

Stirring Tales of the Secret Service

I.—Madam and Her Daughter

By

Major JOHN LEWIS

[Broadcast from 2YA]

THE Diplomatic Corps and Espionage Service of different nations," he said, "are made up of all sorts of quaint people—the man who seeks its service from the angle of adventure; the highly educated man of travel, master of languages and customs, with a keen sense of patriotism. Men of all sorts right down the scale, used by those in power in many strange ways, even the traitor who sells his soul and country for greed and other reasons.

"Spy is a nasty word, it leaves a bad flavour in our mouths. Rather call us agents, and please be kind. I have seen many honourable gentlemen meet their death at the hands of the firing party, with a proud, brave spirit, accepting death as the laurel of achievement, with never a flicker of their courage, to pass from the ken of those they love, and forgotten by the country that sent them to their death, with only the satisfaction of knowing that their job was done. They pass on to meet the great Architect, who will check up their records, and I for one beg that He will say: 'Well done.' The traitor, with never the courage to make the final payment—it is too mean a sight, so let it pass.

"Many brave women have served in our ranks. It is hard to reason out just why they did. Each nation uses them in all kinds of ways, and generally they are remarkably clever and seem to thrive on the intensity of the situations.

"As you know, nations watch each other very closely. The Diplomatic Corps and Embassies are ever on the alert to meet espionage by counter-espionage, intrigue by counter-intrigue, and so the game goes on. In peace and war hundreds of men and women are engaged in civil occupations merely as a cloak to cover their more sinister tasks. Others are free-lancing, moving about in high society, ever watchful for that tit-bit that may be useful to their country. Beautiful women peddle their souls, clerks and servants check up the private and business affairs of their employers. What a maze it is, nothing is safe from the inquisitive-minded.

"Now what are these nations wanting, you ask? Here are a few items: First-hand news of treaties, naval and military secrets, arma-

What promises to be one of the most interesting series of talks yet broadcast by 2YA was inaugurated last Tuesday by Major John Lewis, an ex-member of Britain's Secret Service.

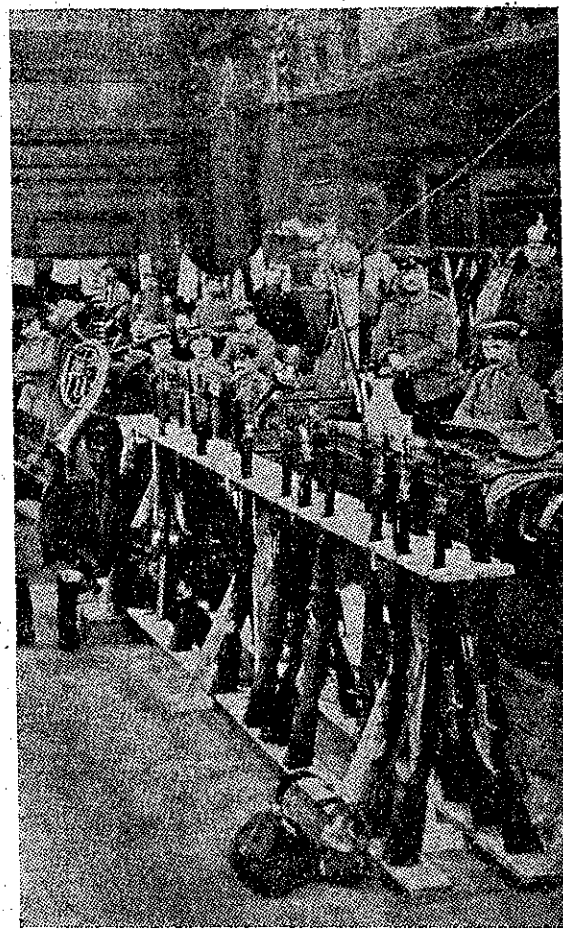
Major Lewis, whose talks will deal with some of his stirring adventures whilst engaged in secret service ashore and afloat, is probably one of the most highly decorated officers in New Zealand. His honours include the Mons Star, the Military Cross, the Legion of Honour of France, Medaille Militaire, Croix de Guerre with Palm, Order of the Golden White Eagle of Serbia, Silver Cross of St. George of Russia, and the Service and Victory Medals.

His first talk, which proved all too short for listeners, is here reproduced.

Subsequent talks by Major Lewis, at 9.2 p.m. each Tuesday, will be:

October 18: "The submarine menace in the Mediterranean and seas adjacent to Greece and Macedonia."

October 25: "Adventures in Rumania, Turkey and Egypt."



ment, shipbuilding, arsenal improvements and experiments, fortifications—naval, military and commercial codes, civil morale, trade union movements, anticipation of political moves, the examination of alien population and the segregation of the possible dangerous, and the checking-up of their dossiers.

"War.—Movement of troops, lines of communication, ammunition supplies, shipping and naval movements, morale of civil population and fighting forces, anticipation of strategic operations, offensive and defensive, propaganda, political differences, chemical and industrial secrets, aviation experiments, etc. So you see, each nation has its hands full.

"It was August 3, 1914—and what a day! The air was charged with political storm and war fever. I was having my boots cleaned in the cloak-room of the Strand Palace Hotel. Boots—an old friend of mine, a cheeky little Cockney lad of about 15 summers—was trying to get an extra shine. Looking up, he remarked: 'Mr. Wood was asking after you, sir.' Just a commonplace remark, you will say, but one that sent me post-haste to Whitehall, and what a jog to get there. The whole of London seemed to have swarmed into that beautiful thoroughfare cheering madly and singing patriotic songs. At last, very ruffled, I reported to my chief.

"I well remember the room—rather large and thickly carpeted, a huge desk table in the middle, and a few odd chairs, and my chief. I stood to attention in front of him, for several moments he looked straight at me, without speaking—then handed me a file of papers, remarking: 'You can learn your instructions in Colonel C.'s room, please return the file as soon as possible.' He then relaxed, stood up, offered me his hand, saying, 'Good-bye and God bless you.'

"What a change in Colonel C.'s room, clerks in and out like flies, maps on (Continued on page 24.)