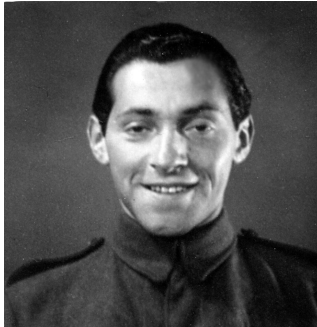


Special Feature Suspicion

I was an ex-enemy alien wearing the English King's uniform. After the fall of France, I and thousands of other escapees from Nazism were herded together in internment camps. If the expected German invasion had taken place, there would have been no need for them to search for us. We were already neatly segregated, ready for shipment to points further east.



or catching up on lost sleep. Only the rhythmic clattering of the carriage wheels filled the stale, smoky air.

Ready for a Chat?

Eagerly I began planning how to make the most of two precious days with my wife and new baby

daughter. I pondered hard, but how long does it take to plan for a mere 48 hours? I could hardly see the uninspiring scenery through the grimy window. I would have to find someone to talk to.

Who, I thought, would be ready for a chat? Surely everyone has a story to tell, even the red-haired freckled young woman opposite, looking not at but through me. Or perhaps the chap roughly my age, over there. But he was staring fixedly out of the window, totally ignoring the rest of us.

Apart from five older women, there was only one other man, old enough to be my grandfather, who seemed a possible candidate for conversation. True, his thin, downward-curved lips and weary, lined face were not promising. And as soon as we'd exchanged a few words, my hunch was confirmed. He ran down everything - the Government, the Generals, Admirals and Air Marshalls, the rationing system, the lot. He would have won the war a long time ago.

When I got a word in edgeways, he realised that English was not my mother tongue. Leaning forward as if to ask me a question, but giving the answer himself, he said in self-satisfied tones: "You must be Welsh!" Not wanting to correct him,

Hush - Hush

Subsequent to my release I joined what was then called the 'Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps', the Pioneer Corps for short, also known as the Army's domestics. After serving my apprenticeship in the form of loading and unloading freight cars, building roads, felling trees and unblocking sewers for three long years, I was finally considered sufficiently trustworthy for a transfer to Movement Control, the hush-hush branch of the Royal Engineers which plans and controls any beachhead landing.

After lengthy training and endless night exercises, at last I had a 48 hour pass in my hand to see my young family in London. At that time travelling meant frequent delays, freight trains had priority, carriages were crowded and dirty. Getting to the station only just in time, I was too late to buy a newspaper or magazine.

No one spoke in the compartment. My fellow travellers, four opposite and four others tightly squeezed together on my side, were all lost in their own thoughts,

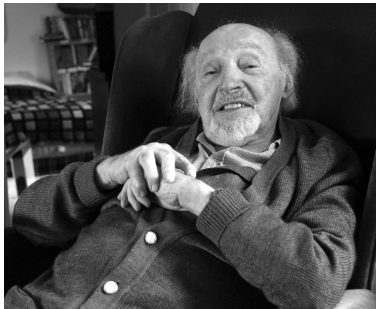
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or to enter into lengthy explanations, I gave a quick nod, and steered our conversation onto another subject.

Being Watched

Whilst the conversation continued, I had a strange feeling of being watched, or at least listened to. The exchange over my imaginary Welshness showed me it was the young chap by the window, who surely had given me a sharp look. I tried to catch him at it again but every time I glanced at him, he had just looked away. Finally, I gave him a frank stare. He turned casually; but as his eyes met mine, they dropped, and he turned away once again to stare out of the window.

He looked tall and lean. In his narrow, sun-tanned face the small eyes were almost hidden under a low forehead, crowned by thinning, close-cropped, blondish hair. He sat motionless, except for long bony fingers nervously drumming on his shabby blue trousers.



Despite the mild weather he wore a tightly buttoned up, shiny black leather jacket which just allowed a dark blue turtle-neck jersey to peek out. No hat, no cap, only a small worn-out suitcase on the luggage rack above him.

The conviction had been growing in me, but now I was sure. That underhand surveillance - I had seen his type before. Yes, that's it - in black SS uniforms, in brown SA uniforms. He's an escaped prisoner-of-war, or maybe the enemy within, like the one on *The enemy is listening* poster: the hard face, the cold fanatical eyes, it all fitted.

I saw the glint of his eyes watching me.

He knows what I know!

Outside in the crowded corridor, I tried to collect my thoughts. It was my absolute obligation, I decided, to hand him over to the police or failing that make a citizen's arrest. Of course I would not decline a mention in dispatches, nor a medal. As the train slowed down outside King's Cross, I pushed my way out and jumped off before it came to a halt. I could see no sign of my quarry and began to run, determined to find an officer of the law before he appeared. Not a redcap or bobby in sight.

Arrest that Man!

Suddenly my quarry pushed past me, heading in long, rapid strides for the underground station. I shoved aside a startled schoolboy - and there at last stood two tall military policeman, their revolvers dangling reassuringly from their white belts.

To my amazement he stopped right in front of them, and even said something to the sergeant. Was he surrendering, determined to rob me of my moment of glory? No way!

I redoubled my speed, fixing my eyes on the sergeant's face, over my quarry's shoulder. I lifted my hand to point, and opened my mouth to say loud and clear "Sergeant, arrest this man! He is a German spy!"

As I do, I see, as though in a mirror, his arm rise, and his finger point - at me. "Sergeant" he says, in ringing Welsh tones, "arrest this man, he's a German spy!"

Julius Brainin (Pictured then and now)