there were five cases (13.5 per cent.) showing non-gonococcal discharges, one of which had Reiter's syndrome, which were considered to be infections of non-specific urethritis.

REFERENCES


The terramycin used in this study was kindly provided by Charles Pfizer and Co. Inc. of Brooklyn, New York.

FURTHER WANDERINGS OF THE YACHT "MARCUS AURELIUS"

BY

Colonel R. V. FRANKLIN

It took a bit of persuading my boss "The Admiral" that a good long leave was vital to my well-being, especially as I had spent most of the early summer divided between an exciting "Exercise" in B.A.O.R. and an equally good one on Salisbury Plain. However, as always, virtue was rewarded, and on Saturday, 9th August, thinking in terms of blue water and sunshine, my son Barn, recently returned from his C.C.F. camp, and myself drove from Catterick to Cairnryan in Wigtownshire and boarded my 15-ton sloop Marcus Aurelius with the prospect of a whole twenty-eight days aboard ahead of us.

Our plans were that next day Gin, my wife, Tookes, my thirteen-year-old daughter, Jack, a bachelor doctor and Gin’s brother, and my good friend Jonath Jones of the R.A.S.C. should join us aboard and then we should then make a fair course for Ireland. To accommodate the crew comfortably (sic) aboard, the children shared the fo’c’sle, Barn sleeping on a mattress on the sail locker. Jonath and Jack shared the owner’s cabin aft with its two comfortable bunks, and the skipper and his wife occupied the saloon settees. A seventh member of the crew, Coco, the dachshund, took up little room in the bottom of the clothes locker. It rained and it blew from the wrong direction, so departure was inadvisable. We shopped at Stranraer and walked over the hills, where I discovered the Garrison Mess of which I was made an honorary member and was able to quench the thirsts of the crew. We also discovered a garage at 1s. 6d. a night for our cars quite near the steamer pier. The steamer leaves twice daily, takes two hours to get to Larne, and the cost is about 13s. with an Army concession voucher.
12th August.—The weather and wind were about the same; the depression, in the forecast, was stated to be stationary. We were quite fed up with hanging about Loch Ryan, so we up-anchored and, under engine, tied up to a coastal vessel where, by kind permission of her Master, 50 gallons of fresh water were pumped into our tank. We then cast off, put up our sails and set our course for the Mull of Kintyre, intending to call at Campbeltown and from there to cruise in the Firth of Clyde. Outside it was rather depressing; there was no visibility, a lop of a sea, and a bit chilly. We held on a compass course and in four hours Ailsa Craig, a very prominent landmark to the entrance of the Clyde, was abeam. The wind was aft and over to the west in the direction of Campbeltown there was a terrific thunder and rain storm which seemed to be working east against the wind. We decided to leave Campbeltown alone and to make for Lamlash, a large natural harbour on the east coast of the Isle of Arran. The crew by this time were shaking down. Tooks had lost her lunch, Jack was finding that most tasks had to be done at the double and that the word “please” was, on board, most superfluous.

There is something about sailing that gives everyone a sweet tooth; for I have never seen a sweet refused, even by the most hard nut aboard. Tooks, however, jibbed, presumably owing to her temporary delicate health, but as she usually demolishes more than the rest of us put together I did not take her failing to heart.

It was with a mixed feeling of relief and attainment that at 1900 hrs., after eight hours’ sailing, we anchored in Lamlash off the old pier in three and a half fathoms, having covered a distance of forty miles.

So as to catch the flood tide up the Clyde we waited next day till 1230 hrs. before again sailing. The female crew spent the morning ashore shopping, whilst we men did odd jobs aboard. The day was cloudy, calm sea, and the wind Force 4, which is a moderate breeze, from the south-west. This decided us to make for East Loch Tarbert on the west side of Loch Fyne.

We had a perfect sail, catching many mackerel, and on arrival, against regulations, tied up to a large derelict steam yacht. We have got away with this on several occasions, for it is a great boon not only to escape having to play about with the anchor, but the steamer bridgehouse makes a most useful bathroom where, in privacy and with full standing headroom, all hands can get a
good shower from buckets transferred from Marcus. Indeed, if we at any time found that the Stradella, as she is called, had sunk or was sold or even that another yacht had tied up to her, we would be very annoyed. This time we sailed twenty-six miles and took six hours to do it.

It was discovered on the passage up that the lavatory would not function, so I dismantled it as soon as we tied up—a most unsavoury job, but well rewarded by the discovery of a large shackle-pin stuck in the valves, obviously carelessly dropped in by someone fearful to say so. Orders were issued to keep the lid down always except at times of operation, and the penalty was that the last user would do any further dismantling, should it not function again. This was the one order obeyed assiduously.

Jonath departed next day so the accommodation was rearranged. Gin and Tooks took the aft cabin, Jack with me in the saloon and Barn remained in the fo’c’sle. Though the aft cabin is more comfortable, I prefer my saloon bunk as the ancient portable battery wireless (purchased in 1945 from a disbanding Field Ambulance) is “ever ready” to give me the news and weather forecasts.

Tarbert is a delightful, pretty and most sheltered natural harbour. Having a large herring-fishing fleet, it is a grand sight to see the women in their leather aprons gutting the fish on the quayside with lightning speed whilst the gulls fight and scream around. Eggs are obtainable, but oh! at what a price; Gin, when told she could have as many as she liked, was delighted, but her cautious Scots forebears caused her to price them and she was not quite so pleased to find they cost 8s. to 9s. a doz. We spent a grand day roaming the hills and visiting the yacht yard.

Our next port we decided would be Loch Gair, a perfectly unspoilt and safe anchorage three miles above the Otter spit and approximately fourteen miles from the head of Loch Fyne and capital of Argyllshire, Inverary. The sea was calm, the wind light and behind us, and the tide was with us, so we departed next day, 15th August, at 1430 hrs. A large and lovely black yacht under power against wind and tide coming the opposite way altered course to look at us, and when within hailing distance I recognized Sea Bear, whose owner possesses estates and, what was more important to me, mooring in Loch Gair. Being ever an opportunist, I yelled over my megaphone and obtained his permission to use his mooring during my stay in the Loch. Everyone in this small place seems to be called MacVicar. We thought it quite a joke on asking where we might get eggs to be told to go to a certain Mrs. MacVicar at a farm. She put us on to another Mrs. MacVicar for milk. For bread and vegetables we went to two other places and each of them bore the name MacVicar. Incidentally, eggs were reasonable.

We were up early next morning to catch the tide up Loch Fyne and set our nose for Inverary. Once out of Loch Gair, however, we found the wind had changed in the night and was now in our teeth. What to do? Obviously Inverary was out of the question unless with hours of engine, which none of us liked. Gin wanted provisions, so to ponder the question we returned to Sea Bear’s moorings and had breakfast. At the reasonable hour of 0830 we sailed
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down Loch Fyne for Ardrishaig, a nice little town at the entrance of the Crinan Canal and waterway (inland) to the west coast. As it was only a short distance we tied up to the north pier by 1130 hrs., which gave the family time to shop. The cost of entering the canal basin is 3s. 6d. and is well worth it when in a storm, but we did not wish to stay, so at 1315 hrs. we cast off and had a spanking sail with the wind on our beam back to Tarbert, where we again tied up to Stradella and rebathed.

Our next move was up the West Kyle off Bute Island. The wind being east and strong, a proper sailor would have done a long beat from Tarbert, but I think it important not to allow the crew to get fed up, so took the easy way and proceeded under engine to the entrance of the Kyle, where we hoisted our canvas and had a perfect sail in smooth waters past Tighnabruaich up to the narrows, and when we saw two yachts at anchor in calm water close inshore at Fearnoch Bay we also dropped a hook, made tea and also brought Coco for her walk ashore. It is very deep here and the boat seemed almost ashore before bottom at ten fathoms (60 feet) was found. Being snug and sheltered, I would have liked to stay the night, but if the wind had changed, with five times the depth of the chain out, Marcus would have been in danger of going on the rocks, so at 1830 hrs. we weighed anchor and with a strong wind, which was increasing, we had a marvellous sail past Colintraive to pick up a mooring at Port Bannatyne in Kames Bay, about six miles from Rothesay, about 2000 hrs.

It was very wet and windy next day so the family decided to go to Glasgow by the steamer from Rothesay to do some pre-school term shopping, from which they returned quite happy after an absence of eight hours.

The 19th August found us at 0700 hrs. all set for a course to Troon. It was a nice clear day, wind and tide favourable, so we passed between Great Cumbrae and Largs. About 1600 hrs., when approaching Troon, Jack grumbled that the industrial dockyard of Troon would compare very unfavourably with the peace and calm of Lamlash, so we put the boat about on the other tack and at 1930 hrs. again anchored in our former position in Lamlash. There were several yachts at anchor, amongst which I recognized Sea Bear and was able to thank her owner, Major Douglas-Dixon, who was also enjoying a family cruise, for the use of his mooring at Loch Gair.

The ship’s company, less Tooks and myself, next day walked to Brodick Bay and talked of climbing Goat Fell. I fiddled aboard and Tooks baked a cake. Perhaps it would be of interest here to mention some of our domestic arrangements. We have a really nice galley with a calor gas stove complete with oven. Water by tap is to hand, but we always wash up in sea water and keep a special kettle for heating it up. A drop of “Quix” in the sea water makes all the difference and helps considerably in getting grease off. There is a nice little pull-plug washing basin. All crockery is at hand and packed in fiddles so they do not rush madly around when the boat heaves. The whole of the galley is lined with Formica and a wipe with a damp cloth ensures it is left clean. Two golden rules to be observed here: (1) The gas is always turned off at the cylinder after every use (I have heard of many boats being blown to smithereens);
R. V. Franklin

and (2) whoever prepares the meal must not wash up. In fact, we take it in
turns daily to wash up and the name is logged, so there is no argument.

As time for Jack was getting short and the wind favourable, our plan next
day was to make back to Loch Ryan. We desired the ebb out of the Clyde
and then as much flood as possible, as this sets south at two to three knots and
is a big help. At 0700 hrs. in clear weather we had a quiet sail past Ailsa Craig,
which today was quite clear. Many steamers passed us entering and leaving
the Clyde; they always seem to leave the Craig on the seaward side. We passed
fishing drifters quite close and had a cheery word with their crews.

I had made up my mind, as I still had two good weeks' leave left, that I would
sail over to Ireland. On announcing my intention there was a great discussion
aboard as to whether Gin and Tooks would accompany me. Of Barn there was
never any doubt; as long as good sailing was available, there he would be. Tooks
was not keen to face the Irish Sea, and though Gin was most anxious to come,
er maternal instinct decided her to take her young daughter to the safety of
home. This decided, we held on our course and tied up to our moorings at
Cairnryan at 1900 hrs., having sailed thirty-six miles in twelve hours.

I was glad to see Jonath again aboard at 0700 hrs. on 21st August as Barn
and I felt lonely after the departure of the family. The wind and tide were most
unsuitable; so again, unlike true sailors, but wisely, we took a tow to well out
of the Loch and in fine weather and light breeze set our sails and set our course
for Belfast Lough. The wind fell very light, so we had to use our engine, and
the crossing of the Irish Sea turned out to be a very tame affair for us. By
1400 hrs. we had Blackhead abeam, and half an hour later we were off Whitehead.
A small calamity occurred about here, for on shutting off the engine when a
breeze came up, the cut-out went up in smoke. Jonath, ever resourceful, saved
the situation by disconnecting the battery lead. At 1630 hrs. we picked up a
mooring at East Bay at Bangor. Ashore we called at the Royal Ulster Yacht
Club, where we were most hospitably received and enjoyed not only an excellent
dinner but scalding hot baths.

On Sunday, 24th August, having returned from church, we discussed our
next move, and, the wind having gone south-west, it was unsuitable to proceed
to Dublin as we wished, particularly with a light crew, and the "funk holes"
between Belfast and Dublin, where a small vessel may run in safety if necessary,
are non-existent. The yacht anchorages in Belfast Lough are rather exposed
and it is unwise to leave them unattended. We thought perhaps at Larne we
might find a snug billet, so after lunch we sailed the few miles up there at a
gentle pace. We were lucky to pick up another yacht entering Larne Lough
and called across to them asking if they were locals. They were, and the skipper
gave me every assistance in finding an anchorage and a boatman to look after
Marcus and even an electrician to renew the burnt cut-out. This yacht,
Windhover, was owned by John Corrie and had just completed a cruise in Scottish
waters.

Jonath departed next day and I visited Bob Dick, an ancient and most
charmingly dour boatman who lives on Island Magee. He refused point blank
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to have any responsibility for Marcus whilst on her anchor, but suggested I should bring her into a small harbour near by his house where she would take the ground but would be safe from all winds and where he would undertake the responsibility of looking after her. This decided me, particularly as the bottom was soft mud, and on the evening tide in we went, tied up to the quayside, adjusted our warps and had a most comfortable night.

Having seen that Marcus was safe and in good hands and fixed with the electrician to do the jobs in our absence, Barn and I departed at 0745 hrs. next morning by bus for Whitehead and then by train for Belfast. We reached this city in plenty of time to catch the "Enterprise" at 1030 hrs. to Dublin. On arrival our immediate object was a steak at Jammet's, to which we did full justice. After which, with an air of proprietorship, I showed Barn round Trinity College, where I had already left our sea bag in the care of a cheerful and courteous porter.

We then took a bus to Sandy cove, where I was reared, and spent the next two days visiting relations and friends. The shopkeepers seem to go on for ever. I was greeted by a large smile of welcome from the owner of one grocery establishment which I used to visit pre-1914 war tagging on to my grandmother's skirts. As before, I was offered whole orange "on the house." One minor excursion I always make when in Dublin and from which I always get a tremendous kick is to visit my professional colleagues in their consulting rooms. No matter how busy they are they seem delighted to see you even just for a moment. Seymour Heatley, whom I last saw as O.C. Surgical Division of a hospital in Belgium, looked grand and was sporting a R.A.M.C. tie. Togo Graham found time to brush a patient aside and bring me to his private den for a cup of tea. To mention them all would be fatiguing, but certainly they all welcomed my calling.

I was lucky in having a young and beautiful cousin in Dublin who constituted herself my guide and driver and who would not permit us to bus or walk anywhere. I got a bit of a kick out of this for there was I, rather dirty, middle-aged, in old boat clothes being carted around by a ravishing young thing who didn't mind or care in the least. Amongst other places, she drove us out to see my old school, Clongowes Wood College, Kildare, where I had not been since 1917. Barn was, or said he was, suitably impressed.

Our visit had come to an end all too soon, so we once again boarded the "Enterprise" at Amiens Street Station; at least it was a relief train we went on as we had not booked, so we were late arriving in Belfast. This did not in any way deter Tommy and Kanky Davidson, who gave us the most enormous lunch in their lovely home. I used to have an uncle, a vet., in Belfast called Ewing Johnston, and I was very pleased when his daughter Emily called for us and brought us back to her house at Shaws Bridge for tea, and then speeded us on our way with the remains of the home-made cake and a tin of butter.

On arrival back on Marcus I found all well and that the electrician, Mr. A. Logan, had done a great job. Not only had he fitted a new cut-out but also a junction box, a blow fuse and a master switch, all at a reasonable price. As
my cousin Emily says, the Ulsterman is loyal to the Crown and the half-crown, but he certainly gives you value for money.

Saturday, 30th August, and the last day of our cruise. Up at 0600 hrs. at high water so as to catch the tide out of the little harbour, having taken my leave of Bob Dick the night before. Jonath, the ever reliable, hopped off the steamer and hopped on Marcus for the sail back to Loch Ryan, which we started at 1000 hrs. The wind was strong from the south-west and visibility very poor as we could only see about a mile ahead. Once again we had to trust to our navigation and the compass and both proved reliable, for after six hours of sailing, mostly in fog, we once again tied up to our own moorings at Cairnryan.

This is the end of my tale. It was the greatest fun and by taking reasonable precautions we ran no undue risks, and we were blessed by having no rain, nice breezes and calm seas throughout our cruise.

DOWN AMONG THE Z MEN

BY

Colonel M. H. P. SAYERS, O.B.E.

PREPARATIONS for the reception and training of field transfusion units in Wiltshire were begun in January, some five months before the first reservists were due to arrive. A hutted camp was made ready for them and steps taken to see that everything was done, within the limits of Army schedules, to ensure their comfort. Special attention was given to the details of the reception arrangements so that the Z men had the feeling at the outset that they were really welcome. A personal letter was written to every officer and man giving him an insight as to what he could expect and indicating the attractions of fourteen days' soldiering on Salisbury Plain.

The response on the part of the reservists to this human approach was apparent on their arrival, when it was evident that all, from ballet dancer to bricklayer, were resolved to make the best of the occasion and co-operate to the full in making the training a success. Reception was a cheery affair and nearly everyone appeared in good spirits. As truck-loads of reservists arrived from the station and were shown to their quarters, the camp came to life and the men were given a hot meal before being fitted out at the Quartermaster's Stores.

They emerged in all their glory to repair to the canteen to renew old friendships and discuss, over pipe and ale, days and campaigns already beginning to fade. It was a heartening sight to see older men in uniform again, with breasts bearing battle honours which they were proud to have a chance to wear once more. For the camp staff, the long months of preparation were over and, as the day wore on and things worked out smoothly, there was a sensation of relief.