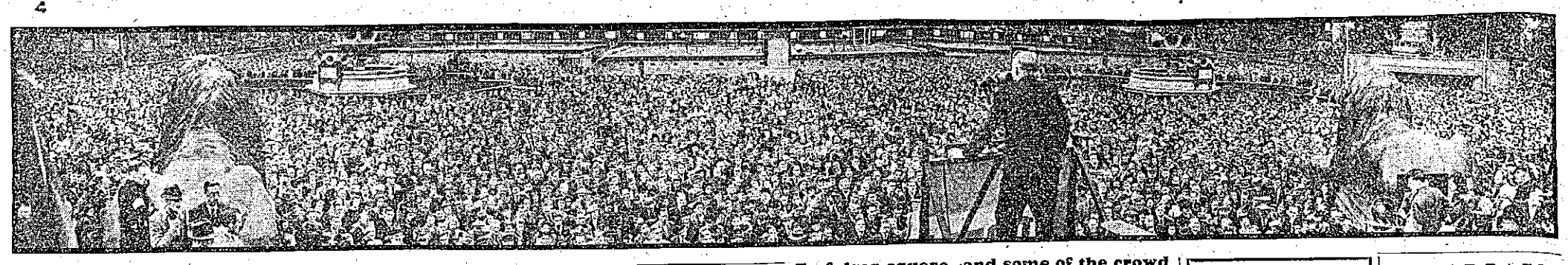


TRENCH WAR COMES TO DESERT

British raid gunpits

From ALARIC JACOB

With the Australians north of the Hill of Jesus, Sunday.

ALTHOUGH in general we are "behaving offensively" on the Alamein front, there are sectors where, the enemy having drawn back, trench warfare reminiscent of the last war—though considerably modified—is developing.

Along the seashore in this sector, most westerly of the whole front, the enemy is in some places only 600 yards away from our men.

In other areas nearby the Germans withdrew as much as 3,000 yards beyond the furthermost point reached by our advance before stopping and digging in.

Everywhere along the northern front the Germans are at work with pick and shovel, making holes for themselves in the sharp sandstone and gritty crags of the Hill of Jesus region (the Arabic for it is Tel El Eisa).

But each night, when the German working parties can be heard scratching away at the surface, our patrols go out and raid them for prisoners, and to locate any gun pits they may be trying to construct.

Only at night

Often our raiders penetrate as deep as 2,000 yards.

It is not easy for the enemy because in this sector you can move about only at night.

When I asked permission from an Australian major here to go up to Tel El Eisa (inevitably the place now has become known in rhyming slang, common to the digger and cockney alike, as "Tell Eliza"), I was told it was impossible.

The old last-war trick of sticking a hat upon a stick above the parapet, and letting the enemy shoot at it, is being tried at the Hill of Jesus now.

But the trenches are very different. There is no continuous line, merely a series of holes, each holding one man. These are essential in anti-tank fighting.

A tank straddling a normal trench will squeeze in the sides and crush the men within, whereas with small trenches only just big enough to hold a man, the track will pass right over him, then when the less armoured rear part moves on, the hidden infantryman can hurl a bomb at the tank with a good chance of knocking it out.

By this and other methods a substantial number of enemy tanks were knocked out in this sector in four days. I saw them lying burned out there.

This morning I stood beside an artillery observation post while the artillery officer was working out, by a special method of his own devising, the means of sighting rapidly on enemy tanks or transports stopped briefly for refuelling.

Not satisfied

This is their most vulnerable moment, but the old artillery methods of ranging are sometimes too slow, and the tanks are fuelled up and off again before the first salvoes crash down on the spot where they were.

As far as I could see the officer's method seemed to be working out, but he was not satisfied. I could see some of his "air bursts" exploding high up, followed by other salvoes aground.

"Not fast enough," the officer complained. "We must improve on that and make certain of catching them with their pants down."

Jap's wife refuses to go to Japan

Express Staff Reporter
FRANK ROSTRON

LOURENCO MARQUES, Sunday.—Forty-seven-year-old Mrs. Elizabeth Abiko made history in this Portuguese East African port today. She was the only person among 3,000 in the exchange ships to refuse to carry out the terms of the diplomatic transfer.

Elizabeth is the wife of Kyuma Abiko, who was the Japanese executive diplomatic secretary to America, but she is also an American by birth.

For months she has travelled with a boatload of Japanese from New York. And Elizabeth positively dislikes the idea of going to Japan and living there.

In fact, she is determined NOT to go to Japan. She DEMANDS to be taken back to America.

That was why she locked herself in her cabin with her baggage, and why, despite all bangings she refused to open the door.

HUSBAND ASHORE

When this happened her 48-year-old husband was already ashore, because the exchange was due at the quayside.

The American consul, Mr. R. S. Preston, told me:—

"Technically Mrs. Abiko takes the nationality of her husband, but as she is an American we can scarcely prevent her remaining here.

"She has asked to be sent back by the Gripsholm to New York tomorrow, but it is a knotty problem."

Captain Erikson Nuggety, commander of the Gripsholm, said to me: "Except for two appearances Mrs. Abiko stayed in the cabin practically throughout the voyage, saying she felt too ashamed to mingle with the Japanese."

Belgian P.M. visits

LEOPOLDVILLE (Belgian Congo), Sunday.—M. Hubert Pierlot, Belgian Prime Minister, arrived here today.—A.P.

Ex-BBC chief is censured

Gladstone Murray

OTTAWA, Sunday.—Mr. Gladstone Murray, formerly of the B.B.C. and for six years general manager of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, is censured in a Parliamentary Committee report published this week-end.

The report, more than 1,000 pages, deals with the financial affairs of the corporation, and with Mr. Murray's expense accounts. The committee finds that the expenses were unreasonably high.

The committee notes "slack and unbusinesslike" methods in accounting for such expenditures. The board of governors and the treasurer of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation are censured.

The committee commends Mr Murray's great services to Canadian broadcasting, and suggests that he should be used "in another capacity."—Reuter.

Major (Bill) Gladstone Murray was assistant controller of programmes and director of Public Relations at the B.B.C. from its Savoy-hill days till 1936.

Navy keeps up Channel blows

Flak ships caught

Keeping up the attacks on Hitler's doorstep off the French coast, our light coastal forces engaged two German flak trawlers early yesterday morning.

One trawler was left sinking, the other was severely damaged. Our light craft (commanded by Lieut. R. G. L. Pennell, R.N.), returned safely to harbour with only two minor casualties and slight superficial damage.

This is the third Channel sea fight in just over two weeks. In previous encounters one of our light craft rammed a German motor mine-sweeper. Two enemy sweepers were sunk and three damaged.

Trafalgar-square—and some of the crowd

40,000 SHOUT FOR SECOND FRONT

London meeting holds up buses

By TREVOR EVANS

BUSES sweeping up from Whitehall last night had to stop as they approached Trafalgar-square and then, piloted by mounted police, crawl through a vast crowd.

At least 40,000 Londoners had turned up to demand a Second Front immediately.

There was no doubt about the mood of the meeting.

The speakers, who looked like midgets from the fringes of the crowd—though their voices were carried by loud-speakers into neighbouring streets — obviously realised this.

They accepted the desire of the multitude and concentrated on emphasising the sacrifices that a Second Front would mean.

Dr. Haden Guest, M.P., warned that a Second Front meant bringing the war right back to our own doors—to London.

"Are you prepared to accept that sacrifice?" he called. "Yes," they shouted back from all parts of the square. And many were the voices of women.

TELEGRAMS

Dr. Guest explained that it was for the Government's military advisers to plan the campaign, but it was for this meeting to let the Government know that London was ready.

They are ready in other parts of the country, too.

Bill Rust, waiting to resume his editorship of the Daily Worker, who presided, waved bundles of telegrams and messages from war workers.

They came from the Home Counties, the Midlands, the North Country and the West.

And they all said: "We are ready to work harder than we have ever done." One added, "And we would like to let Mr. Churchill know this."

There was a warm welcome for Private Oleinik, a Ukrainian in the Canadian Army, who has seven brothers now in the Red Army and who fought himself in the International Brigade in Spain.

He spoke movingly of the Ukraine, "my beautiful home."

"We have got to relieve the Red Army now," he pleaded.

Will Lawther, president of the Mineworkers' Federation, was speaking for 700,000 men who work below ground.

"Miners know in their own calling," he said, "what death and suffering mean. But they are determined to do their utmost to supply the wherewithal to provide the material that is vital for the absolute success of the Second Front."

Our engineers feel the same way, said a message from Jack Tanner, the president of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, which also has 700,000 members.

Another trade union leader, Mr. J. Potts, of the National Union of Railwaymen, recently returned from the Soviet Union, told of the heroism he had seen in Russia. "We must go to their aid," he called.

THE PLEDGE

When a resolution urging the Second Front immediately was put to the meeting, there was no doubt about the response—a shout which must have reached the farthermost part of Whitehall.

The resolution said: "We solemnly pledge ourselves to work might and main for the immediate opening of the Second Front in Europe;

"To accept with a stern spirit all the sacrifices that this mighty task will demand;

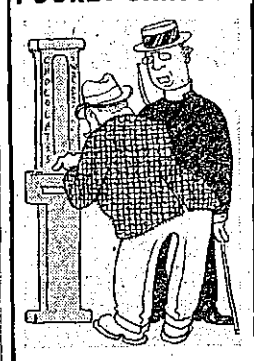
"To redouble our efforts to produce the weapons of victory;

"Not to rest until the final triumph of our righteous cause."

There can be no doubt about what the Trades Union Congress, representing nearly 6,000,000 workers, will say when they meet in annual conference six weeks hence.

Enough responsible leaders, particularly of the craft unions, have now spoken to make that issue certain.

POCKET CARTOON



"If, Colonel, you should be so fortunate as to find anything, do not forget that you are under a moral obligation to put a coupon in the slot."

Stalingrad battle

FROM PAGE ONE

which has now been thrown into the Voronezh struggle.

The Russians feel strongly that the divisions should be moving towards France not away from it.

Today Russia has two new generals. Neither is a soldier but both are famous. One is an engineer, Major-General of Aviation Andre Grigorevich Kostikov, a saturnine young inventor of Russia's much-whispered-about secret weapon which the Red Army calls Katusha.

Nobody knows what it is.

I have spoken to one wounded soldier who saw Katusha used on the Rzhev front recently. He said that on the previous day they had tried to take the village without any success but when at dawn on the second day Katusha appeared they went in and the Germans went out in half an hour.

The other major-general is Pyotr Alexevitch Deglarenov, who has invented some of the Red Army's best automatic rifles and machine guns and light artillery. At the outbreak of war he was a factory worker.

GERMANS BROKEN AT VORONEZH

Supplement to the Moscow midnight communiqué said: At Voronezh, our troops continued offensive operations. Enemy attempts to regain by counter-attacks the important positions lost ended in failure.

The Germans are suffering great losses. Incomplete data indicate that more than four regiments of enemy infantry and motorised infantry have been wiped out in three weeks.

There is fierce fighting in the suburbs of Rostov. In one day a small group of our infantry destroyed nine German tanks and wiped out hundreds of men with anti-tank rifle fire, grenades and fuel bottles. The enemy threw large tank forces in and advanced at the cost of enormous losses.

Near Tsimlyansk our troops continue to fight stubborn defensive battles, repelling numerous German attempts to cross the Don.

One artillery unit destroyed six German tanks and 20 lorries laden with troops, and sank nine rafts carrying troops and equipment. One unit frustrated the German attempts to consolidate positions on the southern bank and wiped out more than 300 Hitlerites.

700 PRISONERS

The Soviet midday communiqué said: In fighting for two strong points at Voronezh the Germans lost 700 prisoners. In another sector the Germans threw into the attack a fresh regiment which had just arrived from far in the rear. They were met by strong machine-gun and trench-mortar fire, suffered heavy losses and were compelled to take cover.

Then our tanks and artillery attacked. The Germans lost more than 1,200 officers and men killed.

The German communiqué claimed: South and east of Rossoch the crossing over the Don was forced in hard battles. Enemy attempts to build up an orderly defensive front on the southern bank of the Don have failed.

In the great Don elbow, German and Rumanian troops are engaged in fighting enemy infantry and tank forces, and have reached the Don with their forward units.

Charge under the desert moon

FROM PAGE ONE

Bayonets and steel helmets glinted oddly as the men bobbed up and down. The extra 50 rounds of ammunition strung round my neck grew heavier.

The ground was flat, perfect for machine-gun fire, I thought. Another of these bloody shows, I said to myself, and for a second thought of my mother, and hoped she was praying for me. I think she must have been.

We walked like that for about 25 minutes, then the first tracers began to cut across the sky towards us.

The Germans were opening up with Spandaus (machine guns). They came in great arcs, landing first at the front of our line, then in the midst of us, then whistling past. Near me the bullets sounded like angry bees, though much faster. There were four or five guns cross-firing at us.

We still kept walking.

Once or twice I ducked for nothing. The man in front of me suddenly halted, curled up round his gun and fell silently, shot through the heart I suppose.

Maori war cry

Then we broke into a gallop, and suddenly we were all shouting and yelling. On my right I could hear the Maori war cry, Aki, Aki, Aki (Kill, Kill, Kill). It mixed with our own wild cries.

We seemed to be shouting anything, but mostly abuse of the Hun. Remember many of my mates lost friends in Greece and Crete. It was unearthly. You can imagine the effect on the Hun.

The forward men were getting near the machine guns now—50 yards, 40 yards, 30. They had forgotten all about extended order.

The charge became a wild rush. Wherever there was fire from a Spandau you could see a mass of men charging at it. Some were firing rifles from the hip as they ran.

Jerry's guns began to jerk up as the gunners took fright. Their bullets went high over our heads, instead of sweeping low.

But the forward gunners could not surrender. They had to die at their guns.

By the time I reached the first dead I had slowed up to a walk. My leg was a bit gammy. I saw a shallow slit trench just like ours. Bodies were heaped round it.

Star shells filled the sky, but there were more Spandaus ahead and the front line was plunging at them. I followed.

Now the plateau ended. We went over the low ridge and down into the soft sandy bed of the little wadi.

Panzer H.Q.

This was point 195, and, although we did not know it at the time, the headquarters of the 21st Panzer Division.

There was a row of trucks neatly spaced out. Four or five were ablaze, and there was firing and shouting around the others.

One big truck was blazing out of the line. It must have been hit while trying to escape.

Tommy-gun fire was coming from all the trucks. I could see our men closing in on them, firing rifles or tommy guns, and more fires starting.

I moved over to the left to avoid being silhouetted against the glare—I was caught like that once before.

I ran towards the truck and found another New Zealander by my side. We were about 20 yards from it when a burst from the tommy gun sprayed us.

My mate dropped. I slowed, took careful aim from the shoulder, and fired the whole magazine where the tommy guns had flashed. That silenced them.

In the truck I felt two bodies, warm but still.

Blood dripped on to my clothes. The firing was still going on round me. I circled the truck and saw that it was one of ours, captured somewhere, and stuck a bayonet into the petrol tank.

I did this to two other trucks behind, and then threw lighted matches into the petrol. They blazed beautifully.

Afterwards I heard that one of our officers set fire to half a dozen trucks by throwing hand grenades into them.

Ahead of me now the men were running forward. The gap was made, their job was done.

The only firing came from a hill 1,000 yards away, where a Spandau, untouched by our chaps, was firing on us.

Around me little black heaps were on the sand, our casualties and the Germans. Means came from some of the trucks where the Hun had tried to shelter and our guns and bayonets had found him.

The whole wadi was lit up by the flames of blazing trucks.

Then I heard the sound of dozens of trucks crossing the desert. It grew every moment. This was our transport making its way out through the gap.

I was told afterwards they came out four abreast, with Bren carriers on the flanks to ward off German armoured cars.

At the moment all I could hear was this growing roar of racing engines and wheels crunching sand and stone, and, crack, two more Jerry machine-guns firing at them.

I went forward again to the rendezvous. My mates were picking up our wounded. I helped to carry one man 200 yards, but mortar shells were beginning to burst among us and we could not go further with him.

Wildly excited

We set him down on the sand and promised to send an R.A.F. truck for him. He was brought in later with all our wounded.

Then I joined my mates. Everyone was wildly excited, talking at the top of his voice.

There was a great feeling of exhilaration that we had come through. I caught it too. I could feel the blood coursing through my veins.

I yelled "Headquarters, Headquarters," as loud as I could, and soon found most of my company. We hadn't lost many, thank God.

The fellows were shaking hands all round. They were all saying things like this: "Good old Tom; did you come through? Good show, good show."

One man, a champion runner, said, "I could have run for miles," which made us all laugh.

Hyland Brume has neck win at Salisbury

FIRST 1942 clash of leading "provincial" sprinters with the best at headquarters in the Nunthorpe Stakes (5fur.) on August 26 should be one of the most attractive of Newmarket's "open-to-all" races (writes THE SCOUT).

Portobello and Mickey the Greek will have to find old form and Gloria Mundi not break another blood-vessel, but other "locals" in Umballa and Mah Iran will stretch the visitors.

Epsom-trained Linklater will be eligible for a previous Newmarket outing, and gallant Honest Penny is another who will welcome a chance from Salisbury.

That stiff course again suited better-staying Hyland Brume (13—8) on Saturday. Gordon got him up near the rails to catch Honest Penny by a neck, practically on the post.

Honest Penny had to race on the outside where she was drawn. Comatas (soon beaten) was also far better in a snap start than strong-hulsing Mehrah, while Knight's Armour was half turned round, and left Note Mehrah for Windsor again.

Incidentally, Leger outsider Sun King (1—2), compensated the Duchess of Norfolk for Honest Penny's defeat.

North's best

The Pale and Royal Phœnix are the north's best for the Nunthorpe. Royal Phœnix found the weight too much when unplaced to Blue Road (100—8) at Stockton, where P. Beasley had the last three winners.

He was on Blue Road because Nevett had a great mishap.

Liquidamber (1—10) and First Edition (4—1) were ready Saturday winners, and Nicolette I. (4—7) who scored despite a violent swerve near home, is worth support again.

Blunkers Hermion found conditions unsuitable, and did not have a good run in Muzloom's race (8—1) but I fear he dislikes racing.

Donoghue had a well-fancied double in British Colombo (4—1) and Stamek (4—1 fav.). Steve will don the old colours and ride 18-year-old Brown Jack into the ring at Leicester symkhana on August 4 to help Red Cross funds.

Staker's walk double

E. A. Staker, 2 miles walking champion of Middlesex scored his seventh successive win in the Highgate Harriers 2-mile championship (14mins. 45secs.) at Parliament Hill Fields on Saturday.

He then crossed London to Epsom and as a member of the Civil Defence team won another 2mile walk in 14mins. 43 4secs.

Last Minute News

'Break with Axis' call in Argentine

Buenos Aires—Radical deputies have asked Argentine Congress to break with the Axis, and at—

Valparaiso—President Rios said that Chili might change her foreign policy [she has diplomatic relations with Axis] "if the interests of the American continent require it."—A.P.

Sydney—Mr. Dedman, War Organisation Minister, has banned manufacture of waistcoats, double-breasted suits, trouser turn-ups, sleeve buttons evening dresses and certain types of underwear.—Express News Service.

Peshawar.—Men who once made guns for tribal use against the British are now making rifles for British police in the North-West Province.—Reuter.

Wellington.—New Zealand Government has decided to build a factory to produce dehydrated meat for Britain. Order is 100 tons a month.—A.P.

Ottawa.—Appointment of a Canadian Minister to Russia is expected soon.—Reuter.

'Fight Quisling' call to clergy

STOCKHOLM, Sunday. — Anti-quisling Norwegian church leaders today issued a manifesto to the clergy urging them to continue opposition to the Quisling régime and disregard any dismissals issued in his name.

The manifesto said: "We have won a definite victory and our front is unbroken."—A.P.

Their playground

STOCKHOLM, Sunday. — Three thousand German children have arrived in Denmark for recreation.

Stukas are shot up

CAIRO, Sunday.—An uneasy lull, broken by the intermittent thunder of guns and isolated bursts of machine-gun fire, continues in the Western Desert.

Messages from the front stress that the fighting may flare up again at any time.

Patrol activities and artillery exchanges were mentioned in today's Cairo communiqué.

The targets engaged by the British gunners were mainly gun positions and vehicles.

The British are still consolidating their recently won positions, and the Germans are digging in wherever they can, using disabled tanks, half-buried in the sand, as strong points.

This digging in does not necessarily mean that Rommel is resigned to holding his present line until he can receive substantial reinforcements. Some kind of prepared positions are essential in the desert as a protection against air attack.

SHOTS AT MINES

Enemy mine-laying parties are busy. The Allies are doing their utmost to impede this work by shell fire.

Air activity was on a reduced scale yesterday, but our light bombers kept up attacks on motor transport, and Stukas on the ground were machine-gunned and destroyed.

Off the Egyptian coast naval aircraft shot two Italian Savoia 79s into the sea.

During last night Allied heavy bombers raided Tobruk and the battle area.

A German reconnaissance bomber was shot down by our fighters in the Alexandria area and another was damaged.—Reuter.

Berlin's communiqué made no reference to Egypt. Rome claimed that "enemy columns and units were effectively shelled and Axis air formations vigorously opposed the British Air Force, destroying three planes."

WEEK-END SPORT RESULTS

ATHLETICS.—Epsom: Army and Combined Services side beat at 30 pts. Eight events; each. R.A.F. 57 pts. Winners: 120 hurdles R. Matthews (R.A.F.) 15.6s. 440yds. (1st Heat) C. Holmes (Army) 10.2s. (2nd Heat) J. Wallace (Army) 10.4s. Weight H. Meadows (Hospitals) 44ft. 2in. 440yds. J. Learoyd (R.N.) 49s. 880yds. H. Fox (R.D.) 1min. 58.4. Long jump J. Morrison (R.A.F.) 22ft. 11in. High jump S. Wise (R.A.F.) 6ft. Javelin M. Dalrymple (C.D.) 170ft. 11½. 2 miles team: R.A.F. (L. Herbert 9min. 31.2) Mile: S. Wooderson (Army) 4min. 16.4. Discus: A. Fielding (Army) 132ft. 8½. 220yds. (1st Heat) C. B. Holmes (Army) 22.6s. (2nd Heat) W. Jackson (Army) 22.8s. 2 miles team: Army (R.N. & C.D.) (E. Shaker 9min. 43.4). Mile: Army. Army beat Navy at 440yds. hurdles, 1 Cleaning 54.4s.

BOWLS.—Paddington: London Parks Championships: Singles final: G. Lichfield (London) beat Mrs. Wilson (Metro. Parks) 21—14. Pairs final: Lidwell (H. Walker, J. Scott) beat Metropolitan (H. T. Field, W. J. Wright) 28—18. Jackson Shield: Metro. Parks 58, Excel 1. Sir H. Button Handicap: Cup: fourth round: Dunstable (J. Tomlin) 29, Dunstable (F. Price) 16. Middlesex Finals: Triples: Mrs. Police by Weldstone; Double: King Bishops Park (defeated) by Sebastopol.

BOXING.—London Casino: Ten rounds: Arthur Danaher outpoints Jim Wellard; Johnnie Ward (Hammersmith) bt. Jimmy Watson.

CRICKET.—Clifton v. Tonbridge: Liverpool, stopped by referee in sixth round: Harry Groves (Bootle) bt. Jack Campbell (Scots Guards).

Liverpool, Ten rounds: Gus Foran (Bootle) outpoints Willie Smith (Margate).

People's Palace.—Repton and Oxford House bt. Amerfoots Army: Ken Reynolds (L.A.C.) Shead bt. Jean Donato, Gnr. Herbert bt. Sgt. Wohlgert, Fireman Brown bt. Murray Carlton Star Shaker bt. Jean Dyer. The Mascot bt. J. Klementie. Micky Calnan (10 st.) bt. Cpl. Lind.

CRICKET.—Clifton: G.A.S.C. (Eastern Command) 135 by 14. Nottingham: Notts (113 b) Northern Command (17 for 1 wkt.). Guildford: Guildford 212 (Lt. Cdr. Lord Lonsdale 51) Combined Counties 219 for 6 (w 4 Notts Lord's: Oxford (4 innings) lost to Beaumont (2 innings and 1). Wembley: St George's Coll 100 (Sgt. Surrey Cols 161 for 5 (w 3 Sgts).

Coventry: Empire XI 232 (Cpl. Forbes 74) Sea and 137 for 5 dec (Cpl. Avery 62). Coventry and Dist. 203 and 86 for 7. Epsom: London Counties 205 for 3 dec (Sgt. Edgar 62) (P. F. Judge 3 for 22) and 78 for 3. Longsight (Manchester): Lancashire 162 (Sgt. Cpl. C. Washbrook 101) and 8 wkts. (Pt. Wolf 6 for 33). Rest of England 165 for 3. Rest won by 7 wkts.

TODAY'S CRICKET.—Clifton v. Tonbridge. Lord's (two days, 11.30).

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"Good morning, Mr. Hawkins. Letter for you this morning. Looks like the young Master's writing. Am I right?"

"You ought to know, Mr. Merryweather, since you've seen that writing for over twenty years."

"I thought as much. And how is the young Master—or should I say the Captain?"

"You should say the Major, as it happens. I am happy to say that they've given Mr. Gerald his crown."

"Well, isn't that fine. You can't keep a good man down, I always say. Not intruding into any military secrets, but is the Major still in a country where there's camels and sphinxes? And pyramids and such?"

"Meaning Egypt?"

"You said it, not me. Well, is he?"

"As it happens, the Major does not disclose his precise whereabouts. All he says is that it's confoundedly hot. He says that he can still get Rose's Lime Juice, and hopes that we are equally lucky."

"And can you get this here Rose's, then?"

"Very occasionally. But there are just a few bottles in the cellar. One of these days the Major will be home on leave, I trust, and it wouldn't do to disappoint him. But that, Mr. Merryweather, is strictly between ourselves."

"I'll keep it under my hat. So long, Mr. Hawkins. See you at Home Guard."

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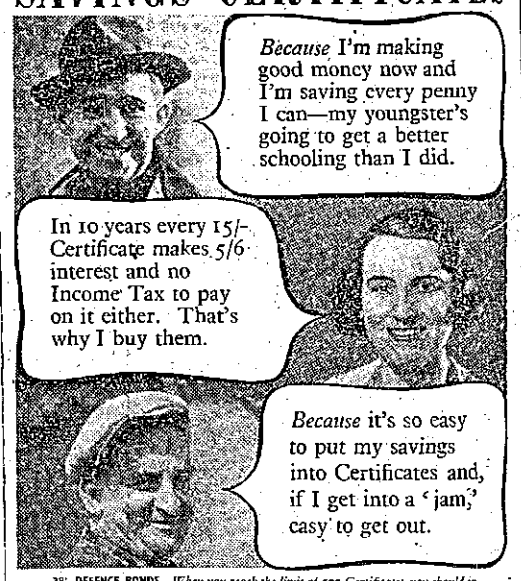

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THIS celebrated Foster Clark product is still available, but in reduced quantities which are being distributed fairly amongst our usual stockists. Famous for 50 years as a grand drink, it is also ideal for flavouring puddings, cakes, sauces, etc.

With bristles (from 1/- plus tax) or with nylon instead of bristles (from 1/6 plus tax). Six different coloured handles.

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