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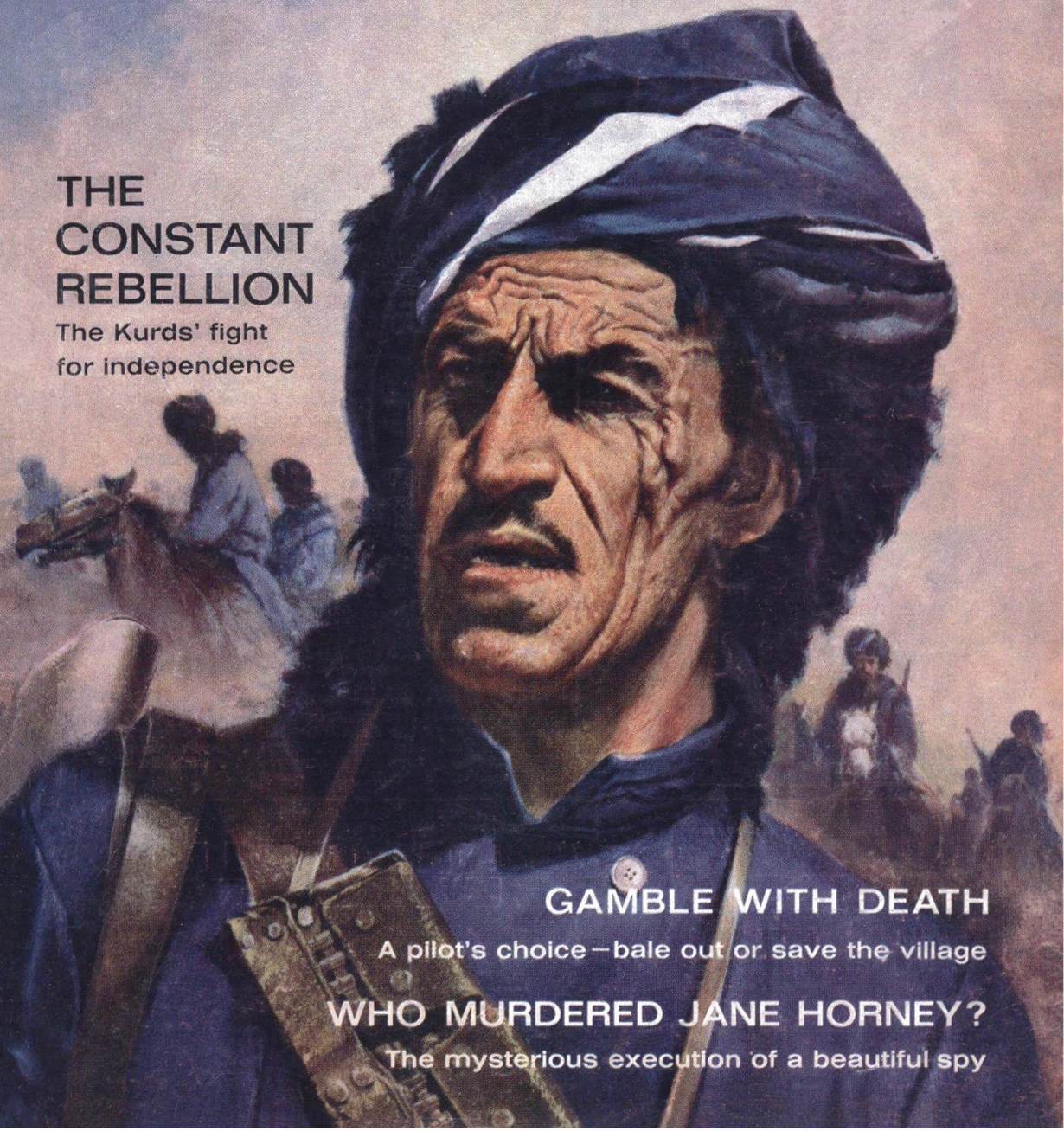

THE CONSTANT REBELLION

The Kurds' fight for independence

GAMBLE WITH DEATH

A pilot's choice—bale out or save the village

WHO MURDERED JANE HORNEY?

The mysterious execution of a beautiful spy

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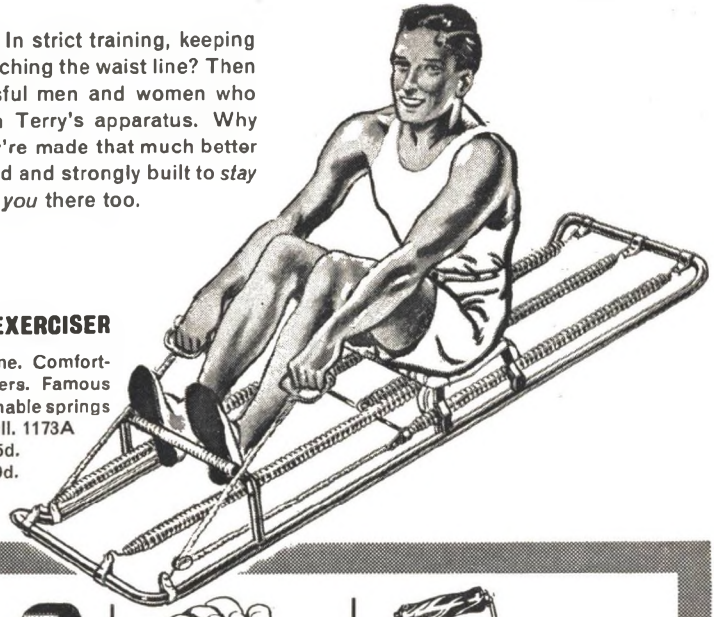

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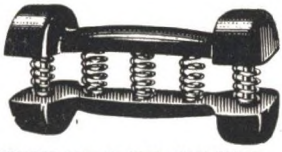

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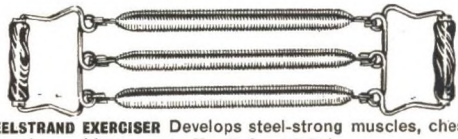

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THIS MONTH'S COVER

The Kurds have been scheming to establish an independent Kurdistan for years, but so far all attempts have failed. One of their problems is that they spill over the borders of several countries, and to acquire for themselves control of the land on which they live involves persuading or forcing more than one government to see things their way. Yet for all their skilful political manoeuvering, their way of life remains as it has been for generations, like something out of Lawrence of Arabia. It was this colourful side of the Kurds' story that cover artist Neville Dear chose to illustrate. In the fierce warrior and the galloping horses kicking up the dusty earth he has captured the spirit of these people and their land.

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WIDE WORLD

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contents . . .

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MY WORLD AT LARGE

BY THE EDITOR

Part of the Panama scene, riot policeman with tear-gas mask

☐ **Club for presidents of Panama** ☐ **A James Bond affair**

☐ **Eskimo revival** ☐ **The animal that stabbed a hunter**

THE politics of Panama have always been puzzling. Presidents succeed each other with amazing rapidity and most often with little or no bloodshed. They seem moreover to bear little animosity towards each other. It is almost as though there is a "presidents' club" open to an exclusive few.

In "Circus Of Presidents" (page 334) the position is made clear. Apparently a handful of families in Panama consider the country's highest office their private preserve and while scheming to attain it maintain a gentlemanly attitude towards each other.

This explains why Dr. Roberto Arias and his wife, ballerina Margot Fonteyn were arrested for an alleged "invasion" of the country and later released.

The Arias family are powerful in Panama politics and members of the "presidents' club".

"Circus of Presidents" is the third and final article in a series "The Violent Republics" in which we set out to summarize the latin-American approach to political organization. In the harsh personal dictatorship of Duvalier's Haiti, the bloody, army-ridden government of Colombia, and the merry-go-round administration of Panama I think we have succeeded.

We do not often publish mystery stories, and then only when there is a strong element of adventure in them. But "Who Murdered Jane Horney?" (page 308) was hard to resist. In Sweden where the action mostly takes place, her name is almost as well known as Mata Hari's. Scarcely a year goes by without a report in a Swedish newspaper that somebody has seen her, or has some new evidence about her disappearance.

The Swedes are quite sensitive about the subject of Miss Horney. When our contributor Philip Forest was in Stockholm on an assignment for WIDE WORLD he virtually stumbled on the story. But when he visited the usually genial and co-operative Swedish police authorities to ask for information, faces froze and feet were shuffled at the mention of her name. "The matter is still under investigation" was all that they would say.

Diplomatic sources in Sweden and London both refused to confirm or deny any of the now accepted facts about her activities and eventual disappearance, refusing to budge from the standard reply on embarrassing topics—"no comment".

There's a distinct touch of James Bond about the whole affair.

Africa is a land of strange stories, but few can be stranger than this one reported by our old friend R. de la Bere Barker of Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika, about the Masai hunter who was speared by a buffalo!

"The story is," says Mr.

Barker, " that when two Masai out hunting were charged by a buffalo in the Ngorongo crater area, one of them threw his spear which lodged in the forehead of the animal. The spear stayed in place and the buffalo continued to charge with the six-foot-long spear sticking out of its head.

" Before the terrified Masai realised what was happening, the shaft of the spear plunged into his chest, puncturing a lung ! "

He was rushed to Arusha hospital where I am happy to report that he is well on the way to recovery.

In Bloemfontein, South Africa, he was known as " E'Masene,"—The Wily One. He had grown into a local legend and the natives believed he was bewitched and bore a charmed life.

It was well warranted because he had killed over sixty sheep, as many lambs and hundreds of smaller wild animals. He had been chased by trucks at 50mph over the veld and outwitted the best dogs from Sentrajag — the jackal hunting organization. He had survived six winters and nearly three times as many jackal hunts, and had steered clear of all the traps set for him.

But now the rogue jackal is dead and with him died the native superstition. He died fighting with his back to the wall after a twelve-mile hunt. Two Sentrajag hounds killed him in a rock fissure high in the hills near Bloemfontein.

However his killers only narrowly survived themselves. One of the dogs was badly bitten about the muzzle and both were trapped in the fissure for twelve hours. Crowbars and picks were used to hack them free.

In Africa, jackals are regarded as cowardly vermin, but cowardly could never have applied to " E'Masene."

Jane Horney: another Mata Hari?

I am more than a little surprised to hear from a Samoan correspondent that according to some reports there has been a minor outbreak of cruelty to animals in Western Samoa.

It seems that dogs walking in the streets minding their own business are liable to be stoned on sight or stabbed at with fish spears. Horses it is said are thrashed and slashed with bush knives, have lost eyes after being stoned, and are frequently left out in the hot sun for long periods without water.

This doesn't sound like the usually genial Samoan way of life to me. I only hope that if it is true, it is the work of a few and will soon be stamped out.

Port Burwell, a small Eskimo settlement on Ungava Bay in Canada's Northwest Territories, has shown what can be done when people, resources and an economic development plan unite to put a dying community on its feet.

It has taken four years of hard work to do it but the results of development may make this well-protected harbour the headquarters for deep-sea fishing not only for its own people but for Eskimos from Baffin Island.

Before 1959 things at Port Burwell were not too good, and a population that once numbered close to 200 had fallen to 23. Though life was hard on land, the surrounding waters teemed with commercially unexplored resources. Arctic char were abundant, so were cod and probably halibut.

So, when co-operative development officers of the federal Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources went north in 1958 to talk over with them the idea of setting up the first char-fishing co-operatives, the Port Burwell folk were interested.

Although few in number, they liked what they heard and decided to start fishing as a group and work towards co-operative status.

No group of comparable size has done better. Their initial assets were a $6,000 loan from the Eskimo Loan Fund, technical aid from a field officer who was also a commercial fisherman, and a tremendous spirit. Today the family income is increasing and the population is rising.

STEPHEN BARLAY spotlights the Kurds . . . fearless

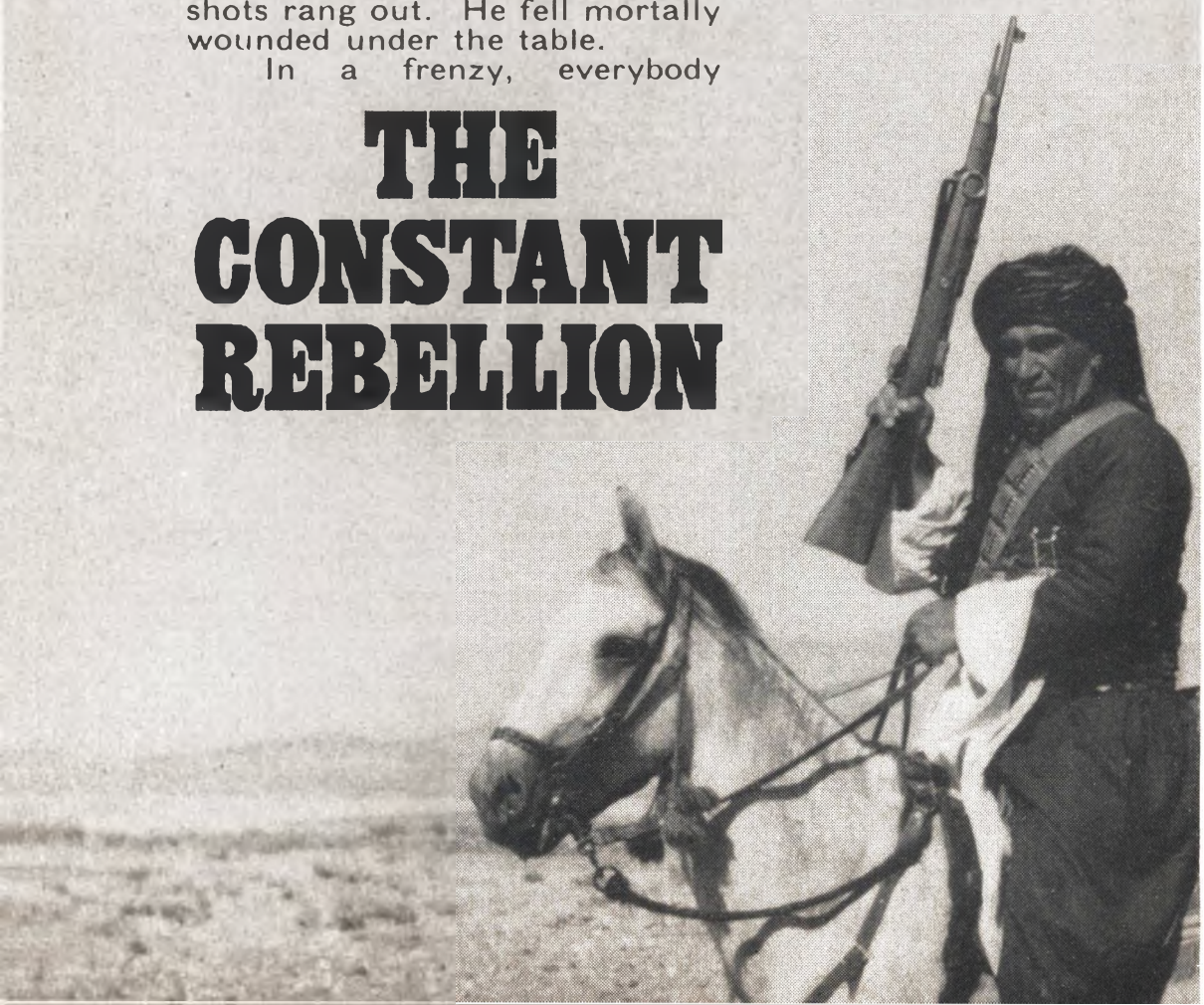
THE CONSTANT REBELLION

THE guard rested his arm on his tommy-gun more as a gesture of comfort than as a safety precaution. His was an easy post that night, for guarding the back entrance of the Iraqi Officers' Club in the centre of heavily-defended Sulaimaniya was regarded as a mere formality.

Yet two minutes later he dropped dead. As he fell, a finely carved dark hand pulled the dagger out of his back. He had been killed with a single stab. Without delay, seven men slipped noiselessly in through the door.

In the dining-room, coffee was being served to Area Commander Brigadier Siddiq Mustafa. Before he could raise the cup, shots rang out. He fell mortally wounded under the table.

In a frenzy, everybody



nomads, ruthlessly fighting for the right to be free

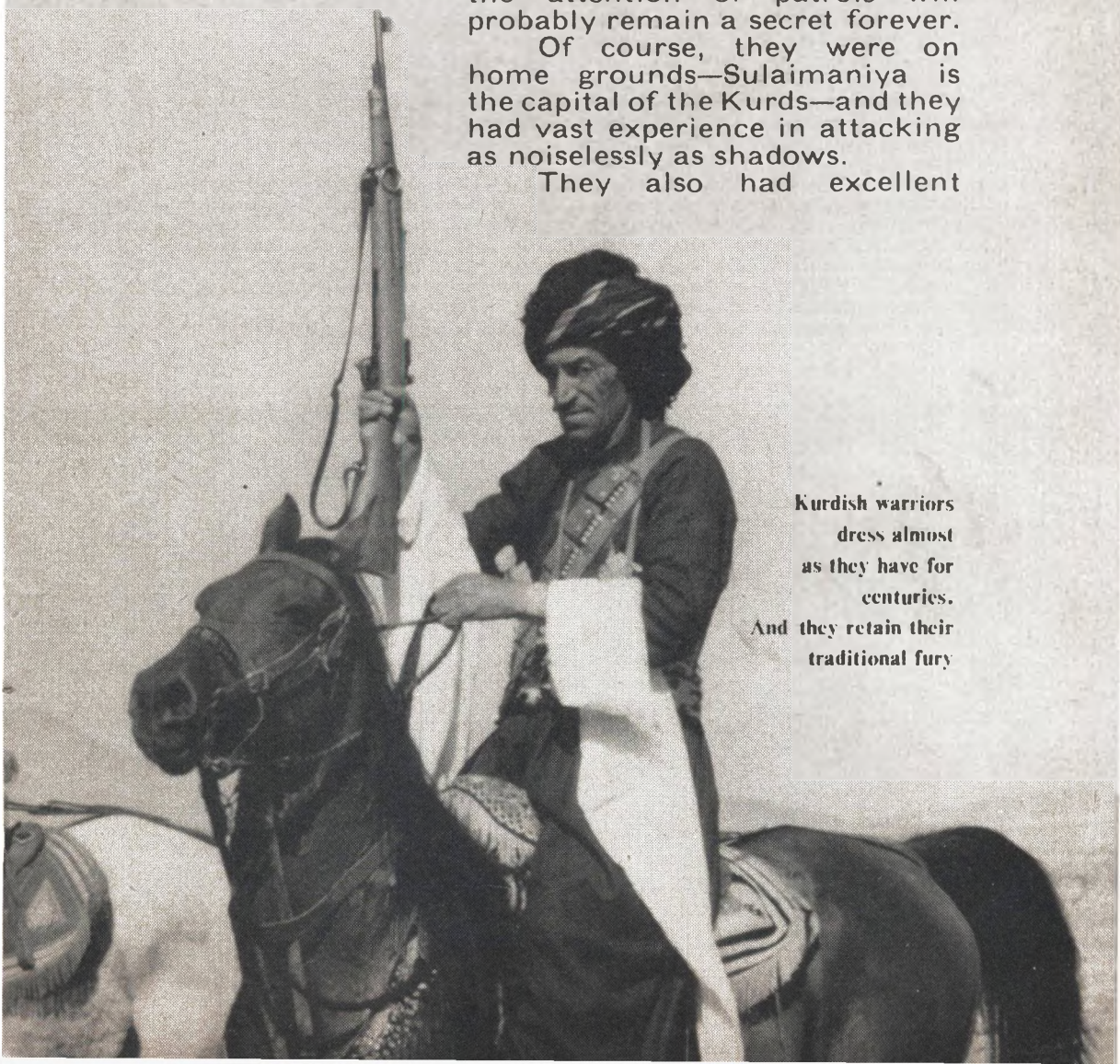
started shooting. The attackers tried to retreat, spraying the room with bullets indiscriminately. They knew they had little or no chance to escape.

Two died in the dining-room. Another three were killed at the back entrance. The last two were captured —but one shot himself and the other, with nine bullets in his body, died on the way to hospital.

Another Kurdish suicide squad had accomplished its objective. How they managed to break through the lines, enter the town and avoid the attention of patrols will probably remain a secret forever.

Of course, they were on home grounds—Sulaimaniya is the capital of the Kurds—and they had vast experience in attacking as noiselessly as shadows.

They also had excellent



Kurdish warriors dress almost as they have for centuries. And they retain their traditional fury

THE CONSTANT REBELLION

(continued)

intelligence reports from helpers in the town—perhaps even in the Iraqi army—and their outstanding commando raid must have been expertly organized and perfectly timed by the man who trained these suicide squads: *Mullah Mustafa al Barzani.*

A general of Russia and commander of an army of guerillas in Iraq, he keeps the Kurdish problem as much alive today as it has ever been.

Strange as it may seem, the Kurds would be a problem even without their endless revolutions.

A nation with a common language but different religions, national customs, culture and literature, the Kurds live in five major groups in Turkey, Iraq, Iran, Syria and the Soviet Union.

The Kurdish population in any of these countries isn't exactly known. It is estimated that there are more than a million Kurds in Iraq, nearly three million in Turkey, over one million in Iran, about 300,000 in Syria and nearly 100,000 in the Soviet Union.

All these countries have made strenuous efforts, but none could completely absorb the Kurds. In Turkish dictionaries, the word "Kurd" is explained as "Mountain Turks".

Suppressing the Kurds in Turkey, and in other countries, didn't succeed. For the Kurds represent an ever-ready fighting nucleus for many nationalist and revolutionary movements.

In all these countries, except the Soviet Union, they provide the Communist leaders, men like Khalid Bardash in Syria. Their traditional turbulence, lack of social solidarity and ferocious intolerance of authority would be a major problem even to Kurdish leaders of an eventual independent Kurdistan.

Another great difficulty is that though most of them have settled in towns and villages, the old nomadic spirit is still alive among the Kurds. Three million migrate from country to country each year with the seasons, and provide a headache to health authorities. They're the "fifth column" of malaria.

The World Health Organization cannot possibly keep trace of their movements from one fresh pasture and watering place to the next.

They ignore national boundaries and hate every kind of restraint on their liberty—even if it is for the sake of their own health. Through them, malaria spreads again and again into territories where the disease has been controlled.

Being perhaps the last real nomads on earth, the Kurds live in the past in many ways. Their fighting spirit is still the same as that of their ancestors, who let themselves be slaughtered in their thousands by Moslem conquerors rather than renounce their right not to eat lettuce.

While giving more equality to their women

than other, more settled Moslems, a Kurdish bridegroom must hit his bride hard on the head with a club to make her happy and feel safe from evil spirits.

If they want to marry against their parents' wish, they must elope and take the risk of being killed by the furious parents if the couple are found before the wedding.

In the age of skyscrapers and modern weapons, Kurdish men still wear rifles across their backs, bandoliers across their chests, and huge knives or daggers stuck into the brightly coloured rope-like cummerbunds round their waists.

The leader of the Kurdish revolt for the last thirty years, Mullah Mustafa of the Barzani tribe, is not only one of the most controversial figures of the Middle East, he is also one of the most fanatical, ruthless and tragic characters—an achievement in a country packed with revolutionaries.

He is fanatical, because he has carried on his fight even when a negotiated solution seemed near.

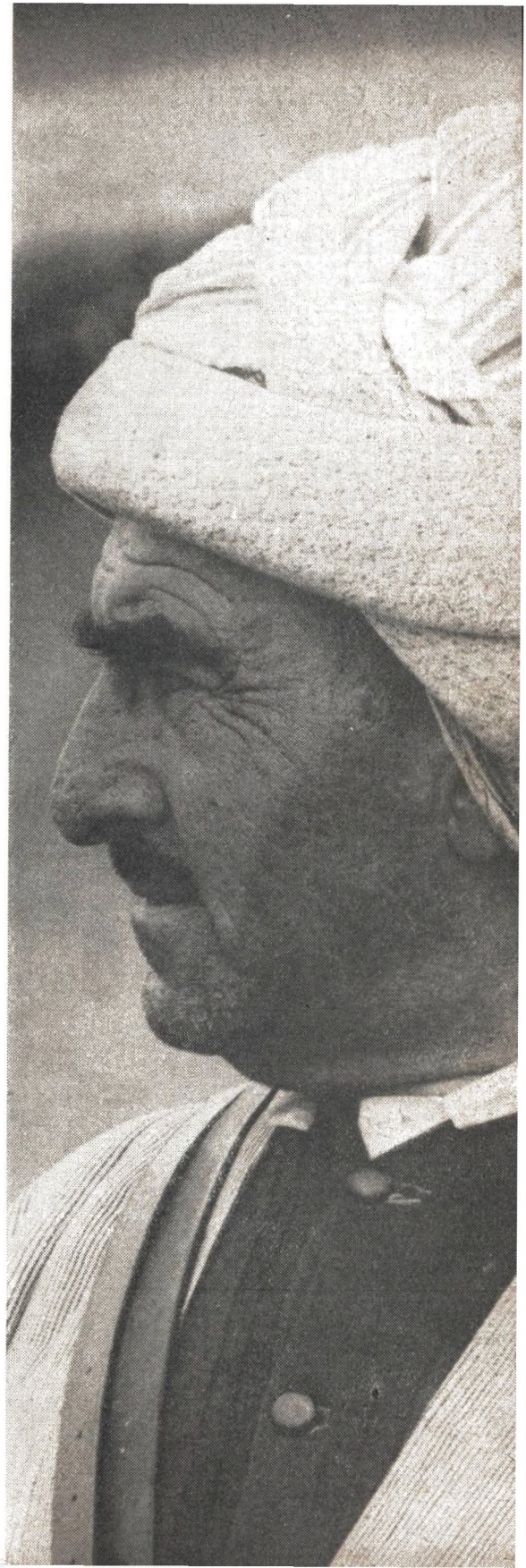
He is ruthless, because he knew perfectly well that hundreds of Kurds would be killed and thousands would become homeless in revenge for each commando raid. After the raid on the Sulaimaniya Officers' Club, Kurdish villages were attacked and bombed. Hundreds were killed, complete villages destroyed by tanks and bulldozers.

Mullah Mustafa is tragic. After three decades of treachery he still hasn't realised that he and the Kurds have been incited, helped, armed, sent to fight, bled white.

Then they have been betrayed, attacked and condemned, only to be rearmed and used again and again by agents of private firms, Turkish, British, Syrian and Iraqi governments and lately by the Russians. They quite openly armed his men while delivering bombs and MiG fighters to his deadly enemies, the Iraqi Government.

Behind it all lies one word : oil.

The Iraqi oil wells are among the richest in the world. Their production is expected to reach about fifty-three million tons this year, and supply the oil for one sixth of West Europe. Though they are owned mainly by British and Dutch, and also by French and



Well-trained guerillas, like the Barzani tribesman (left) are ready to fight for Mullah Mustafa. For thirty years he has led the Kurds in revolt, often being exploited indiscriminately by rival powers

American companies, the royalties—about £95 million—paid to the Iraqi Government cover about two thirds of the national budget.

Two of the three main oilfields, round Kirkuk and Mosul, are in Kurdish territory. And the Kurds, apart from autonomy and some national rights, are fighting for a larger share in the oil profit. The repeated promise of that bigger share has turned the Kurds into a pliable pack of explosives in the hands of Iraqi and foreign politicians.

A short, dark, bulky figure, with rugged features and scowling eyebrows, Mullah Mustafa is sixty-five now. He lives and sleeps in the open like the rest of the nomads, often camps in the area, near Irbil, where the stench of 30,000 bodies once drove out all the inhabitants after a battle, and moves about freely in the wild mountains which even an entire army cannot dominate.

His brother, Shaikh Ahmad, had been involved in intermittent revolts from 1919 to 1935.

In 1933, while Ahmad went into Mosul to see the mayor about a land dispute with the Zibari tribe, Mustafa took command of the 5,000 strong Barzani tribe, always ready to fight, and attacked a village of the Zibaris to settle the matter.

They killed all the Zibaris who resisted and then all those who did not, and returned to the mountains with the booty of looting.

This venture had nothing to do with politics, but sparked off hundreds of battles and thousands of political murders.

Mullah Mustafa began his first real revolt in 1938. Some observers maintain that even that was caused by hatred against the Zibaris who happened to be—and remained—on the side of the ever-changing Iraqi Government. (Some observers, I say, because every shade of Iraqi opinion—Iraqi nationalists, Kurdish nationalists, Communists, Baathists, etc.—has a different explanation.)

But the fact is that his revolt was more a Kurdish national one than the previous tribal uprisings.

It took the government a year to bring the Kurds to their knees. Mullah Mustafa and Ahmad were captured. When World War II broke out, Mustafa escaped from prison. The government thought that the rivalry between the brothers would help them, and sent Ahmad to persuade his brother to surrender.

On a sleepy, summer afternoon, Ahmad stepped out of his government-supplied car in the dusty market place of Barzan. The brothers met face to face. A quarrel and a fight to the death were on the cards. They stared at each other for a few seconds—and Mullah Mustafa's commanding and almost hypnotic personality won the day.

Ahmad smiled and shouted: "Mustafa! You've done well!"

The Kurdish revolt flared up again.

In 1945, the Soviet Union stepped up her activities in the Middle East. Mullah Mustafa went with his troops into Persia where he helped the local Kurds to set up the Russian-sponsored Kurdish People's Republic of Mehabad. The Soviet Union recognized it at once, but never delivered the promised help.

The republic collapsed. Mullah Mustafa

Near a mountain stronghold Kurdish rebels ford a river during their uprising against General Kassem

and joint Premier Ghazi Mohammed fought a retreating guerilla battle for a year. Mohammed was captured and his head was pierced on a spike.

Mustafa and five hundred men escaped to the Soviet Union, where he studied at the Moscow Institute of Languages and became a marshal of the Red Army. Everybody was convinced that he had become a Communist agent.

As soon as General Kassem came to power by revolution, Mullah Mustafa and his well-equipped army returned to Iraq, and the papers reported: "The Red Mullah Is Back!"

But now it was Kassem's turn to use the Kurds—against his Iraqi nationalist opposition.

Mullah Mustafa found it hard to accustom himself to town-life. In Baghdad, he was given princely pensions, a luxurious palace and promises of regional autonomy for Kurdistan. The price? Help for Kassem.

No-one can say that Mustafa didn't do a proper job.

In 1959, there was a nationalist uprising against Kassem in Mosul. Apart from the army, the dictator sent in his then trusted Mullah Mustafa with his own Barzani tribe and other followers.

Hassan Kuos, a member of the Kurdish Barodost tribe—sworn enemies of the Barzanis—was at that time in Mosul. He told me:

"A Barzani commando came to our house

at dawn. Someone must have told them that we were Baradosts, because it wasn't a Kurdish area.

"I opened the door—and before I realised who they were, they beat me up. I pretended to be unconscious, so then they left me alone.

"My father and my brother-in-law ran out because of the noise. The Barzanis shot them dead. My sister had to give them food. The fact that they were eating in a pool of blood, didn't seem to worry the Barzanis at all.

"At a suitable moment, I pulled out my dagger, jumped at the man who seemed to be their leader and stabbed him. I still hope he died. But I don't know. A number of shots hit me—and I lost consciousness."

Hassan survived. But not his sister. The Barzanis wanted her to keep her little baby quiet. When she couldn't, a man picked the baby up by the feet and swung the crying child against the wall. The young mother scratched and kicked and fought them until they killed her, too.

A Syrian and an Iraqi Communist Kurd, students in Britain, commented: "Nonsense. Let us talk to that liar!"

I asked Hassan on the phone whether he would talk to them.

He answered: "Yes, if there won't be more than three Barzanis against me."

Knowing that a Kurd's strongest reasoning is done with his dagger, I found it safer not to confront them even in London in broad daylight.

I asked a Baathist embassy official, too. During a diplomatic banquet at the elegant Carlton Tower Hotel, he said that Hassan's story wasn't unique at all. "Show me those students," he said, "and I'll see if they dare to deny the Barzanis' murders and atrocities to my face!"

The students in turn asked me not to give their names and addresses to the embassy official.

"They'd stop our scholarships, because the Iraqi and Syrian Baathist governments work together and hate us Kurds equally."

Even if I wanted to, I couldn't have given their names to the official.

Two days later, there was yet another revolt in Iraq.

The Baathist government, which had kicked out Kassem, was itself toppled, and my now former official occupied the Iraqi Embassy in London by force for a few hours leading Iraqi students who were—at that time—against the new military government.

Wherever justice lies in these controversies, one thing is a fact: Kassem's army, helped by Mullah Mustafa's Kurds, carried out a terrible massacre in the Mosul uprising. Thousands were killed fighting, five hundred murdered in the blood-bath that followed. Hundreds of women were raped, whole streets destroyed.

From then on, the dictator, thinking he sat firmly in the saddle, threatened to nationalize the oil companies and flirted more and more dangerously with the Russians who gave him both moral and material support.

His army was supplied with Russian fighter planes and bombers, rifles, machine-guns and tanks to such an extent that he felt safe to get rid of his Kurdish supporters. He wanted Mullah Mustafa to settle down quietly, disarm his men, forget about Kurdish autonomy and live in luxury to the end of his natural life.

Three years ago—in July 1961—he refused to receive a petition of Kurdish grievances, and thereby unwittingly signed his own death sentence.

Mullah Mustafa left Baghdad—and the Kurdish revolt was on again.

Kassem could still make use of the Kurds, even as enemies, at the beginning. He sent his other enemies, nationalist and Baathist officers, to Kurdish territory in the north, and gave them restricted fighting powers. The Kurds could thus use them as butts and kill many.

The Russians were now against the Kurds. They backed Kassem—and like many others they made the wrong decision.

Kassem boasted that he would finish off the revolt within days. His hopes, as well as those others before and after him, were proved to be too high.

Kassem was convinced that the oil companies and the West helped the Kurds. But the fact was that the Kurds were still using their Russian arms supplied in the days of friendship.

The Iraqi army and the air force began a devastating attack against the Kurds—an action which amounted to genocide. The West had no real evidence to justify their protesting against it; the Communist bloc turned a blind eye on the extinction of Kurds led by the Barzanis, because they had refused to sacrifice their national aims in favour of the Russian pro-Kassem policy of the moment.

It was an all-out war. Kassem razed villages to the ground, made thousands homeless. But as the real fighters among the Kurds were nomads, living in mountain caves, they didn't suffer.

And now again, Kurds were fighting Kurds.

The old hostility of the Zibaris, Baradosts and other flared up. Some, led by ninety-two year old Shaikh Rashid—a young man by Kurdish standards—killed Barzanis

and their followers mercilessly. His seven hundred men, the Chettel—a contemptuous Arabic name for the mercenaries—fought bravely. But they looted homes and killed whole families.

Kuramarki, a Moslem village of thirty families, was suspected of siding with the rebels. It was bombarded, and then the Chettel moved in. There were no survivors.

At Mangashar, the Chettel camped for one day. They looted the village, and raped all the women between ten and seventy.

When the Chettel approached, the inhabitants of Dawudieh fled, all but one elderly couple. They were wrapped in blankets and burned to death.

Zubair Mahmoud Agha, son of the Zibaris' chieftain, concentrated on the Barzani tribe.

Six feet tall, broad-shouldered, he brought terror to many a Barzani. In his grey and red striped baggy trousers, bright sash and enormous black turban, cloth slippers with upturned toes, he travelled in a Volkswagen, spraying the villages with bullets.

All this gave the Barzanis a good excuse to retaliate with the same brutality.

When in April 1962, for instance, they defeated an Iraqi army column in the mountains between Zakho and Mosul, they took no prisoners. Their order was to save their bullets and use their daggers instead.

In the increasingly savage struggle for survival, Kurdish women played an important rôle. Though most Kurds are Moslems, their girls don't wear veils. They appear in the streets freely, talk to men at ease, wear dark, roomy trousers taken in near the ankles, one or sometimes two long, matching skirts, a bright bolero jacket, many silk squares in lilac, turquoise, scarlet and green round the waist and shoulders.

They are accustomed to the rough, simple life, and are not at all shaken by brutality or cruelty.

They seem to live in the past, despite the modern influence of the oil installations on those barren lands, herd their sheep from winter to summer grazing, and carry their babies on their backs when the mule-train of the nomads sets out for its long journey.

In fact, they are accustomed to all the hard jobs in life because their proud menfolk shun manual work. Deep-rooted tradition demands that the soft, slim hands of the warriors should be well preserved to use guns and daggers.

These women manned observation posts, took messages across mountains and fought the enemy mercilessly. One from South Kurdistan grew into a living legend.

Margerita Geroges was seventeen when Kassem's army plundered her village and killed her father. She longed for revenge. For six months she lived in the mountains alone in order to discover Mullah Mustafa's ever-moving headquarters.

What an army could never do, she accomplished. She found him and was offered secretarial work, but turned it down. She

(*continued on page 346*)

Kurds lead a nomadic life, but their living standards are often higher than those in the villages

GAMBLE WITH DEATH

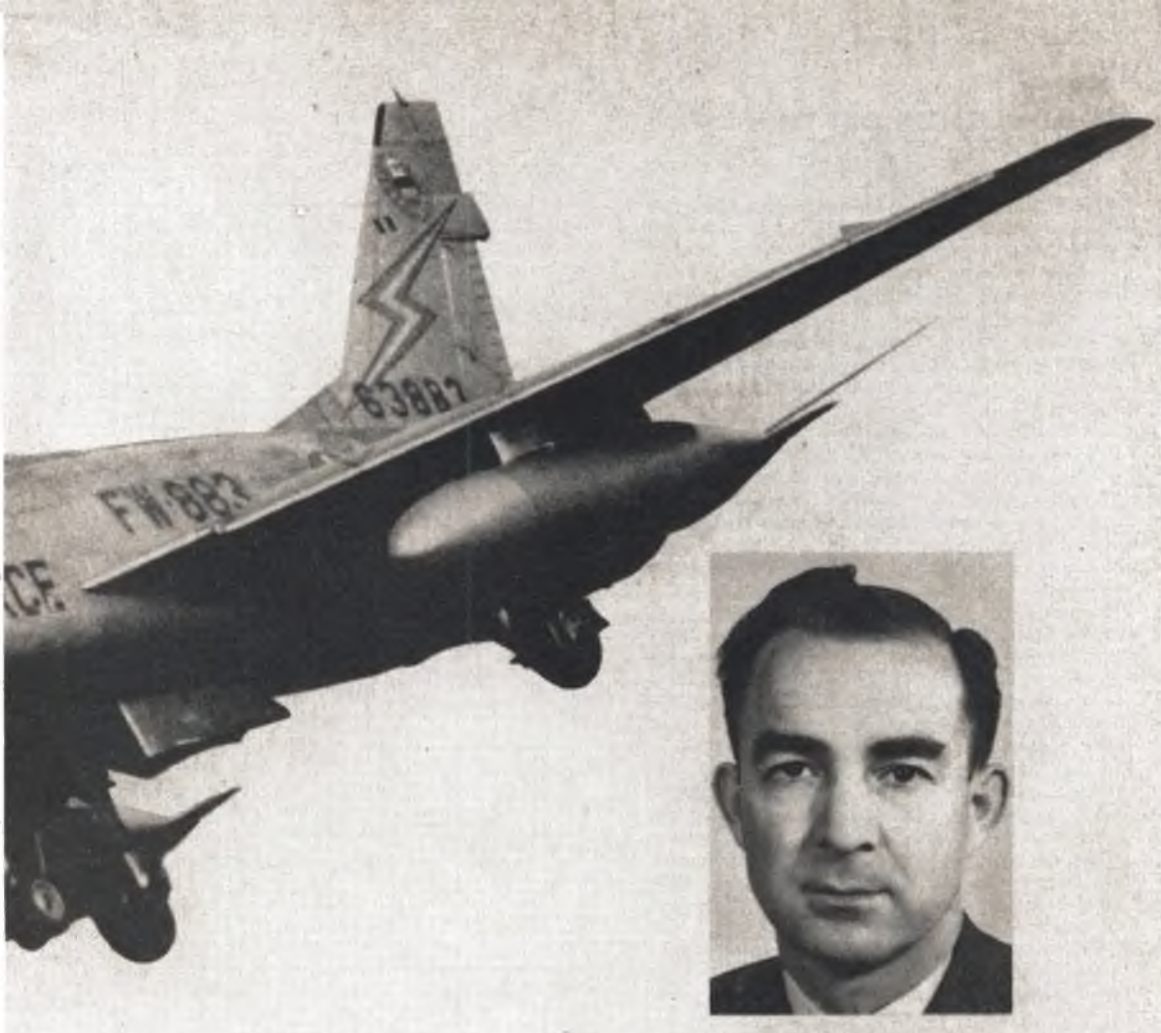
His crippled supersonic fighter was plunging down. It was time to bale out, but below lay a town he knew and a crowded school. Colonel Kelley had only seconds in which to decide . . .

By DAVID LAMPE

TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND feet over London the Super Sabre shuddered. Thick white smoke filled its cockpit, and Kelley couldn't see his instruments—eighteen inches in front of him. He spoke a quick command into the microphone in his oxygen mask, and an emergency electronic signal began to beam from his aircraft.

Kelley's troubles were just beginning.

In less time than it takes to tell, they ended—heroically, according to witnesses on the ground. But the American Air Force investigators who looked into the matter will neither confirm nor deny what the civilians believe. Not for security reasons and certainly not because they think Kelley did anything wrong.



Colonel Wendell J. Kelley

To tell the full story the investigators would have to know what went on in Kelley's mind during one extremely thin slice of time. And this they will never know, for one man cannot read another man's mind—least of all the mind of a man who is dead.

Wendell J. Kelley, a small, compact, very quiet American, was forty-three-years-old, the vice-commander of the United States Air Force's 20th Tactical Fighter Wing, RAF Wethersfield, Essex. He was one of the most popular officers on the base, and off-base he was popular, too, especially in the village of Gosfield where he almost crashed.

Kelley and his three children had helped

raise funds for the village's playing field, and Kelley also led many other local activities, mostly to do with children. Kelley was modest, and few of his hundreds of British friends knew that he was a fighter ace—in Europe in World War II and in Korea.

He'd clocked more than 4,300 hours in fast planes, and the officers of the 20th who flew with him say that pilots never come better. As far as anybody knows, he never made a mistake in his life.

On the morning of January 23, 1963, Kelley got up at seven, just as he did every other morning, had breakfast with Mary, his wife, then drove to his office. He was at his desk before eight, and by lunchtime he'd dealt with a mountain of routine paper-work.

After lunch—no cabbage, beans or other food or drink that would make him feel gassy when flying at high altitudes—he went over to the squadron he flew with, zipped into his G-suit, and was briefed for a routine instrument navigational training flight. Then he went out to his plane, a two-seater F-100-F Super Sabre 800-mile-an-hour jet fighter.

Twenty-five-year-old First Lieutenant Paul Briggs was to fly with Kelley that afternoon, and together they walked around their aircraft, checking its general mechanical reliability. Then they climbed in, Kelley in the rear seat. The canopy was lowered over their heads after they'd fastened their safety belts and plugged in their G-suits and radio. The Pratt and Whitney turbojet engine howled, and Kelley told Briggs to taxi down the runway. Then they waited for ground control's final clearance.

Climbing fast, they could feel their G-suits hug their thighs and abdomens, comfortably keeping too much blood from rushing toward their feet, comfortably preventing blackout.

Briggs was flying to Kelley's orders, and Kelley was obeying instructions from the ground, allowing the people down there to position him in the sky as if his Super Sabre were on wires.

As the jet bored into the cloud layer nearly 20,000 feet up, Kelley kept in taut conversation with the ground—not Wethersfield but Anglia Control, the American-operated transmitter at RAF Wattisham, near Ipswich, that orders the movements of all USAF aircraft over Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex.

When the golden sun was overhead Kelley fingered a button to cut in the transmitter. "I'm on top and in VMC," he told Anglia.

A flat British voice replied from Wattisham, "You are released from control until ten minutes prior to your scheduled penetration time."

VMC—visual meteorological conditions—meant that Kelley could see where he was going, that he could have navigated without instruments. But that day he was practising instrument flying, so he reached up behind his head with his left hand to pull forward the black canvas canopy, like the hood on a perambulator.

He snapped it to the rim of his instrument panel and the green markings on the dials glowed reassurance in the darkness.

Briggs, in physical control of the aircraft until Kelley was under the hood and ready, could see where they were going, but when Kelley had the controls he plotted their course on instruments — northwestward towards Alconbury, another American base.

He made a time check, then turned back towards Wethersfield. Over their own base Kelley checked the time again. His radio direction-finder was perfect. The Super Sabre was exactly where it should have been in time and space. Now for London.

Intent on the automatic direction-finder, speaking into the microphone only when he had something important to say, Kelley was a part of his aircraft. No time now to think about Mary and the kids, about tomorrow's office chores, about golf in the coming spring or autumn shooting.

The next navigational point, the commercial radio station in Brookmans Park, just north of London, was almost below them. Cabin temperature an even 65 degrees, cabin pressurized for a comfortable 13,000 feet, G-suits doing their stuff. Everything okay until something exploded about ten feet aft of Kelley's seat—like a silenced shotgun loosed behind his ear.

The Super Sabre shuddered, Kelley's control stick felt uncertain, and the blast momentarily kicked his feet from the rudder pedals. He couldn't taste or smell the smoke that bucketed into the cockpit, but he knew it was there because it blanketed his vision, and he couldn't see the instruments.

He knew the smoke was forcing in through the cockpit pressurization system, so he touched a switch and felt the difference on his eardrums.

Then he followed routine emergency procedure, easing the throttle lever back an inch to reduce power and keep the engine from tearing itself to pieces.

While Briggs held them on a steady course Kelley unsnapped the hood and swung it back over his head. Within 30 seconds the smoke had cleared, and Kelley eyed the altimeter dial. Flying slower they had descended but weren't dangerously low.

They homed on Wethersfield and Kelley switched on the emergency squawk, an automatic electronic signal to alert radar stations

to their trouble. As he changed the transceiver frequency from Anglia to emergency he heard an English voice in his earphones.

"We have your position. We'll turn you over to Anglia Control for recovery to home base." The speaker was a Royal Air Force radar fixer at Uxbridge.

Kelley acknowledged and switched his radio back to Anglia's frequency to call in and explain, "We've had an engine explosion. Smoke filled the cockpit, but we've cleared it. I've got two full drop tanks and must get rid of them. Put me over the nearest clear area."

The Wethersfield control monitoring the conversation notified Colonel Royal Baker, commander of the 20th Tactical Fighter Wing, and the wing's safety officer, Major Jack McReynolds. Both officers grabbed their hats and hurried to the control tower to find out what was happening. Neither knew until they got there who was in this limping bird.

Even with reduced power Kelley's plane could have landed with a full load, but the weight of the drop tanks was pulling the underpowered aircraft down. If the tanks weren't jettisoned soon—and if the engines didn't regain power—Kelley would have to get out.

Crowded as Essex is, if he dropped his tanks where he was, odds were a hundred to one against doing any damage. But he was damned if he was going to gamble with anybody else's life.

He was doing 300 knots, but he couldn't be sure the plane would keep it up. He felt another lurch as there was another explosion in the engine. Then it happened again. Nevertheless, the engine was still pulling some power.

In a normal situation he'd have been sent three miles or more over the North Sea to drop the tanks, but this wasn't normal. "The nearest I can put you is over the Blackwater Estuary," Anglia Control told him. "Head one-three-oh degrees and you can drop—in one minute."

Kelley relaxed. He'd loose the bomb-shaped fuel tanks into the water southeast of Mersea Island, a few miles south of Colchester.

Two more explosions back in the engine told him that his sick aircraft was getting a lot sicker.

The minute was up. He triggered the tank release and felt the aircraft bob as the wing tanks fell away. Quickly he readjusted trim.

As long as the engine didn't die completely, he was okay. Reduced power had him down to 10,000 feet, but now he was on the last leg of his triangle, flying back towards Wethersfield. He'd make it safely—if the engine held out.

Without wing tanks the F-100-F has a one to one-point-six glide ratio; starting at 10,000 feet it could glide more than ten miles. But Wethersfield was fifteen miles away.

For no apparent reason the engine picked up power. Normal power for the F-100-F is about 92 per cent. of rpm, and they'd had to idle back to about 70 per cent. Now, playing with the throttle control, Kelley could get 85 per cent., just good enough for level flight at low airspeed. And he did level off—and held it—at about 7,000 feet.

"We've got you in position now to turn you to final approach to runway," Anglia Control told him. "Descend now through the clouds and level again at 4,500 feet."

No more explosions. Everything was going to be okay. The F-100-F nosed gently down, and wisps of swirling white moisture closed around them. But Kelley was intent on his instruments, watching his rate of descent, noticing the clouds only through the corner of his eye.

Everything seemed all right—and then another explosion. His rpm needle dropped towards zero. The engine had flamed out.

Something was wrong inside the engine, and the possibility of its starting again was nil. But Kelley didn't know this. At that moment nobody could have known. He threw the air-start switch. If the engine had been windmilling normally, the air coursing into the scoop would have helped the spark ignite the fuel spurting into the engine. But the engine had seized solidly.

By then Wethersfield's runways had been cleared, the base's crash trucks were at the ready, and all other aircraft in the area had been advised by Anglia to maintain radio silence.

The F-100-F broke out of the clouds at about 6,000 feet and tried to level at 4,500—just as Anglia Control had told them to do.

They were within ten miles of Wethersfield, turning slightly, aligning the aircraft with the runway. Anglia told them about weather conditions immediately ahead . . . confirmed that no other aircraft were in the immediate area . . . gave them their position again and again . . . acted as their eyes. The controller would keep up his steady, reassuring chatter until they touched down. All part of a normal landing. But nothing else normal was happening.

With no power Briggs, again at the controls, found it impossible to keep the plane level. If Kelley had told him to bring the nose up, the aircraft would have stopped gliding and begun falling, like a cast-iron leaf.

Passing through 4,500 feet they were still six or seven miles from home, but they'd be at zero altitude in five or six miles. Now for

certain they *knew* that they were in trouble.

Kelley touched his microphone button to tell the approach controller, "We can't make it. We've no engine power left. We're going to turn towards a clear spot and get out." His voice sounded flat and calm, as calm as you'd expect of a pilot with twenty-two years of flying behind him, a pilot who knew all there was to know about the aircraft he flew.

The Super Sabre was approaching the sprawling little town of Halstead, population 6,500. People watching from the ground noticed them coming in so much lower than most jets howled over Halstead—then saw them suddenly veer away.

Kelley knew Halstead and he was determined not to smash his plane into its rooftops. He could see clearly in the corner of his eye the houses, streets, motor-cars.

Once again he tried the air-start switch. It was no good, and he spoke into the microphone, answering an instruction from the controller, "We're going to get out."

Briggs, in the front seat, manfully kept the plane on its glide course, and awaited Kelley's instructions. But Briggs heard nothing, so he kept flying. Kelley was the plane commander, and the right thing to do was to await his order. Altitude now only 2,500 feet.

Briggs held them steady, pressing the electric trim button on his stick to maintain a glide. When his altimeter showed 1,500 feet he heard Kelley on the intercom, *"Blow the canopy and let's go!"*

Either of them could have done this, but they both did it, pulling up the arm rests of their seats. The long plastic canopy shot upward, then wafted away.

From their elbows up they were exposed to the lashing winter wind. They were hissing forward at more than 200 miles an hour, still descending, gliding. All they had to do now was squeeze a trigger—they each had two—to make the ejection seats fire them into the air. But Briggs still gripped the control stick, waiting for Kelley to get out first.

Ahead they could make out the old Gosfield landing strip, but couldn't see Wethersfield because scattered low clouds blocked their view. People on the ground saw the plane veer again, coming out of line with the village of Sible Hedingham, and plunging, unfortunately, straight for Gosfield.

What thoughts passed through Colonel Wendell J. Kelley's mind at that moment? He knew the layout of the countryside slipping beneath his aircraft, knew it as intimately as he knew any place in the world—every roadway, the position of every cluster of houses. He knew a lot of the people down there, too.

He'd helped Gosfield raise money for its playing field. He knew the village people. He also knew where there were other concentrations of houses and where there were open spaces.

Did he think about the people down there? About the playing field? About the location of the houses? The school? Did he have time to think about anything except his dead aircraft?

Was this the moment when he saw his entire life pass his mind's eye? Was he thinking of Mary, his two daughters and his son? Just what was in his mind?

Following procedure, Briggs had now slowed the aircraft to below 150 knots so that the wind wouldn't tear off their clothes when they ejected. He was waiting for the explosion of Kelley's ejection seat before he blew his own, holding the stick as long as he dared, fighting the stall. He tried to look back over his shoulder, back at Kelley, but the wind blurred his vision.

Being unable to wait any longer and live, Briggs drew his feet back from the rudders, placed them on the steel stirrups at the base of his seat, pulled down his sun vizor to shield his face, checked his chinstrap to make sure he wouldn't lose his crash helmet—head back

Outside the Essex village of Gosfield lies

and spine rigid. Then he squeezed the triggers and shot up out of the aircraft.

The plane was far off when, one second later, the explosive device in his seat belt buckle blew. The metal seat fell away, and his parachute was opened automatically.

But Kelley was still in the plane. What was going through his mind nobody will ever know. This was the thinnest part of his thin slice of time, and he moved quickly, doing a lot. Altitude now less than 1,200 feet—about as low as Kelley could eject and hope to live to tell about it. The Super Sabre wasn't gliding any more. It was falling like a leaf.

Briggs landed very quickly, spilled the air from his parachute and stumbled through the snow to a house. He telephoned Wethersfield and and ambulance was rushed out to pick him up.

He wanted to go back and look for Colonel Kelley and the aircraft, but the medics insisted on taking him straight to the base for a check-up. Other medics were already at the crash scene, he was told.

And Kelley? American Air Force investigators know that he released his safety belt himself, because the explosive charge in the buckle was still intact. They assume that he tried to climb out of the aircraft as it fell because he thought he wasn't going to be ejected.

The D-ring manual ripcord of his parachute had been pulled all the way out. He must have pulled it, because it hadn't been marked in any way that would suggest it had caught on some projection of the aircraft.

He must have been convinced that his ejection system wasn't going to work. If not, why open the automatic seat belt and prepare for the slow business of climbing over the side? Why waste precious seconds?

For Kelley the thin slice of time must have seemed to widen, and during it he had tried to climb out of the aircraft—too late . . .

Several days later more than 250 civilians braved the worst snowdrifts they could remember to attend a memorial service for Colonel Kelley at Wethersfield. They are sure that he died to save them. But the US Air Force authorities who carefully weighed all the evidence can't say why Kelley did what he did, or why he didn't get out of the plane in time.

Did he think it was the only way to keep from hurting anyone on the ground? ▲▲▲

the wreckage of Colonel Kelley's Super Sabre fighter. Villagers are sure he gave his life to save them

WHO MURDERED JANE HORNEY?

She was beautiful . . . a spy (or double spy) whose charms won powerful friends. Then she vanished and few dare mention her name □□□ By PHILIP FOREST

JANE HORNEY . . . this innocent, simple-sounding name of a long-dead beautiful girl built an insurmountable wall of hostile silence around me whenever I mentioned it casually or officially in Bonn, Stockholm, Copenhagen and London.

No-one seems to have known her. No-one admits to having met her or even having heard of her, although there was a time when the secret services of at least six countries had her watched day and night. Her life, exploits and death are still one of the greatest mysteries of the century.

In Bonn, West German officials were reluctant to comment on Jane Horney. One of them told me: "If any German knows anything about her—it's one of the Gehlen-organization, the German secret service. They still maintain an interest in her twenty-year-old case. But that's all."

At the Foreign Office in London there was "no comment."

In Copenhagen, members of the wartime Danish resistance, now holding high office, knew Jane—and probably the circumstances in which she was killed. But they recited vaguely when I mentioned her name: "Jane Horney? Who's she?" and "Oh yes, it rings a bell. She had some publicity some time ago, hadn't she?"

In Stockholm, an extremely helpful member of the Swedish Foreign Office press department telephoned the Swedish police headquarters to arrange an interview. When he mentioned the subject of my inquiry, he was firmly turned down. "*The case is not yet closed, we cannot make any comment.*"

Throughout my investigation, everybody was anxious to make it clear that a full revelation would still do a lot of harm, lead to further blackmail—and possibly murders—and damage international relations.

Jane Horney is still a painful thorn in the side of Danish-Swedish cordiality. Her name still casts a guilty shadow over the secret services of the Allies, and especially over that of Britain.

What is the mystery behind this Swedish girl of possibly

To the British she was a German spy. To the Germans a

English origin, who first came to the notice of a troubled world at the height of the war in 1943?

Though the German army had been stopped at Stalingrad, the might of the Nazi war-machine still threatened to run down Sweden, the only free country in Scandinavia. Denmark had been under the Nazi yoke for three years.

The Swedish capital was a no-man's land. Behind polite smiles, diplomats jockeyed for position. In the shadows cast by glittering cocktail parties, intelligence agents fought a merciless battle for supremacy.

Jane's lovely bronze-red hair and curvaceous figure were a familiar sight at these official parties.

She had many friends—most of them diplomats and secret agents—a dangerous "luxury" in wartime. She met them often, privately and in public, and by the summer of 1943 she was suspected of being an enemy by every secret-service agent.

The British thought she was a German spy. The Germans were convinced she was a double agent. The Danes suspected she had helped the Nazis arrest many leaders of the underground. The Swedes, Russians and Japanese wanted to find out the truth and make use of her one way or another.

It was difficult to watch her. She shared a flat with another red-head and they were often mistaken for each other. Jane's strong resemblance to many other red-heads was a source of confusion constantly. Diana Miller, a well-known singer, was one of her "doubles".

She was difficult to follow. With access even to embassy cars, which she used privately, she could move fast and disappear without leaving a trace for days.

In the autumn of 1943, she made a trip to Denmark. This was not a journey any girl would undertake in wartime. The channels between Sweden and Denmark, the Kattegat and the Skagerrak, especially between Halsingborg and Helsingor where the sea is only a stone's throw wide, carried plenty of illegal traffic.

The German Navy kept a close watch, but many a Swedish boat got through the blockade. They carried war material with which the "neutral" Swedes secretly helped the Allies, and also guns and ammunition for the Danish underground.

Very often, Swedish and Danish boats met halfway. They exchanged guns from Sweden and political refugees from Denmark and returned home, disguised as peaceful fishing vessels, under the noses of the Germans.

Jane Horney made this trip to Copenhagen several times, despite the danger involved. As the passengers of these boats were most carefully screened, she must have had very good contacts with the resistance—which would have shown her to be an anti-Nazi. But the aim of her visits suggested just the opposite.

Her best friend at the time was Major Horst Eduard Gilbert, fifty-four-year-old German manager of the Scandinavian Telegraph Bureau, who had lived in Denmark since 1930, was married to a Danish woman, had children—and a mysterious part-time job which was known to occupy most of his time.

Gilbert, descendant of a war-loving Junker family, was a spy of the German Abwehr, a friend of Himmler, a contact of Canaris, head of Nazi Naval Intelligence, and a known high official of the Reichsicher heitsdienst (National Security Service) Department 6, in charge of Scandinavian espionage.

Jane was often questioned about her friend and her visits. She maintained that a young relative of hers had been arrested by the Germans for helping refugees escape and she wanted to free him with the help of Gilbert with whom—she sometimes hinted—she was in love.

Gilbert visited her in Stockholm occasionally. Whatever the truth about her intentions, it's a fact that through this friendship she managed to help refugees and, indeed, her young relative was in a camp at Horserods, Denmark, at that time.

On the other hand, early in 1944, she greatly increased the number of her Nazi friends, some of them as influential as Feldman of the Gestapo, Obersturmbannführer Seibold, head of the infamous Department 6, and intelligence officers like Hoffman, who organized the anti-resistance operations.

Jane was playing with fire. So much so, that she went to Germany several times. The Nazis gave her a special yellow card which authorized her crossing the border anywhere, any time freely. That marked her as a Nazi agent.

Yet, on her return, when contacted by the Swedish secret service, she gave information about the German spy network in and around Sweden. That made her at least a double agent.

By that time, she was so much suspected that a swarm of agents of different

double agent. Without doubt she flirted with danger

nationalities followed her everywhere. The question they all had to consider was whether they should keep watching her, try to enlist her or get her out of the way without much fuss?

In March 1944, an intelligence officer—a major attached to the British Embassy in Stockholm—was assigned to try and become friendly with her.

He completed his assignment more successfully than was expected. Jane fell in love with him.

For a few months they seemed to be inseparable. The major thus had a chance to learn every detail about her way of thinking, report on every move she made and even on the phone-calls she received. Soon he was able to make his final report, which was submitted to the friendly Swedish secret service and to the Danish resistance, too:

"Jane Horney is a young, life-loving adventurer . . . politically harmless. There is nothing to be gained from meeting her any more."

And the major put an end to the affair.

In Stockholm diplomatic circles it became known that this broke Jane's heart. Whether it also made her bitter against the Allies and persuaded her to pay more attention to her German friends or whether she was acting as a Nazi agent all the time, is anybody's guess.

What is a fact is that the Danes grew very suspicious about her. Their agents photographed her several times—but always when she was on her own. The reports that described her clandestine meetings with Nazi leaders were never accompanied by pictures and the Swedes, for instance, doubted their accuracy because they knew how easy it was to mistake her for someone else.

Yet the Danes made up their minds. The commanders of the underground instructed one of their most trusted men—his name has never been revealed because today he holds a much-respected high office—to kill her. He had nothing to do with tracking her down. He was given detailed information on a trip, planned by Jane, to Copenhagen.

The information was so exact that it gave the place, a fashionable restaurant, and the hour in which she would keep her date with a well-known Nazi. The assigned killer also knew that Jane was an attractive red-head, though he had never seen her.

He was on the spot on time and saw the

Jane Horney, a Swedish red-head, was a familiar figure at Stockholm's wartime parties. The Swedes say: "Her case is not closed. We cannot comment"

Mystery surrounds Jane Horney. Questions remain to be

red-head meet the Nazi at the far end of the room. He was prepared to take the chances of being caught, but he didn't want to take any chances of the successful outcome of his mission. So he walked over to their table, hiding the gun under his coat.

This precaution saved the Danish underground from a major blunder—and the girl from an undeserved death.

The killer, strangely enough, recognized the red-head, but she wasn't Jane Horney. He walked past them, as if looking for someone, and left quietly.

Agents continued to shadow Jane throughout the summer of 1944. In September, the Swedish secret service arrested her on the basis of Danish reports—partly to interrogate her, partly to ensure her safety.

They showed their fat files and photographs to Danish agents who, to the Swedes' surprise, photographed everything on microfilm. Though anxious for her life, the Swedes found no reason to keep her in jail, and freed her after three weeks, on October 13.

The Danes also let her know that she had been completely cleared of suspicion. This was only a clever move to restore her confidence, so that she would contact her friends without fear.

For by this time, her death sentence had been passed by the Danish resistance and a murder squad had begun preparations.

There are many conflicting stories about the murder. Most Danish sources maintain that she was killed just outside Malmö, Southern Sweden. But the most probable version of what happened — accepted by official investigators as a basis for further research—is this:

There were at least seven men in the squad and a pretty Danish model, a red-head, who bore a striking resemblance to Jane.

The two leaders, Ingolf Asbjörn Lyhne (nicknamed Lille-Bjørn—Little Bear) and Svend Aage Geisler (nicknamed Store-Bjørn —Big Bear) managed to get an introduction to the Swedish girl. They persuaded her to come on a tour of Denmark.

On January 16, 1945, Little and Big Bear accompanied her to Stockholm's Central Station where they met a third man who carried Jane's luggage.

They took the night train for Malmö and

Jane on her wedding day with her husband Herje Cranberg

answered. And those who might know stay silent

bought return sleeper tickets. In Malmö, a room had been booked for Jane at the Grand Hotel. It adjoined the Danish model's room.

The two girls spent the day in their rooms and—most probably—exchanged their clothes. Jane gave the other girl her identity papers and the keys of her flat in Stockholm. Ostensibly, this precaution was to cover her absence from Stockholm by the presence of her double.

In the evening, they were driven to Halsingborg, the summer residence of the Swedish royal family, only about fifty miles away. Just outside the town they changed into another car.

They all went right up to the point where the passports were checked by the Swedes. (The plotters were anxious to make it clear to Swedish authorities that the Danish model had left the country.) When the model had her papers carefully examined, she just said goodbye to a friend, Jane, and while the guard looked away for a second—his attention being attracted by one of the Danes—Jane and the model changed places.

The model returned to Malmö and, using Jane's papers and return ticket, left for Stockholm.

Jane and the men took the night boat for Denmark.

On board Jane must have been persuaded by her companions that it would be much too dangerous for her to enter Denmark with false identity papers. It would be safer to change to a Danish fishing boat they met halfway up the channel.

A member of the Swedish crew saw the "Danish red-head" boarding the fishing boat. And, apart from the plotters, he must have been the last man to see her alive. Nobody knows what really happened next. Most probably she was shot and thrown overboard.

Next morning, the members of the killer squad were already back in Sweden to avoid arousing suspicion by their sudden absence. But nobody was looking for them. Jane Horney wasn't yet missing. Many people had seen her. Or at least they thought they had seen her.

Others phoned her—and talked to her. And the way she talked appeared to them to be quite normal.

One man reported to Danish resistance headquarters in Stockholm that Jane Horney's liquidation had been carried out as planned. A few days later, the model disappeared simply by changing back to her own identity after having crossed to Denmark illegally and returned legally.

The Swedish authorities hadn't a single clue to the mystery until Lyhne, the Little Bear, succumbed to the temptation of boasting about their cunning plot.

The Swedes organized a manhunt, arrested Lyhne and questioned him about the case. First he admitted to the murder, then retracted his confession. Danish resistance leaders and Geisler, the Big Bear, denied everything categorically.

By that time, the war was over. The Swedes had no proof against Lyhne and freed him. He returned to Denmark and again boasted freely about the murder. Geisler and others called his story a piece of fantasy.

The Danes, who once admitted to ordering Jane Horney's liquidation, later relied on a diplomatically more palatable rumour that the Allies were responsible for her death.

This theory seemed to gain ground when a former officer of the German Abwehr in Copenhagen published his memoires. He claimed that Jane Horney had been a double agent, working for both the Germans and the Allies through Britain, and she had a file in the German records under her code-name: A 305.

Official Danish investigation followed and claimed that the German's account could not be proved.

One reason for so much missing information is that from 1945 to 1948 the Swedish secret service stopped all its activities. When intelligence work was resumed in 1948, it was too late.

No-one wanted to speak about Jane Horney any more. There were too many people involved, and they all found it much more comfortable to keep silent.

They still do because there are still too many questions unanswered:

What was Jane Horney's real role?
Was she guilty of treachery or adventurous folly?
Who killed her?
Who gave orders to liquidate her?
Was the murder necessity or a shameful mistake?

Experts believe there is a way to lift the cloak of this classic cloak-and-dagger affair. The British secret service has a mass of records on her; if an MP raised the question in Parliament, the files would be opened and would, perhaps, clear Jane's or her murderer's name. ▲▲▲

The wreck that went to sea

They said the river barge was too leaky to sail. So I risked my neck—and proved them wrong By RICHARD SHERREN

A GUSHING wall of water swept through the fo'c'sle bulkhead. In my horrified mind I remembered the words of one of England's most experienced barge skippers: "You don't need to worry till the water reaches the top of the keelson." And now it was not far off.

I yelled for the mate and the motor pump. Keith Coombes, a professional fisherman, gazed at our waterfall for a full minute, then commented slowly, "We'd better start getting some out."

Alas! it began to look as if the Man from the Ministry had been right. Two weeks before this 2 a.m. dilemma in the Thames near Woolwich, a dapper little man from the Ministry of Transport had paid me a visit. My idea was to restore the barge *K.C.* so that she might live out her days in a safe berth at Felixstowe Ferry doing service as a continental restaurant.

I grant that most people would have taken one look at her state and fled in fearful anticipation of the task. But if you have a dream in your mind, determination, stamina, and an old barge, you can work wonders.

The first thing was to move her from Greenwich to Felixstowe Ferry, a trip by river and sea of about ninety miles. I knew she would have to be taken in the best of weather and nursed round the coast with love and care . . . a gentle tow from a low-powered motor fishing vessel or the like, making about four knots.

In fact a tow had been arranged, but had to be abandoned after the Ministry's intervention.

The men from the Ministry had by now decided that she could not be moved until I had opened up poor old *K.C.* for a complete load-line survey and a check upon her machinery and equipment.

A telephone call to the Ministry of Transport established that I could move the barge within the smooth water limits. Threequarters of the distance I wished to go—

some seventy miles, and the most hazardous part of my journey—lay within those boundaries.

It seemed ridiculous to me that I was legally entitled to move the *K.C.* from Greenwich to Brightlingsea through main shipping channels, far from land, littered with countless watery pitfalls and on a passage which could change from complete calmness to gales and high seas. But she was not allowed to make the second stage of twenty-four miles.

At 1.30 on a beautiful July morning I rowed to the middle of the Thames over the Blackwall tunnel and accosted a large sand barge bound for Brightlingsea.

After a satisfactory financial transaction the tow was on. My volunteer crew—myself as skipper, Keith Coombes as mate and a blonde Swedish "deckhand" called Khate—made fast the lines. Everything went as planned. As we were eased out of our unhappy mud berth at Greenwich.

For five minutes the tug kept her engines at half throttle but seeing *K.C.* in satisfactory obedience the master rang for full speed. To my horror this pulled the poor shuddering *K.C.* through the murky morning water of London's dock area at a full nine knots.

All seemed well and even serenely peaceful. Sitting in the stern with eighty foot of *K.C.* going ahead, the gentle hiss of water spinning away from our enormous rudder sounded like music as the lights of the Greenwich landmarks began to fade in the distance.

It was then that I felt that all was too well and that an inspection would be in order.

The tremendous pressure of water caused by our excessive speed had forced a hole in the bow.

Keith was already on his way with our motor pump, which could disperse five thousand gallons of water an hour. I stripped off my clothes and began to stuff them frantically into the huge gaps along the stem. Then the pump wouldn't start.

Our efforts seemed quite inadequate against the inrushing water. When the pump fired, we could get no suction.

In desperation I jumped to the foredeck and signalled the tug to ease up. As they throttled back and we came alongside, our female deckhand jumped aboard the tug, whereupon the skipper assumed that that was all we wanted—and once more rang for full steam.

At last, my mate and his pump succeeded in cutting the flow of water, but it soon became obvious that we were taking in as much as we were ejecting.

It was then that I remembered reading in my childhood of some bold pirate who had saved his ship in the same unhappy plight by employing pressure pads—an outer cladding held against the ship's side by the force of water upon it. Keith raced to our store of canvas, and I fetched chains, weights and ropes. A hasty pad was constructed and lowered into the boiling water at our bow, only to be swept away as soon as it hit the main stream of water.

I could have wept.

Our next attempt involved a sheet of canvas nailed to two lengths of hardwood. It held . . . but still the water poured in.

Then I remembered that the decks were covered with rubber matting. Immediately we nailed some of this to two poles, forced them into place—and prayed.

Miraculously, it worked. We heard only a musical trickle as the water splashed, splashed, through the gaping bow. The steaming pump went to work in earnest now and in what seemed no time we could walk the entire barge in comparative dryness.

By now dawn had brought a new and beautiful day to bloom. London was far behind, the river had widened to a sea, and large ships plodded towards their destinations bringing us fresh problems.

For the first time in years *K.C.* was smacking into the wash of ocean-going liners and meeting rollers carrying the strength of the open sea.

With half a keelson and a cut main beam she was lucky to survive. By now our pressure pads were being carried away, and they needed constant attention. My barge began to look as if she were performing a war dance as she snaked her way through the swells. At times, she was so distorted by waves that she reminded me of a crinkle-cut potato chip!

She was weak, but not too weak. When the morning breezes freshened to winds and the waves became flecked with white horses she held, gloriously, beautifully, wonderfully. At ten in the morning Brightlingsea came into view. The first part of our ordeal was nearly over.

We held our breath as the half-ton anchor went over the side, but it held. At last we waved farewell to our friends on the towing barge and went below to start clearing up.

We realised now how our ordeal had taken toll on our strength and nerves. There had been no sleep for thirty-six hours and certainly no peace of mind or rest.

I had hoped to pick up a barge bound for Harwich or farther north when we reached the Colne point buoy. We were unlucky. We were towed into a berth right on the tip of St. Osyth point in the most exposed position within the Brightlingsea harbour limits.

To avoid further complications I felt it prudent to remove ourselves at the earliest possible moment. A visit from the harbour master provided us with the transport to the

shore and the most welcome sight of all . . . an open pub.

During the most delicious pint of ale and after a scurrying of runners there appeared a burly fisherman who was to provide stage two of our voyage.

He owned a thirty-five-foot vessel powered by a forty-five-horse-power diesel unit. He agreed to give us a tow and a rendezvous was set for midnight.

When we returned to our barge, Khate, who had not ventured ashore, was bubbling with agitation. She told us that Customs officials had been aboard, that a search had been conducted higher up the estuary because they were certain we could have got no farther than Leigh-on-Sea.

One bright person thought that if we were heading for Woodbridge Haven we had to pass Brightlingsea, so it would be as well to notify the Customs there. By the time this was done we had been anchored for two hours under their noses.

Later, Customs officers came aboard and announced: "You are forbidden to leave your moorings. Anyone aiding you will be prosecuted."

Smiling sweetly, I accepted their words of caution graciously. They did not know, I was certain, of my plans for a midnight getaway. I was wrong. They did know. They had already warned off my skipper friend.

After they left, we fell into the depths of gloom. This time there was no escape. I was practically broke, and all other boats had been told not to help us.

And as a new day matured more officials made their visits. Warning followed warning. Letters from chief surveyors, secretaries and even the Minister himself. I couldn't help feeling that certain of their numbers would have liked to make the trip with us and secretly wished us *bon-voyage* for the rest of the way, but were forbidden by their posts to encourage us.

The days passed and there seemed little hope of us ever escaping.

Our thoughts now turned to self-preservation. A storm gathered in the south-west—and we got the full force of it.

For two days and three nights—sleepless nights, nights of hell and days of ugly apprehension—the seas mounted and thrashed us. For sixty hours we lived in fear, expecting at every moment that the barge would cave in.

The first afternoon saw a four-hour struggle to secure *K.C.* on her anchor. She had started to drag. All fifty-four tons were steadily being blown into the main channel and on to the moorings of the sleek, expensive-looking yachts. The anchor gripped just in time. Only three more yards and a freshly painted £10,000 yacht would have been crushed.

The next day the storm reached its full fury. Our situation was now desperate. The seas, even though only estuary seas, were reaching alarming heights. By now waves were breaking all over the decks. There was water everywhere, inside and outside. Torrents flowed down the inside timbers as the ancient decks greedily drank up the liquid through every crack and pore.

The last of our petrol had now been poured into the overworked bilge pump—but still *K.C.* wanted to live, it seemed.

All other boats had long since departed for sheltered waters, and the ballast barges were staying in port.

I swallowed my pride . . . this was the ridiculous murder of a ship and possibly of humans, too. I got to the shore and appealed to the authorities to arrange, if they could, to have *K.C.* towed to safety.

I was given to believe that something would be done, but with my crew endured another day and two more nights of fear and apprehension before the storm abated. And still no help came.

Again I went ashore to search for somebody willing to give us a tow. I was out of luck.

Then, steaming into harbour came a beaten-up, ex-Admiralty harbour launch, with more character than all the Brightlingsea boats put together. She held an air of defiance that even Keith had noticed.

When I found her skipper, after scouring every pub in town, we made a deal.

He agreed not only to tow us to Woodbridge, but on to Walton, only five miles from our destination. As I left Brightlingsea with a case of canned beer a Customs officer gazed at my cargo, and commented, "Ah, you'll be a happy ship now."

"Much happier than you think," I replied.

No sooner was I aboard *K.C.* delivering the news than our new tug drew alongside. On that beautiful, warm Sunday midday we hauled our anchor from the Brightlingsea mud for the last time to end three weeks of private hell.

So here we were, now making a steady four knots past Clacton pier, within casting distance of the wide-eyed anglers. The passage was perfect. Our repairs proved efficient, and at 5 p.m. that Sunday the Woodbridge haven buoy came in sight. Inside the sand bar lay Felixstowe Ferry.

We dropped anchor to await the flood tide and meanwhile rigged our small sail for the final stretch into the river. With the wind and the tide we eased our way into the Deben river and our final destination.

The court case that followed still seems to me one-sided and unsatisfactory. I was fined £40. But the *K.C.* was safely in the Deben river—and I feel I have proved my point. ▲▲▲

I understand now why witchcraft rules many African lives. A secret sect

The Magicians

IN spite of the winds of change that are blowing everywhere through Africa, witchcraft is still a potent force in the lives of millions of people.

From Benin, in the west, to Zanzibar in the east, its hold on public imagination is much greater than educated Africans care to admit.

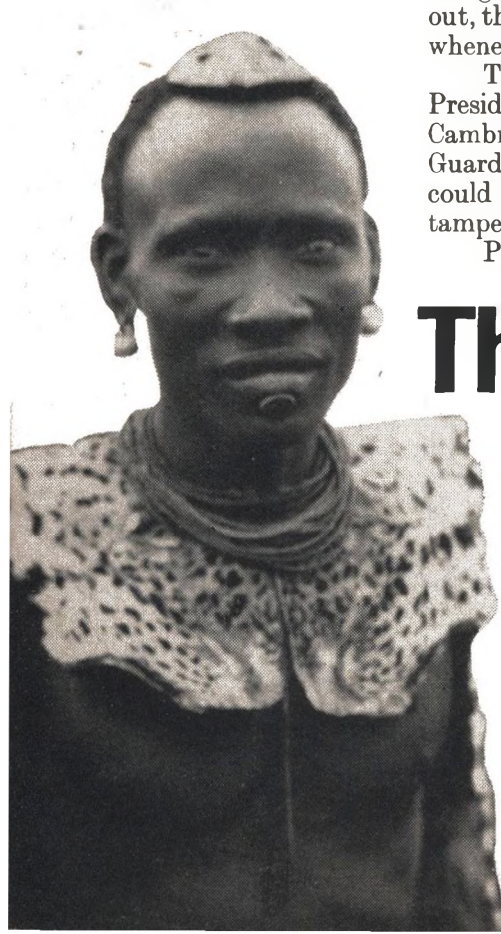
Kwame Nkrumah, President of Ghana, is known to consult witch-doctors. In Kenya a prominent African politician has suggested that witch-doctors should be licensed and their activities recognized.

Even the Kabaka of Buganda—King Freddie as he is known in Britain—has a curious connection with witchcraft. Outside his palace at Mengo there is a fire that never goes out during the Kabaka's reign.

According to an ancient tradition, the life of the Kabaka is in the fire. The people believe that if the fire goes out the Kabaka's life will end. "The fire is out, the King is dead," has been proclaimed for centuries whenever a Kabaka has died.

The present Kabaka, Mutesa II, who became President of Uganda last October, was educated at Cambridge and is an honorary captain in the Grenadier Guards. He was knighted by the Queen in 1962. No-one could be more advanced in his ideas, but he has never tampered with the belief in the Royal Fire.

Perhaps he remembers the strange circumstances



Men of Uganda's Bugisu district, where the society of the

put a curse on me—and I nearly went to my death □□□ By JOHN CROFT

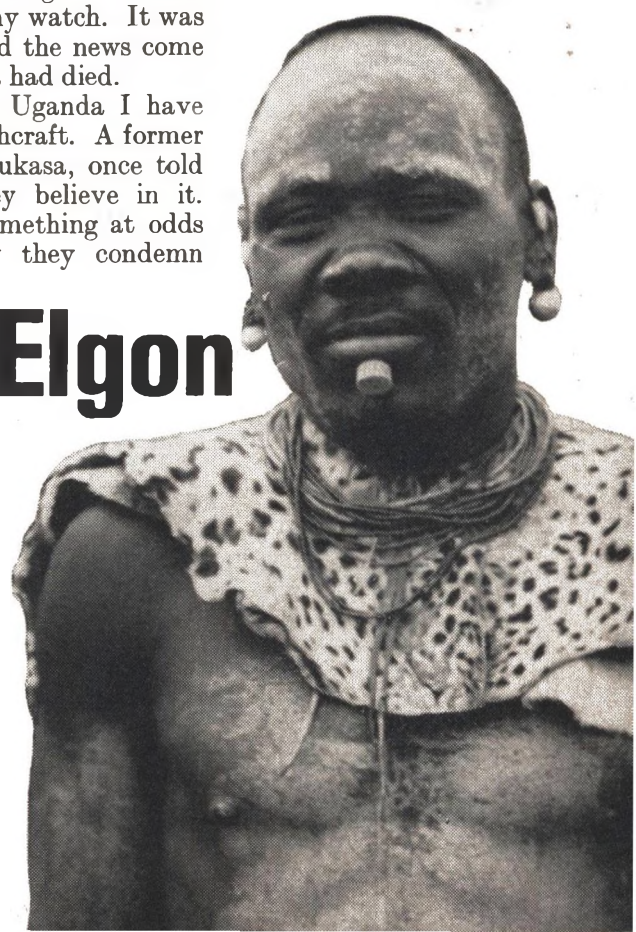
of Mount Elgon

surrounding the death of his father, Sir Daudi Chwa, in 1939. The death was totally unexpected. Sir Daudi had gone for a holiday to his lakeside villa at Salama, seven miles away. There was no sign of illness, no possible cause for alarm.

But one night, for some unaccountable reason, the fire at Mengo began to burn low. At times the tender of the fire was hard put to it to keep it alight. The news spread. Tongues began to wag. The story went round that someone was trying to bewitch the Kabaka. Night after night, after they had finished their work, hundreds of men and women toiled up the hill at Mengo to look at the fire.

At that time I was living lower down the hill, about a mile from the palace. On November 30th, out of curiosity, I went to see the fire. I shall never forget the thrill of horror that ran through the crowd when the fire went out. I looked at my watch. It was ten o'clock. Not till an hour later did the news come through from Salama that the Kabaka had died.

During my twenty-five years in Uganda I have often probed into the mystery of witchcraft. A former government minister, Mr. Balaam Mukasa, once told me: "Africans hate to admit they believe in it. They say it is a relic of the past, something at odds with reason. But no matter how they condemn



Dini wa Msambwa practises its black ritual

witchcraft, they fear it just the same. I know I do."

This was a startling admission from a man who was a graduate of Yale University and a former lecturer at Makerere, Uganda's University College.

Throughout the sixty years of British rule in Uganda, the Government was always aware of the part played by witch-doctors in the lives of the people. Shortly before self-government, a Bill was introduced in the National Assembly aimed at suppressing witchcraft.

It brought a storm of abuse from African Opposition Members. They said it was ill-conceived at a time when the country was about to become self-governing. It would bring ridicule to Uganda. Witchcraft was no longer believed in by educated people.

Mr. Mukasa, then Minister of Agriculture, invited the Opposition to denounce witchcraft —to tell the Assembly they did not believe in it. "Stand up and say so," he challenged. No-one did.

It is extremely difficult to arrive at a true assessment of the effects of witchcraft in Africa. Information is hard to obtain. Few people will talk of it. But fear of witchcraft is widespread, almost universal.

In many villages mysterious strangers still appear demanding money for "the cause".

Formerly the cause was thought to be political—the struggle for self-government. But the demands are still being made. I have been told by African friends that the money goes to assist witch-doctors. Certainly very few Africans refuse their help.

The witch-doctor in person is rarely seen. He is a nebulous figure, secretly exercising his powers. But at weddings, births and funerals he comes into his own. Tradition and witchcraft are so inextricably mixed that he feels free to operate in the open. Charms and potions are dispensed, strange rituals prescribed and observed.

I once attended a wedding in Kampala, a fine, modern town with 50,000 people. Among the many guests was a shadowy figure, shabbily dressed, never much in evidence but obviously important.

I asked who he was. He was there to assist the bridal couple, I was told.

"Yes, but who is he?" I persisted.

And then the truth came out from the bride's father—a lawyer—a little shamefaced. The man was a witch-doctor. "He expects to be called. It is better to observe his wishes."

Perhaps the greatest fear of the witch-doctor springs from the widespread belief in his power to bewitch. Once this belief is

The life of the Kabaka of Uganda depends, according to tradition, on the Royal Fire burning outside his palace at Mengo. If the fire dies, so does the Kabaka

firmly established in the victim's mind, hardly anything can save him.

An African acquaintance, an educated man with an overseas degree, surprised me by saying he had been bewitched. He had accidentally offended a witch-doctor. The change in him was remarkable. He became listless, lost weight, and in less than a month took on the appearance of a desperately sick man. I tried to reason with him, but without avail. He believed he would die. His doctor could find nothing wrong with him, but his decline continued. Then, unaccountably, he took a turn for the better. His vitality returned.

"What did I tell you?" I said. "You have just been sick—not bewitched."

"You are wrong," he replied. "I pleaded with the witch-doctor, and he relented."

I heard later that he had, in fact, paid over a considerable sum of money to get the spell lifted.

Witchcraft is not always evil. It is sometimes used to cure sickness. Near Kampala there is an African who runs a small chemist's shop. He is not a qualified man. He simply sells soaps, perfumes, patent medicines, the sort of things popular with better-off Africans. But he has a great reputation as a bone-setter. People come from far and wide to consult him.

A European doctor friend of mine, attached to the great new £3 million hospital at Mulago, told me privately he believed the man had an unaccountable gift. He made bones set that had baffled the skill of the Mulago doctors. He used the roughest of splints and bandages, but there was some manipulation and always a ritual to be observed.

The strange thing is that if the ritual was left out of the treatment, because of scepticism or forgetfulness on the part of the patient, the cure was rarely successful.

In the eyes of hundreds of Africans, the bone-setter is a witch-doctor. They believe no ordinary man could have such powers. Separated from their savage past by less than a century of civilization, they cling to the old beliefs.

No doubt many witch-doctors merely trade on the simple minds of the people. Some have a knowledge of hypnotism. But there is still a great deal in Africa waiting to be explained.

A survey of witchcraft, if it could be undertaken, would result in startling disclosures.

I know many highly-educated men who will not make a journey if they have heard a cock crow in the morning. Others consult the witch-doctor whenever a child is born to safeguard its future.

Jomo Kenyatta, Prime Minister of Kenya, will never sit in a dark corner. He has refused rooms in hotels, even in Britain, because there was not enough light. This aversion to darkness is well known to his followers.

Among the retinue of advisers, secretaries and drivers that accompanies him everywhere, one is said to be a witch-doctor.

It is doubtful if the true nature of witchcraft will ever be fully established. It is one of Africa's deepest mysteries. The notorious Mau Mau movement, still active in Kenya, undoubtedly originated in witchcraft. The leopard men of the Congo still flourish. In the Sudan and Tanganyika there are highly suspect secret societies.

What they do is uncertain, apart from their connection with nationalist movements. They appear to have some political power through supporters in the district councils and central governments. But whatever their purpose, they are greatly feared by the people. Their influence is wholly bad, surrounded as they are by an aura of magic, terror and extortion.

Uganda has one known secret society, Dini wa Msambwa, whose members practise their rites high up on Mount Elgon.

The great mountain dominates the densely populated district of Bugisu, and it was while I was there as a member of the security service, making an investigation into Dini, that I had a brush with witchcraft that I count as the most amazing experience of my life.

My assignment was to keep a close watch on Dini, and, if possible to compile a list of its leading members. I had two excellent contacts, both Africans: Yakobo, a clerk in a government office; and Sabastiani, a shopkeeper. They helped me considerably, and my task made progress.

Now came a setback. Sabastiani disappeared. I called at his shop one morning, and was surprised to find it closed. A stranger sat outside. I rattled the door, but there was no response. "Where is Sabastiani?" I asked.

"Sick," replied the stranger. Then, anticipating a further question—"I am his brother."

This put me on my guard. I knew that Sabastiani had neither brother nor sister, only a wife and child. I asked to see Sabastiani's wife. She, too, was sick, I was told.

Clearly something was wrong. I left the shop and went to the government office where Yakobo worked. I found him busy with some callers, but after a few minutes we went out-

side. We never talked in the office. There was always the risk of eavesdroppers.

"Make no more inquiries for the present," Yakobo urged. "Dini know what we are doing. Sabastiani has been threatened. He has gone away."

"So that is what has happened," I said. "But who is the stranger at the shop? He is not Sabastiani's brother as he claims."

Yakobo did not reply. With a hurried excuse he returned to his office. Then I noticed a slim, well-dressed African I had seen before on my visits to Yakobo, standing near an open window. Obviously Yakobo had seen him, too. He had probably overheard our conversation.

Late that night Yakobo came to my house. I had already gone to bed when I heard a soft knocking at the door. Yakobo, who was greatly agitated, implored me to stop my inquiries into Dini. "I have received a warning. Harm will come to all of us if you continue."

He had discovered that Sabastiani had left his home during the night, taking his family with him. The stranger I had seen was a member of Dini. Yakobo did not know where Sabastiani was.

He then told me that the eavesdropper at the office, whose name was Dabani, was also a member of Dini. He was suspected of practising witchcraft.

"But he is an educated man," I objected. "He must be above that sort of thing."

But Yakobo stuck to his point. "Witchcraft is found in strange places. I am sure Dabani is involved in it."

Two days later I encountered my first snake. I nearly trod on it as I stepped from my car. It was almost dark, but there was just enough light for me to recognize the snake as a night-adder. It slid away into the bushes.

When next we met I mentioned the incident to Yakobo. I was amazed at his reaction. A look of fear passed over his face. He muttered something about Dini, and left. He had the air of a badly-shaken man.

The following evening I went to a dinner-party in Mbale, the district headquarters. My host was the District Commissioner, a capable, level-headed man with his finger on the pulse of local opinion.

As soon as I arrived, he drew me aside. "Go easy on Dini," he warned. "I hear talk of a big meeting on Elgon, with trouble coming to a European. I don't want to scare you, but it sounds like you."

A second warning. It certainly looked as if something was brewing.

I was one of the last to leave the party, and the DC accompanied me to the door. "Don't forget what I told you. Something is going on up there." He waved his hand towards Mount Elgon.

Then, as we went down the steps together, he gave me a violent push and shouted, "Look out!" at the top of his voice.

On the bottom step, right in my path, lay a Gaboon viper. But for my host's swift action, I would have put my foot on it. The snake scuffled away into the darkness.

"That was a near thing," the DC said. "Odd, too. I've never seen a snake round the house before."

As I drove the twenty-odd miles back from Mbale, a persistent thought began to plague my mind. Somewhere, someone had told me that certain Africans were said to have certain power over snakes . . .

Nothing out of the ordinary happened for two or three days. I confined myself to routine work, and gave Dini a rest.

Then an urgent message came from headquarters in Kampala. Something big was happening to Dini. Members of the society from the Kenya side of the mountain had been attending meetings. It was imperative to find out what was going on.

With Sabastiani still absent I again contacted Yakobo, telling him I needed information urgently. He refused to help. His attitude was sullen, almost resentful. I had never seen him like that before. So, realising that he must be under considerable pressure, I decided not to pursue the matter.

"Very well, Yakobo. I understand. I must try to get the information myself."

I had almost reached my home when I heard someone running behind me. It was Yakobo.

"I am so ashamed, please forgive me," he said. "But I cannot help you—I cannot." He took me by the arm. "You *must* leave Dini alone, at least for the present. If you don't, something terrible will happen to you."

My next snake was much nearer home. On my bed, in fact. And this time it was a very nasty customer indeed: a puff adder, loathsome and deadly.

I called my servant, Paulo, and pointed at the snake.

"How did it get there?" he gasped.

"Never mind. Kill it." He did so with one swift blow from a panga. It was now his turn to give me a surprise.

"There were two snakes in the garden today. Reuben, the shamba-boy, killed them."

I had a stiff drink and sat down to think things over. In my many years in Africa I had seen perhaps twenty snakes—certainly less

than one a year. But in the past week I had seen three myself, and—if Paulo was to be believed—there had been two more in the garden.

I resolved to tackle Yakobo. I asked: "Do you believe it is possible for a man to control snakes?"

"Yes," he said, after he had heard my story. "I do. It is the clerk, Dabani. He has sworn to kill you in a way that cannot be traced. What better than to use the snakes?"

His sincerity was obvious. But could I really believe it? It seemed incredible in the twentieth century, even in Africa.

Nevertheless I developed a new caution. I probed into dark corners. I was careful where I put my hands and feet.

But in spite of this, my encounters with snakes continued. I had a particularly unnerving experience when I visited a cotton ginnery near Bulucheko to see another of my contacts, an Indian named Harilal. He was inside the ginnery, but came out to welcome me when he heard the car.

We talked for a time. Then he invited me to see a new veranda he had built at his house.

No sooner had we set out across the long grass than a spitting cobra reared up in front of me and spat its venom at my face. Harilal pushed me as the snake struck, and this probably saved my life. For the venom missed. If it had entered my eyes it might have been fatal. At best, I would have been blinded.

The rest of my story can be briefly told. Until I went to Britain on leave a month later, I had four more encounters with snakes. Two in the house—one struck at my foot, and missed, as I got out of bed—one underneath my car, and one in a dark corner at the office.

And perhaps the most extraordinary thing of all is that they were all poisonous. Extraordinary because, of the many snakes in Uganda, the poisonous variety forms a small minority.

What is the explanation? Did the clerk, Dabani, simply put the snakes in my vicinity in a purely physical sense? Was he able to handle them in safety?

But what of the viper at the DC's house in Mbale, twenty miles away? Dabani did not know I would be there. Or the spitting cobra at Bulucheke?

Was it all coincidence? Many of my friends have heard this story, but only Yakobo is sure of the answer.

"It was the work of Dini wa Msambwa. Dabani did it. He knows how to use the snakes." ▲▲▲

Wide World BROTHERHOOD

NOTE: Although we are, of course, always glad to give in these pages such details as addresses of secretaries and other officials of WIDE WORLD Brotherhood Clubs, Groups and Branches, this does not mean that they are representatives or agents for the proprietors of the WIDE WORLD Magazine, or that they have any authority to make contracts or enter into any arrangements on behalf of the Company. Nor, although we are always keenly interested in the spirit and ideals of the Brotherhood and to receive news of the activities of Clubs, Groups and Branches, can we accept responsibility for their conduct.—George Newnes, Limited, proprietors of the WIDE WORLD Magazine.

BRIEF REPORTS

BROTHER KEN DOWNES of 23 Muir Street, Hawthorn Melbourne, Australia, would like to hear from fellow philatelists willing to exchange specimens.

Advice is sought, about snags likely to be encountered *en route*, by Brother G. Pratt, of 16 Barley Close, Little Eaton, Derby who plans a working tour of the world.

Brother N. S. Shah, of P.O. Box 621, Zanzibar, is coming to the United Kingdom later this year to study economics and political science, and would be grateful for offers of accommodation.

Exchange of fossil specimens is offered by geological enthusiast Brother Raymond Curtis of 37 Woodfield Road, Kinson, Bournemouth, Hants.

Brother G. Hall, of 359 Canterbury Street, Gillingham, Kent, is planning a motoring tour of the Continent, and seeks a companion willing to share expenses.

Employment that affords opportunities to travel is sought by Brother Michael Browne, of 37 St. John's Road, Bedhampton, Havant, Hants.

Brother John Osunde, of P.O. Box 1485, Lagos, Nigeria, is coming to England later this year, and would appreciate offers of employment.

Planning emigration to Australia, Brother Robert Taylor, of 70 Kings Road, Farncombe, Godalming, Surrey, would be grateful for information regarding accommodation and employment prospects.

Brother Paul Knight of 14 Grosvenor Terrace, London, S.E.5, would like to hear from fellow philatelists in other parts of the Commonwealth, with a view to exchanging specimens.

To aid the Little Elizabeth (blind girl) Fund, Brother Jim Hart of 32 Dunkeld Avenue, Filton, Bristol, appeals for more silver paper, foreign stamps, old magazines and toys.

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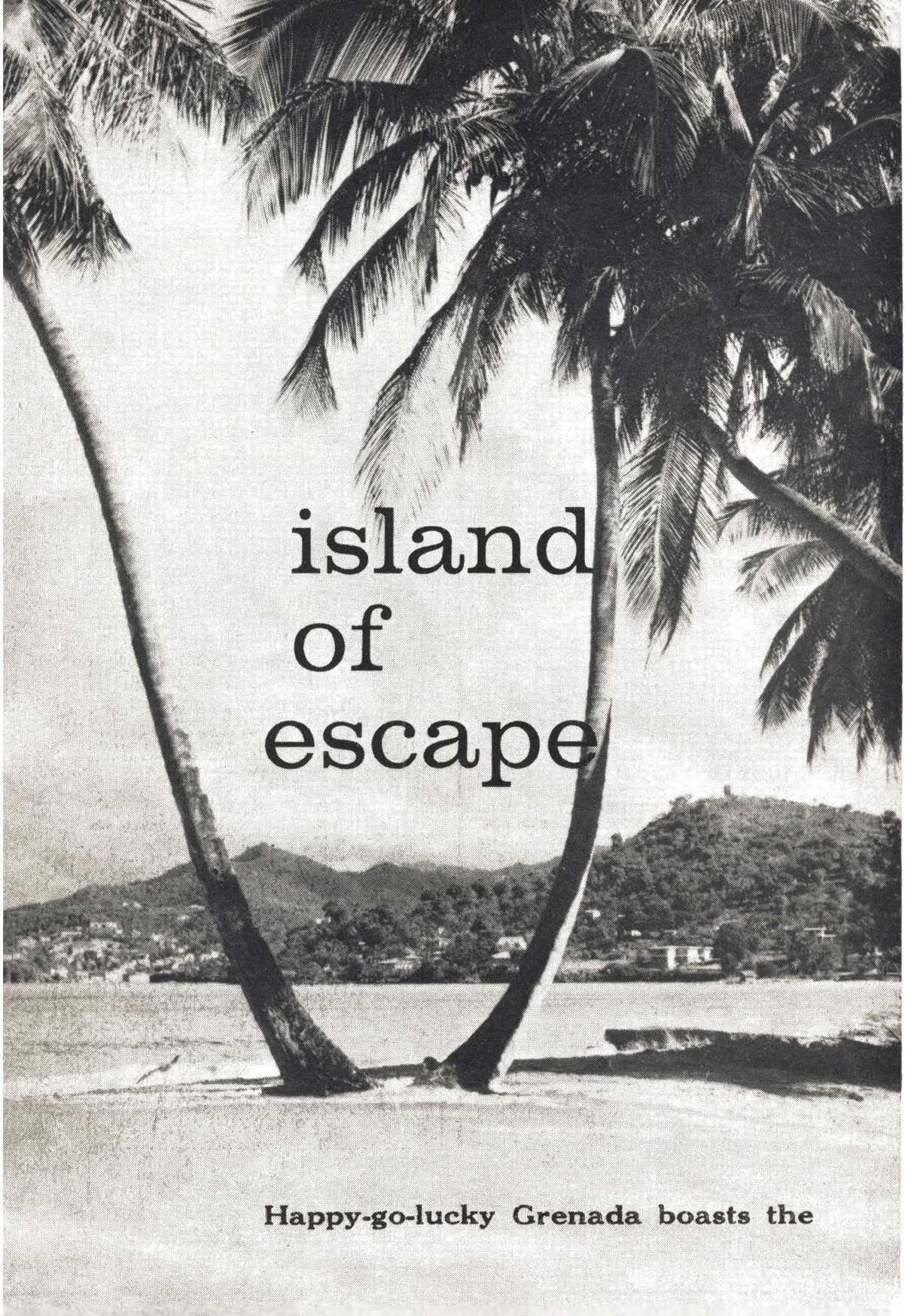


island of escape

Happy-go-lucky Grenada boasts the

Blue sea and waving palms give Grenada a paradise look. Here fishing is vital to the economy, though there seems little urgency about the fisherman (right) making ready his small boat

By Derek Townsend

GRENADA, the most southerly of the Windward Isles in the West Indies, floats in the Caribbean sunshine, a symbol of escapism, tropical, warm, carefree.

When I first saw it, approaching by sea, it seemed like a mirage, a stunning blow to the senses. Dominated by coconut palms and banana plantations, the vegetation is dense and green. This is no artist's green, no civilized green ; it is pure, and excitingly primitive.

From the centre of the island rises a backbone of peaks called the Grand Etang, and it is over this highest point that the occasional storm clouds gather, sweeping down into the valleys like a black waterfall, and bringing a few minutes of torrential rain to make the ground steam and the birds stop their constant chatter. But usually the sky is clear, with only a few fluffy white clouds to filter out the sun and make the coral reefs take on ever-changing shades of green, pink and amber.

St. Georges, the capital, spreads out along the harbour front and climbs up the hills in a peculiarly lazy, helter-skelter fashion. The town is as hilly as the rest of the island.

The streets are unbelievably steep, and you can always tell a girl from St. Georges by looking at her calves. Everywhere you turn there is a hill looming, and the cottages are either far down on the hillside

most carefree life under the sun

that slopes from the road, or perched high up on the other side of the valley.

Outside the town, most of the buildings are no more than dilapidated shacks, erected from cardboard, driftwood, pieces of tin and dried banana tree leaves. In these conditions, families live eight or ten to one small room. They sleep huddled together on the floor, completely indifferent to the cockroaches and centipedes that crawl around them in the dark.

There are no toilet facilities and the only means of washing is either at the village pump, or in one of the many rivers, where both sexes of all ages can be seen bathing naked. They are not shy of being watched, and will splash around and wave, fully realising—although in a way they cannot really understand—that the white man tends to be embarrassed at such a scene.

Hundreds of children, not even clothed with a pair of shoes, play around the shacks, but they all seem healthy, full of life, and happy. Having lived in such intimate surroundings, there are no problems of sex education. From an early age they have watched love-making on so many occasions that the sexual act is no more significant than eating and drinking.

In the interior, away from the false sophisticated atmosphere created for the holiday visitor, I have seen children no more than seven or eight years old performing erotic dances with great skill. At the age of eleven or so they have grown to show as little moderation in granting sexual favours as their elder sisters of eighteen, who by this time have usually had several children.

Certainly this unique sexual freedom has brought criticism. I once spoke to the Reverend Owen Thomas who had been a minister in this island for ten years.

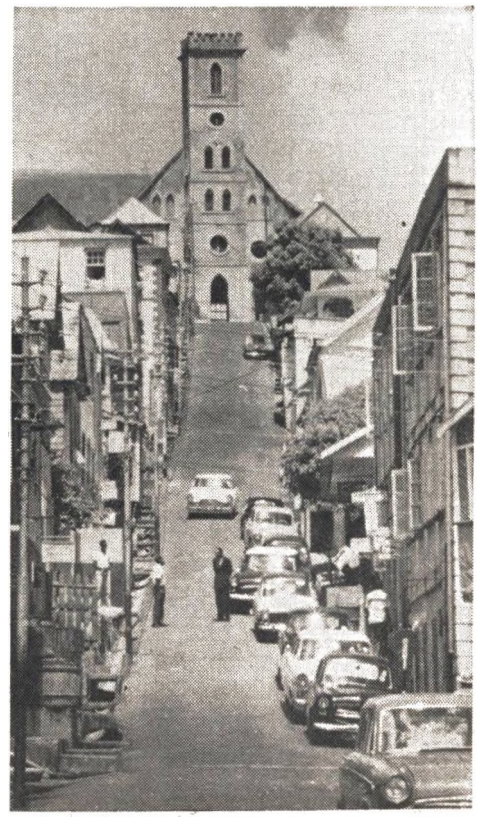
"These ten years have taught me a great deal," he said. "At first I tried to show them the sanctity and true meaning of marriage, and then I began to discover just how happy they really were. They enjoyed life."

He hesitated. "Can you give me the names of ten friends who are truly happy?" I smiled and did not answer.

"Of course, I do have the occasional wedding ceremony," he continued. "Often the bride comes up the aisle with her own children as pages and bridesmaids. But what can I do?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Peculiarly enough, they may have lived together for ten years and yet as soon as it becomes legal, they tend to argue and split up."

Certainly, pregnancy is such a natural event that no girl worries in the slightest, even though she rarely knows who is the real

A tethered goat (above) acts as a traffic signal, though this one doesn't seem to be working.
A steep street (below) typical of St. Georges



father. Despite the influence of the church, marriage only takes place occasionally, and they prefer to live with each other and exchange partners when fancy dictates.

In Grenada—named after the town in southern Spain, but pronounced Gre-*nay*-da—there is no real colour bar, but it is a little sad to learn that many mothers desperately want their babies to be white. It is a popular belief that this can be achieved by drinking large quantities of a milky stomach-powder, and many a pregnant girl drinks bottle after bottle of the mixture. This also explains why some handsome, dusky girls make themselves particularly alluring to the white man, and having made a successful seduction, would convince themselves that the result was due to their doses of stomach medicine.

Adults in this 133 square miles of island, a stepping stone to Venezuela and Trinidad, enjoy a lazy, easy-going life, punctuated by isolated bouts of field work on quarter-acre plots of land. Some of them plant sweet potatoes, but most prefer to grow breadfruit, mangoes, bananas and paw-paws.

A number of menfolk own leaky fishing boats, and because meat is scarce, the catch of the day is always anxiously awaited. I only visited the meat market once. Sides of beef, cut from poor undernourished animals, hung steaming in the sun. They looked slightly green, and had a sickly aroma. Dogs chewed at them from beneath, while several large black birds clung to the meat with their talons, pecking furiously.

In the town there is always hurry and bustle. Buses come and go every minute of the day. They are badly in need of repair, very often have no wings or bonnet, and are open sided with wooden bench seats. Despite this, they have exotic names painted on their sides—"Lady Jane", "Sleepy Doll" and "Lovers' Delight"!

Women, dressed in rags, sell trays of sweets and bottles of coloured beverages made from herbs and spices; they are supposed to revitalize both men and women, and a flourishing trade is always enjoyed. Young girls stand in the shade, perspiring beneath the arms, and dressed in bright, but ragged, dresses that are none too clean.

They look young and strong, with powerful legs and full breasts that almost split their tight clothing.

On a Sunday the scene is very different. Dresses are immaculate and often new—they have used a deodorant and even a little perfume.

It can be very hot and humid in St. Georges, especially in August and September. Sometimes, and fortunately not very often, the temperature is around a hundred, even at night. At midday the seasonal average maximum at this time of the year is ninety.

When the weather has been persistently dry, the sand flies can be a terrible nuisance. So tiny that they are almost invisible, they find their way down the collar, up the legs, and usually into the vicinity of the navel.

In the mountainous area of the Grand Etang, there is always a breeze. There are no sand flies, and it is pleasantly cool. The roads are narrow, twisting upwards to over 4,000 feet in a series of seemingly never-ending hair-pin bends that appear physically impossible to negotiate. Round and round you go, with the view getting more and more dramatic.

Soon the town has disappeared, leaving only a few buildings near the harbour looking like something glimpsed from an aeroplane, remote and lacking intimacy.

Once you get to the top, the road deteriorates. First from being pitted with small holes, to bigger holes, and finally to just holes. This is the site of an extinct volcano, the crater of which is now filled by a lake of silent green water, and is completely surrounded by banana trees.

In the hottest season, it is always a relief to rest in these lovely peaks which command a wonderful view not only of St. Georges, but also the coastline of South America and the distant Venezuelan mountains outlined in ghostly blue and grey against the western sky beyond La Guaria.

It is here that the scent of exotic flowers and trees are at their best.

When the sun sets, it does so with

a remarkable "green flash", a natural phenomenon for which there is no true scientific explanation. Just before the sun disappears below the horizon, it turns a bright green and a flash of light illuminates the whole sky.

Much of Grenada's charm comes from the West Indians themselves. Without these happy-go-lucky people the island would be dull. To the West Indians, it is always carnival time. They are generous, courageous, amusing and musical. In working for a living they are irresponsible. In pursuit of music and happiness they are dedicated.

The West Indian "twist", when performed correctly, is impossible to describe without sounding vulgar. An island churchman once said: "If it was not sincere and such good fun, it would be a very dirty dance."

It combines the maximum sexual suggestion and violence without the dancers actually touching each other. In a manner completely uninhibited and without shame, it goes to the ultimate roots of life. I have seen women tourists leave without dignity in the middle of such an exhibition. "It is like watching people in bed together," said one.

I have seen elderly men perspire and faint from excitement. Once a holidaymaking pop singer watched with bulging eyes. Suddenly he wiped his brow: "Wow, if they could dig these crazy kids in Clapham!"

The steel band itself expresses originality with a new scale. Contemporary writers of musical arrangements find it is a scale that intrigues and bedevils, for steel-band music can only be played and not written. The orchestra consists of six forty-gallon oil drums, a cello-pan, and the ping pong. The steel-musician is often oblivious to all that goes on around him, except the all-important beat of the band's rhythm section.

The West Indian sense of humour is also keen. This is borne out by a notice that appeared on the front page of the only daily paper:

"Visitors who come to Grenada and hire a car, and who drive on the left side of the road, while observing the 30 mph speed limit, will enjoy their drives on the island. As most of the island's inhabitants show remarkable indifference to these rules for safety, extra caution on the part of the visitor is recommended."

Wherever one drives, one will find goats tethered close beside the road. These goats, it is explained by the locals, are actually traffic policemen, invaluable to the motorist. When you are coming up to a bend and observe the goat looking away from your car, you may assume that he has his eye on one coming from the opposite direction.

Every Saturday evening is "rum night"; a weekly celebration with a white lethal beverage brewed locally. The Grenadians get drunk. They may lie down in the middle of the road and go to sleep. They may even forget to perform their toilet duties out of sight, but they will never get nasty, violent or annoying.

Certainly you will find more laughing and smiling people per square yard than in any other part of the world. Nervous exhaustion and stomach ulcers are terms that belong only in America and Europe, and yet for some strange reason the sale of nerve sedatives and drugs is extremely high. Why they are taken I have never been able to understand, but this drugtaking is almost a status symbol. At any chemist's, without a prescription, you can buy such nerve drugs as pheno-barbitone, methyl-pentynol, and Librium, in addition to any number of so-called aphrodisiacs. None is needed in such a happy, ever-growing community.

Hospital facilities and doctor treatment are very poor, so it is fortunate that Grenada is one of the healthiest islands in the world. Tuberculosis, malaria, dysentery, smallpox and other tropical ailments are almost unknown, although venereal disease is naturally prevalent.

Water supplies are good, and there are no deadly snakes or insects. On my first visit to Grenada, I was informed that I was staying between the Quarantine Station and the Leper Colony. The Quarantine Station turned out to be a government house rented to honeymoon couples and the Leper Colony had received only one leper—more than fifty years before.

To the holidaymaker, many aspects of tropical life go unseen. In any case no record of Grenadian life must be captured on film, for the inhabitants have a deep-rooted superstition about the camera.

Voodoo is still practised in the mountains, and the photograph is likened to the effigies used in black-magic rituals. The local people's objection to the camera is based upon self-protection, and can have dangerous consequences if their fear is not taken seriously.

Nevertheless, for all who visit it, Grenada will be remembered as a tropical paradise on earth, an island bathed in brilliant sunshine. They will remember the seductive white sand, the sapphire blue Caribbean water that boasts the perfect temperature of 100°F., and the magic beat of steel-bands. They will remember the moonlight that is like something from a fairy tale, and the silence of the roads racing upwards over the Grand Etang to the stars.

▲▲▲

AUSTRALIA'S UNKNOWN WILDERNESS

The Wallum is a wild-life paradise. And its rarest animal is Man

By DAVID POCKLEY

THERE is a fascinating strip of country stretching for about a thousand miles along the Queensland coast. With a few breaks it reaches from the New South Wales border. through the Tropic of Capricorn and well up towards Cape York. Seldom more than twenty or thirty miles wide, its western edge is bordered by the low Coast Range, called by courtesy "mountains", and its Eastern side runs into the Pacific Ocean.

There are a few widely-spaced towns and villages, occasional small hardwood mills and timber cutters' camps, a few banana, pineapple and sugar-cane plantations—often deserted and overgrown—and for the rest, to quote a local saying, " miles and miles of bloody Australia ".

This is the Wallum.

Once the hunting ground of stone-age tribesmen, it is now deserted and empty. Consisting as it does of sand and more sand, deficient in nearly everything in the way of minerals and trace elements, it will not—again to quote a local saying—" run a bandicoot to the square mile ".

It is flat and featureless, well watered, well timbered with poor-grade timber such as bloodwood, scribbly gum and paper bark, lonely, hard to get around in, easy to get lost in and to me captivating.

This is where the wild-life is. Scrubber cattle and brumby horses, weedy and inbred. Wild pigs, savage and dangerous, and all the animals, insects and birds native to coastal Queensland ; unused to man, and consequently unafraid and curious.

I make my living in the Wallum. I

travel around in it, by jeep when I can, on foot when I must, and I admit to a love affair with the inhabitants.

In this country, as in most sparsely-settled parts of the world, an animal is looked on as an embryonic square meal, a fur coat on the hoof or as a scalp, and widespread misconceptions regarding its habits and character prevail.

To speak of someone as being a "dingoe" has exactly the same meaning as saying he is "yellow" or "cowardly". A dingoe is anything but. He is clever and cunning and will walk round trouble when he can, but if he must, he will fight with skill and ferocity.

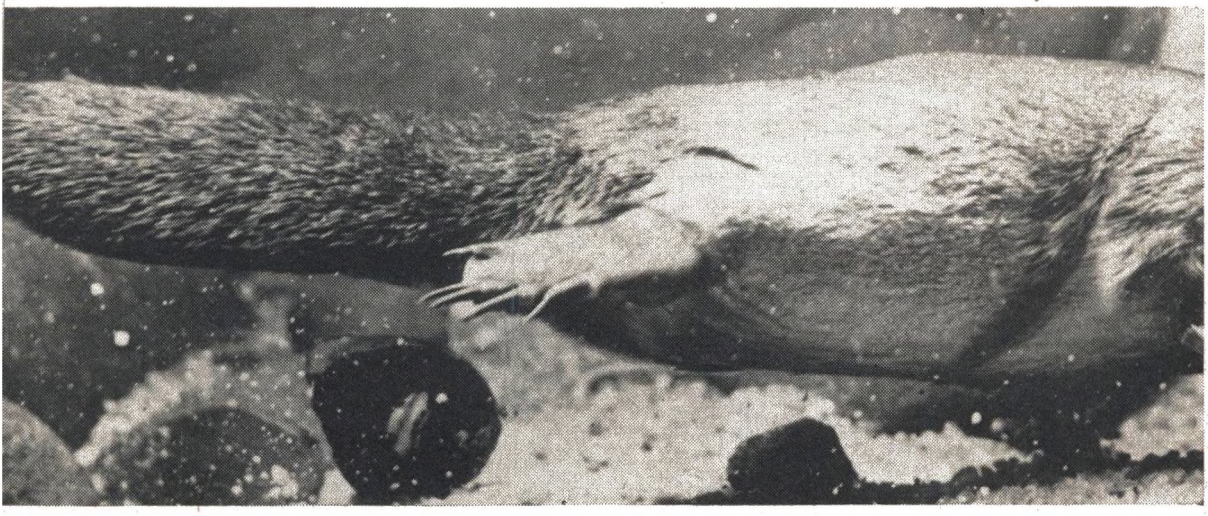
If you had seen, as I have seen, a dingoe bitch fight to the death in a vain effort to save her newly-born litter from a hungry old sow, you would not call her cowardly.

Again, the emu is generally regarded as being a dignified and clever bird (probably because it has a place of honour in the national coat of arms). Actually, although dignified in appearance, it has the brain of a retarded hen. I have sat on a log and by flashing a tobacco tin in the sun, have attracted two full-grown emus to within six feet of me. I could probably have had them in my shirt pocket if my nerve hadn't broken.

The more I have to do with animals the more certain I become that one cannot apply hard and fast rules to them. It is generally conceded that a mother will fight, and if necessary give her life to protect her young.

I have had a bee-eater, no bigger than a well-nourished sparrow, fly in my face again

A Tasmanian Devil (above) one of the most savage of the Wallum's inhabitants. The egg-laying Duck-billed Platypus, is one of its oddest mammals



and again when I have tried to look into her nest. Yet just the other day I saw a doe kangaroo, chased by two dingoes, take the joey from her pouch and throw it to her pursuers.

This is a well-known habit of kangaroos and is sometimes advanced as an indication of their cleverness. By lightening her load, the doe can outdistance her pursuers and pick up the baby later. This may be the mother 'roo's intention, but the fact remains that when I witnessed it, the joey was eaten while the doe got away.

The taipan is Australia's deadliest snake. Without prompt anti-venine injections, its bite is usually fatal within minutes. Yet I have watched a sow placidly eat her way along a seven-foot specimen, working from the tail end, while the frenzied snake savagely struck again and again at her shoulder and neck with no apparent ill effects.

The sow's evident immunity has been explained to me as evidence of the snake's inability to penetrate the sow's hide and fat, yet a taipan has the longest fangs of any Australian snake, and a razor-back pig carries very little fat.

The cock emu is the ideal husband. He hatches the clutch of big dark-green eggs, and acts as baby-sitter to the chicks until they reach the age of discretion.

Emus are plain silly. They will run in front of your jeep, big feet kicking up the dirt, snake-like necks outspread until they are on the brink of exhaustion, and will then duck sharply to the side. If you aren't fast with the foot-brake you will find yourself sharing the front seat with a hundred and fifty pounds of flustered bird.

I have jogged along a sandy Wallum track behind an old cock bird and his brood of a dozen chicks, smart in their striped suits. The old bird, running with his head practically on the ground, has dealt each chick in turn a sharp belt on the behind with his broad powerful beak. The chicks have shot to the roadside and collapsed motionless at the base of a grass tussock or against a stone or merely into a slight hollow in the bare earth.

So perfect was their camouflage that when I stopped the jeep and walked back I stepped on one before seeing it.

When their bellies are full, animals will play like unselfconscious kids. One of the most rewarding hours I ever spent was on a hot summer night. The moon was full and I sat and watched half a dozen flying squirrels playing follow the leader through and over and around a grove of iron-bark trees.

On another occasion I saw a pair of wedge-tailed eagles—mighty birds, bigger than the American eagle, bigger even than the condor—playing with what appeared to be a bird's wing, diving, soaring, swooping.

As they did so they passed their toy from one to the other. Strangely enough, the sight of these majestic birds acting the goat was slightly embarrassing, rather as if I had met the town mayor walking along the street with his buttons undone.

As regards their belly-filling, some get it easy, some the hard way. As an example of the easy way, take the echidna. This spiny ant-eater is, like the much-publicized platypus, a survivor from the past. It is an egg-laying, pouched mammal.

Its diet consists exclusively of termites, and as termite nests are thicker than fleas on a hound-dog, it never has to go far to find a lunch-counter. It gets its rations by tearing the side out of one these iron-hard mounds and engulfing the unsuspecting occupants.

Equipped with tremendous claws, the echidna can tunnel through anything softer than rock with the speed and efficiency of a post-hole borer, and can sink out of sight in Wallum sand like a hot penny in snow.

A resident who goes to more trouble at meal-times is the black cockatoo. This big, shiny black-and-red or black-and-yellow parrot has a fondness for a three-inch, finger thick, white grub that bores into the heart of the scribbly gum.

The cockatoo claws its way up the tree trunk, head cocked to one side, the picture of concentration until it hears the grub working

away inside. It then tears half the tree away to get at its meal. The scribbly gum is one of the hard hardwoods, and the grub may be anything up to a foot in from the bark.

Foxes are everywhere. They are seldom seen, but their tracks are found on every trail and pad. They are not indigenous to Australia, but were brought out in the old days by a sporting squire who, it is said, had grown tired of chasing convicts, and wanted something with a bit more life in it.

They have adapted themselves with a vengeance, and now bear small resemblance to the little red fox of England. They are big and leggy and, on the coast at least, are a sandy brown.

Before myxomatosis decimated the rabbit population, they earned their keep. Now that rabbits are in short supply foxes have become an unmitigated nuisance.

Such ground-nesting birds as swamp pheasants, curlews, plovers and quail, which once swarmed over the Wallum in thousands, are becoming increasingly hard to find. Foxes are clever, proficient hunters. Once I walked on to a lonely water-hole and watched a fox attract to the bank a brood of curious ducklings by rhythmically twitching the tip of its tail while keeping the rest of its body out of sight.

As fighters, foxes are second to none. To watch a couple of dog foxes fighting in a moonlit clearing, is to see an exhibition of hit-and-run mayhem that is a pleasure to watch. In the air almost as often as they are on the ground, their flashing speed and airy grace is heart-stopping, and it's a revelation to see how they use their heavy brushes as clubs.

Along the western side of the Wallum strip, creeks and gullies wander down from the high land on their way to the sea. Through the ages, these waterways have brought down and deposited along their banks thousands of tons of good, red volcanic soil. These jutting points—anything from an acre to several hundred acres in area, are covered in what is known as "vine scrub".

Here grow giant fig trees, hoop pines, Moreton Bay ash, palms, tree ferns, staghorns and orchids; all tied together with looping thigh-thick monkey vines. Here too grows the sting tree, the Gympie-Gympie of the aborigine, contact with the broad hairy leaves of which will reduce a strong man to a moaning, quivering wreck.

A hundred other plants and insects that sting and bite, stab and itch, make life miserable for the inexperienced and unwary.

In the scrubs are birds and animals unknown in the Wallum proper, among them the scrub turkey, which bears no resemblance to a proper turkey. It is about as big as a domestic fowl and is a mound builder.

I have seen great mounds of scratched-up leaves and debris, six feet high and thirty feet across. In these the turkey deposits her clutch of a dozen or so eggs. Eggs so large that eight of them weigh as much as the hen.

In this mound of rotting vegetation the eggs are left to incubate, and when hatched, the chicks emerge fully fledged and ready to go. Turkeys are excellent eating, or as the aborigines say, "good-feller tucker".

When they emerge from these patches of scrub, the creeks and gullies quickly lose themselves in the Wallum sand to emerge again as a chain of water-holes deep, black and cold. Then they disappear into great treeless swamps, shoulder high in saw-edged "cutty" grass—a favourite breeding ground for snakes

The Wallum abounds in the unusual ; the bird on the right is a Bee-eater, the Echidna (far right) like the platypus is another example of egg-laying mammal

and, of course, mosquitoes by the million.

They reappear nearer to the sea, as sweet, cold, running water, that has been filtered through miles of sand. In these water-courses are eels and turtles and fresh-water Jew, a scaleless, whiskered, bottom-feeding fish, weighing up to two or three pounds, easy to catch and classed as good eating, or offal, depending on whether or not you like fish that tastes of flannel smeared with mud.

This is where the water-fowl breed. Ducks black, teal and wood ducks—red-legged water hens, white spoonbills, white, black and straw-necked ibis. Here, too, is found the great black and white jabiru, Australia's only stork.

All these live together in noisy harmony, making life miserable for the millions of frogs, shrimps, minnows, yabbies and fresh-water crayfish, and providing a living for the water rats, water lizards, six-foot goannas and twelve-foot carpet pythons that grow fat and sassy on their eggs and young.

In the larger creeks and rivers are fresh-water cod, reputed to grow so big that if a photograph is taken of one the negative alone can weigh up to eighteen pounds.

As one approaches the eastern edge and the ocean, the country gradually changes. Gum and bloodwood give way to ti-trees, banksias, casuarinas and pandanus palms with their massive orange-coloured fruit.

The sand becomes deeper and looser and is blown up into dunes and hills, trackless, bottomless and impassable even to the jeep. Plough through this last half mile and one emerges on the beach, those great lonely stretches of sand and silence that are the beaches of Queensland. They reach for mile after mile, swooping from headland to headland, all completely empty.

This is the place to see the inhabitants. The wild cattle and horses, the kangaroos and wallabies, and all the smaller animals down to the tiny marsupial mice, venturing down at night to suck up their ration of salt at the edge of the receding breakers. At daylight, the sand is a fascinating network of tracks, until the incoming tide again washes it clean.

In a drought this is where they must come for their drinking water, too, when the Wallum swamps become expanses of stinking mud, and the surface water evaporates, and the creeks disappear into the sand; then they must dig at high-water mark, and wait for the holes to fill with sweet, fresh water.

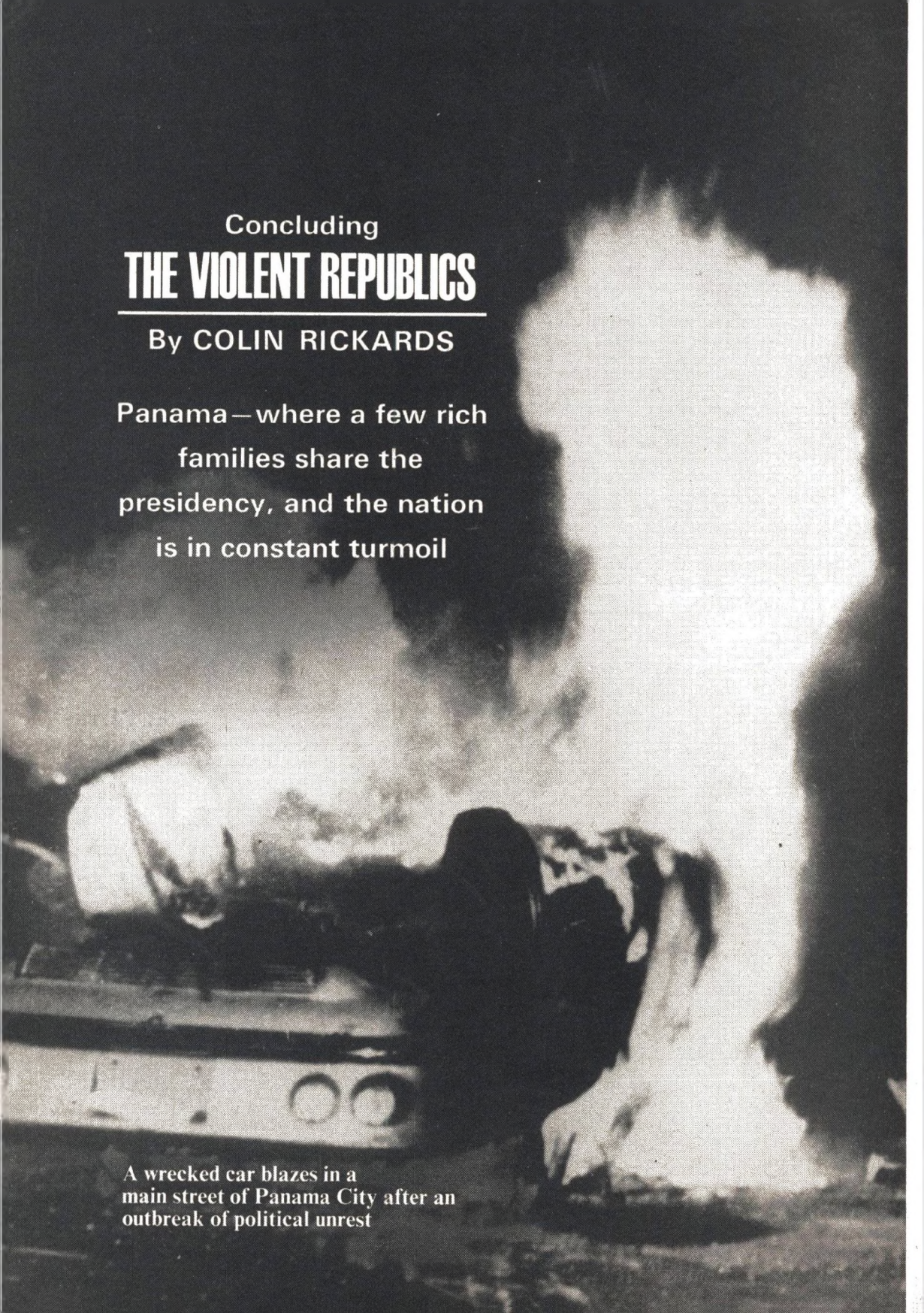
Fishing on these deserted ocean beaches is out of this world. Equip yourself with a rod and a heavy surf-casting reel, bait your hook with a ugury, that small muscle-like clam found at the water's edge, station yourself opposite a channel gouged out by the boiling surf (known locally as a gutter) and you will pull in taylor, whiting (not the small anaemic whiting of the sheltered estuaries, but big, torpedo-shaped, green coloured, firm-fleshed beauties), bream, yellow-tail and that prince of fighting surf fish, trevalli.

This is the hunting ground of the sea eagle, known by that particularly inappropriate name of "fish hawk". A big, fleshy, rufus-red, white-headed bird and a great friend of mine, since his fondness for tree snakes, those thin, leaf-coloured, acrobatic, climbers must save the lives of thousands of young birds.

I have watched an eagle make three soaring flights over a bush, returning each time to his perch in a dead tree with a snake looping and writhing in his talons.

With about three yards of snake inside him, he fluffed his feathers, stretched his neck, and returned to the serious business of the day, catching and eating fish.

There is nothing of the hunter's paradise about the Wallum. It is too difficult of access and, apart from the pigeons, ducks and scrub turkeys, there isn't much to hunt. But for someone who likes to get next to nature it has a great deal to offer. ▲▲▲



Concluding

THE VIOLENT REPUBLICS

By COLIN RICKARDS

Panama—where a few rich families share the presidency, and the nation is in constant turmoil

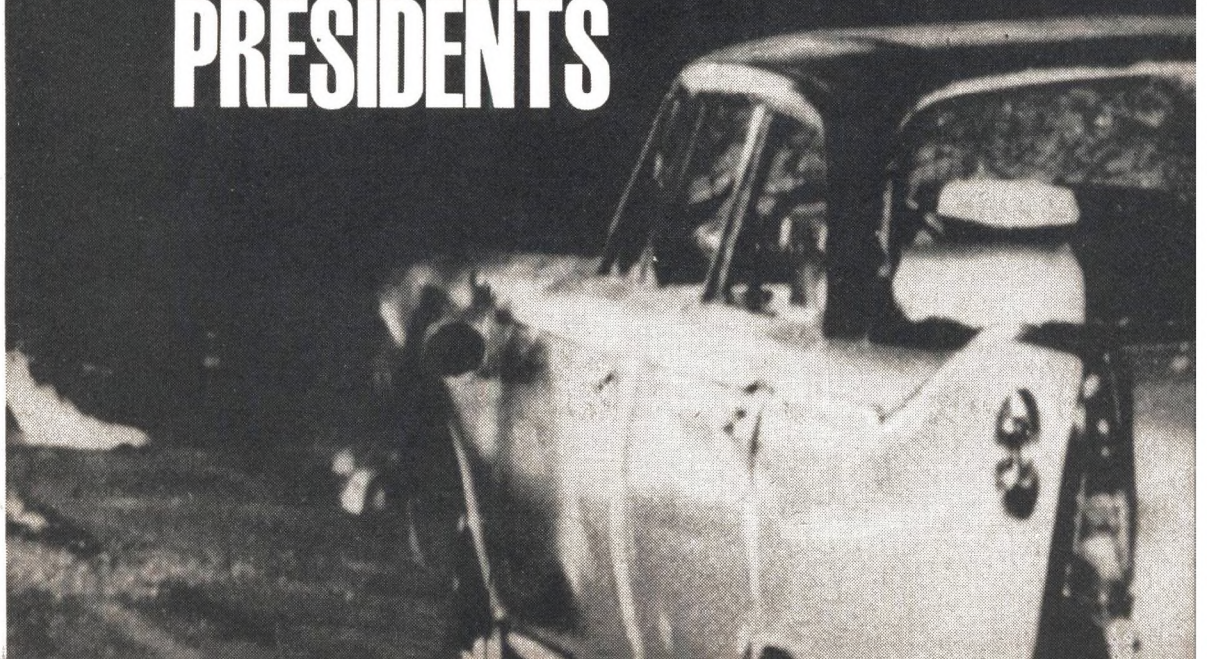
A wrecked car blazes in a main street of Panama City after an outbreak of political unrest

A CIRCUS OF PRESIDENTS

IN its sixty years as an independent country Panama has had forty-six presidents. But despite the fact that the constitutional term of office is four years, only two presidents have been able to see it out. The average length of a president's tenure of office has been only fifteen months.

The current president, fifty-eight-year-old millionaire business tycoon Roberto Chiari, is now in his second term of office. His first term, in 1949, lasted exactly four days. And in those four days Panama had three presidents—a record even for the politically-stormy, strategically-vital republic at the point where Central and South America are joined.

Panama is a paradox. For the long, narrow republic—covering 31,890 square miles and the home of just over a million people—is both extremely rich and extremely poor. Divided in two by the American-controlled Panama Canal, lifeline of the world's shipping, Panama



A CIRCUS OF PRESIDENTS *(continued)*

produces coffee and bananas on its immensely fertile soil, yet only about half of the country is cultivated.

A small minority of the people live in comparative luxury in Panama City, the majority in destitute conditions throughout the country. And only a matter of an hour's flying time from the capital primitive Indians live in virtually impenetrable jungles covering one quarter of the country, hunting with bows and arrows, and living much as their forefathers were living when the Spanish conquistadores first came to the Isthmus.

Turbulent Panama owes its existence—in every sense of the word—to America. For without America the country would be poor. And without America there never would have been a Panama. The canal brings money to the Government and to the people. For America maintains a large staff to run the 648-square mile Canal Zone. And it was America who—in President Theodore Roosevelt's imperialistic tenure in the White House—brought the country into being, fomenting a revolt and helping the people to break away from Colombia, of which what became Panama was the ninth department.

That was back in 1903. A French company under the formidable Ferdinand de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame, had an agreement with Colombia to build a canal across the Isthmus. But after years of trying at a cost of thousands of lives in the malaria-ridden jungles, the French sold out to American financiers and the birth of a nation began.

At first America tried to buy the canal site for £2 million and a yearly rental, but the Colombians thought it was worth more. The Americans refused to pay and began looking for another way to gain control of the region.

Philipe Buneau-Varilla, agent for French and American capitalists interested in the canal project, hurried to the United States seeking financial backing for a revolution. He called on President Roosevelt, was given a tacit go-ahead, and returned to Panama to lay his plans.

Curiously, the revolt was reported in Washington before it took place in Panama. On November 3, 1903, only hours after the

U.S. warship *Nashville* arrived off Panama, the American State Department cabled their consul: *"Uprising on Isthmus reported. Keep department promptly and fully informed."*

The consul cabled back. *"No uprising yet. Reported will be in night. Situation critical."*

A few hours later he cabled: *"Uprising occurred tonight, 6, no bloodshed. Army and navy officers taken prisoner. Government will be organized tonight."*

American troops were landed, Buneau-Varilla and the revolutionaries declared independence the same day. Washington recognized the new country within three days. It was all a very smooth operation. A treaty was negotiated between the Panamanians and the United States for the building of the canal, and President Roosevelt remarked smugly to Congress: "I took the Canal Zone."

The £8 million America paid out in compensation to the French canal company went largely to American financiers who had bought up the company's shares for a song. Colombia demanded that they too should receive compensation, but their demand was rejected out of hand. It was not until some twenty years later, when American businessmen wanted a share in the newly-found oil in Colombia, that the U.S. Congress reversed their decision and

The two faces of Panama City. Fountains play (left) at the luxurious new Hilton hotel, resort of wealthy American businessmen. Workers live in New Orleans style apartments (above)—if they are really lucky

rushed a belated £5 million in compensation for the loss of the canal. Such are the ramifications of international skulduggery.

The Panama-U.S. Canal Treaty—signed on November 18, 1903—gave the new republic £3,570,000 for the Canal Zone—a site ten miles wide and covering 648 square miles, cut through by the canal, completely bisecting the country.

It gave America the zone and all the "powers, rights and authority to the exclusion of the exercise by the Republic of Panama of any such sovereign rights, power or authority". And it gave it to them "in perpetuity", for an annual rental of £90,000 which has gradually been pushed up by a succession of statesman-like moves by Panamanian presidents until today it stands at £690,000.

It caused in Panama a bone of contention which rankles to this day. For no nation likes to know that another holds part of its land "in perpetuity"—and makes nearly £2 million a year clear profit in doing so.

The canal was completed in 1914 after thousands of Chinese, West Indian Negro and Spanish immigrants, working millions of man hours had ripped a passageway across the Isthmus. By the time they had finished the fifty-one-mile-long canal more than 400 million cubic yards of earth had been moved—enough to make 119 Egyptian pyramids or fill a hole 16.2 feet square right through the Earth.

But while the Canal Zone was quietly ruled by the Americans—a major-general is governor of the Canal Zone and president of the Panama Canal Company—in much the way any colony or virtual-colony is ruled, the political history of the split-in-two republic was far from happy.

Panama has had three constitutions since 1903. On thirty occasions Panamanians have gone out to vote for a president. And forty-six presidents have taken the oath. Only President Belisario Porras (1912-16) and President Ernesto de la Guardia (1956-60) have managed to complete their terms of office. Forty-three other presidents have averaged out terms of only fifteen months. But, surprisingly, only one has been assassinated.

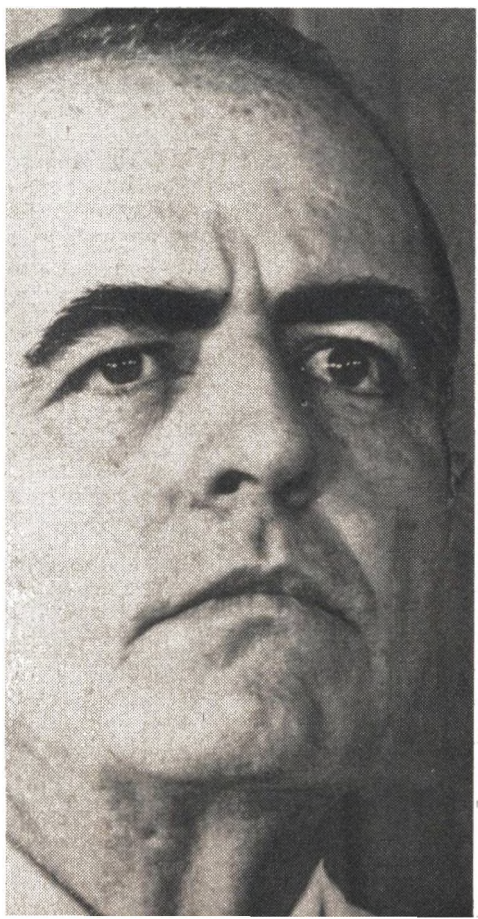
The presidency in Panama is a family concern—as it was in the not-too-distant past in neighbouring Costa Rica whose border lies to the north of Panama. Largely it is a power-struggle between the wealthy aristocratic familes and some of them have had several generations of presidents.

In recent years it has been the Arias family who have dominated the presidential scene. Its members have revolted, invaded, plotted, schemed—and rarely been elected—in their frantic efforts to claw their way to the top of the political heap.

President Florencio Harmodio Arosemena was overthrown on January 2, 1931, by Harmodio Arias, brother of another president-to-be, father of an unsuccessful invader, and father-in-law of world-famous ballerina Dame Margot Fonteyn, who was flung into jail when her diplomat husband tried to overthrow another president.

In 1940 Dr. Arnulfo Arias, a Harvard Medical School graduate with a shrill voice, impeccable tailoring and fluttering eyelashes, became president and unleased a reign of Fascism on troubled Panama.

Arias, violently pro-Hitler, was a strong believer in white supremacy. His constitution raised the term of the presidency from four to six years and opened the way for racial warfare. Thousands of Chinese, the descendants



President Roberto Chiari demands for Panama more jobs and more money from the canal. His people back him up with Canal Zone riots and violence. American armoured patrols (right) help to keep them in check

of the original canal builders, were dispossessed and left the country after Arias nationalized their shops and forced them to sell out their thriving businesses—usually to his friends—at rock-bottom prices.

He considered the many thousands of Negroes, descendants of the British West Indians—mostly Jamaicans—who had helped build the canal, to be "a cultural blot". Rapidly depriving them and their locally-born children of their Panamanian nationality, he made them stateless persons. Many Hindus, along with the West Indians, were deprived of their jobs under a law which forbade either race to be employed in any capacity other than that of domestic servants.

But Arnulfo Arias was not the first to bring racial feelings to Panama. He had been beaten to the post by many years by the Americans who offered cut-price racial discrimination in the Canal Zone.

In the early days the American Canal Zone workers were paid in gold. The immigrant workers and the Panamanians were paid in silver. And from this financial difference, based on the comparison of wages, has grown a rigid caste system of "Gold Men" and "Silver Men".

Today all wages are paid in U.S. dollars, but the caste system and the phrase from which it was born are almost as binding as they were in the past. Post offices have "gold" windows and "silver" windows—meaning Americans and non-Americans, often meaning black and white, and sometimes creating ridiculous situations when American Negro workers find themselves barred from the American window.

The highly paid jobs in the Canal Zone still go to the 3,000 Americans who are the key-men in the zone. The 8,000 Panamanians and others who do lesser jobs draw vastly lower pay—about a quarter of the pay of U.S. employees. Americans average out at £2,500-a-year, plus twenty-five per cent. overseas allowance, and are able to shop in the Canal Zone shops at low prices. The Panamanian employees get around £650-a-year and are not free to make use of zone facilities.

This, along with the American "in

Panamanians reinforce their demands for Canal Zone sovereignty by fixing flag stickers to windscreens. Ballerina Margot Fonteyn (below) with her diplomat husband Dr. Roberto Arias. She was once jailed after he had been involved in a plot against the president

A CIRCUS OF PRESIDENTS *(continued)*

perpetuity" clause and the annual rental of the zone, has caused countless hours of sometimes acrimonious wranglings between a series of Panamanian presidents and a series of U.S. presidents. For the Panamanians want a parity in wages, more zone jobs—particularly responsible ones—for locals and more money for the canal.

But racemongering Arnulfo Arias, though he did untold harm to the ethnic groups in Panama in a remarkably short time, was not long in office. For in September 1941, while the Americans fumed at the pro-Hitler viper in the bosom, a bloodless revolt was being planned. Given the old heave-ho, Arias fled. The new president, Ricardo Adolfo de la Guardia, revoked the Arias constitution.

Panama elected fifty-three representatives to its National Assembly, including a president and two vice-presidents. And on July 15, 1945, they installed President Enrique A. Jiménez in the country's highest office. He sponsored a new constitution and was followed in the office by President Domingo Díaz Arosemena.

But Panama has never been noted for its political stability and forces were on the move against the new president. The election, held in 1948, had been hotly contested and Arnulfo Arias, returned from his wanderings, had run for office. He had been defeated but had claimed that fraud and behind-the-scenes wranglings had deprived him of the presidency.

In Panama a large number of illegal activities at election times are loosely classified as "fraudulent". It is a word which covers a multitude of sins. It is "fraudulent" to drive voters to the polls with a pistol at their heads. It is "fraudulent" to steal ballot boxes and burn their contents. It is "fraudulent" to intimidate counting officials and to inscribe in electoral registers the names of dead or imaginary voters. It is also "fraudulent" to sell your vote—but it is done.

President Domingo Díaz Arosemena's two vice-presidents—Daniel Chanis and Roberto Chiari—were both to be president for a short while in 1949 and Chiari is president today.

Dapper, greying Roberto Francisco Chiari —"Nino" to his friends—is the millionaire owner of Panama's biggest sugar factory. Born in 1905, he now controls a vast dairy herd, a sugar empire and a newspaper, *La Nación*. A soft-spoken man, he is a master of the tactful diplomatic discussion and a skilful negotiator. His father, Rudolfo Chiari, was president in 1924.

President Díaz Arosemena died, of natural causes, on August 23, 1949, and Vice-President

Twelve died in a gun battle to arrest deposed president Arnulfo Arias. Later, he and his wife wave to the crowd

Daniel Chanis stepped into his place. Roberto Chiari became first vice-president. But Arnulfo Arias was working behind the scenes.

The powerful and ruthless chief of police José "Chichi" Rémon was his friend—incidentally he was also Roberto Chiari's cousin. And these two men, representing as they did both wealth and power, were determined to install Arnulfo Arias in the presidential chair. The first steps in their campaign came less than three months after Chanis became president. They also bore fruit faster than either Rémon or Arias could have hoped.

On November 20, 1949, police chief Rémon and two high-ranking officials defied an order made by Chanis and surprised themselves when he resigned. Roberto Chiari became president, was sworn in by the Supreme Court. Four days later the same Supreme Court ruled that Daniel Chanis was still president.

Hours later police chief Rémon announced that Arnulfo Arias was president and that Chanis would be deposed.

Edinburgh-educated Chanis replied stoutly: "I shall remain president until I am killed"—a bold assertion which could have been asking for trouble.

But the following day—November 25—the Electoral Grand Jury surprisingly ruled that Arnulfo Arias had been right all along when he said that the 1948 elections had been "fixed" and proclaimed him president.

Police chief Rémon was on hand to see that everything went smoothly. He also saw that police chief Rémon did not do badly out of the deal either. Subsequently he worked up a nice monopoly in meat packing. Three ex-presidents—Ricardo Adolfo de la Guardia, Enrique Jiménez and Daniel Chanis—fled to the Canal Zone and Panama waited to see what Arias was going to do.

He soon made it abundantly clear. The 1940 constitution was immediately brought back and in the two years he managed to hold on to the presidency, racial conflict was again the order of the Panamanian day. He appointed four of his relatives—and he has legions of them—to high positions in the Cabinet.

Big business suffered at his hands. So did the country's newspapers. An old-established firm of private bankers closed their doors and fled rather than let the president get control. The newspaper *El Pais* attacked him in its editorial columns and he closed it down.

Workers who struck in protest were machine-gunned and beaten by police chief Rémon's efficient officers. When six ex-presidents—including the three who had fled

to the Canal Zone and then re-emerged to fight Arias—went into action against him, Arias had them flung into jail. Ricardo Adolfo de la Guardia—who had ousted Arias back in 1941—was severely beaten for this sin of nine years standing.

But by 1951 the Panamanians had had enough. Rémon himself sensed trouble, and switched sides. When the people revolted he sent troops to arrest the president.

Arias was captured after a gun battle, jailed and later tried by the National Assembly and deprived of his rights.

The president of the court, Alcibiades Arosemena, was made president of the republic on May 10, 1951.

Exactly a year later police chief Rémon, who had done very well for himself out of the overthrow of his former friend, became president in an election. His National Patriotic Coalition won resoundingly over other candidates. President-for-four-days Roberto "Nino" Chiari ran against Rémon at the head of a five-party coalition called the Civil Alliance, but he lost. Arnulfo Arias stood for election but withdrew his Panamista Party at the last moment.

To everyone's surprise President Rémon's régime got off to a promising start. He quickly strangled earlier bribery and corruption in high places and managed to balance the country's budget.

And he took himself to Washington to dicker with the Americans over the old bogey of the Canal Zone. "We do not want charity," he told them. "We want justice."

These were the good sides of his régime. The obverse of the coin came out when the high-living ex-colonel was found to have added some £3 million to his own personal and not inconsiderable fortune.

On January 2, 1955, President Rémon and a party of wealthy friends went to the racecourse. After watching a race, which one of his horses won, they retired to the well-lit, but shadow-surrounded bar to celebrate. Suddenly, from the murky fringe came a sustained burst of machine-gun fire. President Rémon half rose from his chair and then collapsed. He died in hospital a few hours later.

Vice-President José Ramón Guizado became president, arrested Arnulfo Arias for complicity in the assassination, and sat back. Twelve days later he was himself arrested for complicity after lawyer Rubin Miró made a confession that he was the trigger-man, but that Guizado had known about the plan for months. Both men were tried and jailed.

Again the vice-president took a step up. This time it was an Arias, Ricardo Arias Espinosa—no relation to Harmodio, Arnulfo and all the other president-prone Ariases. He held office until the election in 1956 which put Ernesto de la Guardia—he is related to ex-President Ricardo Adolfo de la Guardia—into the presidential office.

His incumbency was notable for two things: he managed to do what no other Panamanian president since 1916 had been able to do—complete his term of office; and he successfully put down an armed invasion by Roberto Arias, son of Harmodio Arias, nephew of Arnulfo Arias.

In April 1959, a small ship with eighty-five armed men aboard slid ashore and the Roberto Arias revolt had begun. After only a few days it ended with Roberto seeking what was to become a sixty-two-day asylum in the Brazilian embassy and his wife, Dame Margot Fonteyn, sitting in one of President de la Guardia's jails.

Elections came again on May 8, 1960. Roberto Chiari, the four-day president of 1949, and leader of the Conservative opposition under President de la Guardia's outgoing régime, ran for office. So did Ricardo Arias Espinosa who had preceded President de la Guardia and who was now strongly backed by him.

Several days after the election, when most of the outlying area votes were in, both candidates claimed victory. Chiari's paper *La Nación* screamed from its headlines: *"Chiari Elected — Hydra-Headed Monster Crushed"*, and it published a set of figures supporting the statement.

Meanwhile, *Hoy*, owned by Ricardo Arias, shouted: *"And Now To Work"*, going on to outline Arias's policy. It also published figures, very different from those of *La Nación*. It was some days before the final results were published and Chiari's victory finally and irrefutably established.

But between the election of May 8, and Chiari's inauguration on October 1, things were to happen. Feeling had been running high against the United States.

Irate mobs stormed the zone, yelling for sovereignty and the Americans' withdrawal.

In September President Eisenhower decreed that the Panamanian flag might fly in one place beside the American flag as "visual evidence of Panamanian titular sovereignty". But this was not enough for the Panamanians.

Roberto Chiari took office on October 1, and on November 25 he went on record as saying:

"The people of Panama want more economic benefit from the canal. Furthermore we want more Panamanians in top jobs in the Canal Zone."

A year later he made an impassioned plea in his annual State of the Nation address to the National Assembly demanding Panamanian sovereignty over the Canal Zone. At the same time he wrote to President Kennedy asking

Panama's lifeline is the canal. Now Americans plan a new one at sea level—and it might not be in Panama

for sovereignty, an end to the "in perpetuity" clause and the substitution of a lease clause.

He followed this up in June 1962, with a visit to Kennedy on which he got off on the right foot by telling the American President: "I believe that frankness is the only way two friendly nations can attempt to solve their problems."

He asked for more employment and higher wages for Panamanians in the Canal Zone; for a U.S.-enforced system to withhold income taxes from Panamanian employees and then turn it over to the Government; for the right to fly the Panamanian flag next to the United States flag everywhere in the zone; and for a larger rental. Backing the last demand he claimed that the charges for ships using the canal are out of line with present shipping conditions. He asked that the tolls be raised and that Panama be given twenty per cent. of the revenues.

While Kennedy was thinking it over, Chiari turned his attention to the problems of Latin America, in particular the threat of Castro's Cuba.

He told the Council of the Organization of American States: "We are seeing, not without disturbing thoughts, the basic principles of non-intervention and self-determination of peoples drifting towards a new 'eyes shut and hands off' formula, which were not exactly their orginal meanings."

Then he went back to see Kennedy.

Some of the Panamanian requests were met. The question of more money for the canal was not.

President Kennedy pointed out that the presence of a large American contingent in Panama made a great difference to the national economy.

There are 40,000 United States citizens living in the republic. For Panama is the head of the United States Caribbean defence force and the Americans—including wives and families—living within the boundaries of the republic spend £24 million a year. The country's national budget is only £21,428,000—of which £7,970,000 comes from exports, and the rest from the canal. Americans spend the £2 million annual profit of the canal on upkeep and maintenance.

President Chiari was sent on his way with Kennedy's promise that when the canal reaches its capacity—between 1980 and 2000—a new canal will be built, probably in Panama.

Since then the Canal Zone has continued to be a bone of contention. New riots have flared, bringing with them greater American concern for the canal's security.

Plans have been also discussed in Washington for a new sea-level canal, blasted from Atlantic to Pacific by nuclear explosives. Its siting has yet to be agreed. What seems certain is that unrest in the Isthmus could force the Americans to look elsewhere. ▲▲▲

Based on "Caribbean Power" by COLIN RICKARDS, published by DENNIS DOBSON at 25s.

By DAVID WARD

GERMANY'S SUICIDE IN THE SNOWS

OPERATION BARBAROSSA
By RONALD SETH (*Anthony Blond, 25s.*).

RONALD SETH'S lucid and compelling narrative of the ferocious military campaign that followed Hitler's all-out attack on Russia in 1941, seems to me to highlight once again perhaps the strangest mystery of the war.

One of the most widely known simplicities of history is that Napoleon's superb army perished in a similar invasion of Russia because no proper provision had been made for the paralyzing cold of the Russian winter. Just why then did Hitler, and his highly-organized General Staff—so highly organized that it could mount a three-million-man invasion of Russia in a way that ensured the Russians were taken unawares—repeat the same mistake?

The German troops were near Moscow. Behind them lay the Battle of Kiev in which they had damaged the Russian Army almost too severely (665,000 prisoners were taken, apart from the killed and wounded) even for that populous country to support. Then the winter began. Mr. Seth says:

"The tanks could move but the men were numbed by the excessive cold in body and mind, and, as a result, were on the brink of exhaustion . . . all exposed limbs were attacked by frost-bite, turned black and then became gangrenous within a few days and there were no medicaments for their relief.

"Rifles became so cold that if a man picked his up with a bare hand, his hand stuck to it. It was so cold that he did not realise his hand was stuck, and when he moved it away, he found that the flesh of the palm and fingers remained on the rifle and the front of his hand was a skeleton. When men were unwise enough to remove their boots, many of them found themselves toeless, and discovered the missing members inside their boots. It was the height of danger to urinate in the open; many were literally and permanently unmanned for being so rash.

"And still warm clothing did not appear."

Whatever their other difficulties, the Russians, Mr. Seth points out, did at least equip their men for the terrifying climatic conditions. It says much for the German soldiers' fighting morale and courage that despite their condition—and the Russians gave them no peace from attack—they managed to fight on to the battle for Moscow itself, a battle which proved a disaster for them.

It is true that Hitler had ordered that Moscow must fall before the winter set in. He believed that his blitzkrieg army would effectively smash Russian resistance within twelve weeks of his attack in June.

It is also true that at first the Germans did drive remorselessly on through Russia, inflicting enormous losses (though the Red Army's withdrawal was never a rout). Even

Michael Peissel and a rediscovered Mayan god

if victory had been achieved to schedule, the German General Staff must have known that a huge occupying force would be needed. Yet they neglected the simple provision of preparing the clothing necessary to survive in one of the cruellest climates on earth. They didn't, at first at any rate, even have enough anti-freeze for their tanks.

Perhaps one day, when all the archives of all the warring nations are fully exposed, we shall know the answer.

Mr. Seth's story, which begins with the political background to the attack, is admirably balanced between the broad sweep of events, and thumbnail sketches of the main protagonists on both sides.

He believes that Stalin panicked when the initial German thrust seemed so overwhelming, but Russia was saved by the herculean efforts of some of her generals and the incredible hardihood of her soldiers. These fought on even though on occasion they were reduced to using dogs, with mines strapped to their backs, to attack tanks.

Moscow was saved, though the Germans penetrated almost to the outer suburbs. The book ends as the triumphant German onslaught subsided into the immensely bloody war, which was to culminate in the Battle of Stalingrad and cost both sides millions of lives.

It must have been one of the most dreadful military campaigns of all time.

* * *

FAMOUS LAND BATTLES
Edited by HERBERT VAN THAL (*Arthur Barker, 16s.*).

"ON the evening of Friday, October 13, it was generally known in both armies that a battle would be fought on the morrow. The English were merry; they drank much ale and were heard singing old Saxon songs: while among the Norman host we are told that the night was passed in prayers and pious processions . . ."

The English lost.

For this was the eve of the Battle of Hastings in 1066, when William of Normandy slew King Harold and established himself as King of England. It was the last invasion of Britain, apart from the Battle of Largs in 1263, when the Scots annihilated an attacking Norwegian Army.

James Grant's detailed account of the Battle of Hastings was of necessity an opener to this anthology of famous battles fought by the British Army down the ages. The book begins with a chronological list of every important battle fought by the British Army, and consists of sixteen accounts by different authors chosen by editor van Thal as representative stories of British soldiers' valour in battle.

He points out that though warfare was on a smaller scale in ancient times the horrors of war were no less.

THE LOST WORLD OF QUINTANA ROO
By MICHAEL PEISSEL (*Hodder and Stoughton, 30s.*).

A COUPLE of years ago when he was twenty, M. Peissel, a Frenchman with an international education, was in Mexico, staying as a houseguest of two aristocratic remittance men, living out alcoholic lives in Tepoztlan.

He says: "The day I settled in Tepoztlan I was lost forever to the prospect of a peaceful stay in Mexico. Listening to Hanson (one of his hosts) speak of his experiences among the Ottomine Indians, a tribe known for its rather brutal savagery, I decided that my vocation lay in exploring the country myself."

He set off then to work his way by boat down the savage coast of Quintana Roo, in eastern Yucatan, perhaps the wildest area in Central America, where jungle, through which a man can only travel by hacking out his way as he goes, sweeps down to the sea; a jungle whose natural hazards of snakes and wild animals are enhanced by primitive natives and a ferocious breed of outcast bandits.

Shortly after setting off, during a stay at a coastal village, he was abandoned by his boatman—and proceeded to complete his journey on foot, wearing only sandals to protect his feet against rocks, snakes and scorpions. Somehow he made it, discovering on his way fabulous cities and temples of the now defunct Maya civilization buried in the jungle, many of them until then unknown to archaeology.

His recital of his adventures makes exciting reading.

* * *

ASPECTS OF ELBA by Averil Mackenzie-Grieve (Cape, 30s.). There are few more fascinating exercises for the imagination than to try to create for oneself a dream life as an inhabitant of some out-of-the-way corner of the world, far removed from the mainstream of events. In this delightfully-written book the author tells all one needs to know to play this game in terms of the Tuscan islands. It is a vivid depiction of the islands, their history and their people today.

* * *

MOUNTAIN IN THE CLOUDS by Olaf Ruhen (Angus and Robertson, 25s.). The name of Olaf Ruhen on the title-page is a guarantee of readability, of detailed research, and of sympathy and understanding of people. This is a history of New Guinea and Papua up-to-date, with some comment on the problems facing the primitive peoples now evolving into the 20th century. He has some provocative suggestions to make about the future of this well-watered land. He suggests that water power may one day attract great development to New Guinea for "at this stage of the world's development it is only beginning to become apparent that industry must travel to the sources of cheap and available power".

THE CONSTANT REBELLION

(*continued from page 301*)

wanted to fight in the Pesh-Merga, the Kurdish army.

First she organized the army's medical services. Then she got her own fighting unit. Kurds say she is a great hero. Iraqis told me she is a butcher. Impartial observers report that she trapped many patrols and fought innumerable battles.

She even helps to make money for the army. Her soft face, with bushy eyebrows, dark hair, rugged appearance and her fame—sung about in many poems—appeal to most Kurds. Her picture with gunbelt, cartridges across the shoulder and rifle in hand, is sold by the thousand as pin-ups for guerilla hideouts.

Kassem sent two crack divisions against the Kurds, concentrating on the area where Margerita was in command. He forced the rebels into the mountains to battle for survival against the cruel winter.

The Kurds retaliated by abducting geologists and oil-company officials to show their power and gain more world attention.

One of the few who saw Mullah Mustafa's headquarters was thirty-six year old Derek Charles Dankworth, from Surrey, a field superintendent with the Mosul Petroleum Company at Ain Zalah.

He was awakened at midnight by shooting in the village. Someone banged on his door. He opened it to face a gun held by the leader of well-armed Kurdish tribesmen, who demanded: "Will you come with us?"

In slippers and shirt-sleeves he had to go.

For eight hours he was marched through the mountains without rest. He was given his first meal only after his escort had made him wade across the Tigris and they had reached a small hut.

After that came a short lorry drive, two days on foot and six hours by mule.

He was worn out by the journey over bitterly-cold 6,000-feet mountains, saddle sore and with his feet blistered. He had to sleep in the open with the others, but they were otherwise kind to him, providing a coat and a razor.

After twenty-one days in captivity, he met Mullah Mustafa. Their talk through an interpreter lasted for nearly six hours. All he was told was that he was a guest, not a prisoner, and would soon be able to return to Britain.

Ten days later, he was handed over to Persian border guards, and he was free. The reason for his abduction? A mere publicity stunt.

In the meantime, it became quite obvious that Kassem could bomb and destroy villages, massacre their inhabitants, but could do nothing against the guerillas. The front was some four hundred miles long. At night, the partisans attacked even big towns like Erbil, Sulaimaniya and Kirkuk, and controlled the streets.

Kassem wanted to finish the Kurdish question for good in the spring of 1963. But in that move, he laid himself and Baghdad open to a revolution. His regime was swept away, he was killed and the new government started negotiations with the Kurds.

National rights, land reform and a bigger share in the oil revenue were promised the Kurds.

Then, suddenly, the negotiations broke down. The reason is unknown. Both sides make exaggerated claims to discredit the other.

The Kurds say the Baathists were treacherous Fascists. The Baathists said the Kurds wanted not only autonomy, but independence which would have relied on foreign—either Russian or Western—imperialists.

Whatever the truth, on June 6, 1963, the war and the bloodbath started once more.

Kurdish Communists in London told me that the government announced a curfew only a few hours after it had been secretly imposed, for it served as an excuse to massacre 267 peaceful citizens in Sulaimaniya.

The government denied this. But again, the fact remained that a cruel full-scale attack was launched upon the Kurds.

And the Kurdish tragedy repeated itself again. The Russians, who regarded the Baathist rulers of Iraq and Syria their biggest enemies in the Middle East, rushed to help the Kurds who now, once more, were being used to stir up trouble.

I talked to a student from Haji Umran, a small, dusty village in the North-East of Iraq on the Persian border. He told me that the village has always been quiet in daylight. It only came to life with nightfall. Smuggling has always been the major occupation of the villagers. The traditional mule-trains supplied anything from samovars to machine-guns at twenty-four hours' notice.

"Now that arms were in demand, the smugglers supplied Czech and Russian arms," he said. "It was unusual to be paid for the service by the sender of the goods, but the pay was exceptionally good."

I asked if he thought that the Red Mullah was really red. He said: "He is a Kurd!"

But he agreed that he was being pushed more and more into the arms of Communists, whose propaganda slogan was: "We've less to fear from the Russians than anybody else."

So it seemed that the Kurds, confronted with Hobson's choice, could either win on

Kurdish minorities are found in five countries, and every year three million migrate from one to another

behalf of Russian interests or lose and face total extermination.

The Baathists government boasted, like its predecessors, that the Kurdish resistance would collapse within days. The Russian diplomats now shouted "Genocide!" But the oncoming winter stopped the military operations.

The government claimed overall victory—"We even captured Barzani!"—yet had to pump most of its loyal troops, about 70,000 men including some Syrian units, into Kurdistan to stop the guerillas regrouping.

Mullah Mustafa appealed to the Red Cross for help, but observers were kept out of the country.

And when everything seemed quiet and settled for the winter, the government again found itself defenceless against a new revolution in Baghdad. Even their expensive and cruel victory over the Kurds cost them all their power.

With a new government in control, the Kurds quickly recovered and attacked. Their offensive towards the oil area of Mosul and Khanaqin was successful. The Iraqi Army, paralysed by a rift between Baathists and supporters of the new regime, couldn't put up any organized resistance.

And again, some Kurds are with the government and enjoy high offices—members of the cabinet, senior army officers, university professors, ambassadors, and so on.

Others, say the Iraqi Embassy, led by Mullah Mustafa "and his faction (who do not by any means represent all the Kurds) had raised their demands to such a pitch that no central government could be reasonably expected to concede them".

The new government claimed to have plans to repair "the damage caused by the insurrection", to give the Kurds some national rights and autonomy, together with economic development, and to forgive all the rebels who surrendered.

President Aref hoped that the peace plan, and the recent military success of the previous Iraqi government, would end the fighting—at least during the harsh winter months.

But whatever the promises and hardship were, the Kurds have long since learned not to trust the one and to put up with the other. They advanced without delay, took up and strengthened new positions, and began a completely new development within their territory.

They made sure that their party is, above all, Kurdish nationalist and democratic, and that Communist influence and treacherous friendships would not deter them any longer.

A military academy has been set up, and the partisan groups have been moulded into an army. They take prisoners now and make them work for the Kurds.

In the mountains and Kurd-controlled villages, an autonomous Kurdish state is being thrashed out. Councils are elected and a judicial system is being set up to deal with criminals.

And finally: new leaders appear on the scene, people who have learned a lot from Barzani's fight and mistakes. The young new general, Jallal Talabani, is an educated master of partisan tactics and respects Barzani.

This spring and summer are again crucial in Iraqi-Kurdish history. Negotiations have been opened again which could bring the Kurds the independence they covet. If these fail the Kurds will face a choice between a war to the death or a compromise. But whether traditional and mutual hatred, national characteristics, greed, the urge for revenge, political and religious differences can be overcome overnight by adding a dash of sense and goodwill is doubtful.

Patience would be the most important quality of any renewed negotiations—but that's what they all seem to lack. ▲▲▲

STORM COAST DOCTOR

His practice covers the remote coastal villages of foggy, gale-lashed Newfoundland, and a small boat is his only means of transport. Often a call to save a life means risking his own.

THESE ARE SOME OF THE GREAT STORIES IN NEXT MONTH'S WIDE WORLD

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For centuries ships laden with gold and silver were wrecked on one of the world's most treacherous reefs. Recently four young men set out to survey an old wreck and made a rare discovery—a horde of treasure.

TERROR IN TRINIDAD

A young American set out on a carefree jaunt across a sun-splashed Caribbean island. Then he stumbled on a dead body. . .

SLAUGHTER OF THE OLD MEN

Walruses — those ponderous old men of the sea—are few in number, yet they are still being shot like targets in a shooting-gallery to provide trophies for rich "sportsmen".

THE CURSE OF HAWAII

The Hawaiian islands are a tropical paradise—but a strange fate pursued a man who dared to disturb the tombs of the island gods.

The George, Henfield, with its heavy timbers and polished brass is the kind of pub loved by tourists

CHEERS—YOUR LOCAL IS DOING FINE

IT is a dream shared by thousands of men in Britain. The hope that one day they can become the Guv'nor of a pub, a genial figure dispensing pints to a circle of friends in a continual atmosphere of mellow good-fellowship.

Few realise their ambition—or indeed would find it all they dreamed of if they did—for today running a pub calls for a variety of talents.

Would-be landlords, remembering the pleasant hours they have spent in "the local", rarely realise what a vast and progressive industry is needed as a background to their favourite tipple in their chosen bar. From the humblest of home-brew beginnings—for brewing of beer is one of man's oldest skills, dating back before recorded history—there are now over 500,000 employees needed to man the complex processes between the raw materials and the foaming tankard at the customer's elbow.

During last year the 317 breweries in Britain, ranging from tiny local breweries to the giant combines, between them produced 1,017 million gallons of beer, over ten million gallons more than in 1962. Beer consumption has been rising steadily for fifteen years, and it is now estimated we drink an average of 152 pints per head per year. Allowing for teetotallers, and children, this means the average adult drinks nearly ten pints a week.

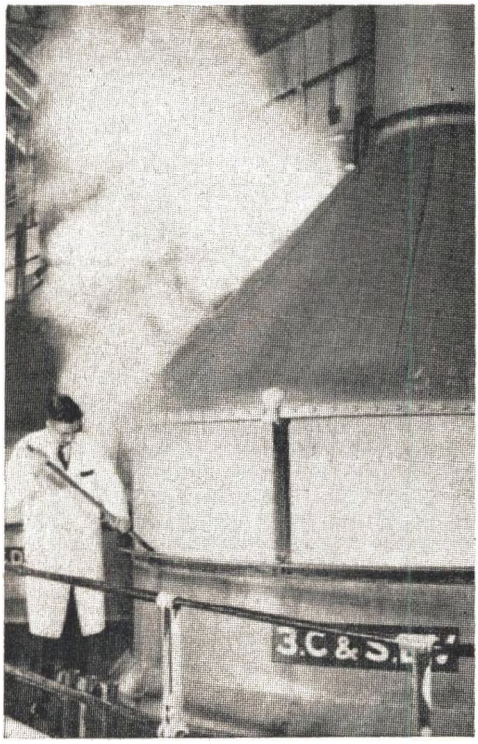
Beer has always been the national beverage. The natives were drinking it when the Romans landed and for many centuries it was about the only drink most people ever had. They started and ended the day with beer.

Maids of honour in the reign of Henry VIII were allowed a daily ration of a gallon of ale, a man at arms two gallons and high officials two and a half gallons. Queen Elizabeth the First drank a brew so strong one of her ministers once wrote: "There is no man able to drink it."

There are now approximately 2,000 different beers on sale in Britain, and an expert could tell the difference between each one. Before the war, draught mild was the favourite drink. Now canned and bottled beers make up the largest percentage drunk.

Through intensive research the brewers are out to attract new custom, including more and more women, into their hotels and public houses, to join the traditionally conservative connoisseurs of beer who for so long dominated the public house scene.

It was not always so. A century or even less ago the ale-house was not considered a place for respectable people. It was the growth



Inside a brewery, the age-old boiling process

of brewing into big business that brought about the radical change, and general growth of the popularity of the "local".

In the last century there were 16,000 or more brewers, a large number of them operating tiny brewhouses attached to individual taverns. And, of course, some of today's "giants" were in existence.

It was early this century that the big brewers began to expand, taking over tied houses as an outlet for their product, spending huge sums to improve the general status of the public house. Between the two wars it is estimated that £100 million was spent on improving public houses, and there is no doubt that, if the big men with the money to spend had not moved into the trade in this way, the pubs would have remained largely poorly furnished and housed.

Recently, as the pace became faster—and more expensive—there were amalgamations and even bigger combines created. Even so, there are still 250 small firms.

There are now 71,000 hotels and public houses in England and Wales, and of these nearly 60,000 are owned by brewery companies and run either directly under their management or under tenancy agreements.

The tendency for the big companies to expand seems likely to continue. In the chairman's report of the Allied Breweries Ltd. (a group including such large brewery companies as Ind Coope Ltd., Tetley Walker Ltd. and Ansells Brewery Ltd.) it is stated: "Bearing in mind that to build and equip quite a modest sized brewery can cost some £5 million, rationalization within the industry must be expected to continue when smaller companies are faced with heavy capital commitments of this nature."

It adds: "Rationalization has brought in its train a healthy competition among the national brewers. It is this competition, coupled with many counter attractions on offer to the public, which has largely provoked the huge capital expenditure by the industry of some £20 million a year in raising the standards of comfort and service in public houses."

Allied Breweries have assets of some £134.9 millions, own 8,500 pubs (not including off-licences or wine shops) and maintain a yearly programme of new public houses to be built.

In his report their chairman, Mr. Edward Thompson, points out: "It is a matter of some concern that in certain districts the availability of sites of public houses on new residential estates is not keeping pace with the demand or with the closure of existing outlets in redevelopment areas."

Outstanding among the giant brewers is Guinness, which has only one licensed house of its own in England. This company trades by supplying its products in bulk to other bottlers and brewers for sale through their outlets.

This enormous company (which is the largest exporter of beer in these islands) now has three breweries, one in London, one in Nigeria and, of course, in its original "home" in Dublin.

Incidentally, the company does *not* use the water from the River Liffey in Dublin, as generations of drinkers have fondly believed.

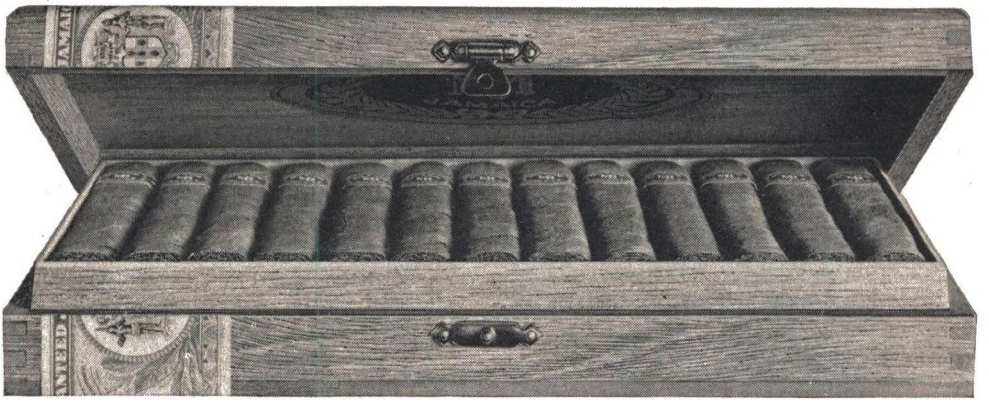
The importance of beer to the country can hardly be overrated. Beer duty brings in hundreds of millions a year (in equivalent sums it pays for some two-thirds of the National Health Service) and, in addition, brewery company taxes, retailers' licences, brewers' licences and dealers' licences yield high revenue.

Almost as important is the part that the pub plays in attracting foreign visitors, and tourism is now one of Britain's biggest invisible exports, earning nearly £200 million worth of foreign currencies each year.

There is also a growing trade in English beer overseas. Many of the big companies have been exporting for years. Whitbread & Co., another giant with an issued share capital of £28,471,528 and over 4,000 pubs, already exports to sixty-five countries.

Designing a pub—a small rural pub, a local in a mining area and a city house in a

Cigars by Fribourg & Treyer of 34 Haymarket, S.W.1



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"smart" area, each needing its own special, carefully created atmosphere, calls for great architectural skill and experience.

Somehow the builders must fashion a feeling of something like homeliness and ease in what is basically a public place. Lighting schemes have to be carefully thought out—office workers, for example, tend to like softer hues, workers in sombre factories or mines preferring bright lights and colour.

A recent problem to vex the brewers and their architects has been that, in the age of the modern motor car, the distinctions between many town and country pubs, in terms of clientele, have tended to break down as more and more people motor out for a drink.

A strong effort is being made to keep alive the centuries-old tradition of inns and pubs having colourful signs and being named to commemorate either local or national history. Long a colourful feature of the English way of life (some people collect inn names as others collect cigarette cards) many inn names have origins in ancient history.

Despite the vast resources and skilled planning, the success of most public houses depends on the man, or woman, or partnership of man and wife, running it. Most breweries admit that, though many would like to take up the life, only a comparative few are capable of displaying all the talents needed. Pre-eminently the guv'nor must be a man with a real flair for dealing with people, able to combine friendliness with firmness. He must also be highly responsible and ambitious, for the keener he is to make a profit himself, the keener he will be to offer his customers good service.

Today the traditional pattern of guv'nor is changing. Once it was necessary to have a capital sum available to buy a pub outright, and many publicans tended to be middle-aged men seeking somewhere to settle down.

Nowadays licensees do not have to buy the pub itself and indeed brewers will lend the right man the money for what he does have to buy and allow generous repayment terms. This has meant that many younger people have entered the trade in recent years, eager to make their 'house' a full-time and profitable career.

But personality is not everything. There must be training, which varies from an informal method of sending a man, or man and his wife, to live for a time in several pubs to learn the trade that way, or by attending a full 13-week course organized by the trade through its brewer-retailer organizations.

Many local education authorities have joined in running these licensed trade training courses and diplomas are awarded for successful students.


BARLEY, HOPS AND GUINNESS YEAST –
that's what goodness is made of

MAN to MAN

A flow of skilled recruits to the trade is especially necessary nowadays as one of the most striking developments in the business in recent years has been the enormous growth of the public taste for "eating at the pub". Thousands of white collar workers have joined the manual worker in the ritual of a pint and a snack at midday. And, in addition, more and more pubs are competing for the parties "dining out".

Yet only as recently as 1899 it was a small London brewery, later incorporated into the now giant £86 million Watney Mann Limited combine, which was responsible for introducing the humble and ubiquitous ham sandwich to customers in pubs.

It is interesting to learn that this combine, which controls thousands of pubs and hotels, has always been a pioneer in the food side of the trade. Currently its caterers have invented—and are now trying out in London —a new device for eating in pubs. Designed so that you can eat one-handed standing at the bar, it is called a "spork", a combined spoon and fork, with a serrated edge on the spoon for cutting.

More and more the brewers are learning that the standards of taste in eating are rising steadily. People are demanding more variety, and even in some areas exotic dishes with their drinks.

It seems likely then that with fierce competition for the trade of a rising generation, many of them more sophisticated in its taste than their mothers and fathers, the brewers will be very much on their toes over the next few years.

It seems true that today more young people are using the "local" than did quarter-of-a-century ago. Like all trades brewing is keen to garner the huge profits available to those who can tap the new source of wealth—the ever-growing spending power of the young. If, for example, brewers can persuade more young women—even those who like only soft drinks themselves—that they like to be courted in chic modern bars, it will expand an already large market among the young. It will cost money, but the brewers have it, and are willing to invest it.

It seems certain that over the next decade the brewers will be going all out in a trade that cannot afford to stand still. That can only mean better service all round.

It may yet be that this country will become renowned for the hospitality, service and variety of diversion it offers in that most accessible of English institutions—the "local".

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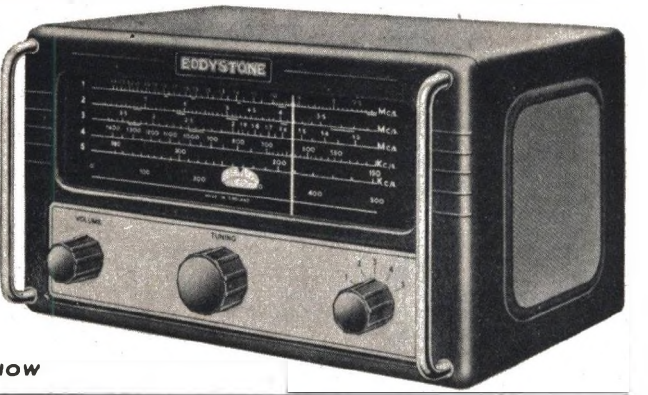

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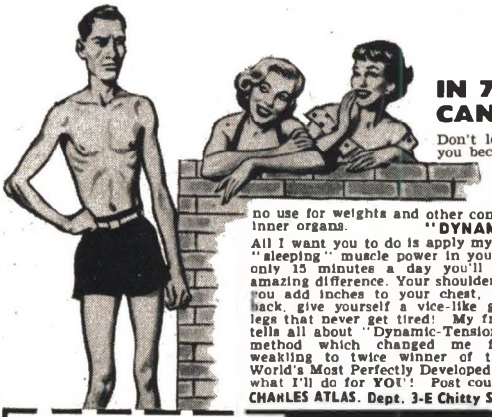

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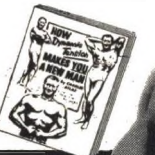

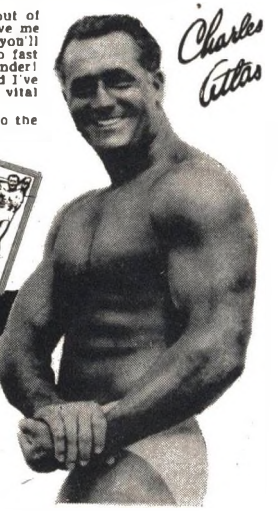

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TAKING THE SHINE OFF

A NEW WAY OF SEEING ART

PICTURES—paintings, reproductions and photographs have made a tremendous return to our walls in the past ten years. In fact, even speculation in buying originals of modern work has become something of a status symbol. But one problem has steadfastly remained—the disconcerting reflection of light from any glass used to protect the picture. A picture opposite a window is very often screened from visibility by the bright reflection of sunshine. So widespread is this problem that many people frame pictures without glazing but this, of course, exposes them to dirt and dust damage, particularly in the normal domestic rather than art gallery setting. Now, apparently, the problem has been removed. A new kind of glass has a special texture on both its surfaces and in consequence the reflection of light or mirror-like picking up of images is toned down. The well-known glass people, Pilkington, have marketed this; called Diffuse Reflection glass, it has the usual 1/12 inch thickness of framing glass and sells at only about 3s. 6d. per square foot. For the most effective solution to the reflection problem this glass should be as near the picture's surface as possible, almost touching the picture being the best position.

Another new electric shaver from Schick is either battery- or mains-operated. For use not plugged into the mains, it runs on two cells which are rechargeable by plugging them later into the mains. The cells will last for about seven days normal shaving without recharging. The flex and plug-in adaptors with the razor cover the U.S. flat pin plug, the British 5 amp. 2-pin socket and the Continental 2-pin type. Called the Eterna Power razor, this latest Schick model sells at £15 15s. 0d.

Kits for setting up a semi-permanent garden watering system might interest keen owners of sizeable gardens. These contain ample polythene tubing and fittings, including a plastics tap and various plug-in hose points to be inserted where most needed. No tools

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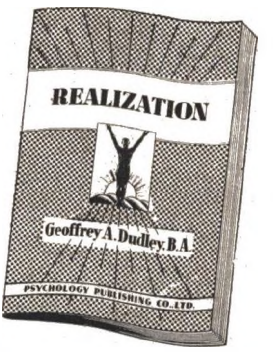

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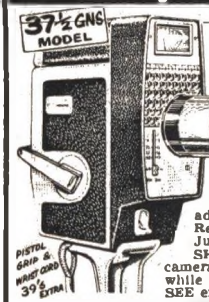

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except a knife are required for assembling. All joints can be leakproof—connected by hand, and as this kit is made by the producers of the excellent Hozelock connecters for hoses this claim can be regarded as a very valid one. Once set up to cover watering points for the garden, the system is frost resisting as it is non-metallic; and it is light in weight and easy to take down, extend or reposition. The Hozelock Garden Pipework Kit sells at £5 7s. 6d.

Also for the keen gardener, some new plant labels that *will* stay where they're put. The idea is simple enough—the label is put round the stem of the plant or bush and then the tabular end is pushed through a loop at the other end. The description can be written in with a lead pencil or typed on beforehand. Called Flexolux Loop Lock Labels, a packet of thirty costs 2s. 6d. and 1d. per label is not much to pay for a reliable one—the disappearing label has been a garden curse for years.

For campers, touring motorists, etc., something topical just now and for some months is a new water storing device. It has a rubber container which expands when filled with water and will hold about 4½ gallons. It holds this amount under pressure so the rest of the unit—tubing and a jet—can deliver water forcefully enough for car-washing when needed, or it can be used for drawing off water for washing or cooking, etc. It could even be used for a shower! The Aqua jet water storage unit sells at 75s. An advantage that is perhaps obvious already is that when empty—as it would be when camping or touring with easy access to water—it is light in weight and deflated in size.

Yet another car alarm to safeguard against theft or unauthorized use is an easily fitted gadget that starts the horn when there is any attempt made to start the car. It has a key-operated switch to disconnect the horn when you return to the car and start it yourself. Called the Z Car Alarm, it costs 28s.

For the handyman—and just now the man with a boat—the Secomastic people have put up an ideal new pack, one that's bigger than the tubes for small jobs but big enough for the sort of joint work that doesn't justify buying an actual mastic gun. This new "Propello" pack is a tubular container with a nozzle at one end and a turn-cap at the other—you rotate the turn-cap and the mastic sealer at the nozzle end is released. The nozzle itself can be cut to give a suitably wide open-

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PEARSON

MAN to MAN

ing or squeezed to make it narrower according to the joint being dealt with. The new "self-gun" pack will do about 35 feet of waterproof jointing. Secomastic is suitable for waterproof leaks in boats, caravans, sealing lap joints in roof sheets, greenhouse glazing, etc. The Propello pack costs 8s. 6d.

Another new accessory for the motorist is a hand cleaner in a squeeze-type bottle. It is designed to shift dirt and grease even when it's well engrained. Nothing new about that, admittedly, but this liquid cleaner does not need any water addition. A squeeze pack of Bendix "Deep Clene" in the boot might well be a boon after any roadside repairs or engine tinkering and at the price of 3s. 6d. it seems a cheap insurance against staying dirty and uncomfortable.

How to be a popular man about the house in two different ways for the price of one—you invest £8 19s. 6d. in a new rotary triangular-framed clothes drier. As a clothes drier it offers over 100 feet of plastic-covered line for hanging, but when not in use it can be folded up and put away like an umbrella. However, in the summer it will probably not be put away after washing day for it can be converted into an excellent sun umbrella by fitting a waterproof canvas canopy, available in a choice of several suitable colours. Called the "Porta-Dri de Luxe".

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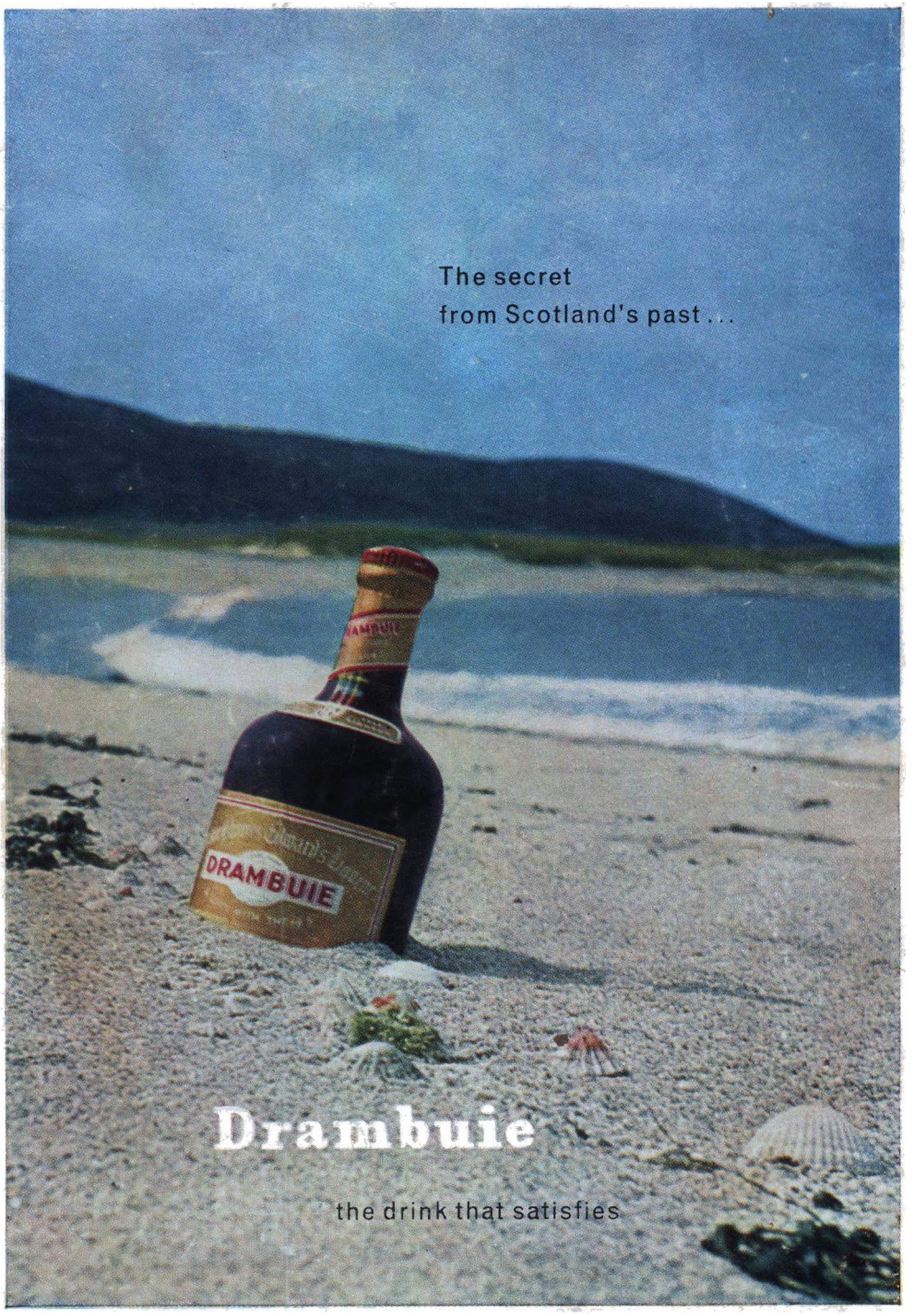
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