



*Sub Rosa*

Newsletter of the  
FRIENDS OF THE INTELLIGENCE CORPS MUSEUM

www.intelligencemuseum.org

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**NEW ROOM 2 OPENS**



**Many Friends and others accepted the museum’s offer to attend the exclusive opening of the ‘new’ Room 2.**

Over several hours on Monday 5 March, visitors dropped in to enjoy the highly professional exhibits, some of which had originally been on display in Room 1, notably the Name of the Rose memorial interactive. Curator Bill Steadman and Assistant Curator Harriet Huggins were on hand to help visitors especially to explain the concept behind Room 2 that shows the development of the Corps since the First World War. Not least to be savoured was a delicious finger-food lunch, tea and coffee funded by FICM and ICA, thank you to the latter. ■ *Ed.*

***Lt Col John Dee, Chief of Staff***

*Interviewed at HQ Int Corps on 8 February 2018*

*By Chris Yates*

Son of a Royal Engineers sapper who also became a lieutenant colonel, John Dee was born in Shoreham-by-Sea. His schooldays at Gordon Boy’s School did not persuade him to follow in his father’s footsteps – but only for a while. Having signed on for the Corps for six years, he began training at Ashford in March 1985. He flew to his first tour in Germany and from the airport was immediately placed on Exercise Quarter Final

for three weeks – and was probably the only person on it who had packed his No. 2 dress. In Wales he was promoted to corporal, then back to Germany as sergeant with 14 Sigs (EW). The next few years was ‘Cold War stuff’ but a ‘great time’, when you ‘knew your enemy’.

He was in Northern Ireland for a few years with the Force Intelligence Unit. A tour to Bulford and a

deployment to the Balkans was followed by a ‘brilliant’ loan service tour to Oman where he learnt Arabic, immersed himself in Middle Eastern culture and – as you do



*John and Mabel*

***‘Good old Cold War Stuff’***

– finished as an advanced diver/instructor. Back in Northern Ireland as a WO2, he met his wife and began to think more seriously about his career. After Ireland he was sent to Hereford and ended up in the Balkans. Whilst there, 9/11 happened, and as the intelligence (continued on p. 5)

*What’s inside?*

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**DISTRIBUTION GUIDANCE**

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# OPERATION MINCEMEAT

by Lester Hillman

## 75th Anniversary Goon but Not Forgotten

**A**pril 2018 offers the opportunity to mark the 75th anniversary of Operation Mincemeat. The medals of Sir John Masterman now sit prominently in the museum and the acquisition has been described in *Sub Rosa* No. 15, Winter 2016. 'The Man That Never Was' and much of the famous deception of 1943 centred around St Pancras, the hospital, coroner's court and mortuary. The local undertakers, Leverton and Sons, were involved and remain a major local institution. They provided services for the funeral of Princess Diana in 1997.

*Operation Mincemeat* (2010) by local Hampstead author Ben Macintyre, charts the events of early 1943 but other writers dug around in the churchyard long before. Charles Dickens spent his childhood very nearby; *In A Tale of Two Cities* (1859) he describes a highly public funeral where Roger Cly, an Old Bailey spy, is buried in St Pancras Churchyard only to be secretly exhumed very soon after for nefarious purposes.

Bentley Purchase was the St Pancras coroner in 1943; he provided the body of 'Major Bill Martin' and offered technical advice. He received a CBE in 1949 and was knighted in 1958. He presided over some 20,000



*Leverton and Sons - The local undertakers founded in 1789*

inquests and chronicles of misadventure but died in 1961 having fallen off a ladder fixing a TV aerial. Despite a slightly different spelling perhaps there are family echoes in the St Pancras landscape: in the churchyard there is a gravestone to Robert Purchase, from a local political family and nearby is Purchase Street under which the Fleet River flows.

The Operation Mincemeat story has been explored in film and the wider media. Just up the road at Mornington Crescent a plaque on the KoKo nightclub



*The wall is one of the last vestiges of the St Pancras Goods Yards used in the London - New York Harrier Race 1969*



*St Pancras Coroner's Court*

marks the last Goon Show recorded there on 30 April 1972. The shows began in 1951 and an early contributor was Michael Bentine who was a fluent linguist including Spanish. He had been in military intelligence with links to MI9. In the book edited by Norma Farnes, Spike Milligan's manager for three decades, she says of Bentine '... involved in aspects of reconnaissance or military intelligence ... somewhat reluctant to talk about his army career (except its hilarious bumbling moments'.

One of the script writers for the Goons was Larry Stephens, a former commando captain. With Spike Milligan he wrote 'The Man Who Never Was' broadcast 20 March 1956, a few days after the premiere of the film. In fact there were several Goon Show broadcasts under this title. 31 March 1953, after the story surfaced in the *Sunday Express* and again on 17 February 1958. Larry Stephens was to die of a brain haemorrhage in St Pancras in 1959, just 35 years old. His death may even have been considered at the coroner's court.

*Lester has written a guide brochure on the St Pancras Churchyard. On Tuesday, 17 April 2018 at 11 a.m., he has offered to lead a 75th anniversary walk for the Friends and ICA SLAM, exploring the locations, institutions, personalities and some of the surreal links. ■*

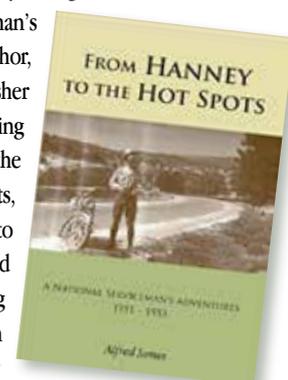


# BOOK REVIEW

## 'A Fine Writer'

### From Hanney to the Hot Spots: A National Serviceman's Adventures 1951-1953 by Alfred James, Stanford Faringdon, 2017

It is difficult to understand why it has been left so late to write this book; after all, the events he describes took place more than 65 years ago. It describes itself as 'a national serviceman's adventures'. The author, according to the publisher 'takes us on a fascinating journey to two of the world's trouble spots, Egypt and Cyprus, into which he was dropped as an unsuspecting National Serviceman in the early 1950s'. For some unexplained reason



he has chosen to write under a pseudonym; you won't recognise him unless you can do so from the photo of the author at 242 Field Security Section, Egypt in 1952. The publisher describes the book as 'full of insight and humour'. He also suggests that 'it will be sure to delight anyone who lived through that era ... or who has an interest in the social and political history of that time'. I would hesitate to go that far and I was a contemporary (1954-1956). Throughout, the author puts his experiences into political and historical context with valuable introductions and appendices; without these, the book would be a very slim volume indeed.

Anyone who did national service is almost certainly likely to be 80 or close. It was an amazing period in British history including, as it did, much of the disintegration of the British Empire.

This is not the first effort to tell the story of national servicemen in the Corps. *Sub Rosa* has had two articles on national service: 'I want to be in the Intelligence Corps' and 'Get Some In\*' for which I must plead guilty. If one can find one's way to the BETFOR Association via the newsletter there is a two-part article 'The Incompetent National Serviceman'. Well worth reading, as this is an area of conflict rarely mentioned.

Alfred James must be congratulated on recording memories that many of us (thankfully) still share. His memory is outstanding. Let us hope that this is not his final effort. He is a fine writer. ■

\*Also in *The Rose and The Laurel* 2017 Ed.

# THE SPY WHO WENT INTO THE COLD?

By Tony Hetherington

It was going to be just a friendly chat. A ‘How are things going?’ sort of chat. No agenda, hidden or otherwise. But there was still an undeniable buzz to walking through Checkpoint Charlie, along Friedrichstrasse and then turning onto Krausenstrasse. John Peet’s office was on an upper floor of a run-down building. It was a far cry from his old base in West Berlin before he defected more than 20 years earlier. Or had he defected at all? Can you really be a defector yet remain British, free to take that five-minute walk back to the West whenever you choose? But John Peet was a man of contradictions and this was just one of them.



He was born in 1915 to parents who were Quakers, pacifists. Yet almost as soon as he left school, Peet joined the Grenadier Guards. His family bought him out within months, and he taught English in Prague, and travelled in Germany, until in 1937 he joined the International Brigade in Spain. He fought as a machine-gunner against Franco’s fascists

at Ebro, was wounded, and in December 1938 he was repatriated to England. The following year, he joined the British Palestine Police, later moving into British-controlled Jerusalem Radio as a journalist. The experience stood him in good stead, and in 1945 back in London, he talked his way into a job with the Reuters news agency. By 1949, Peet was running the Reuters office in Berlin. It was a plum posting. As bureau chief, he mixed with top Allied officers, mingled with senior German politicians, and even got to know the playwright Bertolt Brecht. (For me, this was impressive. Just a few days before meeting Peet, I had seen *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* at the East Berlin theatre run by Brecht’s widow Helene Weigel.)

Berlin in 1949 was probably the most news-generating city on the planet. As the Allies put together the machinery of government for West Germany, the Soviets in their zone of occupation set up the German Democratic Republic. And in the heart of the Soviet Zone – or GDR – there was West Berlin, and John Peet.

Then came 12 June 1950. Gerhart Eisler, head of the GDR’s Information Department, called a press conference in East Berlin. Western journalists expected some fresh announcement from the Communist authorities. Instead, one of their own number, John Peet, took the microphone and announced his defection. Britain, he said, was becoming a ‘powerless American colony’, Western forces were ‘warmongers’. Always professional, at the end of his press conference Peet telephoned Reuters and dictated the story of his own defection. Reuters refused to issue it. But equally professional, the agency sent Peet £6 in outstanding pay and refunded his pension contributions. He gave the agency his new phone number in East Berlin, but the only call that came was to ask where he had left the keys to the office safe.

But if the Soviets had hoped for intelligence treasure from Peet, they were probably disappointed. Over drinks he claimed that General Sir Charles Keightley, then head of the British Army of the Rhine, had revealed plans for a new German army. But BAOR headquarters commented drily that General Keightley was not even at the cocktail party. Nonetheless, Peet’s defection had a propaganda value. He established an English language publication called *Democratic German Report*, aimed at influencing opinion in the West. His trademark was to denounce former Nazis still at large, or who had become public figures in West Germany.

When I commented on this, he told me openly that the GDR held a mountain of such stories, trickled out whenever it wanted to embarrass the West. A Peet classic was the publication of a photograph of recently released war criminal Field Marshal Kesselring addressing a political meeting in West Germany, guarded by four young men wearing brown uniforms and jackboots. Politics aside, Peet was happiest trotting

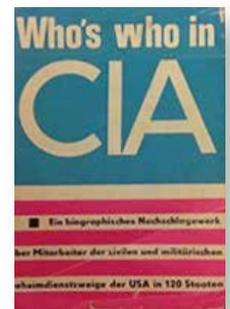
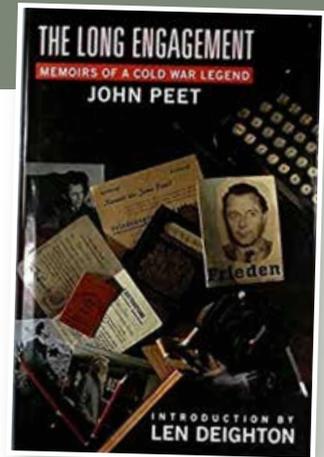
out anecdotes about his role as the best-known Englishman in East Berlin – a role he portrayed in GDR films.

He gleefully told me how he had been contacted by Len Deighton, who was preparing to film his novel *Funeral in Berlin*. Deighton had asked conspiratorially whether Peet could help him get into East Berlin, for a sense of its atmosphere. And Peet had rejoiced in explaining that all Deighton had to do was walk through a checkpoint, like anyone else with a British passport! Had I seen the film? Yes, I told Peet, I had seen it. And with a broad grin, he described how Michael Caine was filmed approaching a crossing point from the West in sunshine, but as he entered the East, the sun vanished and the sky became grey. Propaganda, you see, just propaganda! So was Peet happy in the East? The simple answer is yes. The fuller answer is that he sometimes found everyday life frustrating. The regime could relax a little, he believed. And there was even a hint of doubt about the invasion of Czechoslovakia. But the Wall was justified, to stop the GDR from bleeding to death as its educated young people were seduced into heading west. He had made his choice and he stood by it.

As I readied to leave the undeniably shabby office on Krausenstrasse, Peet stood up, a tall, gaunt figure, and gestured me into a side room. He picked from a shelf a small volume the size of a pocket phrase book. He handed it to me. It was entitled simply *Who’s Who in CIA*. More than 500 pages listed names, biographical details, and areas of operation. Perhaps I raised an eyebrow. Peet shrugged: ‘They just got hold of some sort of personnel list,’ he said. I didn’t ask who ‘They’ were, and he didn’t tell me. Walking back down Friedrichstrasse, I opened the book. The Company’s London station chief was not in it. Had he escaped notice? Unlikely. Had he been edited out deliberately? Who knows. But the book – which I still have – later yielded something of a postscript.

On December 23 1975, an American diplomat was assassinated in Greece. Richard Welch was in fact the CIA station chief in Athens. It was widely claimed that he had been identified by Philip Agee, a renegade former CIA officer living in London. Agee had just published a tell-all book called *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*, and was addressing meetings – one of which I attended – where he would name names. However, on this particular charge, Agee was innocent. Welch was not named in his book, nor at any meeting I ever heard about. But Welch is there in black and white in the small book given to me by John Peet in East Berlin. Perhaps the killing of Welch was just a handy opportunity for the Cousins to blame their own defector, Agee.

John Peet died in East Berlin in 1988, missing by a year the demolition of the Berlin Wall and the collapse of the country he had championed. His autobiography, *The Long Engagement: Memoirs of a Cold War Legend*, was published after his death. It includes an introduction by Len Deighton, perhaps returning the favour shown by Peet, the man who told him just how to get from West to East – and back again. ■



# Operation Stern Post

By Fred Judge

## 'a decidedly dodgy reputation'

Briefings for this operation took up most of the first half of April 1973 and were held at HQ 5 Security Company. Op Stern Post was the culmination of nearly six years of investigations and was to be undertaken against five Ukrainian MSO employees. In 1966, investigations had commenced into the activities of the East European émigré organisations (such as the Polish Zgoda, and Ukrainian Bereska etc.) within the ranks of MSO employees. The emphasis was on how much they might have been exploited by HOIS and whether the security of BAOR and RAFG might have been compromised and, if so, to what degree. By this stage the five individuals, who were employed variously as drivers, ammunition compound guards and labourers, had been identified as probable security risks and considerable quantities of intelligence to support this had been supplied by some first-class sources. Amongst these sources was a senior member of staff of one of the newspapers published for a Ukrainian homeland organisation known as the OUN – the Organisation of Ukrainian Nationalists. His cover name was Chablis. This man had not been an employee of the British, but the German authorities were happy to go along with his recruitment by the British as long as they received equal access to all the intelligence received. This was, of course, agreed to. The previous head of this organisation had been Lev Rebet who, in 1957, was targeted by the KGB and assassinated. His death was followed a year or so later, by that of Stefan Bandera.

The reader will therefore appreciate that those members of the OUN known by the Soviets to be acting as agents of the British could find themselves in a dangerous situation. The full capabilities of Intelligence & Security Group (Germany) were to be utilised. This included covert and semi-covert surveillance prior to, and after the interviews, full body and accommodation searches, tape recording the interviews as well as the conversations of the individuals during the periods they believed themselves to be alone. We also practised static surveillance, where operators would be posted at intervals along a route which the target person was known or could be expected to use either on foot or in a vehicle. We briefed the other military agencies such as the SIB (RMP) and the military heads of the PCLUs for the districts in which the suspects worked as well as the German civilian agencies who would take part, the N-Stellen, LfV Lower Saxony and customs and excise. The operational control lay with HQ Intelligence & Security Group whilst the overall political control lay with BSSO(G).

On the day of the operation, 5 June, we were organised into five separate teams with personnel drawn from all over Int & Secy Grp (Germany). Representatives from the LfV, N-Stellen, SIB and German customs accompanied the teams, in which at least one fluent German speaker had been included. The teams departed in a miscellany of mostly privately owned, vehicles so as to arrive at their various locations by 0500 hrs. These locations were units in Hildesheim, Fallingbostel, Liebenau and Bergen-Hohne. At the same time, the mobile surveillance section ('The Det') took up positions at predetermined locations in order to check for counter-surveillance and any action by other members of the units in question deemed to be out of the ordinary.

The team in which I was the interpreter and which was commanded by a warrant officer descended on the Liebenau unit promptly at 0500 hrs and surprise was complete. Our target was Alois T, a Ukrainian-born ammunition compound guard with a decidedly dodgy reputation. He was woken, hauled from his bed, told to strip completely and given a blanket with which to cover himself. We then commenced the search, which was thorough indeed. Even his extremely dubious underpants were checked. We found nothing in his accommodation, although the customs and the

SIB, who carried out a full search of the rest of the unit, discovered all sorts of contraband including petrol, ammunition, a rifle and military rations hidden in roof spaces. Alois T and the others were then taken to the security section in Celle, where the whole place had been wired for sound.

The interviews were conducted over the next 24 hours and, although no espionage materials were discovered during the searches, the results of the interviews confirmed our suspicions that all five of the suspects had had more than a nodding relationship with Soviet organisations as well as with known Soviet intelligence officers. We had photographic evidence that Alois T had visited East Berlin on a number of occasions where he had spoken to RIS officers. We also received information which supported the view that T was earmarked to sabotage the Liebenau ammunition compound during a period of tension leading to war. Mikolaj A was known to have had contact with KGB or GRU officers.

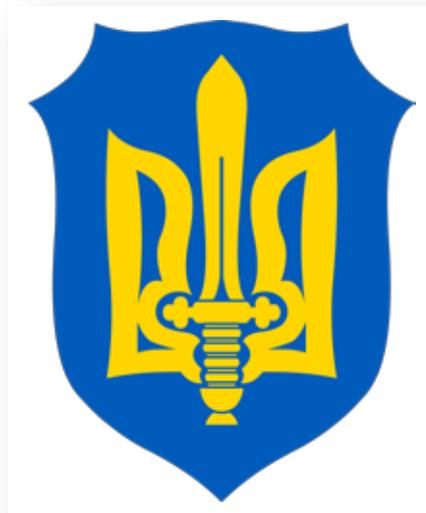
His wife and daughter still lived in the Ukraine and this fact was certainly used by the Soviets to bring pressure on him. Pawel D was believed to have talent spotted a Ukrainian neighbour for the Soviets. Kazimir M was also known to have had contact with Soviet intelligence officers and once spent four days in a building next to the Soviet Embassy in East Berlin. Finally, Wjaczslaw B was likewise known to have had contact with Soviet intelligence officers in East Berlin.

After the interviews all five were summarily dismissed and barred from further employment with the British. They were then released and the German authorities took over the responsibility for them. None of them was charged (association was not a crime), but the event was taken to heart by the MSO units where the inadvisability of associating with our potential enemies was well noted.

After the suspects' release, the surveillance section mounted coverage of the Bereska meeting place. They reported that it was in turmoil for quite a while. No real attempt was made to disguise the surveillance and one or two Bereska members came outside to stare pointedly at the surveillance vehicle specially chosen for this task (it was later changed, of course). I seem to remember that the turmoil was alleged to have extended to the Soviet Consulate General in Hamburg where the RIS maintained a quite important *Rezidentura*.

In December a similar operation was mounted against eight Polish members of the MSO who were suspected of cosying up to the PIS. It was named Operation Rail Spike. However, by then, I had been posted back to the UK. ■

*(Extract from my personal memoirs 'No Adverse Trace'.)*



*Emblem of the Organisation of Ukrainian Nationalists*

*Photo: Web*

## Home from the Front 1916



Photo: Web

### On Leave

I had auchteen months o' the war,  
Steel and pouter and reek'  
Fitsore, weary and wauf, –  
Syne I got hame for a week.

Daft-like I entered the toun,  
I scarcely kenned for my ain.  
I sleepit twae days in my bed,  
The third I buried my wean.

The wife sat greetin' at hame,  
While I wandered oot to the hill,  
My heart as cauld as a stane,  
But my heid gaun roond like a mill.

I wasna the man I had been, –  
Juist a gangrel dozin' in fits ;–  
The pin had faun oot o' the warld,  
And I doddered amang the bits.

I clam to the Lammerlaw  
And sat me down on the cairn ;–  
The best o' my freends were deid,  
And noo I had buried my bairn ;–

The stink o' the gas in my nose,  
The colour o' bluid in my ee,  
And the biddin' o' Hell in my lug  
To curse my Maker and dee.

But up in that gloamin' hour,  
On the heather and thymy sod,  
Wi' the sun gaun doon in the Wast  
I made my peace wi' God ...

John Buchan 1916

Wauf: swaying, unsteady

Gangrel: tramp, vagrant, vagabond

From Poems Scots and English, (1917)  
by Lt Col J Buchan, Intelligence Corps  
(1914–1922)

## Lt Col John Dee, Chief of Staff (Continued from p.1)

officer he managed resources to deal with the current operation whilst thinking about Afghanistan, then a little-known environment; they really did have to 'start from scratch'.

At Hereford, he was selected as RSM and in 1MI Bn had to ask a Guards transferee to learn how to use his pace-stick (his father's). He wasn't entirely sure what the senior Corps soldier was supposed to do, but his two COs kindly helped him out. This was an incredibly 'rewarding time' that also included a tour to Iraq at the start of the Second Gulf War, despite telling his wife on arrival that he would not be deploying for the next two years.

After two years as RSM, he was commissioned and became adjutant for a specialist intelligence unit in Northern Ireland. In 2007 he left for Afghanistan after helping to close the unit down at the end of Operation Banner. John was awarded a Queen's Commendation for Valuable Service in Afghanistan, then had the hard luck to be posted to Las Vegas with the UK's Reaper UAV programme.

Two years as a staff officer in Chicksands then to staff college returning as OC Templer Company. This was 'fantastic' and 'phenomenally rewarding', dealing with soldiers and officers 'hungry to learn – and some who were just hungry'. It was a privileged opportunity to 'shape a generation'. Quoting Napoleon's belief in leadership as a 'dealer in hope' he says that you must give your subordinates something to hold on to. He didn't want to leave the 'best subunit command in the Corps'.

Sadly, on his third day of service as liaison officer

in Pakistan in December 2014, the Taliban killed 132 schoolchildren at the Army Public School in Peshawar.

Promoted to lieutenant colonel he went to Northwood to PJHQ as SO1 J2 Plans for an 'incredibly rewarding' two years.

John arrived at HQ Int Corps in August 2017 for his last tour. Somewhat amazingly, he says that he 'never sought a career' but he is now helping to put something back, dealing with a generation 'who expect more'.

'Our soldiers and officers are amongst the brightest and best the army has; we must keep them, otherwise they will walk. There are threats and it is vital that we retain our operational relevance.

'Try to work with a smile on your face and enjoy what you do. Life's too short and too many people

take it all too seriously when they don't have to. There is a time and place to be serious, just ask the families of our fallen and wounded'. He goes on 'In this job, the culmination of my career, it's an honour and privilege to bind people to the cap badge but we need to get them early, show them what separates us from the "outside".'

With the proposed move of the Military Intelligence Museum offsite, one of the jobs of the chief of staff is to express what is expected of a HQ Int Corps-based museum. Of this task, John Dee says with great conviction, 'People need to know what has gone before to appreciate where they are going.'

Thank you, John Dee. ■

*'Need to  
know what  
has gone  
before'*

### Wellington Medal

The medal that should have appeared in the last newsletter. See email to members dated 15 December 2017.



*Now uploaded  
to the website*

*'Chicksanguine'  
by Lester Hillman  
If you dare ...*

*Like what you are reading?*

*Become a Friend and receive*

**SUB ROSA**  
*three times a year!*



Go to [www.intelligencemuseum.org](http://www.intelligencemuseum.org)  
for an online application form

## An Encounter with the KGB

by David Duncan

### 'paralytic Stasi crawling on all fours'

I recently acquired my Stasi files, shown in the first photo. They were compiled when I was a BRIXMIS member in the late 1970s. This prompted me to compile notes to accompany them to archives, including this account. There was reference to my 'town tours' but not the other form of visit we were allowed in 'cultural tours'. I had booked myself, my wife Jean and our driver named Bob into the main Interhotel in Dresden.



Stasi files Photo: DD

When we went to dinner we found that a table had been reserved specifically for us. I could not recall this happening on previous visits. During our meal we also found that two men wearing civilian clothes, and sitting at an adjacent table became quite friendly towards us. Our common language was German, though one of them introduced himself as Russian. His fluency in German, similar to mine in my pomp, caused me to smell a rodent so large that even the Pied Piper of Hamelin would have had difficulty in dealing with it. Besides, by then even the infamous Piper would have needed a visa to enter the East.

His companion was a native East German and, whilst he did not have 'Stasi' stamped on his forehead, aroused my suspicions in that direction. This was based partly on intuition acquired by encounters with them as 'narks' following my tour car and also looking out for them when staying at DDR Interhotels, which were a kind of 'Stasi Central'.

Someone much less attuned to this was a representative of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission staying at such a hotel in Potsdam as part of his visit to cemeteries in the DDR. A BRIXMIS officer had dinner with him and said that they were almost surrounded by Stasi personnel in the bar but the visitor was completely oblivious to this and asked what the officer's own role was. The latter gave a diplomatic reply, only to be asked in a loud voice with a strong Ulster accent by the other 'Tell me, do you get up to any spying while you're out there?' Spilt drinks galore!

I was becoming increasingly suspicious of what this pair was up to. I had already convinced myself that this was a joint KGB/Stasi operation as both of those security organisations were regularly engaged in anti-Mission activities. I said nothing to either Bob or Jean, but was pleased for both to be

there. Bob because he was a kind of minder being a big burly chap, as well as our driver. Jean because that probably ruled out a honeytrap attempt.

This couple became even friendlier and was chatting quite happily with us. I acted as interpreter for Bob and Jean. The Russian then suggested that since we had finished our meal and wine, plus were getting on so well together, would we like to join him in an old Russian custom involving vodka. My own previous experience of this was at our annual visit to the Potsdam Soviet Officers' Club to celebrate Red Army day on 23 February. I had usually recovered sufficiently by the next such occasion, a whole year later. . .

I therefore cautiously agreed and he ordered a carafe of the dreaded stuff. We all drank toasts to friendship: *Drushba* (Russian) and *Freundschaft* (German). The carafe did not last long and he immediately got another. By now, alarm bells were ringing so loud that they could have been heard back in Berlin. The penny, or more appropriately the pfennig, was also beginning to drop. They wanted to get us drunk, or me at least, and perhaps to also embarrass me somehow. I got Bob to switch to soft drinks using the reason that he had to drive early next day. Jean switched back to wine which she could simply sip.

The rest of us were knocking back vodka as straight shots, with repeated toasts which became a bit of a blur. As well as having two sober Brits to keep an eye on me I also had two other advantages: a full stomach as a lining and also a strong constitution. When yet more vodka arrived I knew I could not keep this up indefinitely

though; nor could the Stasi by the look of it either! The Russian was in his element of course.

Instinct for survival told me that I had to seize back the initiative from 'Ivan'. I thought of a tactic which I had used occasionally against Stasi surveillance operatives in cars if they were becoming too much of a nuisance and keeping us away from our targets. I would pull into a lay-by or petrol station and loudly point them out as Stasis. They hated it and scarpered.

So I asked the Russian to come to the foyer with me. He followed me into the most public part of the hotel and then I got my embarrassment in first by accusing him loudly of something or other, but not of being a spy. A perceived insult instead. Two things gave me the confidence to do this, my uniform which meant diplomatic immunity and my fluency in German. As for Dutch courage, well it was more of a Russian nature.

I left him there and went to the gents where I saw the poor, paralytic Stasi crawling on all fours into a cubicle to be violently sick. I had got my revenge on him at least by drinking him under the table. An interview without coffee (which he could have badly needed) with his superiors would follow because his part in the operation had been completely blown. The look on his face conveyed neither sweetness nor light as I returned to the foyer, where the Russian had vanished.

So did we three Brits and returned to Berlin. Uneventfully, after sleeping it off in my case. ■



Russian Tittle



# AFTER THE CORPS WAS OVER

Initially, post-corps memoirs by members of the First 100 Regular Officers who joined the Corps after 1957

Former Corps personnel welcome to contribute

## 'Putting the world to rights'

By Lt Col (retd) Lionel Lacey-Johnson  
Int Corps 1956–1977

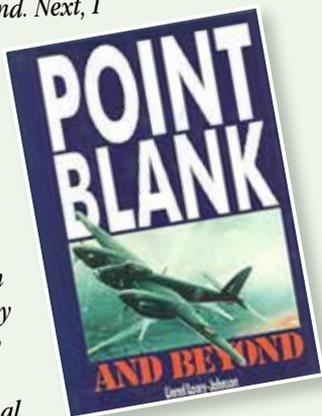
In 1977, an avid small boat sailor requiring a mooring for my boat, I applied for a job with the embryonic Brighton Marina, some 20 miles from Eastbourne where I had settled with my wife Corinne and family. Initially as a berthing attendant later I become the barbour manager with responsibilities for the day-to-day operation of the Marina. However, in 1983 the site was bought by the former boxer and entrepreneur, George Walker, and construction work began on the metropolis you can see today. All was becoming highly commercialised, so I quit. Corinne was furious: 'What are you going to do all day?'

I settled down with my family history, visiting all over the country and a trip to New Zealand. Next, I

researched how one of my brothers had been killed in action whilst a navigator with RAF Bomber Command. This project led to my book, Point Blank and Beyond (1991), a major study of the bombing of French and Belgian rail networks on German ability to move reinforcements quickly to the Normandy battlefield. I also organised annual memorial ceremonies at my brother's war

grave in France, by veterans of the same raid during which he had been killed, and by serving members of the RAF squadron in which he served at the time of his death. This in turn led to my involvement in an Anglo-French association, 'Mailly 3/4 Mai 1944', and the erection of a memorial to the 250 aircrew who had died that night bombing a French Army barracks at Mailly-le-Camp, taken over by the Germans as a tank refitting and tank training area. I became a police volunteer with Sussex Police and chairman of Eastbourne Neighbourhood Watch. I also kept up my ties with ICA and the Medmenham Club. Somehow I found time to take flying lessons and obtained my private pilot licence. And, of course, I kept on sailing Sea Wyf in and out of harbours on both sides of the Channel and North Sea.

After Corinne died in 2013, I joined the bowls club and became a member of the Society of Eastbourne Artists, selling two paintings. I belong to a 'Romeo' (retired old men eating out) lunch club, meeting each week at a different pub, lunching and putting the world to rights. Anyway, after her initial outburst, I never heard Corinne ask again what I was going to do with myself all day!



## 'Running down the coast of Portugal on a starry night'

Colonel (retd) Brian Terry  
Int Corps 1958-92

After retirement, with plenty of time and me not intending further paid employment, we bought a heavy displacement offshore yacht with distant shores in mind. While my wife continued her work in the British Museum for 18 months, I took a few days each week to make alterations and improvements to suit longer spells on board. We then cruised for weeks at a time in the Channel Islands and Brittany area for a year or two and bought an old, rundown former inn in the Blackdown Hills of Devon, to be close to our ageing mothers.



We tackled plumbing, electrics and roof work, but realised that, late in life, I was unlikely to acquire the skills needed for good work with hand tools. We therefore bought a number of serious woodworking machines and were then able to build a complete kitchen, oak panel the drawing room, make and lay parquet flooring and build furniture. Happy days! The downside, realised too late, was that our two daughters thought Papa should do similar work for them.

Having sailed our earlier boat to the eastern Mediterranean while serving, on leaving Brittany we had Gibraltar and the western Med in mind. Brest to Corunna in Spain leaves no hiding place and, as expected, Biscay produced the offshore sailor's lot of too little wind. But running down the coast of Portugal, well offshore with a starry night and a warm fair wind, is the stuff of dreams. Sadly after a while in southern Spain, our mothers needed care and the mate wanted a break!

There was a tear or two when we parted with our Giles 38, but we have bought two other boats since then and have moved to Norfolk to be nearer to our family. After 25 years in retirement our life has continued very much the same: sailing, lots of DIY for us and our daughters, work in our one-acre garden and, of course, on our present old Dutch motorsailer.

Recently my wife has spoken of a Land Rover and the Arctic Circle: personally I favour being afloat in the sun. Stand by!

## NOTICES AND NOTES FOR MEMBERS

### ***NEW Trustees***

#### *Tony Moore*

Tony joined Squad 29 in 1969, passing out in July 1970. At Corps Day that year, he presented Field Marshall Sir Gerald Templer with the key to the original museum. He served mainly in Germany and Berlin as a Russian linguist and analyst, being commissioned in 1989. After leaving the army in 1994, he worked for the Institution of Occupational Safety and Health as facilities manager until retiring in 2012, having become a chartered safety and health practitioner. His main hobby is training others in advanced driving. He's also a trustee of a military charity in Leicestershire offering accommodation to former service personnel with a disability pension.

#### *Paul Croxson*

A national serviceman who served at Langeleben, Paul has a deep interest in the involvement of the Corps with Bletchley Park and is an avid collector of books on signals intelligence. He has a fascination with the broader world of intelligence, illustrated by the thought-provoking articles and book reviews he writes for the Intelligence Corps Association's annual *The Rose and The Laurel* and for *Sub Rosa*. It's his second bout as a trustee, the first being with John Quenby in 2011, when the Friends were reincarnated, along with this newsletter.

*To see what they look like,  
please visit: <http://www.intelligencemuseum.org/about.php>*

### EDITORIAL - WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR

#### *'Memories are like hunting horns*

#### *Whose sound dies on the wind'*

#### *Guillaume Apollinaire 1912*

If this issue seems a little heavy with recollection then it is not by design; these are the best contributions that came in. Recollections, or episodes of the memory are cherished by the writer and hopefully appreciated by the reader. Apollinaire, who was wounded in WWI and died of the Spanish Flu in 1918, likens memory to the fading bleat of a horn, which sounds a bit like the Last Post. Whatever the case, for anyone working in the Corps archive, he or she can palpably see that recollections in print and voice are the backbone to the story of intelligence. Inside this issue, we have Friends' memories of the KGB, a Cold War defector and an Int&Sy operation in BAOR. Taking the analogy of hunting a little further, if a recollection is the sound of the horn what might be the quarry? All the recollections put together make a form of history in an archive essential to a museum that protects a certain heritage. For the Friends, our quarry is the pride that we take in supporting a museum that provides inspiration for those in the Corps family and the general public. Thanks to Guillaume for helping us to remember. ■

### VOLUNTEERS' CHRISTMAS LUNCH 2017

*By Chris Yates*



*Christmas Luncheon 2017*

On 12 December last, 24 museum volunteers, staff and partners again met to celebrate Christmas. Everyone enjoyed fine festive food and drink in a private room at the Hare and Hounds, Old Warden. Many volunteers encounter each other but rarely, their work being at various locations and at differing times; it was good to put names to faces, to renew acquaintances and to get to know others a little better.

Curator Bill Steadman thanked volunteers, staff, trustees and other supporters for their efforts over the year. Many thanks are also due to FICM's patron, the museum trustees and FICM trustees for subsidising the lunch. We look forward to getting together again at the end of 2018. ■

### MUSEUM MOVES

*By Tony Hetherington*

The proposed move of the Military Intelligence Museum to the Duke of Bedford's estate at Milton Bryan has reached the stage of consulting architects over the conversion there of what was the World War II 'black propaganda' base. Much of the recent work has been financed with the help of a generous donation of £95,000 from the funds of the Intelligence Corps Association. The museum comprises several distinct collections, with a major part being the Intelligence Corps Museum itself, which was originally established in the late 1960s in Ashford, and FICM trustees have been given an assurance that much of this collection will remain at Chicksands, or wherever the Corps is located in the future. ■

### LATE SUMMER EVENT:

#### **Pimm's on the Terrace 18 September 2018**

This year's Pimm's on the Terrace at Chicksands will be on 18 September, with Lt Gen (ret'd) Sir John Kiszely KCB MC as speaker (see photo). Among many senior army appointments, John was a director general of the Defence Academy of the United Kingdom. The subject of his talk will be the Norway campaign.

Registration details will appear in the summer *Sub Rosa* and by email from the website ■

