

DAILY EXPRESS THE INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

OPINION

Trouble-seekers

AN intolerable strain is being placed on the Metropolitan police by continual political demonstrations in London. The force is grossly under strength: less than what it was in 1921 although crime has risen twenty-fold.

Yet hardly a day goes by without gangs marching up and down: some of them—as on Saturday—seeking a punch-up.

The key issue is this: why should the protection of millions of people in the Metropolitan area be hazarded so that hands of troublemakers may roam the streets in the guise of political protest?

No one disputes the right of individuals to express dissent peacefully. That right is at the heart of democracy. But so is law and order.

The police cannot be expected to cope with 500 demos a year and still effectively prosecute the war against crime. A limit must be placed on the number of rallies and those guilty of violence must be given exemplary punishment.

It is time the well-being of the majority took precedence over the fanatics, bigots and hoodlums who clash with police in order to get publicity for their "causes."

Things to come?

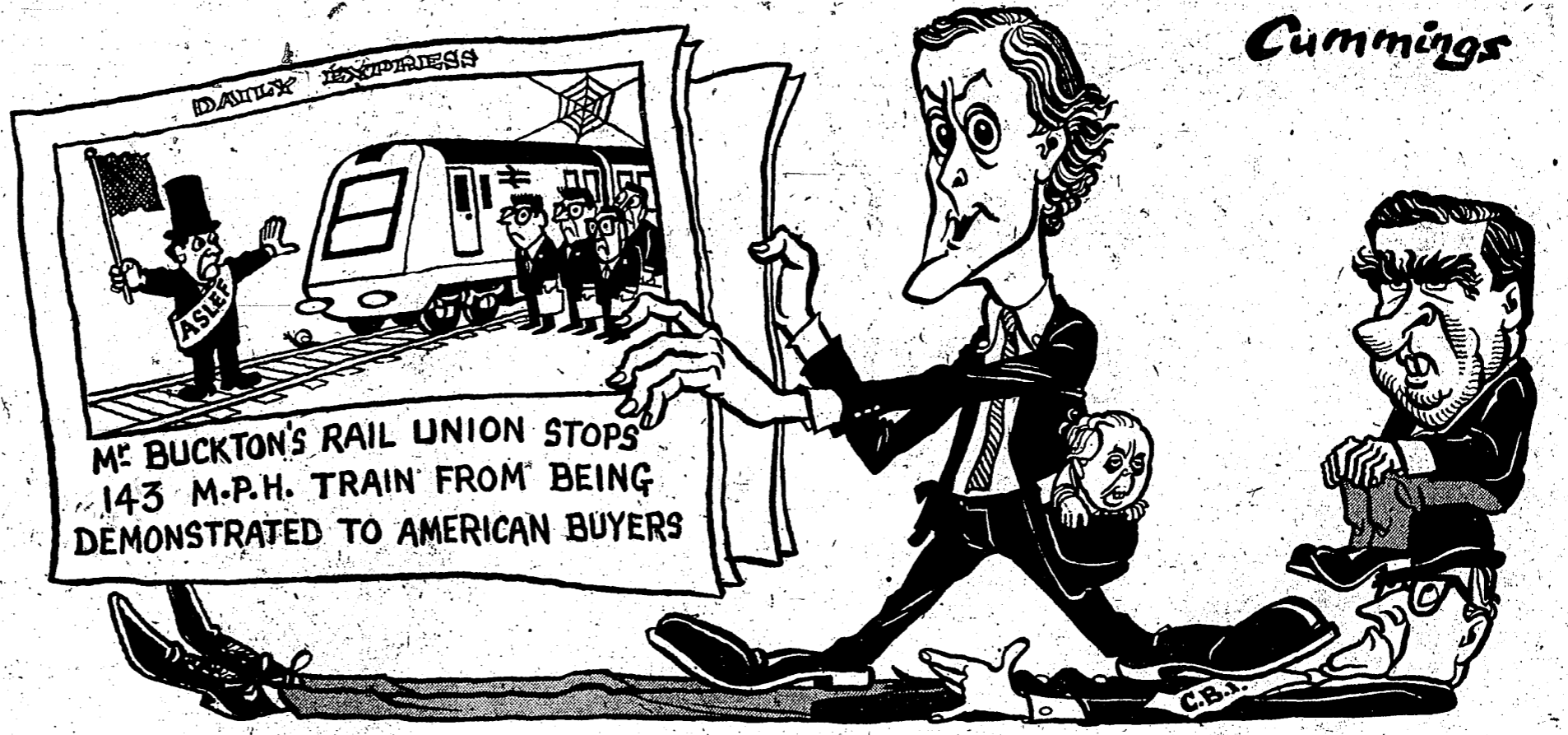
THE call to set up a coalition made by Sir Harmar Nicholls, veteran Tory M.P. and ex-Minister, may find small response just now. After all Mr. Wilson doubtless calculates that he has a fair chance of getting a working majority at an election so why share power with Messrs. Heath and Thorpe?

And yet... an inflationary deluge could overtake election plans. In these circumstances national unity would be at a premium.

Sir Harmar's views may be premature, but they do at least merit consideration at Westminster, and throughout the country

Talking point

I pity you British. You used to be ruled by men of character, but now you're in the hands of men of brains. —Georges Clemenceau.



"There! What British industry needs is control by the dynamic, thrusting unions to put it back on its feet!"



JEAN ROOK'S guide to doing Royal Ascot in thoroughbred style

Crazy and glorious

TOMORROW sees the "Off" at the most glorious, sensational, farcical, utterly incredible event in the English social calendar.

Royal Ascot. The famous four-day meeting on which Thoroughbred People—and the rest of us—converge to see, and mostly to be seen. The only place in the world where a woman can wear a 4ft-wide-hat and be lost in the crowd.

On a sunny day, with the horses going your way, Ascot is a sight to store up for your old age. Billiard table lawns. Detergent white rails. Stewards in green velvet frock coats. Jockeys in rainbow silk. Strawberries and cream. And, capping it all, the

It's the only place in the world where you can find yourself sharing a horse with the Queen Mother

Royal party spanking down the racecourse from Windsor in open landaus drawn by the famous Windsor Greys.

Ascot is a ritual and a life-style in itself. You don't just "go" to Ascot. You "do" it, and you have to do it right. There are various ways of "Ascoting" ranging from £1 to £1,000. The best do it on a second-class return from Waterloo, and a 20p entry to the Heath (the wrong side of the racecourse, from which you can scan the nob's toppers through your binocs).

winkles is had by all, but don't let me tempt you. You of course, aim to do the right thing in style.

Stylish

More stylish, but financially reachable, is the £130 first-class return from Waterloo, plus £20 (Tuesday and Friday) or £3.50 (Wednesday and Thursday) entry to the Grand Stand, Tattersalls, and paddock.

one will lift a binocular to look at you as you haven't the in to, the sacred Royal Enclosure.

Doing Ascot in the grand manner, Royal Enclosure, private box and all costs you, escort a packet. Quite apart from the £18-25 he has to shell out to Moss Brothers for the royal grey morning dress and topper (or £15 for a black suit and topper if he's trying to cut a corner).

The cost of your enclosure badge for the four days is £20. A box, with its own private dining room—where they dish up gulls' eggs, Aylesbury duck-

ling, and the strawberries and cream that can realise £125p a portion on a heavy day—starts from £430 and zooms to £750 for one with the best view, and nearest the Royal Box where you can't see the Queen for hydrangeas.

Your chauffeur-driven Daimler is £34 (Herz Benze-Car) but for the box price, they throw in a free car park ticket which would otherwise set you back £2. And you get a free-10p racecard. Not that 10p means much to you by this time.

Warned

How do you get into the sacred Royal Enclosure, and can you crash it? You pay, and you can't. Any non-backed person attempting to cross the magic line to the super-snoozy enclosure lawn will be warned off—and I've seen some chucked out—by an Ascot steward in ancient and mossy-looking green velvet knee-breeches.

So how did Mrs. Smith, Smyth who lives at No. 28 in your road, get in? She paid her £20 and applied in March for a form from Her Majesty's Representative, Ascot Office, St. James's Palace, London, S.W.1 (too late now, but take a note for next year).

Can divorced people get in? Since 1955 when the ban was lifted, it is true that your application form has to be signed by someone who is personally acquainted with the Queen? Loosely. In practice, nearly any old managing director can rake up a

chum who knows a pukka chum. Can you wear a trouser suit in the R.E.? Yes, since 1970, but since pant suits are this year's non-fashion-starters you're not likely to want to.

The simplest rule for Ascot dressing is issued by the Ascot officials: "Ladies should wear Day Dress and Hat." If you're Ascoting in the grand manner, it should be a different outfit and hat for each of the four days, bearing in mind that Gold Cup Day, the Thursday known traditionally as "Ladies' Day," is the smartest of the meetings.

Unique

It's not form, incidentally, to mung, a fool of yourself and your escort by wearing a parasol-sized hat you made yourself. Mrs. Shilling always does? Mrs. Shilling is a unique part of the ritual. Like the winkles and knee breeches, Ascot is slightly larger and more courtly than life, and you normally wear to church. But flat-out fancy dressing is appallingly bad taste, and any man who says the course with you is a saint or an idiot.

A warning about Ascot shoes. The going on the turf is very tough. If you wear spike heels, and stand on one spot for more than two minutes, your escort will have to yank you out of the grass like a sword from its scabbard. Wear stubby heels, and prepare to find them peeled like onions at the end of the day.

Incidentally, what do you do if you walk, hat on, into the Queen at this one place in the world in which you're quite likely to?

Freeze and side-step. There's no need to dig a hole in the turf and pat it down over yourself. But fast, suddenly. Or let me put it another way... at the Ascot where I found my unglued hand, and a white glove which turned out to be the Queen Mum's, stroking the nose of the same horse, I was the first to scratch and canter quietly and quickly away.



Liberal MP for the Isle of Ely

I HAVE in my library a book on etiquette. The late Victorian matron who lent her name to the publication wrote in the preface that she wished to help her readers in all possible social predicaments.

And the volume is divided up into chapters designed to smooth potentially hazardous events like:—

NANNY, coming to stay on the annual visit from the workhouse.

THE MASTER brings home an unexpected hunt party of 38 foxes; THE DUCHESS calls. Who you introduce to whom in what order and how. "You Grace, you may not be particularly interested in meeting Miss Wilberforce, nevertheless, Miss Wilberforce."

Having recently been granted a new political opponent by courtesy of the Isle of Ely Conservative Club, I searched in my book for some intimation of how one went about doing the right thing. Should one call, or did one call? And if so, where?

Was there perhaps in the foyer of Whittesey's Conservative Club a note which one signed as one does in embassies—adding the words: "I do hope you remain the candidate for many years to come."

Shook. Let me give a brief background. In July, 1973, I won the by-election by 1,470 votes, and seven months later increased this margin to 8,247 at the General Election.

My Conservative opponent during these campaigns was an acceptable (to me anyway) young man called John Stevens, who raced up to people, shook their hands, introduced his wife and raced off into the middle distance. Regrettably (for me, anyway) after his second defeat he raced away altogether.

I wrote him a short, sympathetic note addressing it to the house in the constituency where he was registered as an elector. The letter was returned by the Post Office; apparently he didn't live there. Naturally, I followed the appointment of his successor with some interest. It was going to be Enoch Powell, then it was not. Then it was. Then it was definitely Conservative agent ("Poor love," said my aunt, "like a donkey's tail without a donkey") I am sure that they were looking for a "personality" to outpersonality Freud, and I did hear rumours of an approach made to Fanny Cradock.

Last week, with the announcement imminent, there came the psychoanalysts' story: the Conservatives were sending six Liberals to a high-class shrink in order to find out why people had voted for me rather than for Powell. When that backfired, or to put it in the official way, was scrapped due to widespread and misleading reporting came as small surprise to read

Dear Dr. Tom—thank you for the insults

that the Tories had adopted a doctor, Chap called Stuttgart. Consultant to the Institute of Directors.

The old Latin saying of a healthy mine in a healthy body was updated to let's prove that Liberals are insane and get a general practitioner to look after Conservatives.

Stuttgart had won Norwich South in 1970 by 826, served his constituents for three and a half years, and lost his seat in February by 652.

I think I remember the man from when we were colleagues during my first stretch in the House of Commons: red-haired fellow with a stethoscope round his neck, though I might be confusing him with Norwich North-East.

Anyway, pondering on how to greet my new political opponent, I came across a report on his first Press conference, and I see that he already possesses a rare grasp of the sort of Conservative tactics responsible for the result of the General Election.

In a front page story published in the excellent Wisbech Standard, under the heading "New Tory Challenger Barin to Go," he opened his appeal to the people of the Isle of Ely with the words: "Selling dog food has nothing to do with Liberalism."

Rewarding. Now this statement is not without foundation. Selling dog food is, indeed, only vaguely connected with Liberalism. Giving away dog food to pensioners with dogs mure that they were looking for a "personality" to outpersonality Freud, and I did hear rumours of an approach made to Fanny Cradock.

research assistant, a House of Commons secretary, and the upkeep of a constituency home. It is non-political, takes hardly any time and is immensely rewarding... which is more than you can say about being a medical consultant to the Institute of Directors.

Warning to his theme, the good doctor (I presume he is a good doctor, else we would have heard from the British Medical Association) stated: "The Isle of Ely has got to realise that Mr. Freud is not here to sell dog food, but to sell Liberalism and he has to be made accountable to the electorate."

I find that sentence difficult to understand.

Prompted. The facts are that between July 1973 and February 1974 I sold Liberalism and got 6,877 new customers.

Between June 1970 and February 1974, doing his own thing, Stuttgart lost 1,500.

Perhaps the letter to my prospective enemy should be written after all be prescribed by a Victorian book on etiquette, but by twentieth-century plain talk prompted by Ted Heath's weekend "coats off" call.

Dear Dr. Stuttgart, On behalf of my constituents, many of whom will vote Conservative, I welcome you and your wife to the Isle of Ely. At the last election I described myself as Liberal, Journalist, Broadcaster.

You, I understand, stood as: Dr. Tom the local man, Conservative. Let us keep it that way. I suggest that if our campaign platform is to ignore national issues and party policy, you confine yourself to insulting me rather than the intelligence of the electorate.

Sincerely, CLEMENT FREUD.

Secret of a house called Heidelberg

By Andrew Fyall

AN illustrated magazine secretly circulating in Britain claims that 300,000 Jews died at the hands of the Nazis during the war.

It describes the generally accepted slaughter of six million people as "an enormous fraud."

The magazine's front cover, in red, is a photographic montage of the mutilated bodies of victims of a concentration camp.

Overprinted in black against this grisly background are the words: "Did Six Million Really Die? Across the bottom of the front page the statement: "The Truth at Last."

Inside the editorial content accuses the Jewish people of "fantastic exaggerations, twisted words, and groundless accusations. It alleges false evidence and fraudulent affidavits, and describes the accounts of life and death in the Nazi concentration camps as "accumulating myths."

The magazine is printed and published by Historical Review Press, 23, Ellerker Gardens, Richmond. This is a large, Victorian house, split up into flats, and the occupants all deny any knowledge of the

publication. One man said: "I have seen letters for them. I believe this is a forwarding address."

The magazine was first discovered by a Daily Express reader in the basement of a Brighton guest house. He found five thousand copies stored there, apparently ready for distribution.

The manager of the guest house is Alan Hancock. The guest house is called the "Heidelberg."

He told me: "I have never seen this magazine and so far as I am aware there are no copies of it here."

Mr. Hancock declared: "My guest house is called the Heidelberg because my wife is German. I have no contact with any political group. Of course it is possible that some of my guests had copies of such a publication. We get a lot of student types here."

Back to No. 23 Ellerker Gardens, Richmond. The agent for this property is Robin Rowe of Pope's Grove, Twickenham, who has an ex-directory telephone number.

He said: "The Historical Review Press uses the address as a convenience. I simply pick up their mail and pass it on to another address in Warwickshire. I cannot tell you that address, it is confidential."

Mr. Rowe also declined to reveal the name of the landlord of No. 23, Ellerker

Gardens. "He allows the Historical Review Press to use it as a forwarding address," he said. "I know nothing else. I am not a member of any political group or anti-semitic organisation."

The author of the magazine is identified as Richard Harwood, a specialist in political and diplomatic aspects of the Second World War. He is said to be at present with the University of London.

They claim never to have heard of him there.

The key lay in the identity of the landlord of No. 23, Ellerker Gardens, Richmond. He received the mail, he dealt with the financial side of the magazine—15p a copy by post.

I can now tell you that this man is Robin Beauchair of Chapel Acote Farm, Ladbrook, Southampton, Warwickshire. And he is a member of the National Front.

Once contacted he was not reluctant to expound on his philosophies.

Robin Beauchair is a farmer, father of five children, and a former prisoner of war of the Germans. He is 55 and he does not deny an active association with the National Front.

Controlled. "Don't you know," he said, "that we live under Jewish domination? The entire mass media is Jewish controlled. It is time that we, as British people, dictated our own destiny."

From Paris and the Centre of Contemporary Jewish Documentation came the first denouncement of the magazine. A spokesman declared: "Our statistics support those presented and well documented at the Nuremberg trials. Some 6 million Jews were exterminated by the Germans during the war."

"It would appear that the author of this article has distorted our figures. He may have taken those for a month or for a year and presented them as global facts."

Rheumatism You need some help in the garden, they said



If only we could afford it!

Oh I know they were trying to be helpful, but with the price of things these days I can't possibly afford to pay a gardener.

So I have to try and cope myself. But Fynnon Salt could be the help you need.

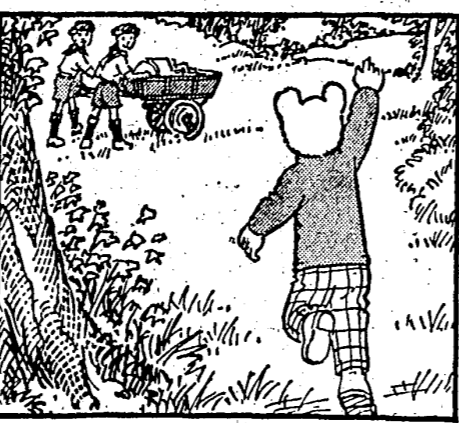
And you can afford it. Many people find just a daily spoonful of Fynnon Salt in a cup of tea can put you right again, really right.

Because Fynnon Salt contains the same kind of concentrated minerals you find in spa water, the sort that work right through your system.

Yes, Fynnon Salt can work for you. If you have rheumatism, Fynnon is one of the most helpful friends you can have. Fynnon Salt-it can be a real help.



Rupert and the Broken Spinner—2



Without waiting for Mr. Bear to reply Rupert darts out and hails the two Scouts. "Please, can you spare the time to come to our cottage?" he calls out. "I'd like you to show us the best way of fixing up a tent."

some of our equipment in this cart," says Geoffrey. "It won't take long to put up a tent. The camping gear is unloaded in the Bears' garden, and as soon as Daddy sees what is happening he hurries to join Rupert and the Scouts. "I must have a hand in this," he laughs. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED