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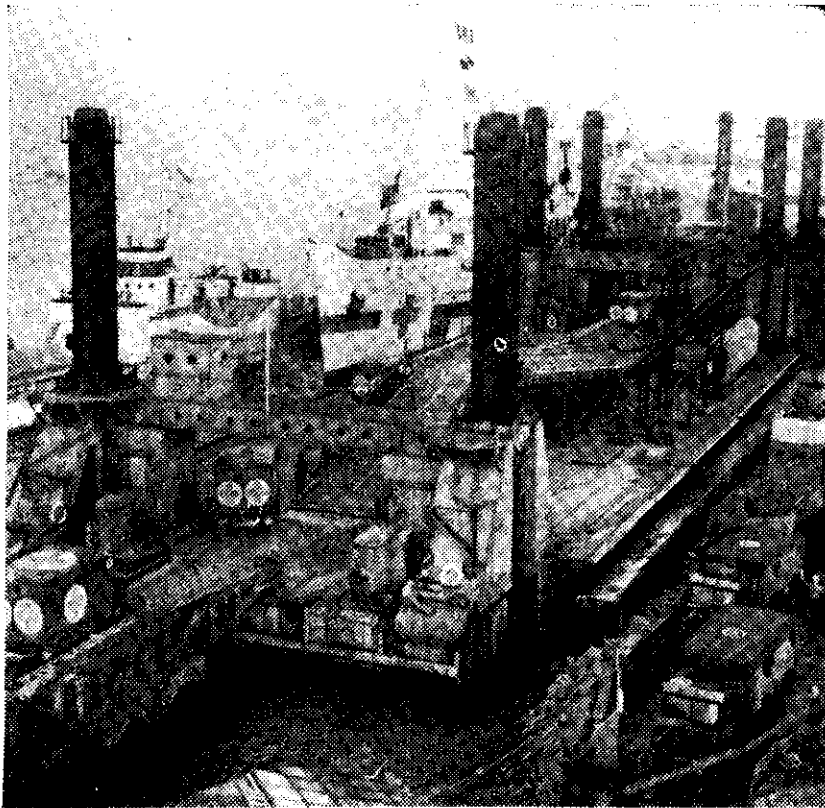
Workers must be got. They are combed from far and near. Leaving home is a wrench for them. Heavy work is a strain, since a great many of them are unfit. Scotsmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, North Country men come south. Some bring wives and children, though they were not supposed to. In all, 20,000 of them are gathered in, pouring concrete, bending steel bars. One hundred and forty-six caissons, each as big as a block of flats, must be constructed. Bridge-units for causeways must be made by the dozen. The rate of completion is slow at first, but it improves. The men "have everything bar 'ousemaid's knee," but they also have a will to do the work, even though constant speculation and head-scratching fails to reveal what they are making. A bridge across the Channel? Things to block enemy harbours? Fuel stores for mid-Atlantic? But still no one discovers.

Most important, not even the enemy. Caisson after caisson is launched with cheering into estuary or harbour.

### D-Day Itself

At last—"It can start." June 6 comes. From horizon to horizon the sea is filled with south-seeking craft. The slow old blockships are given a start; 150 straining tugs bring the caissons. The LCA's, faster, slip by to make the first attacks. "The beaches are won!" The whole armada knows. The blockships are settled in the right places by skilled seaman-ship. The caissons are put in position. The pierheads, with their "spuds," are ranged in their rows. The bridge units are joined, making causeways from pier-heads to land. "The stuff's pouring ashore, sir!"

Twelve days pass. D-Day plus 13 is due. The glass is falling. At sunset, there are no gulls to be seen. The worst summer storm for 40 years is coming. D plus 14; pierheads are breaking loose.



A hospital ship berthed at a pierhead with ambulances arriving from the shore.

### -And You Get It

WHEN, at its opening, Station 2YD announced its request session, enough requests were sent in to last the station for a year. And that has happened each time a further supply has been called for.

On August 4 last, the station announced that it was ready to accept a further list of requests. By the following Tuesday evening, 900 had been received by mail and it was expected that by the end of the week the year's quota would be filled. At the end of the seven days, or so, the station refused further requests for another year.

With such a number of requests—there were 2,141 last year—there is bound to be a good deal of duplication and then the arrangers of the programmes have the task of preserving a balance.

Popular hits of the day predominate, but "popular classics" also are strongly represented. Great diversities in musical taste are shown. Listeners frequently ask for such an item as a Beethoven Concerto and list Bing Crosby or Vera Lynn for their second choice.

Requests come from Invercargill and North of Auckland. Last year one came from Ottawa. Of course the station was not heard there, but an American who had left Wellington left also a request for a song to be played for his wife who remained. New Zealanders on service duty in Australia send in large numbers of requests and Americans in the Islands write for some special item to be broadcast for the benefit of a girl friend left behind in New Zealand.

A recent request letter asked for the items desired to be played in a month's time, so that in the interim the batteries for the receiving set, at the back of beyond, could be charged.

The bigger ships are dragging their anchors. D plus 15: waves are 15ft. high, 300ft. long. Mulberry A, where the Americans are, is "nearly finished." The beaches are littered with dead men, caissons. The blockships have their backs broken. D plus 16: the storm is going down a little, and everyone is exhausted. But Mulberry B remains, for it was partly sheltered by a reef. And on D plus 28, the millionth man goes ashore on the Continent of Europe.

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