

been occupied with this matter, and thanks to the greater understanding of both the medical and the executive branches there is much less fear of the disasters caused by the fumbings of the last war in similar cases. But there are a great number of less serious instances of mental strain which, although not yet approaching breakdown, are so near it that without the stimulus which now keeps them going would develop soon into really difficult cases.

There is no doubt that war is a stimulant to those who have plenty to do and can feel that they are doing it well. Often the sufferer does not realize how far he is strained; generally he would be insulted if told to rest. And if he does know, it is a difficult thing to confess; there is a feeling of shame at having to give up a dangerous job because one has been doing it so long that one can no longer "take it." Unfortunately, it is these very people who by their perseverance will suffer most when at last the time does come for their rest.

In war one learns the habit of passing time; what is to come is so important that what one does in the intervals is of no matter. To fritter away the periods between operations by fast, easy living, to take the soft way of escape from the harder moments which one knows will soon be on one again, becomes both habit and necessity. Although one may know that such a life is unsatisfactory, it is of no importance because it is only a fragment of the whole existence one is leading. The unfortunate fact is that what may not matter now while bigger things than one's own personal issue are being enacted, does matter when the stage is set for living instead of dying.

Many ex-airmen will crave for the excitement of flying, many ex-sailors for the feel of a ship under their feet; many of all Services will regret the society of mess life and find difficulty in making the best use of their freedom from military discipline. These feelings will pass; yet till they do so, and the ex-fighting men have rediscovered peacetime arts, there will be much disappointment and heart-burning.

PICTURE GOING in the Pacific



A KORERO REPORT

INSTEAD OF the city street, a coral track through the jungle; instead of hoardings and stills from the film, a huge notice board headed by the drawing of a more than life-size mosquito warning that you are welcome if you have taken anti-malarial precautions, rolled down your sleeves, tucked trouser ends into gaiters, smeared mosquito

repellant on faces and hands; no, not the "Plaza" or "Regent," but a picture theatre in the tropics.

There are no luxurious foyers or ushers at these jungle cinemas, but there are no restrictions. In some a small portion is reserved for officers, and the rest of the space goes to the first-comers. Elsewhere first come first served is the motto