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closed gates to cry "Let me in, let me in, my son is there." Could not disguise the departure of H.M.S. Leander and one troopship for the South Island to complete embarkation of the men from Burnham camp; could not hold back the city's growing sense of climax impending during the weeks of rumour, suspense, preparation.

Hail and Farewell

So the cheers from the ships as they turned to the harbour, with the tiny tugs straining at their bulk, were heard and echoed by waving crowds on nearby wharves, along Customhouse and Thorndon Quays, pressed against barriers all around the waterfront, shuffling here and there, some with little flags, some smiling, some very sad, some singing as the echoes came across the water from the ships, and many strangely silent to see an army leaving its homeland without sound of bands or saluting guns.

There were not many tears. Policemen and sentries at gates were sympathetic but unmoving to the few appeals of relatives who wished to go closer for a final wave. From the ships came only song, cheering, some shouted jests, and a sound of bagpipes as one ship carried away a load of Scottish troops. Between the cheers and the songs there was a silence that seemed to make the convoy an incident in an unreal process.

First away was a huge, grey liner, cumbersome, almost a dead weight, it seemed, to the little tug. Soon the others followed, timed to the minute. Some of the eager crowd were allowed on to King's Wharf as the last ship pulled away. On the upper deck aft a piper and a drummer played cheerful Scottish airs, and the men sang to their *Te Iwi*, *Te Iwi*, *Ete Iwi E*. In the well deck for'ard a hard-faced private called to a girl on the wharf: "Take care of yourself." They tried to smile, "Here, take this," and he tossed a hat badge ashore. She did not find it in the crowd.

That night they swung to cables in the harbour, with light cloud above, a calm sea under, the lights of Wellington all around, and a flicker of Morse from the Canberra and Ramillies, giving last instructions.

During the evening the ferries came close on their way to and from Eastbourne. The Arahura and Rangitira steamed alongside before they turned out to the Heads. Small boats visited them. Some mothers who had missed their sons in the city were lucky to find room on yachts and launches. They cruised round the high hulls of the transports and miraculously found the faces they searched for. They were cheerful. They waved handkerchiefs, even a gaily coloured towel. "How are you?" "Fine." "How are they treating you?" "Posh." Only when they turned for the boat harbour did the tears come and the long waiting until morning.

TRAVELLING IN STYLE

By 23/762

ANYTHING from beer to ice cream could be bought from the canteens on the troopships which carried the First Echelon to Egypt. Each vessel had its swimming bath; one of them had two such ship-board luxuries. There were automatic telephone services on all but one ship; beautifully decorated and appointed lounges and smoke and dining rooms, and soft, downy beds; there were motion pictures for an evening's entertainment; there were sun-decks and beauty salons (which were closed down for the duration). These are only some of the delights of a modern luxury liner, now made available for the use of the soldiers.

For the first time in history our men travelled almost as ordinary passengers. Except for military discipline and the necessary demands of army routine, the officers and men on the first troopships in this war were transported to Egypt like civilians in uniform. It is all part of the conduct of the modern army. No longer is it necessary to pack soldiers like sardines.

When the men of New Zealand's first Expeditionary Force sailed for Egypt space on the troopships was at a premium, for the vessels were small compared with those of to-day. Every available inch was utilised for extra bunk space. There was little comfort, and for those who went to the South African war even less, I have been told.

Recalling my own experiences when I sailed on the Maunganui early in 1915, I remember that we were a very thickly populated ship. Our lounges were the decks. Swimming pools were unknown, except for temporary affairs of canvas rigged up on the decks. We could buy neither ice cream nor beer. We had no picture shows, except for the sunsets, the star-dusted nights, and the eternal wastes of the Indian Ocean.

Great Modern Liners

This time great modern liners carried our men over the same stretches of ocean—some of them only a few months ago engaged in the tourist trade to all the famous corners of the world; one was a British troopship built specially for the transport of troops to India and the East. On that vessel some of the men slept on hammocks, but on the others they enjoyed the customary accommodation of saloon and tourist passengers; wardrobes in which electric lights snapped on and off with the opening of the door; electric fans to temper the air, and telephones for an occasional chat. On the sun and promenade decks, such a feature of the modern passenger cruiser, they drilled in comfort or took the air when duty was done. These modern ships are all air-conditioned and fitted with refrigerators, hence the possibility of ice-cream.

The flagship of the convoy was a famous liner of 23,371 tons. Famous artists designed and decorated her lounges, state-rooms, and dining saloons,

with the result that she is one of the most beautifully appointed ships ever seen in New Zealand, renowned for her spacious decks and general comfort.

Of these fine ships, the most interesting, perhaps, was a liner built to carry emigrants, so that particular attention had been paid to her tourist accommodation. She had cabins for only 44 first-class passengers, but she had two swimming pools, an automatic telephone system throughout, Thermotank air-conditioning, heating and ventilation, motor lifeboats, hairdressing saloon, cocktail bars, and all the other amenities not usually associated with transports. She had refrigerators for the ship's use, and in the double bottom she carried fuel, fresh water, and water ballast.

Other ships in the convoy were typical of the modern luxury liner, with their swimming pools, gaily decorated cocktail bars and lounges, telephone services, and spacious sun-decks and tennis courts. Few alterations have been made to them. The installation of extra showers and bathrooms was the only noticeable change. As the whole voyage, after leaving New Zealand, was made in increasing heat, the men would be able to take full advantage of the comforts provided, including the swimming pools and the spacious decks.

Strategic Town

Strasbourg, where military activity has been reported for the first time since the outbreak of war, is the capital of Alsace-Lorraine, and one of the most important strategic towns near the River Rhine, facing the Black Forest region in Germany. The town is said to have been founded by the Romans and has always been strongly fortified. Lying in the Rhine Valley, between the Vosges Mountains and those of the Black Forest, it is an important railway centre and is joined by canals to the Mediterranean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. Strasbourg is famous for its cathedral, its old houses and a palace erected for a former German Emperor, and also for its *paté de foie gras*, a French delicacy. Its industries are many, and include tanning, brewing, machinery, cotton and woollen goods, cutlery, artificial flowers, chemicals, and tobacco. It has a population of 181,465.

Aiding Armament

Ernest Brown, P.C., M.C., who presided over the conference which recently met to consider the vast expansion of armament and munition activities in Britain, has been Minister of Labour since 1935. He is a Baptist lay preacher and Brotherhood worker, plays Rugby football, and is a keen yachtsman. In 1931 he was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Health, and the following year he became Secretary to the Mines Department. Mr. Brown joined up during the last war with the Sportsman's Battalion, and after serving in the ranks was given a commission.

Personal

T. C. Lowry, sole selector of the New Zealand Cricket Association and former New Zealand cricket captain, has enlisted. He is a well-known sheep-farmer in the Taihape district and a member of the Hawke's Bay family.

T. Cattley, representative in New Zealand for W. and A. Gilby, Ltd., has enlisted for service and will go into camp with the 3rd Echelon.

J. W. Kealey, a member of the Auckland City Council, has volunteered for service overseas with the 2nd New Zealand Expeditionary Force.

Tony Whitlock, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Whitlock, of Hastings, is training with the non-commissioned officers of the 2nd Echelon.

H. J. D. Acland, a member of the well-known Canterbury family, has enlisted with the 2nd Echelon. He has been farming at Peel Forest.

Rex King, who captained the 1939 New Zealand Rugby League team, has enlisted with the 2nd Echelon.

C. D. Weller, of Wanganui, the New Zealand cross-country champion, has joined up with the 2nd Echelon. He won his title in 1936, and retained it in 1937, 1938, and 1939.

Gordon Burgess, sawmill manager, of Inchbonnie, Westland, is in camp with the 2nd Echelon.

D. D. Burdett, traffic inspector, of Greymouth, is in training with the troops of the 2nd Echelon.

R. J. Abbott, a well known Christchurch commercial traveller, has enlisted with the 2nd Echelon.

G. L. Hogben, son of Mr. Julius Hogben, Auckland solicitor, has been granted a commission in the Royal Navy. He was an Auckland Rhodes' Scholar.

W. Batty, the well known All Black, who represented New Zealand in 1928, 1930, and 1931, has enlisted for service overseas. He joined up in Auckland.

A. R. Gee, building contractor, of Wellington, has gone into camp at Narrow Neck to train with the non-commissioned officers of the 3rd Echelon.

K. G. Kearney, advertising manager at 12B, has been posted for training at Papakura as an N.C.O. for the 2nd Echelon. He is a former Canterbury Rugby Union Representative.

Behind Food Rationing

Sir Henry French, K.B.E., C.B., who is the real man behind the food rationing in Britain, controls a staff of over 2,000. He was appointed food ration controller during the last war and was responsible for the smooth running of that enormous service. When this war broke out he was second secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries but he was immediately appointed secretary to the Food Minister. Sir Henry is not new to the responsibility of rationing. In 1936 he was seconded to the director, Food Defences Plan, under the Board of Trade. He joined the British Civil Service by open competition.