

Rumania at the beginning of the war. When the fourteen records had been transmitted, we started them all over again from the beginning.

The simplest of the lessons was—"If you see a valve or a stopcock in the oil fields just give it a turn as you pass." I thought this such an attractive device that, without consulting my engineer friend again, I ran a similar campaign for the Austrian oil fields under the slogan 'Gehn ma drahn!'—roughly—'Let's take a turn—let's have a dance!'

But when on a visit to Vienna after the war, I asked Mr. Van Sichel, the Canadian pioneer of the Austrian oil industry, whether our campaign had achieved any results in Austria, he hooted with derisive laughter.

"Give the valves a twist, my boy, is splendid advice for mucking up the Rumanian oil wells. But it won't work here. We have a different system for our oil wells, and there are no stopcocks and valves for you to turn!"

The other Balkan operation was Bulgarian. Believe it or not, our Bulgarian team laid on a Freedom Station that was meant to sound like a Bulgarian Freedom Station run by the Germans! Roughly, its line was the same as if a Goebbels Freedom Station claiming to be British had broadcast in English—"Ve Prittischers must help ze Führer lipperate our gountry . . ."

In order to put this one over convincingly, we had to find among the German refugees in Britain two who could speak Bulgarian with a strong German accent. We found them. They were excellent, and—for those who understood Bulgarian—wonderfully funny.

I am told that this counterfeit of a counterfeit did a lot to make the Germans in Sofia look ridiculous. Everyone thought them responsible for a clumsy and insulting fake. And well may it have been so. For, as I used to tell my team, the simplest and most effective of all 'black' operations is to spit in a man's soup and cry 'Heil Hitler!'