

had found the dean guilty of any crime, they have had no option but to impose the mandatory minimum sentence of five years. In the event, the court found the dean guilty of three acts, but it would not be proper to go into this aspect until the appeal is heard.

In the meantime, however, we believe that many people will share the sentiments of the dean's counsel who, in addressing the court in mitigation on one of the counts, said that the fact that it had to lead to imprisonment "will give rise to a sense of shock far beyond the bounds of this court."

Inevitably, we are reminded of the melodrama attached to the arrest of the dean. He was taken away in secrecy and detained in terms of the Terrorism Act, which deprived him of access even to a lawyer. Prominent citizens were later subjected to synchronised dawn raids to obtain, we were told, further evidence. The world took the bleakest view of the activity. But repeated comments from the police, the Government and the public prosecutor led the country to believe that the trial would make it clear to all why the Security Branch acted as it did, and why the security of the State demanded such measures.

We have followed the trial closely. We still cannot understand why the Security Branch acted as it did.

GENERAL AT RISK

MAJOR-GENERAL C. A. BUYS, chief of the nation's CID, who is investigating the death last week of Mr. Ahmed Timol, says Mr. Timol, who was sitting calmly in a Security Police office, suddenly jumped to his feet and attempted an escape through a door. When a policeman barred his way he turned and leaped through a window to his death. General Buys added: "No one frightened him or touched him. The post-mortem will show that."

When this newspaper asked for more information General Buys retorted angrily: "Why don't you approach me first instead of going off at a tangent and blackening everybody? You have done your damndest and already thrown dirt."

These intemperate accusations suggest that he has already found everyone except this newspaper blameless. It is difficult to understand how such a highly experienced police officer should be able to reach any conclusion before he has gathered all the evidence. The post-mortem on Mr. Timol was held last week and it will be some time before the findings are known. Yet General Buys makes categorical statements of fact about Mr. Timol's condition before the fall.

Having expressed himself so forcibly, General Buys now runs the risk of being accused of lacking objectivity in this investigation. We believe the public interest would be better served if he adopted the policeman's first principles and gathered all the facts before hazarding his views about the Timol case and this newspaper.

Meanwhile, we will keep on trying to inform the public.



FOR NO GOOD reason I know, except maybe I am always looking for a text — or a pretext — for a column piece, I came away the other night from Sergei Bondarchuk's film epic of the Battle of Waterloo with a couple of newspaper legends on my mind.

One touches on the late Lord Northcliffe, founder of the London Daily Mail, acquiring control of the London Times, and the other has to do with Mrs. Lawson's cat.

If, hereabouts, you wonder who on earth was Mrs. Lawson, I can tell you that she was the wife of the late and great American newspaperman who brought the Chicago Daily News to place and power.

Inconvenience

First, then, it is back to the Battle of Waterloo. It was fought mainly over a June weekend in 1815, which, as you will see, seriously inconvenienced The Times newspaper.

Just how serious was the inconvenience, was possibly not fully appreciated until 93 years later — and the discovery was made by the new boss, Lord Northcliffe himself.

Always a ball of fire, he strolled over from his office in Carmelite House, headquarters of the Mail, to find how things went with The Times on a quiet Saturday morning.

As Northcliffe went up the steps to the main office in Printing House Square, he saw ahead of him a dignified old gentleman in a top hat and black frock coat.

Said old gentleman carried a worn leather Gladstone bag, which he handled with great care.

Watched by the new proprietor of The Times, the old chap walked along a corridor, un-

PAUL IRW

The man with Gladstone b

locked the door of an office, and went inside.

Northcliffe followed. And there, on a chair by the side of a bed, the Gladstone bag between his knees, sat the Mystery Man.

"Pray, sir," said the veteran with magnificent dignity, "why this intrusion, and who may you be?"

"Oh, I just happen to own The Times — now," said Northcliffe. "But tell me, who are YOU?"

Clerk

"Sir, I am the clerk from Coutts' Bank," was the reply. "I'm here with the gold. One hundred sovereigns. And I've been coming here every Saturday for 25 years."

And then it all came out. Ever since the Battle of Waterloo, when The Times needed money quickly to send a correspondent over to France by sailing lugger, a clerk from the bank had spent the weekend in the newspaper's office.

You see, with the banks

closed over Waterloo in Foreign Edit

the cash to l
Not wanti
out again.
Coutts to hav
with 100 sove
day to Mond
The Times n
hurry.

For 93 yea
vant had sue
the weekend

FANT
VA

DO-IT
WASH TUB

- Un
- Lig
- Eas
- Inc

These attractiv
wash-Tubs are
installed in le
any handy me
weight frame
the wall, in
colours made



SINGLE
Capacity 50
Width 520mm
let 1 1/2" E
Pri



DOUB

We sell curtaining
and wall to wall
carpeting
wholesale.
We're going
direct to you.

Ever wondered
why so many
banks and
building societies
open around
Exclusive Books?