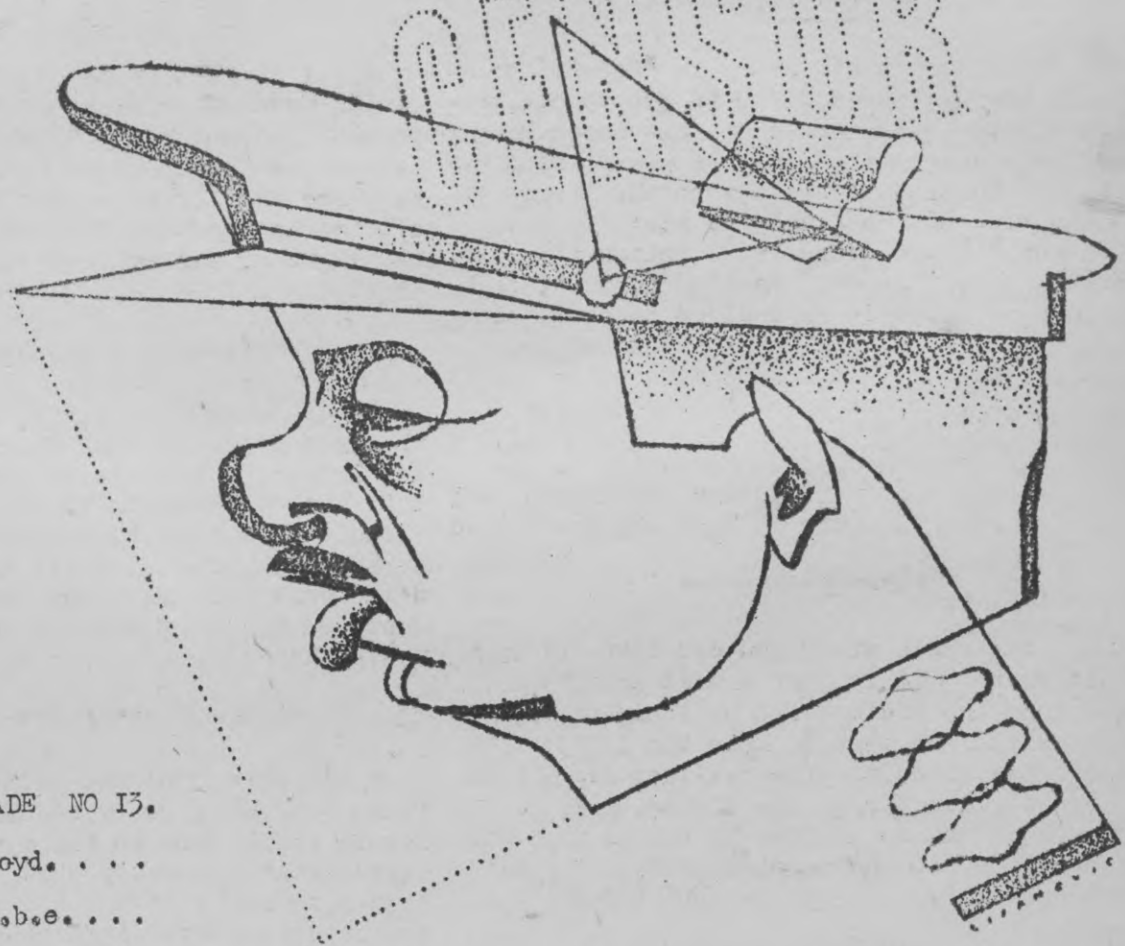
have you seen a spr. using his water bottle combination fashion? it is the latest use for which the bottle may be used. you have not caught up with it most likely so here is a summary. rex concybeer can claim to be first man to devise system. grasp the bottle firmly in the left hand, cup the right hand so that it will hold a fair amount of water; pour out the water by gently lowering the neck until sufficient water obtained, then still holding bottle in right hand, stutch water over face with a smart free elbow movement of left arm. turn face in direction of mirror; if any dust remains on face repeat the process, but always go easy on the water. there is always the towel to wipe off the remaining dust. you are not at home now. the process may be done by numbers (see c.o.s.m.) a pamphlet may be issued later when water becomes scarce.

a sapper who went on leave the other day tried the tonky way of discarding the khaki in favour of another colour. he may have caught a "honey's" eye, but also caught some comments... or did he miss them? if he did... the tip may be worth while.

ISSUE NEXT WEEK GOES HOME.

over the week-end get your cheerios ready. your orderly section clerks have the numbers for your section... so be in AND REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE INVITED TO SEND IN CONTRIBUTIONS... YOU NEED NOT BE HIGH FLOWN... JUST IMAGINE YOU ARE WRITING TO MUM TELLING HER ALL ABOUT IT....

CENSOR



PERSONALITY PARADE NO 13.

captain. w. p. boyd. . . .
major. sucker. o.b.e. . . .

he was munching peanuts when i entered the tent. as it was immediately after lunch i concluded that pop had been quite successful in his brave attempt to see that the officers received the same food as the mon. i write this story as capt ain boyd told it without the embellishments added by his visitor who was in his tent when i arrived. * * * he was "born but not bred" in christchurch, and feeling that that town had enough able people went to wanganui where he studied at the technical college. he trained as an engineer and worked in the railways department. * * * at waiouru he was acting o.c. of this company, a position he occupied until major blacker arrived in new maledonia to take over the duties. * * * one of captain boyd's jobs now is that of unit censor. unfortunately the men's letters were causing such a corruption of his morals that he found little comfort in the meagre beer ration and was contemplating embracing another favourite hobby when the padre bravely offered to take over a great percentage of the censorship of the work. * * * he has become a professional scrounger and is always on the lookout for useful material or machinery when visiting other camps. in a very short time such equipment becomes our property. when on scavenging with our heath robinson sgt. mcrac, even rubbish dumps yield valuable objects. * * * the surf club is also his responsibility and even though we are now far from the beach that must be kept functioning. * * * as officer in charge of transport and supply, he and sgt. rye often cook up a magnificent batch of scones.

OUR DON R. REPORTER.

don r. reporter tommy stokes arrived back on tuesday night after a fourteen hour journey from base camp. conveying the tank transporter was no easy job for the drivers, bill and wally. the load of pipes on the transporter had the boys out of the cab reloading, and several times on the way up all hands were restacking the pipes. * * * the "mcrac-johnston-circus" is getting under way. expects to be here in a few days. the NAILOULI CONSTERN. GOY doing good work. * * * sgt. charlie bishop and party, says tommy, have the bridge where they want it. charlie and boys too modest too modest to write us. perhaps trevor bluch will drop us a line. * * * nert. c. "nelson is plaining out the road

up 4th gen. way. * * * cpls. whitten and georgeson lip up bourail with something better than plonk. we heard they were doing a line with "crazy and lazy" * * * mason and burge so tired these nights they dont get time to admire each other's picture gallery. * * * T.P.H. gives u the bird on our last editorial, say we forget we are not the only fish in the pool. * * * crna. neuman drops poetry for bulldozer rhymes....bill charleton makes political speeches before and after voting....feels call of platform, but doesn't like local planks.....wally hobson says he feels lonely and so endeth the gossip.

THIS IS NOT A HOME ISSUE.

this week's big story is "farmer" sainsbury, the guy who decided to pep up his victory effort by cutting short his lunch hour & rush back another load of gravel from the pit. he hustled his mate into the lorry & on the road his mate said to him: "by jove 'farmer' these dodges ride better than the fords. sure they do," replied "farmer", full of pep. but the lorry decided to stop. along came brother o'reilly who shouted out to "farmer" "... she doesn't like going the wrong way 'farmer'!" on looking up our friend discovered that the lorry was full of metal, which had been done while he was at lunch and was destined for elsewhere. well done "farmer" ... (now we know why you wanted us.)

here is a story you can take for what it is worth. it is that a well known sgt came into the picture not by accident when he took the saw when he knew the little birdie was going to appear....apparently he likes the twitter of the little birdie... which made him so anxious to appear with saw in hand and pose so magnificently. has he been back to the saw? we dont think!

spr. bishop has taken to wearing gloves at work; it is hinted that he has written him for a pair of dress ones to go to the movies here. he is welcome to a loan of the sixteen ounce ones the welfare sgt has.

if you want to keep your war nerves in trim bill lawson is your man. he came rushing in the other day with the news that hitler had put his running shoes on! a bit premature, but he has the right ideas.

the other day several men envied the officer in the jeep, or was it his companion they envied?

DOZERDUST greetings to capt.f.j. clark and lieutenant wright and all the lads. WHARF COMPANY are holding their end up alright judging by the lorries rolling in to base & elsewhere. how the poetry going sgt. gillcley? good sgt. norm stanley along to send us some news. none of the boys dreaming of pink elephants, we hope.

our zealous r.e.p. orderly stove arthur is making good headway with his a.e.w.s study course. keep to it stove, you'll get there. "fighting" mcgregor has taken up psychology. going to hypnotise the next opponent, mac?

cpl. morgan of the a.e.s. has had nine months here after eight months in fiji and is not "island happy" yet. some of his tent mates have been here eleven months and they are not listening to themaculis..* ** cpl. morgan features the hot showers as the highlight of our camp, of which he speaks highly.

our lorry drivers have had a heavy time the last week. on thursday night tom skelton looked pretty well fagged. doug mcintosh left here one morning at six for base camp. loaded up and set back here at 12.30 to arrive at 5.30 am. cocil arthur has been doing some fast trips and collected the dust, dump and tip drivers too have done their share.

electric light has made the mess a homely place this week, but most of the writing so far is still done in the tents. most of us agree that this mess, which is about the same size as one at our base, is much more comfortable. maybe it is the matting round the sides. what is your guess?

"first time i've felt i've had a clean wash since i left waiouru" has been heard several times since the hot showers were installed this week. it is not tiled and chromium plated, but it is a housed ten man place that has clothes room and all.

some idea of the number of trucks that roll in at night may be gathered from the sixty odd that the night shift unload.

hospital site resembles a man size beehive. bushes grinds away all day; lorries continuously pour in with prefabricated pass, flooring for wards laid, mechanics shop busy, plumbers shop wastes no time, carpenters shop makes sawdust fly.

since last saturday night when major blacker announced "work on sunday" the work has moved ahead with a will which earned the spontaneous remark "say, guy, your boys know how to get down to it." and it is well earned. our plan of publishing a story of the job this week, we decided would fit in better with the home issue next week.



" sure, guy, that's the 'chateau' over there.....i guess she's open for business. your boys call it the 'pink house', huh ! " i was under the seat of the lorry and heard uncle sam's soldier telling the crowd where to go, so i managed to get out without being seen....the rush saved me. * * * i tagged on behind the party. it wasn't far to walk to the line of chaps waiting....just like a chow line. i got a bit scared, 'cos i thought the boys would poke mud at me, being small. say i'd have to get my toes in the garter, or get a cushion under me. anyway i wasn't feelin' too game. guess i was like one young fella in front of me. it was his first visit too and he kept looking round to see who was watching. kiddin' he wasn't scared by talking loud. but he didn't scare me. 'cos i felt just the same. * * * when time came for him to go inside he hesitated, but a guy behind gave him a push. i slipped in between his legs. we went into a room. there was a doctor there. i thought he'd look kind a strange at us, and ask what the hell we wanted there. but he just mumbled something. guess he'd said it so often that it had become a habit. the boy blushed and was kind a awkward. guess he felt same as me. * * * after that we went into a room with a lot of other guys who were waiting. then an old dame came in and looked at us as she was goin' through the room. guess she had a hungry look, hard enough to turn the blade of a bulldozer. i was close to the door and when she went past i gave her leg a good hard pinch. she stopped, but her tongue let go something she didn't learn in a convent. then girls started coming through. first there was a javanese girl, slim and good lookin', then came a white girl; she didn't have any life in her face, just flat with no meaning. then came a native woman, dont know what she was. she just looked and didn't seem to mean anything

then came two other white women. they didn't look gay, or fascinating, or wicked; they just looked they had no life, or were fedup with what they had. the boys got up and followed them into rooms. there was only the two of us left. i felt sayin' "a c'mon lets skip," but he didnt see me. he just sat, kinda scared to go and scared to do anything. * * * then the door opened and the woman looked at us, said something hard in french and turned her back. we went into the closest room, it was only small, the girl, a white one was lying on a sorta bed. she was peelin' an orange. just looked at him, went on peelin' the orange and thrown' the skin on the floor. she motioned with her hand for him to come over.....just after the was lettin' go the peeling.....that was too much for him. he balked, and damn'd near left me behind. i had to move fast..... and thats the " pink house " * * 'spose you sawi run into a bit of trouble last issue. i got a bit muddled in the number of agts at bourail. yas there were four of them. they went for dinner at the hotele. they were to have had it with bob lowry, of KIWI but he had a date at the play, so our agts. just went along in the company of several bottles of plonk. they emptied one while waiting for dinner, and by the time soup came they were thumping the table, shouting and looking in the direction of the woman at another table. the two javanese waiters were called into consultation. " she no like soldiers ".....but she likes new zealanders ?,....no, no she no like any soldiers.....oh she dont, dont she....the b..... by that time two more bottles of plonk had been consumed and the private affairs of the javanese ferreted out.....you only get five dollar a month. shameful.....you come new zealand we pay you more...yes, plenty much. .. by that time the plonk was all gone. the javanese again called in. no, no help soldiers. too bad. well, there was only one thing to do...find bob lowry, he knew his way round. the party rolled from the hotel up to the Y.M. where the play was in progress. bob was on the stage. what the hell did he want there when plonk was needed, hell, what a crush, native women, french dames, americans, nazlers and a rabble of nondescripts made a sweet crowd at the door. " hey there, i can get some...you follow up behind and watch the n.p's dent crash in. more plonk, a group of americans arrive and are invited to join. eddie heald, cyril walker, charlie goffin and morrie woods joinup. uncle sam produces a bottle of brandy. it mixes well with the plonk. * * * soon there is much back slapping and exchange of confidential opinions on the war. * * * say, some very nice w.a.s.a.c.s. came over from n.z. the other day what about lettin' me go down to see how many you know. but keep my visit to " pink house " quiet, see.

a waterfront where shacks and lean-tos fringe the water edge; javanese women in nondescript garments cooking food over an open fire; a bakoship wharf where a cumbersome barge is awkwardly berthed; odd looking natives in tattered french uniform coats and round peaked hats; tiny native and javanese children barefooted in the mud; sweaty rain and an atmosphere of desolation all went to create our first vague impression of noumea the morning we landed. from this unusual, almost fantastically unreal spot we were rapidly carried out into the land of nautilus. * * * our second impression, almost four months later, finds the waterfront swallowed up in what appears to be a turbulent rush of army waggons, trucks, lorries, cars, jeeps and motor cycles. the simplicity of the first scene is gone. instead there is chaos, screeching brakes, a disturbed ant hill. it is not to the natives, but to the traffic map we look. he along is the symbol of order. the noumean population, but a tiny fraction of the whole, which is an army on leave, a navy ashore. the barefooted javanese children do not fit in. * * * in a few hours the chaos becomes orderly, one thinks of "who do i know?" and one turns to the u.s. red cross. one hopes to meet n.z'ers from a former unit we were "in" from auckland, wellington, or elsewhere. or maybe someone from another part of the island....you want to compare notes

UNCLE SAM INVITES YOU.

u.s.a. red cross services club makes noumea something different. apart from the buffet snack bar, there is the writing room, magazine room, ping pong table and billiard room. or maybe you want something more highbrow such as the artists group which meets on tuesday night at 6,30. then you can sketch a model...last tuesday a red cross girl posed...dont ask if she were a made model...we don't know. if you have the scribblers itch the writers group which meets at seven o'clock will give you plenty of practice and something to think about. * * * if you want further information drop in to the awa hut, or get in touch with lucy crockett when your on leave. on wednesday evenings a radio programme is on the air. units are invited to make a up a programme. what about it WORKS. it is up to you to get a haka under way. make for the awa hut with suggestions.

353rd engineers and 8th gen. hospital generously place canteens at our service. a gesture we appreciate and acknowledge with thanks. beer and cigars both of which are rationed to u.s.a. servicemen are rightly reserved for them. the boys behind the counters can teach us a lesson in cooking scenes elsewhere.

cases of dysentery among our men on this island have been few and far between, and when they do occur they are restricted to the hot summer season. naturally, dysentery is a disease with which we are not familiar, but it would be regrettable were we to remain unacquainted with the causes of the diseases. this article is an attempt to supplement what we already know on the subject. * * * there are two main types of dysentery, the AMOEBIC which is produced by infection with a microscopic animal parasite which enters and clings to the wall of the lower parts of the intestines. as is known, we have approximately twenty six to thirty feet of intestines in which our food is digested. this parasite has plenty of room to work and soon produces inflammation, and later, ulceration sets in as the parasite burrows under the intestinal wall. * * * BACILLARY dysentery attacks the intestines in a similar manner, but this time the parasite is a minute rod shaped bacteri (bacilli). the result of these organisms is firstly, frequent bowel movements resembling diarrhoea. later discharges become scanty, slimy and mixed with blood and shreds of ulcerated bowel linings. these discharges are highly infectious.....h person in such a condition is seriously ill. * * * the next point that arises is how are the bugs contracted? first, shall we say, by faeces, next by flies and third, by food. the flies feed on the faeces and flit on to the food (army rations excluded i) we fly off to the food (or do we?) and feed. we contact the infection....and thus the circle is complete.. no, there is another link. the person who so contacts the disease develops one absorbing interest. he skips most race meetings, such as the hurdles and gallops, but he takes to the "trotts" without any thought of the tote, * * * water, as well as food, it must be remembered act as a medium. the natives, we must remember, have not heard of the products of the humourous concrete coby, and their household furniture does not rise to the old fashioned po. they just "squat" over a stream when nature calls. the emphasis which the army places upon the danger of drinking untested water is well justified. today, the infected may rest sure of a complete cure, thanks to the advances made in medical treatments with such drugs as sulphaguandine and injections. there is not even a fifty fifty chance for an honest "homer". so remember !---

dont forget to close the concrete lid.

drink only purified waber.

dont imagine every case of belly ache or the "trotts" must be dysentery.

lieutenant s. tremain arrived on friday morning with a party of bldg section. he said: "this is like coming back to civilisation."