

Whatever the Socialists or lesser newspapers may say to decry and degrade British achievements, it can be said with pride and confidence that in Great Britain we have an excellent counter-espionage service in the M.I.5, the Special Branch of Scotland Yard and the Intelligence Division of the three Armed Forces.

As well as having our counter-espionage services we have our own espionage division, which is obviously less well known. The M.I.6, founded by Captain Cummings of the Royal Navy, is our chief Espionage Service. The Russians have the K.G.B. and the M.W.D., the Americans the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. and the French the Deuxieme Bureau.

To conclude this short study of espionage and subversion, we must pay tribute to the men who brave the hazards of spying and its detection; the clumsy but efficient Russian, the subtle Chinaman, the garlic-eating Frenchman, the hamfisted American and the dedicated, ruthless Briton. Nearly everyone is enthralled by the exotic and breathtaking adventures of Ian Fleming's "James Bond." One should realise, though, that his exploits are not a true reflection on the life of an everyday spy or counter-espionage agent. They live dangerous lives, receiving no visible credit for their successes or failures, but are dedicated enough to risk their lives for the country of their birth or adoption.

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N.B. The authors wish to say that to the best of their knowledge the information in this article is true, the names of the spies are correct, as well as the initials of the various organisations. Also that they themselves do not belong to any espionage service, as a large phalanx of readers might believe.

*Remember to keep a calm mind in difficulties.



Happy 400th, Will

Every year the crowds roll in
To see the sights and hear the din
To see your "famous" home,
They visit where you lived with Anne,
The park where from the keeper ran
When you were not a full-grown man.
Oh how far did you roam?

Oh, wretched bard, both day and night,
You leave poor schoolboys in such plight
With your so-boring plays;
Learning bits from here and there
Of speeches long, not any fair,
And yet we dare not turn a hair:
The teachers have their ways.

Your town is by the river wide,
But mostly on the northern side
That town that harboured you.
I hungered there, but soon espied
A café where I could abide
To eat a meal of eggs fresh fried,
And, dare I say it, Bacon too.

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