Following the signing of the agreement by which British and American troops evacuated Triesto --- here is a contingent of British soldiers leaving for home. As always --- Temmy has remained calm and aloof while the political flames were singing his pants; he can only get flustered by a flaming kit-bag. Embarking on H.M.S. Centaur --- he's glad to exchange all the blue skies of the Adriatic for any one of the white cliffs of Dover.