

Just among Friends

One man's experiences with MI6

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Editor's note about this pdf.

This is a work in progress. Editing is incomplete

We are seeking comment on the following:

1. Is it readable and interesting? Are there any sections whose removal would enhance the book, either because they are boring or because they are distasteful.?
2. Is it credible/plausible. In particular, are there any obvious errors or fictions in it?
3. It is clearly highly defamatory, but are the defamatory statements defensible, e.g. as truth, fair comment and in the public interest?
4. It is clearly in breach of the OSA, but if disclosure would be in the public interest the breach would be justified. We would not want to be putting other people at risk by the disclosures.
5. The story is told as the subject saw it at the time, only minimally corrected by the wisdom of hindsight. However, the final chapter, chapter 15, is entirely new, and is pure speculation, the product of hindsight but not necessarily of its wisdom. We would therefore be particularly interested in readers' reactions to it: is a speculative explanation needed or desirable, and if so, is this one satisfying and plausible?

1

The Friends

Bradford, November 1981

It is a standing rule in MI6: don't foul your own nest. Out of the country, it does not matter what you do, but if you are caught, the Firm may or may not be able to help you. They will try, but they cannot guarantee anything.

Once you get home, however, the rules are reversed. You are told that you should be a good, quiet citizen, not parking on double yellow lines or using abusive language in a public place. But if real trouble comes along, get in touch, and the Firm will help you out. This is not just a matter of being loyal to their employees. It is because they know that, under cross-examination in a court, you may find yourself having to talk about something they do not want talked about.

Those were the rules, and I had followed them.

I had been working with MI6 for twelve years without getting into too much trouble, at least not in England. And they had always got me out even when I got in trouble abroad. There had been the time when my photo appeared on the front page of the Zambia Times as a Prohibited Immigrant who should be arrested on sight. They had smuggled me over the border into Southern Rhodesia.

Then there'd been a tricky one in Venezuela, when the police were out looking for a car exactly like the one I was driving – a grey Mercedes with some rather distinctive damage to it. Their local contacts had fixed that up overnight. In the morning, when the police arrived to inspect the car, it was blemish free. Even the mud on the underside of the damaged bits had been scrupulously replaced.

So, when I had a little problem with the Bradford police I had every confidence that it would be fixed up. The firm would intervene, either directly, or indirectly.

In theory, the whole business should have been knocked on the head long ago. I had been charged with dishonestly receiving a fridge and some building materials. The amount involved was less than 300 pounds, and I had receipts for some of the items, and with most of the other ones the evidence that it was stolen property was at best circumstantial and often downright absurd.

However, after talking with a friend, Superintendent Dick Holland, I realised certain police in high positions were taking the matter very seriously and I was forced to look closely at the statements being made against me. It was clear, as Dick pointed out, that someone was out to get me. But who and why?

Dick suggested I get in touch with Keith Hellowell, then in charge of Discipline and Complaints at the head office, and put my concerns directly to him. A few days later, after Hellowell and I had talked, I decided that I ought to get in touch with the Firm.

I contacted my control at MI6. He told me to go to a Leeds solicitor, Ruth Bunday, who would make sure that I got the right barrister.

I had not been too worried when the approved barrister, Ken Hind, seemed not to be very interested in the facts, or in seeing me. I assumed that he knew that the Firm would intervene in some way, well before any trial got under way.

But the case did go ahead. Even this didn't worry me too much. The inconsistencies in the evidence against me were enough to prevent a conviction, so all he had to do was point them out.

I expected my barrister to have a serious discussion with me about the questions I might be asked regarding the 50 items, or the more tricky questions about my other activities, questions

which might have worried MI6. I assumed that he would have been told what the tricky areas were and would step in with a well-rehearsed objection if the wrong questions were asked.

I had also expected my barrister to find some reason to mention my BSc with double first-class honours in Maths and Engineering from London University. This would at least have enabled him to make my lifestyle plausible without saying exactly what I had done to earn it. After all, graduate engineers can earn good money working overseas without any help from MI6 and the FO's black operations unit.

But no, he made no mention of my University studies, professional skills or work overseas, so there was no tricky cross examination to worry about.

Instead, I was painted in court as a person who left school at 14 and started work as a storeman, and that somehow at 37, I had become a wealthy property developer. These facts were both true, but my activities in the twenty-three years in between had not been mentioned, making it look to the jury as if the transition from rags to riches could only have been achieved by criminal activity.

My barrister had not done nothing. He had succeeded in getting 42 items removed from the indictment, and only a handful remained. The only significant remaining item was the refrigerator. The person I had bought it from had denied selling it to me, but the only evidence linking my fridge to one which had been reported stolen was the fact that they were the same popular make and model.

I was therefore surprised but still not too worried when my barrister asked the judge to excuse him from attending on the final day.

The judge asked me what I felt about this. I assumed that my barrister had fixed it all up: that he had made sure the judge was well aware of the discrepancies in the police evidence, knew about the receipts and understood the weakness of the

evidence about the refrigerator, So I said I had no objection to my barrister's non-appearance.

The judge delivered his final charge to the jury. There was no mention of the receipts, and the fridge remained in all its glory of similarity to a stolen one,

My barrister had sent a colleague to listen to the judges charge to the jury, but he was patently not part of any cunning plan. He knew nothing of me or the case or the tactics. And the judge, as clearly as any judge can, instructed the jury to convict. The jury disappeared to consider their verdict, and I was sent down to the remand cells to await my fate.

Remanded

The lad in the next cell was crying uncontrollably. I couldn't ignore it. We might as well have been in the same cell for all the separation there was between his cell and mine – just a single set of bars.

You might think that a burglar who had been found guilty of doing eighteen jobs would expect to be going to prison, and it was a bit of a shock to hear him break down and cry. But it turned out that he wasn't crying because he was going to prison. He was crying because his young wife had just told him that she was going to divorce him the moment he was locked away.

This wasn't my worry. I had no doubt that my wife would stick with me whatever happened; not because she absolutely loved me but because I had the money and the brains – things she needed to survive. My worry was that I had to find a way of staying out of prison, and do it without blowing the jobs I had done for the British Security Services, any one of which might have got me there. But which?

I was tempted to blow the lot.

The remand cells under the Bradford Crown Court are not a bad place to sit and rethink you life. There's not much else you can do. The furniture consists of a bed of sorts a narrow couch

with a blue foam-rubber mattress. So, you lie there and rethink your life.

A lunch tray arrived. I put it on the couch and sat down beside it, convinced that deliverance was not at hand.

At best, the Firm had let me down, providing me with inadequate defence. At worst, someone had set the whole thing up. Either way, one thing was clear: if there was to be any further action, I had to take it myself.

And this meant thinking through everything that had happened to me in my life. Little did I realise that my quest would take the best part of 20 years and the results and conclusions would be printed in a book.

2

The Engineer

Bradford, 1944

Let's face it, 155 Southfield Lane, Little Horton, Bradford is not a good address. In fact, it is a bloody awful address, even by Bradford standards. But I didn't choose it. My Grandmother lived there, and she was the one who took me home when I had just been born.

My mother was anaemic and it took her the best part of eighteen months in hospital to recover from having me, during which time she hardly ever saw me. My father was away in the RAF and the Second World War was just coming to an end and that's why my first home came to be 155 Southfield Lane.

Southfield Lane was part of a typical nineteenth century urban slum: rows and rows of back-to-backs and one-up, one-down terraces. It was at the bottom of Haycliff Road, which ran up the hill to the mill. Most people in Little Horton worked at the mill, and the mill owned, or had owned, most of the houses around.

Halfway up the hill was Haycliff Terrace, where my family and Auntie Rose lived. Haycliff Terrace was a cut above Southfield Lane, and the people there knew it. For a start, they had bathrooms inside and not outside, and every week, Gran would take me up to Auntie Rose's to have a bath.

Another superior thing about Haycliff Terrace was the gleaming white ends to their front doorsteps, got from scrubbing with pumice stones. The pumice produced a white chalky dust, and you had to walk in the middle so as not to spoil it. If you sat on it, the chalk came off on your trousers, and if you trod on it and brought it into the house, you'd get a swift clip on the ear.

A few houses even had window boxes on their upstairs

window ledges, with geraniums in them.

Gran's house in Southfield Lane didn't have any window boxes, and the doorstep was just dark granite, like the rest of the house.

Come on in. The door's not locked. One thing about Southfield Lane, the thieves may live here, but they go somewhere else to do the thieving.

Straight-ahead as you open the front door are the stairs going up and a passageway though to the back door. Through a door on the right is the downstairs room. It has a fireplace, a table, a few chairs, and a dresser.

In the corner are a sink and a stove. This room is our kitchen, dining room and sitting room. Upstairs, there are two rooms. If it was a real one-up, one-down there'd be only one. The smaller room, just big enough for a bed, is mine.

I was three when Dad got out of the RAF and put us down for a Council House. We got one on the Girlington Estate, and we lived there until I was about seven.

Gran and Auntie Rose had not really understood much about feeding babies; I developed rickets, and became knock-kneed. The doctor had me tied up in splints to straighten the legs out, and prescribed a lot of milk and cheese to make sure it didn't happen again. I hated those splints, and I still hate cheese.

But it did the trick. By the time, I was six; my legs were straightened out, good as new. Better than most, in fact I generally won the hundred-yard dash at school and would in later life be a very good athlete.

Clambering up and down steep stairs in splints probably developed some muscles most people don't know they have. No doubt about it, I grew up pretty tough.

I can't say much for my Mum. When she came home from hospital, we were strangers to one another, and stayed that way all my life. She tried sometimes to understand our relationship and bring us together the way a mother and son should have

been, but it was impossible for her. Mum never really understood what she was meant to do as a mother, not that it bothered me much, I got used to it.

The new estate ought to have been a much happier place to live than Southfield Lane, Little Horton, but it wasn't. For us kids, the trouble was that it was dead boring.

If you wanted something to happen, you had to make it happen. Nobody's parents seemed to care much. It wasn't that we were really juvenile delinquents. We were just bored. And I reckon it was the same for grown-ups.

Anyway, my Mum didn't like it on the Estate, and she took it out on me. Maybe she would've taken it out on me wherever we were, because she still took it out on me when we moved to 18 Hudson Avenue, Bradford, the next street to Southfield Lane.

Several times, she came at me with a red-hot poker when she thought I had done something wrong, and I can still show the scars on my knees.

When I was quite small, I must have done something terribly wrong, because she came at me with a knife and cut off the end of my penis. I spent time in hospital with a big bandage wrapped around my penis and to this day I still have a perforated foreskin. I think she wanted to stop my dad from sucking it.

I won't show you it in a hurry, and anyway it has always worked efficiently and effectively. But you can see that, one way or another; I didn't have a good relationship with my mother – or my father for that matter.

It was not that I respected my Dad, but I feared him. He came home drunk most nights and knocked me about a good deal. If he hadn't enough money for things like school uniforms, it was because he'd either drunk it or lost it on the horses.

I have never been able to understand why they loathed me so much. I have often wondered whether it was my fault. Could I have been that horrible as a child for them to hate me? I couldn't have been worse than my cousins or any other kids that age. Or

could it be that they just had a miserable life and didn't know what it meant to be happy themselves? Whatever it was I learned to live with it and immune myself to it.

But there were good times, too. Dad used to take me down to the pub to play draughts. I got pretty good at it, and he used to win a lot of beer betting on me. It gave me great pride that I could help him a little.

I was also bright, and did well at school, first at Little Horton Primary and then at Grange Primary. So it was no surprise to me when some people from the Local Education Authority came to visit us, just before I sat the 11+ exams, to see what my parents would think about me going to Bradford Grammar School.

I was very excited about this, but by the time they had run through a list of the things I would need, uniform, books and so on I could see from the look on my Dad's face that I was never going to get to Bradford Grammar.

After they had gone, my Dad explained that it would all cost more than he earned, and that therefore I must fail the 11+. And I knew better than to disobey.

I did what he told me to do, which was to answer the questions wrong, in fact I started working from the back to front of the examination paper just to make sure I took more time in the hope that I would not finish.

This meant that Grammar School was out and I went off to Wibsey Secondary Modern with my friends. I was not the only bright kid there. There was a small group of us, some of whom had passed the 11+. But kids from the estates just didn't go to grammar school. Our parents expected us to leave school as soon as possible and get jobs in the mills.

Wibsey had just four forms, and it could have entered some of us for 'O' levels in our last year, but nobody bothered. Still, they knew some of us were bright, and they put us in a special class called 4 Commercial A.

Between us we were top at everything. However, there was

one thing that I beat them all at, and that was fighting. At Wibsey Secondary Modern and at home on the estates, fighting was part of life. Sometimes, you fought because argument had got you nowhere, or you fought because somebody had attacked you. But as often as not, you fought just for the sake of it.

I enjoyed fighting. At least, I enjoyed winning fights, but that was the same thing. If it got me to the front of the school milk queue, which it did, that was fine, but it was not the purpose of it. Fighting was the only sort of competition in which everybody understood what winning meant. It meant that you were a person who had to be respected.

Anyway, I ended up as head boy and head prefect.

At the end of fourth year at Wibsey I was over fourteen and legally allowed to leave school, and my Mum and Dad wanted me to get a job so that I could start paying my way. The only thing they seemed to want from me was my wage packet.

I was glad to give that to them. It kept Dad in beer and it meant that Mum would not harass Dad for money that he wanted to use on betting and drinking. It suited me because, although I had enjoyed academic life at school and I wanted to go on with my education, getting a job took me one step closer to leaving home, which was what I wanted most of all.

Bradford was at this time (1959) still very much the same industrial town it had been for over a century. A wool town. The raw wool arrived in great bales from Australia. And in Bradford, there were scouring mills and carding mills and mills full of burlers and menders making the worsted textiles that had made the town famous all over the world.

Mum worked in the mill as a burler and mender. I did not want to go into the Mill so I looked around for an engineering job.

There were many engineering firms around Bradford at this time. It was not hard to get a job, and when the time came I got one as a storeman, at J.R. Parkinson's of Shipley. Crofts

Engineering owned this firm and they were largest engineering firm in the area, and they offered many young people the chance to better themselves.

However, because I was only employed as a storeman and not an apprentice, I was not eligible to have a half-day off work to go to apprentice school like an apprentice. I therefore enrolled myself in the City and Guilds course, which involved night school five nights a week. At least I was doing the same academic work as an apprentice and I thought that if I did well I might get to become an apprentice.

In that first year, I came out top of all Yorkshire in the C & G examination. It was a pleasant surprise. I'd always thought that I was clever, and had done well at school, but nobody had ever said I was top of Yorkshire at anything.

When the results were announced the managing director called me to his office and gave me a bonus, one week's pay. I went to Woolworths, and bought the biggest balsa model aeroplane kit they had.

But this wasn't all.

The Managing Director offered me an apprenticeship, which as it turned out was not the happy occasion it should have been. I accepted the offer only to find that apprentices earned less money, than storemen. This did not make Mum happy but it meant I could study for the Ordinary National Certificate in Mechanical Engineering, on day release.

When my father heard that I was doing the ONC on day release and that I had been offered an apprenticeship, he must have realised that something out of the ordinary was happening, because he asked me to show him what sort of academic work I was doing.

It was the first time he had shown any interest in my schoolwork, and it's hard to explain mathematics to people who don't know any. It's not that they don't know the answers; they don't understand the questions. I tried to explain a quadratic

equation to my Dad, and he tried to understand it, but it was hopeless.

However, I had mentioned to him that I would need a slide rule. He reported this to the engineer at his work, who confirmed that an ONC engineering student would need one. My Dad must have decided that this was the moment to play the proud father, because a couple of days later he came home and handed me a neatly-wrapped parcel.

In it was a slide rule.

What happened then is one of the things which I will regret all my life. I looked at the slide rule, but found it unfamiliar, without the normal set of logarithmic scales.

A moment later I saw what he had done: he had bought a slide rule calibrated for calculating prices in pounds shillings and pence. And instead of thanking him graciously and then quietly changing it the next day, I just laughed at him for his ignorance.

You might say that he could not expect one small act of contrition to make up for years of neglect and brutality, and that I owed him nothing. Even so, he was my Dad, and kids can love their Dads whatever they do.. I hated myself for being so atrociously cocky. It was a touching act, one you see in movies, and I ruined it.

I never got the chance to make amends. A few weeks later, on December 2nd 1960, he had a sudden heart attack and died.

Mother's reaction to my Dad's death was to tell me to go back to being a storeman, because as a sixteen-year-old storeman I could get more money than as a first year apprentice. I explained my problem to one of the ONC lecturers. He was a Catholic parish priest, and taught to supplement his parish income. He was very sympathetic, obviously realising that I would get nowhere so long as I was living at home.

So he arranged that I should go and live at the YMCA in Bradford.

The 'Y' was a good place for me to live. Many kids doing the same as me found living there tough. You either learnt to look after yourself or sooner or later you had to run back home to Mum. Perhaps I was lucky that running home to Mum was not on the cards. In any case, the YMCA was never that bad I got my meals and, most important of all, there were no family arguments. I learnt to look after my clothes and to count my money.

There was never much of it; sixteen-year-old apprentices don't earn much. But I earned enough to live in a shared room and carry on with my life, free from torment. There was not much in the way of privacy at the YMCA, but doing homework was a lot easier than it had been at home.

This was important, because I was carrying on with the second year of the City and Guilds course at night as well as doing the first year Ordinary National Certificate course on day release. At the end of that year, I topped Yorkshire again in the C&G and topped Bradford in the ONC.

On the strength of this, I was offered a Council scholarship to study for the GCE 'A' level and some 'O' level exams at the tech. The scholarship paid enough for me to give up the apprenticeship and study full time.

To my mother, this was unacceptable. It was bad enough that I had become an apprentice, but to have given up work entirely and become a full-time student meant that I was a lazy good-for-nothing and, worse, acting above my station. And of course for her that was true. On the estate, 'work' meant being a labourer or something the neighbours could understand.

The fact that I was a training to be a professional engineer was something that they would never understand. But being cut off from neighbours and old friends on the estates did not mean that I was suddenly acceptable in other places. During my first year at the Tech: I met many new people and my college friends included girls whose families had money. Sometimes I

was invited to their homes.

But it was made very clear to me, usually by ‘mommy,’ as only an English matron can, that although I had got a council scholarship; I was not going to be socially acceptable higher up the ladder. Not yet anyway.

I was caught between the rungs. This was where Schmidty came in.

Helga Schmidt, Schmidty, was my first real girl friend. I met her as I was coming out of the YMCA. There was this blonde, blue-eyed girl walking past trying to catch the eye of an admirer. I was it. I started to chat her up, the way a guy does. Well, it turned out she was a German *au pair*, and she lived just a few blocks away from the ‘Y’. She was working for Dr Stephenson, the Medical Officer of Health for the city, and he didn’t object to a lad from the estates dating his *au pair*.

Schmidty and I were not only girlfriend and boyfriend but we were good friends. She was street smart and witty.

Studying for ‘O’ and ‘A’ levels at the Bradford Tech clearly meant the possibility of getting myself to University. In my second year I was told to put in my applications for University straight away, I opted for Oxford, London, Leeds and Bradford. I got replies from Oxford, London and Bradford, but not Leeds.

Bradford offered me a place virtually whatever results I got in the exams, but London was more demanding. They wanted to see my ‘A’ level results first, and said that a more rounded academic record with five ‘O’ level subjects was preferred.

My ONC work had allowed me to go straight into 2nd year ‘A’ level, in Maths and Physics but meant that I had missed out on doing any ‘O’ levels at all. I had to sit these in December 1961 as well as taking my final ‘A’ levels six months later.

It was a busy year, but worth it: in August 1962 I was offered and accepted a place in London University.

In September Schmidty had to return to Germany, and I decided to take the bus to London with her. Until then, the

furthest from home I had ever been was Blackpool, the favourite holiday destination for Yorkshire folk in the ‘50s and ‘60s.

I don’t know quite what I expected, but coming into London was a bit of an anticlimax. Like Leeds, but more of it. However, after the bus dumped us at Victoria Coach Station we decided to walk to the ‘Y’ at Tottenham Court Road, and things began to look a lot better than they had from a bus.

The first stretch up Buckingham Palace Road wasn’t much like a road leading to a palace, but when we rounded the corner, and suddenly there was the palace and I could look down the broad clean tree lined expanse of the Mall. In that moment, I knew that I was really on my way.

Along the deserted pavements of the Mall we went, lugging our suitcases, through Admiralty Arch and out into the sudden bustle of Trafalgar Square. Helga had seen it before, but I hadn’t. Yet it was not hers to enjoy, the moment was all mine. It felt like a rich, warm city, and it was mine.

After a few days staying with me in the ‘Y,’ Schmidty left for Germany, while for me the University term began.

We were first sorted into tutorial groups. They tried to put us into compatible bundles, sorting us out by ‘A’ level results and social background. I was put into tutorials and lab groups with other bright working class lads, while the dummies and the toffy-nosed ones were put in other groups.

One of my first friends was a Pakistani called Taki. We got ourselves umbrellas and practised furling them neatly and strutting along the London pavements with them, mimicking the City folk.

I spent a lot of the first term dreaming of Schmidty, and come Christmas I decided to go and visit her. I got myself a visitor’s passport and set off.

It was my first time out of England. I had no money – the scholarship covered tuition, books, university-related travel and a bare living, but there was nothing over for visiting girlfriends

on the Continent.

Anyway, I managed to hitch all the way to Helga's hometown north of Nuremberg without buying any tickets. There, Helga got me a job on a building site, which provided a quick course in practical conversational German as well as money for a ticket home. After what seemed to be such a quick trip, I had to leave Helga and go back to University.

There's not much to tell about the University years. Some of the lads had quite exciting lives, with a lot of parties and university activities. I didn't have the time or the money for much of that.

Apart from a few more trips to visit Helga, I was just working hard, very hard. This included vacation jobs to earn money to supplement the scholarship. After a while, my interest in Schmidty, and her in me began to fade away.

My best vacation job was with George Cohen Ltd, of Wood Lane, by the White City Stadium, where I acted as personal assistant to one of the directors, a marvellous man called 'Dickie' Bird. The firm had the UK rights over the Haib crane, a miniature crane designed to be mounted on lorries. It enabled them to load and offload heavy loads in places where people hadn't a crane. I produced stress results for this crane, and then went on to design the attachment to fit it to the back of a lorry.

It was not a bad job, but it convinced me that design engineering was not my bag.

During the next two years I worked hard and when the final results came out I found I had been awarded a BSc in Engineering with First Class Honours and I felt pleased with that.

I turned my first degree into a double first by doing an extra year in pure mathematics and coming out with First Class Honours in Mathematics.

With these results I expected to convince any postgraduate supervisor that I would be a worthy PhD candidate.

Postgraduate work

It was 'Dickie' Bird who suggested my PhD topic. In the '60s there was a revolution in the machine tool industry, spearheaded by PERA (the Production Engineering Research Association). Dickie had a research project going on in conjunction with PERA at one of their subsidiaries, a firm called Colchester Lathes.

I worked there for several months, writing the thesis as I went along. My thesis was all about some of the possibilities and problems of horizontal integration in the machine tool industry. For this I had to learn about work-study: time and motion study and methods engineering. Then I could see how it worked out in practice at Colchester Lathes.

As it happens, my thesis was never submitted for a PhD. The program had been accepted for an MSc (which could be approved at faculty level), but I fell out with my faculty tutor, who responded by refusing to submit my PhD outline to the University Senate (who have to approve all PhD programs). So I had to be content with an MSc, and never became Dr Anthony Holland. A pity. It has a nice ringing sound to it.

Marconi, the first time

When I realised that I was not going to be able to go on for a PhD, I made one of those great decisions, which change your life, but seem at the time like changing your socks. I accepted a contract job with Marconi, in Chelmsford, a small distance away, programming their Weidemann computer-guided press.

Marconi had installed a new 40-ton Weidemann computer-guided press complex, but nobody knew how to program it. The program had to translate the drawings for the pressing into a series of instructions for the hydraulics, which guided the various cutting tools, drills and taps on the machine. My mix of engineering and higher maths appealed to them, and they gave me the job of programming it.

My work must have satisfied them, as they put me in charge

of planning for the press division, programming a large number of similar but smaller presses they were installing in their very large press shop.

They must also have noticed some other things about me, but at that stage I knew almost nothing about them.

First marriage

Meanwhile, Helga was proving to a bit too far away. Both of us couldn't waste our youth on long distance relationships while other love interests passed us by so I had got myself another girlfriend. Her name was Susan Entwistle. She was a convent-educated girl, and had gone on to finishing school in Grenoble. Despite that, she liked me.

I had met her in Bradford – her father owned one of the large mills. My status as a university student meant that I naturally mixed with the University population when I came home to sunny Bradford. As always, I needed a vacation job, so I'd taken one on a building site. She came in as a temp in the office.

Sue and I got on well from the start. She was an extremely kind and sensitive girl. She came to London with me and we took a flat in Ladbroke Grove, and for more than a year we went everywhere together.

Everybody thought we were an item. Everybody, that is, except her family. They didn't like the set-up at all. First, they had money and I was poor. Second, they were Catholic and I was Protestant. I'm not sure which was more important, but I think they would have put up with a Protestant if he had been rich enough.

However, it was the Catholic connection, which caused the real trouble. Susan's brothers were at Ampleforth, a posh Catholic private school, where Basil Hume was teaching at the time, and he took an interest in stopping our affair. He told Sue's family what to do, going as far as helping to arrange a job for Susan in a Catholic school in Kenya, and her father duly packed

her off. I got the message loud and clear: a working class lad was not going to compromise his darling daughter.

Sue didn't want to go. The last day we had together she looked awful. She'd been crying. I should have told her to tell them to get lost, of course, but neither of us wanted to spend the next thirty years fighting the family. That wasn't going to help anyone. So I let her go.

Soon after that I met girlfriend number three on the rebound, Maria Martel. She was a blonde, like Helga and Susan, and I think that was what attracted me to her, the fact that she reminded me of them. But otherwise Maria was a very different person. Her father owned a great deal of Guernsey, including a chain of jewellery shops. Jewellery was big business on Guernsey, because you could come over from England on a day trip and bring expensive items back duty-free. So, the Martels had jewellery shops all over the island catering for people cashing in on duty free items.

When I met Maria, she was working in Hatton Gardens, learning the gem trade, and living at Bourne and Hollingsworth's home for young ladies. It was a lightning affair; I can't remember most of it. Marie didn't really require any courtship. My prospective father-in-law offered me a job.

On 27 August 1968, Maria and I got married. My new father-in-law, Philip Martel, was quite a local celebrity, and in no time at all told me so. Apparently during the war some relation of his, a Major General, had selected him to guide a raiding party on Guernsey. He earned the Military Cross for this, and he delighted in showing it to me.

Years later, I found the story filling almost three pages of a book called *The Channel Island War*, but the hero himself spun it out to many times this length.

I was supposed to be his second-in-command in all his businesses. As I had given up my engineering job it was not easy to say no, but after only a few days I knew that this new

job was not going to work.

The clientele suddenly disappeared from the shops, and when I asked what was happening, he said that the season was over for the year, and wouldn't start again until next July.

A business like that didn't seem to offer much of a career path to a young man in a hurry. I couldn't see myself spending the rest of my life flogging jewellery to tourists on Guernsey three months a year, with the rest spent drinking the profits. So I told him one day that I would have to move on.

I wrote letters to several firms, including Marconi, saying that things had changed and I was now looking for a professional job. It worked.

A letter arrived from Marconi, asking me to go and see them about a new job. Within days, my real career was to begin.

3

Marconi Systems

October 1968

The letter from Marconi told me not to go to the place I had worked, in Chelmsford, but to go to an address in Stanmore, on the northern outskirts of London. When I got there it was not at all what I was expecting. It was not a factory or even an office block, but a large country house, which had somehow been swallowed, grounds and all, by the spread of suburbia. In the grounds were a whole lot of Nissan huts.

We chatted a bit about the University course, and in particular my MSc thesis, and I got the impression that a job of some sort was mine. My interviewer then raised the question of security. 'You understand that a great deal of our work is secret, often top secret, and you will have to go through a security check, what we call a positive vetting.'

This didn't surprise me at all. I didn't know much about Marconi, but it was no secret that they did a lot of defence work and jobs for the security services. Guglielmo Marconi, the man who invented the first really practical radio transmitters and receivers, had founded the firm in 1897. Marconi remained all his life a patriotic Italian – he was a member of the Italian senate from 1915 until his death in 1937 – but he did most of his important scientific work in England, sponsored by the British Post Office.

Right from the start, however, Marconi had recognised the military importance of radio, and so had British military intelligence. One way or another, the two got together. The first collaboration was in radio systems for ships. Marconi used to sell the shipping firms a complete radio package, consisting of the radio sets and their operators. British military intelligence

realised the potential of this, and provided personnel to Marconi for training as operators. This cosy relationship resulted in every Marconi-equipped ship becoming a listening post for British military intelligence.

Since then Marconi had been continually active in new research projects, both civil and military, including the development of television, radar and whole raft of security-related projects. If any firm in Britain was up with the pack when it came to electronic research, it was Marconi. Chelmsford was their production unit, but the prototypes of all their secret projects were developed in Stanmore. If working there meant getting a security clearance that was OK by me.

'Positive Vetting': First brush with Security

The next day Marconi sent a car to our flat to pick me up. The driver knew where to go to, which was fortunate, as the building he took me to had no signs on it and no receptionist to point the way. It was an office block near the Gillette factory on Western Avenue. The driver told me to go to room 109, where I found a man called Rusbridger.

Rusbridger asked me all sorts of questions about politics and religion and sexual preferences, and absolutely nothing about my technical expertise. He must have found my answers very boring. I didn't even know what a catamite was, but got a clue when he made a joke about my being neither a giver nor a receiver. Then he asked me if I minded if some policemen questioned my neighbours, and whether this was likely to reveal anything against me. This had me worried for a moment. I didn't think they would have anything to say which was relevant to the security of the realm, but I was concerned about what they might say about my character. I didn't fit with their image of what I should be doing with my life. My education didn't fit, and my answering back didn't fit. So I told Rusbridger that the report from my neighbours was not going to be complimentary.

He said that as long as I didn't have a criminal record or financial problems, there was not going to be a problem. But he asked for three character references as an alternative.

I must have passed, because a couple of days later I got an offer of employment, and was instructed in the letter to turn up next Monday to start work.

Now that I had security clearance, Marconi gave me a pass which allowed me to go everywhere in the Stanmore complex. I soon found that most of the Nissan huts had secret projects going on in them. It wasn't hard to find that out. You simply went up to them and opened the door. If the hut wasn't full of pots of paint or gardening tools, it was full of secret projects.

My first job involved working on the Crossed Wires project. It was an infrared guidance system for torpedoes used by the Navy. It wasn't necessary for me to be told the exact electronic specifications and nobody told me exactly what it was supposed to do. My job was to produce a control budget and production network, to work out ways of making the parts and assembling them in the most economical way.

Farnborough

At Marconi there were three of us management trainees, but we were soon joined by a fourth, a South African. He had apparently come to learn about process management and critical path planning, which was what we were doing, and he was seconded to each of us in turn to learn what we had to offer.

When my turn came, I got on well with him. We used to chat a good deal, and the subject of South Africa came up quite often. He talked about how much money could be earned there, which sounded good, and how they were in trouble with sanctions, particular a shortage of oil, which sounded bad. I made sympathetic noises.

Shortly afterwards, the Marconi executive who was looking after our training program asked me how I would like to go

to Farnborough to do a sort of Officer Training course. This didn't seem like the usual training for an industrial management trainee, but I was led to believe that it was used by Marconi as part of the executive path through their organization. There were always a lot of military personnel passing through Stanmore in connection with the projects, so some training in the art of being an officer made sense. In any case, I rather fancied myself as an officer, so I was happy to agree.

When I got to Farnborough, I found a mixed group. They included a guards officer (which puzzled me, as he should have known it all already), a post office technician and a leading London burglar.

The first element in the course was a set of psychological tests, including looking at some Rorschach blots and telling the shrink what we saw in them. These were supposed to show whether we were psychotic, though it became decreasingly clear whether they were hoping we were or hoping we weren't. Then they trained us to march and salute, plus a bit of hand-to-hand combat using a knife and several karate strike methods, and a kicking contest. I won the kicking contest – the instructor said I had a kick like a mule. Next, we had to go into a boxing ring and fight one another with gloves on, which I didn't like at all. It was a sissy sport. Nobody even got a bloody nose.

Then they taught us how to take guns to pieces, put them together again and fire them. We learned that one of the best places to carry a small pistol is in a holster on the left ankle (assuming you are right handed). You put your left foot up on a chair, or drop onto your right knee, and you are instantly in a good position to draw the gun and have a steady stance for firing it, at the same time reducing your size as a target.

We had to run an obstacle course carrying a sack full of rocks on our backs, which struck me as very silly, but I did well at it. Finally, they gave us a course in using a codebook to encode and decode messages. I was quite good at this, too, being the

first to finish within the accuracy demanded by the dragon lady, as the cryptographer was called. She was a petite brunette with a very classy voice.

After that, they said I'd been trained. But for what?

They had me sign the Official Secrets Act, and I was issued with guns and authorised to use them on behalf of the British Government from then on.

'Does that mean that we can kill people legally?'

'Yes'.

'When?'

'You will be told.'

I am often asked. 'Didn't you realise that this was not part of a normal training scheme for management trainees, even for Marconi? Didn't you realise you had been recruited for black operations?'

The answer is, 'Yes, of course I realised.'

The fact was that I was a working class boy who was desperately searching for a place to belong, a place that would mean I would not be at the bottom of the heap all my life. All my academic life I'd been running into people with good accents and no brains, and they had always come out on top.

If the course at Farnborough meant that I had a chance to get on top, I was going to grab it with both hands. Farnborough and Marconi made me feel important. I was authorised to go places and do things the others weren't.

I understood that there was one golden rule: don't ask too many questions. I didn't need to be told. Working class boys are never talkative in front of authority. But I was still told it, over and over again.

I knew that I was only told what I needed to know, but this put me a cut above those who were told nothing. This made me feel important. Our little group were told that our work would be vital for the country, and that made us feel good. Not asking too many questions was a small price to pay.

A Call from South Africa

I kept in touch with the South African, phoning him to exchange news. Finally, I was able to tell him that I was finishing in Farnborough, and would be returning to London in a couple of days. I suggested that we meet for a drink.

‘I know just the place,’ he said, ‘Let’s go to the House of Commons to see democracy in action.’ I was past being surprised by anything, so I said ‘OK, and then we can find a pub somewhere nearby to have a drink.’

As it turned out, we did have a drink, but it was in the Houses of Parliament. My friend was clearly expected. He filled in a card, and next moment a tall, distinguished-looking man appeared down the corridor leading from the Chamber, wearing an immaculate grey flannel suit. He was introduced to me as Barnett Janner, and he clearly knew a bit about me, as he immediately started asking me questions about my views on the situation in South Africa.

Barnett Janner, MP, led us through a maze of passages, past the place where the Star Chamber had met in days of old and through into the members’ private offices, where we picked up his son Greville. Then all of us trooped back down the same corridors and out onto the veranda overlooking the Thames, where they were serving afternoon tea.

Janner was a distinguished Labour MP. I discovered later that he was already a Sir, and soon afterwards became a Lord. But he gave us a lecture on how badly the South Africans were being treated by his Labour mates, what with sanctions against Southern Rhodesia plus anti-apartheid activity in England. I made sympathetic noises, and continued to eat and drink merrily – after all, he was paying. He then asked me, quite casually, whether I would like to go to South Africa. I said I fancied a bit of travel, and South Africa sounded like an interesting place, so I wouldn’t mind at all.

I thought nothing more of it until a few days later, when

my boss at Stanmore summoned me into his office and asked exactly the same question. I gave roughly the same answer.

‘Well,’ he said, ‘there’s a job going down there, and if you want to put in for it, they’re doing the interviews in Bonn.’

And he told me get myself over there and make my interests known. The address he gave was the British Embassy, Bonn.

I talked this over with Maria. Now, I have to tell you that things weren’t going too well between us. It seemed like she married me for the excitement of being with someone from the other side of the tracks. I think she soon got over that rebellious stage and was bored. It looked as if the marriage was over before it could get started. So I said to her, ‘You can have a divorce or come with me.’ She said she’d come. Of course, I was delighted, hoping that once I got her away from her friends we could make a fresh start.

A few days later I found myself flying into the Köln-Bonn airport. I took a taxi to Bonn. The German I’d learnt with Schmidty was useful. I assumed that the British Embassy was just a check-in point, and that I would be redirected from there. But no, the man I was to meet, a South African called Johannes Brandt Fourie, interviewed me right there, in an office in the Embassy. He asked me a few questions about my qualifications and experience, but most of the time he was talking about my views of what was going on in Rhodesia.

It seemed that the firm I would be working for, an engineering construction company called Fraser and Chalmers, were into sanction busting. I knew very little about sanction busting, but I must have given satisfactory answers, because he said that things were looking good for me.

Fourie was full of jokes. If he thought something you said was bullshit, he’d say ‘Speak into the mike,’ and hold out his tie. The tie had a pattern, which looked like a Christmas tree on it, with the initials H.W. under it. The Christmas tree was made out of the word ‘Bullshit’. He gave me one. It was a sort of club

tie for sanction busters and opponents of Harold Wilson. I've still got it – here is a picture of it. And I still say 'Speak into the mike' and hold out my tie if I think I am being given bullshit, except that I don't often wear a tie these days.

Anyway, Fourie said I'd have to come back to Bonn to get the paperwork sorted out, and bring my wife with me.

Back in England, Maria and I paid off our flat, packed up our belongings and flew back to Bonn. Both of us had visitors' passports that at this time you could get for a quid at any post office, but they only worked in EEC countries. When Fourie saw them, he was appalled, and said we had to get proper ones. He sent us out for passport photographs, and later the same day we were handed our shiny new British passports issued from the Embassy in Bonn. There was none of the tedious nonsense with birth certificates and warranties of good character from clergymen.



*Sanction-buster's tie
'H(arold) W(ilson),' 'Bullshit'
'hand tailored in Rhodesia'.*

Fourie also indicated that Marie and I ought to have cholera and yellow fever shots, and it seemed that the most convenient place to get these was Cyprus. We didn't leave Bonn from the commercial airport; however, we left from a military airport in an RAF transport. We had no trouble with customs or immigration or any of that. There was just Maria and me in little canvas seats in this enormous plane, lined with netting, carrying a small group of total strangers to places far and wide.

I found myself wondering what Harold Wilson would say if he heard that sanction-busters were being recruited in the British Embassy, and then being sped on their way by the RAF. After all, he was the Prime Minister at the time. Later, Wilson would claim that the British and South African security services were plotting against him, and everybody just laughed at this suggestion. I couldn't see the joke.

On Cyprus we were billeted at the RAF station at Akrotiri. Well, I say RAF because the RAF flag was flying over the gate, but in fact there were Yanks and French and Germans there; everybody seemed to be there.

We got our shots from an RAF doctor.

While the doctor was making sure that the shots had taken, we went on tours all over the island, admiring the scenery and swimming in the Mediterranean Sea. Then it was buckle up again in another RAF transport for the long flight to Pretoria. This time there was freight as well as people in the cavernous interior a Land Rover and sundry crates marked 'machinery parts'.

The RAF treats all cargo as the same. The only difference was that they strapped the Land Rover and the crates down, whereas we had to strap ourselves down.

4

South West Africa

Johannesburg, November 1969

The plane dropped us off on the tarmac of a military airfield near Pretoria in the cold early morning rain. A military policeman gathered the passengers together as they came down the short ladder from the plane, and then herded us all to the administration building, a large, low brick shed.

Most of our fellow travellers were South Africans, who were quickly processed. Finally, our names were called. They had had to wait for immigration officials to arrive with two enormous black books listing undesirables. No problems, we weren't listed. Our passports were stamped and we were in.

The military policeman then took us outside where a car was waiting for us. Luxury at last – a huge black Austin Princess. We were driven to Doornfontein, where a house had been arranged for us.

It was good to know that they knew all about us, as I was still uncertain about how everything was supposed to work. Strictly, Fourie had not offered me a job. He had said that I would have to be 'accepted' by the people at Fraser and Chalmers. But when I went for my interview I found they had a smart office with a thick red carpet all put aside for me.

I soon learnt, however, that the job they had in mind for me would not be available until I had another security clearance. In the meantime, they had me working on a more innocent project – a paperboard mill they were building for South African Board Mills.

For the first three weeks I had an Afrikaner as my assistant. He was a beginner, and I had to explain just about everything to him. But just as he was coming up to speed, he suddenly

disappeared. I came in one morning to find a man called Kemp sitting there. He was a different sort of person altogether, very bright and very witty. He had a very English accent, and said he'd been educated at Winchester or Westminster anyway, one of the top English public schools.

About a fortnight later, he in turn vanished, and back came the Afrikaner. I went to see my boss, and asked him what the hell was going on. He just said, 'Calm down. Didn't Kemp tell you he was from Security? Anyway, he's given you your clearance, so welcome aboard.' This led to another bout of signing of official secrets forms, this time South African ones.

Uranium

That was what Fourie had meant by being 'accepted'. In the next few days I learnt about the job I had really been hired for. It was all about uranium enrichment.

South Africa was already one of the biggest producers of uranium in the world, but when I started, the uranium was being shipped out as ammonium diuranate, yellowcake, a major recipient being the British Atomic Energy Authority, run by British Minister Tony Benn.

However, there are economic advantages to any country, which can add value to its primary produce, and uranium is no exception. In the case of South Africa, the immediate proposal was to take it to the next crucial stage, uranium hexafluoride; but the longer-term plan extended to the enrichment of uranium – the sorting out of the two isotopes of uranium, the stable U-238 and the fractionally lighter and unstable U-235. For nuclear power plants, a relatively low level of enrichment is necessary, raising the percentage of U-235 from its normal 0.7% to 23%. For weapons, enrichment to at least 90% is necessary. The South Africans were going to go all the way. This added strategic implications to the economic advantages.

The South Africans had started to build pilot plants for

hexafluoride production and uranium enrichment at Valindarba and Pelindarba, just outside Pretoria. I was told that if ever an A Grade welder appeared on the scene, I was to ship him out to Valindarba, as building the plant there involved the most skilled welding techniques.

However, hexafluoride production and enrichment were not economic on a small scale. What was necessary was to establish guaranteed availability of ore in large quantities.

Most of the uranium produced in South Africa came as a by-product of gold mining. Until the 1940s, uranium was not valuable enough to be worth extracting, but in the scramble for uranium in the late 1940s the tailings dumps of the old gold mines were reworked for uranium. However, this was a very limited resource, and the concentrations of uranium involved were not high enough to make it economic to work the mines for uranium alone. It was economic only if the cost of mining was recovered from the sale of the gold. Hence when the rich gold-bearing ore ran out, the remaining orebody was left in the ground.

Attention then turned to a massive uranium deposit in South West Africa, at a place called Rössing. In 1964, the South African government published the report of the Commission of Enquiry into South West African Affairs, which was not about the health of the natives, but rather about the wealth they were sitting on. The ore at Rössing was not rich, averaging 0.06% uranium, but the quantities of ore were so vast and access to it so easy that it appeared capable of giving an assured feedstock for a major processing plant.

A small problem then arose: South West Africa had been colonised by the Germans at the turn of the century, and after the First World War had been handed to South Africa under a League of Nations mandate. In 1966, however, the United Nations, which had taken over responsibility for the mandated territories, revoked the mandate.

This meant, amongst other things, that control of minerals in South West Africa passed out of the hands of the South Africans and into the hands of the United Nations, acting on behalf of the indigenous people. Theoretically, any mining licence issued by the South Africans after that date was void, and any company, which acted on such a licence was at risk.

The South African answer to the United Nations revocation of the mandate was to bury the development of Rössing under a thick blanket of secrecy. Section 36 of the South African Atomic Energy Act of 1967 specified that it applied to South West Africa, and its provisions were tough. They did not deny the existence of Rössing, but they simply described it as an RTZ venture. What they did not mention was that they were requiring RTZ to operate under the provisions of their Act, which effectively gave the South African Government total control.

The Americans took the United Nations' decision seriously, and 'officially discouraged' US corporations from becoming involved in new mining ventures in South West Africa. However, other countries, including Britain, made a distinction between the political implications of the UN decision (which they accepted) and any responsibility for the actions of British companies (which they denied).

Thus the British company RTZ went ahead with a vast open-cut operation at Rössing, and Fraser and Chalmers, a South African subsidiary of the British company, Mitchell Cotts, which specialised in heavy engineering and construction, was awarded the contract for the infrastructure development.

Of course, hundreds of other companies were involved in one way or another, supplying equipment and materials. But Fraser and Chalmers, as head contractor, were responsible for coordinating all these activities. And my job was to keep all the logistics in order.

From then on I spent most of my time in the Rössing planning room. This was not in the main office at all. Fraser and Chalmers

had a 'secure office' in a building on the other side of central Johannesburg, near Fox Street. It was a very ordinary-looking building, with shops at street level, but half way down one side was an unmarked doorway guarded by a huge Zulu with a knobkerry. All of us had keys to this door, and if you had a key the Zulu would let you past. Anyone who hadn't a key was sent packing.

Inside the door, there was only one way to go – up a flight of stairs to a second door, also locked. Once you were through that, you came straight out into the project room, a vast, high room divided into small boxes with low partitions. In each box was a desk, and at each desk sat a project engineer.

The head of the project was a man Fraser and Chalmers had recruited from Shaftsinkers, which made him a top mining engineer. His name wasn't Leonard, but that's what I'll call him. He was a specialist in underground mining, and was therefore clearly there for the long haul, as at that stage Rössing was an open pit. However, its stage 2 and 3 developments involved underground workings.

My job in all this was critical path planning and cost monitoring, collecting data from the various engineering disciplines and putting them together in management plans and reports.

First visit to Rössing

After a couple of months in the project room, Leonard decided it was time for us to check out the mine itself. We flew to Oranjemond via Cape Town.

Oranjemond was a place which was run by and by Consolidated Diamond Mines, one of the main Oppenheimer interests in South Africa. You can't understand South Africa without understanding the Oppenheimers.

The first Oppenheimer to go to South Africa was Ernst Oppenheimer, a German who settled in South Africa in 1902.

In 1917, with help from the American banker J. P. Morgan, he founded the Anglo-American Corporation of South Africa, whose original activity was exploiting the Witwatersrand goldfield. Two years later he moved into diamonds, forming Consolidated Diamond Mines of South West Africa. The operations were fabulously successful, and when Ernst died in 1957, he was probably the richest man in the world.

You couldn't go to Oranjemond without noticing that it was a company town. Firstly, you couldn't get there at all without their permission, and when you got there you couldn't move about without running foul of the IDBP, the company police IDB stands for Illicit Diamond Buying. They had a simple way of stopping the theft of diamonds. Possession of uncut diamonds was an offence, so if you were found with any, they didn't have to prove that you had stolen them. Being in possession was the offence and led to instant imprisonment.

The company airport was out in a desert, with endless sandy waste stretching in all directions as far as the eye could see. There was a truck there waiting to take the plane passengers into the township itself, but I was shuffled into a limo, unmarked but driven by an IDB officer. He took me straight to IDB headquarters.

Have you ever felt that you were in the presence of a truly evil man? Not just a crook, but also a psychopath, someone who only has to look at you to make you realise that you are in the presence of villainy. I was to meet a few more of them later, but the first time I met one was in the IDB headquarters in Oranjemond. He was the boss there.

Not that he did anything wrong he was probably as friendly to me as he ever was to anyone, giving me the OK to go anywhere, including a visit to the mine. But his eyes were as cold as fish. Not nice at all.

I didn't know where I was booked to stay, but found that I had copped the best digs in town, a room at the Oppenheimer

mansion. It was a huge palace with marble floors and a pillared portico, fully staffed like a hotel, but better than a hotel, because I had the staff all to myself and no bill to pay. There was no question of looking at a menu to find what was on: they asked me what I would like for each meal, and when the time came there it was.

The first thing I had to do was to sign the Visitor's Book. It was full of VIP names. On a subsequent visit, I found myself signing underneath Kurt Waldheim, the Secretary General of the United Nations, who his staff claimed was apparently there to get grassroots knowledge of SWAPO. If so, he picked the wrong place, the lap of luxury was hardly conducive to gaining knowledge of SWAPO and would no doubt have led to great embarrassment if any SWAPO leaders had called. Perhaps, like Rick in *Casablanca*, he had been misinformed.

Three days later I was driven to Rössing. It's a full day's journey, first north along the coast to Swartkopmond and then inland for a hundred kilometres or so to the mine.

We could tell we were getting close when we got a whiff of ammonia. Ammonia is used in the making of yellowcake, which is ammonium diuranate. The whole plant stank of ammonia, at least anywhere down-wind from the treatment plant had a wet freshness feeling that caught the back of your mouth and made you feel nauseous.

For a couple weeks I toured the place, getting to know the people in charge of the various aspects of the construction project who were feeding me their figures, working out who could be trusted and trying to establish their confidence in me. It all seemed to be running well.

One thing had me worried, however. There were buildings, which no white man entered without protective clothing. But I saw black men sent in without any protective gear at all, to move little plastic buckets of uranium slurries. I guess they'd all be dead now.

First whiff of MI6

Rössing was supposed to be an RTZ operation, but the man in charge (at least as far as I was concerned) was an Englishman, Alec Barber, who wasn't RTZ at all. In fact, it wasn't clear to me at first who employed him. He was obviously a cut above the rest; he wore pin stripe trousers, for a start. While I had a room in the Senior Engineers' Quarters, and ate in their mess, Alec had a house to himself. Barber was also a lot older than me. I was still only twenty-six, whereas he was old enough to have a son who was a senior officer in the Royal Navy. But we got on well.

He told me he had done his PhD on heavy water, and had visited the Manhattan Project in Los Alamos once or twice. He had also been Military Attaché in Bangkok. However, the odd thing was that he showed a peculiarly intense interest in the information I was collecting and my analysis of it, so much so that one day, I said, jokingly, 'Are you a spy?'

And he grinned and shrugged in a way which I understood as, 'You could say so if you wanted to.' Furthermore, he seemed to believe that, whomever it was he was working for, I was working for them too. And it wasn't RTZ or Fraser and Chalmers.

I soon got a much clearer indication of the position. Back in Johannesburg, Leonard invited me to lunch with a man who was flying in from Salisbury, Rhodesia. This proved to be a very jolly fellow called Ken Flower.

Leonard gave me the impression that Ken Flower was the MI6 resident in Salisbury, with responsibilities for South Africa. Ken himself confirmed this impression.

He grilled me on progress at Rössing, listing questions to which 'The Firm' wanted answers. Flower clearly seemed to think that I knew exactly what 'The Firm' was and that I was a part of it. In fact, I knew little or nothing about MI6 and certainly had no idea, despite all that had happened, that I had any connection with it whatsoever.

I later discovered that Leonard's story about Ken Flower was not complete. It seems that following UDI (the Unilateral Declaration of Independence, which happened on 11 November 1965), the Southern Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith, had chosen Ken to head the Rhodesian Security Service, and sent him over to London to be instructed in the noble art by MI6. At the time, the British Government was trying to bring the rebel regime to its knees with sanctions and general excommunication, but MI6 were happy to give it all the help they could.

Both versions may well have been true. At the very least, Ken Flower was at this time doing various jobs for MI6, and maintaining contact with those who were keeping an eye on developments at Rössing was one of those jobs. And it seemed that one member of that select band was myself.

There were four of us at the lunches – Leonard, two others, and myself. We were supposed to bring Ken Flower up to date with everything that was happening in the project. This was obviously industrial espionage. But the odd thing was that the people we were spying on must have known that we were spies, and didn't worry about it at all. It took me quite a time to work that one out.

The Israelis

The Americans would have nothing to do with Rössing or South African uranium. Indeed Alec Barber said he had had great trouble getting US export clearance for the specialised computer equipment he needed for the laboratory analysis of the product.

The British, French and Germans were less choosy. The British, for example, took South African uranium for making their nuclear weapons program, and some of it finished up in the warheads for their trident missiles, but the South Africans wanted to find someone with whom they could negotiate on equal terms.

South Africans at this time were the pariahs of the world. But there was one country which was having difficulty with its own clandestine nuclear program and was excluded from full membership of the nuclear club: Israel.

Until the Yom Kippur war, the Israelis had developed their nuclear program in alliance with the French, but after that war the Arabs brought pressure to bear on France and other agreements were abrogated. Israel was left without a secure supply of uranium. The Israelis and the South Africans became natural partners.

Their agreement had been incorporated in the terms of a military agreement signed in 1968 by Moshe Dayan, in his capacity of Minister of Defence. The Israeli end of the clandestine trade went through a front organization called the Tahal Waterworks Company.

The progress of this alliance was one of the things I was able to report to Ken Flower. For example, I attended a meeting in Johannesburg with some Israelis who were visiting to see how Rössing was getting on. By then I was really getting on top of the job, and I was not surprised when the MD of Fraser and Chalmers, a man called John Fox, asked me to brief him on the current state of progress.

Having spent so long trying to explain networks to some people who ought to have understood them, I didn't know quite what to expect. I needn't have worried. Fox was very quick, grasping it all immediately, and when the actual meeting took place I hardly had to say a word; he did all the explaining.

The meeting with the Israelis took place in the Boardroom of Fraser and Chalmers. Fox sat at the head, with the project director, the man I call Leonard, on his left and the leader of the Israeli delegation, Moshe Dayan, on his right. Dayan wasn't wearing his eye patch, and there was a gouged eye underneath. I got the impression he could see out of it. But the flesh was certainly a bit of a mess. We were told that if anyone recognised

him and asked what he was doing in Johannesburg, we were to say that he was there for an operation on the eye. Below these three, the Fraser and Chalmers team ran down one side of the table and the Israeli team down the other, three on each side, arranged in descending order of importance. I was at the bottom.

The main purpose of the meeting was to reassure the Israeli's that the project was running to time and within a cost budget. It seems that their own enrichment facilities were very small scale, and they wanted to concentrate on processes even further down the line.

Fox was able to give them a positive report with very good documentation, some provided by myself. And I was able to give the same to Ken Flower a few days later.

Australia, first visit, February 1971

One of the major problems at Rössing was emerging, the tailings dam and how to proceed with it. The idea of a tailings dam is that the slurry from the treatment plant is run into the dam, where the water evaporates, leaving the solid particles as a cake. This can then be collected for disposal.

Quite how you dispose of contaminated water is another matter, because it contains a fair concentration of radioactive particles of one sort or another, notably strontium. But at least the slurry can be held in one area, and apart from getting eroded or blown away by wind, the slurry can be considered safe.

So you built a dam big enough to allow the water to evaporate as fast as it ran in. The problem was the ever-present threat of flooding. If for any reason the dam filled to overflowing, radioactive particles could be dispersed all over the surrounding country.

It hadn't happened in Rössing, but it had happened in Australia, at Rum Jungle in fact. Fraser and Chalmers got the notion that it might be a good idea to have somebody trek over

to Australia to see how they were handling the problem. I was chosen to go.

My marriage was still not going very well, although we had a child, a daughter, Jackie. A trip to Australia seemed like another good chance to get things sorted out, particularly if we had a good long time to get to know one another properly away from rival attractions. So I thought of a making it a boat trip.

I went to Pretoria to get our visas, and a few weeks later we sailed from Durban on the *Orcades*. It was a great experience. We had a top cabin, and the service was something to remember. Fortunately, I'd had a few lessons in etiquette: how to walk up stairs as if you owned them, and how to order wine, So I could just about keep my end up with the stewards. The boy from Bradford was going places.

However, the idea that this might save the marriage proved an illusion. Instead of talking about how to get back together, Maria could talk of nothing except the terms for a divorce.

When we reached Sydney, I found a hotel room for Maria and Jackie to live in while I went round the various Australian mines, and almost the first mail I received was notification from a solicitor that she wished to divorce me. I filled in the pages, saying that I would not contest the action. She hadn't exactly been the faithful to me over the years, which was sad. In a marriage, faithfulness was to me at the top. I have always been faithful to all the women in my life.

By the time I got back to Sydney Maria and Jackie had already left for the UK. I never saw either of them again. Of course, we hadn't had much of a marriage, but I was still badly hit by it. Apart from anything else, I was worried about Jackie. Still am, for that matter.

But I still had a job to do. I had to visit Rum Jungle, and other places – Greenvale, near Townsville, and the various operations near Tennant Creek – and report back.

We had nothing to learn from Rum Jungle except how not to

do it. The tailings dam was like the one at Rössing, scooped out and the spoil used to form the wall.

At Rum Jungle they had allowed for the heaviest local downpour. From the inside of the dam the wall was at least two metres high, so there was no risk of it overflowing because of rain falling in it. But they had not allowed enough protection from floodwater coming in over the dam from the outside. From the outside, the dam wall was only a metre or so high. There had been major flooding in the area, and the dam had been breached. The floodwaters mixed with the slurry and carried the radioactive slurry all over the surrounding country.

It was an appalling sight. Everything was dead quiet, eerie. You could see that there had been life and plenty of activity there – trees, roads, buildings but now the trees were all dead, the building deserted, with corrugated iron flapping in the wind, and the roads were disappearing under drifting sand.

The whole operation had been forced to close down, and a vast area rendered unliveable, probably for ever.

It was as if the radioactivity had an evil presence and stretched out to get you. It was like an evil invisible hand stretching out. I have never known a feeling like it since, thank God. But when, years later, I heard about Chernobyl, I felt that I had seen something like it at Rum Jungle.

Greenvale was a complete contrast, a new construction camp in a lush mountain valley in the Star mountain range of north Queensland. The product was nickel, not uranium, making the problems rather different. My interest there was in finding out how the constructors, Thiess and John Holland, were coping with the logistic problems in setting up in a very remote spot.

To me, the main contrast with South Africa was the way they looked after the people who were doing the real work. In South Africa, the workers were all black; they lived in prison-like barracks and were fed mealie-meal. In Greenvale, the workers were whites, and were given top class accommodation, steak and

strawberries. One of the workers even persuaded management to let him bring in a woman on one occasion, on a percentage basis. But the resultant outbreak of clap nearly closed the place down, and was never repeated in my time there, at least.

The Peko Mines near Tennant Creek were a different proposition again. The site was more like Rössing – flat and arid – but they had a lot to teach us about planning the production and residential facilities and making sure they didn't impinge on one another. They also had a well-designed tailings dam, built above the surrounding plain.

When I got to there I had to drive a company car, and they were worried that my International driver's licence was not valid. So I took a driving test. The policeman wandered out and said, 'Drive up the street and back'. He didn't risk getting in the car with me – he just watched. So I got my Australian Driver's Licence. Shortly after that I returned to Johannesburg.

Back to Jo'burg

When I got back to Johannesburg I went to the only person who knew both Marie and me well enough to give advice, the Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg, John Douglas. He had christened Jackie. He was very helpful. He did all the negotiating with the Martels, and to take my mind off my divorce, I suppose he asked me to help with a church he was building in Soweto.

This was my first visit to Soweto, and the first time I got on to first name terms with Blacks, but strangely I was oblivious to the poverty and desperation of their lives. Perhaps I was too busy worrying about my own future.

It was clear that stage one of the Rössing job had peaked. There were no new activities to initiate only update of old ones. Gradually even these began to thin out. So all of us were wondering what to do next. For me, this problem was solved in a quite unexpected way

5

On Safari

Zambia, Sudan and Kenya

I was staying at the Crest Hotel in Hillbrow, at the time one of the in places for yuppies. Next door was a boarding house containing some heavy boys – the sort who could handle themselves in rough situations. I got to know them by accident, wandering in one day when I heard a game of ping-pong going on. They had only one table, and were playing winner stays on. I stayed on, and in doing so earned my stripes with them. They all seemed to know one another, and they all had tales of violent activities in the Congo, Angola and elsewhere. It pretty soon became evident that they were a gang of mercenaries, awaiting assignments.

At this stage Leonard suggested that I have a chat with a man called Mike Du Plessis, who happened to have moved into the room next to me at the Golden Crest. I had met him in the passage once or twice, and he had been very stiff and formal. Nobody in the hotel seemed to know exactly what he did, but whatever it was it involved authority. Police, the hotel people thought.

Du Plessis invited me to have lunch at the Casa Mia, another hotel, and a cut above the Golden Crest. He opened the conversation by asking me what I thought about sanction busting. He said he'd just got back from Geneva, where he had been setting up front companies for the government that would handle sanction-busting trade. He told me that he had heard that I was looking for a job.

'Could be,' I said.

Then he surprised me by saying, 'You know my team, of course.'

'No, I don't think so.'

'The are living in the house next door to the Golden Crest.'

'Ah, that lot. Yes, I know them. In fact, I get on quite well with them.'

'So I've heard. Do you know what they do?'

'Yes, they're mercenaries, aren't they?'

'Yes. They fight for pay. I'm different. My country is at war – a civil war. I am part of a military unit, doing no more and no less than any other similar unit would do in time of war.' And he went on to give me a full explanation of his philosophy and reasons for doing what he did. It clearly involved a lot more than altering invoices and registering fake companies in far-off countries.

At the end he said, 'I am looking for someone to back me up communications, logistics, keeping the boys fed and happy. Would you like to join us?'

He mentioned an enormous pay packet. I said yes immediately.

The arrangements seemed too good to be true. I would go on getting my Fraser and Chalmers salary and Du Plessis would pile a lot more money on top of it. Fraser and Chalmers knew all about these arrangements, and were happy to go along. So, why not me too? At least it would help me to forget about Jackie, who remained in my thoughts (and remains there still).

Despite this, I was not sure about the lengths Du Plessis and his people intended to go in pursuit of their brand of happiness. Du Plessis's people were clearly psychopaths. One of them, Richard Peace, had given me a graphic description of how they had asked an ANC activist called Timol if he could fly before throwing him out of a tenth-storey widow in the police building in central Johannesburg.

But Du Plessis himself was a man of some intelligence and distinction, and I had been directed to him by Leonard, so I put aside the fact that the rest of his gang looked and talked like

refugees from a criminal lunatic asylum, and agreed to join.

The next few days were spent in another round of interviews and psychological tests. The tests were similar to the ones at Farnborough, but this time it was a full battery, lasting the best part of a week. I got on well with the shrink, who explained the needs of the unit in terms of a profile indicating similar personality, or in my case similar enough to maintain harmony amongst my misfit companions, and to be a congenial companion for Du Plessis. To check on the second requirement, the shrink and I ended each session with a night on the town.

The Caprivi Strip

Our first stop was a military camp called 'Threshold' at Grootfontein, near the Caprivi Strip.

The Strip is one of the oddest of many strange pieces of European map-drawing in Africa a finger of land 300 miles long and 40 miles wide which gives Namibia borders with both Zambia and Zimbabwe. It goes back to the time of German colonisation, when Namibia was German South West Africa. The Germans wanted access to the Zambesi River, probably with a view to building a railway across the continent to tap the mineral traffic from the copper belt. The British obliged by giving them a strip of land across the top of Botswana, then a British protectorate called Bechuanaland. The Strip was named after the German Chancellor, Leo von Caprivi.

Shortly afterwards, the First World War broke out and the South Africans captured German South West Africa, subsequently being awarded a League of Nations mandate to look after it. The Strip was part of that package.

When I arrived there in late 1971, the Strip had acquired a very different importance. It was effectively the frontier of White South Africa. It lay across the main infiltration route for ANC supporters from the north trying to get into Botswana, their best route into the Republic or back out again. As a result, the

Strip was made into a closed area by the South African security forces, fenced on both sides by high-voltage electric fences, criss-crossed with booby-trapped trip wires and minefields, and equipped with hidden microphones to pick up the sound of intruders. It was a dangerous place to move about – bad enough by day and worse by night.

We flew into an airstrip alongside 'Threshold'. This camp housed the Army units whose job was (amongst other things) to patrol the strip and make sure no one made it across into Botswana.

For the first three months, we confined our activities to the Strip itself. This was essentially an acclimatising exercise, Du Plessis testing our capacities for the more imaginative activities he had in mind for us later on. We just drove up and down the long rough road between Andara and Kongola, day and night, watching for evidence of infiltration.

For the greater part of its length, this road runs just inside the northern boundary fence of the Caprivi Strip. Our focus was a mirror image of this road layout on the other side of the fence: that other road runs from Mucusso, in Angola, just a few miles north of Andara, to Imusha, just inside Zambia, a few miles north of Kongola.

For much of their length, these two roads are within sight of one another through the thicket of electrified fences and tripwires. We played cat and mouse with groups of infiltrators moving along the road on the far side of the fence.

Many of these would-be infiltrators were not South African dissidents, but members of ZAPU, the Zimbabwe African People's Union, led by Joshua Nkomo. He was then the chief pretender to Black leadership in Southern Rhodesia, operating out of camps in southwest Zambia. (His rival was Robert Mugabe, leader of ZANU, the Zimbabwe African National Union, who was operating out of Mozambique.)

However, the South Africans had an understanding with the

Southern Rhodesians under which they regarded the whole northern border as a single continuous defensive line, so all Whites were equally unwelcoming to all Blacks who attempted to cross, whether ZAPU, ZANU or ANC.

At this time, late 1971, Harold Wilson had been replaced as the UK's PM by the Tory, Ted Heath. Alec Douglas-Home, as Ted Heath's foreign minister, with help from Lord Goodman, was attempting to negotiate a settlement of the UDI issue. On Nov 24 1971 a draft agreement was signed, and a deputation under Lord Pearce had been sent out to Southern Rhodesia to test its acceptability. It proved unacceptable to the extremists on both sides. To the Blacks, it gave far too little; to people like Du Plessis, it gave far too much, and he was delighted when, in May 1972, talks broke down and the Blacks started a campaign of harassment against the white settlers. It made the issue simple for Du Plessis: them or us, war to the finish.

Needless to say, my association with Du Plessis's outfit was sometimes pretty scary, but sometimes a lot of fun. Looking back on it, of course, it is easy to say that what we were doing was totally immoral. Why do people become mercenaries? How can people suspend all their normal morality?

You can get the beginnings of an understanding by asking why so many people look back on their war service as the best years of their lives. Firstly, I think that many people who feel this way are pretty insecure about themselves: they have low self-esteem. They remember the war as the time when they had a clear role to fulfil, one, which made them feel important.

Secondly, in war many of the normal rules don't apply. If you are on foreign territory, you are outside the law. War is like a great big Boy Scout game, with all the fun of the chase, of hiding and seeking, but without any rules except a greater than normal compulsion to win in the end. We didn't get medals, of course, but we got money, and lots of it.

Then there is the sense of camaraderie. If a group of you have

gone into action together, sharing the dangers and the successes, it creates a sense of camaraderie, even if they are people with whom you would otherwise have nothing in common. Just doing very ordinary things together – making camp, stealing a chicken for dinner, cooking it over an open fire, sharing jokes about the day's exploits or commiserating about unfulfilled objectives – brings you together like nothing else does.

The fact is that I never asked myself these questions but I am asking now. Were we on the right side? Was there any justification for being part of a South African terror squad?

The answers must be 'no'.

Did we use more violence than was needed? Did we, in fact, enjoy violence for its own sake?

The answers must be 'yes'.

Yet all of this applies to ordinary soldiers in war. It just applies even more to a group like ours, acting outside the law in countries which did not think they were at war. We were a band of brothers.

In war, of course, they have chaplains to bless the troops before they go into action, whether it is Japanese Shinto priests blessing the kamikaze pilots, or German Catholic priests blessing troops with 'Gott mit Uns' on their belt buckles, or Red Army commissars waxing lyrical about Mother Russia, or Anglican bishops in gaiters talking about those in peril on the sea. We didn't have chaplains, we just had Du Plessis with a sack of money telling us that the enemy was Commo Kaffirs, but to avoid the tedium of asking questions we could say 'any Kaffirs'.

When we were out on patrol, our instructions were to bring in anyone we caught. What happened to them after that was up to the army. But anything that moved in the Strip could be shot at with one exception, the lechwe deer. There were signs up saying that the lechwe was an endangered species and should not be shot. How anyone imagined that a lechwe could get through

the electric fences and then wander about among the trip wires and land mines without blowing itself up was not clear. Not surprisingly, we never saw one

By the end of the three months, Du Plessis had us all sorted out. Besides driving, I was acting as the radio operator, keeping in touch with the team when they went out on missions. I also had to keep in touch with Threshold, using codebooks similar to the ones I had been introduced to at Farnborough, and tapping out the numbers with a key. But above all my job was keeping a bunch of very tough men well fed, well paid and in good humour for their allotted tasks, which was not easy. We were ready for more offensive action.

Northbound from the Caprivi

We travelled in a Mercedes truck, with Du Plessis and me in the cab and the others in the back. We carried a wide variety of number plates, mostly British and East African. Whenever we drew near a border, Du Plessis would order us out to change the plates to suit the tastes of the next country, and at the border we would all wave our passports, British, Australian and New Zealand, never South African. Even Du Plessis had a British passport, though he was obviously a South African. One of the rules of the game was that anything we did had to be deniable by our South African masters.

When asked what we were doing, we gave whatever story seemed most plausible: a pair of water engineers and their crew, a safari party or whatever. We carried appropriate equipment picks and shovels, surveying equipment and so on. But the real equipment was in a concealed compartment under the floor of the truck: guns and explosives.

Our first trips took us into Zambia to check the location, strength and general preparedness of Nkomo's fighters. There were no gates in the electric fence, but there was a place where it was possible to disconnect a section of it and drive through.

When we got near to this spot, we radioed to base, and they turned off the current. We then disconnected the wires, four of them, at special junction boxes. Once this was done, the tension in the wires was relaxed, and the two adjacent posts could be pulled up out of the ground. They were actually set in sleeves, so they came out quite easily. We then drove through, and did the whole procedure in reverse, putting the posts back, reconnecting the wires, radioing the OK to base to turn the current back on.

Once on the far side we put Zambian plates on the truck and became, if anyone asked, surveyors from Atlas Copco, a firm supplying pneumatic drills and other specialised equipment to the mining companies working in the Copper Belt.

We knew exactly where Nkomo's camp was from satellite intelligence. This gave us a latitude and longitude to aim at. However, getting there was a different kettle of fish. We travelled so far on the ordinary roads, taking a route which would indicate, if we were being watched, that we were heading north, but then doubled back south and east into the area of the camp, avoiding all tracks.

We were able periodically to get a radio fix of our position, correct to about a kilometre. We got our first sight of the camp from about ten kilometres. It was on a hillside, a string of European-style huts on stilts and a flagpole. It looked like, and quite possibly was, an abandoned mining camp. We found a good place to hide the truck, in a small defile filled with dense bush. You could have walked right past it without noticing the truck. Then we put on 'tiger stripe,' blackening our faces with boot polish, for the last few kilometres, which we covered on foot. The others had done it often enough before, but they still admired themselves in mirrors and sang 'Mammy,' asking me whether I thought Al Jolson would give them a job.

We didn't know quite what to expect. We thought that the camp might be ringed with mines and booby traps, but if there were any we didn't find them. We did not even encounter a

security patrol. We were able to get within 300 metres of the perimeter fence, easily able to see and hear what was going on, and make an assessment of the level of discipline and the procedures they were being trained for.

It was a pretty sad sight. I was glad we were not dependent on recruits like these for our own security. They were barefoot, with spindly legs and emaciated bodies. They had no guns or uniforms. They were just a lot of farm boys, dressed in whatever they were wearing when they arrived, marching up and down with sticks. The 'officers' who were training them had uniforms of a sort, even boots, but they were obviously having difficulty teaching the meaning of words like 'left' and 'right'. We sat in the shade of the bush watching them drilling, marching up and down the hill like the Duke of York's ten thousand, except that there were only about three hundred of them. These troops certainly did not look like much of a menace to anybody. Du Plessis was delighted, since it confirmed his view that any military confrontation would be a walkover, despite the gross disparity in numerical strength.

The camp had a few vehicles – jeeps and trucks, but no armoured vehicles, certainly no tanks, and no heavy artillery. We had expected to see at least some machine guns, but there was no sign of any. And the camp itself was totally undefended – a picket fence round it, rather like a suburban backyard, and a main gateway consisting of a break in the fence flanked by two tall posts.

We wanted to be sure that there was nothing there, which we had missed. There were two large buildings, one of which was clearly a mess hall, and we wondered what was in the other. This meant investigating it on the inside, and gave me my first experience of a commando-type operation at night. We took with us infrared binoculars and an infrared camera.

That night, we hopped over the perimeter fence and went all though the camp without being noticed or challenged. The large

building proved to contain nothing more lethal than a few trucks and sacks of mealie-meal. The sentry on the gate was asleep.

Over the succeeding months, we paid a number of return trips to the camp. During the period, there was an obvious build-up of strength and mechanisation, with the arrival of Saracen armoured personnel carriers. However, the main development followed the arrival of some Cubans. They were in proper uniforms, and were highly disciplined. They put tripwires round the perimeter, and warning bells on the fence itself, and installed a microphone system so that any movement could be monitored. They installed tyre shredders on the main gate, and built a couple of camouflaged machine-gun posts overlooking it. The Cubans also brought with them bazookas and mortars, and the recruits started to train with rifles. Du Plessis's previous optimistic view soon turned into a realisation that this mob was serious.

Meanwhile we had got a bit careless about keeping ourselves out of sight, and late one afternoon one of us must have been sighted from the camp, because one of the Cubans suddenly gave a shout and fired his AK in our direction. Whether he had actually seen us we will never know, but one of the lads let off a burst in return. The next moment we had good evidence that the Cuban training had been effective. Two truckloads of Africans, each with a Cuban in charge, came bearing down on us.

Each truck had a machine gun on the roof of its cabin. Du Plessis immediately decided that this was not the moment for the great confrontation between black and white, and ordered us to get back to the truck as best we could. This was the beginning of a very long night. The trucks proved to have mobile spotlights on them, and for the next ten hours, they cruised up and down the area, systematically combing it for us.

Meanwhile we had scattered and were making our separate ways over the five kilometres or so between us and the relative safety of the truck. On the way in, we had noted landmarks a

mountain peak on the horizon and a couple of kopjes in the foreground, and knew that the truck was on a line from the peak passing between the kopjes. These landmarks were visible in the moonlight.

We all made it just before dawn. However, the patrols were still out, and the long night of crawling through the low scrub, unable to stand up for the fear of being picked up in the beam of the spotlight, was followed by a long day in the truck, waiting for nightfall to make our getaway. Several times during the day, they came close to our hiding place, but it was just outside the area they had decided to search. Finally the sun went down, and we cautiously moved out from our hideout and hightailed it back to the nearest road, heading for Lusaka and a good night's rest in a house there owned by Atlas Copco, which we made our base whenever we were in the area.

Commercial operations

Atlas Copco played a central part in Du Plessis' sanction-busting activities. They were in a peculiarly strong position to be helpful. Their activities were vital to Zambia's overseas trade, as mining provided 93% of foreign exchange at the time, so there was not much control over goods they brought into the country, particularly if the stuff was coming from their own overseas affiliates. The Zambian government owned 51% of the company, but this did not mean that they monitored its activities. It merely provided a further insurance that the company would not be interfered with by the Zambian authorities.

As it happens, the 49% owner didn't seem to monitor it, either. Atlas Copco was a vast international company based in Sweden, and I cannot imagine that they would have been very happy if they had known what their Zambian company was helping us to do. But they probably thought the Zambian government's 51% meant that they didn't need to monitor it. So the local management got away with murder literally.

For us, Atlas Copco contributed in many ways. First, they supplied us with a safe house in Lusaka, already mentioned. It was in one of the better parts of Lusaka, near 'diplomatic row,' standing on a large block of land surrounded by a cyclone wire fence topped with coils of razor wire. There was a two-storey main house where the manager lived, a Cape-coloured South African, who had instructions to do more or less anything we asked him to. In what had been a large back garden were two single-storey buildings, a dormitory for the black staff and our own house, with a large dining room and kitchen and a row of bedrooms.

It was from this house that the lads set out one evening to blow up a railway engine in a marshalling yard on the outskirts of town. It was not an act with any particular purpose, except that two saboteurs from a gang of Southern Rhodesians had been caught and were going on trial, and Du Plessis thought that a loud noise from us would do no harm.

My job was easy – I stayed in the billet with Du Plessis to establish an alibi. We ordered six dinners, and made enough noise to have the neighbours complain that there was a big party going on in our rooms. Meanwhile the lads went out on the job. They came back pleased as punch, saying that they had blown the boiler right off the wheels. It makes life easier for saboteurs if they don't have too far to commute to and from work.

We had visited the Southern Rhodesians at their headquarters in Inkomo and watched them in training. At the time, they were having difficulty getting detonators for their plastic explosives, but they seem to have overcome this. They were under the command of an ex-policeman called Bill Bailey, who reported to my old friend Ken Flower. I had a good exchange of views with him about Ken and the pistols he liked to use – a 9 mm, 13-clip Browning, whereas I liked the slimmer, lighter Biretta. His gang was later called the Selous Scouts.

The second contribution of Atlas Copco was to prepare

documentation for clandestine cargo being carried over the borders of central East African states. The traffic was not all into Southern Rhodesia. On at least one occasion we picked up the cargo in Threshold, the military camp near Grootfontein in South West Africa, and carried it through to Juba, in southern Sudan. The contents of the crates were ammunition and parts for machine guns supplied by the South Africans to the Sudanese government forces engaged (as they still were twenty five years later) in a bitter war against secessionist tribes. We brought the cargo into Zambia through the hole in the Caprivi fence, as before, but this time made straight for Lusaka, where we picked up documentation showing that it was Atlas Copco mining equipment which was cleared for delivery through to a customer in Sudan.

This was a wonderful trip for me. Thanks to the Atlas Copco documentation, we had no real worries about problems at borders – we were simply waved through. It only meant that we had to take a rather circuitous route, first into Zaire, then back into northeast Zambia at Kasenga, on into Tanzania at Mbala, down to the coast at Tanga and across the border into Kenya, then up through Nairobi and over some very rough roads to the Sudanese border.

There, we joined a military convoy for the last four hundred muddy kilometres to Juba, and handed the crates over.

Our accommodation in Juba was not the best. In fact, there wasn't any. The military headquarters was a large area of sand and rough grass surrounded by a concrete wall. There was a house in one corner of it, and an unspeakable ablutions block, but when night came the Sudanese army simply lay down on the sand in long rows and went to sleep. We, as distinguished guests, were shown to grassy bits and given a blanket.

This trip gave me my first sight of at least two of the world's scenic marvels, Mt Kilimanjaro, on the border of Tanzania and Kenya, and the Great Rift Valley. Kilimanjaro was particularly

dramatic. We were driving along in stinking heat, and there was the massive dark bulk of the mountain with a white cap. I knew very little about Kilimanjaro, and found myself wondering what the white on top of it was. And then it suddenly hit me it had to be snow. It was snow, on the top of a mountain on the equator.

The lads in the back of the truck were less happy about it all. They saw very little, because we had the tarpaulin on so as not to show off the crates to every passing pair of eyes. Also, the crates had occupied most of the space and they had to make themselves comfortable in the odd corners which were left.

One of the problems of clandestine business transactions is that you can't call in the law if people let you down. In American gangsterland, they had people called enforcers, who collected gambling debts and generally kept the clients in line. Du Plessis had a similar system: he had us. For example, a noted white Lusaka lawyer had been retained by Du Plessis to act as a front for some business transactions, and had been paid a large sum of money as an advance payment for the job. He failed to deliver and resisted Du Plessis' demands to repay the money. Du Plessis sent us in. It is interesting how effective a little threat of violence is with lawyers. I have had a number of problems with lawyers since, but have never felt it appropriate to solve the problem in this simple way.

An attempt to talk to Joe Slovo.

They say that the Mounties always got their man. All I can say is that it must be easier in Canada than it is in East Africa. Sometimes we did, sometimes we didn't.

We didn't get anywhere near Joe Slovo, despite being given good intelligence about his movements. Joe was a Balt, the highest-ranking white member of the ANC, and Secretary of the South African Communist Party, which made him an obvious target. We got word from an informer called Taul that Joe was in Nairobi, and was due to leave on a particular day for Mombasa.

But he didn't know where Joe would be staying. So we drove to Nairobi, arriving the day before he due was to leave

We spent the night at the New Stanley hotel – at least, Du Plessis and I did. The rest of the gang were not quite up to the New Stanley, so we dropped them off at a hotel more suited to their dress, language and behaviour.

At crack of dawn we rounded up the gang. Nairobi must be the only city in the world with motorised beggars. They are brought in by truck early in the morning and dumped off outside the tourist hotels. The more desperate the beggar, the better the hotel he was assigned to.

'Some of our guys would put them to shame' said Du Plessis.

'It'd be a good job for them in their retirement,' I replied.

We drove out of town on the Mombasa road to wait for Joe Slovo, and only had an hour or so to wait before his black Mercedes appeared. As soon as we were sure it was him, we gave chase, with me in charge of the wheel. Then the lads opened fire with their FNs, but his car must have been armour plated, as the bullets just bounced off. Worse still, it was souped up, and a few seconds later was doing about 200 k down the broad smooth road, the best surface in that part of the continent. Our truck could travel, but not that fast, and we had the disappointment of seeing his dust getting further and further away. We never saw him again.

But the lads didn't always miss.

On another visit to Kenya the job was to hunt down a couple of ANC leaders (for once both Black and Communist) who were attending a conference in Dar-es-Salam. We radioed back to Threshold 'We have a hit.' And so life continued until one day when this activity came to an end in quite a spectacular way.

I was driving along in the Zambian bush, miles from anywhere, having dropped off the boys for a job – blowing up a fuel dump – and came upon the relics of a spectacular crash.

Two cars had collided and gone off in separate directions, one wrapping itself round a telegraph pole, the other plunging down an embankment on the other side of the road. I stopped the truck and got out to see what had happened. Suddenly, I found myself surrounded by Africans. They didn't look happy at all. They had a press photographer with them, and next moment I found myself being photographed.

This was bad news. I made a dive for the truck and managed to slam the door and lock it before they could grab me. I then set off back down the track.

The next day my picture appeared on the front page of the Zambia Times, not because of our gang's activities, but because I was believed to have caused the accident. The really bizarre thing was that underneath my picture was a story about the blowing up of the fuel dump, in which one of our members had been captured. But no connection was made between the two stories.

It was then decided that I should get out into Southern Rhodesia. However, when we got to the border at Chirundu, they had got the Zambia Times with the picture of me. The passport officer seemed a bit uncertain whether it was me and, if it was, what to do about it. So we put 500 kwachas in my passport to clarify the situation. He pocketed the money, stamped my passport PI (prohibited immigrant) and told me to go back to Lusaka and surrender to the police.

Reporting to the police didn't seem like a wise move. But how to get out of it? We went back to the Atlas Copco compound in Lusaka, and lay low there for a few days while Du Plessis made the arrangements. He got in touch with Ken Flower in Salisbury, and told him what had happened. Ken told him exactly what to do.

There were checkpoints on all the border crossings out of the country, with just one exception, the service road to the Kariba Dam. It was very rough on the Zambian side, and was closed to

public traffic. The dam itself was guarded against terrorist attack, but the Zambians left this to the Southern Rhodesian army. Du Plessis and I borrowed the car belonging to the manager of the Atlas Copco safe house, and we drove down to Kariba.

There was a high platform over the road in the middle of the dam, manned by soldiers with heavy machine guns. The guns followed us as we crossed over. I could see why Mike had let them know we were coming they probably wouldn't have stopped to ask who we were if we had turned up uninvited. We were met the far side by an official in a gleaming white naval-style uniform, looking slightly ridiculous to my eyes because where he should have had neatly-pressed white trousers he had neatly-pressed white shorts. Du Plessis handed me over, swung round and drove back across the dam into Zambia.

My new chum looked at me with obvious distaste. I guess I was a bit dirty and probably smelly, and he realised that he had to have me in his car. He phoned through to Salisbury to say I had arrived, and then it was off through the succession of military checkpoints on the Salisbury road. An hour or so later we saw Ken coming towards us in his battered Landrover. I said goodbye to my naval friend, and went on to Salisbury with Ken.

From Salisbury I went down to Jo'burg and on to Fraser and Chalmers to collect my back pay and see how things were going at Rössing. I spoke to my boss Leonard. He confirmed that Rössing Phase One was finished, and agreed with me that it might be best for me to go back to England. But as a parting shot, he said 'When you get to London, if you want another job, ring this number,' and handed me a card, with a London telephone number, 930 3140, scribbled on the back. He made it sound like an employment agency, but I guessed it had something to do with Ken Flower's mob.

All my pay was in rands, which were pretty worthless out of the country, so I spent it all on gold bars and Krugerrands and

came back with them in a briefcase. When the customs at Heath Row found them I was taken aside for questioning, but then a guy in a business suit appeared and they let me go. I never got the chance to thank him, whoever he was.

Return to England

Back in England, I went home to Bradford to see Mum, and suggested that we should have a holiday together in London. She'd never been to London before. We stayed at the Whitehall Hotel in Bloomsbury.

After a couple of days of absolute boredom, explaining the various sights to Mum, I rang the number Leonard had given me.

'Hello,' said a voice.

'A guy called Leonard in South Africa has given me your number, and told me to ask you if there's any work for an engineer who likes postings abroad.'

He didn't ask any more questions at all.

'Come in and have a chat about it,' he said, and gave me an address to come to, told me his name – Kent Kershaw – and added a physical description so that I could recognise him when we met – pin stripes, half inch white on black, pink carnation, copy of *The Times*.

The address turned out to be the senior civil servants boozer in Great Scotland Yard. There was a receptionist who took my name, and a few moments later the employment agent arrived, a real smoothie, just as he had described. We went up a winding staircase to the first floor, where there was a big dining room. The waiter showed us to a table in a bow window overlooking Old Scotland Yard. There was a stocky little man with glasses sitting there, and Kershaw introduced him to me as Dr McAlindon. He was dressed like me jacket and flannels and spoke with a strong Irish accent. I thought he was just a fellow like me, coming to talk to the boss to get a placement.

‘Where did you get your doctorate?’ I asked, hoping he would say Cork. Unfortunately, it turned out that he was a Classicist who had held some sort of position in Queen’s College, Belfast. He started quoting Homer and Virgil, and I knew I was beaten.

Over lunch, Kershaw and McAlindon quizzed me about South Africa. It soon became evident that they were testing me to see whether I was any good for future jobs with them. I seemed to pass muster. I told them what I could of the Rössing set up, and the various people I had met in connection with it like Moshe Dayan, but they already seemed to know it all. Kershaw asked me what I thought of Alec Barber, and how I got on with Ken Flower, and this led to talk about Du Plessis and his happy gang if lunatics, as McAlindon called them. McAlindon was clearly pleased that Mike and I had got on well.

McAlindon made no secret of his attitude to the blacks. ‘How do you feel about the jungle bunnies getting control?’ he asked. Gradually it dawned on me that McAlindon was actually the boss.

After lunch McAlindon left, and Kershaw invited me back to his office to chat about jobs. It was in a building inscribed with the name BROADWAY in gold letters, and inside there was a sign saying ‘H.M.Treasury’. Kershaw signed me in, and we took the lift to his office to talk. He had a little plaque on the desk, A. K. Kershaw. I subsequently discovered he was Alistair Kent Kershaw.

‘Interested in going abroad again?’ he asked.

I nodded.

‘Well, we’ll put your name around’ he said. ‘Just fill in this form.’

The form had got the kind of questions I had expected – what had I done, and what was I good at.

There wasn’t much I needed to say.

‘What’s your phone number?’

I hadn’t got one, so I gave him my mother’s.

‘Just go home and get on with your life, and we’ll see what we can do. It shouldn’t be too long.’

And that was that. At least, it seemed to me that I had had a good day. I had broken the ice and been accepted into the fold. Quite what the fold was I hadn’t yet worked out. But it seemed that Kershaw still had some drinking to do, as he took me to walk with him across Mayfair to the bar he said was world famous.

The bar was in the basement of a dreadfully plain building in Curzon Street called Leconfield House.

McAlindon was already there, and we had a few drinks together. Soon Kershaw had had enough, and so had I, but McAlindon insisted on a pub-crawl. This meant going the long way to Victoria station, via St James Street. Finally we reached Victoria, where McAlindon had his car in a garage, a battered blue hatchback. I got in and he set off down Vauxhall Bridge Road. However, by this time I really had had enough, and besides, I desperately wanted a piss. I persuaded him to stop and we both got out. He went off to piss against a lamppost, while I did it the approved way, against the back wheel of his car. Mac was furious. He drove off, leaving me to make my own way to my hotel.

I took Mum back to Bradford, and on the way made a trip to Smiths bank in Nottingham, a branch of National Provincial, where I deposited my gold bars and coins, my main souvenirs of South Africa. I didn’t want to deposit them in Bradford, as the word might have got around and I would have had difficulty explaining how I got them.

The Nottingham bank manager didn’t ask any questions. He was just very impressed with the glitter, and immediately offered me a cup of coffee and a biscuit. That’s how they show you that you are a valued customer in Nottingham.

The following week I got a call from London.

‘Can you come back down on Thursday?’

‘Yes, if you’ll pay.’

‘Be at the Green Park Hotel in Half Moon Street at 2.30.’

When I got to the hotel the following Thursday, I found an interviewing committee waiting for me in a private room, including Mac, smiling at me like a Cheshire cat.

They came straight to the point.

‘How would you like to go to Canada?’

‘Sounds good’.

‘How’d you like to work on heavy water?’

‘Sounds OK.’

They named an outrageous salary, plus a big living-away from home allowance.

‘Right, You can leave immediately. But there is one thing. Your name is now Peter Fellows. Here’s your new passport.’

And there it was, a passport in the name of Peter Fellows, complete with my photo in it, the same one as in my other passport, the one I had had taken in Bonn. It also contained an American H visa.

A very efficient employment agency, I thought.

6 Canada

Lummus, Toronto, 1973

I stayed at a hotel my new employers had named. They had told me just to sign the bill, and had given me \$1000 in Canadian money to keep me going.

This was my first outing under my new name. Changing your name is a funny business. You have to stop responding when somebody says ‘Hi, Tony!’ and start responding when they say ‘Hi, Pete!’ The biggest problem is not with things like hotel registers, where you are thinking about what you are doing. The problem is with things like phones, where you can easily give the wrong name without thinking.

The only business I had in London was to get a medical. So this newly discovered guy Peter Fellows went to a place in Judd Street, where they found a heart murmur, and sent me to the University College Hospital heart department. This was a bit worrying, as it would have been the end of the job. But I had an ECG, and the murmur was diagnosed as the product of a cold.

I flew to Toronto, where Brian Kydd, of the Science Department of Toronto University, met me. He gave me a bit of a tour of the city, showing me the outside of the Lummus office in Don Mills where I was to work, and then booked me into a hotel behind Eatons, in the centre of downtown Toronto.

The next day he drove me back to Don Mills, and dropped me off round the corner. I went to personnel, and told them I had to report in to Ted Duncan.

Ted Duncan was a Vice President of the parent company, Lummus, New Jersey. But he had particular responsibility for the Canadian operation. The President of Lummus Canada took his marching orders from Ted.

As it happens, I was being paid from the States. This was why the passport had an American H visa in it. The interpretation of the H visa was that I was supposedly training Lummus personnel in Canada and being paid a salary and expenses from the Lummus head office in the USA. Lummus had tendered for the construction of the Bruce Point plant, one of two in Canada, and Ted Duncan was to be in charge of that project if Lummus got the job.

I was given a desk in the Planning Department, but nothing to do. Instead, at the next desk was a guy who briefed me on what heavy water was all about.

One day a voice said 'Hi, Tony!' and there was Alec Barber, whom I had last seen in Rössing. It's a small world. Actually, I was not too surprised, as heavy water was his subject you will remember that in a previous incarnation Alec had told me that his PhD was in heavy water.

I said 'What's all this about Tony. My name's Peter Fellows.'

'Oh, sorry,' he said, 'So it is. Hi, Pete.' He was clearly on the inside.

After a short time I started on my first actual work for Lummus, but still not on the Heavy Water project. It seemed that Lummus had won a contract from AMEX to construct an ore treatment plant down in Louisiana, and things were not going well with it. Nobody knew exactly what was happening. Ted Duncan asked me to get a report together to present to the clients.

It was the usual stuff: work study (analysing the various operations which needed to be done), critical path analysis (to put them all into the best order and come up with a schedule), and what we called 'value engineering,' putting prices on each stage and hence seeing how the budget was going.

I headed a small team, with a Japanese guy called Dave Akagi as my right hand man, and we worked on the client presentation for AMEX for three months. In the end we came up with a

presentation which satisfied the client and therefore made Ted Duncan very happy. It also pleased Brian Kydd, as it seems that AMEX was one of the operations the Firm wanted information about. The Firm was particularly interested in their sources for strategic ores, and whether they were evading the sanctions on trade with South Africa (which the American government took seriously) by buying through their Canadian affiliates.

But Kydd also introduced me to a number of other interesting projects, some in the area of industrial espionage and others at the dirty end of diplomacy. In these McAlindon was probably instructing him, though Kydd never mentioned Mac's name.

Industrial espionage the easy way

Kydd's approach to industrial espionage was to get me to apply for senior management positions in the firms he wanted to investigate. He would get me to apply for senior management positions in the firms he wanted to investigate. For each job he would give me a Canadian plastic identity card showing a new name and government ID number, plus a copy of the firm's internal job specification, showing what sort of person they were looking for and hence what sort of person I had to be. It is easier to match a specification if you know in advance what it is.

The documentation would also include a complete CV of my new persona, which I would learn by heart. It was very skillfully done. If they followed up the tertiary qualifications and references, they would have found that they were mostly genuine. It was just that the person they referred to wasn't me.

The first firm I went to in this way was called INCO, the International Nickel Company. In this case Kydd was using the good offices of a delightfully randy girl who was a friend of the INCO personnel officer. INCO had a very thorough selection process, including a battery of IQ and knowledge tests. Thanks to having spent the previous week learning the right answers, I did very well, and got the job.

I took three days off sick from Lummus. By the end of these three days I had got hold of all the management documents Kydd wanted, and never went near the place again.

Over the next six months a paid short visits to half a dozen firms, always with a different name and qualifications. It is quite tricky being a chemical engineer one day and a computer systems engineer the next when you don't know anything about either. But I was generally out of the place with the relevant information before they cottoned on.

Dirty Tricks

The dirty tricks side of Kydd's job was revealed to me one night in a chicken-and-chips bar in the Yonge Street Mall, Kydd's favourite place for us to meet. A French Canadian breezed in, and Kydd introduced him to me as Jean-Paul Ducatt, 'a trusted friend'.

There are three sorts of people in the violence business. They're not all psychopaths.

Some want to be violent but don't have the balls to do it by themselves, so they join a gang for security. They are the hangers-on, and in the past I had known some of them.

Others are punks, They just like being on the winning side. Football clubs and multinational corporations all have their share of them, and so do hit squads. They are dangerous because they will do anything their idols tell them to. And they stay on the winning side by targeting the true psychopaths onto somebody else. We had worked with some of them, too.

Then there are the true psychopaths, the ones who get pleasure out of violence for its own sake. They don't brag about it or seek praise for doing it. They just need it, like a drug. Ducatt was one of those.

Where did I fit? Who knows?

Shortly after I first met him, Kydd suggested that the pair of us should go out together and become friends. It turned into a

competition in unprovoked violence, which I lost. We ended up in a bar on Yonge Street, upstairs, dark, with little cubicles for the patrons. There was a lone drinker in one of these cubicles, and he looked up as we walked past.

'What are you looking at?' said Ducatt.

The guy said nothing. Ducatt leaned across pulled him up over the table and threw him, literally, to me. I had the harder job: I had to catch him. And I failed. The guy crumpled from my grasp and fell on the floor, with his feet up on a step. Ducatt stamped on the leg, which broke with a sickening crunch. It was all over in a couple of minutes, and we walked out.

Often, when two people meet for the first time, there is a bit of sparring at first, as they try one another out which one is the smarter, which one is the stronger, which one can shoot best. It was the same that evening. Ducatt wanted to see which of us was the more capable of wanton violence. He wanted to see whether I would stamp on the other leg, or fix the guy's face up with a broken glass. When I didn't, he felt he'd won, which I could sense was all he wanted to do.

Over the next few months, I saw quite a lot of him. His favourite weapon was an ice pick, driven in through the ear of his victim. He also had a knuckle-duster, which struck me as a sissy weapon. If you've got a good fist, and know how to use it, you don't need a knuckle-duster.

Most of the operations involved the Middle East, and in particular petrochemicals. Usually, the targets were Arabs, but not always. The first operation we did together concerned an American called Armand Hammer. It seems that he was trying to get some petrochemical concessions in Iran and Syria for his LPG business, and the Firm didn't approve. The plan was simple: to grab Armand or (better) his chief personal assistant, and make him aware that what he was doing was not approved.

Each of us had been given a street corner at which to wait where we would be picked up. We were told to watch for a light

blue Oldsmobile. I waited on the corner of College and Yonge. It was a bitter cold morning. There was heat rising from the subway through a grating, melting the nearby snow.

Once we were all gathered in the car, Ducatt brought out his 'tool bag,' and handed out the tools for the job; shoulder holsters containing Birettas. They are good for this sort of job as they are flat and don't bulge.

Kydd had done some watching and knew the routines of the hotel security and what Hammer and his PA were going to do that day. We knew the hotel to make for, the Royal York on Front Street. Hammer would be down in the lobby first he was passionate about punctuality and would wait at the door for his PA. If the PA didn't arrive, he'd go on without him Hammer, it seemed was an impatient man. His limo would be waiting in front of the hotel. The plan was that Ducatt and the punk would try to intercept the PA and delay him, so that Hammer would go on without him. Meanwhile I would try to delay Hammer until I knew whether the others had got their man. If they had not got him in half a minute, they would return to the lobby alone, in which case we would grab the secondary target, Hammer himself.

Kydd would be at the far end of the lobby watching it all. If something went wrong and the job had to be called off, he would open his newspaper a signal that meant that we all dispersed as quickly as possible.

It all went according to plan. We pulled up in front of Hammer's limo, and went into the lobby. Kydd was there, leaning nonchalantly against a pillar with a folded newspaper in his hand. Hammer was already there, waiting impatiently by the door. He was not dressed like a tycoon – he was just in a blue windcheater and light grey slacks. I breezed up to him and addressed him as if he was just a man in a windcheater.

'Hallo, mate. Have you seen a red-headed businessman in a dark grey suit?'

Hammer just looked at me and grunted.

The seconds ticked by and the others did not show up. It seemed they had got their man. I glanced at Kydd, and he nodded to me to let Hammer go. So he lived to see another day.

A moment later the PA came down the stairs, closely followed by Ducatt and the punk. I went towards them and greeted them, just to show the PA that I was not going to be any help to him. He had clearly been told exactly what to do, because he went out of the front door like a lamb and got into our car.

We drove to a big timber house in a cul-de-sac near the University. He was lucky. All he got was his arms and legs broken. If we had not got him, instructions from London were that the secondary target, Hammer, was not to get out alive.

One who didn't get away was the Middle East representative of a large bank. I received my instructions from Ducatt over a very large glass of beer in a bar where Ducatt insisted we meet. It was a downtown fish and chipper where Ducatt insisted that I could get English-style fish and chips and an English beer.

As usual I was first to arrive and I gave the waiter my order. The beer came and then some music started.

'Could I have a dance,' said a deep voice'

'A what?' I said.

'A dance,' said the burly six-footer at the side of my table.'

I quickly looked around the room and sure enough alongside every wall young men were happily enjoying the delights of sodomy. I suppose it was Ducatt's sense of humour to choose a gay bar for plotting a job.

Just then Ducatt came in

'Piss off,' he said to the burly one, as if claiming me for himself. I never was so pleased to be claimed by any one before. At least I know where I stand with a psychopath.

That was not the end of fun for the evening. Ducatt explained over some pretty mediocre fish and chips that Kydd needed a team for a little demolition job in about two weeks time. Apparently

some middle eastern bank was sending a representative called Urbach to Toronto to attempt to syndicate a loan, a rather large loan, and he was being more successful than the Firm thought he should have been. As controlling credit lines is one of the West's chief ways of keeping the world in order, successful freelance banking is not to be encouraged.

Urbach had arranged a presentation of his project in the conference room of his hotel. Invitations had been sent to various institutions to attend, and certain diplomatic representatives were to be present afterwards at a small cocktail party.

I was impressed: business first, play later. No decadence here. Little wonder that he was succeeding and little wonder he was making enemies.

The problem was where to get him and how. Kydd had only been able to find out about the conference and cocktail party. We needed to know about any security precautions that were coming in with him and the precautions he was going to make upon his arrival. For a week and a half we were frantic, as no one could find out anything. Kydd was no help, Ducatt contacted every bouncer he knew but no one had anything to offer.

It seemed that no locals had been hired for the job of protecting him. We were left to speculate that he was coming in with his own team and Kydd gave us pictures of some he might have recruited.

The day arrived and off we went to the airport, each of us armed with a small folder of pictures of our foe. The little blighter was alone. No one even came forward to guide him, help him, drive him or protect him. We followed him downtown and were alongside him as he booked into his hotel and made direct enquiries about his conference facilities and some people he was expecting. We heard the names and soon we had their profiles, bankers, everyone, no bodyguards, we could not believe our luck.

We had our plan now. We could nab him before his conference

got off the ground, and this is what we did. We had him paged to a telephone in the lobby, where Ducatt stuck a gun in his ribs and marched him out to the car.

We took him to the same building we had used before. Ducatt was like a spoilt child in anticipation of what he was going to do to him, telling him as we took him down the stairs into the basement. I watched over the longest ten hours of my life. I wanted Ducatt to get it over, but Ducatt had other ideas. In the end, however, Ducatt put an icepick into the ear of this little man and we heard a piecing cry of pain and finally a long sigh.

I'd like to be able to say that I got tired of violence. I didn't share Ducatt's delight in prolonging things, but I didn't object to the job as such. I'd like to say that I did it for my Queen and Country. Certainly the orders were coming from her Majesty's loyal subjects, but that isn't why I did it. The fact is that I did it for money. It was just a job, a very well paid job, like the Regular Army, but less regular.

Kydd's operation was very different from the one Mike Du Plessis had run. Both were into violence, but there the similarity ended. Du Plessis joined in the operations, often putting himself at as much risk as the team; Kydd took care to keep at a distance, sometimes watching, but never joining in or putting himself at risk. Du Plessis made you feel part of his team made you believe that if things went wrong he would stand by you and fight for you. Kydd ran the gang, but you knew that he would just walk away if you asked for help or got caught in difficult circumstances. Du Plessis was often friendly, and knew how to make his men feel good. Kydd was always remote and offered neither comfort or joy

I was also worried by the amateurishness of it all. Kydd was a part-timer, or so I thought. Years later I learnt that his real name was Kerr.

It was the same with the members of Kydd's team. There was never any camaraderie. Unlike, Du Plessis, who recruited

mercenaries, lads with a sense of adventure no matter how flawed, Kydd recruited lads who had been in jail for crimes of violence, mostly Americans but the odd French Canadian. They were a pretty sick bunch.

In Africa, I was always aware of the people who were instructing us and paying our wages. I used to work the radio, tapping out the code messages to base at Threshold or headquarters in Pretoria, to get new instructions. In Canada, we just got the instructions from Kydd, as if they were his own ideas. (Maybe some of them were, but when I got back to London I was debriefed on all of them, so Kydd was not making decisions by himself, he was acting on orders just like the rest of us.)

Meanwhile, my original job with Lummus on the Heavy Water project was going nowhere. Eventually, I asked Brian whether he could organise some other job for me. He soon came up with an answer: if I went to see the Ralph M Parson Company in Pasadena, California, they would have something.

Ralph M Parson, Calgary

I flew down to Pasadena, where I found a Vice President of the Ralph M. Parson Company, Dave Draper, was expecting me. He asked me what passports I had, and when I produced two authentic British passports, he said there would be no problem. I could work in their Calgary office.

‘It’s probably best to go back to being Tony Holland,’ he said. This was no hassle I was getting tired of being Peter Fellows. But there was a problem. The Tony Holland passport had no American visa in it, still less a US entry stamp.

‘You’ll have to get that fixed up by security,’ Draper went on.

‘Just go to the fifth floor and walk up to the sixth’.

It was all very convenient. The FBI and the CIA occupied the sixth and seventh floors of the Parson building in Pasadena respectively, so I was able to get my passports doctored without

getting my feet wet. Better still, an FBI girl organised my flights and motel bookings for Calgary, Canada.

So, having left Canada as Peter Fellows, I returned a few days later as Tony Holland, with a \$500 cash advance, an airline ticket to Calgary and a prepaid booking at the Caravan Motel.

Second marriage

I reported in to Parsons in Calgary, but there was a small problem. I hadn’t got a work permit. Peter Fellows had this H visa which allowed him to work in Canada, but Tony Holland needed a Canadian work permit. So I had to run out and get one.

It all went very smoothly. Parsons had arranged for me to go to a government office called Manpower. They were expecting me, and took me in to see the boss. He got out his personal stamp and put a number in my passport, and that was that. But while I had been waiting, I had noticed a Chinese girl having some trouble with her application for a work permit, and she got talking to me, trying to persuade me to help her.

It seems that she couldn’t get a job without a work permit, and couldn’t get a work permit unless she had a job, a classic Catch 22. She offered me what a man wanted, and so I decided to help. I didn’t know whether she had done this sort of thing before (the offering) – she looked innocent enough.

I said to the manager that I’d give her a job.

It worked. The next step was to the Immigration Counter, to register my working credentials and hers, and after that we did the deed.

Well, to cut a short story shorter, within six weeks, on 23 April 1975, to be precise, we were married. We honeymooned at Lake Louise, and did a pony trek through the Rockies.

I was a fool, and found out the hard way years later.

I married her out of loneliness. She married me for money and my passport. She needed someone who could provide both, and I needed someone who could have my children. There was

no love, just practical necessity.

Over the ensuing years we had three children, but when she could speak enough English and had a stable job (which I had secured for her) she filed for divorce, sold my youngest son to me for \$45,000 and walked away with more than she could ever have made herself.

Her name was Man Ying, or Mina as I called her.

Mina had been born in a slum in Hong Kong, a place worse than where I grew up in the UK, and had come to Canada on a student visa hoping to get settled and bring her family over afterwards.

Her brother, who was in Canada as well, had the same idea, so he continually harassed me for money, and a lot of it, to try and get his family over to Canada. I gave him a couple of thousand and refused to give him anymore. Mina didn't like this very much. I got the distinct feeling then that I was being treated like a cash cow.

Meanwhile Parsons put me on a project constructing a Sulfreen plant to recover sulphur from crude oil. For the first time I was doing a straight engineering job. No security clearances, no dirty tricks and very little money.

Three months later it seemed as if I would spend the rest of my life on Sulfreen plants, which was not my idea of fun. In addition to this, Mina's brother was starting to get really annoying.

So I phoned Alistair Kent Kershaw in London, asking whether he had anything on offer anywhere else. A couple of days later he phoned back.

'All OK, we want you on the Marsa el Brega project anyway. That's an ethylene plant in Libya. Turn up at the Senior Civil Servants club in Great Scotland Yard,' and he named a date and time, 'and we'll do the rest' he said.

I was beginning to get used to Kershaw by now

7

Some Odd Jobs

London, Germany, Poland, Moscow and Yugoslavia

When I got to London I kept the appointment, and again found McAlindon there as well as Kent Kershaw. There was a lot of cross-questioning about Canada. It was quite clear from the questions that Mac knew just about everything I had done. Obviously Kydd's despatches had been complete and detailed.

After lunch Kershaw left, and McAlindon asked me what I thought of Kydd's team. It was clear Kydd had reported on how badly I had fitted in with Jean-Paul Ducatt. Kydd was making out that Ducatt was the good guy and I was the bad guy. Mac wanted to know what I thought of Ducatt and why.

I saw no point in beating about the bush and I told Mac that I felt Kydd was an amateur and possibly a very dangerous amateur. I got stuck into Jean-Paul and his mediocre bank of punks and didn't stop for an hour.

*The National Oil Company of Libya,
C/- H. M. Treasury, London*

Kershaw had mentioned the Marsa el Brega project, but I never went to Libya. The job never took me out of London. I worked in a building in Red Lion Square. It looked anonymous enough, but it had a uniformed policeman on the door, and a sign inside saying that it was H. M. Treasury and that no one would be let in without a pass.

Like Broadway, you might say.

The only odd thing about it, in fact, was that once you got past the foyer, there was no sign of Treasury activity whatsoever: no clerks giggling over false tax returns, nobody organising the sale of national assets to their friends at bargain prices. Instead, there

was a firm called Stone and Webster Engineering planning an ethylene plant at Marsa el Brega for the National Oil Company of Libya. I suppose the Treasury only needed the foyer, and rented the rest out to pay the rates.

By the time I arrived, most of the specifications for the plant were complete, and my main job was cost engineering, evaluating each component process and coming up with a budget.

It seems that Stone and Webster were on some sort of piecework arrangement, because we spent a good deal of our time preparing timesheets showing how long we had spent putting particular components of the ethylene plant together as an engineering enterprise. These sheets would be taken round the Libyan Embassy, who would then organise a cheque.

A few years later the ethylene plant got into the TV news. There was film of the Libyans running in all directions as the Americans blasted it with bombs and rockets. I think I recognized some lengths of piping I had costed sailing through the air. I have often wondered who got the contract to repair it.

Mina was by then very pregnant and wanted a place to live which would be our own, not some rented accommodation. When we had got to London, the Firm offered a month's free accommodation at a hotel in Great Russell Street. But as soon as I could I bought a flat and moved out.

The flat was at the back of Russell Square, a rather posh neighbourhood, in a block called Rashleigh House. Up to this time I'd been earning good money, with nowhere to invest it. So at the same time I bought the flat in London to stop Mina's whining, I decided to put some money into property in Bradford, my home town. A quiet retreat we thought. This meant a quick visit to Bradford and getting myself a local solicitor.

Lumb and Kenningham, Solicitors, Bradford

I chose a firm of Bradford Solicitors called Lumb and Kenningham. They had only just started in business, and their

first offices were pretty scruffy, but I chose them on advise from friends.

One of the first properties I bought with their help was a holiday cottage. Over the next two years Derek Kenningham approached me to buy more cottages which were going cheap.

Solicitors have a very good way to help people buy and sell, houses. It works like this. When somebody dies and there's a house to be sold, the beneficiaries often ask their solicitor to sell it quickly for the best price he can get. The solicitor tells one of his clients to make an offer, which he then accepts on behalf of the beneficiaries. The beneficiaries are very pleased to have sold the property quickly, the buyer has a bargain, while the solicitor collects for his services in probate and conveyancing, all done with the minimum of fuss.

I was able to buy several more Bradford Cottages through the firm of Lumb and Kenningham. And what is more I was able to get some of them so cheap that I could have sold them immediately at a profit.

I needed to find good tenants for my own properties, and I found the Mormons. At least, I thought they'd be good. But I was wrong. Mormons go about in pairs, so we always had two tenants sharing each house. However, they are moved on one at a time, and there was never a firm date on which the tenancy changed from one pair to another as they always overlapped. When the phone bills came, with long calls to Salt Lake City, they always said that the calls belonged to the last one who had moved on. It was the same with the rates. They always said that part of the bill was owed by so-and-so who had now left.

Another problem was that whenever I was trying to get them to settle up the accounts, they would turn it into a session trying to convert me to Mormonism. Finally, I turned this strategy back on them by dropping to my knees and saying 'Will you pray with me?' Having got them all on their knees, I prayed to the good Lord for recovery of the phone bill or whatever was causing

trouble at the time. I don't say it worked, but it meant that when I told the Lord that there was a pack of crooks refusing to take responsibility for their debts, they overheard the message, so at least they knew what I was on about. But they just said the devil had got into me, and they ceased to be my tenants.

Back to school

While I was still working on the Libyan project Mac required me to attend his school for advanced training. The MI6 training establishment in Tooting taught martial arts, target practice and burglary.

The school was in an old church, near to a Teacher Training college for girls, which was convenient for those of the lads who were into that sort of thing. The interior had been equipped as a gymnasium, and of course there were the usual mandatory keep fit sessions, but by far the more interesting stuff to me was learning how to crack a safe. A standard small safe looks solid from the front, but the back of it may be simply a screwed-on plate, which can easily be unscrewed. The locks may look solid, but when hit a certain way with a hammer they just fall open.

I was no good with skeleton keys. To open a Yale lock, you need to find four separate tumblers and move them all together. It takes a lot of fiddling. Other locks are easier, but some are worse. I never mastered the art of opening Chubb locks. In fact, I was best at the hammer and hacksaw techniques.

The school also taught breaking and entering. We learned silent ways to remove window panes, covering them with gel and using a suction pad to hold the glass while you cut round it with a diamond cutter. You then just tap the glass and it comes away on the pad.

One day, we arrived to find that there was a carpet on the floor. We wandered in, and next moment an alarm bell went off. This was Mac's way of introducing us to the problem of avoidance of alarm systems, one of his specialities. The carpet

had pressure pads under it, and we had just wandered on to it without thinking. Our task was then to learn how to get across without triggering the alarm.

Another lesson was in detecting electronic eyes. The beams are normally invisible, but you can make the visible by spraying in front of you with an aerosol. The beams show up in the fine spray, even in broad daylight. You then have the choice of stepping over or crawling under, or of deceiving the electronic eye by focussing a beam of light on to its receptor. The live beam could then be interrupted without triggering the alarm.

We used all these techniques a few days later in a housebreaking job in a flat on the corner of Great Cumberland Place and Bryanston Street, just near of Marble Arch. A one-armed industrialist owned it with extensive interest in chemicals. We were interested in the contents of his safe.

I went in with a team of real experts. First, they picked the front door lock. They suspected that the entrance would have pressure pads. To deal with this, they had extendable aluminium rods with pointed hooks on the ends. These were driven into a leather chair across the entrance hall, and two of them made a bridge across which we could crawl without touching the floor. As we went, we sprayed the air for evidence of beams, and found quite a few.

We located the safe in the wall of the guy's bedroom, under a picture. We had the option of taking the whole thing out of the wall, but all we wanted was copies of any agreements he was signing, so they cracked the combination. I had learned to do this and was quite good at it, but I was only along as an observer on this occasion.

We photographed all the contents, went through his desk and photographed a few more things, then put it all back and left. The only trace of our visit would have been a couple of fine holes in his leather armchair quite probably he never knew anyone had been there.

Courier to Moscow

A few days later, I was rung up by a man I'd never heard of who asked me whether I would like to earn a thousand pounds for a day's work. Mina and I had just spent an arm and a leg at Heal's, furnishing our new flat, so I said yes. He told me that the job was to fly to Moscow and back.

It turned out to be the quickest, easiest job I ever had. I went to a travel agent in Shaftsbury Avenue and collected a return ticket to Moscow on an Aeroflot plane. Then I went to the Tavistock Hotel, where I sat in the foyer until a man came up to me and gave the password: 'Are you thinking of visiting Moscow?' Then I gave him the return password, 'Yes, I have been given a ticket,' and he gave me a briefcase, another password and a thousand pounds in cash.

Aeroflot is the only airline whose planes smell of boiled cabbage. The cabbage they boil up to serve to their passengers causes it. When we got to Moscow the cabin staff took away my passport at the door and gave me a transit card. I went to the transit lounge, which was a huge room with blank concrete walls on all sides, about twenty-five metres tall, no windows. At the upper level, it had a gallery patrolled by men with machine guns. I was scared out of my wits by it. It was not a great tourist spot. I didn't have to spend long there.

A good-looking girl with a red scarf came up to me and said, 'Hello, Tony,' and gave the password.

After that I just stood up, leaving the briefcase on the seat. She picked it up and disappeared through a door at the far end. I waited for my return flight number to come up on the screen and waltzed up to the door, transit card in hand, and gave it back in return for my passport. Then I got back on the plane.

That was the only time I've ever been to Moscow. I hear the girls don't wear those fetching little red scarves much these days.

I've often wondered what was in that briefcase. If you think

about it, the job made no sense. Everybody must have realised that I was a courier: nobody takes a day trip to the Moscow transit lounge for the fun of it, and my return booking would have flashed up on the screens of MI6 and the KGB.

The trip certainly wasn't the normal MI6 service communications. MI6 would send their own stuff in the diplomatic bag with the Embassy couriers. The KGB had the same facilities. My guess was that it was some direct communication between the FO and Soviet government, which for some reason had to bypass the embassies at both ends.

It was the only job I ever did about which McAlindon never said a word. I don't even know whether he was aware that it had happened.

A spot of bugger-hunting

Mac was very interested in buggers. 'Some people have to be protected against themselves,' he used to say. This was particularly so of cabinet ministers. He was very concerned that highly placed buggers would be blackmailed, or that their boyfriends would go to the press.

In order to know precisely who was at risk, he made it his business to collect photographic and taped evidence of who was up whom. Quite how this protected the people from being compromised was less clear. But it meant that McAlindon himself collected quite a lot of ammunition for ensuring that he could always get a cabinet minister to approve any operation he wanted approved.

One job I was involved in was the grubby affair between Norman St John Stevas and Lord Robin Maugham. The Firm had put a watch on Maugham's flat in Charing Cross Road: they simply took the flat next to his.

They soon had Maugham's mode of operation clear. His Permanent Boyfriend (PB) would go down to Trafalgar Square and stand on the National Gallery side of Nelson's Column.

This was an established pick-up point for London's rent boys, and the PB would then wait to be approached by sundry likely lads. He would pick one, and take him up to the White Bear in Piccadilly. There, Maugham would be waiting at the bar. He would look the lad over from a distance, and if he liked what he saw, he would make himself known. Then they would wine and dine both boys, presumably to show he had money, and if things were still going well they'd all end back in the flat in Charing Cross Road.

They'd collect a couple of lads in this way during the week, and take them to the hairdressers to be prettied up ready for the weekend. They liked them with fluffy hair, it seemed. On Friday, around lunchtime, St John Stevas would arrive in his Rolls Royce, and take them all off to Maugham's Brighton residence, 22 Inwood Crescent, where Maugham's housekeeper, Mrs Francis, had a warm fire waiting for them.

By the time I joined, most of the groundwork was done. They had Maugham's flat bugged throughout and the telephone tapped, and they also had two miniature television cameras wired into the ceiling lights in the main bedroom and the lounge, so we could watch the show in comfort.

We spent a lot of time sitting in the Charing Cross Road flat watching and listening to the discourse of the idle rich by day, and their bed manners by night and day. The Likely Lads were all clearly intrigued by their hosts.

'Who are you? What do you do?'

And Maugham would patiently explain.

Sometimes he downplayed, saying that he had started as a private in the army. At other times he was more forthright, explaining that he was a Lord and could ask questions in Parliament.

'Would you like me to ask a question for you?'

'What good would that do?'

'You would get a headline in the newspaper next day'.

He also explained to one of the likely lads that his grandfather had a bit of a problem. As Lord Chancellor of England, he had to oversee the prosecution of Oscar Wilde. But his own son, Somerset, was much the same way inclined. So he had had to pack him off to foreign parts to prevent embarrassment.

The same thing had happened to Robin. His family had been equally unhappy about his behaviour, so he went off to join his Uncle Somerset in the south of France.

There was constant hassle over domestic trivia:

Scene: Maugham on sofa with Likely Lad (LL), telling him of his family history. Enter PB, half dressed.

PB: I can't find my cufflinks.

Maugham: But I've only just bought you them. I told you to put them away carefully. Have you checked your jewellery box?

Enter Housekeeper

Housekeeper: Have you all had your orange juice?

Maugham: I'd like another one. (Turning to LL) Would you like another orange juice?

LL (*Glaswegian accent*): Aye.

Housekeeper: I've found this cufflink, down the back of the sofa.

PB: That's one of mine. I expect the other's there too.

Exeunt omnes to search for the cufflink.

On the particular day this happened, they were all getting particularly well dressed up to meet two visiting American millionaires, Milton (Milly) Nussbaum, of Austin, Texas, and Ted Milch, who had homes in New York and Fort Lauderdale. They were staying at Brown's and were to join Maugham in Brighton for the weekend.

We followed them down to a pub in Leicester Square, the guardsmen's pub. Later, we discovered why. It seems that Milly and Ted wanted guardsmen for the weekend.

In the event they had to put up with what Maugham had to offer. We followed them down to Brighton – not difficult because we knew exactly where they were going – and again listened in to all the activity. That wasn't pleasant: instead of our comfortable base in Charing Cross Road; we had to spend the night in the back of a combi-van.

A few days later we had the Americans brought in for questioning at Marble Arch Police Station for importuning. I didn't do the formal interviewing – this was done by two other members of our team, with McAlindon going in as an observer but when they took a break from interviewing Nussbaum, I was told to keep an eye on him.

I'd never met a self-assured poof before.

Nussbaum wasn't at all shy about it. He told me how he had introduced Maugham to the delights of New Orleans years earlier and from that time they had become firm friends. Maugham it seemed had insisted on dressing up as a sailor boy, and got beaten up – badly.

Later, I got to talk to Ted Milch. He was equally self-assured. It was he who told me that they were really after guardsmen, and not only the guardsmen themselves but also the guardsmen's gear – bearskins, breastplates, etc.

I said, 'You'd never get a guardsman.'

'Like to take a bet on that. The going rate is a hundred pounds.' Then he started to say how much they were prepared to pay for the gear: fifty pounds for a tunic, three hundred and fifty for the big leather boots, hundred and fifty for a bearskin. A bearskin was particularly prized, as it was understood that it would mean that its new owner had buggered its previous owner.

No legal action was taken as a result of this operation, nor was it ever intended. That was not its purpose.

Having showed our hand, the operation was wound up, but I paid just one more visit to the Charing Cross flat. Who should I run into but Robin Maugham, who recognised me immediately,

finally understanding that I, as one of the neighbours, had been keeping an eye on him? Now, you might have thought he would be annoyed, or ashamed, or both. I don't know how to describe his attitude: arrogant? Cocksure (no pun intended)? Like the two Americans, he showed no sign whatsoever of concern that he might suffer from our observation of his life-style, or that he was proposing to change it in the slightest. He even gave me a signed copy of his book, *The Black Tent*, to remember him by.

Follow-up in Poland

Mac was also personally involved in my next job. After Maugham, Mac and I went off for lunch in Great Scotland Yard, and after it Mac suddenly said, 'Let's go to Victoria Station and meet Magda'.

Not knowing what to expect I was hesitant I didn't want to meet any Magdas at that moment, but McAlindon wasn't interested in my opinion.

'What languages do you speak?'

'A bit of German, a bit of Afrikaans,' I said.

McAlindon lapsed straight into fluent German. I staggered through this test, with happy memories of Schmidty. Then it was into a taxi and off to Victoria.

'Watch my back,' said McAlindon. 'Stay twenty yards behind me, and if anyone seems to be coming up behind me, knock them over'.

He knew which train she was supposed to be on, and a few minutes later saw her in the crowd and waved to her. She waved back. They exchanged a few words, and then he brought her over. He was now speaking fluent Polish, flicking back into English to introduce her to me; she was Magda. After a few minutes conversation, she went off.

'That's the girl who's going with us to Poland,' he said.

This was the first mention of Poland as far as I was concerned.

‘What’s Poland about?’ I asked.

He said he was putting a team together to sort out some little problems, and nominated a flat in Finsbury Park where the briefing was to take place. After that we went back to Broadway, or, to be precise, to the bar under Leconfield House. I hadn’t noticed the security there on my first visit (with Kent Kershaw, a year or so earlier), but by now I was more security conscious. Having no appropriate security pass, I expected to be quizzed and have to put a telephone call through for Broadway to vouch for me, or at least to have my name checked against a list, but no. As we approached the door, McAlindon put an arm round my neck and we marched straight in, the policeman stepping aside and opening the door. No signing the book, nothing. So obviously he was well known there, and probably had brought other equally burly individuals with him in the past.

When I got to the Finsbury Park address a few days later, I found McAlindon and three others, a Polish boy called Andreas, a black American called Paul, and Magda. It was an odd team.

McAlindon briefed us on the job to be done. It was similar to the Maugham job, except that the task was not to protect the targets from being compromised, but to compromise them. It seems that Solidarity were campaigning to get control of the Polish Upper House, but two members who were on the ticket were being too independent for comfort, and had to be discredited.

We flew to Bremerhaven and went to a farm near Cuxhaven, where we picked up two cars, a Combi-van for the boys and Magda and a BMW for the posh part of the team, McAlindon and me. Then it was off on a circuitous route via Berlin and Warsaw to a farm at Gdaya, near Gdansk, where we set up our base.

Our first quarry was a big toughie that always went around with an armed bodyguard. Let’s call him Josef. McAlindon had him watched and knew his haunts and habits, his main haunt

being a beer cellar where he drank and played chess, and his habits being bisexual. The American had been picked because Josef would not be able to resist a black one. And so it turned out.

McAlindon and I sat at a table in the corner, and when Josef and his bodyguard arrived, it was not long before the boys were sitting at their table. There was a lot of drinking, and somehow Josef and his mate got slipped Mickey Finns. Our lads obliged the management by carrying them out, bundling them into the back of the Kombi, and driving off to the farm.

By the end of the evening he had photographs of Josef being buggered by a black one and a white one. To make sure that Josef seemed to be enjoying it, I drew a smiling clown’s face on him in black texta. Then McAlindon put the two of them back to sleep with a little injection, soused them with alcohol and we drove them back to the outskirts of town, leaving them propped up under a tree.

The second one was harder to catch, as he lived at the top of a high-rise building and had no bad habits. We had to catch him on the way to work, at a point where he had to cross a road. I was driving the BMW, and gave him a bit of a nudge as he stepped off the kerb. McAlindon jumped out of the car shouting at him for jay walking, while the lads came up from behind, grabbed him and bundled him into the back seat of the BMW. Next stop the farm, and a repeat of the performance of the night before.

It was all rather like a schoolboy joke really. As McAlindon said, it was taught in all the best Public Schools. I wasn’t sure that the British taxpayer’s money was being well spent, but I assumed that McAlindon knew what he was doing. And I do know that the photos came out well.

Prologue to Iran

Another opportunity occurred during this period, I got a call

from Alistair Kent Kershaw. He asked me if I'd like to go to Iran. I said it sounded fine to me – how much and what for? Kent told me to go to the Inn on the Park and meet a Dr Ralph Greer.

I took to Greer immediately. After a few pleasantries, he explained that he needed to be protected on some of the jobs he was doing – a bodyguard, in fact. It all seemed pretty straightforward.

He then explained that, in order to get me into Iran, I had to be presented as a member of his team. This team was there to help the Iranian government with their logistics and statistics. So he asked me to give him an explanation of the technique of regression analysis in statistical modelling. This was my long suit, and I gave him a good basic survey of the latest techniques.

I had almost finished when he said, 'Stop. I'd like you to start all over again, just as you did then, but I'd like to have my tape recorder running.' So I started all over again.

This time he chipped in with a few questions about multiple regression techniques. It seemed that he was also very interested in ways in which you could fake the results without showing how it had been done. I was quite good at that, too.

At the end of it all, he said, 'I think you'll do, but I have to consult my colleagues. I'll be sending them this tape, and I think they'll find it very interesting.' And that was the end of the interview.

Greer invited me out to dinner, and we had a good meal – the first time I had ever had rack of lamb. Afterwards, we went on to the theatre to see Herbert Lom being Napoleon, which seemed appropriate.

A few days later another American came on the phone to say that my appointment had been approved, and asking how soon I could go. This was tricky, as I didn't want to leave Mina, who was due any day. She didn't make any friends and was very

reliant on me. Finally I got him to agree that I would stay with Mina for Christmas, but leave immediately afterwards, and not wait for the birth.

There was no problem about letting the flat – Greer wanted a flat for his son, who had just turned 21 and got a Morgan Plus-Four as a birthday present. I drove it round Russell Square. It was quite an experience, as the driving seat seemed to be designed for your average ten-year-old, whereas I was on the big side. But it made a lovely noise.

One of the terms of my engagement with Greer was that I was to take a couple of cartons out to Teheran as my luggage. The cartons were big ones and they were duly delivered to our flat, so on the morning of my departure I packed my standard luggage for international travel an overnight bag and then loaded the two cartons onto a taxi. They were too big to go inside, so the driver strapped them to the luggage grid at the back.

At Heath Row I found a customs officer wandering about in the departure hall, and gave him ten quid to see them through customs and onto my plane. I didn't want them opened. Not that I knew what they contained, but if Greer didn't want to travel with them, I wasn't sure that I did. The invoice said that they were computers. I was not so sure.

8

Iran

Iran, December 1975

I landed in Teheran in a sweat about the cartons down in the cargo hold. I could picture an Iranian customs officer in reflecting sunglasses ripping them open and finding God knows what weaponry, explosives, drugs or blasphemous books, and arresting me on the spot. I decided to get into the country first and collect them later.

I was met at the airport by one of my new colleagues. I asked him what the team was really doing there. His answer was brief and to the point: 'We are a bunch of spies.'

Now, this is a pretty silly thing for anyone to say, particularly if it happens to be true. But the realisation had clearly come as a surprise to him, and he wanted to share it with me. Later, I found that he was a computer wizard, and he proved useful when Greer wanted a printout of the Shah's overseas bank accounts. But at that moment I thought he was a jerk.

He drove me to the Hotel Semiramis, over the road from US Embassy, on Tak te Jamshid. That's right at the top end of town.

When I say 'top end' I mean it in every sense, and anyone who knows Teheran knows that 'top' and 'bottom' have a very special meaning there. There are no sewers in Teheran, or, to be more precise, there are sewers everywhere, open ones.

They are called jubes. The city is built on a hill, and there are jubes on both sides of all the streets running down the slope. At the top end of town, the jubes are not very deep, and therefore they are not too bad if you fall in, but by halfway down they are green stinking vats of putrefaction, and at the bottom they just spread out so that the whole place is a like a giant septic tank.

That is where the poor lived.

We lived at the top.

Also at the top were the Government Offices, Shah's Palace, the Majlis (the parliament), the American Embassy, the British Embassy and the Intercontinental Hotel. This was just about the limits of our social round. We didn't go down town too often.

Sozemanh Barnameh, the Department of Planning and Budget office

My office was as promised just around the corner from where we lived and its local name was Sozemanh Barnameh. You came in off the street through a large courtyard surrounded by cast iron railings nine feet tall, walked down a long drive and up some steps to the front door, where a guard with a Tommy gun met you. If you had a pass or an appointment, he let you in. Inside you found a foyer with a huge marble staircase. There was also a lift, but I liked using that staircase.

When I first arrived, there were just two desks in my office, and who should be sitting at the other one but Alec Barber, late of Rössing, last seen in Toronto.

'Hi, Pete, small world, isn't it,' he said as I came in.

'I'm not Pete, I'm Tony,' I said. 'What are you doing here?'

'Ah,' he said.

Then Greer came in to welcome me.

'Where are my cartons?' he asked. I told him I had been a bit worried about claiming boxes with his name on them.

He looked a bit put out.

'Take my Merc and get them'.

I saw by his look that he meant business. So his chauffeur drove me back to the airport, and there they were in the unclaimed luggage section. I just mentioned Greer's name and they were handed over to me without any questions.

I didn't know what was in them, but shortly afterwards Greer commandeered my desk, he didn't have his own desk in the

ministry, and he wanted to do a Prize Day act. He opened a large suitcase. It was stuffed with money and jewellery and cameras, which he proceeded to dole out to the Iranians working in the Ministry. It was the Now Rus festival, the great Iranian national festival when they all give and get presents. He made bribery look very respectable, sitting there in his business suit giving out bounty in the name of good corporate participation in local custom.

Initially, I spent most of the time being a bodyguard for Greer. His chauffeur would pick me up each morning from the hotel in his Merc, and I would accompany him on his rounds. The first call was always to the American Embassy, to have a chat with the ambassador and get the latest instructions. The American ambassador at this time was Richard Helms, the former head of the CIA.

Then we would go on to one of several clubs in downtown Teheran, the Teheran Tennis club, which was just round the corner from the Embassy, or the American Club, which was conveniently located opposite the central gaol. It was clear that this was the part of the day he was most worried about. He often had envelopes stuffed with high denomination notes, usually rials but sometimes greenbacks, and he would ask me to walk very close behind him. He handed over the envelopes to American businessmen – upmarket ones at that.

They were always waiting for him, impatiently, to judge from their comments when he arrived. Quite what these payments were for Greer never explained to me.

A visit to the Chancery

A week had passed and I had heard nothing from Mina, I was beginning to get anxious. Alec Barber took me in hand.

‘It’s time you went down to the Chancery and made yourself known to them. While you’re about it, tell them about Mina and they’ll fix it up.’

It was late in the evening, but the Chancery (the MI6 office within the Embassy) was manned twenty-four hours a day.

They had a hot line to London, and sent a message asking for information about the condition of Mina Man Ying Holland, believed to be a patient in the maternity department of University College Hospital. The next day Alec Barber had a call from the Chancery saying that they had a message for me. I discovered later that they sent a policeman round to find out her condition. No question is so simple that it can’t be made complicated if you put your mind to it, and it probably frightened Mina to be suddenly confronted by a policeman, I think the last time that happened she got out of it quite well, but of course that was before she met me. The policeman had brought back word that Mina had a girl, Barbara. Again the timing of the birth was dubious. They joined me in Teheran a few weeks later.

During my first visit to the Chancery, the Head of Station took the opportunity to brief me. The Firm was interested in a nuclear reactor being built by the Germans and an underground railway proposal from the French. They wanted to know the quality of their bids what sort of percentages they were adding to the cost of standard items and so on.

He explained that they had two people of their own in the Ministry, but that they were getting nowhere. When I got back I decided to go and find them, and finally ran them to earth in a little office pretending to be quantity surveyors. It seemed that no one was taking them seriously, and they were not getting invited to participate in any of the interesting projects. They thought that they might do better if they had someone with more social clout on board, and they were angling for a girl called Stella, who was working in Chancery, to join them. I got in touch with her, close touch, in fact.

I sometimes wondered whether this was the same Stella who later had a very senior job in the Security Service. She was certainly bright enough.

Industrial espionage – from inside

Over the first few days I worked out something of the lie of the land and what the team within the Ministry were doing.

The main job was ostensibly to set up a financial planning and control system for the Ministry. To help with this, there was a mainframe computer down in the basement. Alongside the computer were the offices of Greer's right-hand man, Mike Sargis, and of Gary Debouchere, a genius with computers.

However, once the system was up and running, it had a capacity for industrial espionage on a grand scale, particularly as it was staffed by spies. By the time I arrived the computer had been programmed, but Debouchere had no data to feed into it to test whether his programs were working properly, still less to produce some useful output.

The problem was that the lads were too frightened to go out and collect it. They feared that if they marched into somebody's office demanding to see documents, which would show that somebody had been cooking the books, they would be beaten up, or worse.

Initially, I was not involved in this side of the business. They all seemed to assume that I was just a bouncer for Greer, and had no idea that I was also a professional engineer. Greer knew, of course, but had not let on. The breakthrough came one day when I was looking for Gary Debouchere, and found him explaining critical path planning to a junior minister. The minister seemed to be making heavy weather of the computer printouts and the diagrams, which Gary was putting on the whiteboard. I thought I could see why, so I chipped in with an explanation of the S-curve approach. It worked the Minister got the point immediately.

Meanwhile Greer had come in, and when I had finished he said, 'What was all that about? It sounds like a technique that could help with our Health Care project. Come down tomorrow morning to Pat Quinn's office at Berger's'.

I hadn't heard of the Health Care project. I had heard Pat Quinn's name before, but it hadn't registered. I thought that perhaps I was about to meet my real employer.

The Berger office was in an ordinary commercial office building, and the sign on the door suggested that Berger Inc. was a New York-based construction firm specialising in building roads, and its CEO was Pat Quinn. However, there was no sign of any construction-planning going on. Instead, I found the key members of our unit, Debouchere and Mike Sargis, together with a man I had not seen before, who kept proclaiming that he was CIA. They were all discussing ways of getting coherent planning and budgeting into the government's Health Care Program. At the end of the presentation, Greer told me about the problem they were having getting the data for Debouchere's programs, and asked me whether I could help. I said, 'Sure'.

The next day I took the Merc and went off to one of the key firms, that I had heard mentioned which was involved in building dams. I had phoned in advance to say that I was an official of the Ministry, and would want access to all their contracts, past and present.

So far from having problems, it was all a breeze. Greer had arranged for me to pick up a letter of introduction from a man called Firouz Vakill, who was number three in the Ministry for Planning and Budget. When I arrived, I was treated like royalty. They shuffled me into the MD's office, where he had a document ready, summarising the key details on all the contracts, going back about twenty years. It seems that, rather than wanting to beat me up, they reckoned that the best strategy was to get me on side. When I got back with the report, Debouchere grabbed it. 'Holy shit. How did you get this?'

'I just asked for it.'

After that I became a sort of icebreaker for the rest of the team. On the first visit, I would go with them, just to boost their morale and make sure that they were properly treated.

Paichuk

As well as the members of the unit, there were of course a lot of Iranians with whom we had business of one sort or another. There was Amir Abass Hovida, the Prime Minister, for whom we made periodic presentations to show how we were getting on. Then there was Dr Madjidi, the Minister for Planning and Budget, for whom Alec Barber wrote speeches, and the man who gave me the letter of introduction, Firouz Vakill, who had a double PhD from Harvard. His family was very rich, and I think he only did the job for the prestige. His Dad was the Ambassador to the Vatican. And finally there was Paichuk.

Paichuk was our Unit's driver. Whenever we needed to go out and visit a project, Paichuk would drive us. But in between times he didn't just polish the car like most drivers do. He had an office in the Ministry.

The first time I realised that Paichuk was not just an ordinary driver happened like this. I had been sitting in the lobby of the Intercontinental Hotel, waiting for some friends who were to join me for lunch. There were just two of us sitting there. The other was a very senior Iranian. (You could tell he was senior because the people going by were bowing at him.). Well, in came a tall blonde girl who went mincing right round the room, finally sitting down at a table just over the way from us, but as she sat down she lifted up her long skirt and gave us more than a glimpse of a knickerless box. The Iranian was goggle-eyed, and invited her (in English) to come over and chat. She tossed her head and said 'Ich verstehe nicht'. So, ever Galant, I dug up my rusty old German and repeated the invitation – on his behalf, of course.

They'd not been talking long when her pimp came in and dragged her off. It seems she was already booked. Anyway, the Old Iranian and I then got talking, and I discovered that he was in fact the Mayor of Teheran, and a former minister in Mossadegh's government. He invited me to join him that

evening at a club.

It turned out to be a high-class brothel, staffed entirely by European girls who had one way or another got stranded in Iran and were working to earn their tickets home. We were all issued with girls as we went in. There was a bizarre floorshow involving a girl and a donkey with brass rings round its manhood. These were, I was told, to act like a depth gauge to stop excessive penetration. The donkey was clearly enjoying it all immensely, and stole the show with its braying. I couldn't see what the female performer's reaction was.

Next day I got a call from Paichuk, asking me to come to his office. Sitting there was my friend from the night before, the Mayor of Teheran, laughing all over his face.

'We must do that again,' he said.

Paichuk, meanwhile, produced a bottle of whisky – unusual behaviour in Muslim Iran. Paichuk was clearly no ordinary driver, but I still hadn't understood his full role.

By then, Mina and Barbara had arrived, and I was telling Paichuk about them. He said he'd like to meet them as a courtesy, so I invited him to dinner.

I happened to tell Greer about this, whereupon Greer said he'd come too. I thought this was a bit pushy, but he was the boss and he paid my wages, so I didn't object, but even then I didn't understand what was going on. We just finished eating and had a good discussion about working in Iran.

A few days later Paichuk invited me without Greer and no mention of Mina to a return dinner at the Intercontinental. I took Mina along anyway. I was worried that he wouldn't have money, being just a driver.

I needn't have worried. As we went into the Intercontinental I noticed that people were bowing at him almost as much as they had been at the Mayor. And we didn't go into the ordinary dining room – Paichuk took me up to the really posh dining room up at the top of the hotel. Mina, who grew up in a worse

place then me, was goggle eyed; her jaw hit the floor as it had often when I took her out, and she acted if she was suddenly in another world, not knowing how to behave.

We had a very good meal, and when the bill came I was wondering what would happen. Well, he simply took out his pass and flashed it at the waiter, whereupon the waiter bowed deeply and we all strode out without paying.

His pass was white with a red diagonal stripe across it and the letters SAVAK. At long last I clicked. His real job was to keep an eye on us. He turned out to be a full colonel in the Iranian secret police.

Berger Inc., Greer and Richard Helms

One of the mysteries of my employment in Teheran, one which I never really fathomed, was the status of the firm called Berger Inc.

It was in their office that we had discussed the Health Care project, and the suggestion was that it was the American company for which we were all working. It may sound funny to be unsure who you were working for, but I was getting used to it. Greer had told me that my salary would be paid into my London bank account, and I understood that Berger would pay it in. After a few weeks I contacted the bank to find out whether any money had arrived, and it hadn't. I asked Greer about this, whereupon he handed me a great wad of Iranian currency. And that is how I was paid from then on – in cash by Greer. From time to time, there was word that the Ministry were being slow in paying for our services, so I forgot about Berger and assumed that Greer had some sort of contract with the government to supply specialist experts to the Ministry.

The Health Care project occupied quite a bit of my time, and I worked at the Berger office. One day, I was sitting in Pat Quinn's chair at his desk, and needed some paper to write notes on, so I opened a drawer in the desk, and found myself staring at

a memorandum from Quinn to Doc Berger, the head of the firm, complaining that Greer wasn't paying him anything and wasn't finding him any contracts for building roads.

A few days later we were told that Doc Berger himself was making a lightning visit to Teheran, and we were all to meet him. Paichuk booked us the Executive Dining Room in the Ministry, which had a big long table. Berger and Quinn sat at one end and Greer and Sargis at the other, with the rest of us strung out in between. We exchanged a few pleasantries over the meal, but nothing of any importance, and then Berger and Quinn left. Berger hadn't seemed to be interested in what we were doing, still less to be our employer.

However, shortly after this the news came that Quinn was no longer in charge of the Berger Inc. office, and that Greer had taken his place. In short, Greer had failed to help Quinn, and was rewarded by being given his job. It made very little sense.

Despite this new position, Greer never moved into Pat Quinn's office, nor did he have an office at Sozemanh Barnameh, the Ministry of Planning and Budget. He only visited it to distribute pay and largesse. In fact, if he had an office anywhere, I never saw it. His only contribution, apart from paying us all, was to make contributions to 'The Black List'.

The Blacklist

'The List' was a blacklist of people and firms who were banned from obtaining government contracts. The compilation of the list was in the hands of the Ministry of Planning and Budget, but Alec Barber prepared the final list for the Minister's signature, and I never knew it to be knocked back. Control of this obviously enabled us to help the firms we wanted to help: their competitors landed on the black list.

Of course, Barber was generally acting on information received. Occasionally a mullah would write in saying that somebody had been overheard blaspheming (which was quite

easy to do, given the range of activities which constituted blasphemy). Similarly, if we went out to a project and weren't given the information we wanted, our ultimate sanction was to put that firm on 'the List'.

They were then finished.

The biggest sources of names, however, were the British and American embassies. It was understood by all of us that Greer was getting names from the US Embassy, where Richard Helms, recently deposed head of the CIA, was the US ambassador, and Barber was getting them from the head of station in Chancery at the British Embassy. I know this because on at least one occasion I was given the list to hand on to him.

Greer, then, was clearly acting as an agent of CIA policy, whether or not he had an official position in the CIA. The fact that members of an MI6 network, including Alec Barber and myself, were brought in is further evidence that it was a CIA operation rather than a piece of privateering by Greer. Indeed, it seems that Australia was in on it to, since an Australian, Gerry Altmann, turned up while I was there.

Whatever the arrangement between Greer and the CIA, it was unquestionably a cosy one. For example, when John Connolly, Nixon's Treasurer, came to visit Helms, I was designated to look after him, though it was a job which would normally be done by somebody from the US Embassy. The reason given was that I knew my way round the Intercontinental Hotel, where Connolly was staying, but the arrangement makes sense only if my position on Greer's team gave me some sort of status with the CIA.

Actually, I wasn't a bad choice for the job. One of the things which I knew was the bugging set-up the hotel had. It was all run from a room just along the corridor from Connolly's room, which was stiff with electronic equipment. I was able to warn Connolly about this – not that he was surprised, but he was pleased to know where it was going on. If he wanted to make a

phone call, he used to go down to a shop in the foyer of the hotel which sold Persian carpets it was the nearest unbugged phone in the place.

Connolly had a really good sense of humour a big friendly bear of a man. His nickname was Big John. He was supposed to have a temper, but I saw none of it. Helms was very different, cold, serious and unsmiling. Not the kind of person you'd ever want to spend an evening with unless you really had to. I mentioned this to John Connolly in casual conversation one day and to my surprise Connolly's assessment of Helms was the same as mine: a highly dangerous man, not to be crossed.

I got on well with John Connolly.

Sar Cheshmeh

When Big John went back to the States, Chancery asked me to come in and give my assessment of him, after which it was suggested that I liaise with the 6 unit inside the Ministry of Planning. MI6 were very interested in the development of Sar Cheshmeh, a huge copper development in southern Iran, and I had to organise myself a letter of introduction to the Iranian head of the company. This could be done if the Minister of Planning wanted to catch up on developments at the plant.

I had no difficulty in getting the letter because the development was going badly, with big cost overruns, and an audit was long overdue. A word from Alec to Dr Madjidi was all that was required.

Sar Cheshmeh had their offices on Elizabeth Boulevard, the most upmarket drag in Teheran. I was sitting in the anteroom, just waiting to see the great man, when in came Dave Draper, whom I had last seen two years earlier in Pasadena, when he was VP of the Ralph M. Parson Company.

He was pleased to see me, especially when he heard that I was there to audit progress on the development project.

It soon became clear that the head of Sar Cheshmeh had been

worried sick at the prospect of an audit from the Ministry, and had decided to shift the blame for the cost overruns on to the contractor. The contractor was the Ralph M. Parson Company, and Dave, having finished off the Alaska Pipeline, was now heading up their Iranian operation. So he had been summoned to the Sar Cheshmeh head office to be carpeted.

He just had time to put me in the picture when I was summoned for my audience.

From then on I had a good little network of my own going. Every Monday morning, I'd call in first at Sar Cheshmeh, to get the latest story from their side, and make sure Dave didn't get a bollocking. Then I'd go across the road to the Ralph M. Parson office, and give Dave the latest on the Sar Cheshmeh version and get further updates from him. And then I'd trot down to the British Embassy and give Chancery both versions. So everybody was happy.

My 12-month contract was coming to an end, and I had to decide whether to renew it. Ralph Greer very much wanted me to stay, and offered me an increase in salary. But there were plenty of considerations pulling the other way. Most important of these was that Mina didn't fit in with anybody in Teheran, worse so than in England. There were no Chinese ladies who she could speak to. There was a wives network there, but she wasn't accepted, partly because she had nothing to offer or say that they would be interested in – they were witty and their intellect was on a par with their husbands. I couldn't protect her, so she was made the subject of their jokes.

Anyway, the long and the short of it was that she was brutally left out, so we decided to leave. I think Mina felt left out wherever we went.

Another consideration was that I now had an income in England from the properties I had bought, and it seemed quite possible that I would be able to develop this into a full time job.

I told Barber that I had decided to stop gadding about the world and settle down as a respectable real estate agent. He thought it was a good idea.

9

Into the money

London, November 1976

Iran pursued us back to London. Somebody had sent the press a copy of Alec Barber's latest blacklist of British firms and individuals who were banned from participation in Iranian projects, six pages of it. It carried the address of our London flat. The police, who soon established that I had been in Iran at the time it was sent out, interviewed me.

Greer's son had occupied my London flat during that time.

It was clearly done to make trouble for somebody, but whether it was Greer getting back at me for leaving his project or somebody else getting back at Greer I never found out. Nobody gained from it.

I found the flat in a fearful state. Housework didn't seem to be young Greer's long suit – so I cleaned it up and lived in it for the next year.

Meanwhile I telephoned Kershaw to tell him that Mina had not enjoyed Iran and that I wanted to give the game away. I told him that I wanted to think things over, and had decided to cheer Mina up by taking her on a cruise. He arranged a meeting early April 77 at Broadway to discuss matters further.

I have got to tell you, that although things weren't bad between Mina and me, they weren't all that interesting either. She didn't have any interests other than spending money and I found it hard to work on projects with her, mainly because she didn't want to input any thoughts and was always negative. We only lived together physically; emotionally it was a different matter, we led separate lives. She hadn't taken to Barbara, and it was left up to me to raise her. Mina just couldn't bond with her daughter.

What with the rents that had been coming in and the money I had made in Iran, I had quite a bit in the bank, so I quickly bought three houses in Quaker Lane, Bradford. These were a bit more upmarket than my original two properties, in Coll Place and Ebenezer Place. We still had enough over to go on the cruise. At least, we flew to Hong Kong and cruised on to Australia.

My second visit to Australia

When we got to Australia, we stayed in Brisbane and I decided to look up some old friends from my last visit. I was reading the *Melbourne Age* one day and saw an advertisement for a job on a new Monsanto ethylene plant. I suggested to Mina that this was right up my street, and would pay for the trip, as well as giving us the chance of a holiday in Australia.

Both my old firms were involved, Lummus and Parsons. In order to win the job, Parsons had to re-estimate it, and they had advertised for a Cost Engineer. I applied. Needless to say, they were amazed to have a person turn up out of the blue who had worked for both Lummus and Parsons and understood exactly what it was all about, and they hired me on the spot.

A couple of weeks later Dave Draper, the Parsons VP who had given me the job in Canada and had had a cosy relationship with me in Teheran, rolled into town, and immediately asked to see me. Probably he had been intrigued to see my name suddenly turning up on the payroll. Anyway, he invited me to take a job with him in America. I said no. Next moment the President of Parsons arrived. We had never met before, but he claimed to remember the time I'd visited Dave in Pasadena, having heard me over the partition. I guess Yorkshire accents aren't often heard in Pasadena.

He and Draper took me out to dinner, and repeated the invitation to go to America. It was very tempting, but I knocked it back.

The job went well except that I failed to hit it off with the

local Lummus chief, a man called Grau. This was to cause problems later. I finished off the job in Melbourne, and three months later it was off back to England and the pre arranged meeting with Kershaw.

An introduction to High Finance

In April, as arranged, I turned up at Broadway for a further chat with Kershaw. He didn't seem to be too disappointed that I was going to be stopping in Bradford, as Mac had a job to be done there.

It seemed that improprieties on a national scale were going on in my hometown, things so bad that national morality and propriety were being put at risk.

First Mac told me the story of John Poulson – how he had bribed the highest in the land to get public contracts for his building company, and how he and his mate Dan Smith had finally been sent to jail. Most of it was news to me, as I had heard only the odd bits that made their way into the newspapers.

His story was that when Poulson wanted to dupe somebody, he would call up his mate Dan Smith, who would organise it, often through a company called Vinleigh. This company had been set up by a guy called Eric Levine, who was Jimmy Goldsmith's personal private solicitor. They had met through a London law firm, Paisners, where Jimmy Goldsmith was a client and Levine a bright boy on the way up. Later, Kershaw said, Levine was caught with his hand in the till and fired, whereupon he hung up a shingle and offered his services exclusively to Jimmy Goldsmith. He didn't have any other clients: Goldsmith's business kept him busy.

When Poulson and Dan Smith were on trial, Vinleigh's name had kept cropping up, but Levine had claimed that the company was his own, thereby keeping Jimmy Goldsmith out of the firing line. Kershaw wanted me to find out all I could about Vinleigh, including the names of all the people who had been dupeed

by them.

As he went on and on, it became clear that the target of the whole exercise was Jimmy Goldsmith. His part, if any, in Vinleigh was just the start. Kershaw also wanted me to watch for evidence of Goldsmith's involvement with Haw Par, a shonky investment trust set up in Singapore by Slater Walker, which had stolen £100 million off the Malaysian Government. The Bank of England had clearly thought that Goldsmith was involved, as they sent him off to Singapore with Arnold Goodman, later Lord Goodman, to pay the money back, but the evidence had never been clear enough to bring him to court.

In 1975 Goodman had been called in to mediate in a dispute between Goldsmith's company, Anglo-Continental, and a Dutch bank, and had found against Goldsmith. Goodman, he told me, had formed a bad opinion of the business ethics of Goldsmith, and in 1977, as Chairman of the Astor Family Trust; he had blocked a sale to Goldsmith.

I dutifully wrote all this in my little notebook.

Next, Mac wanted evidence that Goldsmith was involved with Isaac Wolfson and Unilever in what he called the Premium Income scam. I was to hear this phrase a lot more over the next few months.

It worked like this: people wanting to invest money overseas had to buy the foreign currency from the Bank of England at a 25% premium, effectively a government tax on capital exports. However, if a firm could show that the investment was related to export business, they could avoid the premium. This led to all sorts of possible scams, many of them involving the good offices of a Bank of England official by the name of Kit MacMahon, who accepted documents vouching that the applicants were bona fide exporters, prepared by solicitors, including Bradford solicitors Tom Last, Geoffrey Tankard and John Cordingley and, it seemed, my own mates, Lumb and Kenningham.

I was asked how I felt about all this. I could not say that I was

enthusiastic about doing what the investigation might involve, but I agreed that these people should be brought to book. I was asked if I would help. I said, 'Yes,' if we are talking about people in my own area, Bradford.' I wasn't keen to stay in London.

Both Kershaw and Mac were clearly pleased and agreed that if I helped them, they in turn would help me get started in business. They outlined a scheme they said would establish the involvement of various people in criminal acts. The list of names had me worried, but they told me that they knew how to take care of them if I got into any trouble. At this point I said that things seemed to be going a little too fast. I had not expected so many names and such a fast-breaking program. It was clear that someone, somewhere, had been doing a lot of background work, and I wanted to know as much as possible about who my team was.

Mac said not to worry, as I could count on him for support, and that I should go and see Paisners, who were now, it seemed, on the side of the angels. Paisners, he said, would arrange for a bank draft for £30,000 to establish me as an investor. They would also supply me with a CV and suitable references for any bank I went with in Yorkshire. I understood that the £30,000 was strictly a loan, but I was to treat it as if it was my own. Nobody would ask for it back until I was able to repay it without any problems. This was too much to refuse, and it was agreed that I should spend the money buying properties in Bradford.

I had expected some questions and answers from Paisners, but the Paisner I spoke to simply said, 'Go up to Yorkshire, select any bank and tell them you have worked overseas and that your money is with the firm of solicitors in London called Paisners. We will do the rest.'

I still didn't know precisely how it was all supposed to work. It sounded easy, but I got the feeling that it was not going to be that simple. I tried to telephone Mac and Kershaw but no one was in. So I phoned Paisner.

'Everything's fixed up,' he said. 'Why not use Lumb and Kenningham to introduce you to a bank. It'll look better than going in on your own. Just let them know that you've got £30,000 coming and you'll be surprised what that will do.'

So off I went to L & K and told them the pre-arranged story. I had already bought two properties in Bradford through them, when I appeared on the scene again they were happy enough to see me. But the impeccable references supplied by Paisner, and better still the promise of a bank draft, made them happier still. Derek Kenningham picked up his phone and called the manager of the Yorkshire Bank, Ken Gordon. Within half an hour I had had my first taste of being a favored client of the Yorkshire Bank on Broadway.

In went the promise of £30,000 and out came the propositions. Would I like to buy shares in Pennine Motors, or what about a chicken farm in Spain? And the very best proposal of them all how would you like to form a property company with us?

I was in.

It was as easy as that.

If I was going to spend so much of the taxpayer's money so quickly I was certainly going to get approval. I knew Mac too well not to be a little careful about him. But I need not have worried. He was delighted when I told him all that had been proposed.

'Say yes to everything,' he said, 'And let me know who else and what else comes along.'

By the time I got back to Kenningham the chicken farm was gone, but he did have shares in Pennine Motors to sell. As luck would have it, he also found that he had a shelf company called Vilindra, and said that if I cared to join him and his partner Jack Lumb, together we would build a property company together.

Music to my ears, I thought.

I had seen a large manor house, 5 and 7 Russell Street, currently split in two, one half of which, No. 7, was on the market. Derek

went with me to check it out, and he was delighted. This became the first purchase for Vilindra. My contribution, apart from a share of the capital, was to be responsible for contracting out any work, which had to be done on the properties.

We discussed where the registered office was to be, and who was to be what. I brought in Gene Fagan, an electrical contractor, Jack Lumb became Managing Director, Derek Kenningham was Company Secretary, and Gene Fagan and I were directors.

Meeting with a tax expert

A few weeks later Kershaw told me that he wanted me to meet with a tax expert and fraud expert called Susan Thompson. This didn't sound very exciting, but he added that this particular tax expert was a gorgeous lady, bright as a tack. Sure enough, she was.

Quite who she worked for I never discovered either the police fraud squad or the Inland Revenue. The first time I visited her; she was working out of a third office in the Tyrrels, the police building. Later, however, she moved across to Britannia House, the Tax Office.

The three of us had dinner at the Victoria. The lady presented in a see-through cotton top – she was a real dish – but the talk was all of tax fraud.

They explained to me what a tax profile and an asset register were. A tax profile is a set of facts about the taxpayer, showing the kind of lifestyle he's living. This can be compared with his declared income, and if there is a big gap it has to come either from asset sales or undeclared income. So the second arm is the asset register, a list of all his property. The taxpayer has to produce this, and update it in subsequent years. So any claim of income from asset sales has to come out of the items on the register.

They were particularly interested in the activities of a man called John Senior and his wife. John was a Bradford city

councillor, leader of the ruling Labour group, and was suspected of being deeply involved with the Poulson scams and other dubious affairs. So I was told to join the Labour Party, and I joined John Senior's branch a few weeks later.

Sue Thompson was also very interested in the Lumb and Kenninghams trust account, and she listed a string of names I was to look out for: Marcus Fox, Geoffrey Tankard, and John Cordingley. They were all unfamiliar to me at the time, but I was to run into them continually over the following months.

She gave me a run down on each of them. Marcus Fox was a Tory MP who was thought to be receiving commissions from overseas, and John Cordingley was at that time a solicitor working for Ralph Yablon, Sue was more interested in his entrepreneurial activities than his work as a solicitor. Geoffrey Tankard was also a solicitor, but Thompson was more interested in his activities as a director of Pennine Motors.

'I've heard of that firm,' I said. 'In fact, I've been offered shares in it.' Sue Thompson was delighted.

Excursions on the Continent

I never got to know who it was I drove to Belgrade. He wasn't Ustasha, because he was frightened of them, and he wasn't the Yugoslav police, because he was frightened of them, too.

All I knew was that Kershaw suddenly phoned me early in May about some chap who wanted to go to Belgrade with a suitcase full of money. The poor bugger seemed to think he would have difficulty getting there. He needed to be got from Freilassing, in Austria, to Belgrade, and it was my job to get him there safely. When I asked Kershaw whether it was a dangerous job, he said cheerfully that it was, and that the danger to me was either from the man himself or from sundry Yugoslavs. But it seems I didn't need to know more.

I took the boat from Dover to Ostend, and then the train to Vienna, where I picked up a Hertz car. I had been told that

my passenger would be standing at the roadside just outside Freilassing at 5.00 a.m. the next morning, which meant overnighing somewhere. As luck would have it I took a wrong turn and found myself in Salzburg, but it was a lovely place to stay.

I organised an early morning call, and at 3.00 a.m. was on the way. The man was standing by the roadside, just as arranged. He'd obviously just been dropped off there, as there was a car just down the road, which drove off as I arrived. I pulled up and he just got in – no passwords or anything.

He got a bit edgy as we approached the border, and asked me whether I had a gun. I hadn't, so if he were proposing to shoot his way through, he would have had to do the shooting. But there were no problems.

Once in Yugoslavia, he took charge, directing me exactly where to go. First stop was a village outside Ljubljana, where we had breakfast at a café – more of a farm, really. They boiled up Turkish coffee in an antique urn and served pork fillets with mashed potatoes in a delicious paprika sauce. He disappeared for an hour or so to visit somebody, and then it was on to Zagreb, where he directed me to a hotel. He left me there all day while he went out visiting again, arriving back in time for dinner.

By this time I was wondering whether he really needed looking after, but as we entered the dining room he pulled an enormous wad of brand new, high denomination banknotes from his pocket and flashed it at the waiter. I must have shown my surprise at this, because he said,

'That's nothing. You should see what I have got in my suitcase'.

He showed me later – it was full of them. So perhaps he needed a minder after all.

Next day we drove on to Belgrade, making a detour to call at a small town, which he obviously knew well. The place was alive with police, uniformed and otherwise. Not that I can tell a

Yugoslav plain-clothes policeman on sight, but he pointed them out. One of them saw our car and came towards us, whereupon my passenger crouched down under the dashboard and told me to get moving. He had one call to make in this town, and a few hours later I dropped him off in the centre of Belgrade. Mission (whatever it was) accomplished. I drove through to Athens, dropped off the car, and flew back to London.

I went to the Senior Civil Servant's Club to be debriefed and Kent Kershaw immediately briefed me for a second excursion, this time having a look at the activities of some Americans in Germany. Kershaw had picked the team. There were to be three of us, all working class lads with thick accents. Our job was to go to Erlangen-Bruck, in Germany, and find out all we could about an American radio listening post in the nearby village of Herzogenaurach. We were told it was just an exercise, checking on their security.

We had to make out we were just three yobbos bumming it round Europe, which wasn't a difficult role to act, because it was just about what we were, except that we all had good university degrees and one of us was an electronics wizard who knew exactly what to look for.

It didn't take an expert to find the listening post. It occupied a large area on the edge of the village, and had an array of 300-foot radio masts covered with dishes and antennae, so you couldn't miss it. But how good was the security? We settled down in the bar of the hotel and waited for the Americans to arrive.

We never needed to make an approach to the Americans. They would hear our accents, broad Yorkshire, Derbyshire and Nottingham travels fast and far. When the yanks heard them they came over and introduced themselves. We concentrated on officers and senior NCOs, the higher the rank the better. (We had been briefed on how to tell the difference between the various American NCOs, Spec 4s and all that, and the badges of all the officers.)

They never suspected us. The nearest to it was when one of them said, 'The base is all top secret. I could get court martialled for talking about it,' whereupon we all guffawed, and made country yokel noises.

By the end of the week we knew pretty well what they were doing. We'd not got any informants above the rank of captain, and the only captain we got was a dill, and we'd got no further than the PX on the base itself, but our electronics man had a fair picture of the technology they were using, and said that if they were doing what they said they were doing they were cleverer than we were.

One reassuring bit of information we got was that a lot of the intercepted traffic was handed over to GCHQ, the British military intelligence agency. One of the American got very worried when his friend mentioned this. Maybe this was what we were really being asked to find out: whether they were filling their side of a deal with British security. Both these trips were over in three weeks or so, but then Kent Kershaw suggested a longer job, nine months in Saudi Arabia.

Clearly I was going to be away for a while and Lumb and Kenningham had to be told, so just before I went away I told Derek Kenningham that my old employers wanted me to go and do a cost engineering job in Saudi Arabia and I could be away for some months. Would he mind if we put on hold any future plans for property development? Derek suggested I execute a power of attorney in his favour so that he could keep the business going. I agreed. He and Jack then hosted a farewell lunch for me, and off I went.

Ras Tannurah

There was the usual procedure. I was given the name of a hotel in London, where I found the usual trio of interviewers. The main difference was that as the job was in Saudi Arabia, I had to produce a baptismal certificate showing that I was C of E. Not

that the Saudis particular like the C of E but at least it meant I wasn't a Jew. The job was officially with ARAMCO, doing some logistical work on their installations there. However, I was also supposed to do some actual spying. It seems that the Saudis were installing a chain of radar stations down the coast of the Persian Gulf, monitoring air traffic over Iran and Iraq, and they wanted me to find out what I could about them. I can't imagine that they actually needed the information. If they did, there were plenty of ways of getting it. It was not as if the Saudis were sourcing their equipment from the Russians or using Russian military advisers. Their equipment and advisers all came from the West. Probably they just wanted to check security, to see how much I could find out, as had been the case in the Erlangen-Bruck caper. Or they were checking out my capacity to report clearly. Or they just wanted to keep me busy and make me feel important. Or they just wanted me out of the country. Who knows? But they didn't want me to fly direct from London to Saudi, so I flew to Amsterdam on one ticket, spent the night at the Schiphol airport hotel and then had a separate ticket from Schiphol to Dhahran, on the Persian Gulf. There I was met by a car and driven to Ras Tannurah, where one of the ARAMCO refineries was located.

Here I was given an oilfields pass in exchange for my passport. This meant that I had complete freedom of movement within the Aramco concession, which included all the radar installations that belonged to the Saudis that I was supposed to look at, but I couldn't leave the country without getting my passport back.

I didn't learn much in Saudi except advanced driving techniques. If a foreigner is involved in a traffic accident in Saudi, it is always the foreigner's fault. The argument is that if you hadn't been in the country the accident wouldn't have happened, which is very logical when you think about it. It's worse if you run over a Saudi – they just stone you to death. So

the instructions were that after any accident, however minor, you drive hell for leather for the nearest Aramco facility and don't stop until you and the car are safely inside the gates. For this, you might need to use advanced driving techniques like getting the car to do a 180° turn on a narrow road and then set off in the opposite direction without stopping. I was sent on a special course to learn how to do it.

Apart from that useful skill, Saudi was a non-event. The job was routine, compiling networks of some of their installations. And the climate is appalling. Every day from about 5.00 a.m. to 6.00 a.m. there's an hour when it is liveable, and you have breakfast. By 7.00 a.m. the temperature is well over 40C, and it stays like that until well after nightfall. So you stay in the air conditioning as long as possible, and then make a dash for the next bit of air conditioning – your car – to take you to the air conditioning somewhere else. You don't soak up much of the local atmosphere living this way.

The nine months dragged by. Finally, a few days before I was planning to leave, there was a knock on my door and I was told to get my things together immediately. There was a chauffeur-driven limo outside containing an American, who marched me into the Saudi administration and organised the release of my passport.

We drove to the outskirts of Dhahran, where he had a big house. He seemed to know bit about me and the network he asked me what I had seen of a radar network the Firm was interested in, and told me to be sure to go to Broadway to have a chat to Kent Kershaw about it. But there was a lot of nod-nod, wink-winking, and I got the feeling that he either knew a great deal more than he was making out or a great deal less.

I stayed at the Kenilworth in Great Russell Street. I phoned Kent Kershaw and he asked me to come round to Broadway for a chat. I wasn't able to tell him much about the radar network except that it was there, but the odd bits of detail I could provide

seemed to make him happy.

A nasty caper in Hong Kong

I thought that I had finished with overseas service, but I was wrong. Only a few days after getting home, Kent Kershaw was on the phone again, asking me whether I would like to do a job in Hong Kong. I said I'd like to talk about it, and Kershaw set up a lunch meeting at the Senior Civil Servants Club. Once again, McAlindon was there too, so I knew that it was going to be a heavy proposition.

There were two parts to the deal. The cover was that I was to be working with Col. Stanley Peplow, doing the project analysis work on the Mass Transit, the new underground railway. Freeman Fox, the contractors who had won the design and construction tender, would employ me. If I liked this job, I could have it for as long as I wanted it. But the second part of the deal was a McAlindon operation. I could even bring Mina and Barbara out to join me there, not that Mina was much interested in visiting her past – she was always ashamed of being Chinese.

McAlindon explained that they were having trouble with one of the Chinese diplomats they were negotiating with over the future of Hong Kong, and felt that the negotiations would run more smoothly if he pulled his head in a bit. He always went around with a bodyguard, and the idea was that it would help him to pull his head in if we roughed him up a bit and relieved him of his bodyguard.

Now, written down like this it doesn't seem like a very nice (or sensible) thing to do. In fact, it sounds nutty. Roughing up diplomats is more likely to lead to a breakdown of negotiations or even war than it is to make things run more smoothly. Maybe I should have asked more questions, but our rules were clear: we were told only what we needed to know, and were not to ask questions. Maybe somebody who reads this book will be able to tell me what it was really all about.

Anyway, in the dining room of the Civil Servant's Club, surrounded by the pinstriped mandarins of British administration, McAlindon made it sound like a patriotic duty. And the money was good £3000 for the job, £1000 a week while I was there and all found, including tickets for Mina and Barbara if they wanted to join me there later. I said yes.

I flew out to Hong Kong, arriving on a Saturday night. On the Monday morning I phoned my contact to find out the form.

'Where have you been? We've been checking all the hotels.'

Like a good working class lad I had booked in at the Hong Kong YMCA. They hadn't looked there.

I was invited to the Kowloon-side police headquarters, near the Star Ferry terminal, and was shown down into the basement where the local Special Branch had their offices, buried below ground level. The other members of the team were already there. They comprised two Americans and two Brits, Paul and David, both paratroopers. However, the surprise was the person who briefed us. He was a German, but when I made some tactless remark he proudly flashed a bright red British diplomatic passport. I only ever got an ordinary blue one.

The guy we wanted lived over on the Hong Kong side, right near the top of the Peak, so we went across to see the lie of the land and plan the details of how we were to catch him, and how we were to get out in case something went wrong. The caper was set down for Wednesday.

On Wednesday morning I met the Yanks at the Star Ferry terminal, and we took the ferry across to Hong Kong. There we found the two paratroopers and a Mercedes, unlocked, with the keys up under the sun visor. I drove.

The scheme was to catch the diplomat at the end of his drive, where he had to slow right down and make a hairpin turn from his steep drive into the equally steep road. We waited just round the corner, and the paras watched the drive, giving us the signal when he came into sight. It all ran like clockwork. His Mercedes

was almost stationary when mine biffed into it almost head on.

The bodyguard had been driving, and leapt out of the car, but before he could get out his gun David had knocked him out cold. The diplomat was in the back of the car, and had his window down, so I reached in and pulled him out through the window. We loaded him into our car and set off down the hill, with the Yanks and the bodyguard following in the other car. No point in leaving a bent car in the driveway. The diplomat was yelling at us in Chinese and English – very good English, incidentally – but he went out like a baby when Paul coshed him.

We drove down to the sea front where there was a sampan waiting. We went aboard with our prizes, leaving the cars on the roadside. Then the Mercury outboards roared into life, and off went the sampan like a speedboat.

It took us to a quiet landing place in Shum Shui Po, back on the Kowloon side, where a police van was waiting. We all got in, dragging the prisoners, and drove smartly off down to police headquarters. We were assigned a string of rooms down in the basement, and that's where we spent the rest of the day.

I wasn't actually involved in what happened next, but I knew what was going on. It involved some blood I had to clean up and some syringes full of God knows what. Peplow did it, along with a man whom he treated as his boss, and whom he referred to by the nickname 'Panty-hose', but whose real name was apparently Maclehose. Perhaps he was related to the then Governor, whose name was also Maclehose.

To cut a long story short, by the end of the day the diplomat had been told that he would be let go but that his bodyguard had died of natural causes in police custody. Of course, the diplomat had no idea where he was – he'd been out cold for most of the journey so he was put out cold again and dropped off on the Peak.

As for the bodyguard, we put him in a bag, and then took the sampan back to Hong Kong Island. There another car was

waiting for us, a Ford Zephyr this time, and we drove down Gloucester Road to the police station near the China Fleet Club, leaving the body in one of the cells.

I stayed on for a few weeks, working for Freeman Fox producing a mathematical model of the Mass Transit, but I soon decided that it wasn't a good place to bring the kids to. I went to the address where Mina had lived before I met her, and it wasn't a place you could be proud to show anyone, I could see why she had lied to everyone about her past. She used to tell people she was an Eskimo and that Eskimos couldn't speak proper English – as a reason for her accent. I dare not say that anybody believed her.

So I gave notice, and they got somebody else in to do my job. He turned out to be almost exactly like me: an engineering mathematician who had spent time in the Caprivi Strip. There were just two differences: he was a South African, and the experiences on the Strip had broken him up.

I often wonder why I don't feel the same pain as other people do. I didn't get pleasure out of hurting people, and have very rarely hurt anybody, but I didn't get broken up by the sight of other people doing it, or by knowing it was going on, or by being a member of a gang which was doing it. I know plenty of people who say they couldn't have done it. Maybe most people couldn't do it, but I didn't think I could until I tried. I don't say everybody should try. It would be a far better world if it never happened. I just say that the people who do it are not as different from me, and perhaps you, than either of us would like to think.

I also wondered what those pinstriped mandarins in Whitehall would have said if they had known what was being planned in their club, and carried out on their behalf by their own Friends.

Obviously there was more to it than I understood. Maybe the target was not actually a member of the diplomatic team, but was a Chinese Triad boss who was muscling in on the negotiations.

Maybe he was a member of the Chinese team whom they wanted to get rid of, but for some reason couldn't, and they asked us our people to do it. When probable explanations prove impossible, improbable ones have to be considered. Any contributions will be welcomed by me and my publishers.

Venezuela and its aftermath

Venezuela

When I got back to England, I found that everything was going well with my business as a property developer, but I made a very bad decision about my other job.. Kent Kershaw offered me a very, very well paid job in Venezuela. I'd never been to South America, and the money was astonishing. It seemed to me that I couldn't really have too much capital, so I said yes.

McAlindon provided further details. It seems that the Military Governor of Echappa was having difficulties with a revolutionary group, and we had to do something about it. Happily, we had as allies the Shining Path, a group of Communist revolutionaries who would normally not have been on our side, but common enemies create some strange alliances. Quite who 'we' were was less well defined, but it sounded like the CIA. I was to be paid in London, half on leaving and the other half on return.

Later that day I was given the first instalment, in cash, by a policeperson, a diminutive brunette whose name may have been Pauline. She spent the ensuing night in my room at the Kings Cross Hotel, telling me that she was unhappy in her job. Since this job had brought us together, this was not much of a compliment. But I did my best to cheer her up – I watched her get drunk and then I went back to my room, and she – well I don't know, probably to someone else's room.

I flew to New York to get my papers for Venezuela and be briefed on the project, which was to be the official reason for my visit to Venezuela. It was at the Shell refinery in Punto Fijo, but my employer was to be the Lummus Corporation. You may remember I'd earlier worked for their Canadian subsidiary, and in competition with them in Australia. In fact, when I got to

the Lummus head office in Bloomfield, N.J., I ran into their Vice President Ted Duncan, who I hadn't seen since Canada. He greeted me as Tony, although he had only known me before as Peter Fellows. Good news travels quickly.

At Lummus, another of their Vice Presidents looked after me, a man called Benson. I believe that his brother had a big job with the US State Department. He told me all about their Venezuelan project. I had to know about it in case anybody asked what I was doing there.

It seemed that the Shell refinery in Punto Fijo had been allowed to get into a very bad state, and there had been a lot of breakdowns and a couple of explosions. Nothing serious so far, but Shell feared that the whole refinery was in a dangerous condition. So they had contracted Lummus to check it all up and do the necessary renovations. I was listed as part of the Lummus team. There was no trouble getting a work permit for Venezuela if Lummus could show that I had lived in America for four years with a clean police record. They took my passport, and when it came back it had a Venezuelan work permit in it, obtained with the help of a letter from the police chief at N.J., Anthony J. Castagno, saying that I had lived there for four years without getting into trouble. I've still got that letter, complete with its embossed official stamp. You never know when it may be handy to prove you've lived in Bloomfield, N.J. What's more, I had a good address there, exactly the same as the Head Office of Lummus.

The plan was for four operational groups, sixteen of us in all, to assemble in the Shell compound at Punto Fijo. Two groups were already there, and we settled down by the swimming pool to wait for the rest. It was a very indolent and luxurious existence, but also very boring. So I filled in time helping out with the Lummus people. They asked me to 'walk the pipes'.

Walking the pipes was a skill I had learnt as a costing engineer. You walk the length of the pipe, stopping at every weld and

checking that it has been properly done. Well, for the next three or four months I alternated between minding the swimming pool and walking the pipes, getting more and more bored.

Then three things happened. First, a new man arrived from Lummus, and who should it be but Grau, the Lummus executive I had battled with in Australia. We were not pleased to see one another. Secondly, the man who was to run the covert operation still failed to turn up, and the discipline of the group was very poor, and I began to feel unhappy about the management of the whole affair. Thirdly, I got a letter from Mina saying that things were going badly wrong at 7 Russell Street, and asking me to come home.

So I threw it in and flew out a few days later. They were not pleased about it, and they gave me a ticket on Varig, the Brazilian airline, direct to London, Portuguese all the way. No New York stopover

Things fall apart

When I got back to London, I phoned Alistair Kent Kershaw, and got a very chilly reception. It was clear that he did not like his lads using their own initiative in this way, although I explained that the whole operation was being very badly managed. But I didn't hang on for him to say much more. I said that I was going straight up to Bradford.

I got a very mixed reception at Lumb and Kenningham. The first news was good: they had found a buyer for 7 Russell Street, at a price, which gave us roughly 100% on our money.

However, Derek Kenningham then added that he and Jack had decided to pull out of property and concentrate on the law, and would like to change all the documents about the house so that the name of Vilindra would be removed, and all our names would be in as private individuals. He brought out a sheaf of documents, with the relevant bits whited out and the new names inserted. It was all signed. He had even signed for me under

power of attorney, but apparently the other side had wanted me to sign in person.

It was a bit of a puzzle but I signed.

However, there was more to it than that. Derek Kenningham seemed determined to sever all connections with me. He handed me back the power of attorney – ‘We won't be needing this now you are back’ – and a bank passbook in my name.

‘What about my investment in Pennine Motors.’

‘We sold out.’

‘At a profit?’

‘No, you made a small loss?’

‘And you?’

‘I was lucky. I sold out a bit earlier, at a profit.’

This seemed a bit odd; given that the whole idea was that we were in it together.

It subsequently turned out that the whole Pennine Motors deal had been a scam. The company had never done any real trading at all. Its promoters had kept the shares going up and down like yoyos, each time buying in the troughs and selling at the peaks, with outsiders like me buying at the peaks and selling in the troughs. It was particularly easy with me, as Derek Kenningham had power of attorney and could decide when I bought and sold. For all I know, I was the other end of his own transactions.

However, before I could say much more than ‘You sonofabitch,’ he went on the offensive.

‘We've been hearing some disturbing things about you.’

And then out it all came. It seemed that Grau had arranged for the various offices of Lummus round the world to send Lumb and Kenningham details of what they knew about me. Needless to say, given the nature of the network, these documents showed that I had worked under different names and with different qualifications from place to place. I had been given whatever documentation was needed for each job.

Worse still, the documents didn't match the references I had supplied, the ones which had been made up by Paisners in London. According to one I was chemical engineer, according to the other I was a mechanical engineer. As the various references were designed to cover for times when I was on jobs the network didn't want to mention, this was not surprising. It would not have been difficult for Derek Kenningham to work out what sort of person could move round the world in this way and then get a reference from Paisners, and pick me as a plant.

When I told Mac about all this, he was not at all dismayed. 'That job was finished. Now we can prosecute them.'

'But what shall I do now?' I asked. 'I want to continue in business and I have no solicitor and very probably L & K will put the word out on me so that other Bradford solicitors will steer clear of me.'

As usual, Mac had an excellent solution. He suggested an introduction from one of his academic friends to the firm of Yablon Temple Milne. This solved my problem nicely. But by coincidence it suited him, too, as he needed someone to find out what Yablon Temple Milne were up to,

It seemed that Yablon was an eccentric rich Jew who had come under the notice of the British security services because of some premium incomes scams. Again, he gave me a list of names to look out for. There was the wool firm of Illingworth Morris, for which YTM had sometimes acted. Then there was the Osterer family, who owned this firm. The daughter, Pamela, who had married a star actor called James Mason, had recently gained control of the company on the death of her father and uncle, and had employed Casper Weinberger, an American with high-level security connections, in a consulting capacity.

Mac was delighted when he heard that I had been invited to a party given by Illingworth Morris to introduce Weinberger to the MP for Shipley, Marcus Fox. Mac was keen to know how Marcus Fox fitted into the Illingworth Morris and/or Yablon

stable. Fox, it seemed, was being groomed for big things within the Tory ranks, and their money and connections would certainly help him along.

Meanwhile we were also getting together documents to prosecute Lumb and Kenningham. Then, out of the blue, I got a demand from the tax people for £100,000 in income tax. As this represented my total income from all sources for the period, there had to be something wrong.

I went round to see Susan Thompson, and she explained the situation. She had had Lumb, Kenningham and their accountant, Peter Nixon, in her office, and they had said that all the undeclared profits on their trust accounts were attributable to transactions of mine. To avoid arousing suspicions, Susan had to act on this information and issue me with the demand. But she assured me that they would never try to collect it.

Susan Thompson wanted my statement and copies of all corroborative material in my possession, which I was only too pleased to give her. That day we all dined well.

I was given a list of questions to ask of the accountant, Peter Nixon. It became increasingly clear to me that Lumb and Kenningham had paid me only a fraction of what my transactions had actually earned, but then they had handed me the tax bill not only for all my transactions but also for a string of transactions, which were not mine.

Babysitting

In early December 1978 Mac asked me to go to London to babysit an old man in a bed-and-breakfast hotel in Gower Street, Bloomsbury. When I got to London I rang up Kershaw, who told me that it was old Paisner, head of the firm, which had arranged my references.

It seems that somebody wanted to kill him, and I was to look after him over the Christmas break. I was instructed that he was not to talk with anyone he did not want to talk to. Every day he

was to be taken to the corner opposite Bourne and Hollingsworth to be picked up for his day's activities. I came down to London and moved into the hotel. Paisner arrived a few days later, escorted by two policemen carrying his bags. The two lads who ran the place escorted him upstairs straight away, and the plods and I chatted. They told me that Paisner was now living in Israel and was just visiting London to fix up some family business. He had been given a holiday flat in the MI5 offices at the other end of Gower Street, but with Christmas coming everyone was away for two or three weeks so they had to find him other secure accommodation.

The old bugger was dying. This visit was expected to be his last but apparently some of his former friends still wanted to knock him off. I came to understand their worries: he certainly could still talk.

He had clearly been a big man, but now his clothes no longer had a good grip of his body and he tired very easily. Our conversations started slowly and proceeded like an intellectual game. But once he started, he really talked.

He used to set me puzzles to test my understanding of legal niceties we had discussed the night before. For example, how do you get petrol if you have no money? You just fill up, and the petrol is then yours. All the service station can do is to accept your name and address and a promise to pay – they can't take the petrol back or even demand your watch as security on the debt.

He told me of a good cheque scam. You go into a jeweller a few times and buy goods for cash to establish that you've got money. Then you go in again, this time asking whether they would be prepared to accept a cheque, as you want to buy something, which costs more than you have on you. When they agree, you buy an expensive item, paying by cheque. Later that day, before the cheque can be cleared, you offer the items for sale very cheap in a pub, making sure people see you doing it.

Somebody rings the jeweller, who immediately has you arrested for passing a dud cheque. A couple of days later the cheque is honoured by your bank, and you then threaten to sue the police for wrongful arrest and the jeweller for defamation. The case against them is open and shut, so they have to settle, and you collect all round. Paisner also told me how a man doing this was eventually stopped. They circulated his description, and simply made sure that he always succeeded in selling the goods without anybody taking action against him.

He advised me to invest in a company called LOFTS, a firm he had done much work on, that he himself was going to invest in for his grandchildren. I followed his advice, and made good money on it.

I never found out what his problems were, but I suspect that he was on the way to telling me about this when he was talking about swindles carried out in my home town. It went like this: back in the early '30s, a large mail-order firm called Grattan Warehouse was involved in large scale defrauding of the public, to the tune of millions of pounds. At the time, prominent members of the Jewish community owned Grattan, and Hitler was fanning anti-Semitic feeling round the world. There was a consequent outcry against Grattan, which the English Jewish community had to remedy. They did this by organising the repayment of the lost money, refinancing Grattan with the help of a brilliant young accountant called Isaac Wolfson. He pulled it round. In so doing, he established a firm reputation in Bradford and elsewhere, and he went on to become the boss of Unilever.

Paisner knew the whole story because he had been Wolfson's solicitor. This reminded me of what Kershaw had told me about his suspicions about Goldsmith and Wolfson being involved in Premium Income transactions. Paisner, as Wolfson's solicitor, had to know about it. That would explain his worry, and why the Firm was looking after him, but of course I don't know for sure.

Every day, I duly took him to a corner in front of Bourne and Hollingsworth. He wore a pin strip suit and a bowler hat, but then pulled over it a filthy fawn Macintosh, as if this would provide a disguise. Considering that he was supposed to be incognito, I expected him to be picked up by a taxi or some anonymous little private car. But no: a huge Rolls Royce would appear each day with PAISNER on its number plates.

Finally, the day came when he was to return to Israel. I carried his bags to the corner of the street, where the same Rolls Royce picked him up. So Leslie Paisner departed for Israel, and I headed back to Bradford.

New Accountant, Solicitor and old friends

When I returned to Bradford I went to see Norman Kay, a senior conveyancing clerk with Yablon Temple Milne. Norman and I had never really got on. The business side was fine, but I had never got to like him or him me.

On this occasion he promised to put my name forward as a Mason – he was master of the local Lodge. However, the next day he said there was a problem, and asked me about my ongoing argument with Lumb and Kenningham. It seemed that Jack Lumb and Derek Kenningham were also on his list of people to be approached for membership, and he made it clear that, as the Master of the Lodge, he could not have a member pursuing a vendetta against brother Masons, so unless I could give a reasonable explanation he would not be putting my name forward.

His version of the story was that the tax department people were asking Lumb and Kenningham for the records of some transactions that looked odd or bogus, and Lumb and Kenningham were now looking around for the person supplying information on them. Apparently they had concluded it was me.

Obviously I couldn't tell him the whole story, but was worried that the whole operation was about to be blown, leaving me in a

very vulnerable situation.

Shortly afterwards Mac came on the line, on a different matter. Before I could tell him of my problem, he told me of his. The Tories had just been returned to power, and Norman St John Stevas was in the Cabinet. Mac wanted to check some details of the operation against Robin Maugham and St John Stevas a few years earlier. I told him all I could.

Having dealt with national security, I shifted the focus of the conversation to local matters, and told him about my concerns over the Lumb and Kenningham investigation. He asked me to get in touch with Sue Thomson straight away.

This was soon arranged. She said that Nixon, the L&K accountant, was proving to be very tricky indeed and that unless I was prepared to go public with my information about their transactions, she would have to drop the case. This posed a problem. I had no idea of the full extent of what Mac was after, and I didn't want to be on the receiving end when some powerful people took action to protect them from prosecution. Thompson gave me a week to think matters over.

Before the week was up I had decided to go ahead, but restricting myself to my own transactions, the ones on which I could most clearly show that I had lost money. Or, to be precise the ones on which I had lost the British Taxpayer's money, loaned to me through Mac's good offices. I reckoned that I should at least do my best to get it back for them.

Christmas 1979 was very good. Derek Kenningham paid up and gave me the shell of Vilindra, and by doing so opened our way to other clients with transactions on the trust account, and into other transactions in his trust account that were similar to those with Pennine Motors. Thompson was very happy and so was Mac.

I hoped that 1980 was going to be even better, and in some ways it was. My personal business went well, and I moved on from rental property into looking into various small business

ventures, including a take-away sandwich shop, a small scouring mill and a woodworking manufacturing plant, finally settling on becoming café proprietor.

However, the investigation of Lumb and Kenningham dragged on all through 1980 without any real progress. I could not understand why. They seemed to have all the evidence they needed, but for some reason held back.

Then all hell broke loose.

11

Arrested by Special Branch

Arrest

I was sitting at home when there was a knock at the door. It was two policemen, who introduced themselves as Detective Constable Best and Detective Sergeant Light.

I had met D.C. Best before – he had looked after me when I had some police business to transact – but D.S. Light was new to me. Light explained that they were making investigations about a stolen refrigerator, and asked me whether I had one in the house. I had several, including a deep freezer; a big fridge and a little one Mina had just bought, second hand, for ten pounds. They checked the little one over, and pronounced it to be the one they were looking for.

This struck me as unlikely. Of course, I hadn't asked the vendor, a Pakistani dealer called Manwar Hussein, where it had come from, but had no reason to believe it was stolen and in any case Mina had taken the precaution of obtaining a signed receipt from Hussein.

The policemen's next line was a real shock. 'We have a statement from Melvyn Hodgson, saying that he sold the fridge to you and that he stole it on your instructions'.

This was obviously more serious. I knew Melvin Hodgson, and knew he had been in the van with Hussein when Mina bought the fridge. And what is more, that he had actually done the heavy work of wheeling the fridge from the van into my house. But Hussein had done all the talking, selling the fridge to Mina for 10 quid. And as for me instructing Melvyn to steal it, this was grotesque. Receiving second-hand refrigerators was not my line at all. I was quite upset, as you may well imagine. Angry, in fact.

The police got on the phone to their headquarters, and told me to quieten down. The second shock came a few minutes later, when the front door burst open and in came four more police, this time armed Specials. 'Freeze! On the floor!'

They shoved me to the ground and handcuffed me. I was then frogmarched out to their car. There were six more armed police outside with their rifles pointing in over my garden wall. Somebody really meant business. Instead of taking me to the local police station, Odsal, where Light and Best came from, they took me to their headquarters, the main Bradford police station at the Tyrrls. Here I was quizzed by the Specials about my friendship with Irish Jimmy and my connections with the IRA, nothing to do with the fridge at all.

Irish Jimmy had been a hanger-on to the Bradford Tech set. He was really just a drinking mate, but he had a fund of good stories, which he told very well. When the Specials started asking me about Jimmy, I told them all this, pointing out that he was crippled in one leg and would find any physical exertion very painful.

I didn't tell them about one conversation I had had with him. This had been around October 1980. The newspapers were full of follow-up on the story of the assassination of Lord Louis Mountbatten, when the IRA had planted a bomb in his boat. Jimmy had asked me what I thought of it.

At that stage I didn't even think about him being IRA, he was simply too mousy to be considered a terrorist. Jimmy simply was a most unlikely person into violence, still less to be an IRA commander, which it was now being suggested me he was, I knew that he had had polio as a boy, and was crippled by it. But at the time of this conversation I took Jimmy's question to be an invitation for a sick joke.

'They should knock all the Royals off,' I said. 'Parasites on society.' I wasn't enamoured of royalty, but my comment had been a throwaway line.

However, shortly after this I was at his house one day and happened to comment on the people digging up the road outside his house. They seemed to have been there an awful long time without getting much done. He gave a great laugh. 'They're not there to dig up the road,' he said. 'They're Specials, watching me. They think I'm IRA'.

'Are you?' I asked.

'Of course. Every good Irishman is IRA.'

I wasn't quite sure what to make of this. But he said it so cheerfully that I couldn't see him as being involved in blowing up pubs or organizing any criminal activity. I just let it pass. However, he had more or less confirmed his standing in the IRA, inviting me to go with him to Ireland to meet the boys.

If the Specials had the house bugged, and they probably did, they almost certainly did overhear both conversations. They certainly seemed to have heard the second one, because one question they pressed was whether I had ever been to his home in Ireland, and whether I knew his brother. I said no to both – I hadn't accepted his invitation, and I didn't even know he had a brother.

After a couple of hours going over the same story Specials Branch handed me back to Best and Light. Best and Light then quizzed me about what I knew about Melvyn Hodgson and how I had got the fridge. Nothing further was mentioned about Jimmy. ccccc

Melvyn Hodgson was a sad case. He lived next door to my mother for about 18 years, so I knew him and his family as neighbors, but as I had been away so much I didn't know him well. I remembered he was not very bright, and had been sent to a special school for slow learners and backward children.

Because I knew of him, and his 'problems' I felt sorry for him and I occasionally used him as a labourer on small renovation jobs and one job I recommended him for was the house in Bolton Road. I had sold this property to a man named Syed Shah. Shah

was a member of the big Moslem community in Bradford. He didn't have much English, and Manwar Hussein did most of the talking for him. The man I was telling the police I'd bought the fridge from.

The situation – I started to tell Light and Best about was the how and why I had got Melvyn Hodgson the job and the connection with Hussein and some of the problem associated with Melvyn's work. His work wasn't up to professional standards – pretty bodgie, in fact, but Syed Shah, Hussein's boss, was happy with it, and it seemed that Melvyn got on OK with Shah if not Hussein all the time.

My job was simply to keep an eye on things. One day, I was driving up to Bolton Road to check the progress and I saw Manwar's van coming towards me in the opposite direction. Melvyn was in it with him, and I waved him down for a chat. I wondered why they were quitting so early.

Manwar besides giving Shah a hand was also a second hand dealer – in clothes mostly at the weekend markets. His van was usually full of clothing ready to set off to the markets, but on this occasion there was a small fridge in the back of it. It was covered with dirt and dust, but it looked OK.

I said to Hussein, 'How much do you want for that fridge?'
'Ten quid, he said.'

'If it works, I'll ask Mina if she wants it.'

So we all drove back to my place, where Melvyn carried it indoors and plugged it in. It seemed to work, so I asked Mina if she wanted it she could have it. Mina said she wanted it and paid Manwar 10 quid and got him to sign a receipt.

After I had explained all that to Best and Light, they asked about my knowledge of Melvyn's criminal record. At the time when Mina had bought the fridge, I was not aware he had one, but since then things had changed a bit and I had become aware that he had some problems.

The change had happened like this. I'd seen some suspicious

characters hanging about the Bolton Road house, so I went down to the Queen Street police station to ask them to keep an eye on the place, as we had tools and materials there. The person on duty, P.W.C. Sue Metcalfe, asked me who was allowed to be working on the site. When I mentioned Melvyn's name, she checked her lists and said,

'That's interesting. We've got a warrant out for him.'

I was surprised. 'What for.'

'Oh, nothing much. Non-payment of traffic fines.'

The next day I got a frantic call from Melvyn Hodgson's father to say that Melvyn had been arrested by the police and needed money. 'How much,' I asked.

'About £100' said Mr Hodgsons. I said, I would do what I could. I had thought Melvin would be able to get wages from Hussein for the work he done but I was unable to locate Hussein that day.

The next day, I felt a bit guilty so on Saturday 21 March 1981, I decided if I could help him out a bit I would pay the fines if they were less than £100, and I believed that he was owed that much from Hussein so I went down to the court and sure enough the fines were £75 so I paid them.

However, during Melvyn's appearance the magistrate said that there were five other charges out against him, including theft of a TV, for which he would require a surety. This was a bit of a shock, but I had come this far so I said I would stand £250 surety for him, and that I would take him to a solicitor on Monday to sort matters out. A solicitor friend Desmond Joyce was in court, and I asked him to check out the case and be ready to see Melvyn on Monday morning.

The work on the renovations had got a bit behind, so I asked Melvyn to spend the rest of the weekend with me working on them, at least in this way we could guarantee Hussein would pay the agreed £5 per day labour.

The following Monday I took Melvyn down to Desmond

Joyce. He had done his homework, and produced Melvyn's criminal record. It was not what I had expected at all. There was a string of nasty ones, threatening behaviour, criminal damage, theft and so on. I felt very let down. No one had given me any hint that he had a record like this, and I did not want to be going surety for a delinquent. So I went off to the police to tell them that I had decided to withdraw the surety. In fact, D.C. Best looked after me on that occasion. That is how I knew him.

In the interview room, I recalled all this to Best and Light. Moreover, Best confirmed at that point that he had met me on this occasion. It took about two days to finish this story and all the while I remained in police lock up. At about ten o'clock, the first night I was bedded down for the night in a single cell. I knew nothing about habeas corpus and the restriction on holding people without charging them, and I did not realise that this was illegal.

My MI6 team had often held people without charging them, so it did not seem odd to me, I just went along with it believing everything would be fixed up with an honest explanation. I was kept locked up for two days before I was charged with receiving the fridge. Even then, Light refused to give me police bail, forcing me to attend the Magistrates Court.

On the third day Light put me before a magistrate. The magistrate asked why I had been held so long on so trivial a charge and not granted police bail. The policemen said that they were concerned that I would tamper with the witnesses, and they wanted to interview them before I could. The magistrate accepted this, but when he heard that I had no police record, he immediately released me on my own surety.

June 1981: More charges

My first reaction was that the whole thing was a total mistake, but a few weeks later I was asked to visit the police station again and charged with receiving some building materials and

plumbing fittings, all of which were said to have been found at the Bolton Road house Hussein and Shah had been renovating, but which had belonged to me at the time. Clearly someone meant business.

But who, and why? Was it Grau and Lummus, who had seen fit to destroy my credibility with Lumb and Kenningham? Was it Lumb and Kenningham, wanting to destroy my credibility as a witness against them in their stoush with the Treasury?

I even wondered whether it could all be related to the capture in January 1981 of a man believed to be the Yorkshire Ripper? Derek Kenningham had told me that the suspect was insisting that L&K represent him in his future court battles. This would have posed a problem for the police. They would have feared that the Ripper would say, if convicted, that his lawyers had been incompetent or distracted, being themselves defendants in a fraud case. It would at least have muddied the water. So they could have decided to scotch the case against L&K by arresting me.

There were endless possible answers. All I knew for certain was that there was either astonishing incompetence or someone with a lot of clout wanting to see me brought down.

At this point, I realised that I needed some good legal help. I phoned various people I knew, but it seemed that the word had got around that I was suspected of some really terrible crime, and no one seemed to want to know me. It then occurred to me that, although it seemed like a routine police bungle, I ought to get advice from Mac. Unable to contact him, I phoned Kent Kershaw.

'I don't want another job this time,' I said. 'I need some help.' And I outlined what had happened.

'Forget Bradford,' he said. 'Go to Leeds. Get in touch with Ruth Bunday at Howard Cohen. She'll look after it.'

A few days later, I drove over to Leeds and had a chat with her. She did not seem to be surprised to see me, and later I found

that she had been told to expect me by, of all people, the Deputy Police Prosecutor for Bradford, a man called McCandlish. How he had found out about it I do not know.

Anyway, Bunday told me to go down to the Crown court and pick a barrister. I went down there, and the only one I saw who looked any good was one called Ken Hind. Bunday was delighted. 'He's just the man I would have suggested to you,' she said. 'We call him the Golden Hind.'

Melvin Hodgson's Court appearance, 17 July 1981

I told Ruth Bunday that the key prosecution witness, Melvyn Hodgson, was going to be before the Crown Court on July 17. Given that he was the person from whom I had allegedly received the stolen goods, it seemed natural that somebody should attend the trial, if only with a watching brief. She said she would look into it.

On the appointed day, I joined the crowd in the public gallery. I looked down into the body of the court hoping to see Ruth Bunday at the bar table, or in the body of the Court, but she was nowhere to be seen.

The outcome was worse than my worst expectations.

It was not going to be a trial; Hodgson was simply pleading guilty to all charges. A guilty plea had been entered at the Magistrates Court and Hodgson was to be sent to the Crown Court for sentencing, and all the Crown Court heard was a statement of the charges and the Defence's plea in mitigation. And the mitigation involved laying all the blame on me, not simply as a receiver, but as the most culpable sort of receiver, one who had deliberately procured the thefts by having a hold over the thief the surety. All the thefts were said to have occurred over one particular weekend, the weekend I had stood surety for Hodgson, and because of that I had threatened to withdraw it if he did not go out and steal for me.

Hodgson's defence team painted a picture of a simple lad who

would never have done anything wicked had he not been led astray by a villainous Fagin character, me. This story was not contested. Bunday was not there and I was effectively, convicted of receiving before my trial had even started.

Finally, I lost my cool, and stood up in the public gallery. I explained that I was the person who was being named as Fagin, and I asked for permission to address the Court. The Judge immediately adjourned proceedings, and I left the gallery and made my way down to the entrance to the body of the court. There the clerk met me.

'Give me your statement, and I'll make sure it gets through to the judge,' he said.

'Can't I speak for myself?' I asked.

'No, you're not a solicitor,' he said.

I wrote a note, pointing out that the story of my involvement didn't match the statements of the case that had been given to me. Some of the thefts had been reported to the police long before the weekend during which I had stood surety, so there had to be something wrong with the Fagin angle. I could have said a lot more, but hoped that this single fact, easily verifiable from the depositions available to the Court, would be enough to make the judge look more closely at the case. The judge may have taken this to his heart, but gave no outward indication of it. He did not ask for any clarification, and sentenced Hodgson, a 21-year-old adult, to a spell in Borstal.

12

My trial

My trial was, as I said in the first chapter of this book, notable not for what was said, but for what wasn't said. Looking back, it is very hard to understand why I didn't realise that something very strange was happening.

Up to a point I did realise and did complain. The trouble was that I went about it the wrong way. Every time anybody said something which wasn't true, I got angry and shouted at them, calling them liars. Sometimes, of course, they were indeed liars.. More often, however, they were just mistaken, and some quiet cross-questioning from my barrister would have set the record straight.

Needless to say, the Judge objected to my interruptions, and ordered me to keep quiet. Instead of proving my innocence, my outbursts merely confirmed that I was a nasty bit of work with a vile temper, which was what they were saying.

Anyway, for what it is worth, here is a summary of the facts of the case.

First, the charges.

I was charged on three counts of 'dishonestly receiving [some stolen goods] knowing or believing them to be stolen'. Count One was a refrigerator, Count Two was 6 items of building materials (timber, plasterboard and plaster), and Count Three was 42 items of plumbing fittings.

However, my real crime, constantly implied but not on any charge sheet, was that I was a Fagin, who had induced the thief, an intellectually impaired young man called Melvyn Hodgson, to steal the stuff for me when I had a hold over him, as had been alleged at his trial.

If somebody is being prosecuted for receiving stolen goods, a key task for the prosecution is to show that the goods were

received by the person in the dock. The prosecution didn't score very well in my case.

Of the 49 items, 40 were plumbing fittings which were never found and incidentally were not likely to be found, since they were fittings for heavy duty plumbing not required for the domestic plumbing we were installing. My barrister got these knocked off the indictment without difficulty. Forty down, nine to go.

Eight of the nine matched items were found in premises which I owned. However, one bag of plaster is very like another, so the match did not make it a done deal. More importantly, however, although the house in which they were found was still nominally mine, I had sold it, and given the new owner the go ahead for his renovations before the paperwork was completed. If 'receiving' is about beneficial ownership, I never 'received' any of it. If the materials were indeed stolen, the receiver was not me but the new owner. Forty eight down, one to go.

But no, this point was never made at the trial. The prosecution claimed, correctly, that I had spent some time working at the site and had even bought some of the materials. Nobody pointed out that I was just helping the new owner, and he had paid me for the things I bought for him. Instead, the fact that it was still nominally my house was made to imply that I had 'received' the materials used in the renovations.

The only item which I could unequivocally be said to have 'received' was the fridge. The evidence was impressive: I had in my house a fridge similar in make and model to one which had been stolen. Hodgson admitted stealing it, and I agreed that Hodgson had carried it into my house. However, the charge was that I had received it 'knowing or believing that it was stolen.'

As I have said elsewhere. my wife Mina and I believed that it was being sold to us by Manwar Hussein, and Mina had given him the ten pounds she paid for it. This was disputed by Manwar, but the issue was never resolved.

13

Prison

November 1981

I was taken to the basement of the Crown Court building, where I had my fingerprints taken and an official photograph prepared for my prison file. The officer was quick and efficient. 'Don't tell me you're innocent,' he said. 'They're all innocent here. Just obey the rules and don't rock the boat, that's my advice.'

After that I was taken back to the cells to await transport to my allocated reception prison, Armely Jail. Before being taken to Armely, however, I was given one last chance to talk to Mina and Bunday in the interview room.

The dwarf barrister was also there. He did not seem at all surprised by the conviction, or even the sentence. 'Quite reasonable for what you've done,' he said. At the time, this statement did not register with me; I was occupied by Mina's hysteria. She was going on about how she was going to survive without an income from me, and how I should have put more property under her name, etc.

Mina wouldn't testify on my behalf regarding the fridge, and Bunday and Hind thought she wasn't up to it anyway. I felt let down by my wife – even though she had bought the fridge she never offered once to put her hand up to it. Not that I wanted her to, but a gesture would have sufficed. She was quite happy for me to take the fall.

I raised the question of an appeal. 'Too late to do anything now,' said my legal genius. 'The judge will have gone home. Time enough for that later.'

Armely Prison

After that short interview with Bunday, I was taken to a holding

It is easy to blame the police for all this, saying that I was denied the assumption of innocence, or to blame my barrister for allowing the prosecution to depict me as a lad from the slums who had left school at fourteen and twenty years later was on the way to being a millionaire, without any explanation of this dramatic change in fortune, implying a life of crime..

However, the reality was that it was my fault.

Firstly, I didn't behave like an innocent, or like a first class honours graduate of London University. I behaved like an arrogant, violent crim.

Secondly, I believed all along that my solicitor Ruth Bunday and my barrister Ken Hind were in touch with MI6, who would have made sure that I was looked after. So I asked no questions when they seemed not to doing their best for me.

Only nine of the forty nine items remained on the charge sheet, one under Charge One, six under Charge Two and two under Charge Three. The jury convicted me on all three counts, and the judge sentenced me to a year on each count, the sentences to be served concurrently. And that was that.

cell where musters of other prisoners were waiting to board the bus to prison. The bus had backed in through a narrow gate, which left only an inch or two spare on either side, so that its front still filled the entire gateway. Not that I was thinking of making a run for it. I was just thinking that the driver must be good at backing into small spaces.

In the bus, I chatted with the man in the next seat. He'd been convicted for twenty burglaries and got nine months. When he heard my sentence his reaction was rather different from my dwarf Counsel's: 'A year for receiving a ten quid fridge,' he said. 'Jesus, how often have you been done before?'

I told him it was my first rap.

He just looked at me and shook his head. 'Jesus!'

We had no idea where we were going, but I was not surprised when we took the road for Leeds. Within half an hour we drove in through the double gates of Armely Prison. The outer gate clanged shut, the inner gate opened and the bus edged forwards into the prison yard. A narrow concrete path led to the reception door.

'Stay on the concrete' yelled a Prison Officer. The width of the concrete forced us into single file. We shuffled into the prison building. 'This is your name now,' said the Prison Officer, handing me a card with a number on it. It had my name, too, but it was the number I had to remember.

'When you hear that number, you jump. When you don't hear that number, you don't jump. Shower. Then get your kit.'

I had a shower, and was directed down to the kitting-out store, starkers, carrying my bundle of civilian clothes. The trustee in charge of clothes wrote my number on the bundle, and it went off to be dry cleaned and stored. That is one thing I will say for prison, you get your clothes dry-cleaned. They even clean your shoes. The next time, I put them on they looked really good.

'This'll about fit you.' I was handed a full set of prison clothes. That's another thing I'll say for prison, they give you

really good slippers. But the rest of the stuff isn't up to much. The bedding: mattress, sheet, pillow, pillowcase, two blankets, and a green bedspread were all rather tatty. The mattress was narrow and pretty thin, but tell you what, it was an inner spring job. Knife, fork, spoon, cup, soap, razor (no blades), toothbrush (no toothpaste you have to buy that). Everything you need for a camping holiday.

'Report to your landing warder.'

So there I was, carrying this huge bundle of kit, all wrapped up in the green bedspread, wandering about the gaol looking for my cell. The layout was like most prisons of the time: a six-sided central hall with the cells in six wings radiating off it.

My card gave me my new address: C 3/15 and my prison number G48715. I staggered up the iron stairs to the third level of wing C. The warder was waiting at the top. He opened the door of Cell 15, motioned me in, put my card on the wall beside two others, and locked the door behind me.

My cellmates eyed me suspiciously. They were both huge, but I am no lightweight, so that did not worry me. One was a cat burglar with great bulging muscles who kept them in trim by doing press-ups most of the time. I suppose you need good muscles for cat burgling. The other was a West Indian in for Grievous Bodily Harm. He was a keep fit merchant, too. I suppose you need to keep fit for the GBH. He and I had something in common: we were both classified as category A, the top security classification. The cat burglar was only a B. This was the first time I had realised what the A meant. I'd seen it on my card, and thought it meant a first offender. But no, it was top prison security, like the murderers and terrorists and rapists and Grievous Bodily Harmers.

The West Indian had a draughts set. 'Would you like a game?' I asked. He was delighted. It seems he was the best in the prison at the time. Of course, I beat him first time up. I didn't know how he'd take that, but he took it well. 'Would you like me

to teach you a few things about the game?’ I said. He was my friend for the rest of my stay there. While we were playing the cat burglar asked me what I was in for. His reaction was like the man on the bus. ‘If I were you I’d appeal’.

It seemed he was an expert on appeals. He started writing out a list of the possible grounds. It seemed that I had plenty, even though he never got round to the one I liked, which was that I was not guilty.

‘First thing you need to do is to make an application to see the Appeal P.O.’ He had a sheaf of applications forms, and helped me fill one of them out. But he wasn’t just an expert on appeals. ‘Don’t shit in the slop bucket,’ he said. ‘If you have to shit, make a shit parcel.’

This was a new one. What you do is to lay out some paper on the floor and shit in that. Then you parcel it all up and throw it out of the window. That’s why if you look at the outside wall of a cellblock, there are always brown stains down the wall under every window. It makes slopping out in the morning less of a job. Of course, then it’s somebody else’s job to go along in the morning collecting all the shit from the yard below. If you time things right, you can throw it out when they’re working, and with luck it lands on somebody’s head. That is a good joke if you do not have much to laugh about, but it sure was a lot of fun.

At about eight thirty, they brought us tea (the prison scuttlebutt had to that it was laced with bromide, to lesson masturbation) and cake. It is always cake in gaol, not biscuits, but it’s good cake, thick. I guess it’s easier to make than biscuits. And at nine, the light suddenly went out. The next morning the day started with the door of the cell opening and the warder counting out three razor blades. These were not for cutting one another up, but for shaving. After we had used them, we had to count them back.

‘Any applications?’ asked the warder. I handed him my

application to see the Appeal P.O.

‘That can wait until induction,’ he said. ‘Next week’ll be soon enough.’

Then came breakfast. With military precision we tramped in single file along the landing and down the clanging steel stairs to the ground floor, where the breakfast was laid out just like Butlins holiday camp, I thought, except there was less chatter and no jumping the queue. Not a bad breakfast, either. Cornflakes, eggs and bacon, but the cooking wasn’t quite up to Butlins. After breakfast my cellmates went off to work sewing mailbags. I was left on my own. I found a book in the cell, and started reading. It must have been a good book, because I didn’t notice the door click open. The doors can be opened individually or the whole lot can be opened at once by remote control. A moment later, it was pushed wide open and a passing con said, ‘Come on, mate. Exercise.’

A quarter of an hour shuffling round the exercise yard, then locked down again until lunch. Tramp, tramp down the stairs and line up for lunch. Two hours locked down and then, another fifteen minutes exercise. Two hours locked down, and my cellmates returned. Then tea like lunch. Two more hours, and then supper and lights out. And that’s how went, day after day. That’s a lot of time to be sitting and thinking, hating and plotting.

Monday, I was let out for induction.

‘Follow the red arrows,’ said the warder.

At the end of the trail of red arrows was a door, and inside the door was a room where half a dozen prisoners were waiting for induction. One by one we were called away for the various processes; first, another photograph and fingerprints. This time I put on a proper prison-photo face, which you do by scowling at the camera and letting your jaws drop. Next came the social worker, asking brightly whether everything was all right at home. Then came the sky pilot, who asked me what religion

I was, and a P.O. talking about jobs I could do, which didn't interest me at all. But the next one was interesting, the Appeals P.O. He got me the forms and I filled them in. But we never got to chat about the grounds. It was just a request to my solicitor to get cracking. Finally, there was the Governor. He told me all about the hierarchy of prison officers, how to tell them apart and how to speak to them: the Assistant Governor, the Deputy Governors (one for each wing), the Chief Prison Officers (with badges), Principal Prison Officers (two pips), Senior Prison Officers (one pip) and the Prison Officers.

What he did not tell me was how to address the psychos. There was a real psycho in the cell opposite ours. You could pick them because they had yellow stripes down their trousers. One had targeted me, why I don't know, but this one had been in Long Lartin, which specialises in criminal lunatics, and at some stage they'd decided to see how he could cope with an ordinary prison. The answer was he couldn't. He'd tipped his first cellmate over the railings. The upper floors had the landing divided in two, with a gap down the middle, which went right down to the ground floor. Tipping somebody over the railings would have meant flattening them on the flagstone floor at the bottom except that there was netting across at first floor level to catch falling prisoners, warders, and anything else that was thrown over. Therefore, the guy survived. However, the authorities then decided that the psycho should have the cell to himself.

He sat there most of the day, snarling and growling at anyone who went near. However, he was a keep-fit fanatic, and they used to let him out to go to the gym. That was where I ran into him. You could apply to go to the gym in the evening, just before lights out, and my two cellmates were keen keep-fitters. When the warder came to let them out, my cellmates said, 'Can we take our mate along'? So I went. Well, there was this strange looking character, and I said 'Who's that?' This was enough for

the psycho. Suddenly he said, 'What are you doing'.

I said 'Nothing'.

He said, 'You were looking at me.'

It does not take much to set one of them off.

Later that night, when we were being marched back to the cells, he broke loose and came dashing round to my cell, yelling, 'I'll get you'. Fortunately, the warders grabbed him again before he could get me, or I might have landed in the netting.

Thursday evening we were let out for 'refectory'. I was not sure what this was all about but I tramped off with the rest.

If people tell you things in gaol, you listen, but it doesn't pay to ask questions. People who ask question are told wrong answers, usually ones which get you into trouble. So I stood in a queue, which moved slowly along, rounded a corner and found myself in front of the open window of a sort of shop, with a P.O. selling chocolate and cigarettes and toothpaste to the passing trade. Of course, I had not any money, but this did not seem to matter. I chose a few things and moved on to the next window. Here the P.O. checked my number, looked up some accounts and told me that I'd got two quid credit. It seems that you get paid a quid a week in advance just for being in gaol, and more than that if you do a job there. Cooks get five quid a week. The P.O. checked up what I had bought, and told me what I'd got left.

Soon after that, I found that I could get money paid into my account there, and I immediately had one thousand pounds paid into my prison account from then on I was able to get all sorts of extras. I did not really get the system working for me for a few weeks, but when I did, things became a lot easier.

On the Saturday, there was the monthly film show. It took place in the chapel. Prison chapels are really something, with magnificent carved woodwork, which would put most chapels to shame. But this was the only time I went into the Armely prison chapel, and instead of a sermon we got a showing of the

film *Alcatraz*, with Clint Eastwood playing the part of the con with a heart of gold. I suppose it was the P O's idea of a joke.

On the Monday, I was given a job as carpenter's mate. The carpenter was a warder, and while I was working for him, I got to go all over the gaol. We were making duckboards for the showers. I was just getting used to this when the message came that I was to report immediately from transfer to another prison.

Rudgate, 19th November 1981

The prison bus rolled out of Armely and set off on the road to Wetherby, near York. An hour or so later it drove in through the gates of Rudgate Open Prison. Rudgate looks rather like an RAF station, but without any aeroplanes. It has a high fence topped with barbed wire, and rows of Nissan huts round a brick administration block.

Now, the first thing about an open prison is that it is easy to get in and out. You might think that this was a good thing, and in a way, it was. For instance, one day we noticed a hole in the fence, and we sent a lad through it to go over to the pub and buy us a bottle of whisky. In fact, if you wanted to go out, you did not even have to find a hole in the fence. You just walked out through the gate. The warders would just beckon you through.

The trouble was that we were not supposed to go out, and they spent all the time counting us to see how many they had left. There was a klaxon horn on the roof of the admin block, and every time it went off you had to stop whatever you were doing and belt over to the parade ground to be counted. A few seconds late and it would be a couple of days added to your time. This happened at least three or four times a day.

It always happened before lunch and before tea, so that after counting us they would say, 'Now go and wash for lunch'. But it also happened at other times, and you never knew when it was going to happen, or what you were going to be doing next.

I grew to hate the sound of that bloody Klaxon. At Armely, you knew where you stood. At Rudgate, you did not.

It was even more of a problem because every time they counted there would be a few short. It was getting near to Christmas, and many of the inmates were going off home for a break. They would have a few weeks out, and then give themselves up at the local nick and get a free trip back to Rudgate. This would always cost them a few weeks extra on their sentences, but the only real penalty was being shoved back in Armely or some other proper gaol. Therefore, we would stand there on the parade ground while the warders tried to work out who was missing, and somehow we never helped them much with the counting.

One change for me was that I suddenly became a D category prisoner. It seems that this was because Rudgate only took D and below, I had to be reclassified. I was also given the job of a 'chief'.

The chiefs were the ones who wandered round the place all the time picking up rubbish. This was the worst paid job in the place, but the advantage was that you did not work very hard. You spent most of the time looking for places to hide, so you did not do any work at all. It was when we had found a good place to hide that we sent the lad out for the whisky. One place I used to hide was the chaplain's office off the chapel, which had the advantage of having a phone in it from which I used to phone Mina to find out about Barbara. The conversations were always the same – Mina complaining about her not having enough money – even though she had all the rent money from the flats.

By now, I had started to learn the ropes. I found I could order newspapers and magazines, and I got the *Express*, the *Mail* and the *Mirror* delivered daily, plus *Time* and *Private Eye*. I also got a television set and a battery-driven electric razor. Goodbye blades. I never liked wet shaving.

When I went to the refectory for weekly buying of stores, I took a pillowcase to put all the gear in. All this pleased the others

in the Nissan hut I was assigned to. The previous occupant of my bed had been Lord Kagan, who was in for income tax fraud and had taken all his books, radio, and TV with him when he left. They had not had a telly for quite a time.

Induction at Rudgate was simple compared with Armely – it was over and done with inside 10 mins. One thing I did manage to do however was to see the Appeal P.O. and asked for help preparing the grounds of appeal. He said, ‘That’s a good idea I’ll get back to you about it’.

I had lodged many complaints against the police during the months between my arrest and my induction in Rudgate. The main thrust of my complaints to the command of the West Yorkshire Police was that various police officers, notably D.C. Best, and D.S. Light, had perjured themselves in statements to the Magistrates Court, and then they had repeated the concocted story in the Crown Court and Ken Hind my barrister had not queried them.

I had just written to Ruth Bunday, my solicitor, accusing her of being in league with the police. However, I had no idea why she was doing it and I asked her in the letter why? What’s it all about?

A few days later, I was told to report to the so-called Solitary Wing. This was not actually a wing. It was a single bare room sometimes used for confinement of a prisoner, but also used for meetings of one sort or another. So I did not suspect anything in going there. As I opening the door and went in, I was grabbed from behind by two warders who got me in a half nelson and started beating me up, giving me amongst other things a cracked rib. As they did it, they gave me a clear message: withdraw my complaints against the police or there would be a lot more of it.

The next day, 6 December, these complaints were again raised in circumstances that are even more bizarre. I was suddenly told that I had two visitors. When I entered the interview room, I

found two policemen there, and not your ordinary policemen, top policemen. One turned out to be Superintendent Feaster. The other never gave his name and did not speak, but I think he was Feaster’s boss, Chief Superintendent Keith Hellawell. Years later, I can say positively it was Hellawell.

Feaster came to the point straight away. He had come to offer me a deal: withdraw the complaints and leave the country and all would be forgotten. My appeal would not be opposed, and they would organise my re-entry into Australia or Canada with a clean police record. (They seemed to know that I had been to both countries.) If I refused, they would make sure that the Fraud Squad got onto me and would not let me go until I was ruined.

It was a crazy situation. I did not want to leave England, and did not want to go to Canada or Australia. I had done nothing wrong. Sue Thompson and Mac knew all about the fraud business and the proposed prosecution of Lumb and Kenningham. In addition, my complaints against the police were true as far as I was concerned. All this added up to a good reason for telling them to bugger off.

On the other hand, I was in gaol, convicted of receiving stolen goods, Sue Thompson and Mac had both gone missing, my solicitor and barrister were not helping me, the warders had bashed me and broken a rib, and there was no hope of dealing with any of these problems unless I could get out of gaol.

To cut a long story short, I agreed, opting for Australia rather than Canada – papers were put in front of me for signature and Feaster said that everything would now be fixed up.

Good news travels quickly within the police. On 10 December, Deputy Chief Constable Colin Sampson wrote to me in his capacity as head of Complaints Board noting that the complaints had been withdrawn. Shortly after that, the Appeal crew gave me a letter from Bunday to tell me that my barrister had prepared the grounds of appeal and that Bunday had

lodged them. The appeal was against sentence only, not against conviction.

It was at this moment that it suddenly struck me that my legal advisers were not just incompetent: they were something much worse than incompetent. They did not believe in my innocence and were actively working to make sure that I got no chance to prove it. I was fighting the whole world, as it seemed then.

Wymott Prison

I had to be bussed back to Armely to be x-rayed for the broken rib, as Rudgate didn't have a prison hospital. The doctor asked how it had happened. 'I fell out of bed,' I said. I don't think he believed me in fact he said 'Don't give me that nonsense,' but he did not press the point.

As I was leaving the prison hospital, a warder patted me down making sure I had not nicked anything, and he managed to give the broken rib a bang. Instinctively I grabbed him and said, 'Stop that'. I must have looked like a wild man at that moment, because I saw terror in his eyes. Grabbing a warder was an offence, but his mate just said, 'Leave him alone, he's spoken for.'

I was expecting to go back to Rudgate, but waiting for me were two PO's speaking with the outlandish foreign accents of Lancashire. It seemed that I was about to cross the Pennines. Moreover, we did it in style, in a taxi.

It was a good trip. After a short time, they got me to promise not to try to escape and took the handcuffs off. Next thing they stopped at a cafe for a cup of tea and invited me in with them. And as we got nearer to our destination, they called off at a newsagent to introduce me to the proprietor as a new client. Maybe touting for newsagents is one of the perks of the job.

Wymott Gaol was to be my next abode; it was supposed to be the model prison of Britain at the time. Its design was based on the best theories of penologists and sociologists. The architects

and builders had not done quite so well, and by the time I got there, most of the ground floor rooms were rotten with damp and dry rot, but it was still very good upstairs. In fact, it was so good that shortly after I left it was burnt to the ground by the grateful inmates and never rebuilt.

On arrival, I found I had become an A category prisoner again. There was the usual induction, during which I met the Appeal P.O., C Division. We got on well. He was the first Appeal P.O. I had met who was any use. He had read my file, which contained the assessments of the various psychiatrists, prison officers and governors who had interviewed me, and all the appeal documents, and he concluded that Hind was a dill. He immediately got through to my solicitor, Ruth Bunday, asking her to try to get me out on bail immediately, so that I could be home for Christmas, and to seek leave to appeal against the conviction as well as the sentence.

This caused a small ripple of activity in Bunday's office at Howard Cohen, but by the time they had processed the documents Bunday was able to report with a degree of truth that the legal system had closed down for the Christmas holidays. She sent over 400 pounds back with a deduction for expenses.

I soon attracted the attention of the Wing Governor, and in one of many private chats, I told him that he did not have to worry about me, as I was off to Australia. He thought I was mad. 'You've got criminal convictions. They'll never let you in'.

I explained that it was all being arranged by Feaster. As I did so, he grew increasingly fascinated by the whole affair, writing pages and pages of notes in red ink.

I'd like to see them, and I once wrote asking for them, but it seems that all records of my stay in prison have been lost. The reply then added, somewhat gratuitously, 'Alternatively, if they have not been lost, they would be withheld on grounds of security.' I guess people do not often want to prove they have

been in prison.

By this time, I was really starting to understand the prison system and how to work it. It is no picnic. There are very nasty people in there, and if you get on the wrong side of them, things can get very unpleasant indeed. However, if you know how to work the system, you can survive quite well. The real dangers are not the psychopaths. You can pick them and stay out of the way. The ones to watch for are the professional hit men and their bosses. They are into everything: blackmail, extortion, protection rackets, and threats. They watch for your weaknesses and if they find one, they pounce. My weakness was that I obviously had money, which meant that they were all out to get some of it.

There was only one way of dealing with this, and this was to have a bodyguard a really good one, not simply to protect me against assault but to listen to the chatter and watch out for any sign that anyone was out to get me. The serious assaults do not just happen spontaneously. They are planned. If a man is to be beaten up in the toilets adjoining the exercise yard (a favourite place) a lot of people are going to know about it. The warders are going to be told to look the other way, and they generally do.

I've seen warders staring at their boots while somebody is being beaten up in the toilets and is crying out loudly for help. But there's nothing they can do. If they went to the victim's aid, there would be a heap of shivved warders in the toilet and a hundred cons outside backing up one another's alibis.

You know what shivved means. A shiv is a blade. Almost any piece of metal can be made into a shiv, but the best ones are spoons. You sharpen the end of the handle, and the bowl of the spoon becomes the handle of the shiv. They have shiv inspections all the time in prison, with strip-searching of prisoners while their cells are being turned over, but as fast as they find them, new ones are being made.

Anyway, for a fiver a week I got a good bodyguard, Fred Betterman, and that was that. The money was sent to him anonymously as a postal order – as clearly I could not send him a cheque on my own bank account.

I got on pretty well with most of the cons. Quite a lot of them thought I could do them favours. One of them got me to write to the Bradford Director of Housing to get him a council house. Another had me write to the Foreign Legion seeking enlistment – he could not read or write. Fred himself wanted something. His people, a Blackpudlian group, had an eye on the casino business, and they wanted me to introduce Fred to John Senior, the Chairman of the Bradford Planning Committee, to see whether he would accept a sling. Other cons wanted me to start up a bookie service for them. The fact is that people with money cause trouble in prisons. As the Governor said, 'We don't want people like you here'. And he did not mean people who were innocent.

In one respect Wymott was like Armely: both of them had great walls round them, topped with razor wire, and with coils of razor wire all round the base to stop you getting near the wall. Nevertheless, the cellblocks were quite different. The warder did not control the doors to the cells; they just controlled the main doors giving access to a whole corridor of cells. The doors had locks, but the prisoners had the keys to them. They were to keep other prisoners out, not to keep the prisoners their occupants in. In fact, we called them rooms, not cells. If we were there during the day, we'd all be milling about in the corridor or in and of one another's rooms for games of cards or watching TV. And they were single cells, pretty well fitted out, with decent windows, even if the view out of them wasn't anything much.

The best rooms were the ones at the end of the corridor, on the corners of the building. These had two windows. I got one of them. It had not been given to me, but the guy who had it accepted £30 to swap rooms with me. Nobody minded. The

corridor looked after its own affairs.

I ran a campaign for courtesy, particularly to one of the warders, whose name was McKenzie. When he came down the corridor, I had all the blokes say, 'Good morning, Mr McKenzie. How nice of you to come and visit us.' For some reason he did not like this.

I was in Wymott for nearly three months. Then, with my appeal imminent, I was moved to London. I had a couple of days in Wandsworth and then I was moved into the Remand Wing at Brixton.

14

Appeal and Transportation

March 1982

On the morning of my appeal I went to the P.O. and asked for my civvies. They had followed me around to every prison I'd been in. They had been in the boot of the taxi when I went to Wymott, and I'd caught glimpses of them being loaded into the bus down to London. Now they were mine again.

They had been beautifully cleaned and pressed, and my shoes were shining, and as I put them on I felt sure it was going to be all right. There were half a dozen or so appeal candidates from Brixton, and we were all loaded into a Black Maria for the trip to Central London.

The set up at the appeal court was rather like the Crown Court at Bradford. We were taken down under the court building and put in a large cage to wait for their Lordships to deal with us. My Mother had come up from Bradford the day before with Mina and the kids, and had stayed the night at the Kings Cross Hotel. Mina came down to the cells and I had a chat to her about things, praying she would understand the words that were coming out of my mouth. I was still hoping to change the appeal to make it a full appeal against my convictions as well as the Appeal against sentence only that Ken Hind had prepared a 'Grounds of Appeal' back in November/ December. I had objected at the time through a letter to Bunday that my appeal was only against the sentence, but I had not been able to get things changed. It was this document, (Grounds of Appeal), which in February had gone through to the single judge who gave me leave to appeal on that material only.

That was what was Hind was going to present. I had written to Bunday to try and get Hind to Appeal conviction as well.

I also asked Mina, who very, very reluctantly agreed that she would offer Hind an extra thousand pounds if he put in an appeal against conviction as well.

When Hind arrived, and I told him what we wanted him to do he told me to keep my mouth shut – that I would get a walk out if I said nothing, but that if I said a word the judges were liable to cut me off at the knees. That was it and there was nothing I could do, Hind turned and walked away. All I could do was wait my turn.

One by one the other appellants were called. One by one they marched out hopefully for their meetings with destiny, and one by one they came back broken, their appeals rejected.

‘Watch out for the bugger on the right,’ they said. ‘If he starts talking, you’re a gonner.’

It seemed that appeals were not a walkover after all.

I put whatever faith I had left in Hind.

Lords of Appeal

I was the last to be called. The warders led me up a narrow winding staircase to a small door, opened it, and suddenly I was in the court.

It was an astonishing sight. The courtroom was magnificent, lined with rich timber panelling. The dock, where I was, was halfway along the left hand wall. Down in the body of the court were Hind and some other barristers. Behind them sat Mina, with no expression. But the Lords of Appeal themselves dominated the whole scene: three figures in magnificent scarlet robes and full-bottom wigs, sitting on elaborately carved thrones with crowns on top. Talk about the majesty of the law.

I looked down at Mina. She signaled that she had got the money but had not seen Hind, and I signaled that it was all OK.

Just then, a bald headed man dashed in and made for the other group of barristers of the court. He went straight up to talk

to Hind who nodded and looked up at me. The other barristers greeted him with obvious deference, but he never said a word. I still don’t know who he was. I assumed that he was something to do with my case, but Ken Hind told me later that he had nothing to do with it.

Meanwhile the Lords of Appeal were getting a bit restless, and after a time the one in the middle said, ‘Well, who’s going to start?’ It seemed an odd way to open the proceedings, but Ken Hind stood up and said, ‘I will, if it pleases your Lordships’.

So their Lordships sat back while Hind read the statement he had prepared all those months.

There was nothing new in it. When he’d finished, the judge on the right, the one who’d caused so much trouble in the earlier cases, opened up. ‘But, Mr Hind, surely your client has been doing this sort of thing for years. It’s just that this is the first time he’s been caught’.

I could have slugged him, except that he was well out of reach, but I was tempted to shout something at him and only stopped when I remember Hinds warning.

‘I cannot comment on that supposition, your Lordship,’ said Hind, and sat down again.

The judge in the middle turned to the other group of barristers.

‘Does anyone else wish to make any submissions?’

‘No thank you, your Lordship.’

At this point, without further discussion with his colleagues, the judge nearest to me opened a two-page document and started reading it aloud. It was the decision in the case. It found that the main prosecution witness, Melvyn Hodgson, had lied on oath, and concluded that I should be released immediately. I had not after all put Hodgson up to thieving whilst holding a threat of removal of surety over him. The whole procedure had taken less than twenty minutes.

I went down into the dungeons again to pick up my gear. The

place was deserted. My companions had been loaded on the bus and driven off. The P.O. gave me a travel voucher to Bradford and the balance of my prison bank account. I asked the P.O. what they would have done if my appeal had been refused. His answer was simple, 'No worry, mate. We knew you were going to walk'. There was no point in waiting he said

I had planned to take Hind out for a celebration lunch, but he had disappeared before I was released and before we could catch him to thank him. Mina and the kids then all went back to the King Cross Hotel and I had the first really good meal I'd had in nearly six months, a huge steak and a really good red wine. Mina didn't congratulate me, nor did she seem to really care, all she talked about was how the children misbehaved and how she needed more money for her brother and mother, etc. etc. etc.

The kids had been told that I was away on business, which made sense, as I had often been away. But in the dining room Michael, my second child, piped up with, 'A boy at school said you were in prison'.

'But you can see, I'm here,' I replied. I felt ashamed, and wondered what his school friends had been telling him.

We caught an early evening train to Bradford in a very sombre mood.

The next day I had a phone call from Chief Inspector John Ellis, of Special Branch. He just wanted to know how things were going. 'Fine,' I said. 'Tell you what; I don't think I'll bother about Australia. I'll stay here and take my chances.'

He was aghast. 'You can't do that. Let's talk, we can't talk over the phone, so come down to the Victoria hotel and we'll have a chat there.'

The Victoria had always been my drinking place, so I knew it well. I parked, as I always had, in a spot marked as reserved. As I came in Desmond Joyce, the solicitor who acted for Hodgson greeted me. 'Hello Tony,' he said, 'I thought you were in prison'.

I gave him the same answer as I had to Michael. 'Well, you can see I'm not, am I? I'm here.'

John Ellis was already at a table near the bar, in plain clothes. He came straight to the point. 'Look, Tony. You agreed to go to Australia. You can't back out now.'

'Well, give me some time to think about it.'

'We can't do that. Your Australian residents visas runs out in nine days. You've got to leave this week.'

At this moment the manager of the hotel came bustling up. 'What's your car doing in my spot?' he asked.

'I always park it there. You've never complained before.'

'Move it or I'll call the police.'

'OK, call them. Let me introduce Chief Inspector John Ellis. You can call him.' John nodded.

The Manager muttered a curse and sloped off.

But this tiny incident made me realise that life in Bradford was going to be different, radically different. It wasn't going to be fun at all.

I turned back to John Ellis. 'OK,' I said, 'I'll go.'

He took me straight round the corner to a Travel Agency, and moment later I had our tickets to Australia.

I was used by now to travelling, so there was no problem with packing in a hurry, though I had an awful lot of it. I managed to put on a good show and was able to freight most things through to Heath Row so as not to have too much to carry on the train.

More of a problem was selling off my properties. I didn't fancy leaving them in the hands of an agent, but selling them was going to take time. I wanted to know what to do about that so I rung up Feaster and I was able to arrange with him, that once I had re-established residency in Australia, I could come back for a few weeks and sell up.

A week later, the kids, Mina, and me took the train to London, and stayed as usual in the Kings Cross Hotel. The Piccadilly Line runs through King's Cross, so we were able to take it right

through to Heath Row. I hadn't quite realised how much gear I had got until I tried to check it in. The luggage was not just overweight; I was faced with a horrendous bill if it travelled with me. A security man suddenly materialised, offering help. 'Have you got cash to pay for all this to go as air freight,' he asked. I nodded. 'Well, come on, we've got to get it round to the other terminal,' he said.

We stashed it all in his car, and set off through a tunnel under the airport, which provides a direct route between the terminals. It was free of traffic and it is only accessible for official airport vehicles. The security guard at the other end knew we were coming, and waved us through.

At the far end I checked it all in and we raced back to the main terminal with minutes to spare. A long flight lay ahead.

Our New Home

'Welcome to Australia,' said the immigration officer, waving us through. Not like the 1850s, when the convict ships had been met by parades of locals carrying placards 'End transportation'.

Another difference was that in those days they were not allowed to fly back to England three weeks later. I stayed long enough to set Mina and the kids up in a flat, and then it was off back to England to sell the rest of our property. Of course, I had to accept fire-sale prices on most of the houses, but that was better than losing everything.

I did quite well on the cars, thanks to Fred Betterman, who had acted as my bodyguard in Wymott. He was out of prison, and I drove over to Blackpool to meet him. His people's main business was casinos, but they were also into ringing cars. He showed me their ringing yard, where the stolen cars were doctored ready for resale. He took me in to see his boss, who offered me a good price for my cars. But then he immediately changed the subject. 'Can you give us an introduction to someone who'll accept a sling to help us with our application

for a casino licence in Bradford?'

I knew the right man straight way, and phoned him.

'Sure, Tony, I'll help you, but not over the phone,' he said. 'Tell them I'll meet them in Bradford tomorrow'.

That was probably the nearest I ever came to real criminal activity – other than as a civil servant, that is. There's nothing like a spell in prison to make a crim of an innocent party.

I arrived back in Australia to find that an estate agent had approached Mina offering us a house at a very attractive price. Shortly afterwards I had a phone call from a man in Canberra I'd never met, who called himself Percy Feltham, and told me, unasked, that he had been Chief of Station for ASIS in Tokyo, with a special interest in cryptology. It rapidly became clear that he was also the vendor of the house Mina had been offered. He organised a very rapid transfer of the house, enabling us me to move in before the lawyers had finished all the paper work.

Clearly I had at least one person in Australia on our side. He asked me what I was going to do next, as there was a job going with ONA, the Office of National Assessment, which would suit me. ONA collects economic information for the Australian government, which is a polite way of saying industrial espionage. He had the papers on the ONA job sent down to me, but I never followed up on it. Frankly, I'd had enough of gadding round the world in semi-clandestine operations, and just wanted to settle down quietly and mind my own business. And that is what happened.

Three years later, I became an Australian citizen at a rather curious ceremony. On the back of the application had been the question that had been dogging me for five years: 'Any criminal convictions? YES/NO. If yes, give details.'

I had duly filled it in. No point in lying and then getting thrown out for making a false statement. So I wrote: 'yes', followed by the details: 'Convicted on one indictments of three counts of receiving stolen goods: count one; a fridge £70,

count two; building materials £118, and count three: plumbing materials £80, at the Crown Court, Bradford. Sentenced to one year's imprisonment on each count, sentences to be served concurrently. Served three months in H.M. Prisons Brixton, Wandsworth, Rudgate, Armely and Wymott. Sentence commuted by the Appeals Court, London to time served: no appeal against conviction having been heard.'

I had sent in the form, and had been asked to turn up at the immigration office for further processing. I stood in the long patient queue. When I got to the front, and gave the officer my name, I was asked to sit down. A moment later my name was called.

'Please will you come this way?'

I was ushered into an inner office, not the usual interview room. 'Ah, Mr Holland,' said the senior officer of the Immigration Service. 'This application of yours is no good.'

My heart sank as he tore it into small pieces and threw it in the waste paper basket.

'Now, if you will please sign this one, we can go ahead straight away.' He handed me a fresh copy of the form. It had been filled in his neat handwriting.

All the details on the front were identical to my version. On the back it simply said 'No'.

'But.' I started to remonstrate.

'Don't worry about that. We know all about you.'

Later that same day, at a special private ceremony, I swore allegiance to H. M. Queen Elizabeth of Australia and became an Australian citizen.

15 Hindsight

I have spent nearly thirty years trying to get to know the how and why of what happened to me. I have obtained papers under FO, copies of correspondence from many 'Friends' and all manner of revelations and opinions.

The result is not a complete set of answers. However, I think I have identified and answered the questions that can be answered with some certainty, and found plausible, if not provable, answers to the rest.

Initially, my main concern was to get my conviction overturned and thereby prove my innocence. However, I came to realise that this was pretty futile. Being found not guilty does not prove your innocence. All it means is that you have got out of the specific charges which have been laid against you. This may improve your criminal record, but, as the Appeal Court judge said in my case, you may have been doing the same sort of thing for years. If people want to go on thinking the worst of you, they can and will.

It was easy to show that the police case against me was very weak and could have been demolished had my barrister set about it with the skill and enthusiasm for which he was renowned. What was interesting was not the fact that I was convicted, but why the charges had been laid and why my brilliant barrister had performed so badly.

I started by listing all the people who might have wanted to teach me some sort of lesson: Grau and Lummus, Lumb and Kenningham, even Kershaw and MacAlindon. Then I added all those who had lied about me or made false accusations against me. It was an impressive list, evidence of a monster conspiracy. The trouble was it made no coherent sense, and to most people it sounded like paranoid nonsense. Maybe it was.

I then started looking at the same evidence as a series of puzzles. If I could find a single scenario which would explain them all, that would at least be a plausible answer. I identified eight such puzzles.

Puzzle One

Melvyn Hodgson, an old family friend, had lied about me. Why was it not until the Appeal Court that the obvious fact that he had lied was officially accepted.

Puzzle Two

Having been arrested for receiving a refrigerator, I was first interrogated by Special Branch about my possible IRA sympathies.

Puzzle Three

My solicitor, Ruth Bunday, did not recommend a barrister, but sent me down to the County Court to pick one. This seemed like a very unusual and risky way of making such an important decision.

Puzzle Four

My gifted barrister put in a disappointing performance. He did well on the easy items, getting forty of the forty-nine struck off, but when serious argument was needed he let me down.

He could also have asked that Count Three, the plumbing materials, 40 of whose 42 items had been struck out, should no longer be listed as a separate Count. (If convicted on only two Counts, I would not have gone to gaol.)

Also, he never mentioned my qualifications and professional skills, leaving the jury assuming that my wealth was the proceeds of crime. He could also have mentioned these on the last day, in a plea for mitigation of sentence, but he did not turn up.

Puzzle Five

There was the unexpected visit from Superintendent Feaster, offering to get me out of gaol and off to Australia if I withdrew my complaints. Was he really doing this just to encourage me to drop my complaints?

Puzzle Six

How was Superintendent Feaster able to offer me a visa for Australia, complete with documentation stating that I had no criminal record, signed by me when I was in gaol? Was this a 20th century resurgence of transportation?

Puzzle Seven

Why was Chief Inspector John Ellis so concerned when, after having withdrawn my complaints and won my appeal, I said I was thinking of staying in Bradford?

Puzzle Eight

Why did the Australian official get upset when I declared that I had a criminal record, and insisted that I was squeaky clean? Usually it is the other way round.

The first conclusion I came to was that it didn't really matter who or what had started the police investigation. There were plenty of candidates, and it made little difference which of them was in fact responsible. Of course, if I could prove that they had lied or fabricated evidence, they could be brought to book, but this would not prove me innocent. Nothing would. However...

Solution One

It is possible that Melvyn Hodgson did not initially lie. He may have stolen the fridge, and it was true that he had carried it into my house and that my wife Mina had bought it.

The police then put two and two together and made five: that we must have known it was stolen. We thought we were buying it off Manwar Hussein, and had no reason to believe

it was stolen.

The lies came later. His statement about the later thefts, their dates and my involvement as Fagin simply didn't add up, but as an illiterate of limited intelligence Melvyn was in no way able to check the police record of interview. He would probably have understood that he would get a lighter sentence if he put his cross on it.

Unfortunately, its obvious falsehood was not recognised by those who mattered until the case went to the Appeal Court.

Solution Two

It could be that Special Branch started it all, having identified me as a possible IRA sympathiser, and that they then verbally berated Melvyn Hodgson, which would not have been difficult.

However, it is more likely that they wanted to interrogate me and just watched for an opportunity to do so without giving me any warning. You can take your pick?

Either way, a successful property developer, me, was arrested for receiving a cheap bar fridge, but was first interrogated by Special Branch about his possible IRA sympathies. It is hard to fit two implausible stories into a single plausible one.

Solution Three

The Ruth Bunday problem is much easier to explain. I was referred to her by Kent Kershaw, so we can assume that she was on the MI6 list of Friendly solicitors and had been briefed by them.

She was probably told that I was a loose cannon with some experiences which were better not discussed in public, as might happen during cross-examination in Court. They would have discussed the possibility of scotching the whole case, but concluded that they couldn't do this without involving too many people.

They therefore decided that the case should be allowed to go ahead, and I would be well defended, but if defending me risked disclosure of my activities, as might happen if I was asked how I had earned all my money, my barrister should shut up.

I therefore had to have a Friendly barrister (that is, one who was trusted by MI6), but I had to believe that I had chosen him. So, knowing that a Friendly young barrister of exceptional talent, Ken Hind, was performing that day in the County Court, Ruth Bunday pointed me in that direction and told me to pick a barrister. And she showed obvious relief when I reported my choice to her.

Solution Four

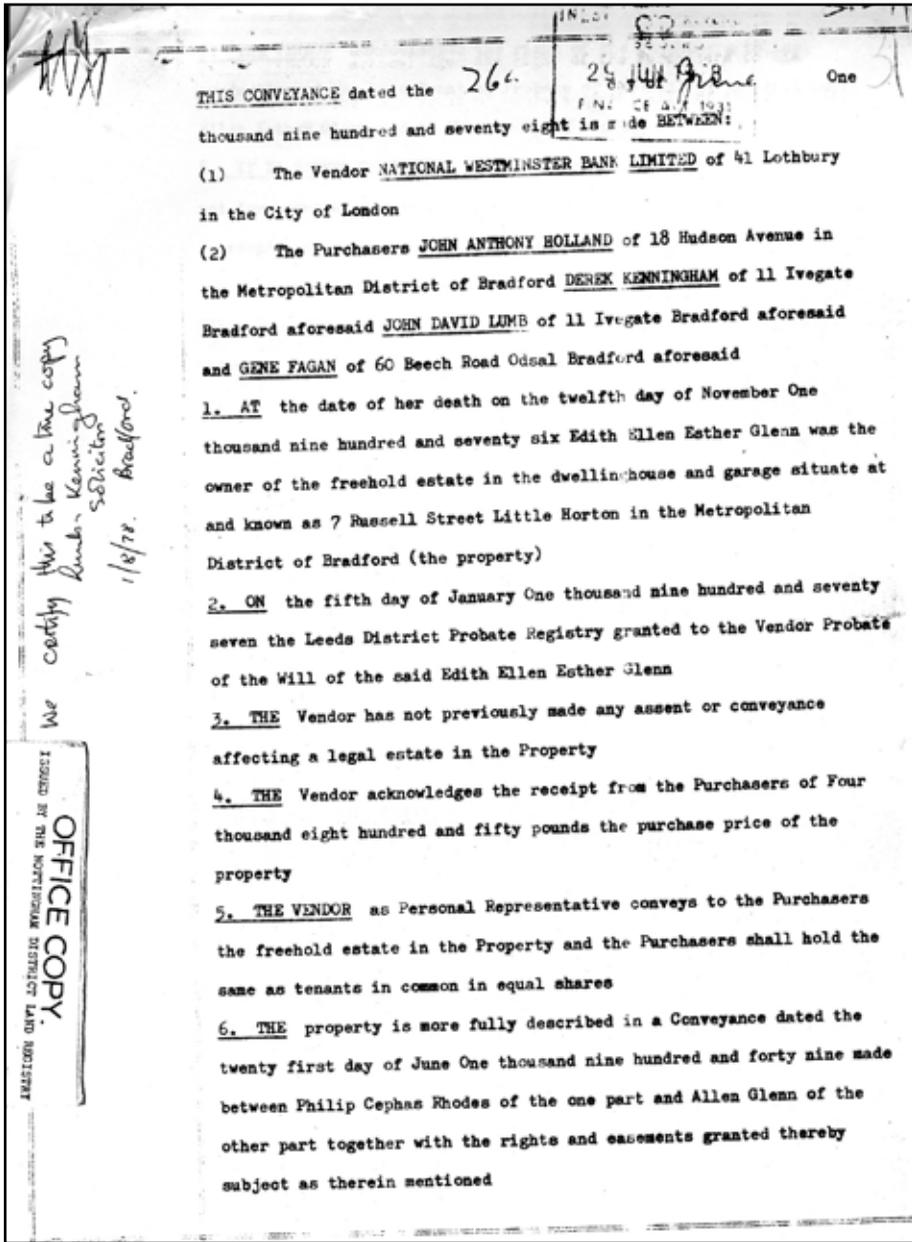
Hind was probably told to get me off if possible, but not at the risk of an open discussion of my activities over the previous twenty years. He took this very literally.

He may well also have been told to avoid any defence which might have involved the mention of Lumb and Kenningham. I had parted company with them when they discovered that I had done a lot of jobs under different names and claiming different qualifications, and would almost certainly have talked about this if put in the witness box. This meant that questions about the various properties I owned could not be raised, as the documents would show John David Lumb and Derek Kenningham listed alongside me as purchasers.

Far-fetched? Yes, but why else did Hind fail to present so many important arguments. Nobody could accuse him of incompetence,

Solution Five

Supt. Feaster was clearly briefed by MI6 to get me out of the country. They were not protecting the police from my complaints; they were worried about what would come out at the hearings, just as they were about what would come out



A document which might have put John David Lumb and Derek Kenningham in the witness box.

at a trial. The best answer was to get me out of the country, limiting the risk of my making personal appearances in the courts and complaints tribunals.

Solution Six

How could Feaster offer an Australian or Canadian visas to a convicted felon? Answer: because MI6 would have had reciprocal arrangements with their opposite numbers in those countries to take in one another's dirty washing, .

Solution Seven

MI6 had probably received reports that I was talking about staying in Bradford, as if the move to Australia had been an optional extra when it was really the key requirement.

So, Chief Insp, Ellis was acting on a request from MI6 to make sure that I was leaving the country as arranged.

Solution Eight

The clean bill of criminal health given me when I became an Australian was just the flip side of the reciprocal arrangement in Solution Six..

Over to you

Nothing in this chapter is proved, and nothing in it is likely to be proved. The chances of Ruth Bunday putting up her hand and saying 'That is exactly how it was' are slim in the extreme.

The challenge is therefore for you, the reader, to come up with a more plausible explanation of the events. If you think of one, I would be pleased to hear it.

STOP PRESS

Recently, I was told that MacAlindon must have been MI5, not MI6 as I had always assumed. Most readers will have long since realised this, but then, I never asked questions.

Kershaw was MI6. So 5 and 6 are really Friends, after all.

Timeline

- 1944 Born
- 1959 Left school
Job as storeman. Night classes for C&G
- 1960 July: top in C&G exams. Offered apprenticeship.
Day release for ONC.
Dec. 2 Father dies
- 1961 Topped Yorkshire in C&G and Bradford in ONC.
Offered scholarship
Move to YMCA. Met Schmidty
December 'O' levels
- 1962 July 'A' Levels. Offered place in London University.
Sept. To London with Schmidty
- 1965 First in Engineering
- 1966 First in Maths
- 1967 Postgraduate. First job with Marconi.
- 1968 Married (1) Maria Martel. Move to Guernsey.
October: Return to Marconi.
- 1969 Farnborough. Meeting with South Africans. Trip to Bonn.
November; arrive in Jo'burg. 25 y-o
- 1970 Rössing
- 1971 Feb: First visit to Australia. Divorced by Maria
Fun and games in and beyond the Caprivi Strip
- 1972 UDI peace talks break down
Return to England.
- 1973 Canada
- 1974 30-y-o.
- 1975 April 23 Married (2) Mina
Return to England . Miscellaneous jobs.
December Iran
- 1976 November: return to London.
Jobs with Poulson and the asset strippers
- 1977 April. 2nd visit to Australia.
Gigs in Hong Kong, Venezuela
- 1978 – 1980 Property development in Bradford
1979 35-y-o
- 1981 Arrested for receiving
June More charges
July Melvin Hodgson's trial
November Trial, conviction, imprisonment.
- 1982 Appeal and release

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