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## THE ROCK.

For well over two hundred years Britain's mighty fortress at the entrance to the Western Mediterranean has been one long story of continual refortification. Today, Gibraltar is still echoing to hundreds of pneumatic drills, as its miles of galleries and caverns are extended and enlarged, and its thousands of gun-emplacements added to. Day in and day out the living rock is hewn and blasted away for yet more guns.

Shoulder to shoulder work the men who man the guns, and the men who honeycomb the mountain for new emplacements.

In the colossal subterranean stronghold all the time it's the same ceaseless hive of activity - "The drill and dynamite lead and the guns follow". While the guns hold the enemy at bay, the massive rock is blasted away.

Several desperate efforts have been made in past centuries to take the Rock from Britain. At one time it withstood a siege for four years. But Gibraltar will stay British. Field Marshal Lord Gort, Governor and Commander-in-Chief will see to that.

This is not work that has just been put in hand, it has been going on for centuries, growing from strength to strength, until today it will ably withstand any attempt the Nazis may make. There are sufficient supplies at Gibraltar to meet a long siege without re-victualling.

At the Spanish Frontier, General Franco's sentries and British soldiers face each other through the iron gateway. The design of the Spanish steel helmet seems familiar.

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A few Spaniards are allowed through each day for shopping, and an ancient Gharry dating bac, to the flood, is permitted to pass, provided it can get back in one piece. Catalan Bay is quite a holiday resort for the lads off duty.

More than once in our history envious eyes have been turned on Gibraltar.

And now an Austrian paper-hanger wants to bash his head against the Rock.