



Newsletter of the
FRIENDS OF THE INTELLIGENCE CORPS MUSEUM

www.intelligencemuseum.org

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No.25, Spring 2020

TWO HUNDRED FRIENDS

By Chris Yates

Our latest and two-hundredth member

Recently joined former Cpl Robin Evers hails from Folkestone, but the destruction caused by a German parachute mine drove the family to Chilham near Canterbury until after the war when he went to Harvey grammar school.

National service claimed him in 1958, at first in The Buffs then into the Intelligence Corps. Posted to Travel Control Security in the Cyprus Emergency (1955–59) working 'seventeen months in, on and under the sea'. In addition to taxing intelligence duties he used to fish for octopus near the harbour walls in Larnaca. After his obligatory two years Robin resumed his civil service career with the General Post Office. Retiring early in 2002, he volunteers at Canterbury Cathedral and is now a steward assisting the dean and clergy with managing public events. Nicely bookending his adult life, as a member of the regimental association of The Buffs, at a daily ceremony in the cathedral, he Turns the Pages of the Buffs for their fallen in two world wars. Note, however, the Corps tie.

Welcome Robin! ■

See page 6 for an extract from Robin's recollection.



Robin at Canterbury Cathedral



Lunch with Lecture Cancelled

It is with regret that FICM has had to cancel its Lunch with Lecture, arranged for Wednesday 29th April at the Victory Services Club in London. Strong government advice for people to avoid unnecessary travel, avoid clubs, restaurants etc., and the fact that some of those attending would be in the 'at risk' category has made this decision painful but inevitable. We hope to be able to reinstate the event for later in the year and will keep you informed.

All monies paid will be returned (although this may take a little time as the accounts, cheque book etc., are currently with the independent financial examiner for his annual scrutiny). The treasurer will explore with our bankers ways of returning monies paid using BACS (which we are currently not set up to do), and he will liaise directly with those members concerned.

Dave Farrell, Treasurer
Mike Cooksey, Events

What's inside?

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What Military Leader said this?

**'There is far too much
paper in circulation
in the army, and no one
can read half of it
intelligently.'**

Answer on p.7

DISTRIBUTION GUIDANCE

While this newsletter does not include classified information, it is intended for the personal use of FICM members, their families and close friends only. Your co-operation in observing this guidance is much appreciated.

WELCOMING VISITORS WITH DISABILITIES AND LEARNING DIFFICULTIES

By Harriet Huggins, Assistant Curator

Recently, I've been working on a sensory museum trail to be used by people with learning disabilities and difficulties. This project was conceived after I attended a SHARE Museums East training session on autism awareness. It was led by three museum professionals who taught me a great deal about the challenges faced by families living autism and the lack of confidence in trying something new. I was disappointed to learn that some visitors might hesitate to visit us and experience new places in case of stigma, abuse, or feeling unwelcome. Therefore, by creating this sensory trail I wanted to make sure our museum was providing opportunities and activities that were accessible to all visitors.

and some displays had too many words and not enough interaction. Their comments made an impression on me as I wondered how many other visitors thought the same about the museum. This made me want to try something new and create a different activity, something that would tie in with improving accessibility and interactivity.

This presented an excellent partnership opportunity with Huntingdon Mencap. After an initial meeting with them, I decided to create a sensory trail where one could interact with objects along the way. Louis was also delighted when I asked if he could be the face of the trail.

After speaking with the Bletchley Park learning team and the Autism in Museums initiative, I was able to find the right equipment that would enable visitors to explore the museum through sound, sight, touch, and smell. I then spoke with



Left to right: Louis, Sebastian and Dan

Photo courtesy of Huntingdon Mencap

Soon after the course, I organised a visit for the Cambridge branch of the National Autistic Society to come and give me some tips on how to improve the museum, which was a really useful day. I then organised a visit for Dan, Louis, and Sebastian who are supported by the Huntingdon branch of Mencap. All have a great passion for history, so I was happy to show them around the museum and let them try my First World War trails. They thoroughly enjoyed the museum, the vehicles, and the objects I showed them but they thought the trails

an amazing local designer, Skinny Dog Design, to get some quotes on the trails. After all this, I still needed some money so I spoke to Jennifer Allison, Deputy Director of the Army Museums Ogilby Trust (AMOT) who said that I should apply to AMOT for funds as this is something they would be interested in. Thankfully, I applied and they agreed to give us the money. ■

OUR CHANGING ENVIRONMENT

By Mike Palmer, Chair

The discussions regarding the future of the Military Intelligence Museum have been well chronicled in previous *Sub Rosa* issues. As FICM is a closely allied organisation, it must also consider the impact of the proposed museum changes and some recently introduced legislation, to ensure it remains both supportive and compliant.

Trustees

I am happy to announce that Chris Yates, a FICM trustee for over seven years, has recently assumed the role of deputy chair. Chris will be known to many as the editor of this very publication. If Chris brings the same aplomb to his additional role as he applies to this publication, the Friends will be well served.

Name

Trustee discussions are underway to identify FICM's future role in this new environment. It is important that our organisation continues to support the telling of the intelligence-gathering story by supporting the institution within which it is exhibited and FICM should do so without compromising its primary values and objectives of supporting Intelligence Corps heritage. Thus, one important matter under review is FICM's own title which today does not accurately reflect the name of the institute it supports.

GDPR

Recent GDPR legislation has caused the trustees to consider firstly, FICM's efficiency in storing Friends' personal information and secondly, the appropriateness and effectiveness of its communications with members. You, as a Friend, will shortly receive a request asking for confirmation of the personal information FICM holds and seeking your permission to stay in contact with you. It would greatly help the trustees if you would respond promptly so that FICM can ensure that both the Museum and its Friends get full value from your subscription. ■



RECOLLECTION

The Case of the Remote-Controlled Orgasm

By Fred Judge

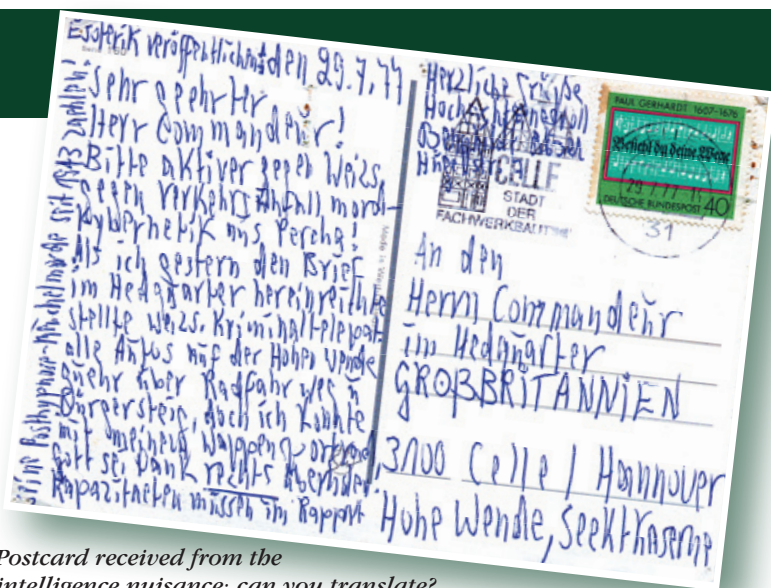
Information came to us from all manner of sources. Some of these sources we could have done without; I refer, of course, to the intelligence nuisances. 51 Security Section had a small number of 'regulars' most of whom we were able to keep at arm's length.

On 29 August 1977, I was asked to visit the office of the Station Staff Officer (SSO) who told me that a local lady was sitting in his office and that she wished to discuss the espionage activities of certain people. Intrigued, I made my way over there and was introduced to a good-looking, well-dressed, middle-aged lady. For the first five minutes, she explained to me that she had received information, which led her to believe that someone in the government with whom she was acquainted was probably in the pay of a foreign intelligence service. So far, so good, this sounded promising. She had been speaking for about five minutes when I noticed her hands. The scars on each wrist stood out like small mountain ridges and my heart sank. At the same time, I heard the words *Fernorgasmus* (remote orgasm) 'von Weizsäcker' and 'is a Russian spy.' The lady was totally loopy. I asked her to repeat what she had said and she told me that Herr von Weizsäcker (later West German president) was a Soviet spy and used her as a conduit to pass information to the Russians. He did this by remotely manipulating – whatever – which resulted in an orgasm for her and information for the Russians. At the same time, von Weizsäcker was unaware that it was she who was his conduit. I interrupted her at once and told her that we had already received reports similar

to this, but from a different source. I thanked her most earnestly and told her we would be investigating the matter through the German authorities. It still took me thirty minutes to get rid of her. I then passed her details to 7K Celle, who greeted the information with considerable mirth and told me she was well known to them.

This was not the end of the matter, however. The SSO received several letters and postcards (one illustrated here) from her over the next few weeks, all of which were passed to me with ribald comments about orgasms. Eventually, I pleaded with 7K to do something to get her off our backs. They agreed, although they told me it would cost us several beers. I was later informed that Klaus W visited the lady at home and told her, that if she didn't shut up, he would inform the *Bundespräsident* of these 'orgasmic manipulations' and she would have no more of them. We heard nothing more from her and Klaus got very merry at our next happy hour. (Weizsäcker is alleged to have had a less than squeaky clean past. However, I have no details. I believe his father was a member of the aristocracy and a senior officer in the wartime Wehrmacht. Cars often parked on the pavement of the Hohe Wende, the road on which Trenchard Barracks/ *Seekt Kaserne* was situated.)

Postcard received from the intelligence nuisance; can you translate?



Translation

Publicise esoteric. 29.7.77

Dear Herr Commander.

Please take more action against Weizsäcker, against traffic accident, murder-cybernetic and Pershing. Yesterday, as I banded the letter into the Headquarters, Weizsäcker by criminal-telepathic means placed all the cars on the cycle path and pavement; however, with my 'Wappen' sports cycle I was able to overtake on the right, thank God!

Capacities must be in rapport.

Written vertically on the left: His (taken to mean Weizsäcker's) post-hypnotic assassinations since 1943 do count! [Note. Weizsäcker is alleged to have had a less than squeaky clean past. However, I have no details. I believe his father was a member of the aristocracy and a senior officer in the wartime Wehrmacht.]

Top right; Yours faithfully, etc, (Name illegible)

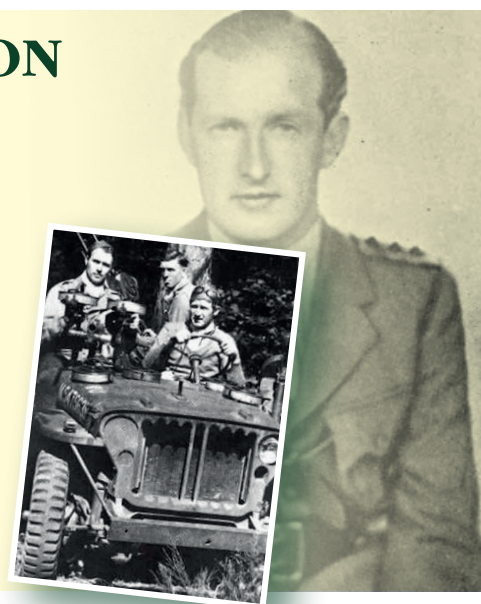
An extract from 'No Adverse Trace', the memoirs of Fred Judge. ■



FENWICK'S CARTOON

By Chris Yates

The cartoon which graced the front page of summer's *Sub Rosa* was created earlier than the caption claimed, 'Fenwick' was Maj Ian Fenwick (1910-44). Although the copy in the Corps Archive was derived from the *Tatler* in the late 1950s and seemed to refer to the First 100 Intelligence Corps officers, the cartoon appeared originally in his book, *Enter Trubshaw*, in 1944. Maj Fenwick was killed in action serving for the SAS in France behind enemy lines, as his book was going to print. (Of interest: Lt Col David Niven HLI, wrote the introduction and foreword to the book.). ■



Capt Weldon and the Aaronsohn Family in the Middle East, 1917

By Nick van der Bijl

In July 1914, Lewen Weldon, who was employed by the Egyptian Government Survey, was returning to Ireland on extended leave when the First World War broke out on 4 August. Commissioned into the Dublin Fusiliers, he returned to GHQ Cairo to manage the map store. In January 1915, he joined a former German cargo ship converted to a seaplane carrier HMS *Anne* as its Intelligence Officer, was torpedoed and was attached to HMS *Euryalus* during the Gallipoli landings.

British intelligence organisation had improved by 1916, with Intelligence Branches supporting the GHQs in Egypt and Sudan. The parents of Aaron Aaronsohn had emigrated from Rumania and had founded the agricultural settlement of Zikhron Ya'akon where they raised three children. Aaron studied agriculture and during a field trip to Mount Hebron had discovered the origins of a wheat. He then built a research station in Athlit, about 11 miles south of Haifa and during a devastating locust epidemic in 1915 had agreed to be a consultant to Djemal Pasha, one of three governors in Palestine.

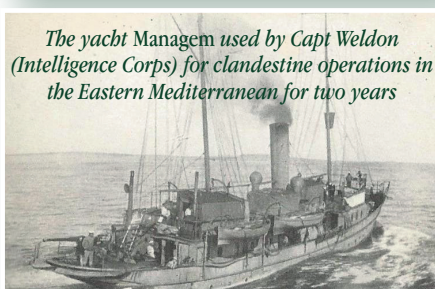
When this gave Aaron and his team the opportunity to travel throughout southern Palestine to make maps of the area, he also plotted Turkish deployments. With his sister Sarah, brother Alexander and assistant Avshalom Feinberg, he formed *Netzah Yisrael Lo Yeshaker* (translated as 'the Eternal One of Israel will not lie'). Usually known as NILI, it developed a network of couriers, the centre of which was the research station. Time-critical intelligence was enciphered and despatched by pigeon to GHQ Cairo.

While Alexander was doing conscription, he accused a Turkish officer of corruption. Aaron persuaded him to escape to Cairo and offer the information to the British. About a month after landing, the Director of Military Intelligence interviewed Alexander and graded the information to be of no value and ordered him to leave Egypt. When Aaron did not hear from his brother, he sent Feinberg to Cairo where he met Capt Leonard Woolley, the MI 6 representative at Port Said, who realised the information was genuine and introduced Feinberg to Capt Lewen Weldon. What is this line?

Weldon had joined the *Managem* in February 1916. It was one of several small steamers conducting clandestine intelligence operations to create networks of agents, couriers, cut-outs and safe houses in Palestine. A Lt Salter, operating from the *Veresis*, landed at Mersina on the Turkish coast every month, to collect information from a train-watching network covering rail junctions. Both were Intelligence Corps.

The crew of the *Managem* were experienced in clandestine landings on hostile shores. Risks included patrols, betrayal and landing parties becoming separated from the ship. Most operations took place at night and since ship-to-shore signal lights could not be used, navigation had to be precise. While winter storms could be ferocious, summer nights were silent. Weldon used a Syrian father and his three sons to row him ashore. Sometimes he swam.

In mid-April 1916, Weldon collected Sarah from Athlit and took her to Famagusta, his base in Cyprus, where she took a ferry to Egypt and met Aaron in Cairo, where he was translating documents. Throughout the summer, Capt Weldon regularly visited Athlit to collect information. After a particularly bad storm in May, Weldon landed three



agents and Sarah at Athlit and the next night, landed in the small harbour at Tyre to meet an elderly contact living near the jetty, but they were challenged by an armed man. They returned to the beach but there was no boat. Expecting shots, they began swimming and found their boatmen waiting for them. However, a spring squall roughed up the sea, and as the boat shipped seawater. Weldon ordered the rowers to pull for a nearby reef and then the wind dropped. Three nights after delivering arms and ammunition to Athlit, he returned to Tyre and learnt contact was safe. After NILI then asked Weldon to return in a couple of nights to collect information, two shots sent him and close protection scampering back to the ship.

As Weldon was extracting his Tyre contact, a schooner under full sail passed close to his boat waiting in the harbour. Soon afterwards, Weldon extracted the family of his head boatman from Tyre and then the *Managem* captured a suspicious Cypriot schooner heading for Turkey.

When an attempt to equip NILI with a wireless failed and the group was given pigeons, Sarah Aaronsohn doubted their reliability. The day before Gen Allenby launched his offensive on 30 August against the Turkish army at Beersheba and Gaza, she despatched two courier-pigeons to Jerusalem; one landed in the coop of the Caesarea

provincial governor as he was feeding his pigeons. Discovering a coded message in its container, Turkish counter-intelligence focused their investigations on NILI and captured an agent on the northern edge of the Negev Desert with urgent intelligence. When Weldon learnt on 21 September that the villagers were seeking evacuation, two nights later he returned with the *Veresis* to learn that the villagers had changed their minds. On the same day, two Christian Syrian couriers were arrested near Haifa carrying propaganda and British sovereigns minted after 1914; they divulged information on French clandestine operations. The two ships evacuated about sixty people from Athlit and then EMSIB halted further extractions because the moon was full.

NILI operational security was weak and not everyone in Zikhron supported the mysterious activity around the research centre. On 2 October, police and soldiers surrounded the village and over the next three days, crushed NILI. Sarah endured four days of ruthless interrogation and in an attempt to shoot herself with a pistol concealed in her house, she shattered her spine. She died four days later. In spite of the disaster, five days later Alexander Aaronsohn, who had returned from the USA, took control of NILI and landed at Athlit from the *Managem* expecting to evacuate more people, but no one was waiting on the beach. Alexander was commissioned into the Intelligence Corps.

Meanwhile, Aaron had briefed Allenby in August that the Turks feared a third attack on Gaza and were equally anxious about a flank attack through Beersheba. On 31 October, while XXI Corps demonstrated in front of Gaza, XX Corps and the Desert Mounted Corps captured Beersheba and opened the door to the capture of Jerusalem on 9 December.

Weldon continued with his clandestine operations along the coast and claimed to have been the first British soldier to have entered Beirut. ■

1918. Crew of *Managem*. Sitting are Maj Ian Smith, Lt Cdr Cain and Capt Weldon.



Lt Col Reginald John Isaac, OBE MC

By Harry Fecitt MBE TD

John Isaac was an excellent jungle intelligence officer who demonstrated his abilities whilst fighting the Japanese in Burma in World War II, and then the Malayan Communist Party in post-war Malaya. In Burma he was awarded a Military Cross and a Mention in Despatches, and in Malaya he was appointed MBE and then OBE for his successful management of psychological warfare operations. His operational career is best described by using the citations for his awards, as they provide snapshots of the life that he led, either on combat patrols or when using more subtle appreciation and psychological techniques.

In Burma in 1944 to 1945, as a temporary captain, he commanded 565 Field Security Section of the 5th Indian Division, and received the Periodic Award of the Military Cross with this citation:

The work of Capt Isaac has been outstanding since joining the division in February 1944. During the recent operation, by his initiative and outstanding courage, he obtained valuable information and identifications which influenced the successful operation by the Division. Capt Isaac has personally accounted for nine Japanese and on numerous occasions parties of Japanese have been destroyed as a result of his aggressive, fearless patrolling; one such operation resulting in 60 Japanese killed out of a total of 100.

Capt Isaac's name is a byword in the division and he and his section are always to be found in the forefront of the battle. This officer's conduct is most worthy of recognition.

In 1948, the Emergency was declared in Malaya that saw Commonwealth armed forces operating against the Malayan National Liberation Army (MNLA), the military wing of the Malayan Communist Party (MCP). This was unfortunate, because the mainly Chinese soldiers in the MNLA had operated against the Japanese invaders of Malaya during World War II, whilst other indigenous inhabitants of Malaya had come to terms with their invaders. But the post-war aggressive activities of the MNLA, operating from their jungle bases, resulted in former allies fighting against each other.

During 1950, Reginald Isaac was appointed Intelligence Liaison Officer in Seremban in the Commonwealth Forces South Malay District. After a year's diligent and very effective work, he was appointed Member of the Order of the British Empire (MBE) with this citation:

Having served as Intelligence Officer since January 1950, Captain Isaac has been Intelligence Liaison Officer between HW 63 Gurkha Infantry Brigade and Special Branch of the Negri Sembilan Police for the past five months. During this period owing to many changes of police personnel in Special Branch, the bulk of the task has fallen to Capt Isaac, who has represented both military and police.

He has succeeded in establishing such an accurate order of battle of the MCP organisation that the security forces have been able to keep contact and maintain the initiative against the bulk of the enemy forces. A large measure of success has been due to the intelligence appreciations of Capt Isaac. His knowledge has been acquired only by application to his duties and working very long hours to the exclusion of everything else.

He was entitled to revert to the Home Establishment in November, but at the request of the military and police commanders he agreed to sacrifice his family interests to the public service and stay on for another year. His devotion to duty and the services he has given to the campaign have been outstanding and merits early promotion.

Reginald served for another tour in Malaya from April 1952–1955 and left with an appointment to be an Officer in the Order of the British Empire (OBE). His final



citation read:

Maj Isaac has been head of the psychological warfare section of the Director of Operation's Staff in Malaya for the last three years. During this time he has worked indefatigably to build up the psychological warfare machine and developed an organisation which has played, and still is playing, a very important part in the fight against the communist terrorists. It has involved far more than simple planning and action.

It has required a close and constant understanding of the Chinese Communist mind, the working out of a consistent policy to undermine the enemy's determination and finally the co-ordination of pamphlets, press, radio and voice aircraft activities all over Malaya. Maj Isaac's enthusiasm and flair for this type of work have been largely responsible for the good results that have been achieved. Whenever and wherever there has been an opportunity for the profitable use of this weapon, Maj Isaacs has always been quick to endeavour to exploit it. The regular flow of surrendered terrorists is eloquent testimony to the success of his efforts.

He has just left Malaya at the end of three years duty. The zealous manner in which he has tackled his unusual task, the sound way in which he has directed his section's efforts, and the steady success he has achieved are most meritorious and have required an effort considerably greater than the normal call of duty, and well-deserve special recognition.

Later promoted to lieutenant colonel and one of the First 100 Officers in 1958, he was a great credit to his Corps and to his country. ■

BOOK REVIEW *by Ben Hodges*

My Friends, the Enemy: Life in Military Intelligence During the Falklands War by Nick van der Bijl, 2020

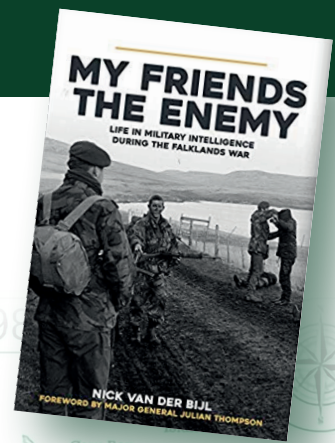
Prolific military history author, Nick van der Bijl, is no stranger to those of us involved in the Intelligence Corps heritage business. Nick is the author of three previous books about the Falklands War, *Nine Battles to Stanley* (2014), *5th Infantry Brigade in the Falklands War* (2014), and *Victory in the Falklands* (2007). Now he has returned with a fourth, more personal account.

My Friends, the Enemy details the chaotic, ad hoc build-up to the setting sail of the task force. It reveals how the section, which was focused on defending Nato's northern flank from the Warsaw Pact, begged, borrowed and stole equipment and maps so they could provide intelligence on the Argentinian forces, and support the Royal Marines and Parachute Regiment soldiers of the brigade.

The book paints an interesting picture of life aboard, the constant battle for limited space. It also details the way intelligence sections were cobbled together in response to the threat, no more so than with the need for Spanish linguists. The author, equipped with

his own limited Spanish, describes the eclectic mix of soldiers, sailors and airmen who found themselves thrown together because they spoke the language. This was clearly important for interrogation purposes and Nick does not shy away from some of the more controversial aspects of intelligence gathering. Perhaps the most interesting part of this book is when Nick finds himself in Stanley conducting a search of the Argentinian HQ, collecting documents and identifying suitable officers for interrogation.

Anyone who has read any of Nick's previous books on the campaign will not find a huge amount of new material in this book. Even some of the photographs are recycled from his earlier works. The book would also have benefited from some tighter editing, referencing and a bibliography. However, it is an important book, as it is one of only two personal accounts of the campaign from the point of view of an Intelligence Corps soldier, the other being D.J. Thorp's, *The Silent Listener: British Electronic Surveillance, Falklands 1982* (2015). ■



RECOLLECTION *by Robin Eyer*

National Service - Reflections of a Travel Control Security Operator (Extract)

'Next!' said a voice. 'Go through that door and take the first door on the right.' I did thus, noting that there were two other doors on the right. I knocked and entered. To my joy there were two naval officers, a lieutenant and a petty officer. (I just knew that my service in the Sea Cadets, where I had attained the dizzy heights of leading seaman, would be recognised, and rewarded.) 'So, why do you want to join the Royal Navy?' I pointed out that I was born and bred by the sea, I swam like a fish on and under the surface, I had sailed, and had been a cadet leading seaman. (I was also born a Pisces!) My academic achievements were on record and I was an established civil servant at executive officer level. The lieutenant shuffled his papers, a little uncomfortably, I felt. 'I can offer you cook,' he said. I protested. 'Surely I am worthy of more than that.' 'Cook is all that is available,' he added. (I was young and naive and could not perceive the guile at work.)

'Take the next door on the right,' I was instructed. Needless to say, I was confronted by a flight lieutenant and warrant officer. 'So why do you want to join the RAF?' 'I don't,' I replied, 'I want to join the RN next door.' I indicated with my thumb. 'I won't beat about the bush. I have a position of cook available. And that's all, I am afraid.' This triggered alarm bells! I smelled conspiracy. But it was too late. This was a one-way corridor. It was door number 3 and Brown Jobs for me. Inside was a lieutenant and WO2 who welcomed me with open arms. I was informed that I would, within a few weeks, be invited to join the local militia, The Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment), whose depot was in Canterbury.

I recalled a 1915 photo of my grandfather, father and his two brothers dressed in Buffs uniform, taken within Chilham Castle grounds as part of the Chilham Training Platoon, preparing for 'over there'. My grandfather was the platoon sergeant, preparing to send his sons over there via The Buffs 4th (Training) Battalion, based in Dover. I felt quite proud to be joining them. And I know Dad was proud when I first came home (mid-basic training) in uniform wearing Buffs shoulder flashes, which I still possess today.

On 4 September 1958, I and a grammar school chum arrived from Folkestone at Canterbury East station to walk up to Howe Barracks, in some trepidation, I might say. We stopped off at the 16th-century Flying Horse, by the city walls, for a pint to steady the nerves. Shortly afterwards, so reinforced, we presented ourselves at Depot the Buffs. The reception party comprised a couple of corporals and three privates whose job was clearly to intimidate and belittle new arrivals: 'Oh he's already an officer, this one! We'll soon lick him into shape.' (My papers showed me as an executive officer in the civil service.)

Basic training wasn't all bad; it had its lighter moments. My school pal and I soon latched onto 'bobbing and weaving' and not taking things personally. After lights out, we used to imitate the voices of some of the 'brain-cell challenged' trainees and staff. Six weeks out of 10 passed quickly enough and without mishap except for a fall off the high wall on the assault course onto my back, from which I have suffered ever since. Duty of Care, it's called nowadays! At that point, our OC Maj Peckham called me and another lad from Sevenoaks into his office and instructed us to pack our kit as we were being transferred to the I Corps. Who were they, I wondered? Dear Maj Peckham came right out to the road to see us off. His parting words were, 'I don't want to see you back here.' ■

POEM

In April this Earth

In April this earth
Can break into bud
into laughter at will,
Printing lawn, painting shrub
With its bright-coloured mirth,
Can mockingly fill
With honey the calyx, with aloe the stem
To flutter the bees – drowsy bees –
taunting them
For their skill-less tongues,
For sinking too deep
In the waxen forgetting,
the warmth of their winter sleep.

Last April this earth
Could still promise gladness and tumult of harvesting,
Bulb and seed clamoured birth,
Though locked in the dark
hough hugged in the sleep of the mound.

Last April this lawn
Could still weep its tumult, its laughter of daffodil,
The curtaining rain
Rise up from the river to cover the vivid quilt,
To set its soft prisms on tiptoe upon each blade –
but deep in the shade.

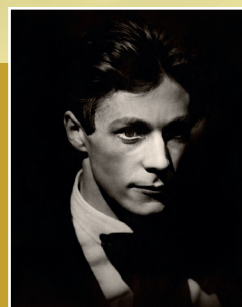
Lest the sun,
Jealous of pearls that another than he had spilt,
Should drink them to nothing, to air, at his own sweet will.

And can this be April –
New lease of the year and laughter's rebirth –
Here where earth
That once clamoured answer is spent and scattered,
No blade, no thrust in clod?
And even the soft evocation of rain
Foments no tumult but that which is spattered
On shrub and flower –
The tumult of mud.
Sole grant from heaven not sunlight: a bomb;
And earth's travail a mock to the bees that waken,
A dismay to the sad daffodil.

Hubert Haggard, Summer 1941

From *I'll go to Bed at Noon:*

A Soldier's Letter to His Sons (1944).



A foremost Shakespearean actor of the 1930s, Capt Hubert Haggard (b.1911) served in the Intelligence Corps from 1941 to 1943 with the BBC's German News section, SOE and the Political Warfare Executive in Cairo.

In February 1943, he committed suicide 'in momentary but extreme depression'.

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From front page:
**WHAT MILITARY LEADER
SAID THIS?**

Answer:
*Field Marshall Viscount
Montgomery
Memoirs (1958)*

