

"THE MEN HAVE ARRIVED SAFELY"

THE sequel to another great exodus of men from New Zealand came this week in the dry official announcement that the story of their departure could be released for publication. The men had arrived safely at their destination. No more than that. Yet that meant so much. We are able to publish only the story of their going. Their arrival, and where they are now, are military secrets.

"In the Morning They Had Gone"

It was not much of a day for remembering New Zealand by. It was that month when the seasons are on the change. It was not winter, and it was not spring -- one of those days when spring was close but winter closer. The sun was there. It came out long enough to warrant a filter on the camera, an experiment which greatly interested the



FIVE more reasons why life on troopships is never dull

Ahead of them were seas wide and seas narrow, seas hot and cold, and seas perhaps noisy with battle. And beyond the seas? Who could know what waited for them? Whatever the weather that day and night while they lay at anchor in smooth water they would remember New Zealand by the blue of her skies, by the bathing off her coasts and in her rivers,



Norman Johnston (left), assistant engineer; Noel Palmer, officer-in-charge and engineer; and Doug Laurenson (right), commentator, who are now running the New Zealand Broadcasting Unit overseas

N.C.O. who wanted to see the permit and stayed to discuss photography.

But the sun was off form that day. The clouds bowled him out quickly and the wind blew stronger than ever.

It was a cold wind, too, gusty and biting. It annoyed the men. Their arms would be full of kit and rifles and odds and ends and the wind would come. Off with their hats, away with their propriety!

By mid-day most of them were on board, and by two p.m. the piles of kit bags had disappeared from the decks to make room for men gazing down to the wharf looking for relatives and friends in the crowd of upturned faces. Dragged and pushed by ridiculously minute tugs, the ships turned unwilling in the basin, followed docile down the stream, and dropped anchor after some argument with the wind, halfway down the harbour.

They were ready for still another voyaging of the men of New Zealand.

In the morning they had gone. When the city woke up again all that was left were wisps of smoke over the rim of the water and the mud settling back to the harbour bottom where the big screws had disturbed it in their passage.

NO STALE BREAD Visit to a Troopship

No stale bread was served on those troopships. A staff of bakers, working at night, produced the day's bread supply, hot from the ovens, every morning.

Once more our men travelled in that pleasant state "to which the modern soldier has now become accustomed."



WAITING to file on board

alive with men clambering for a last look at familiar faces. The other was already silent, its high sides hiding the hundreds busy behind them with preparations for weeks at sea or the evening meal. Faces looked out of two port-holes barred over. Someone was finishing off his C.B. for misdemeanour in camp.

A visit to one of the ships showed that every preparation had been made for the comfort of the men. They had two large dining saloons. Those harsh, rattling tin-plates and pannikins we knew on the transports of 1914-18 are things of the past; to-day the voyaging soldier eats from good crockery in comfort his predecessors never knew.

The lounge and picture theatre had been used for extra sleeping accommodation for the men. This did not mean, however, that the men on this ship were deprived of their picture shows, for there was another theatre, the units taking night about for an evening's entertainment. A programme was arranged for the voyage so that each unit had its turn at the pictures.

One of the most reassuring features of this ship was its fire control station, situated amidships. Here began a network of telephones connecting every part of the ship, with firemen on duty over the 24 hours. Fitted to the walls were numbers of cylinders from which, if an alarm were given, issued a fire-extinguishing fluid to that part of the ship which was burning.

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