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"TOUGH GUYS" OF THE SKIES... OUR PARATROOPS ARE READY FOR ANYTHING.

The building of Britain's Paratroop Brigades is a story ~~is~~ to stir the imagination of every one of us. Picked men from almost every branch of the Army - yet everyone a volunteer, eager to set about his daring and dangerous work.

The parachute on silver wings is a badge of Britain's fourth fighting service. These splendid specimens of manhood operate under the joint command of the R.A.F. and the army. No longer do we think of these men in small numbers. Now, we have to count them with the aid of a ready reckoner. A notable change has taken place since we saw the first pictures of British sky troops. The type of rubber helmet is different from that previously worn, and infantry anklets replace the special high boots. A considerable number of paratroops go aboard the waiting Whitleys to fly north to their objective - Stratford Clump. And the R.A.F. men who will take them there, are well trained in the methods of releasing their cargoes of human dynamite. First rate piloting and judgment will guide the troop-carriers (which include Wellingtons and Ansons as well) to the precise spot where the men are to be dropped. Out of the South come the heavy-laden planes; Sharp eyes pick up land marks as, over the forest land below, a small army of daredevils get ready to jump. Objective reached. There it is below, a broad stretch of water, and beside it Stratford Clump. With arms pressed to their sides and legs together, they drop through the traps into space. Automatic releases soon have the Parachutes filling with

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air, as from a low altitude , the invasion begins. Split-second intervals separate each drop. Training white blobs interspersed with an occasional ~~mk~~ coloured one. These are the equipment chutes carrying containers packed with other weapons and ammunition. Rapidly the sky fills with the white puffs which seem to blossom from the little black dots that leave the planes. Hurling bodies which become pendant upon a chain of floating parachutes. With knees bent to take the shock and hands holding the shroud lines, each man makes his landing, hitting the earth with an impact equivalent to a jump from a 10 foot wall. In slow motion you can see how he assumes his proper attitude and takes landing shock without injury. First thing now is to get rid of his harness, and then, his aerial adventure over, immediately sets about the job in hand. Swift and daring are his movements. Quick decisions have to be made, and when he carries them out there are no half measures.

Most important of all is to operate in numbers. A body of Britishers with the endurance of explorers, the strength of athletes and the cunning of big game hunters can do the almost impossible. They swoop down on their prey and its all over without the shouting. Yes, they're tough - mighty tough - and the best!