

# For some the fighting will never be over

**Simon Spinks meets the man behind tonight's TV blockbuster**

A SMALL bullet blew a big hole in Robert Lawrence's life. It shattered his skull, his army career and his illusions about war. The young officer's bravery in the Falklands won him the coveted Military Cross — and a life of pain and discomfort.

His gripping story of heroism, horror and heartache is told in a £1m drama on BBC1 tonight (9.30pm). Tumbledown stars heart-throb actor Colin Firth, of A Month in the Country fame, as the young lieutenant in the elite Scots Guards.

It has already run into flak from critics, shocked by brutal scenes of bloody hand-to-hand fighting — including a close up of an Argentinian soldier being stabbed to death with a bayonet.

In the flesh, the real-life Robert Lawrence still looks every inch the dashing young officer, blond, handsome with "born to lead" confidence.

## Controversy

He was in on the project from the start. Originally a feature film concept — he and writer Charles Wood approached the BBC when Hollywood turned it down.

Robert admits that he wants to get into the TV and film business, but denies that was the only motive for going ahead with such a controversial and personally revealing drama.

Said the dapper 27-year-old: "I am not out to upset people and ruin their evening, but if it makes people stop and think about the realities of armed aggression as opposed to the popular images, then I am happy."

He stressed: "The reality of any physical incident like violence is not what we normally see on TV, like Clint Eastwood gunning somebody down and it ending there. It doesn't end there. People quite often don't die. People often have to spend the rest of their lives maimed."

Meeting Robert for the first time, it is hard to believe he was one of the ten worst injured in the Falklands — suffering massive brain damage. He has a large metal plate in his head and, after agonising hours of physiotherapy, has regained partial use of his paralysed left side. Further recovery is unlikely and setbacks are almost inevitable.

Six years after he was helicoptered off the battlefield, shortly before the Argentinian surrender, he still suffers pain, although the nightmares have begun to fade.

Robert is not concerned about the politics of the war. He is proud of what he did, saving Queen and country against tyranny, and would do the same again in similar circumstances, if he was able-bodied.

What did worry him was the aftermath — particularly the fate of the wounded. Being barred from the vic-



□ WOUNDED victim — the real Robert Lawrence.



□ SCREEN hero — actor Colin Firth as Lt. Lawrence.

tory parade and banned from wearing uniform at the service in St. Paul's Cathedral were just two examples.

As an officer from a service family background he did well out of the South Atlantic Fund. After a lot of badgering he received £135,000 and a disability pension from the Army, but he fears those less well connected may have been tied up in red tape.

Robert was also annoyed by the way he says the media was manipulated by the powers-that-be. He said: "They intended to show victors not victims." The wounded were hand picked to meet the Press.

Since the Falklands Robert has made a new life for himself, with wife Christina, whom he met through friends, and five-month-old son, Conrad. Would he like his boy to go to war?

Said Robert, who denies he is bitter about his injury: "I would never stop him, given that he understood the realities — that when you get shot nobody gives a damn."

## Shameful treatment

WHEN Lt Robert Lawrence arrived at the Falklands field hospital he was left waiting for four hours, conscious all the time, before the doctors attended to him. They dealt first with those expected to live.

His story is told in *When The Fighting Is Over* by John Lawrence and Robert Lawrence MC (Bloomsbury, £12.95).

The book, by himself and his father, gives an inspiring account of his long and painful partial recovery. At no time does he complain about his misfortune in being one of the cruellest casualties of the South Atlantic campaign.

But he is less than happy about his treatment by his former comrades, most of whom seemed to want to forget him, about the problems of getting a disability pension from the Army, or prompt help from the South Atlantic Fund, which in his experience sat on £16m for 18 months, telling the war victims nothing.

His view of the war is disconcertingly at variance with that publicised. He found the Argentinians were well trained fighting men, and the victory hard won. His account of the treatment of a hero tells of shameful indifference and ingratitude.

**Richard Slocombe**



Colin Firth as Lieutenant Robert Lawrence

## Proud to fight for my country

AT dawn on June 14, 1982, Robert Lawrence, a Scots Guards officer just a few days off his 22nd birthday, stood at the summit of Tumbledown mountain in the Falklands with the scent of victory in his nostrils.

Soon the Union Jack would be hoisted above Port Stanley, the last Argentine stronghold. The young lieutenant waved on his platoon and took three fateful steps forward.

In his moment of exhilaration, Robert was hit in the back of the head by a sniper's bullet which blew half his brain away.

**Tumbledown** became the metaphor for his fight to cope physically and psychologically with an injury that has left him with a metal plate inside his skull, and a permanently paralysed left arm and leg.

It is also the title of a £1m film dramatisation of his experiences, shot in mid-Wales and launching a new BBC 1 season at 9.30 tonight.

Robert, awarded the Military Cross for his part in the assault on Tumbledown, acted as special consultant on the film, written by ex-soldier Charles Wood, whose credits include *The Knack*, *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and *My Family and Other Animals*.

Now 27 and married with a baby son, Robert does not see himself as a victim.

• "We don't make any political statement in the film," he says. "I was a professional soldier, proud to fight for my country. I thought then — and now — that it was a just cause.

"Okay, so I got injured. Others died. But at least I got wounded fighting for the right reason. But the battle for Tumbledown was not fought by Robert Lawrence. It was fought by the second battalion of the Scots Guards."

He was involved in some of the heaviest fighting of the campaign and the film pulls no punches, especially one scene recreating his killing of an Argentine soldier with a bayonet.

Robert's screen alter-ego, Colin Firth, who played a shell-shocked soldier in *A Month in the Country*, sees that scene as absolutely crucial to the story.

"The main aim was to have a realistic representation of a soldier's war," says the actor. "How else can you do that without showing the violence in war?"

## Inquiry call on Falklands veterans

AN independent investigation into the treatment of veterans of the Falklands War was demanded yesterday by Labour MP Jack Ashley.

The move follows allegations that a dirty tricks campaign is being mounted against the Scots Guards lieutenant Robert Lawrence, who was seriously wounded in the battle for Tumbledown Mountain.

His father, Wing Cmdr John Lawrence, claims in a new book, *When the Fighting is Over*, which he has written with his son, that wounded Falklands soldiers have been forgotten by the army.

The Ministry of Defence have denied these allegations.

Mr Ashley, MP for Stoke South, said yesterday: "An independent investigation into the treatment of Falklands veterans is the only way to resolve the conflict between Lt Robert Lawrence and the Ministry of Defence.

"I am asking the Defence Secretary, George Younger, to order this and to establish an Armed Forces Ombudsman to avoid future disputes of this kind."

Lt Lawrence's story forms the basis of a BBC film, *Tumbledown*, to be shown tonight and already criticised by Tory MPs as being politically biased.

The BBC has insisted that at no time has it presented the film as a documentary or even a drama-documentary.

THE television event of the week is undoubtedly **Tumbledown** (BBC 1, 9.30), a controversial, powerful and moving drama based on the experiences of an officer who was severely injured during the Falklands War.

The officer was Lt. Robert Lawrence MC, a Scots Guard who led his platoon in the assault on Mount Tumbledown only to be shot in the back of the head by a sniper hours before the Argentinian Surrender. His injuries were so severe it was feared he would not survive.

It was June 14, 1982 — weeks before his 22nd birthday and for his part in the action he was awarded the Military Cross.

**Tumbledown** dramatises his struggle to rebuild his shattered life. Producer Richard Broke says, "It is a story of survival against huge odds. It tries to show what happens in war rather than what we might like to think happens."



Collin Firth as Lt. Robert Lawrence in **Tumbledown** (BBC 1, 9.30 pm).

Press Cuttings  
from Broad Street Associates

The Western Morning News

# How a hero faced war's cruel ironies



## Television

IT was one of the cruel ironies of war that just 90 minutes after part of Lt. Robert Lawrence's brain was shot away in the Falklands, the Argentinian invaders surrendered.

Lt. Lawrence went home to face another battle - that of rebuilding his shattered life.

Now a £1m. film recreates the young officer's heroism and despair as he comes to terms with paralysis, incontinence, nightmares and a terrible anger caused by frustration.

"Tumbledown", BBC1 at 9.30 p.m. tonight, tells how Robert, who won the Military Cross for his bravery, was hit in the head by a high-velocity sniper's bullet as he led his platoon to the summit of Mount Tumbledown as the Falklands War drew to a bloody close on June 14, 1982.

### Married

He was left unattended for two and a half hours because he was not expected to survive; then he was bundled into a crowded helicopter and flown to the hospital ship Uganda.

The bullet took out a four-and-a-half-inch by three-and-a-half-inch section from his skull. Today he has a steel plate in his head, but a slight limp is the only real outward sign of the para-



COLIN FRITH stars as Lt. Robert Lawrence

lysis that rendered his left side completely useless.

Robert, now 27 and married with a baby son, lives in Oxfordshire and is working in the film and television industries.

He is thrilled by "Tumbledown". "It's accurate and true to my story," he said. "I

am extremely happy with it."

Robert says that, given the same situation of invaders occupying a free people, he would go to war again.

And of a remark in the film that he is a "killer", he says: "That's what you sent

us to do - my orders were to kill the enemy."

One of the most bloody scenes in the graphic production is where Robert bayonets an Argentinian to death as he pleads in English for his life.

Robert received £135,000 from the South Atlantic Fund - a payment he describes as "very generous". His Army disability pension is £11,000 a year.

### Perfect

With his blond hair and good-looking features, Robert was the perfect officer. He joined the Army at 16, his father is a retired wing commander, his mother was in the WRAF and his brother won awards at Sandhurst.

Until the tragedy at Tumbledown, he had planned to join the SAS

The South Atlantic conflict claimed the lives of 225 British fighting men. And part of him feels that the glorious dead are fondly remembered, while the injured remain an unglamorous reminder of the brutality of war.

It was Robert's meeting with dramatist Charles Wood in 1984 that led to the film, in which Colin Firth stars as Robert.

Parts of "Tumbledown", which runs for almost two hours, were filmed in South Wales, which doubled for the rugged terrain of the Falklands.

— Doreen Brooks

# The Falklands

Tonight's TV drama *Tumbledown* gives a less than euphoric picture of the Falklands war. CHRISTOPHER FREW argues that there is a need for film and television to uncover unpleasant truths about war and repression.

## conscience

PERHAPS *Rambo*, of all films, is the starting point. That film has been used as a hook to explain acts of violence from the Hungerford killings to the grand plans of Colonel Oliver North, but the central source of its popularity is regularly overlooked. "Do we get to win this time, sir?" says *Rambo* when informed of his mission impossible. The film allowed the public to escape reality and to reconstruct the Vietnam war which had been such a disastrous military and psychological blow to the United States — and to win it, heroically. The violence was the means to a noble and justifiable end. But it has been the more honest and more critical film about Vietnam which has taken the critical laurels.

British capacity for critical self-examination in war will be tested tonight when the BBC transmits a two-hour drama, *Tumbledown*, based on the experience of a young Scots Guards officer, Robert Lawrence, who was critically wounded during the last and fiercest battle before the surrender of Port Stanley. It has already aroused controversy, with Defence Secretary George

Younger deploring the "grave offence" it will cause to those who took part in the attack.

If part of the "offence" may lie in the brutal depiction of the reality of war, the central thrust of the film is the official determination that the public euphoria of military victory in the Falklands should not be qualified by too close a look at the physical cost borne by its casualties. Still, the wounded were banned from the victory parade and, though admitted to the service of thanksgiving in St Paul's, they were not permitted to wear uniforms. Lawrence, now partially paralysed, was one of only two Scots Guards officers

awarded the Military Cross for gallantry during the battle of Mount Tumbledown.

Official squeamishness was indicated even before any conflict took place, by the refusal to include in the press contingent Britain's most distinguished war photographer, Donald McCullin, and the despatch instead of a hitherto — and subsequently — unknown female war artist. Her work has not notably affected the public consciousness by such exhibitions as it received.

The trauma of defeat, such that it was a decade before US film-makers were able to confront the realities of Vietnam, may yet be a spur to the analysis

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of what went wrong, to the necessity of understanding. Victory, on the other hand, does not invite introspection and it is possible that the reaction to the Tumbledown film will be strong and harsh — at least from official sources. The turbulent events in Northern Ireland and in Gibraltar indicate that criticism or informed analysis is not always welcome.

With the exception of the Falklands play, the Ian Curteis script rejected by the BBC, Tumbledown will be the first serious screen attempt at a dramatic Falklands theme. Only in the cynical atmosphere of *The Ploughman's Lunch* did the Falklands campaign and victory serve as an ironic counterpoint to the venal characters and their egocentric concerns. So the BBC are stepping into waters as yet untested.

Not the least sensitive aspect is the fact that the "Falklands

Factor" was decisive in putting the Conservative Government back on course through the last two elections, and it has afforded the Conservative Party "patriotic" ascendancy which has affected opposition nerve right up to Labour's premature praise for the Gibraltar shooting. So, invincibility has bred proud intolerance and a critical appraisal of our brief and victorious South Atlantic adventure is unlikely to meet with official approval. Whether the Government will have learnt not to publicise by denunciation remains to be seen.

If victory has naturally favoured a bland attitude to the Falklands victory, it has had a more profound affect on the losers. Argentina, though their case was not similar to that of the United States after Vietnam. The Argentine trauma began (or intensified) in March, 1976, with the takeover by a military junta which proceeded to wage war on its own population. For six years

the Argentine people suffered censorship, kidnapping, torture, overt anti-semitism and random murder on a fearful scale, before the Falklands invasion briefly united all, as intended, in the "recovery" of the islands.

Defeat tore away the veil and showed the military for what they were. The effects of their craven madness live on, of course, in the grieving parents, the orphans and the stolen children illegally adopted, and in the crisis of confidence as to the condition of their nation. But in some respects the cultural regeneration has been as swift and encouraging as that in Spain after the death of Franco.

The response of Argentine film-makers to their oppression at home and defeat overseas was recently on show in the first of a four-part Argentine film season at the National Film Theatre in London. The selection concentrated on the most recent

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repertoire, produced mainly since the Falklands War and dealing with the events of the last harrowing decade.

Chief among these perhaps is Luis Puenzo's *The Official Version*, winner of Argentina's first Oscar, in which a well-to-do history teacher gradually comes to realise the true nature of the military regime, from which she and her husband benefit materially, and to detect the falsehood of the officially approved view of events.

A number of documentaries were also on show to depict Argentina's shuttle between military and oligarchy, between opportunist and "patriot", with the occasional ray of democracy. The black comedy of Peronism is magnificently portrayed in Hector Olivera's film *A Funny Dirty Little War*, set at the time of Peron's brief second rule as an old man, when the different factions of the all-purpose

Peronism fought each other in an overture to the dirty war proper, which was to follow Peron's death.

It is as easy to admire the excellence of recent Argentine cinema as it is to distance oneself from its subject matter. But the urgency and intensity with which Argentines are trying to discover and understand what has happened to them — both individually, for "the disappeared", and collectively as a nation — is impressive.

Their example is also salutary at a time when the press and television are denounced for trying to establish what did happen in Gibraltar: when a Broadcasting Standards Commission is set up with powers as yet undefined; when large areas of the country feel themselves to have been marginalised — it is worth re-emphasising the value of a well-informed public and the rigorous questioning of "the official version." A thesis which confuses critical analysis with blanket denunciation risks coming too close for comfort to blanket suppression. We, and our broadcasters, should have the courage of our proclaimed ideals.

## Tumbledown:

not been ruled out.

called to return from a disco.

1 yesterday.

# Landlords urged to end 'slate'

By Paul Stokes

PUBLICANS ARE being advised they are breaking the law by allowing drinks to be put "on the slate" instead of insisting they are paid for straight away.

The advice, from the Licensed Victuallers' Association, follows the case of a landlord who was sacked for selling drinks on credit.

Mr Robert Buckland, 34, licensee of the Fox and Hounds at Netheravon, near Salisbury, was fined £175 with £20 costs by Pewsey magistrates when he admitted contravening a clause in the 1964 Licensing Act.

Police called at the freehouse after a tip-off and seized three notebooks which gave details of the credit afforded to two customers and Mr Buckland himself.

Mr Buckland has since been informed by the owners of the

pub that his services are no longer required.

He said, while demanding cash for drinks at the bar, yesterday: "I never realised I was doing anything illegal until the police called.

"There must be thousands of landlords doing the same thing without realising they are breaking the law."

Mr Buckland, a bachelor, has run the public house for the past year and is currently serving one month's notice.

He said: "It is quite a small pub which is packed with between 60 and 70 customers on a Friday night, it is so much easier just to scribble down the customer's order rather than have to get to the till."

Mr Gary Cartwright, managing director of Anglo-Services which

owns the Fox and Hounds, said: "Mr Buckland has not had a lot of experience, he has been thrown in at the deep end, but he is leaving on friendly terms.

The landlords' legal handbook, *A Concise Guide to the Conduct and Management of Premises Licensed for the Sale of Excisable Liquors*, draws attention to the little-known clause of the law.

It states: "Credit may not be given for liquor consumed on the premises, except when it is supplied as part of a meal and is paid for together with the meal, or is paid for with accommodation. Credit may (but need not) be given for off sales."

Mr James Dower, chairman of the Devizes District Licensed Victuallers' Association, said: "The law is quite clearly stated and all we can do is draw our members attention to it."

## Tumbledown:

# BBC refuse to see Guards

**THE BBC** today rejected a request for a last-minute meeting with the Scots Guards to discuss tonight's screening of the controversial Falklands play, *Tumbledown*.

But a BBC spokesman said that talks would continue between the Scots Guards lawyers and those representing the corporation about the possibility of broadcasting an on-screen statement saying that the film contains a scene which is fictional.

The spokesman said: "We will

**by Tim Barlass**

continue to be in contact with the Guards' lawyers but it was not felt that a meeting was appropriate at 10 o'clock in the morning."

However, it is believed that a meeting between both sides could take place later.

The Guards say that a scene in which a member of the regiment is seen urging another officer to retreat from an assault is fictional.

The BBC says the film is not en-

tirely fictional, but a drama based on the memories of Falklands veteran Lt Robert Lawrence, who was seriously injured in the *Tumbledown* assault.

Meanwhile shadow Defence Minister George Foulkes urged the BBC to resist any attempts by the Government "or anybody else" to cut the film. "So far the Government have played down the gore of the conflict and played up the glory. This film will redress that balance and it must go out uncut," said Mr Foulkes.

"Both Mrs Thatcher and Mr



ROBERT LAWRENCE: Fiction?

# An opening to nowhere

**F**IVE DAYS from the first round of the parliamentary election, the French Right is depressed, wishing aloud that it had a Mme Thatcher to lead it, certain that it will lose, concerned only that the Left's victory should not be large enough to kill any hope of *ouverture*, the word on everyone's lips since it was promised by President Mitterrand and his new Socialist prime minister, Michel Rocard.

What they mean is the opening up of politics to a new sense of national purpose, breaking down outworn divisions between Left and Right. But nobody is sure. Mitterrand and Rocard explain that they tried to make this work with a left-wing President and a right-wing majority in parliament. But they failed, so a snap election had to be called.

The Right's established leaders, ex-President Giscard d'Estaing and ex-prime ministers Jacques Chirac and Raymond Barre, have all narrowed their sights. Their sole aim is to prevent the Socialists from getting so crushing a majority that *ouverture* will become a cruel farce.

The paradox is that even Mitterrand and Rocard dread the huge majority (up to 400 seats in a House of 555) which some opinion polls predict. Like sorcerer's apprentices, they know that so victorious a party cannot fail to insist on the spoils, in terms of policies and appointments at all levels.

This is an Alice in Wonderland situation in which the exultant Rocard — the man from the extreme Left who became a Social Democrat, who dared to criticise Mitterrand's leadership as "archaic" in 1980, only to back down hastily (Mitterrand never forgave him) — is now Mitterrand's prime minister for *ouverture*. This new Rocard is best cast as the incorporeal Cheshire Cat whose grin remains when the rest has vanished.

Alice: Everybody here talks about *ouverture* but nobody knows what it means. It's very provoking. Do you know?

Cheshire Cat: Of course I know, silly. Why would the Red President, who invented the word, have chosen me to carry it out?

Alice: But the President hates you. Everyone knows that.

Cheshire Cat: So he does.

That's why he chose me for *ouverture*.

Alice (impressed): Is it really so dreadful? I always thought an *ouverture* was the beginning of an opera.

Cheshire Cat: So it is. A comic opera, in which the Left lies down with the Right, and everybody lives happily for ever.

Alice: How lovely! When do you start?

Cheshire Cat: Well, we have to have an election first.

Alice: An election, how exciting! I hope, (she added, remembering her manners) that you get an absolute majority.

At this the cat squealed with terror and disappeared, and the remaining grin turned into a frown.

If the Left is terrified of victory, the Right is united only over the inevitability of its defeat. It cannot even denounce *ouverture*, because Mitterrand's election victory and the latest opinion polls both show the public wants it.

The worst equipped for this perplexing new world is the Gaullist leader, Jacques Chirac, and his days in high politics may be over. As prime minister in a state of "cohabitation"

with Mitterrand for two years, he had the perfect opportunity to practise the new art, but failed even to try. Right up to the end, he remained the partisan, block-against-block politician.

The rival centre-right UDF is better placed to play a game which it can claim to have invented before Mitterrand thought of it. Giscard d'Estaing, the UDF leader, had talked of *ouverture* when he stood for President against Mitterrand in 1974 — and won because of it.

Giscard has argued ever since that two Frenchmen out of three agree on major issues: all that is needed is for the extremes of Left and Right to be marginalised. But it was Mitterrand, not Giscard, who marginalised the Communists — and the Right now has a new, as yet un-marginalised extreme to haunt it — in the shape of Jean-Marie Le Pen.

Giscard has other handicaps: he is the prisoner of his vainglorious personality. The electorate is unlikely to forget the disdainful way he dismissed press exposures about the diamonds he got from the Emperor Bokassa. Giscard has tried to come back with studied humil-

ity, climbing the political ladder from the bottom. He has even written a book with disarming human revelations, such as how he nearly collapsed with emotion during his first Bastille Day parade. But the book is transparently disingenuous. And yet again, Giscard fails to mention the diamonds.

But Giscard can play the *ouverture* game when the time comes. He could be in the running for President of the Assembly (Speaker) in the new parliament. Significantly, he first denounced Mitterrand's decision to call snap elections — but now agrees it was inevitable. But Giscard still dreams of a new Centre-Right, led by him.

Raymond Barre has the same dream. He said last week that France needed a small liberal party like the West German FDP to support governments of the Left and Right alternately, but he was shot down by others on the Right who rightly considered this solution un-French.

Barre still has prestige as an economist who has not been proved spectacularly wrong, but he, too, is too arrogant and

self-important to be liked.

Younger aspirants are a hand with other solutions. Francois Leotard, only 47, was Chirac's Minister of Culture. He is quietly staking his claim as future leader of a new American-style Republican party ("a grand party, with currents within it") designed to alternate with the moderate Left.

Here in Fréjus, where Leotard is mayor and candidate for the combined "civilised Right" (the URC), he said such a party should be built "from the bas up, not haggled over between the big chiefs."

Meanwhile civilised right-wing planning on these lines is under the shadow of Le Pen. Can the Right take on board the frustrations his National Front has exposed, without compromising with fascism? A weak and divided Right is not well placed to meet the challenge. "If only we had someone like Thatcher," mused Leotard.

The Thatcher myth has even infected the National Front. "We feel squeezed, humiliated and excluded — like the Kanaks or the American Indians," said a Le Pen hanger-on in Marseille. "What we need here is the Falklands spirit."



Le Pen supporters on the march: can the "civilised Right" win them over?

# **TEST OUR B-TESTS IN THE FALKLANDS**

**EXCLUSIVE**

**BREATH-TEST** boss Tony Mather has been asked to carry out a routine check on his firm's machines... in the **FALKLAND ISLANDS**.

Tony will make his first 24,000-mile round trip to the South Atlantic later this summer.

Then, every six months, he will be back again... and again.. and again.

For each trip he will fly out on a routine 16-hour RAF flight from Brize Norton, Oxfordshire, and return the next day.

His overnight expenses will be paid by the Falklands' police.

## **Miles**

Bachelor Tony, 43, said yesterday: "It's an awful long way to go for what could be only two or three hours' work.

"I'm looking forward to the first visit and the second should be quite interesting, too.

*"But after that I think my enthusiasm will wane very quickly."*

## **Tony lands a 24,000 mile trip**

By **CLIVE CRICKMER**

Tony devised the B-test machine which is used by 200 police stations in Scotland and the North.

His North Shields firm has supplied two of the £4,000 gadgets to police in Port Stanley and another

to the RAF base in the Falklands.

A Foreign Office spokesman said: "There are fewer than 2,000 people and only about 30 miles of main road on the islands.

"But British law applies, so the machines must be tested twice a year as in this country."



George Younger, the Defence Secretary, will be alarmed at the implications of this.

"The fact that this film redresses the balance will upset them.

"There must be no question that the programme is cut and I urge the BBC to resist all attempts by the Government or anybody else to gag this film."

But Harry Greenway, Tory MP for Ealing North, said he would watch the programme with deep concern.

He said: "The BBC Charter says that they should educate and inform, not educate and inflame. It seems that they are content now only to inflame, not even to educate and certainly not to inform."

The controversy was compounded after it emerged yesterday that Lt Lawrence, author of the book *When The Fighting Is Over*, had received threats over the play.

The Guards' commanding officer later dissociated the regiment from the threatening telephone calls.

The scene which has prompted the argument is based on Lt Lawrence's recollection of a very young officer saying to him at the point of military advance: "Don't go on. It's too horrific."

"You'd be better off turning round and shooting anyone who tries to stop you going back."

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from Broad Street Associates

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Evening Standard (U)

# A blazing

# achievement

**T**onight's showing of *Tumbledown* sees the BBC once again plunged into controversy over a major drama production with criticism from the Scots Guards that it portrays their role in the Falklands unfairly and an apparent contradiction between the Corporation's stated view that it is non political and the director's remarks at a National Film Theatre showing that the film would be a failure if it were not deeply political. Here *Geoffrey Phillips*, one of those who has seen the production, gives his impression.

Deeply impressive, not a  
Left-wing sneer or snarl

# Press Cuttings

from Broad Street Associates



# Evening Standard

**THERE** might be the odd hermit here and there who has not heard of *Tumbledown* but everyone else is well aware of the BBC film being shown tonight.

Some might even believe that, because so many trailers have been shown and these usually show the best bits, there is now no point in watching it. This would be a mistake, because *Tumbledown* is brilliant. Disturbing at times, unsettling, with one or two gory scenes thrown in, but brilliant.

It is a two-hour drama based on the experiences of Lieutenant Robert Lawrence MC, of the Scots Guards, who was wounded in the attack on Mount Tumbledown in the Falklands war.

How much of the film is fact and just how much is artistic interpretation has been the cause of much rumbling, grumbling and flying shrapnel.

## Casualty

It may well be that a real life Private X or Dr Y feels aggrieved as a result of a particular sequence in *Tumbledown*. One feels a twinge of sympathy, but the importance of their trampled toes pales more than somewhat when set beside the blazing achievement of *Tumbledown*.

That is, to show how a war was for one man: one soldier in one battle, one casualty on his stretcher, one ex-soldier in his wheelchair. There will

be those who will say that what happened to Lt Lawrence was not typical. Even that certain slights and oversights did not happen, except, perhaps, in the pain-racked imagination of a young man, in the full powerful, arrogant flow of his prime, cruelly cut down.

There will be those who quibble at the portrayal in one pre-Falklands scene of guardsmen roaming raucously about outside a pub barely distinguishable from a bunch of skinhead football supporters on the razzle. But it is an uncomfortable reminder that fighting a war is not for languid chaps with a fondness for pressing flowers and composing odes to buttercups: it is for tough nuts.

## Political

At a National Film Theatre preview last week, *Tumbledown*'s director Richard Eyre contradicted the BBC's view that the film is non-political: "I would feel the film a failure if it is not deeply political" and adding "I am happy to say I don't think the film is balanced and I hope that is considered one of its advantages, its virtues."

Mr Eyre's awesome abilities as a director of films is amply demonstrated by *Tumbledown*: his ability to gauge its effect on others is less certain. At the risk of causing him grave disappointment, it is worth bearing in mind that films can assume a power that those who created them did not perhaps intend.

*Tumbledown* is probably such a case. In any event, despite much anxious wringing of hands in some quarters, there is no criticism of the Falklands war, its origins or conduct. It is not fashionable Left-wing sneer or snarl. It is a deeply impressive war film.

Making war films is something we used to be very good at: the studios churned out World War II epics galore in the Fifties.

Almost without exception they were romantic and brittle-chinned but romantic. If memory serves, only Richard Attenborough was allowed to show a yellow streak. Everyone else was a thoroughly decent chap.

But, as one whose notion of what war entailed was provided - and distorted - by those Fifties war film heroes, I have to say that *Tumbledown* is an important and necessary corrective.

It does not say that going to war in the right cause is wrong. But it reminds us what a grim and messy business it is. And it might even remind us that in hospitals and homes up and down the land there are many, many other Lt Lawrences who came home from other wars to a life of pain and discomfort.

31 MAY 1988

Press Cuttings  
from Broad Street Associates

Evening Standard (2)



RELIVING THE HORROR: Lt Robert Lawrence, right, with the actor who plays him in Tumbledown, Collin Frith

31 MAY 1988

Press Cuttings  
from Broad Street Associates

 Evening Standard (4)



**THE REAL THING: Scots Guards after the Tumbledown battle**

# Last-ditch plea to TV by Guards

THE Scots Guards were today making a last-minute stand for talks with the BBC over tonight's screening of the controversial Falklands war drama, *Tumbledown*, which shows a member of the regiment urging another officer to retreat from an assault.

Television chiefs have apparently so far not responded to demands from the Guards for the BBC to make an on-screen statement that the scene is fictional.

Early today there was every indication that the programme

by **Tim Barlass**

would go ahead as planned on BBC 1 at 9.30pm.

A spokesman for the BBC said that a letter calling for discussions about the scene had been received from the regiment's Capt James Stuart and that it was "under consideration".

The BBC says the film is not entirely fictional but a drama based on the memories of Falklands veteran Lt Robert Lawrence, who was seriously injured in the *Tumbledown* assault.

A spokesman for the Ministry of Defence said that legal advisers for the regiment had approached solicitors at the BBC but it was understood that no meeting is planned.

The controversy was compounded after it emerged yesterday that Lt Lawrence, author of the book *When The Fighting Is Over* had received threats over the play. The Guards commanding officer later dissociated the regiment from the threatening telephone calls.

The scene which has prompted the argument is based on Lt Lawrence's recollection of a very young officer saying to him at the point of military advance: "Don't go on. It's too horrific. You'd be better off turning round and shooting anyone who tries to stop you going back."

Some have seen the affair as a move by the regiment to preserve its reputation.

A BBC spokesman said today that it had received a letter disputing the accuracy of a scene in the play and that letter was still under consideration.



Lt LAWRENCE: Fiction?

DAILY MIRROR, Tuesday, May 31, 1988

# TEST OUR B-TESTS IN THE FALKLANDS

**EXCLUSIVE**

**BREATH-TEST** boss Tony Mather has been asked to carry out a routine check on his firm's machines... in the **FALKLAND ISLANDS**.

Tony will make his first 24,000-mile round trip to the South Atlantic later this summer.

Then, every six months, he will be back again... and again... and again.

For each trip he will fly out on a routine 16-hour RAF flight from Brize Norton, Oxfordshire, and return the next day.

His overnight expenses will be paid by the Falklands' police.

## Miles

Bachelor Tony, 43, said yesterday: "It's an awful long way to go for what could be only two or three hours' work.

"I'm looking forward to the first visit and the second should be quite interesting, too.

*"But after that I think my enthusiasm will wane very quickly."*

## Tony lands a 24,000 mile trip

By **CLIVE CRICKMER**

Tony devised the B-test machine which is used by 200 police stations in Scotland and the North.

His North Shields firm has supplied two of the £4,000 gadgets to police in Port Stanley and another

to the RAF base in the Falklands.

A Foreign Office spokesman said: "There are fewer than 2,000 people and only about 30 miles of main road on the islands.

"But British law applies, so the machines must be tested twice a year as in this country."

# WAR HERO'S STORY

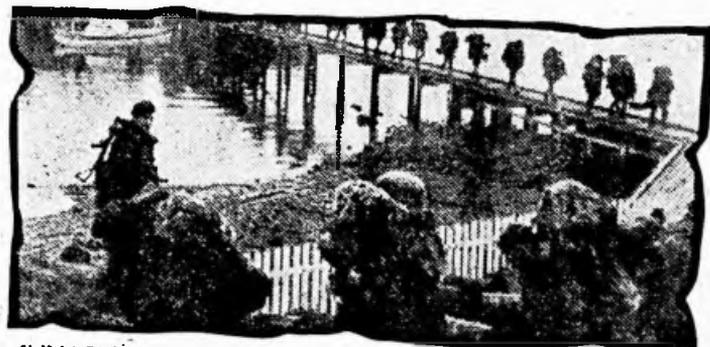
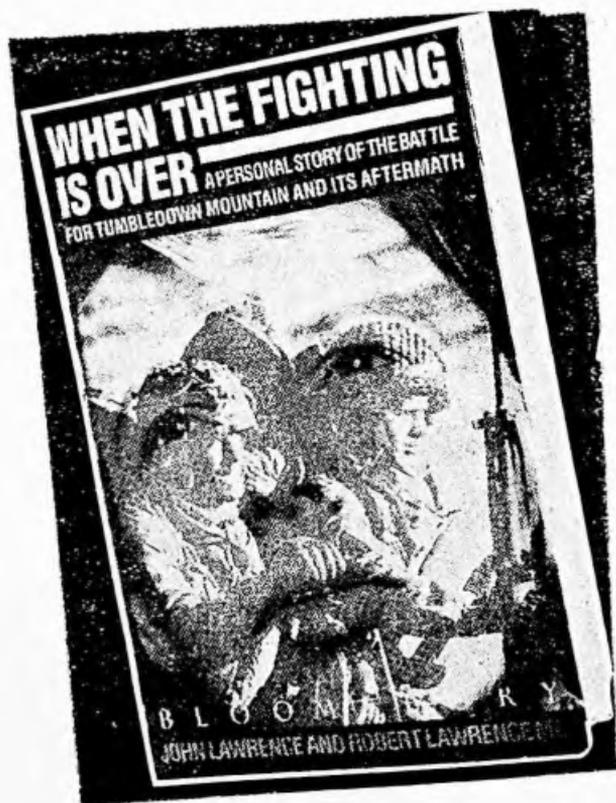


- **TUMBLEDOWN**, a controversial drama about the Falklands War, is screened on BBC1 tonight. But today, only in The Sun, you can start reading the book that inspired the telly story.
- **When The Fighting Is Over** tells of the courageous battle for life of Robert Lawrence, who lost almost half his brain to a sniper's bullet. It is moving, sometimes bitter and always gripping. It starts in a special Sun pull-out on Page 15.

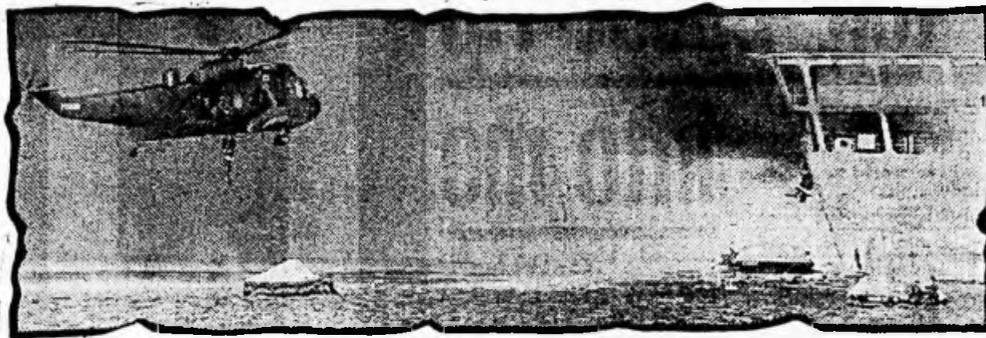
**STARTS TODAY! See Page 15**

**Tumbledown:  
A special Sun pullout**

**FOR SOME REASON I  
SHOUTED: ISN'T THIS  
FUN? THEN I FELT A  
BULLET RIP MY HEAD**



*INVASION: British troops file ashore at San Carlos Bay*



**DISASTER:** Lawrence saw the *Sir Galahad* hit as he prepared for his own battle

- **TUMBLEDOWN**, the TV story of one man's Falklands War, is screened on BBC1 tonight. The controversial drama is based on a book by Lieutenant Robert Lawrence, who had almost half his brain shot away by a sniper during the fighting in June 1982.
- Today The Sun starts exclusive serialisation of that book, called **When The Fighting Is Over**. It is a proud, moving, sometimes bitter story—and one you will never forget...

**IT WAS** from a bleak hillside above Bluff Cove that we saw the landing ship *Sir Galahad* hit.

The Argentine planes that attacked her came screaming over our heads fast and low—faster than the speed of sound, so you didn't hear them until they were right on you.

The whole battalion, about 600 men, began firing at them, putting up a solid wall of lead. It was like being at the fairground and in the end we brought three of them down.

Soon after that, we began to get information about the possibility of an attack on Tumbledown Mountain, and began to prepare for the battle that was to tip the balance of the war.

The assault was set for the night of June 13. Helicopters took us up to Goat Ridge and from there a valley separated us from Tumbledown.

### **Nasty**

We came across some Paras who had been at Goose Green and Darwin earlier. I grabbed one and asked: "What's it like?"

*He said: "It's pretty nasty, but get within 200 metres of them and they'll run away."*

I believed all that, right until we actually got up on to Tumbledown.

It was only then we discovered that the troops the Paras had fought and captured at Goose Green, in the Argentinian outer ring of defence, were mostly teenage conscripts. The troops we were to face at Tumbledown were extremely well-trained and well-

equipped marines in their mid-twenties, who had recent fighting experience in the Argentinian Civil War.

They'd had years of aggression. They were used to it.

People like me, on the other hand, had been busy Changing The Guard at Buckingham Palace—not exactly the greatest experience for fighting a war in some God-forsaken little island in the middle of nowhere.

It was bloody cold. Really, really cold, so cold that I thought I was going to die.

I remember at one stage not being able to move

because of it, not being able to motivate myself to keep moving, and I sat behind a rock, getting colder and colder.

### **Kicking**

Then my platoon sergeant came along and started kicking the boys and kicking me to get us going again. I honestly think I would have died if it hadn't been for him.

As we pushed on, I came across a very young officer from Left Flank who had only recently joined the battalion. He had been caught in

**By Robert Lawrence**



**RETURN TO TUMBLEDOWN:** Robert (second right) in the Falklands for the shooting of tonight's film

the back blast of an 84 millimetre anti-tank weapon.

He was being looked after behind a rock by two Guardsmen and was crying his eyes out—his sergeant had died in his arms.

"Don't go on," he said to me. "It's too horrific. You'd be better off turning round, and shooting anyone who tried to stop you going back."

### Grenade

I realised he was suffering from shock, but at the time I just thought, rather unsympathetically, 'How unprofessional' and pushed on. The minute we started leading our

assault, a machine-gun post saw us coming and switched its fire on to us. We hit the ground and tried to return fire.

I began crawling forward on my own for 40 or 50ft and I remember feeling desperately scared. Bullets were flying everywhere.

"This is it," I thought. "This is the end." I tried to make myself disappear into the ground—face right down in the dirt.

Eventually I got behind a rock and pulled the pin from a white phosphorous grenade.

I hurled the thing into the air and the grenade went straight into the machine-gun post. I took off and screamed at my men to follow me. In

that instant, my one sudden thought was, "Are they going to follow me, or will I be left to run off on my own?"

But when I glanced around, there was this unbelievably fantastic sight of every man getting up and running in.

I remember thinking at that time that this was life on a knife edge. Amazing. Fantastic. Nothing would ever bother me from then on.

It occurred to me that people just don't die in real life the way they do on television.

If a man is shot, a bit of him might come off, but he doesn't drop immediately. He just carries on coming. It takes an enormous amount to kill a man. Usually he has to be shot three or four times before he dies.

### Myth

As well as being told that the Argentinians were ill-equipped, we had also been led to believe they were starving. This was another myth.

In the first Argentine trench I came across, cans and cans of food had been poured into the bottom, just to keep the occupiers' feet out of the water.

There were numerous Argentinians in the machine-gun post. They were wearing American-style uniform: big green parkas with webbing over the top.

I searched my first prisoner frantically for a Colt .45 pistol, because I desperately wanted one as a souvenir to take back to England.

Just as the assault appeared to have come to a grinding halt, and we dealt with the wounded and prisoners, we suddenly came under sniper fire from crabs above us.

I grabbed two of my Guardsmen, and we set off to go round the Stanley end of

**I JOIN**

**QUEUE**

**OF DEATH**

**Go on, sir, have  
a good cry, said  
the Sarge. And  
I thought: You  
bastard, I won't**

## I felt bullet rip

■ FROM PAGE 15

Tumbledown. We stepped round a craggy rock—and the whole world seemed to explode.

*Gunfire, grenades, explosions, booby traps maybe, everything erupted on the other side of this rock*

We quickly jumped back again. Guardsman Pengelly started climbing up the rock to try to get at one of the sniper positions.

But he was hit and fell back, wounded.

I felt I had to keep the momentum going. I grabbed two or three people, went round the other end of the rock, and we started skirmishing again.

### **Bayonet**

By now it was almost daylight and, among grass and rocks, I saw an Argentinian lying face down.

I thought, "Is he alive or dead?" and stuck my bayonet into the back of his arm.

He spun wildly on the ground and my bayonet snapped.

And as he spun he was trying to get a Colt .45 out of an army holster. So I had to stab him to death. I stabbed him and I

## into me

stabbed him, again and again—in the mouth, in the face, in the guts, with a snapped bayonet.

It was absolutely horrific. Stabbing a man to death is not a clean way to kill somebody, and what made it doubly horrific was that at one point he started screaming "PLEASE" in English.

But if I had left him alive, he could have shot me in the back.

I saw the lights of Stanley below us and thought, 'How strange it hasn't been blacked out.'

For some inexplicable reason, I suddenly cried out: "Isn't this fun?"

*Seconds later, it happened. I felt a blast in the back of my head that felt more like I'd been hit by a train than by a bullet.*

It was a high-velocity bullet. Air turbulence and shockwaves travelling with it caused the damage.

My knees had gone and I collapsed, totally paralysed, on to the ground.

**THE pain in my head was quite indescribable. The wound was so hot and burning that I wanted to rub it into the mud and snow.**

But I couldn't move. Only after a little while did any feeling return to my right side.

And I remember thinking, "Oh my God, everybody's going to think I'm dead because I'm not moving and they're not going to come and help me."

I think Sergeant McDermot was the first to arrive. He took my beret off and my head just kept gushing blood.

Mark Matthewson arrived soon after and suggested packing snow into the wound, which seemed a pretty good idea.

Then I was struck by the awful thought that I had led all my men into a trap and that most of them would be dead owing to my stupid foolishness in being too gung-ho.

Then I started worrying about my family back home and Mitty, my girlfriend at the time. And I started getting very, very panicky about dying.

By this stage I'd lost five pints of blood and the temperature was sub-zero.

The wind-chill factor brought it even lower and there was a fierce blizzard.

Then, with the fear and the frustration, I suddenly began to cry.

### Fire

Sergeant McDermot came up to me and said: "Go on, sir, you have a good cry."

And I thought, "You bastard, I'm NOT going to cry." I had been all for crying up to the minute he said that, and then I thought, "Stuff it, I won't."

I was wondering, "Where are the sleeping bags the platoon were meant to be carrying for casualties?"

"And where the hell is the helicopter that was meant to come and pick me up?"

Soon after that, we came under a lot of artillery fire from Stanley. Sergeant Oakes, the medical sergeant, stayed with me, though, plus a couple of the others. They lay on top of me to try to keep me warm.

### Shell

While they were doing that, as I found out later, an enormous artillery shell landed about six feet away from us, sank itself into the soil, but didn't go off.

Had it done so, none of us would be here today.

Finally, after two hours, the helicopter arrived.

It was flown in and out of Tumbledown several times very fast and very low.

I had lost so much blood during the two and a half hours I'd been waiting on the mountain, it was a wonder I was still alive.

But then again, I was so absolutely terrified of dying, I could so easily have gone into shock and died then—full stop.

Either that, or gone into a coma.

But the sheer fear of dying seemed to keep me hanging on.

There wasn't much room in the helicopter, so my head ended up hanging out of the door as we were flying along.

The Sarge tried to hold me up and he took off his woolly Arctic hat and put it over my head to protect it from the freezing wind. But immediately it blew off again.

The pain in my head continued to be agonising—about 45 per cent of my brain had been blown away.

But I wasn't allowed any morphine or other form of anaesthetic for fear that it would kill me.

I was tempted to give in to the pain but I was too frightened to.

### Flown

I was flown to the field hospital at Fitzroy, which was a converted refrigeration plant.

Casualties were divided into three categories...

● Those they could save if they worked quickly.

● Those they could save but who could afford to wait a bit longer.

● Those who were probably going to die.

Not surprisingly, perhaps, I was put on a drip and stuck at the back of

the queue in the last category.

The system made sense. There was no point spending six and a half hours working on a man who was going to die, when, during that time, three might die and four get worse who might have been saved with prompt attention.

I waited four and a half hours there—this on top of the two and a half hours I'd already spent on the mountain—and still wasn't allowed any anaesthetic.

The first thing they did was to remove my clothes to check that I didn't have any injuries underneath that were not visible.

I remember feeling vaguely annoyed about the way they were cutting straight through the leather of my best Northern Ireland boots with a gigantic pair of scissors, rather than just cutting the laces and tearing into my best SAS arctic smock.

I'd put all my best stuff on to go into battle, a bit like gearing up to go to a disco on a Friday night.

I know they were completely right. They couldn't mess around.

But at times like that one's brain works in an irrational way and little things like that get blown

up out of all proportion. They operated on me later, stopping the blood loss and removing the obvious dead tissue and various bits of dirt and muck.

Then they packed the wound full of antiseptic gel and stretched my scalp back over the hole.

A piece of skull about four and a half inches by three and a half inches had gone.

But the split in the scalp made by the bullet's air turbulence went cleanly back together again.

I think the operation lasted about seven hours in all and I was conscious through most of it.

It did, in fact, seem quite quick and I was thrilled that someone was finally doing something to help me.

### **Dirt**

From Fitzroy I was transferred to the Red Cross ship, the Uganda, which was floating in the Falklands Sound and out of bounds of the war.

I remember being staggered by the sight of a bed and clean sheets after all that time in the trenches and the dirt.

Even more shattering was the sight of priests of every denomination gathered like vultures, waiting for us to die.

My head still hurt like hell but they wouldn't let me go into a deep sleep.

Every half-hour they brought me round to take my pulse, temperature and blood pressure and shine a pen torch in my eyes to test the reaction of the pupils.

When you're as ill as that all you want to do is sleep. But it was too dangerous. They did not want me to go into a deep sleep in case I died. I was being fed by drips, so I couldn't

eat or taste anything because I was paralysed.

I couldn't pee because I had a catheter in, couldn't see anything but the ceiling above and couldn't hear anything because the ship was being kept so quiet.

But I was desperately keen to know when I was going to go back home to England.

Eventually, Angus Smith, our padre, came to visit us and told me that the war was over.

I don't think that at that point I really had any comprehension of how ill I actually was.

I know that I used to have nightmares on the Uganda and that one night I woke up in the middle of one and grabbed a nurse by the throat.

I was generally in a lot of pain and I desperately wanted to go home.

I missed my family and I was terribly worried about them.

I also felt extremely envious of the people who were still on the Falklands—those who had been there for the surrender. I felt that I had missed out on all the fun.

### **Envy**

They would be there now, running around with all the Argentinian equipment—the victors.

It would have been like Christmas and I really envied them that.

I couldn't be one of them any more and couldn't be treated the same. That's what I felt at that point on the Uganda.

I did not realise then that this was merely a foretaste of how things were going to be again and again in the years to come.

After about five days on the Uganda, I was trans-

ferred to the Herald—a warship being used as a hospital ship, running a taxi service to Montevideo, in Uruguay, from where the injured would be flown home.

ferred to the Herald—a warship being used as a hospital ship, running a taxi service to Montevideo, in Uruguay, from where the injured would be flown home.

On the Herald, I felt very excited about the prospect of going home.

The ship appeared to have been gutted to make one large ward which had rows and rows of three-tier bunks. The staff were mainly volunteers from the naval ratings plus a couple of doctors for emergencies.

We were a mixed bunch on board. Some were far more ill than others.

### **Watch**

One night a paratrooper in the bed behind me, a really loud-mouthed Tom who was very funny and a sort of barrack-room lawyer to boot, suddenly asked me for my officer's issue watch.

"You won't need it," he said. "Because even if you don't die, you're certainly going to be out of the Army. And no one will ever miss it."

I let him have it. He seemed to have a point at the time. Years later, I saw him again at some church service. He still had the watch.

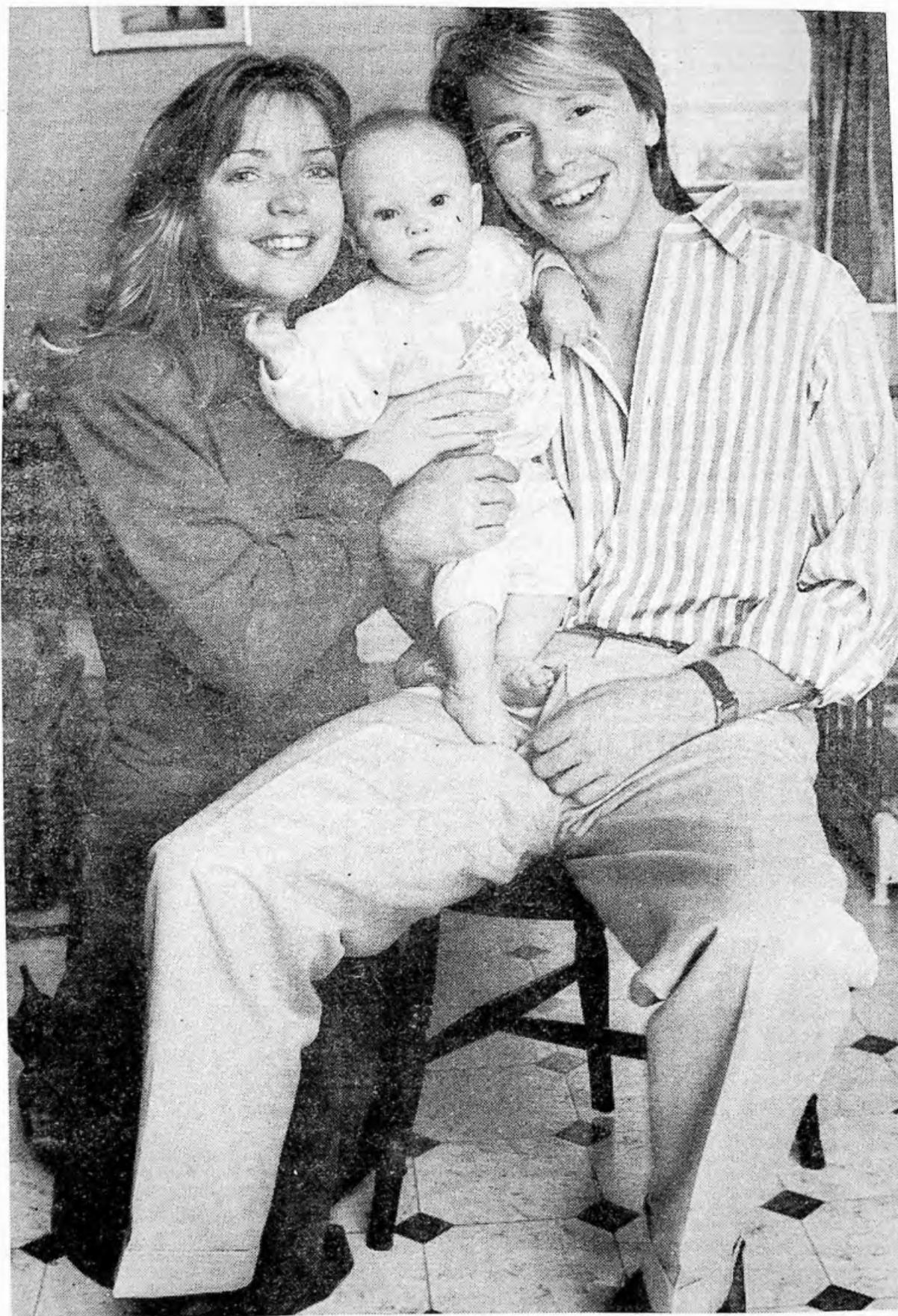
I needed constant injections of antibiotics to keep infections at bay.

They couldn't keep puncturing my arm, as it would soon have been as bugged-up as a heroin addict's.

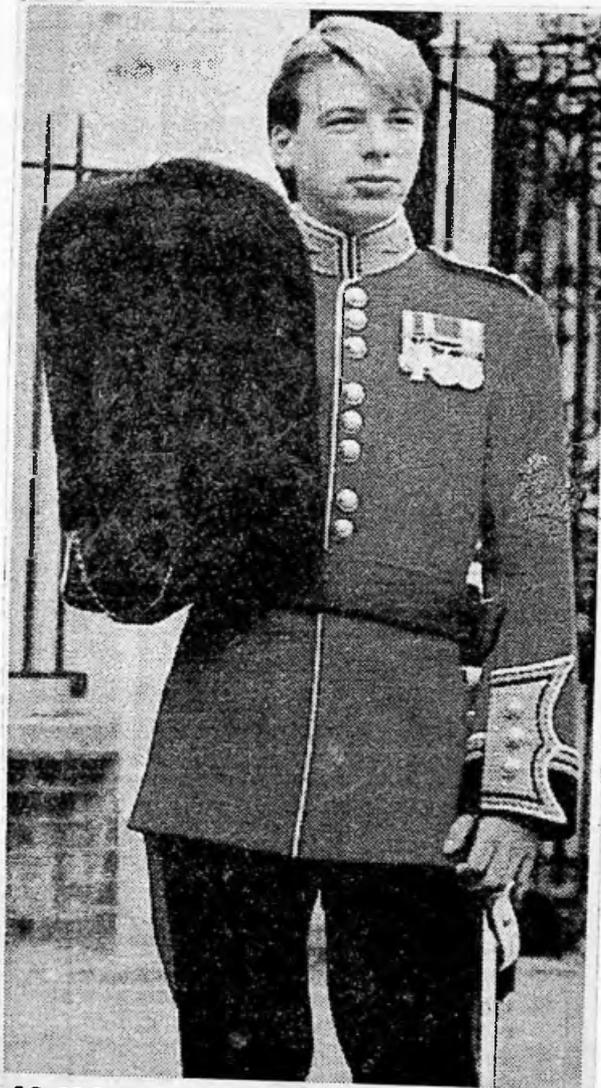
Instead, they inserted what looked like a horse needle into a vein.

It was quite a palaver getting this huge needle in. I remember once when a doctor and a medic tried to do it for me hearing this "errr...." noise followed by a thud.

The medic had passed out!



**HAPPY TO BE ALIVE . . . Robert with wife Tina and son Conrad** Picture: ARTHUR STEEL



*SO PROUD . . . Robert in Scots Guards uniform*

## MP challenges Younger over Tumbledown victim

Seumas Milne

**A** LABOUR MP yesterday called on the Defence Secretary, Mr George Younger, to establish an independent inquiry into the treatment of Falklands war veterans after the controversy over Robert Lawrence, MC, whose story is the basis of tonight's BBC Television drama, *Tumbledown*.

Mr Jack Ashley, MP for Stoke South, who has taken up malpractices in the armed services in the past, said that an independent investigation was "the only way to resolve the conflict between Lieutenant Robert Lawrence and the Ministry of Defence." He also wants Mr Younger to establish an armed forces ombudsman to avoid such disputes in the future.

Mr Younger has said he is "deeply unhappy" about *Tumbledown* and some Tory politicians have claimed that the play is politically slanted. Mr Lawrence's father, Wing Com-

mander John Lawrence, has claimed that the Ministry of Defence is running a "dirty tricks" campaign to discredit it.

Mr Lawrence was shot in the head in the assault on Tumbledown Mountain in June, 1982, and has been left partially paralysed. He believes that he and other severely wounded Falklands veterans were treated as an embarrassment and faced bureaucratic obstacles to building a new life.

The Ministry of Defence has denied that there has been any whispering campaign to discredit or play down his story.

However, it emerged yesterday that the MoD approached the BBC and at least one commercial television company in April with an offer of privileged access to six servicemen, injured in the Falklands, who were happy with their subsequent treatment.

A documentary film maker said: "The army PR department approached me with a file of 'good news' case studies, offering full facilities. The worst problem they could offer was

one bloke who had not been promoted as he would have expected."

The MoD and Mr Lawrence's regiment, the Scots Guards, refused co-operation with the BBC over the making of *Tumbledown*.

The ministry has tried to portray Mr Lawrence's complaints as unique, but Ms Jean Carr, author of *Another Story, Women and the Falklands War*, said that his treatment was typical.

She called the response of the service charities "crass" and the administration of the South Atlantic Fund "a shambles."

Ms Carr quoted the wife of another wounded Falklands veteran describing the after-care of the families as shocking, and described the blocking of allowances to the injured as a disgrace.

None of the case histories in her book had been disputed by the Ministry of Defence, she said last night.

**Hugo Young, page 19; Leader comment, page 18**

# No way to treat a war hero

THE storm of controversy surrounding the film *Tumbledown* has forced the BBC to broadcast a disclaimer before screening the drama tonight.

Though they insist the gorily realistic film is based on a true account of events during the bloody Falklands battle, they now admit that some crucial events are "fiction".

The £1 million drama deals with the experiences of Robert Lawrence, the 21-year-old Scots Guards officer who had half his brain blown away by a high-velocity bullet.

Miraculously he survived, though severely paralysed, and his bitter account of his subsequent treatment by the British government led to the film.

He shrugs off accusations that

## *TUMBLEDOWN (BBC1, 9.30 pm)*

*Tumbledown* is gratuitously violent — Lawrence, played by Colin Frith, is shown repeatedly stabbing a wounded Argentine soldier with a broken bayonet.

"If we're talking about controversy over killing," he says, "I find it staggering that the public seem surprised. That's what you sent us to do."

The real controversy, he feels, lies in the way the British government treated the casualties of the conflict — they wanted "victors, not victims," he claims.

Lawrence cites his own example — he had to wait 18 months for his pension and was tucked discreetly behind a pillar in St Paul's for the Falklands Memorial service.

"I come from a service background," he says. "I'm an officer

and a relatively eloquent one. But what the hell's happening to a Welsh guardsman with a miner as his father, or someone who has no parents?"

The Ministry of Defence declined to help the BBC with the production. "We had several discussions," says producer Richard Broke, "all of which were perfectly amicable. However, their job is defence of the realm first and film-making second, and they didn't want to join us."

Despite the howls of outrage from some government supporters, Broke and BBC1 controller Jonathan Powell flatly deny that the government has pressed them not to show the film.

However, the commander of the Scots Guards demanded the "fiction" disclaimer after seeing a scene in which a member of his regiment is shown begging an officer to abandon an attack.

**ANNE CABORN**



**SOLDIERING ON: Lawrence with Colin Frith**

## **Shame on BBC**

THE BBC has got itself embroiled in yet another shameful wrangle over the truthfulness of a television programme.

Tumbledown, a drama about the Falklands war, makes accusations against the Scots Guards and the behaviour of the military authorities towards a severely wounded war hero, Robert Lawrence, whose story it is.

What the BBC won't clear up is whether the piece, to be screened tonight, is meant to be strictly accurate, or to reflect the personal attitudes of the unfortunate Mr Lawrence, or is simply an artistic invention by the writer, Charles Wood.

It is intolerable that we should be left in any doubt when the subject matter is real, identifiable people fighting and dying for Britain. But it is all too typical of the Corporation's attitude — that Auntie Beeb always knows what's best.



## Cuts row over Falklands film

TV CHIEFS are to decide today if they will make any cuts to the controversial Falklands war drama Tumbledown.

Lawyers acting for the Scots Guards want a short sequence cut from the £1 million film.

The regiment claims the film —on BBC1 tonight—will damage its reputation.

The two-hour drama is based on the experiences of former Scots Guards lieutenant Robert Lawrence, who was seriously wounded during the assault on Mount Tumbledown.

Of particular concern to the regiment are comments all-

egedly made by a young officer to the film's leading character.

The Scots Guards, backed by the Ministry of Defence, wants it made clear to the public that the scene is fictional.

Unless the scene is axed this would take the form of an on-screen explanation with the titles.

The BBC has always maintained the film is a dramatised account of the assault.

In a book, *When The Fighting Is Over*, Robert Lawrence claims wounded Falklands soldiers have been forgotten by the Army.

**Tumbledown: The only truth:**  
Page 9.



## Tumbledown: The only truth

TONIGHT television viewers will be able to decide for themselves if a film about the Falklands War is a convincing account of a battle or a misrepresentation of the facts.

Only those who were on Tumbledown mountain hours before the Argentinian surrender on June 14, 1982, know what happened.

Even then accounts vary. In battle making a mental note of everything seen or heard comes way down a soldier's list of priorities.

### Varied

After the surrender I spoke to many soldiers about Tumbledown to try to gain a comprehensive view of what happened.

What I was told, I am sure, was all in good faith, but accounts varied so much that I was unable to write an accurate report.

Tonight's BBC film Tumbledown attempts to depict the battle from the



Lawrence . . . medal

recollections of Scots Guard Lieutenant Robert Lawrence, who was shot in the head by a sniper.

Mr Lawrence was certainly there and his heroism so beyond question that he was recommended for, and awarded, the Military Cross.

But, whether or not a young officer did, as the film depicts, tell Mr Lawrence he would be better off fleeing the battlefield and shooting anyone who got in his way, is open to question.

The Ministry of Defence wants that sequence cut because, it says, it is not true and libellous because

the officer can be easily identified.

This, presumably, means the officer has denied saying it.

What is true is the effort by the MoD to present an acceptable image of the war to the public.

Many battle scene pictures were never transmitted home by order of the censor because it was thought that such pictures would upset relatives of the dead and injured.

### Debate

Pictures of Argentinian soldiers, however, were transmitted.

Truth, it is said, is the first casualty of war but when the debate has died down only one point matters: The soldiers, sailors and airmen of the Falklands Task Force did what they were trained to do with tenacity and courage second to none.

That is the plain truth.

ROBERT MCGOWAN

## TV alert before Falklands war play

THE BBC will issue a public warning before tonight's controversial Falklands play *Tumbledown*.

It follows a bitter complaint from the Scots Guards' Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Michael Whiteley, about a scene showing one of his officers telling another to abandon an attack and shoot anybody who tried to stop him getting away.

The colonel demanded a 'public clarification' that the episode is, as he insists, purely fictional.

Last night corporation officials were working on a statement to be screened or read out on BBC1 by an announcer.

A spokesman refused to reveal any details but it is believed that the BBC will emphasise that the events depicted are fictional and should not be seen to be based on real life.

Producer Richard Broke said he would 'have control of what the statement will say.'

Colonel Whiteley also asked for a meeting with the producers to discuss what will be broadcast. It was not known whether his request was being granted.

The BBC have maintained that the drama is not entirely fictional but a dramatisation of the war experiences of Guards Lieutenant Robert Lawrence, who was shot in the head hours before the ceasefire.

Colonel Whiteley wrote to the BBC pointing out that, despite what is said in *Tumbledown*, at no time did an officer turn to a colleague and say: 'Don't go on. It's too horrific. You'd be better off turning around and shooting anyone who tries to stop you going back.'

# In memory of fallen truths

## Commentary



Hugo Young

I look forward to seeing Tumbledown tonight. But what interests me before that is the argument about politics. Should the presence of "politics" seriously be permitted to invalidate an artistic endeavour? And who, in any case, has been in charge of politicisation for nearly a decade, in which time the virtue of any non-political activity has been declared null and void? If everything is now examined for its political meaning, is this the work of the BBC or of a rather more powerful institution?

Consider some current events. Two weeks ago, Mr Peter Dupont, an employee at the Central Office of Information, described part of his job as being "to expound untruths on behalf of the Government, produce dodgy material, or leak documents in the Government's interest". A colleague of his at the Department of Employment, Mr Peter Cook, said that staff there were under increasing pressure "to work on projects which at best can be described as favourably disposed towards Government pol-

Research work now has to pass a test of political utility. A Bill moves towards passage which, along with the economic pressure, concentrates more power over academic and intellectual life into the hands of one politician than the electorate has ever been invited to approve. The quest for truth is to be ever more heavily compromised by a ministerial definition of what useful truth might consist of.

Sometimes this political loading is even more shameless. An Act was passed in the last Parliament which banned, amid a great deal of righteous oratory about the waste of public money, "political" advertising by local authorities. Yet ministers do not scruple to spend more than ever on political advertising of their own.

Some of this may be necessary public service: for example, the Aids campaign, and the improbable attempt to publicise the single European market by making Sir John Harvey-Jones the face of 1992. But even the Treasury has criticised the extravagances of Lord Young's DTI. Perhaps ministers with three elections behind them genuinely find it difficult to see any difference between public information and party propaganda. Certainly they behave like people who believe in the incontestable virtue of politics, their own politics, reaching into every corner of society.

This is a strange legacy for a Conservative government. But it is the Thatcherite achievement. An unrelenting decade of politics has placed exponents of a different ethic — that of objectivity, catholicity, inquiry, openness, toleration — firmly on the defensive.

One doesn't need to see Tumbledown to know it must be political. No film about the Falklands War could be otherwise. Even without judging the causes of the war or attacking the political decision to fight it, a Falklands film will leave strong impressions — which may be complex but will certainly be in some sense political. Indeed, all war films arguably have a political message, which is dependent in part on the director's intentions and in part on the conditioning of the audience at that time and place.

In Britain in the late 1980s, the argument about Tumbledown is a manifestation of this conditioning, which has happened over a much wider terrain than film-making or even culture. We have become a much more political society, with particularly deplorable consequences for creativity and truth. Above all, truth. Tumbledown seems not to be proof of gratuitous politicking at the BBC but one more instance of the tendency, now widespread, to require all "political" messages to submit to the orthodoxies of government. Truth itself has become a political commodity.

and at worst blatantly party political".

Talking to more senior civil servants, one discovers that such opinions are commonplace. They work by second nature these days as blind adjuncts to a political crusade rather than as objective ministerial advisers. They have grown cynical about the need to bend the truth as they see it. But they do the job and look the other way. What matter, to their careers as much as anything, are the political not the administrative virtues.

The universities are being pushed in the same direction. Here again, temples of detached inquiry are being pressed to change themselves into the motors of a political machine, directing itself towards economic progress on the basis of an economic philosophy that brooks no challenge. The universities, by and large, submit.

**T**HE CHARGE against Tumbledown, the Falklands drama being screened tonight by the BBC, is that it is "political". But that is only the beginning. The further inference is that it has no right to be political: that being political deprives it of artistic legitimacy, excludes all other merits, and proves once more — since the politics lie in not taking a wholly heroic view of the Falklands War — that the BBC is as full of lefties as it ever was.

The fiercest conclusion is that the film should not have been made and should not now be shown. But the more moderate critique is scarcely less striking. This says that Tumbledown comes "too soon". It is now six years since Port Stanley was re-captured, longer than the entire span of World War Two; and what is surely most remarkable about that time is the utter absence of any cultural artefacts, until this one, addressing the events of April-June 1982. Nonetheless, the charge is pressed. Tumbledown is a political play, with live political resonances, and therefore has no rightful claim on the attention of a television audience.

Nowhere is this more conspicuous than in the media, particularly the environs of the BBC. When the BBC declined to produce an earlier Falklands play, by Mr Ian Curteis, it proved impossible to convince the world that this was an artistic not a political judgment. Because the play apparently took a heroic view, the author persuaded himself and a good few politicians that he could not but have been a "political" victim. Artistic criteria were excluded from credibility, suffused by the poison of a narrow, obsessive, deterministic political paranoia.

Tumbledown presents the opposite case, of a play whose nature has to be denied because of the political atmosphere that now obtains. A BBC spokesman said it was "absolutely non-political". A fatuous statement, rendered more so by the assertion of the director, Richard Eyre, that it is in fact "deeply political". Only in a society oppressed by the government-inspired politics of intolerance would the BBC have felt obliged to put up such a pretence.

A healthy society would take this film, good or bad, in its stride. It would acknowledge the political dimension, and see this as an authentic subject for debate rather than suppression. It would not seek to put the ring-fence of some kind of 30-year rule around political drama, as it does round the disclosure of Cabinet minutes. But this is not a healthy society. It contains too many people of influence, in the media as well as politics, who would have banned *All Quiet on the Western Front* as a piece of intolerable subversion.

## There's only one tumble

As you probably know, the BBC is tonight screening *Tumbledown*, a television drama written by Charles Wood about a young officer, Lieutenant Robert Lawrence MC, who sustained dreadful wounds in the Falklands war and has been fighting ever since, with what he believes has been inadequate help from the military establishment, to build a new life for himself. Why you probably know this is because a fine old outcry has been building up against the BBC in the usual quarters, suggesting that the work is subversive and that it totally fails to present a balanced story. The Ministry of Defence in briefings has cast copious doubt on the value of Robert Lawrence's testimony and seems to be putting itself out to a quite unwonted degree to assist reporters and film-makers who might wish to tell "the other side of the story." Several newspapers have interviewed people who fought alongside Mr Lawrence and people who later treated him, and who now dispute his recollection of events.

Judgments, in our view, are best made by people who have seen Tum-

bledown, which like many of those who have so far commented on it, we have not. There is, though, one particularly useful test by which it may be judged. Together with his father, John, Robert Lawrence has published his own account of these events in a book called *When the Fighting is Over* (Bloomsbury £12.95), which is described as a personal story of the battle for Tumbledown Mountain and its aftermath. (This book is now being serialised in *The Sun*, which could be why *The Sun* has not joined the pack this time in belabouring the BBC.) In it, John Lawrence describes the evolution of tonight's television play, which began when Charles Wood first learned of his son's predicament from a report in *The Guardian*. "I came to see it" he says "as a play about Robert as seen by the author and no one else. One thing it was not was a documentary."

So long as the play's intentions are equally clear to the viewer, so long as it is plain that this is not intended as a definitive dispassionate account of all the matters on which it touches, it is difficult to see how the BBC can be open to criticism. A documentary can be fairly expected to present a rounded picture: a television drama, plainly presented as such, is under no such obligation. Charles Wood, to judge from the published text of his screenplay, is concerned to take the viewer through one man's experience of the Falklands war as that man remembers it: from his background and training through his joy in combat to his wounding, his painful rehabilitation, and his surviving bitterness over what he sees as neglect or being "tidied away" out of the sight of the cameras so as not to spoil a moment of celebration. But the author is not asking us to treat it as if it were intended as the final, factual, definitive word on the subject of the Falklands war and its aftermath, such as a documentary programme might seek to provide; and neither should anyone else.

## Pressure mounts for Curteis play

ON THE EVE of the screening of Charles Wood's highly controversial Falklands play, *Tumbledown*, it became clear yesterday that considerable pressure is building up on the BBC to balance its output by producing and screening Ian Curteis's Falklands Play, which was aborted so mysteriously in July 1986.

A Commons early day motion, calling on the BBC to make the Curteis play, has so far been signed by more than 60 MPs and in the Lords last week Lord Annan, author of the Annan Report on the Future of Broadcasting, had this to say: "There are rumours that the BBC hated Mr Curteis's play because it was patriotic and favoured the Prime Minister.

"I must say that from what happened afterwards, in all the rows that followed the cancellation of that play, I think there is something in that. Some of the top brass of the BBC were devious and dishonest on that issue, and displayed no more understanding of the ethics of broadcasting than an earwig."

Annan's contention must have come as music to the ears of Ian Curteis who has been fighting for his play for the past two years and who has consistently alleged that it was axed because it showed the Prime Minister in a kindly light and justified the war as the only way of dealing with Argentine aggression.

Richard Eyre, the director of *Tumbledown*, disclosed in his widely reported speech last week not only that the Wood play would "be a failure if it's not deeply political" but also that the play had been championed by Michael Grade, now head of Channel 4. Curteis has long claimed that Grade and Bill Cotton, the recently retired manag-

ing director of BBC Television, played a crucial role in blocking *The Falklands Play*.

Now that neither is at the BBC, it will be interesting to see whether the objections to making the "patriotic" play will eventually evaporate.

The BBC, however, points out that it no longer has the rights to Curteis's play and would have to renegotiate if it wanted to produce it. Jonathan Powell, the Controller of BBC1 who commissioned *Tumbledown*, maintains that Grade's original decision to axe *The Falklands Play* on grounds of quality still stands.

## Younger steps into film row

By Jane Thynne, George Jones and A J McIlroy

MR YOUNGER, Defence Secretary, has intervened in the growing row over the BBC Falklands War drama, *Tumbledown*.

Mr Younger intervened after lawyers representing the Scots Guards met the BBC yesterday to demand a "public clarification" that one part of the film, to be shown at 9.30 tonight, is fictitious.

A spokesman for the Ministry of Defence said: "We have no objection whatsoever to the BBC staging a drama, but there are five seconds of film to which they have given the assertion it is fact when it is not."

Mr Younger said that as Defence Secretary responsible for the Army and, particularly, the Scots Guards, he was concerned that the public should know the film was not a documentary.

"If it is not made clear this is fiction it might give the impression that some of the things represented are true. As I understand it — although I haven't yet

seen the film — they are complete fiction."

"I hope it will be made perfectly clear it is fiction and should be seen in that light," said Mr Younger.

Lawyers representing the BBC, the Scots Guards and Lt Robert Lawrence, the subject of the film, will meet again today to discuss with "all interested parties" the Scots Guards' demand.

Mr Roger Freeman, Armed forces Minister, told the Commons last week the Ministry of Defence had declined to offer any assistance with *Tumbledown* because the script was "mixing fact with fiction" and would offend individuals who could not defend themselves or their reputations.

But yesterday Mr Richard Broke, the film's producer, said: "*Tumbledown* is a drama based on real events."

The BBC refused to comment on yesterday's meeting which was held after Lt Col Michael Whiteley, of the Scots Guards, took legal advice on behalf of one of the regiment's officers, who, he

claims, can be clearly identified in the film urging Lt Robert Lawrence to abandon the assault on Mount Tumbledown.

Yesterday fellow Scots Guards officers closed ranks in refusing to identify the officer, whom, the Ministry of Defence claims, is also identifiable in Lt Lawrence's book, *When the Fighting is Over*.

In the book Lt Lawrence recalls "a very young officer from the left flank" telling him: "Don't go on, it's too horrific. You'd be better off turning round and shooting anyone who tries to stop you going back."

## Toll plan to boost farm incomes

Tolls for visitors to have access across attractive areas of farmland could help to maintain farm incomes, says Mr Gordon Lee-Steere, president of the Country Landowners' Association.

He explained that farmers' incomes had halved in real terms since 1977. A

BRIEFING

## An Englishman abroad

THE OTHER Falklands play, which disgruntled playwright Ian Curteis will doubtless denounce in one more newspaper attack, is **TUMBLEDOWN** (9.30 BBC1), Charles Wood's account of what he learned of the South Atlantic War and after from Lieutenant Robert Lawrence. The latter, 22 at the time, was choppered off Tumbledown Mountain with a ferocious head-wound. Neither an unblemished hero nor a safely dead one, he found himself

marginalised by the army as a half-alive reproach. Wood shapes this resonant material into a complex flashback scheme, directed to the nines by Richard Eyre, whom the National Theatre is damned lucky to have. The film, led by a performance of bravery and shrewdly observed accuracy from Colin Firth, is the most compelling the BBC has made since the Bennett/Schlesinger tragi-comedy *An Englishman Abroad*. Cancel all engagements.

Hard luck on Granada's overlapping **HYPOTHETICALS: HAPPY FAMILIES?** (10.35 ITV) but this one is first up for the video unless you're going out (in which case set for *Tumbledown*). The excellent, nine year-old formula is perfect for this tricky subject. Like all good moderators, Prof Arthur Miller baits them with bonhomie and mock innocence, weaving an ever more challenging case. Many passing points are important and noteworthy, especially those of the US psychiatrist.

*W Stephen Gilbert*



*Man of war: Colin Firth as Lt Robert Lawrence in Tumbledown.*

## Dirty tricks and the art of war

ROBERT LAWRENCE, a heroic former Scots Guards officer who was fearfully injured in the Falklands campaign, feels he was badly treated thereafter, both by those in the services, who should have shown him greater support and respect, and by the Government. Because the injuries to the young man's head were so appalling, he was, he says, placed on the sidelines at the memorial service and, more generally, kept from public view and snubbed by his former comrades-in-arms.

Mr Lawrence believes Downing Street took the position that those with glamorous and relatively mild wounds were politically acceptable. Those whose bodies demonstrated too graphically the price paid to liberate the Falklands were a political embarrassment at a time of national rejoicing. Mr Lawrence has written a bitter and contentious book. Tonight a BBC film *Tumble-down*, based on his experiences and his emotions, is to be screened.

The BBC is at pains to stress that the film is not a dramatisation of the book. But although the BBC describes the film as "art" and not drama-documentary, Mr Lawrence says that it is an accurate enough account of what he went through. He was actively involved in the production of the programme, and the hero of the film bears his name. To an extent, therefore, the impact of the programme will be increased by the belief that it is, in some sense, "a true story" and not the product (however brilliant) of a pacifist-inclined director and a writer who was sceptical of the need for the Falklands campaign. Not unnaturally, the Ministry of Defence and the Scots Guards have reservations about certain incidents portrayed in *Tumble-down*. Now Mr Lawrence and his father, a retired Wing Commander, have countered with the plausible claim that the MoD has

been involved in a dirty tricks campaign to discredit both the book and the television production.

There are particular difficulties about the dramatic form adopted by Richard Eyre, the film's director, and Charles Wood, its writer. Contemporary drama-documentaries or "faction" inevitably attract allegations of political bias or historical inaccuracy. This is particularly so when the subject is so recent and, to a small but powerful liberal intelligentsia, so emotive a subject as the Falklands campaign. It is possible to challenge a programme which is labelled as dramatised fact if context is ignored or important pieces of information are distorted or suppressed. It is more difficult if, as in this case, labels such as drama-documentary are rejected and "real" people are interwoven with fictional characters. Mr Eyre accepts that his film is not "an objective record of facts" but insists that it is "scrupulously truthful in portraying the voyage of people's feelings". His is a dangerous mix.

The main propositions developed in this particular film are that young men are called on to do ghastly things in all wars, that injuries can be utterly appalling, and that those who suffer serious wounds can become a political embarrassment to be shoved aside in a shameful manner. One can accept all these points, and furthermore that Mr Lawrence has been very shabbily treated, and still believe — as most people in this country do — that the Falklands campaign was an honourable and necessary war, fought against an obnoxious and aggressive military dictatorship, in defence of innocent people for whom this country had a legal and moral responsibility. The terrible experiences of Mr Lawrence, whether fact or fiction, cannot be used as evidence to adduce that the Falklands War was not a war worth fighting.

# Home came the hero, hidden from view

ROBERT LAWRENCE looks an ordinary young man. Slim. Long fair hair. Aged 27. Chain smoking. It's when he lights up another cigarette you notice he is only using his right hand.

When he walks he is unsteady. His spine is out of alignment. He clasps his left hand in his right to save his useless arm swinging uncontrollably. If you look closely you can see the scar on his forehead, almost hidden by the hair line.

He has no skull behind the scar but a metal plate, 4½ by 3½ inches. Six years ago, during the viciously defended assault on Mount Tumbledown, a sniper blew a hole in his head. It was the last battle to free the Falklands, and left him with nearly half his brains oozing out of a horrific wound.

He never lost consciousness as he lay awaiting help, as he was helicoptered to a field hospital, and as he was given an emergency patch. Later he was deliberately kept awake because doctors feared that if he slept he would die.

He was paralysed down one side of his body. He was told he would not walk again. For that he got the Military Cross, £135,000 from the South Atlantic fund, a disability pension, and one cyclostyled letter from the DHSS asked him how he was.

Robert Lawrence is grateful for the money from the fund. It was given by the British public. If you gave, and no-one ever thanked you, Lieutenant Lawrence, ex-Scots Guards officer who ought to be dead, thanks you here and now.

He wishes the disability pension had been explained

sooner. He worried, lying in hospital with no prospects or career, battling to walk again, not knowing. He has nothing but disgust for the DHSS.

He is not bitter. Not about the war, or the injury. But he wanted his story told - not so much because of what happened to him in the Falklands, but what happened later. He wanted the namby pamby elements in the public to know that soldiers kill in war.

"That is what you sent us to do. My orders were to kill the enemy on Tumbledown. It was shocking to me that people were shocked."

He wanted us to know how the injured were treated when they came home. How, on arrival home in England he was kept out of sight; how, at the national thanksgiving service in St Paul's he was not permitted to wear his uniform



Lt ROBERT LAWRENCE, MC

and parked, in his wheelchair, at the back.

Tomorrow night, BBC 1 takes two hours from 9.30pm to tell his story. Robert stands by every frame of the film, Tumbledown. He was consultant. By chance, Lawrence's story had come to the ears of Charles Wood, who wrote The Knack and Charge of the Light Brigade for the cinema and recently added to his TV credits by adapting Gerald Durrell's My Family and Ther Animals.

They hawked the script round but got nowhere. David Puttman was interested but, says Lawrence, would not employ him to help. No deal.

But the BBC were keen, putting up a budget of £1m by themselves, and engaging Richard Eyre, Sir Peter Hall's successor at the National Theatre, as director.

The Ministry of Defence refused any facilities to the BBC. After seeing the script, they felt they should not be involved. Nevertheless, the result is not so much moving as stunning. In the early part of the film Eyre frequently cross-cuts from Lawrence's slow, painful recovery to the night battle for Mount Tumbledown, the sniper's

bullet, the rough and ready medical treatment.

You never know when, suddenly, you are going to be faced with those stomach turning pictures of Lawrence, played by actor Colin Firth, his head made up to look as if his part of his skull is blown away.

Time has helped the healing. Lawrence seldom wakes in the night now, reliving the ghastly experiences. But he does not forget that, as the battle ended in hand to hand fighting, he bayoneted an Argentinian soldier to death.

The man would not die, gabbling for mercy. The bayonet broke. He stabbed the man in the body, in the face, until he was sure. The worst was when the man used the only word of English he knew. "Please, please," he pleaded.

Had Lawrence seen the sniper he would have killed him, too. The shot came from behind, so he had passed him on the way to top. "It was my mistake," says Lawrence.

## Fortress

From the top of Tumbledown you can see Port Stanley. Lawrence saw it and in the elation of victory, he cried "This is fun!" A few minutes later he was shot; 90 minutes later down in Port Stanley the Argentinians surrendered.

A year ago, on a visit to the Falklands, I climbed Mount Tumbledown with a group of servicemen on a battlefield tour. It was hard enough simply getting up the steep slope on a bright, windy day. Hardly believable that men weighed down with guns, ammunition and packs did it under fire in the dark.

The hill is a natural fortress. Boulders provide some cover,

but it was mined and the Argentines were well dug in. Nor were they raw, scared, teenage recruits. They were well-trained, well-equipped fighting men and their outnumbered the British.

It was, as Robert Lawrence said after a preview of the film, a battle we should never have won.

Lawrence was 22 when he went to the Falklands. If he had not been shot he would be a career soldier. As it was he had to find a new life, with a paralysed arm and a gammy leg.

He turned to showbusiness. While still convalescing he travelled from hospital to do voice-overs. He became a production assistant, a personal assistant, and moved into promotional and post production work. He hopes to become a producer.

He has married, not to the pre-Falklands girl friend who ditched him, and Christina gave him a baby last year. His job is precarious but he has been sustained by a service background. With his father, Wing Commander John Lawrence, has written a book called *When the Fighting is Over*.

*Tumbledown* is not an anti-war film but an account of one young man, his medal, his injury, and the ripple effect it has on others. The film brings those ripples to us in a story we should be proud to share.



COLIN FIRTH plays Robert Lawrence in *Tumbledown*, the BBC film

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# Soldiering on at school

FROM SQUARE-bashing to ballroom dancing. It sounds like the life story of an unorthodox and slightly dotty regimental sergeant major. And so it is, in a way, because the phrase might also sum up the strange case of that British public school flirtation with army life — the Combined Cadet Force.

Thirty years ago, in a more military age, membership of the corps was compulsory — and a sometimes unwelcome part of school life — in almost every major public school. Fashions in education have come and gone but the CCF, like the Scout movement, goes on for ever.

The eccentric and unique sight of boys in hand-me-down uniforms, lined up for inspection or struggling through the school shrubberies on exercises, is part of school life. But schoolboy soldiering is going through a quiet transformation, with changes on hand more subtle than the issue of a new rifle.

Many schools are now dropping compulsory cadet training and making it voluntary, and the alternatives offered to pupils can range from helping to dig old ladies' gardens, do-it-yourself and carpentry to some very unmilitary activities — like lessons in ballroom dancing.

Moreover, public schools are having to cope with the arrival of girls — and some of them want to get in on the action.

There is something quintessentially English-public school

about the sound of army boots thudding onto the tarmac of the parade ground (car park, playground or basketball pitch) late on a Thursday afternoon, with adolescent warrant-officer voices wafting through the air. It is a sound much dreaded by some, although many famous soldiers started their careers this way.

The figures suggest that some 42,000 boys (and girls) still spend a part of their week dressing up as soldiers and learning the martial arts, at around 194 independent and 60 State-maintained schools. The numbers show no signs of falling off. But the corps is changing to meet changing times — in few schools is it now obligatory.

Like the army, the Combined Cadet Force now sells itself to its schoolboy customers with attractions that are long on glamour, travel, and the outdoor life — even if the travel is more often a day at the local army base than a tour of duty at a foreign sun spot. Both masters and boys get their fair share of flying, water-sports, hiking and camping out.

Why has compulsory CCF training followed compulsory National Service into oblivion in so many schools? Bloxham School, the noted Oxfordshire boarding school, is one which recently decided to drop obligatory forces training and offer a range of activities instead — and

Michael Durham on how military training has become voluntary

it is here that ballroom dancing is likely to be added to the list.

Bloxham has its own military establishment in a corner of the school grounds. It includes a 25-metre covered shooting range, standard drill rifles, and a small arsenal of Parker-Hale 7.62mm Cadet Rifles. There are three teacher-officers plus the school porter, "Bunny" Warren, who doubles as a civilian instructor.

The headmaster, Michael Vallance, reflects on social trends and believes there was a fall-off in interest in cadet training in the 60s and 70s, when it was far from fashionable to "find" oneself through soldierly discipline. Then came the Falklands War and a revival of the military macho image. Now it is hip to be in uniform again.

But the real reason Bloxham dropped compulsory training was to cope with the problem of the boys who did not want to march around and read maps. Their obvious lack of enthusiasm was making it difficult for everyone. When it became voluntary, numbers dropped by half — to about 75 — but the quality and professionalism increased.

Chris Fletcher-Campbell, the school's assistant director of music and "officer commanding" the CCF, thinks going voluntary was an improvement. "There were always one or two who were determined not to take part and not to enjoy it," he says.

Felix Francis, head of science and the founder of the school's 17-boy air cadet section — he can count the sons of several highly-placed RAF officers among his "men" — goes further. "In my opinion making it voluntary saved the CCF altogether."

But not every school has adopted this approach. The Fettes School, Edinburgh, has bucked the trend and still insists on CCF training for five terms for all boys. The headmaster, Cameron Cochrane — who heads a public schools' committee on the CCF — is unrepentant. The school's CCF is proudly celebrating its 80th anniversary this week.

"We think it is such good training in life skills as well as military skills," Mr Cochrane says. Even the girls have taken to it with enthusiasm. A small but steady trickle go on to officer training in the real services, but the real value is in character-building and learning all the skills associated with practical military life.

The big problem that all CCF



**All present and correct, at Bloxham school,  
Oxfordshire**

forces face is a simple one: hardly any teachers now have experience of active service, and every year the number who underwent National Service gets

smaller. School cadet forces will inevitably become less and less military as years go by. And ballroom dancing may become a more popular alternative.

## **BBC denies bias in Falklands drama**

THE BBC last night defended itself against claims that the Falklands War drama "Tumbledown" to be screened tomorrow is a political programme designed to "inflame rather than inform".

A spokesman insisted that at no time has the BBC presented it as a documentary or even a drama-documentary.

The film is about the bloody battle on Mount Tumbledown during the conflict. It has already been seized on as being political and as being shown too soon after the event on which it is based.

Meanwhile, Mr. George Foulkes, Shadow Foreign Minister accused the Government of "hiding away" the Falklands wounded.

He said, "They were hidden away because their plight and injuries would otherwise demonstrate the realities of warfare and would have been an embarrassment to Mrs Thatcher, strutting around making capital out of the victory. She did not want the victims to mar that victory."

# Falklands war hero's struggle for survival

THE STORY of Falklands hero Robert Lawrence spits pain and anger at the velocity of the sniper's bullet that blew away half his head one freezing dawn in the final push to Port Stanley.

It is a tale of courage — but not in the Boy's Own mould.

For the authors, father and son, consistently strip down the machinery of courage to expose the selfishness, arrogance and bloody-mindedness that make up the engine of survival.

No detail is left to the imagination, from Robert's adrenalin-charged attack on an Argentine machine gun emplacement — for which he was awarded the Military Cross — through the ghastly seven-hour delay for surgical attention after a 7.62 mm bullet ripped through his skull, to the fight for a normal life despite total paralysis.

Shamingly, it is the record of his recovery back in Britain which opens up the floodgates of a roaring frustration, laying bare the numbing insensitivity of State and Army bureaucracy geared to mass needs rather than the demands of a damaged individual.

Without doubt, this book is as much a therapeutic exercise by

the authors as an account of the slow accumulation of dignity in the face of heavy odds.

Trained by the army to lead men and to make life and death decisions on their behalf, Robert Lawrence finds himself in pain and helpless — unable to button his own shirt, even to control his bowels in moments of stress.

He is wrecked, half-paralysed, but he draws strength from the jigsaw pieces of life which form for him a tableau of self respect: a car, a pretty girl, a job.

His close-knit family — whose agonising story is told with some sentiment by father John — provide enormous support and practical help through military and political contacts, assistance which Robert concedes would almost certainly be denied to the working class enlisted soldier.

But, ultimately, the hard road of survival — chronicled through every high and low — is solitary.

Robert Lawrence is the victim of a sanitised society, whose people and institutions are happy to put out the flags in victory, reluctant to acknowledge the price of success. And he is not afraid to tell us.

● A BBC drama, *Tumbledown*, based on Robert Lawrence's personal story, is to be screened tomorrow night.

*Anthony Wenham*

When the Fighting is Over, by John and Robert Lawrence. Bloomsbury, £12.95.



Robert Lawrence in action on the set of "Tumbledown."



Guardsman Robert Lawrence  
pictured in 1983 before his final  
head operation.

I remember thinking that this was life on the knife edge — amazing — fantastic

# When loyalty was a one-way street for a hero

AT 21, Lieutenant Robert Lawrence was doing the job for which all his breeding and training had prepared him.

Youngest son of an old military family and a platoon commander in the Scots Guards, he was leading an attack on Mount Tumbledown in one of the last battles of the 1982 Falklands War.

It was a nightmare of bloody, hand-to-hand fighting for which Lawrence was awarded the Military Cross.

At one stage he broke his bayonet on an Argentinian's arm and stabbed him to death with the snapped fragment that remained.

"What made it doubly horrific was that at one point he started screaming 'Please...' in English to me," the former officer records in **When The Fighting is Over**, the story which has been filmed as Tumbledown.

Yet there was excitement, too, in the attack.

"I took off and screamed at my men to follow me... when I glanced round there was this unbelievably fantastic sight of every man getting up and running in.

"I remember thinking at that moment that this was life on a knife edge. Amazing. Fantastic."

## Emergency surgery

Lawrence suddenly turned to the guardsman next to him and cried out: "Isn't this fun?"

Seconds later, "I felt a blast in the back of my head that felt more as if I'd been hit by a train than by a bullet."

The high-velocity rifle bullet split his skull like an axe and carried away nearly half his brain.

Lawrence says he was not expected to live. But after emergency surgery in the Falklands, he was shipped home to begin the long road to recovery.

Today, his left hand is paralysed, he has trouble walking and is deeply embarrassed by occasional incontinence.

Yet what hurts most of all, he says, is the attitude of officialdom in general and the Army in particular.

Certainly, if his accounts are true, The Scots Guards treated him with a shameful mixture of hostility and embarrassment.

When he visited his old barracks to bid farewell to his platoon, he says he was ushered away by a major with the words: "I

**Tumbledown, the BBC's controversial and much-publicised drama about the Falklands War, will be shown tomorrow. The £1 million film tells the story of Robert Lawrence, a young Guards officer who was gravely wounded and returned home to official indifference and public apathy. PETER RHODES reports**



Colin Frith as Lieutenant Robert Lawrence MC in Tumbledown - the film which dramatises Robert's struggle to rebuild his shattered life

don't think it's very good for morale for the boys to see you limping around the barracks like this."

His discharge from the Army was brusque and his dealings with the South Atlantic Fund left him humiliated and depressed.

Yet these wretched encounters are only part of the tale. For it has to be said that Robert Lawrence and his father, Wing Commander John Lawrence, are not the most patient of people.

They seem to make themselves thoroughly unpopular with everyone they meet, from nurses and doctors to passers-by and taxi drivers.

Even during a casual encounter in the street, Robert Lawrence almost comes to blows with a policeman, such is his arrogant manner.

At his 18th century cottage in Oxfordshire, Robert Lawrence explains: "My friends have said that the book shows nothing of the good side of my character.

"But you have to imagine the tremendous energy required to keep yourself going when you are continually coming up against the paranoia of the Army, the Ministry of Defence and the Government.

"I had a cynical awakening. I am incredibly proud to have been a soldier and to have taken part in the Falklands campaign.

"But I am disgusted that the powers-that-be didn't have the same courage of their convictions in allowing the true cost of that campaign to be shown.

"Loyalty, it seems, is a one-way street. We fought for the freedom of speech,

information and choice. We were prepared to lay our lives down for it.

"And then we turned round to see the images of that war being guided, controlled and censored.

"Surely the Government has a duty to pass on the real facts to the voting public and act as a true democracy?

"I am delighted with Tumbledown. It is totally factual and non-political and a very powerful piece."

Not all viewers will be so thrilled.

For this is the drama the BBC poured cash into after rejecting another Falklands script as too pro-Thatcher. Tumbledown has already been condemned as Left-wing and disloyal.

Robert Lawrence is mildly amused. "In many ways I'm still a true-blue Tory," he smiles.

Some viewers may reckon he is ungrateful. Here, after all, is a young man who freely decided to enter the Army and who thirsted for battle.

Individuals may have treated him unkindly but the system, despite its impersonal nature, gave him the finest nursing care, counselling and financial support.

He received £130,000 from the South Atlantic Fund, £10,000 from his regimental fund, a £4,000 gratuity and has a tax-free Army pension. He was given a job with a

City of London stockbroker which he decided to quit.

He has had holidays in South Africa, Egypt, the Seychelles and Australia. He owns his picturesque cottage and has had a string of exotic sports cars.

Robert Lawrence is now married to a former model and they have a baby boy. He is planning a career in the film industry and hopes to emigrate to Australia.

He denies being bitter and says the book, and the film, are his way of telling his generation about the real nature of war.

Robert Lawrence has a valid point to make and deserves a hearing. But does he perhaps make the cardinal mistake of expecting too much?

He is annoyed at not being treated as he thought a hero should be.

But the plain truth is that when peace comes, the heroes of war are forgotten. It is a fact of service life. Robert Lawrence and his father, of all people, should have been fully aware of it.

"I didn't realise until, like so many others, I came back crippled after doing my bit for my country, the extent to which we had all been conned," writes the former officer.

### Bitter poetry

"We had been 'their boys' fighting in the Falklands and when the fighting was over, nobody wanted to know."

Conned?

Robert Lawrence was no dim squaddie but a well-educated, privileged young man steeped in military tradition and, he says, a keen reader of Kipling.

Had he never read Kipling's bitter poetry about the public's duplicity towards its fighting men?

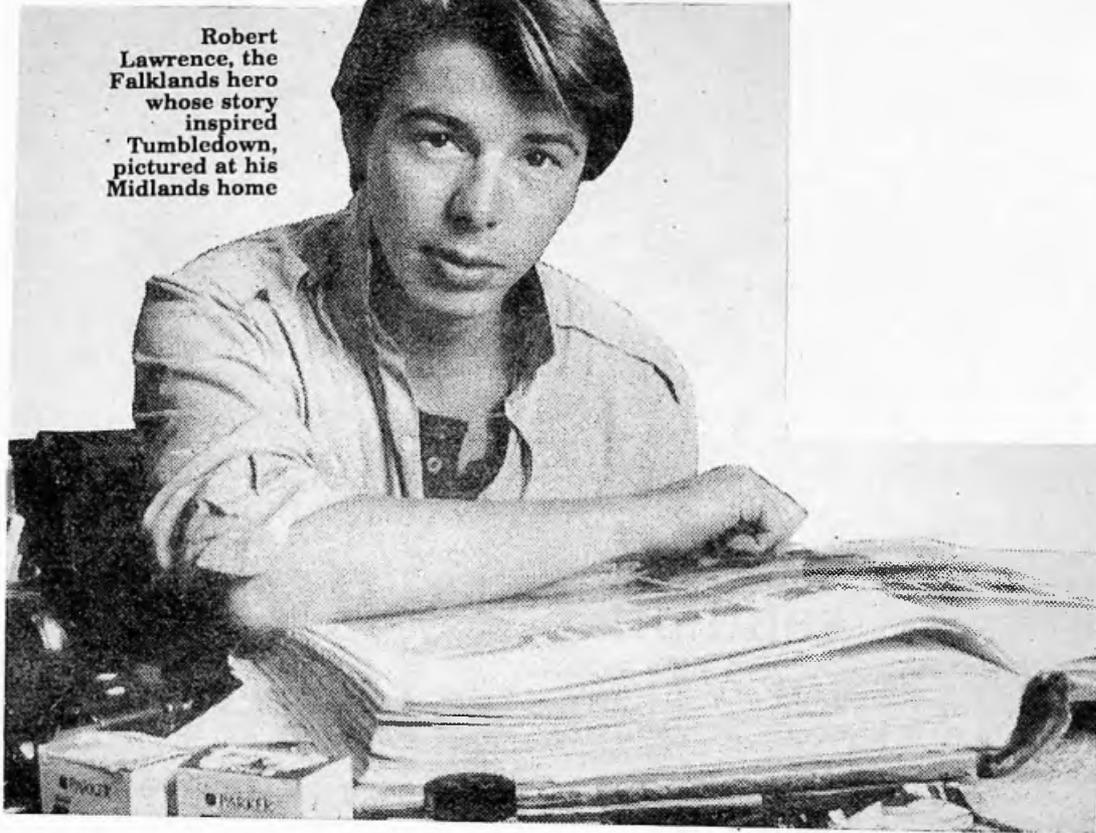
"Oh, it's Tommy this an' Tommy that and Tommy go away. But it's thank you, Mr Atkins, when the band begins to play."

The big difference between the Falklands and earlier conflicts is that, thanks to enormous public generosity, Robert Lawrence MC is immeasurably better off than the old soldiers of any other war. Let us forget.

□ *When the Fighting is Over* is published by Bloomsbury at £12.95.

**'I didn't realise until, like so many others, I came back crippled, the extent to which we had been conned'**

Robert  
Lawrence, the  
Falklands hero  
whose story  
inspired  
Tumbledown,  
pictured at his  
Midlands home



# Scots Guards deny threats to Tumbledown

By Robin Young

Lt-Col Michael Whiteley, commanding officer of the Scots Guards, dissociated his regiment yesterday from threatening telephone calls to Robert Lawrence, the Falklands war hero, who is the subject of a controversial BBC television play, *Tumbledown*, to be broadcast tomorrow night.

Lt-Col Whiteley has written to Mr Lawrence and to the BBC asking that they should acknowledge the "fictional nature" of one incident in the play, which is described in Mr Lawrence's book, *When the Fighting is Over*.

Mr Lawrence, who won the Military Cross but lost almost half his brain when he was shot by an Argentinian sniper on Tumbledown Hill in the last hours of the Falklands campaign, has

decided not to attend a Tumbledown reunion dinner at Hounslow barracks, west London, next month after receiving threats and warnings suggesting that officers of the Scots Guards were angry about his book and the play.

His father, Wing-Commander John Lawrence, co-author of the book, said at the weekend that the threats had frightened his son, who although now married and working as a production assistant in the film industry, was still partially paralysed with 12in-square acrylic plate replacing part of his skull.

Lt-Col Whiteley said yesterday: "I do not know who took it upon themselves to speak to Robert Lawrence and relay such a highly malicious and inaccurate report. I can speak on behalf of all officers and men in the Scots Guards in saying that we were

delighted to hear that he was coming to the reunion and were greatly looking forward to seeing him there".

In his letter to the BBC, Lt-Col Whiteley asked for a meeting to discuss an incident in the play in which a young officer, caught in the back-blast of an anti-tank weapon shortly after having his sergeant die in his arms, cries out: "Don't go on. It's too horrific. You'd be better off turning round, and shooting anyone who tried to stop you going back."

Mr Lawrence had been reported as acknowledging that this was one episode which might cause distress. The BBC said yesterday: "Our position is that *Tumbledown* is a play which speaks for itself. We have never suggested that it is a documentary, or a drama-documentary. Lt-Col White-

hero

ley's request is under consideration."

Charles Wood first wrote the screenplay on which *Tumbledown* is based in 1985 after reading a newspaper report about Robert Lawrence and interviewing him. Transmission was postponed last year. According to the BBC, this was for budgetary reasons, although Mr Wood claimed it was because of the general election.

When the BBC announced its intention to screen *Tumbledown* last month, Mr George Younger, Secretary of State for Defence, warned that the play was likely to cause "grave offence". He said he was "deeply unhappy" with its format.

Mr Wood said the play was "an innocuous film about one young man's honest feelings about what happened to him".

## Guards Colonel wants 'Tumbledown' meeting

THE GROWING row over the BBC film *Tumbledown*, about Robert Lawrence, a Scots Guards officer wounded in the Falklands, focused last night on Army allegations that one scene may smear the reputation of a war hero.

The commanding officer of the Scots Guards, Lieutenant-Colonel Michael Whiteley, has requested a meeting with *Tumbledown's* producers before the film is shown tomorrow because he believes the scene might be damaging to an easily-identified officer if viewers believe it to be based on a real event. According to the Ministry of Defence, Lt-Col Whiteley wants to discuss

By Phil Reeves

what plans, if any, the BBC has to make clear "the fictional nature of this alleged incident".

The scene shows an officer at *Tumbledown* with a platoon sergeant dying in his arms. The MoD said the film showed the officer saying to Lieutenant Lawrence: "Don't go on. If anyone makes you go on, shoot them!"

The military authorities have described as "inaccurate" a similar scene in *When the Fighting is Over*, a book about the Falklands co-authored by Robert Lawrence and his father. The MoD claims

there was only one incident of this kind during the war. The officer involved, who was mentioned in dispatches for bravery, may therefore be identifiable to his family, friends and colleagues.

Richard Broke, producer of *Tumbledown*, said last night: "The script was first made available to the Scots Guards in 1985. It was made available to the MoD in 1986. It was published nearly a year ago. Why is it that this has suddenly become an issue?"

A BBC spokeswoman confirmed that a letter from Lt-Col Whiteley requesting a meeting was "under consideration". She added: "*Tumbledown* is a play, a drama, and it has never been presented as a documentary".

The MoD yesterday rejected an accusation by Mr Lawrence's father that it mounted a dirty tricks campaign against his son over the book. Wing Commander John Lawrence was quoted yesterday as saying that ministry officials were working behind the scenes to discredit the book's account of the war, and the way the wounded were forgotten.

Wing Cdr Lawrence also reportedly claimed his son received what amounted to a "physical threat" from junior former Army colleagues upset by the book, who allegedly warned him not to attend a reunion dinner.

An MoD spokesman "categorically denied" any dirty tricks, saying the ministry's only complaint was that the officer at *Tumbledown* was inaccurately quoted. He also pointed out that there were 443 people injured "to a considerable degree" in the Falklands war. "Why haven't we heard from the other 442?"

## Director says programme is art, not documentary

FROM the start, Richard Eyre, director of *Tumbledown*, has described the £1m film not as a drama-documentary, or "faction" in which fiction and fact is mixed, but as art, *Maggie Brown* writes.

Mr Eyre, artistic director of the National Theatre, says: "The two bear the same relationship as literature does to journalism. The film doesn't use the devices of documentary, it is not an objective record of facts, but it is scrupulously truthful in portraying the voyage of people's feelings."

The BBC has been aware of attempts to raise a hue and cry about the film: Ministry of Defence doubts about *Tumbledown* first surfaced in *The Daily Telegraph* a month ago. The MoD declined an approach for assistance, with battle scenes (shot in

Wales, with the help of former Falklands soldiers).

The BBC has been scrupulous in presenting *Tumbledown* as a profoundly moving film "more concerned with the irredeemable damage of warfare than the politics of the Falklands conflict".

It has also learnt its lesson from the row in September 1986 over *The Monocled Mutineer*, wrongly publicised as a true reconstruction of First World War mutiny.

Robert Lawrence reinforces Mr Eyre's point: "The BBC has never called it a drama-documentary. It records the emotional state I was in after I was wounded. I felt truly that I'd led my men into a death-trap. I truly believed most of my men had died. I felt it wasn't worth it."

## US aid 'was crucial' in Falklands

From Patrick Brogan in Washington

THE AMERICAN contribution to the recapture of the Falklands in 1982 was crucial, according to John Lehman, who was Secretary of the US Navy at the time. In an interview yesterday, he said that without US assistance, the British might have lost the war.

He said that the Royal Navy was suffering under severe disabilities because of government policy in the 1960s and 1970s, and the US helped overcome them by supplying great quantities of equipment and intelligence.

The US had supplied the British with both information and with communications equipment. "The US also provided substantial assistance in intelligence," he said, stressing the word "substantial."

Mr Lehman mentioned also the British decision to retire two aircraft carriers, and the failure to fund adequately radar planes,

communications equipment and anti-aircraft equipment.

He said that the Royal Navy did not have a single 3D anti-aircraft radar in the fleet, even though the technology was 20 years old, because of cuts in the naval budget, nor were the British ships equipped with rapid-fire Gatling guns to provide defence against anti-ship cruise missiles.

Mr Lehman, who has given a television interview on the subject, which will be broadcast by the BBC on Wednesday, said yesterday that the Falklands victory "was the success of the Royal Navy, and army and marines. Anything that I have said is not to take away from their performance."

He described the differences in the American government over

whether to help Britain or Argentina, both American allies. On the one hand were those most concerned with fighting communist insurgencies in Central America. Jeane Kirkpatrick, American ambassador to the UN, opposed helping Britain because she thought that in this case American obligations under the Rio Treaty were more important than those under Nato.

The Secretary of State, Alexander Haig, insisted that America's Nato responsibilities must take precedence. The Secretary of Defence, Caspar Weinberger, and Mr Lehman himself "were not anxious to take sides against Argentina," he said, but considered that the Argentine seizure of the Falklands was "a clear act of aggression. The UK had every right

to react as she did."

Mr Lehman said yesterday that the Royal Navy enjoyed the great benefit of the "special relationship" built up with the US Navy since World War II. When additional supplies were urgently required during the conflict, they could be shipped immediately. At one stage there was discussion within the administration of lending Britain the Guam, a 12,000-ton assault ship which can serve as a small aircraft carrier.

■ Michael Dukakis, the Democratic presidential hopeful, said yesterday that President Reagan's "Star Wars" space defence programme was "a fantasy and a fraud."

Interviewed on the BBC's *This Week, Next Week* programme, he also said that it was essential for the US and Britain to join in an international boycott of South Africa.

**Falklands film row**

The dispute over the BBC film *Tumbledown*, about a Scots Guards officer wounded in the Falklands, focused on Army allegations that one scene might smear a war hero **Page 2**

# Falklands fiction upsets Guards

By Jane Thynne, Media Correspondent

THE commanding officer of the Scots Guards yesterday sought an "urgent meeting" with the BBC over a scene in the controversial television film of the Falklands War drama, *Tumbledown*, to be shown tomorrow night, in which a member of his regiment is shown urging a fellow officer to abandon an assault.

Acting with Ministry of Defence support, the Scots Guards have demanded the BBC make clear publicly that the scene is

fictional.

The BBC says the film is not entirely fictional but a drama based on the memories of Lt Robert Lawrence, a former member of the regiment, who was seriously wounded in the assault on Mount Tumbledown.

A "public clarification" in the form of an on-screen explanation was being negotiated by the Scots Guards after taking legal advice on behalf of one of their officers, who, the Ministry of Defence claims, can be clearly identified from the scene.

In his book, *When the Fighting Is Over*, Lt Lawrence recalls "a very young officer from the left flank" telling him: "Don't go on. It's too horrific. You'd be better off turning round and shooting anyone who tries to stop you going back."

A similar scene is included in the BBC's film and yesterday a Ministry spokesman said: "The scene can relate to only one Scots Guard and we want it made clear that he just did not do this."

Lt-Col Michael Whiteley, the commanding officer of the Scots Guards, has also written to Lt Lawrence asking him to "make clear publicly" the scene in the book is fictional.

That the complaint comes from the Scots Guards themselves, rather than the Ministry, is understood to be an attempt on their part to preserve their regiment's reputation.

The BBC was last night "considering" Lt-Col Whiteley's request.

The confrontation comes in the wake of reports that the film's director, Mr Richard Eyre, had disagreed publicly with the BBC's claim that *Tumbledown* was not a political film.

Yesterday Mr Eyre reaffirmed his comments at the National Film Theatre last week that *Tumbledown* would be "a failure if it's not deeply political".

# Tumbledown battle continues after war

Seumas Milne

**F**OR Robert Lawrence, a former officer in the Scots Guards who had half his brain blown away in the Falklands War, the screening of the play *Tumbledown* by the BBC tomorrow marks the end of a six-year battle against doctors, army bureaucrats, film-makers and Ministry of Defence officials.

He was hit by a high velocity bullet during the assault on Argentinian positions on Tumbledown Mountain and survived — paralysed, incontinent and afflicted with searing pains from fused vertebrae in his neck. He was awarded the Military Cross, but found that the army was "not prepared to return the loyalty I showed them".

The returning hero of *Tumbledown* expected he would be looked after by the military establishment. But the severely wounded were kept away from the limelight of the victory celebrations and Lieutenant Lawrence found his slow recovery and attempt to build a new life dogged by bureaucratic obstruction and embarrassment.

Four years ago, I was introduced to Robert Lawrence, aged 27, at a West End theatre, where he was trying to do the unlikely job of production "runner", or general dogsbody, as a way into the film industry.

He was the sort of combination of Sloaneland Guards officer and war veteran which has become rare since the end of national service. But he was also an angry and disillusioned young man, determined to get a

public airing for the way he and other Falklands victims had been treated.

The playwright Charles Wood read the story I wrote in the *Guardian* about Mr Lawrence's experiences, and by the end of 1984 had drafted the screenplay for *Tumbledown*, based on hundreds of hours of conversation with him.

David Puttnam and Richard Lester wanted to direct the film, but Mr Lawrence and Mr Wood were determined to keep control of *Tumbledown*. There followed two years of disappointment at what Mr Lawrence calls "British paranoia about the Falklands" and the grip of the American film industry ruled out such a sensitive or "parochial" film.

The reaction from the army and the Ministry of Defence to the *Guardian* article was anger at Mr Lawrence's effrontery. "They thought it was very un-Guards officerly to air their dirty laundry in public," he says. A whispering campaign from inside his regiment had it that he had become a drug addict and spent all his money from the South Atlantic Fund.

When the BBC decided to make a television film of *Tumbledown*, the MoD refused co-operation. "Unless it was going to be a remake of a 1940s Noel Coward movie and praised the armed services to the hilt, there was no question of assistance," Mr Lawrence says.

Once the army realised the film would go ahead anyway, he had a telephone call from a senior officer. "Listen, Robert," the officer said. "This is just a gypsy's warning. Stop it."

He also had what he calls

"thinly-veiled second-hand threats" from other branches of the armed forces.

In the national press *Tumbledown* was damned as a subversive, left-wing play.

The Defence Secretary, George Younger, wrote to the father of another Scots Guards officer that he was "deeply unhappy" about the script and said that his department had suggested "major rewriting".

The producer of *Tumbledown*, Richard Broke, says he finds Mr Younger's remarks about an MoD request for rewriting "very bizarre" as "they never made any suggestions like that at all".

Robert Lawrence believes the opposition to *Tumbledown* is an example of what the producer is itself about: "They want to control images in the media while the Government is trying to put a collar and lead on the BBC."

He describes himself as a "traditional Conservative" and says he still believes what he did in the Falklands war was worth doing, but his experiences since the war have changed his view of Britain forever.

"All the Government wanted were hand-picked images of the conflict and this country has still refused to acknowledge the cost of it.

"I think the ideals we were supposed to have fought for were worth defending, but it turned out that the people who sent me there didn't believe in those things themselves."

When I first interviewed him, he was at pains to make sure that no reference to some of his grimmest experiences on the Falklands appeared in print — such as his memory of killing an Argentinian soldier with a broken bayonet while the man pleaded with him in English. He now feels prepared to unburden himself in public.

But his anger at the establishment which failed him has hardly dimmed. He is thinking of emigrating to Australia, partly for his health, partly for other reasons.

"I hate the hypocrisy in this country. All the army needed to have done was admit its mistakes over my case, say that they had cocked up and I would have stopped fighting them. But they tried to cover it up and that kept my momentum going."



Robert Lawrence (left) with actor Colin Firth, who plays him

## MoD denies slur on war hero

Gareth Parry

**T**HE Ministry of Defence denied yesterday an accusation that it had tried to discredit former Scots Guards officer, Mr Robert Lawrence, the wounded Tumbledown hero whose shocking account of the Falklands War, and the way the wounded were forgotten, provides a basis for a BBC television drama tomorrow night.

Lieutenant Colonel Michael Whiteley, commanding the Scots Guards, is seeking an urgent meeting with the BBC to discover whether it can be made clear in the drama that one quotation in Lawrence's book is, in the Guards' view, "fictional".

The disputed passage relates to an alleged warning given to Mr Lawrence by a fellow officer on Mount Tumbledown: "Don't go on... it's too horrific." The BBC said last night: "The invitation to meet Colonel Whiteley is still under consideration. But it must be stressed that Tumbledown is a drama, and at no time has it been presented as a documentary, or even a documentary-drama."

An MoD spokesman said that any official comment on Mr Lawrence had "always stressed the greatest admiration for his bravery on the battlefield, and for his fight towards recovery."

The Ministry of Defence was replying to allegations yesterday by Mr Lawrence's father, Wing Commander John Lawrence, who co-wrote the controversial book *When The Fight-*

*ing Is Over*. He said that the MoD had mounted a "dirty tricks" campaign, to denigrate the book, and cast doubt on his son's integrity.

Wing Commander Lawrence claimed that the MoD had briefed journalists who were sympathetic to the military establishment.

Mr Lawrence, aged 27, who won the Military Cross for bravery during the vicious battles to regain the Falklands but still has a 12-inch acrylic plate in his skull, is scathing in his book about the way he says the Army, and the Scots Guards in particular, lent him no support as he recovered from his serious wound.

Wing Commander Lawrence was quoted yesterday as saying that his son had been warned by former army comrades not to attend a Scots Guards reunion dinner in Hounslow Barracks next month. Wing Commander Lawrence claimed that junior officers had let it be known that "Hounslow is very difficult to get into — but even harder to get out of, especially if you are a civilian."

Colonel Whiteley, said yesterday that he did not know who had taken it upon themselves to say such a thing.

"Robert Lawrence is, and always will remain a Scots Guard. We are very proud of him. I can speak for the Scots Guards when I say we were delighted to hear he was coming, and we are looking forward to seeing him there," he said.

**Bitter battle, page 3**

## The director bares his bias

IN THE Falklands War, Lieutenant Robert Lawrence displayed courage beyond the call of duty. His subsequent struggle to survive the most appalling head wound and to build a new life for himself is no less commendable.

His story is the mainspring for *Tumbledown*, tomorrow night's drama on BBC. By common consent of those who have previewed the film, it makes powerful and disturbing television.

Its message is not only about the horror of war but also about the blind eye the authorities would have us turn towards the traumas suffered by victims as brave as Robert Lawrence.

But was Robert as shabbily treated and neglected as he undoubtedly feels he was?

Those who cared for him afterwards and fought alongside him in the Falklands tell a rather different story.

Does the BBC's production encompass this conflict of evidence? Does the Corporation, in dealing with an issue where sacrifice and suffering are so recent and controversy so profoundly political, discharge its public duty judiciously?

Seldom has the BBC sounded more disingenuous.

The programme, they would have us believe, is not angled. Its approach is even-handed. It is 'absolutely not political'. So there is no need to screen another play putting the other point of view.

With devastating honesty, *Tumbledown*'s director, Richard Eyre rips away that lace curtain of unbiased propriety

*'The BBC is so keen to present the film as balanced. Well I am happy to say I don't think the film is balanced and I hope that's considered one of its advantages, its virtues.'*

And again:

*'I would feel the film a failure if it's not deeply political.'*

He admits he is himself a pacifist and expresses relief that the programme was not 'tainted' by co-operation from the Ministry of Defence. He squelches the naive notion that *Tumbledown* is only 'a soldier's story', explaining that the drama 'uses the story in order to give it meaning'.

We respect Mr Eyre for his candour.

Would that we could say the same for the BBC.

*Tumbledown* is a TV film artfully primed with political high explosive. For the British Broadcasting Corporation to pretend otherwise is arrant humbug. Worse, it is an abdication of responsibility.

PLAY WOULD BE FAILURE IF IT WASN'T POLITICAL

# Falkland film chief admits: It's biased

By RICHARD CASEBY

GOVERNMENT officials are consulting lawyers in a last-minute bid to stop the BBC screening an allegedly libellous sequence in the controversial Falklands drama *Tumbledown*.

The new row over tomorrow night's play follows the frank admission by director Richard Eyre that it is 'deeply political' — a direct contradiction of the BBC's claims.

The BBC confirmed yesterday that it had been 'invited' by MoD officials to discuss the drama and would be considering the request carefully.

The MoD is deeply concerned by an assertion by the leading character that he was told by a young officer he would be 'better off' fleeing the battlefield and shooting anyone who got in his way.

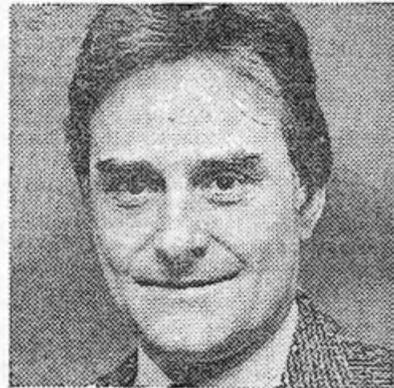
Officials want the sequence cut, saying the exchange never took place and is highly libellous

## DEFENCE OFFICIALS DEMAND THAT BBC CUTS 'LIBEL'

because the officer can easily be identified.

Richard Eyre, 43, a pacifist and future National Theatre chief, stepped into the argument at a preview screening in London.

He said: 'The BBC is keen to present the film as balanced. Well, I am happy to say I don't think the



Director Richard Eyre

film is balanced. I hope that's considered one of its advantages, its virtues.

'I would feel the film a failure if it's not deeply political.'

He described the Ministry of Defence as 'propagandists' and added: 'I was relieved that we

weren't tainted by their co-operation.'

He said he used the story of former Scots Guards Lieutenant Robert Lawrence — who was severely wounded during the assault on Mount Tumbledown and claims he is now the victim of official indifference — merely as a starting point for the £90,000 drama.

Lieutenant Lawrence was awarded the Military Cross after the battle during which a sniper's bullet removed almost half his brain just 90 minutes before the Argentinian surrender.

Mr Eyre described the drama as an ironic parody of the great British war film. 'It goes, I hope, way beyond what Robert feels. It puts it in a wider context.'

He said he thought that all Falklands veterans felt cheated. 'I think some of them feel very bitter; some of them have been paid off and their silence bought.'

Last night the BBC, which has declared that the play is 'absolutely non-political', was trying to distance itself from his comments.

'Whatever views were expressed were his own,' said a spokesman.

The Scots Guards last night described as 'malicious and inaccurate' an anonymous warning that Robert Lawrence would meet with violence if he attended a reunion dinner next month.

His family says he has received veiled threats from junior officers.

But commanding officer Lieutenant Colonel Michael Whitney said: 'Robert is and always will remain a Scots Guardsman. We are very proud of his bravery and the example he has shown in coping with his serious injuries.'

'We were delighted to hear he was going to come to this reunion and are greatly looking forward to seeing him.'

## Carmen 'will give evidence'

CARMEN PROETTA, the controversial witness to the shooting of three IRA car bombers in Gibraltar, will give evidence at the coming inquest.

Her husband Maxde said last night in Gibraltar: 'Reports in London that Carmen is refusing to appear at the inquest are sheer nonsense. My wife will not speak to the Press

From WILLIAM BOND  
in Madrid

after all that's been said about her, but she has told me to say she *will* be at the inquest and when she is called will tell the corner what she saw.'

He added: 'Carmen is a woman of principle. She does not run away. She will be there.'

Mrs Proetta, who lives

much of the time on the Costa del Sol, where she was once a partner in an escort agency, claimed on the Thames TV investigation into the shootings that she saw two of the terrorists with their hands up in surrender when they were gunned down by an SAS unit.

She was due to make a statement to Gibraltar police on Saturday in the offices of lawyer Chris

Finch, who is representing her.

Mr Finch has been retained by Paddy McGrory, the Belfast lawyer who is representing the families of the dead IRA members Mairéad Farrell, Daniel McCann and Sean Savage.

Mr Proetta said: 'Carmen could not make the appointment and she will now make a statement to the police next Saturday.'

# 'We would have lost Falklands war without US'

BRITAIN would have lost the Falklands war had it not been for American military assistance, according to a former senior member of the Reagan administration.

John Lehman, US Navy Secretary from 1981 to 1987, says 'Britain would have had to have withdrawn from the Falklands' if America had shut off its aid.

He also claims that US involvement in the South Atlantic led indirectly to last year's 'Contragate' scandal. When Latin American countries learned of the scale of US help being given to Britain, they withdrew support for the Contra rebels in Nicaragua, forcing Washington to find alternative means of supplying them.

Lehman's remarks are certain to stir up resentment on this side of the Atlantic. Mr Michael Mates, Conservative MP for East Hampshire and chairman of the Commons Defence Select Committee, said last night: 'If Mr Lehman is saying we couldn't have won without the Americans, he is wrong. It would have taken longer, cost more lives and been much more difficult — but we could still have done it.'

The revelation of the extent of American support during the Falklands war also helps to explain why Mrs Thatcher felt obliged to allow US planes to fly from British bases to bomb Libya in 1986.

**ROBERT HARRIS**  
■ Political Editor

Until now the extent of US military support during the Falklands war, six years ago, has been a closely-guarded secret. Lehman is the first senior US official to claim that the Pentagon's supplies of intelligence and material were so great as to have been decisive.

Lehman's remarks are contained in the latest episode of 'An Ocean Apart,' BBC TV's documentary series on Anglo-American relations, to be screened on Wednesday.

## Assault ship

According to American sources, US help to Britain during the Falklands war included: 200 Sidewinder anti-aircraft missiles; eight Stinger anti-aircraft systems; Vulcan air-defence systems; Harpoon anti-ship missiles; mortar shells; high-explosive ammunition; satellite intelligence; communications facilities, and use of the American air base on Ascension Island.

Senior Pentagon sources have also indicated that if the aircraft carrier HMS Invincible had been sunk, the US Navy would have 'loaned' the British the USS Guam, a 12,000-ton amphibious assault ship equipped with 12 Harrier jump-jets.

Interviewed on the programme about the war, Leh-

man says: 'In my judgment the outcome would have been very different if it weren't for the support and the flow of intelligence, of logistics, of technical support, of communications, and of things like Sidewinders from the United States to the Royal Navy.'

According to Lehman, one of the most crucial decisions the Pentagon took was to supply the British with the most sophisticated version of the Sidewinder heat-seeking missile, the AIM-9M.

'With the old Sidewinders you have to get behind an aircraft to shoot and by that time he's dropped his bombs on the ship. The new Sidewinders you shoot head-on, and that's what the Harriers did so brilliantly and effectively.'

Lehman says the new missiles forced the Argentine aircraft to fly in at such low altitudes that their bombs failed to fuse: 'There were about 10 ships that actually had bombs in them that didn't go off because of the effectiveness of forcing them down.'

The American material was not supplied free of charge. According to Lord Lewin, the former Chief of the Defence Staff, also interviewed on the programme, 'we paid for everything we got.'

Lord Lewin also confirms the importance of US intelligence to the success of the task force: 'Almost on day one, I telephoned my oppo-



**Lehman: Revealing the extent of US support.**

site number and asked for an account of the Argentine forces' operational effectiveness, knowing that they exercise with them regularly... and he sent me almost a book, which was extremely useful, particularly about their submarine tactics.'

According to General Vernon Walters, then US Ambassador for Special Missions, the Americans hoped to use the aid as a lever to force Britain to negotiate: 'We thought it might make the British more willing to be more flexible,' he says.

Lehman claims that the Latin American countries 'still don't quite understand the extent' of the effect which the US intervention had on the war's outcome.

Lehman says: 'But we certainly did and we knew the price we would be paying. The Argentines and all the other Latin Americans abruptly stopped supporting the efforts of the Salvadoreans and the Contra forces against the communists in Central America, and that led to Contragate.'

# Army threats to Tumbledown hero



Lawrence: Warned.

THE MINISTRY of Defence was last night accused of mounting a 'dirty tricks' campaign against wounded Tumbledown hero Robert Lawrence, the Scots Guards officer shunned by the military establishment after telling his Falklands story.

His father, Wing Commander John Lawrence, who co-authored the controversial book 'When The Fighting Is Over', said MoD officials were working behind the scenes to discredit the truth of his shocking account of the war and the way the wounded were forgotten, which provides the basis for the BBC drama, 'Tumbledown', to be screened on Tuesday.

'It seems that the Ministry of Defence is mounting a dirty tricks campaign to denigrate the book and to cast doubt on Robert's integrity. It is extremely hurtful, and all part and parcel of the very thing we have been complaining about.'

As evidence of Whitehall's campaign, Wing Cdr Lawrence cited MoD briefings for journalists willing to say the book was 'inaccurate', and for former Army top brass who have taken the same line.

These briefings are reflected in other newspapers today. The Sunday Times quotes Sergeant Graham Ren-

by PAUL ROUTLEDGE

nie, who was the first to reach Lawrence after he was shot, as saying the book mentions 'things' that he could not possibly have seen'. The Sunday Telegraph quotes Brigadier Mike Scott, who commanded the Scots Guards on the Tumbledown assault, as saying Lawrence 'appears to have forgotten or overlooked the amount of care and attention he was given by the battalion in the early days after his wounding'.

Wing Cdr Lawrence also disclosed that his son — who won the Military Cross for bravery but was grievously wounded and still has a 12-inch square acrylic plate in his skull — had been warned by former army comrades not to attend a reunion dinner in Hounslow Barracks next month.

Junior officers have let it be known that 'Hounslow is very difficult to get into — but even harder to get out of, especially if you are a civilian.'

Wing Cdr Lawrence said last night: 'This is a physical threat and he is frightened by it. He is really worried and he is not going to go. The junior officers are very angry and upset about the book. Robert is in no position to defend himself and when the chaps get drunk after dinner it could

all go horribly wrong.

'He is in a hell of a state and has virtually broken down,' Wing Cdr Lawrence added. There are also psychological pressures. After applying for a reassessment of his South Atlantic Fund grant following his marriage and the birth of his son, Lt Lawrence was put through three days of tests at the military hospital in Woolwich.

Wing Cdr Lawrence said he now fears the tests may be used against his son. 'His reaction is: "I see what they are going to do is to suggest that all I have said and complained about is down to me being off my rocker."'

■ US and the Falklands, page 3.

## Needs of war vets

Robert Lawrence's experiences (Review, last week) have strengthened my belief that a military establishment steeped in secrecy is neglecting its responsibilities towards servicemen encumbered by distressing physical and psychological sequelae of the Falklands War.

Three years ago I met with a senior officer at the Ministry of Defence to discuss a collaborative survey into stress reactions among ex-servicemen possibly traumatised by their war experiences.

Its approval was subject to me not publishing my research findings or contacting the media

about this project without consulting with the said officer 'and take his considerations into account'.

Sadly, the Ministry of Defence's position leaves those who should be informed ignorant of the plight and needs of Falklands War veterans who have returned to civilian life. A preliminary analysis of data gathered has shown that many war veterans carry similar mental scars to his American Vietnam counterparts.

**Roderick Orner,**  
Lincoln.

■ Robert Lawrence's account of what happened to him following

his return from the Falklands War makes worrying reading. Victims of the Bradford football stadium fire disaster and the Zeebrugge ferry disaster were offered counselling. Both they and their families were recognised to need psychological help after their appalling experiences.

What about the war victims? Surely the grief and anger of victims and their families and the guilt of the authorities who send servicemen and women to their fate, need the intervention of skilled counsellors too?

**Sue Knibbs,**  
SW19.

## New arms proposal

**BUENOS AIRES:** Argentina has agreed to a cessation of hostilities towards Britain if London stops putting pressure on the Reagan administration to impede arms sales to the Argentine army. But the Argentine government said this was almost "an impossible mission due to the British intransigence".

British sources in Buenos Aires said: "We are pressing to impede these sales to stall the continued re-armament. We suffered an absurd war and we want to be 200% sure that the Argentine military forces won't try to get back there."

*(Maria Laura Avignolo)*

# Battle raging over truth at Tumbledown

THE first casualty of war, they say, is the truth. And this week millions of television viewers will be asking whether Robert Lawrence's uncompromising view of the Falklands war is the disturbing true story of a hero, or a sensationalised piece of fiction.

Tumbledown, the much trumpeted, and already much reviled, BBC film to be screened on Tuesday, tells Lawrence's story of his experiences as a Scots Guards officer in the war — of the fighting and its aftermath.

Pulling no punches, it shows Lawrence, who won the Military Cross for bravery, kill an Argentine soldier with a broken bayonet and then get shot in the head by a sniper. And it tells of Lawrence's sense of isolation when he returned home with a brain injury and a paralysed left arm and leg.

It is a story also told in a book, *When the Fighting Is Over*, which Lawrence wrote with his father, a retired RAF wing commander. In the book, Lawrence complains that soldiers wounded in the Falklands were conned: when they came back, nobody wanted to know them and they suffered indifference, embarrassment, exploitation and "countless bureaucratic cock-ups".

But it is a version of events that last week split press opinion on whether Lawrence is a hero or a villain. And it also came under fire from some of the men who were with him, in the battle and afterwards.

Having seen the book, Corporal Graham Rennie, the sol-

by Jon Craig

dier closest to Lawrence when he was shot at Tumbledown mountain, believes Lawrence's account glamorises war. "He makes it more dramatic than it was and he mentions things that he could not possibly have seen," said Rennie. Now a sergeant, he was the first to reach Lawrence after he was shot, and carried him back to cover.

Rennie remembers Lawrence's shooting vividly. "Mr Lawrence and I were running forward — he was just a bit in front of me. We were fired on and both dived for cover, but just as we got down he made a groaning noise.

"I was about 20 yards away from him. When I got to him there was blood everywhere, so I put my beret across his wound and tied it up. I picked him up, put him across my shoulder and took him back to some cover. It seemed like miles, but it must have been about 60 to 70 yards."

Lance Corporal Billy Brand, one of Lawrence's platoon, and now serving at the Guards depot, Pirbright in Surrey, also remembers the night of the Tumbledown battle. "He was a good bloke and a good commanding officer, but I'm wondering if he's talking about the same battle, reading the book. I think they have beefed it up for the television so that people will watch it and then he has taken too much from the television programme when he has written the book.

"I think it cheapens what we did down there. There were lots of guys wounded, but you have just got to get on with it."

But Lawrence insists that both the film and the book are accurate. "The film is a drama, but it just so happens that every incident in that drama is based on an incident that actually happened to me.

"I'm not left-wing. I see myself as right of centre, but I believe the message of the Falklands conflict has been massaged and manipulated so that the British public only saw what the government wanted them to see.

"They have an added problem with people such as myself. Unlike those who died, we are there. We are potentially bitter. We might potentially find ourselves a platform.

"They are paranoid because there is a question whether the Falklands should have been fought. There was loss of life, there's enormous financial cost and there is great potential for arguing that it was a party political affair. For anyone to start questioning immediately puts them on their high horse."

Question marks, however, are being placed over his story by people who treated Lawrence and by those who helped him when he came home.

At Rhine Barracks, Aldershot, the team who cared for Lawrence in the field was horrified after reading his account. "Wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong," said Mick Cadwell, the anaesthetist.

The team denies Lawrence's claims that he waited 4½

hours for treatment, that he was not given an anaesthetic, that his boots were cut open with scissors and that a hand-grenade fell from his smock on the operating table. "He would have been stark naked then," said Roland Young, one of the nursing staff.

Colin Hudson, another nurse, said: "I spent hours with this guy. I was the guy who is supposed to have cut his boots off and his smock off, except that I didn't."

In the television programme, Lawrence is shown at the back of St Paul's, watching the memorial service on a TV monitor. But according to John Slinger, a drill sergeant who has now left the army and who pushed Lawrence's wheelchair to the cathedral, he was in the front row.

Lawrence received £135,000, one of the highest payments made from the South Atlantic Fund, and gets an army pension of £11,000 a year. But he is critical about the way the fund was administered. "We didn't get an idea of what we might receive until about a year after the war. That meant we were unable to work out what we were going to do for the rest of our lives."

The controversial film script was written by Charles Wood, from long conversations with Lawrence, and bought for the BBC by Richard Broke, a producer. Broke produced the Alan Bleasdale drama series, *The Monocled Mutineer*, which was also criticised for distorting military history.

"Although it's based on

things that happened to Lawrence, *Tumbledown* is not meant to be a documentary," he said. "It's a play acted by actors. The point is to draw to people's attention what happens when you send people to war and what it's like for a young man caught up in that."

Support for that message comes from Dr Roderick Orner, a clinical psychologist in Lincoln who is monitoring the effect of the Falklands conflict on the wounded.

He said: "There's a whole group of people who are angry about what happened. There has been a betrayal of the courage that these people showed, but now that Robert Lawrence has taken this up, I hope there will be a change in the official attitude."

## Director admits film is political

THE film's director, Richard Eyre, has admitted that *Tumbledown* is intended to be political. It would be a failure, he said, if it was not deeply political, *writes Jon Craig*.

At a private preview at the National Film Theatre last week, Eyre directly contradicted claims by the BBC that the film was "absolutely non-political", according to today's *Sunday Telegraph*.

"The BBC are so keen to present the film as balanced," he said. "Well, I am happy to

say I don't think the film is balanced and I hope that's considered one of its advantages, its virtues."

Meanwhile the Ministry of Defence last night denied allegations by Lawrence's father of a dirty tricks campaign to discredit his son.

He confirmed, however, that Lt Col Michael Whiteley, the Scots Guards' commander, had written to Lawrence asking him to make clear that one quotation in the book was fiction.

# Falkland film is political, says director

by Megan Tresidder and Simon O'Dwyer-Russell

THE BBC's controversial Falklands War drama *Tumbledown*, which will be screened on Tuesday, would be "a failure if it's not deeply political", its director, Richard Eyre, has admitted.

Mr Eyre's comments directly contradict claims by the BBC that the £1 million *Tumbledown* film is an "absolutely non-political" piece of television.

The director's frank comments, which were tape-recorded, were made to a small audience admitted last week to a preview of the play, at the National Film Theatre.

"The BBC are so keen to present the film as balanced," he said. "Well, I am happy to say I don't think the film is balanced, and I hope that's considered one of its advantages, its virtues."

The BBC said yesterday it was not discomfited by Mr Eyre's comments, which came after weeks of insistence by the corporation that there is nothing in the film's portrait of the Falklands War to justify calls for another programme to balance it.

"Whatever views Richard Eyre expressed were his own," said a statement issued by the BBC. "The BBC's view is that the play speaks for itself and we would hope that viewers judge it for themselves when it is shown on Tuesday."

The controversy over *Tumbledown* has widened with the publication, to coincide with the

screening of the play, of a book written by a Falklands casualty, Mr Robert Lawrence, who was a lieutenant in the Scots Guards, and his father. Although the play is based on Mr Lawrence's experiences, the BBC insists the play is pure drama.

In the book, *When The Fighting Is Over*, Mr Lawrence says he was the victim of "indifference, embarrassment, exploitation and bureaucratic cock-ups" after being near-fatally wounded by an Argentine high-velocity bullet during the Scots Guards assault on Mount Tumbledown.

The book, which describes the bloody scenes during the battle and follows his treatment after being wounded, makes a series of allegations against the military medical services over the treatment he received. It also criticises the aftercare provided by his regiment.

The Scots Guards last night made available to *The Sunday Telegraph* a document listing how the regiment has catered for the needs of all 42 of its soldiers wounded during the assault on Tumbledown. Of the 42, only three, one of whom is Mr Lawrence, were discharged from the regiment.

The regiment responds directly to the claim in the book that "once I'd left the Army, no one ever rang me up to see how I was, or to ask me whether they could help me with my career, as they'd always suggested they would do as 'the family'."

Last night Brigadier Mike Scott, who commanded the Scots Guards in the assault on Tumbledown, said: "Robert appears to have forgotten, or overlooked, the amount of care and attention that he was given by the battalion in the early days after his wounding."

"The amount of visits that were made to him in hospital, to his flat, the amount of time he spent in barracks demonstrated our care for him and the pride we felt in his achievements."

Mr Lawrence himself insists: "I have at no point in my book attempted to apportion blame."

"Instead, I am trying simply to tell a truthful tale to ensure, if possible, that the sort of insensitivity and stupidity to which I was subjected does not happen again."

A Defence Ministry source confirmed last night that Lt-Col Michael Whiteley, Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the Scots Guards, has written to Mr Lawrence asking him to withdraw allegations in his book that a Scots Guards officer told Mr Lawrence during the battle not to go on and "to shoot anyone who tries to make you".

Meetings with the BBC have been sought early next week by the Scots Guards to ask that similar disclaimers are shown before the film is put out on Tuesday night.

David Wastell—p16; Megan Tresidder—p19; John Keegan on *When the Fighting is Over*—p20; Magazine.

# JOINING UP

**Charles Wood is the author of *Tumbledown*, the controversial Falklands war drama to be shown on BBC1 on Tuesday. Here he describes how the film came to be written and how his own army experiences gave him invaluable background material**

**N**ever ask anybody why they joined the Army; their eyes glaze and their feet shift. They wonder what you want to know, what you want to know; and in the end they may tell or they may not, or they may lie. What they would rather is that you didn't ask. It is not a question soldiers need to ask each other. It is something that is usually only asked of them by perplexed civilians.

There is a great difference between the official attitude to depictions of military life and the attitude of the soldier himself. I suspect *Tumbledown* will be misunderstood by those who are not soldiers or do not understand what it is to be a soldier.

The film was written after talking to a young soldier, Robert Lawrence, an officer in the Scots Guards, about his experiences during the Falklands war and afterwards – but it has as much to do with my own feelings about heroism and service. It is a piece of dramatic fiction that is based on real events; it is not a documentary because we have striven for truth rather than for verisimilitude.

*Tumbledown* began in 1984, when an actor called Mark Burns, who has also been a soldier in a cavalry regiment, told me about Robert Lawrence. Wouldn't it make a marvellous film?

I met Robert a few weeks later and we talked. The last time I had talked to an officer for any length of time was thirty-five years previously, in the carriage of a train going from Darlington to Catterick. I was eighteen and the

officer not much more. There wasn't a corridor on the train, so neither of us could leave. We had to talk, or stare each other, and I suppose because we were in the same regiment he felt he ought to talk. I am sure he was glad of the opportunity to practise his man management. He was a typical public school and Sandhurst product, proud of himself and his aims, proud of his regiment, its traditions and its past. He was also deeply concerned with its future. He intended to command it one day, and I'm sure he did.

I was reminded of this young officer when I first met Robert. There was the same assurance and pride. He told me about his injury (he was shot in the head with a high-velocity bullet), how he had been awarded the Military Cross, how he was trying to adjust to no longer being a soldier. He was very angry. He didn't say so, but everything he did say illustrated his anger.

His honesty was more impressive than his conventional courage on the night of the battle for Tumbledown Mountain, overlooking Port Stanley, or the courage and determination he later showed when trying to cope with the humiliation and pain of his disability. He didn't make any concessions to political or popular sensitivity. He had a vital urge to tell it all exactly as he felt it had been, clear and straight.

He had been wounded at the moment of his highest achievement, having sought out and killed the enemy with bullet and bayonet. Training, experience and inclination had all led to this moment when, at a stroke,

his career was taken from him and his life placed in the balance.

He survived to talk about it, and by talking about it to everybody who would listen he tried to understand his anger and disappointment.

My own Army career began in 1950. This was five years after World War II had ended, but England still knew about war. I had grown up during it; soldiers were brothers, uncles, friends of fathers and uncles. They got killed. Everybody knew that soldiers got killed, sometimes by accident. There was crying, hushed talk, red rubbed eyes, staring into space clutching a tea towel or a dishcloth or a handkerchief for days; then sighing and getting on with it. When they were not dead, soldiers were very exciting. They talked about hours; thirty-six hours, forty-eight hours or a seventy-two. They smelled of tobacco and beer



Colin Firth as Robert Lawrence in the BBC's *Tumbledown*

and khaki and blanco and hair grease. I was sure that *all* soldiers got killed. However, their ghosts sometimes came back in quite substantial and familiar form and then they were very boring about jobs, and pay, and whether she still loved them. Usually she didn't and I could understand why. I also knew, from my vantage point as a child, that there had been times when she had not, strictly speaking, loved them during the war.

I got interested in badges. Once, on my paper-round, I found a Royal Marine beret with a badge on it. In Chesterfield there was an indoor swimming-pool where soldiers were marched to enjoy swimming or make their entry in the bath book. They would hang their uniforms up anywhere, and sit on a wall waiting to go in and enjoy the water. I would steal the badges from their berets, but only the ones I hadn't got.

I didn't join the Army. I joined a regiment. They made it as difficult as they could but I did it in the end. When I did my tests at a Birmingham recruiting office, they told me that I was 5ft 11½in tall and one point short in the intelligence test for the Intelligence Corps. No matter: I wanted to go into the 17/21st Lancers. On holiday with my grandparents I had noticed a photograph on their bedroom wall of a soldier, an officer of the 17th Lancers, wearing a monocle and holding a champagne glass of the flat infra-dig kind. He was, I later learned, not a real officer but an actor in a melodrama called *Death or Glory Boys*, but I was impressed by his badge.

One day, walking home from school, I saw through the window of a café a young soldier laughing guiltily and explaining. He had his wife or girlfriend sitting opposite him. They had been drinking tea; she was now in tears. On his battledress tunic he had white titles woven on to dark blue cloth: 17/21st Lancers. On the table with the tea cups and one uneaten rock cake, glittering and grim against a black beret, was the badge: a silver skull and cross-bones.

In the five years that I was a regular soldier I learnt a lot. I learned to use a language exclusively military at the time but later to become the lingua franca of the nation. The finest speaker of this language was a poet and linguistic genius called Sprat, a sergeant major I once knew and loved. In one short, obscure, obscure passage he could harness the echoes of two world wars and the images of the passes of the Himalayas and the brothels of Egypt. With a word I could manage a fair imitation myself.

When I became a corporal I went on a regimental cadre to be lectured by the RSM on the history of the regiment. We quickly skipped over the boring beginnings and got to the meat, the Battle of Balaclava. The lecturer was both hilarious and instructive – nearer the truth than he probably knew. Years later I wrote *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, and although my regiment, together with others, formed a guard of honour up the stairs of the Odeon Leicester Square, I know they hated what they saw, officially.

I don't know what Robert Lawrence expected to be given when he came back from the Falklands, but he wasn't given it. Neither do I know why he was kept waiting for three hours to be operated on at Fitzroy. Robert thought it might be because they were certain he was going to die and they were quite rightly dealing with more hopeful cases first. He is now assured that it was because he was stable and others were in a critical condition.

Whatever Robert expected, he didn't get it. But had he been promised anything? I doubt it. The promises we all felt we were given when we swore our allegiance were never really part of the contract; they existed elsewhere. Mostly in our minds.

Charles Wood's screenplay is published by Penguin price £3.95.

### Lawyers flock for \$4bn suit

THE biggest breach of contract suit in American history, for \$4.4 billion, begins on June 6 in a Tucson Federal court over the rights to a "wonder chemical" lubrication invented in response to the damage to the Royal Navy's destroyer Sheffield when hit by an Argentine missile in the Falklands conflict.

Chemco International claims that BASF, Anglo-American, de Beers and other major corporations wrongly stole the world rights to a South African inventor's water-based formula for the space age lubrication.

# WOULD THEY FIGHT?

What is the attitude of young British men to the possibility of war? Under what circumstances, if any, would they agree to defend their country?

The *Telegraph Sunday Magazine* commissioned a special Gallup poll to find out.

The answers, as Paul Barker reports, are surprising; full results overleaf. Photograph by Victor Watts

**W**ars are always fought by teenagers, led by men in their twenties. Anyone obsessed with technology, or the supposed mathematical certainty of high strategy, forgets this at their peril. Wars are not won by bombs, even nuclear bombs, but by the occupation of territory.

But what about Britain's poor bloody infantry? How patriotic are we, these days? How willing to fight for Queen and country? There is no very evident threat at the moment. Mikhail Gorbachev coos like a dove. Nor is any small, exciting war in progress. Ulster is no Falklands: it is simply the latest stanza in the dismal 400-year saga of the English versus the Irish. So it is a good moment to take the patriotic temperature among those Britons who might actually have to fight. This means young men. How warlike are they now?

We discovered a remarkable paradox. You might expect that those who have the largest stake in today's entrepreneurial Britain would be the most willing to fight for their country, right or wrong. Not so. The working classes were readier to heed the call to arms than the middle classes.

The survey was carried out among a sample of young men in England, Scotland and Wales. The questions were put to two separate age-groups, namely, sixteen to twenty-four-year-olds and twenty-five to thirty-four-year-olds. In any war, these would be our fighting men, their sergeants and their active officers.

As on the football terraces, we found the pattern was: the younger, the fiercer. We began with the broadest question of all: 'Of course, we all hope that there will not be another war. But if it were to come to that, would you be willing to fight for your country?' Altogether, just over half of these young Britons gave an unreserved commitment to war. But those below the twenty-five-year watershed were more eager than those above it. The years of highest sexual, criminal and athletic vigour are

also the high days of military verve. The politics of this are as you would expect. Labour supporters are somewhat under par in military zeal. They are outweighed by Tory and Liberal/SDP voters.

What kind of war struck these young Britons as the most justified? In which circumstances would they be most willing to take up arms? With the relaxation of overt enmity between the superpowers, this is a time when newspapers constantly brood on the strength of alliances. The message from the men who would be in the front line is salutary. A war fought to defend a foreign ally's country ranked lowest of the likely options. Around a third said they would be happy to fight such a war. Almost half gave a flat 'No'.

A Falklands-type war is the next notch up the patriotic popularity chart. Almost half these young men vote 'Yes' to that. Nearly two-thirds of the sixteen to twenty-four-year-olds fancy a Falklands. Only four in ten of those who have reached their twenty-fifth birthdays agree.

We asked, also, about willingness to fight in a war against the Soviet Union. Gallup polls over the past twenty years show that people today are less suspicious of Russia than at any time since the early days of Brezhnev in the 1960s. Even so, half of our potential front-liners expressed complete readiness to fight such a war; among the working class, well over half.

An invasion of Britain itself is the extreme case. More than three-quarters say they would have no hesitation about fighting. Even so, a stubborn minority still says 'No'. Leaving aside the don't-knows and those who say 'it depends', one young man in eight says Britain is not worth fighting for.

I have to report that, here again, the bourgeois are least girt up for battle. What we have, we would prefer others to help us hold. Let others fight the yuppies' fight. Some things never change.

Paul Barker is social policy editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*

# PATRIOTISM

The younger our potential soldiers,  
the fiercer they seem to be.  
But how ready would they be to leave their homes  
and families if the call-up ever came?

Photographs by Kim Furrokh

**H**as patriotism dwindled over the years? That same younger age-group – those under twenty-five – who are the most willing to fight are, curiously, those who are the most doubtful about the steadfastness of their own generation. In answer to our question, almost three in five thought that their generation was less patriotic than earlier generations. Hardly anyone thought that patriotism had increased over the years: most of the remainder thought that patriotism among young people today was level-pegging with that of past generations.

The patriotism of the British – on the evidence of our survey – is determinedly unaggressive. This came out when we asked: 'What, if anything, do you think previous generations have gained from the experience of war?'

War is a second-hand experience to these young men. It is a theme for films, comics, TV series, pulp novels. Sometimes, perhaps, a subject for emulation in Rambo-like martial arts. Their grandfathers may have served in World War II but their fathers were brought up in a far from glamorous world of ration books and utility clothing.

The single most frequent answer – given by two out of five – was pungent and clear-cut: war had taught people 'nothing'. About half as many thought that the lesson was 'not to have war again'. Of other possible answers, only 'comradeship' or (again) 'patriotism' rated at all. The politics here were intriguing. Almost half of the Labour supporters thought that war had taught us nothing. But so, more surprisingly, did a third of the Tories. P.B.

## OLIVER LEWIS-BARCLAY, 24 ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE

A particularly gaudy pair of Argyle socks goes on parade as Oliver Lewis-Barclay settles into a thoughtful posture, feet braced gently against the edge of his desk. The desk belongs to J. Walter Thompson. Oliver is an advertising account manager, two-and-a-half years into his first job since finishing his English degree at Cambridge. His responsibilities include the Persil account. He has officer-grade confidence, but little

sense of patriotic duty. He thinks he would fight, but only when his way of life, and that of those close to him, was threatened. The historical example he volunteers is the French Resistance: brave, morally uncompromised, and irregular.

How would he feel, for instance, if our ally Norway were invaded? The professional representatives of the nation, he says, should assist. 'We have a football team we send out, we have a cricket team we send out, and we have an army, who do it for a living,' he says. People choose their professions and accept the obligations entailed. But people in other professions don't have the right to ascribe him his duty. 'The government, or whoever is organising the society I live in, is doing a job that is different from mine, and I don't feel they have the right to tell me when to put my life on the line.'

A current Army recruiting advertisement seems almost to have targeted him personally. 'To what use would you rather put your powers of intelligence, initiative and leadership?' it asks. 'Persuading the nation's housewives to switch from one make of soap powder to another? Or safeguarding the way of life that offers them a freedom of choice in the first place?'



**GENE MARAJ, 33  
LORRY DRIVER**

Gene Maraj drives a 32-tonne lorry for British Road Services, out of Brentford and around the Home Counties. He settled in the Chiswick area about eighteen years ago, going to work as an electrician and then, for

ten years, as a bus driver. He is married, and has a son who will be fifteen this year.

Gene was born in British Guiana, where his father had a machine engineering business. This was burnt out in post-independence rioting; Gene remembers little of the events. A mild and friendly man, he shuns violence. It just brings more violence, in his opinion, and peaceful resolution of conflict is always preferable. To him, the Falklands war was 'so unnecessary. So many people got killed for — as I see it anyway — a silly reason. I'm sure they could have talked that out over a table.'

Gene enjoys his work and his life down by the Thames. He would fight 'to the end' to protect it. 'I would protect what I've worked for; what I've built over the years, and everything in this country. I'm here, I pay my tax here, and my family's here. I should think my own would fight to save that.'

'I've got a lot out of this country in the last twenty-odd years, so I'd have to give it something back.'



**JOHN DUNCAN, 23  
UNEMPLOYED**

At twenty-three, John Duncan has the kind of *curriculum vitae* that raises hackles and blood pressure; an unemployed graduate (in international relations) of the London School of Economics, John is a former Yorkshire regional organiser for CND's youth wing. In his year off before university, he left his catering job 'to join the miners' strike'. The call in this case came from Socialist Organiser, an obscure far-left group. John spent the year helping the strikers in various ways, such as ferrying pickets around.

His comment on Socialist Organiser, to whose politics he

**Q. Would you be unwilling to fight for any of these reasons? Any others?**

Your religion forbids you to fight	5%
You think that war is never justified	26%
You feel that you have too much to lose	12%
You think there ought to be better ways to resolve international conflicts	54%
Some other reason	18%
No answer	10%

remains close, is scarcely typical of the 'hard left'. 'It was a very good group for teaching you to think for yourself,' he says. 'I've always believed in thinking for myself.' Would he fight? 'My personal feeling is to say, "Well, what for?" There's less and less that you can honestly say is worth fighting for nowadays. If a situation came where I had to fight to protect what we had from something that was worse, then, yes, I would fight. If it was simply a question of fighting for a society that I didn't believe in any more, then I doubt I would. My worry is that all the freedoms that used to make Britain the kind of country you would fight for have been progressively eroded.'

### JOHN THEOBALD, 33 SOCIAL WORKER

John Theobald didn't take to the police force. As a probationary officer, he was expected to maintain a high arrest rate. Instead, he preferred the role of village bobby. 'I was called to a youth club one evening,' he recalls, 'and as soon as I walked in, the whole place went hushed, and I thought, "Hello, this isn't right." I used to end up going along there and taking my jacket off and having a game of pool or table-tennis. I spent more time in there than out doing street work, so I got pulled towards working with kids from that.'

John is now a social worker in Milton Keynes, married with two sons. Despite his pacific tendencies, he retains the willingness to submit to authority that might be expected of a man with experience in the police and a career soldier for a father. He takes different views of different wars. In 1939, he thinks, he would have volunteered. 'I'm not necessarily a strong royalist, defending Queen and country, but I think the likes of Hitler went a bit over the top,' he remarks. About the Falklands, however, he says: 'I'm not as convinced that I would have been committed to that.'

What marks John Theobald out is that he does not consider that his decision to fight should be governed by his own opinion of the conflict. He would not refuse the draft for a war with which he disagreed. 'I would imagine that there would be a lot of opposition to it, and I think I would probably make my views known through a group that I imagine would be quickly formed to oppose it. But if at the end of the day the order was, "Yes, national service will take place, and you will go", then I think I probably would go. I would basically keep the law despite not agreeing.' But if he had to fight, even though he thought the cause was wrong, he considers the guilt would be the government's, rather than his own.

**Q. Of course, we all hope that there will not be another war, but if it were to come to that would you be willing to fight for your country?**

**A. Yes** 59%  
**Depends on circumstances** 15%  
**No** 20%  
**Don't know** 5%

**Q. Do you think your generation is generally:**

**More patriotic than other generations?** 6%  
**Less patriotic than other generations?** 51%  
**As patriotic as other generations?** 36%  
**Don't know** 7%



### STEVE GREENAWAY, 25 TRAINEE FARM MANAGER

Farming is Steve Greenaway's second choice of career. He was an Able Seaman until last year when, taking a gloomy view of his qualifications for promotion, he left the sea to aim for farm management. Another factor in his decision was his last posting: on the *Herald of Free Enterprise*. 'At the time, I didn't know what was happening,' he recalls. 'I was sitting there eating a meal, and next thing the ship was on its side. I was on the side of that ship for four to five hours, smashing windows and pulling people out. Everybody was.'

Steve found himself on the side of the ship because of a career decision

he made, somewhat hazily, when he decided to go to sea. He regretted opting for the merchant marine instead of the Royal Navy, because he thought the training would have been more useful. 'If I had chosen the RN, I think I would aim to go to the Falklands. At the time, he would have loved to have gone down on one of the merchant ships. 'I don't know why. Not so much the war; it was just the idea of a nice deep-sea trip.'

He would fight if required to do so. Although he believes there would probably be circumstances in which he would disagree with a war, he does not know whether he would ever refuse to serve. He has his doubts about how well he would rise to the call. 'It would be all right being a radio operator on a ship, or firing ashore from a ship, but when you've got a rifle in your hand, and you come face to face with someone with a gun, I don't know what would happen. It would probably be me that got killed.'

Currently doing a year's practical farm work before going to college, Steve lives with his girlfriend in Whitstable. He has scant regard for glory, either in war or in what he went through. 'In a way, I'd just like to forget the whole lot.'



**BOSCO JOANES, 30  
 SHOP MANAGER**

Bosco Joanes always wanted to join the Navy, but his family objected. Now he manages a late-opening supermarket in South Kensington. Of Goanese descent, he was born in Kenya, and came to Britain in 1975 to finish his education. It was the sea rather than the Senior Service that appealed to him, but he has no hesitation in saying that he would not mind fighting, 'if I had to defend my country'. Under any circumstances? 'It depends. If I strongly believed it was the right cause to fight for; yes, I would.' He considers fighting for the Falklands to have been right.

**Q. Would you be willing to fight in the following circumstances?**

<b>A war with the Soviet Union?</b>	
A. Yes	53%
Depends	13%
No	25%
Don't know	9%
<b>Over territory in circumstances similar to those of the Falklands?</b>	
A. Yes	52%
Depends	17%
No	42%
Don't know	9%
<b>If Britain were invaded?</b>	
A. Yes	78%
Depends	5%
No	11%
Don't know	5%

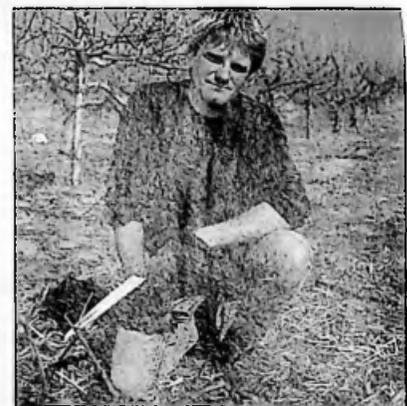
**FRANK CACKETT, 28  
 FARMWORKER**

The archetypal British fighting man was the son of the shires, summoned from the land and pressed into service.

Frank Cackett is one of today's agricultural workers, and a genuine man of Kent at that. Married, but without children, he has lived in the Medway region all his life. He works as a fruit craftsman at Mockbeggar Farm, which he says enjoys the reputation of being one of the most modern around. Modest and a trifle shy, he expresses a revulsion for wars (just totally out of order. Stupid things). However, he thinks it was right to fight the Nazis, and he would have fought in the Falklands too, despite some reservations - he cites the sinking of the *General Belgrano*.

While accepting the idea of a patriotic duty to fight, he feels conscience should come first.

Interviews by Marek Kohn



## Ministry in 'dirty war' on a hero

By KEVIN TOOLIS

THE father of a Falklands hero claimed last night that the Ministry of Defence was waging a 'dirty war' to discredit his son's book about the Falklands campaign.

Wing Commander John Lawrence said: 'They are trying to put pressure on Robert. I am sick to death of it.'

The former Scots Guards lieutenant's book, *When The Fighting Is Over*, has angered regimental colleagues by claims that the Falklands injured were ignored after the fighting.

A drama about Robert, called *Tumbledown*, will be shown on BBC1 on Tuesday.

The Falklands hero, who nearly died after losing 45 per cent of his brain in the final hours of the war and was awarded the Military Cross, also claims that junior officers from the Scots Guards have threatened to beat him up.

And he has been warned not to attend a reunion dinner at Hounslow Barracks next month.

'Robert has had veiled threats,' said Mr Lawrence.

'The MoD should accept that mistakes were made and say they are sorry and that there were cock-ups.'

## Why on earth should we cry for Argentina?

IT should have been a splendid retirement lunch for Captain Nick Barker of the Royal Navy last Wednesday, aboard his ship HMS Sheffield.

Captain Barker performed distinguished service during the Falklands War. So naturally his guests included a group of other old Falklands hands, including the former Governor Sir Rex Hunt and Lord Shackleton.

Then the Ministry of Defence stepped in, with a demand that none of the Falklands group should attend.

The reason? Last Wednesday just happened to be May 25, Argentina's national day. And the poor dears at the MoD were absolutely terrified that Buenos Aires would take offence.

Pathetic, is it not, that these chumps in Whitehall are so anxious to avoid even the tiniest risk of upsetting a country which has still not formally ended hostilities and which still has the nerve to claim our territory?

## Falkland broadside over Navy lunch veto

EXCLUSIVE by CHRIS LOGAN

DEFENCE Secretary George Younger has angered leading figures from the Falklands war by banning them from a Royal Navy lunch to avoid offending the Argentinians.

It was because the lunch clashed with Argentine national day, May 25—which, as Vienticino de Mayo, is also the name of the elderly Argentine aircraft carrier which covered in port during the war.

The banned included former Falklands governor Sir Rex Hunt who described it as "totally unnecessary."

"We shouldn't give a damn about what the Argentinians think. I'm sure if Mr Younger hadn't made a point about it no one would have realised what day it was," said Sir Rex.

The lunch on board HMS Sheffield on Wednesday was part of 54-year-old Captain Nick Barker's retirement celebrations.

Captain Barker was told to invite Sir Rex, Labour peer Lord Shackleton—who devised an economic blueprint for the Falklands—and several other guests to a separate lunch the next day.

### Campaign

Captain Barker—who skippered patrol ship HMS Endurance during the 1982 Falklands' campaign—sent letters explaining the problem a few days before his retirement lunch.

He told each of the "Falklands' connection" guests that he was acting on orders from the First Sea Lord, Sir William Staveley, who had been instructed by Mr Younger.

Lord Shackleton was furious and unable to attend the second lunch because he was due to fly to Australia.

He said last night: "I think the decision not to allow people connected with the Falklands to attend the lunch on May 25 was oversensitive."

Des Keoghan, chairman of the Falkland Families' Association—who was not invited—accused Mr Younger of "highly ridiculous behaviour."

"I'm sure that if the Argentinians were planning a lunch on board one of their destroyers they wouldn't care at all if it happened to be on St George's Day."

## A hero fights on

MOST of us were safe at home when the troops went in. We watched from our armchairs as the bloody turmoil of the Falklands War unfolded half a world away.

We were proud of our boys then, proud as civilians always must be when young men go to fight on their behalf.

Robert Lawrence was one of our Falklands heroes, a dashing young Scots Guards lieutenant who led his platoon in a desperate attack on an Argentine machine-gun post on Tumbledown Mountain.

He got the Military Cross for his bravery. He also got a bullet in the head which tore away nearly half his brain, left him paralysed on one side and very nearly killed him.

WHEN THE FIGHTING IS OVER (Bloomsbury, £12.95) by Robert Lawrence and his father John, tells how Robert managed to cling on, how he succeeded in rebuilding a worthwhile life.

Yet this is no Pollyanna heartwarmer. It is a blunt, sometimes shocking account of how a cruelly hurt young man grappled with a world which no longer seemed to care for the victims of war, once the fighting was done.

His story has brought flat denials from the Army and is still the stuff of bitter



**Robert: Disturbing story** controversy. On Tuesday BBC television is screening the play *Tumbledown*, based on Robert's experiences. The BBC has already been attacked for putting out anti-Establishment propaganda.

You don't need my judgment on that. I urge you to see the play for yourselves.

And I would beg every politician, every senior civil servant in the Ministry of Defence, to watch the play, and to read this disturbing book.

"I still believe that what I did in the Falklands War was worth doing," Robert Lawrence says today. Indeed it was. And we who did not fight owe him and his comrades a debt which we have not yet begun to repay.

**MICHAEL TONER**

## **An army of heroes** **still scraping by**

FALKLANDS hero Robert Lawrence won the Military Cross in the battle of Mount Tumbledown, the basis of the BBC film next Tuesday.

The former Scots Guards lieutenant is somewhat embittered by the way he has been treated since an Argentine sniper's bullet left him partially disabled at the age of 21.

In particular he criticises the South Atlantic Fund which paid him £150,000.

Now, I don't doubt that this brave young officer deserved every penny of the compensation he received for his frightful wounds.

But I doubt that his protests will evoke much sympathy from the veterans of two world wars, who have spent a lifetime scraping by on miserly disability pensions which are a mere pittance alongside the generous handouts for Falklands victims.

# Press Cuttings from Broad Street Associates

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ECONOMIST

28 May 1988

## Falklands

### Transformation

A REPORT that an economy has achieved a 210% growth in one year is likely to make people assume that some desert sheikhdom has struck oil. The transformation revealed on May 24th lay in, of all places, the Falklands. The annual report of the islands' development corporation showed an increase in GNP from £9.9m to £30.7m. On the same day Mr Harold Rowlands, the financial secretary, in his budget statement to the Falklands councillors in Port Stanley, was able to announce plans for new capital spending of about £8m.

This dramatic change of outlook for a community of only 2,000 people has been brought about by the creation of a 150-mile-wide fishing zone around the islands. Since February of last year, when the new fisheries regime was put into effect, revenue has been

pouring in from the fees paid by the hundreds of foreign ships fishing in the zone and from joint-venture operations. Apparently undeterred by angry noises from Argentina, shipowners from places as far apart as Poland and Taiwan have readily bought Falklands fishing licences.

By next year, the development corpora-

tion says, the islands will have six trawlers of their own at work, concentrating on catches of squid. Tourism, mainly in the shape of visits by cruise liners, is also starting to contribute to an economy which, for many years, had been almost entirely based on exports of the high-grade wool yielded by the islands' sheep. And, since the Falklands

have achieved a full employment almost any other country would envy, a consultant's report to be presented next month is expected to stress the need for more housing, to accommodate a small but steady influx of immigrants. The hard wind that blows across these islands is, at last, filling their sails.

The Times 28.5.88

## Thatcher backs jet-set progress



Mrs Thatcher steps over a mid-air refuelling pipe yesterday during a visit to the Cambridge airport works of an engineering company. The pipe, designed and built by Marshall of Cambridge, is attached to the front of Tristar jets formerly owned by British Airways that are converted for RAF use in flights to the Falklands. The Prime Minister said that Britain would still be labouring in a "hansom cab society" if it did not continue to develop new technologies. (Photograph: Tim Bishop).

## Oman's tightrope neutrality brings its diplomatic rewards

## Sultan Qaboos emerges as Gulf peace broker

From Andrew McEwen, Muscat

The guardian of the Strait of Hormuz was much in demand. The Sultan of Oman, whose territorial waters include nearly half of the gateway to the Gulf, had already received the ambassadors of South Yemen, the Soviet Union, Syria and Britain. The last visitor of the day to climb the red-carpeted steps of al-Aalam Palace beside Muscat harbour was the representative of *The Times*.

"Keep it short, His Majesty has had a long day," a man from the Diwan, the Palace

secretariat, whispered. But Sultan Qaboos bin Said seemed anything but tired. Earlier in the week both Tehran and Washington had sent high-level representatives to see him; the buzz of diplomatic activity suggested more efforts to break the Gulf War stalemate. He looked and sounded elated.

Sultan Qaboos seems to thrive on the hairspring diplomacy which stems from his country's strategic position. His navy, operating from Goat Island base in the crook of the Strait, monitors 250 vessels a week entering and leaving the Gulf. Nearly all stay in the narrow international channel between Oman's 12-mile limit and Iran's exclusion zone.

The casualties have become almost routine: 38 attacks on shipping by Iran this year, mostly hit-and-run raids by Revolutionary Guards in speedboats in and around the Strait. Two of them happened yesterday morning. A further 31 attacks have been made by

Iraq. Somehow Oman has managed to remain on the sidelines.

His vessels are rarely if ever touched. Sultan Qaboos's policy of refusing to take sides, while talking to both sides, and to all other parties involved, seems to have worked. "He has become an experienced operator, he feels comfortable in this kind of diplomacy," said a Western ambassador in Muscat. But one of those closest to him confesses: "It's a constant tightrope. The slightest false move and it could all go wrong."

His success has led others to point to him as a possible future mediator between Iran and Iraq. Neither he nor senior diplomats see that as an immediate prospect; the two sides have not yet reached the necessary war exhaustion. "If there is a real opportunity to do good I shall never say no," Sultan Qaboos said. What does seem clear is that before the United Nations Security Council's efforts can achieve anything, someone other than



Sultan Qaboos: Involved in moves to break deadlock.

the five permanent members will have to oil the wheels. Sultan Qaboos has the connections, the will and the diplomatic skills.

Both sides have seen it in their interest to leave Oman alone. It helps that he is firmly in the saddle at home, facing no domestic challenge. Unlike most countries in the region, Oman's small Shia minority is not suspected of having pro-Khomeini sympathies.

Sultan Qaboos looks the absolute ruler that he is. His

regal features peer down from larger-than-life portraits in practically every public building in Muscat. In person, his finely trimmed white beard and lively brown eyes make the first impression. His attire gives no hint of the eight formative years he spent abroad, mainly in England: a traditional white *dishdasha* (a one-piece garment reaching to his ankles), covered by a *bush*, a translucent cape of beige wool trimmed in gold lace. In his belt a *khumbar*, a dagger in a scabbard of worked silver, bears the symbol of a family which has ruled in unbroken succession since 1741.

Sir Anthony Parsons, who used to visit him when he was Ambassador to Iran, said Sultan Qaboos always reminded him more of an Indian maharajah than an Arab emir. His principal palace, built since he came to power in 1970, was designed by an Indian architect and seems to recall the height of Oman's power in the early 19th century, when it had colonies in Baluchistan as well as Zan-

zibar and Persia. The Sultan is known to regret the bad relations between Iran and Britain.

Both countries helped him win a local war in the south of Oman which absorbed the first five years of his reign.

Some see him as a future mender of fences between Tehran and Whitehall, though the time is not yet right. "If anyone is going to talk to Iran it will be Qaboos," one source said.

It might be thought that Iran would look askance at the Sultan's links with Britain. He speaks good English, has a country house in Berkshire, and Oman is one of Britain's few foreign supporters on the Falklands issue. His Air Force and Navy both have British commanders (Air Marshal Erik Bennett and Rear Admiral Hugh Balfour), a further 163 men are seconded by the Ministry of Defence to help train his forces, and about 1,500 other Britons work for the sultanate forces on contract.

Britain has arrangements allowing it to use an airbase at



That is a widely echoed view among observers. Most of them see the Sultan's influence continuing to increase. He is only 47; there is time for him to emerge as an important regional figure.

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But so far, Tehran has never seemed worried about Omani helpfulness to the British. "I don't think it matters to Iran — it is much more concerned with the long-term relationship. And the Sultan has been quite clever in keeping enough distance," said Sir Anthony Parsons. "That is a widely echoed view among observers. Most of them see the Sultan's influence continuing to increase. He is only 47; there is time for him to emerge as an important regional figure."

Salalah. Britain has never seemed worried about Omani helpfulness to the British. "I don't think it matters to Iran — it is much more concerned with the long-term relationship. And the Sultan has been quite clever in keeping enough distance," said Sir Anthony Parsons. "That is a widely echoed view among observers. Most of them see the Sultan's influence continuing to increase. He is only 47; there is time for him to emerge as an important regional figure."

### Guards deny Falklands neglect

## Regiment tells how it helps

By Michael Evans, Defence Correspondent

The Scots Guards, smarting at accusations that the regiment had not cared enough for its Falklands wounded, yesterday provided evidence of some of the soldiers who had received special help.

The accusations of neglect have been levelled by Mr Robert Lawrence. A BBC Television programme next Tuesday is dramatizing his experiences as a Scots Guards lieutenant during the battle for Tumbledown mountain, when he was severely wounded, and after he had returned to Britain.

Sources in the Scots Guards yesterday cited examples of members of the regiment who could discount Mr Lawrence's allegations of neglect.

They included a guardsman wounded in the stomach by a grenade who received £36,000 from the South Atlantic Fund in August 1983. His medical condition worsened and he needed a high protein diet. He started to get into financial

trouble and asked the regiment to help. It arranged for his case to be reassessed and this year he received an additional £50,000.

A lance corporal whose left arm was shattered was found a job by his battalion after his medical discharge. The regiment lent him £5,000 to furnish his council house.

A guardsman who lost the lower half of a leg from a mortar fragment received £5,000 from the South Atlantic Fund and a car. The regiment contributed £1,000 towards the car price and he was also given a £1,500 loan, was found a job at a Guards depot swimming pool where he could train for the paraplegic games and was bought special equipment for the games costing £100.

A corporal whose left arm was shattered was lent £7,000 by the regiment to buy an adapted car and received Army counselling when he faced financial difficulties.

A colour sergeant whose left arm was shattered was given a job in the recruiting organization and given a £5,000 interest-free loan.

A lance sergeant who lost a foot in a minefield was found a job and is now "very happy and content".

A guardsman whose ears were damaged received £7,000 from the South Atlantic Fund. He felt he should have been given more and asked the regiment to help. He was eventually reassessed and given a further £15,000.

Widows of men killed in the Falklands had also received help. In one case the regiment was paying the school fees for the daughter of a widow.

● A new programme to provide improved training in the care and welfare of ageing veterans and their dependants was announced by the Royal British Legion yesterday. It will concentrate on the Government's new social security measures.

**Duke's boost for  
Falklands tourism**

The Duke of York yesterday helped launch holidays to the Falklands Islands where, six years ago, he fought in the South Atlantic campaign. He was seen and heard in an introduction to a promotional video film recorded at Buckingham Palace for Falkland Islands Tourism.

The film dwelt more on the wildlife than the battlefields, showing killer whales, dolphins, and penguins, though there is a battlefields tour for visitors. Flights from RAF Brize Norton, Oxon, are from around £1,000.

## Peace and penguins for the discerning tourist

**Erlend Clouston**

**A** VIDEO designed to whet the travel appetites of people with good quality anoraks and large disposable incomes was premiered yesterday in the basement of a London hotel. *Holidays In The Falkland Islands* comes with a talking PG certificate in the form of HRH Prince Andrew: the British Army, he states with a perfectly straight face in the course of his introduction, "has done nothing to diminish the islands' character."

The 20-minute film is designed to cement the Falklands' place in the soft adventure market. Last year 2,000 tourists disembarked from planes and cruise ships.

Sensing the start of a trend, the island authorities

have decided to meet the market half-way; for £5 (returnable), potential visitors can now view the South Atlantic's answer to the Seychelles from their own sitting rooms.

No attempt is made to gloss over the obvious perils that attend an expedition to this part of the world. What the commentator calls "colourful local characters" are shown trying to cook 16 chops in a standard-sized saucepan. In a script obviously drafted by a lawyer, the video viewer is told that the £2,500, 17-day holiday is exactly right "for those blessed with a frontier spirit."

The fauna is the principal lure. And here the marketing people appear to have pulled off soft adventure's three-card trick. Nature lovers are encouraged to admire the wildlife (elephant seals, rockhopper pen-

guins, albatross); then kill it (sea trout).

Discreet references are made to the troubles of a few years ago, but generally the tourist department, for all sorts of reasons, prefers to draw a veil over them.

A proposal from America to lay on gung-ho rambler's outings has been turned down politely. "We are trying to distance ourselves respectfully from all that," said an official.

No obvious attempt is made to capture the teenage market. In fact, no one is shown as having any fun at all; Falklands youth spends its time severely, communicating with short-wave radios and shearing sheep. But if you have room for it, pack your windsurfer. A world record was set by an air force corporal in Stanley harbour.

# Return to Tumbledown

AT DAWN on June 14, 1982, just days before his 22nd birthday, Robert Lawrence, a lieutenant in the Scots Guards, stood at the summit of Tumbledown Mountain in the Falklands with the scent of victory in his nostrils.

In the distance lay Port Stanley, last stronghold of the Argentine forces. Soon the Union Jack would be hoisted above its rooftops.

With the words, "Isn't this fun?" Lawrence waved on his platoon and took three steps forward. They were to be the last three real steps he would ever take.

In his moment of exhilaration, Robert Lawrence was hit in the back of the head by a sniper's bullet which blew half his brain away. The fact that he has been talking about the Falklands War ever since is not surprising. What is surprising is the fact that he can talk at all.

Lawrence's story is told in *Tumbledown*, the long-awaited £1m film drama which comes to BBC Wales on Tuesday. Charles Wood's compelling screenplay re-creates Lawrence's experience of the Falklands War and traces a young man's battle to come to

**By HUW ROSSITER**

terms with the physical and emotional damage inflicted by war.

Lawrence, who was awarded a Military Cross for his part in the action, is played by Colin Firth, who starred as a shell-shocked soldier in the film *A Month In The Country*. The drama was produced by Richard Broke and directed by Richard Eyre, director designate of the National Theatre. The rugged Preseli mountain range in Mid-Wales doubled for Mount Tumbledown.

For Robert Lawrence, who acted as a special consultant on the two-hour drama, the word "Tumbledown" has become a metaphor for his fight to cope physically and psychologically with the injury which has left him with a metal plate inside his skull and a permanently paralysed left arm and leg.

Pain and formidable determination have helped him reduce the visible evidence of his injuries to a slight limp and an arm tucked inside a coat pocket.

But Lawrence, now married

with a baby son, does not see himself as a victim. "We don't make any political statement in the film," he said. "I was a professional soldier, proud to fight for my country. I thought then — and now — that it was a just cause.

"OK, so I got injured. Others died. But at least I got wounded fighting for the right reason. But the battle for *Tumbledown* was not fought by Robert Lawrence. It was fought by the second battalion of the Scots Guards."

On *Tumbledown*, Lawrence was involved in some of the heaviest fighting of the war. And although primarily a dramatisation of a soldier's struggle to rebuild his shattered life, *Tumbledown* pulls no punches in its grim portrayal of the battle.

One powerful scene re-creates the moment Lawrence killed an Argentinian soldier with a bayonet.

Lawrence's screen alter-ego Colin Firth believes the scene is "absolutely crucial" to the story.

Firth said: "The main aim was to have a realistic representation of a soldier's war. How else can you do that without showing the violence in war?"

Firth said making *Tumbledown* taught him things about

himself he is still coming to terms with.

"I discovered that I liked playing war more than I thought," he said. "I felt an extraordinary excitement when I was behaving violently. I found that very disagreeable later. It was that whole business of discovering things about yourself on that mountain, as to what war's all about."

It was a newspaper article about Robert Lawrence in 1984 that first interested writer Charles Wood in the story.

Wood, a former soldier and a distinguished scriptwriter spent three days talking to Lawrence who was then undergoing his long and painful period of recovery.

Recalled Wood: "I wrote *Tumbledown* after listening to him, at first uneasily fascinated. We sat together and I watched him, listened to him, understood him, believed him, became a friend and found his courage, in telling all, heroic."

Producer Richard Broke said: "What I hope a film like this can do is to crystallise people's attitudes towards these matters by personalising them around one soldier's story."

One soldier. One survivor. One story.



“OK, so I got injured. Others died. But at least I got wounded for the right reason.” Robert Lawrence. One soldier, one survivor, one story.... Colin Firth who plays Lt Robert Lawrence in *Tumbledown* on Tuesday, BBC 1.

# Veteran 'saddens' Army

By Michael Evans  
Defence Correspondent

A senior Army commander has reacted with "great sadness" to allegations that a Falklands veteran was neglected by his regiment when he returned to Britain severely wounded.

Brigadier Mike Scott, who as a lieutenant-colonel led the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards against Argentine troops on Mount Tumbledown in 1982, rejected the allegations by Mr Robert Lawrence, a former lieutenant.

Mr Lawrence, who now works in the film industry, was awarded the Military Cross. His story of the Mount Tumbledown attack is to be portrayed in a BBC drama next Tuesday. A book about his experiences, *When the Fighting is Over*, will be published the same day.

Mr Lawrence was hit by a high-velocity bullet that removed almost half his brain. After a miraculous recovery, he decided to tell his story, but his remarks about the regiment have caused considerable controversy.

One allegation he made in the book was that he felt he had become "an embarrassment" to the regiment.

Yesterday, Mr Lawrence said he decided to tell the truth about the Falklands conflict because the public had been given a sanitized version of events. He also wanted to show how the wounded had been treated when they returned home.

He said he was angry when he was not allowed to take part in a victory parade in London.

"I have a lot of admiration for Brigadier Scott", he said. "I have for all my colleagues. I'm really proud that I took part in the Falklands. I'm just sad that they don't admit there were serious problems after the war.

"Since November 1983, when I left the Scots Guards, I have received one photocopied letter asking how I was.



Mr Robert Lawrence: lost almost half his brain

"All I wanted was for them to come and assist me."

Brigadier Scott said yesterday: "The underlying theme of the book is that the regiment failed to look after the wounded. But I really cannot accept that. It makes me very sad to hear Robert talking like this.

"I'm not angry with him, just sad. We did all we could for the wounded. People talk about the regimental family, and that's exactly what it is. We're very proud of those who were wounded, like Robert, and it hurts to hear him saying

that we didn't care."

Brigadier Scott admitted that it was not possible to arrange everything immediately for those who were disabled in the Falklands. There was a "certain bureaucracy" that had to be gone through over such matters as pensions.

"I had long talks with Robert and his father. I got the feeling that he didn't want to be nannied, that he wanted to make his own way.

"He wanted to get into the film industry and we didn't have many contacts in that world."

27 MAY 1988

Press Cuttings  
from Broad Street Associates **THE GUARDIAN**

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ASKED ABOUT the reports of a possible Argentine-British meeting in Montevideo, [Argentine foreign minister] Caputo clarified that "it is not necessary for [British foreign office minister] Timothy Eggar to come to Montevideo to make contacts; we can make contacts, if that is the desire, anywhere in the world . . ."

Asked about the report that has been published in the British newspaper *The Sunday Times* regarding the signing of an Argentine-Chinese agreement for the manufacture of missiles that have a range that would allow an attack on the Malvinas Islands, Caputo replied very sharply, saying: "That is a lie that has been made up by the English."

Evidently annoyed, the foreign minister emphasised the British lack of coherence in that Great Britain is currently presiding over the Security Council, while at the same time choosing to forget about article 1 of the UN Charter which calls for the resolving of disputes through peaceful means, and he concluded by saying that the British position is so untenable that they have to resort to press campaigns. "The degree of the lack of imagination of the British at this time," he added, "really gives a fairly clear demonstration of the decadence of their empire . . ."

*Noticias Argentinas, May 23*

## Argentine President to Visit U.S. Seeking Credit Support

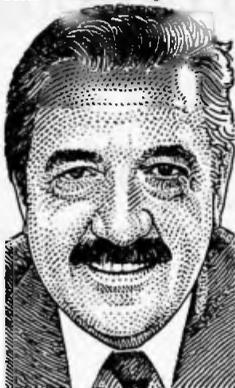
By PETER TRUPELL

Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

NEW YORK — Argentina's President Raul Alfonsín starts a five-day visit to the U.S. on Sunday to try to rally much-needed American political and economic support for his debt-troubled country.

Mr. Alfonsín is scheduled to meet next week with International Monetary Fund Managing Director Michel Camdessus and World Bank President Barber Conable and also with the chairmen of several large U.S. banks. He also plans to address a United Nations session on disarmament.

The attempts of Mr. Alfonsín's Radical Civic Union government to overhaul and open up Argentina's economy haven't yet yielded the needed results, and the country urgently requires more foreign credit from banks and international agencies if it is to meet interest payments on its \$54 billion of foreign debt.



Raul Alfonsín

### Some Measurable Effects

Nevertheless, government steps are beginning to have some effect. Efforts to overhaul the financial services industry and to boost tax revenue have begun to affect the government deficit. "The government has made a serious effort to increase public revenues and there's a likelihood that in the first half of the year the public-sector deficit will decline," said Jose Garcia Medrano, an economist who monitors Latin American for Merrill Lynch & Co.

Exports also are rising, and many economists who monitor Argentina forecast a trade surplus of at least \$2 billion this year, compared with only \$490 million last year.

But that won't be nearly sufficient to meet the country's credit needs. Argentina succeeded in clearing more than \$700 million of arrears on interest payments on its foreign bank debt at the end of March. But it has now once again fallen several hundred million dollars behind on interest payments due in April and May. A growing number of bankers and economists feel that new strategies—perhaps including the capitalization of interest payments—are needed to tackle the country's debt problems.

Argentina is expected soon to start negotiating new economic targets with the International Monetary Fund, which is set to send an economic team to the country. Provided banks complete continuing talks

with Brazil, within the next few weeks Argentina will also probably start negotiating with its major bank creditors. Its negotiators will probably ask for about \$2 billion in new bank loans to help finance the country's foreign obligations for 1988 and 1989, New York bankers said.

Gathering such a loan from Argentina's bank creditors is likely to be extremely difficult unless imaginative innovations are used. Since last year, when most big banks took large loan-loss reserves, it has become increasingly difficult to tempt and cajole bank creditors into such loans, because they may have to reserve immediately for any credit they lend. A recent proposed credit for Ecuador has yet to be completed and Brazil's bank debt talks have dragged on for weeks longer than expected.

**War,**

**bloody**

**war**

**'If I was good enough to fight why wasn't I good enough to be seen? Why were they ashamed of me?'**



**by NOREEN  
TAYLOR**

**R**OBERT LAWRENCE hopes that one day every person in this country will know what really went on in the Falklands War.

Because if that day ever comes, ex-Lieutenant Robert Lawrence, MC, can shut up about his nightmare, his fight for truth, and get on with living.

It is hard to find the right words of comfort as you watch this bright, good-looking young man lift his useless left arm and place it in his pocket.

It is even harder as he guides your finger along his hairline to feel the steel plate that covers what is left of his head.

Just over an hour before the Argentinians surrendered, a high-velocity bullet tore through Robert's scalp, slicing off 45 per cent of his brain, leaving him paralysed down the left side of his body.

**N**OT that Robert has ever sought sympathy. Scots Guards do not cry.

All this man ever wanted was for the British Government and Army to treat him with the respect and loyalty that he gave when he was asked to go and fight for his country.

Instead, Robert, the British officer and gentleman, has been treated as an embarrassment. A tiresome pest who keeps going on about the "forgotten men".

After the war when Robert returned to his regiment's barracks, one of his commanding officers said: "Why is Lawrence limping around the place? Tell him not to come back... very bad for morale."

Thankfully, and much to the Army and the Government's annoyance,

Robert's morale is very high at the moment.

It is high because next Tuesday the BBC will screen his blood-curdling story in the drama-documentary film *Tumble-down*.

On the same day a book, *When the Fighting is Over*, will be published.

The book, written by Robert and his father, John Lawrence, is a harrowing account of war and the suffering the Falklands conflict brought to this family.

**T**HERE is another family now. Robert, 27, has married a beautiful girl, Tina, and they have a five-month-old son, Conrad.

In the kitchen of their Oxfordshire cottage Robert empties packets of cigarettes. He smokes like he talks. Flames of anger flare at the very mention of the words "Regiment" "British Army" and "Thatcher". He raps the kitchen table with his good fist, a man trying to control fury.

"I was bloody proud of those principles and beliefs that led to me go-

ing to the Falklands. Bloody proud to be a British officer.

"I was prepared to kill and to be killed. Fighting for free speech. Democracy.

"But the very people who sent me there do not give a damn about free speech.

"All they... I say they because I do not know who they are. The Cabinet? The Army? God knows... All I know is they want to control the image of the Falklands War. They are paranoid about the truth.

"They banned the Press when I was flown home to Brize Norton. They put a tent around the plane so that no one could see the cripples, the blokes with half a head, the terrible burns, and the disfigurements.

"They barred me from the victory parade. At the St Paul's thanksgiving service I was told that I would not be allowed to wear my uniform, and I was stuck down a side aisle.

"If I was good enough to fight, why wasn't I good enough to be seen? Why were they ashamed of me?

"People did get hurt, badly hurt.

"We were supposed to be heroes. But they

didn't want anyone to see the heroes.

"All they wanted were the chaps with a scratch on their cheeks. An arm in a sling. And no one ever told me why they did not want me on parade."

**THIS bile, this disgust at the Establishment, is not coming out of the mouth of a working class lad of Labour voting stock.**

The Lawrences are from gung ho, military bloodlines.

Father: RAF Wing Commander; secretary at MCC.

Brother, Christopher, ex-Scots Guards officer. All of them educated at public schools.

Yet, Robert has the humanity to ask what has happened to the others.

The soldiers who did not have an articulate, pushy father with club connections to fight for medical aftercare.

So what else has happened to our war hero since his return? Well, he's been mugged, been called "cripple" by goons outside pubs. He has been offered a "free" car by Rover only to find out that the cost has been deducted from his award from the South Atlantic Fund.

Indeed, our hero is so sickened by the country

he served that he is now selling up the Oxfordshire cottage and emigrating to Australia.

And does our hero ever hear from his regiment, his Army, his leaders who sent him to that far-flung post to fight? Absolutely not.

Our golden-haired hero, as pukka as they come, asks: "Why can't this country look after the people they bred to fight? Why do they withhold information?"

"The British public waved us goodbye. They didn't know what the hell we were going into. And now they don't want to know us.

"Just ask people to tie their left arms and legs down and then ask them to go to the loo or get up and make a pot of tea and they'll realise what I have to live with for the rest of my life."

**NO one expected Robert Lawrence to survive his horrific injuries.**

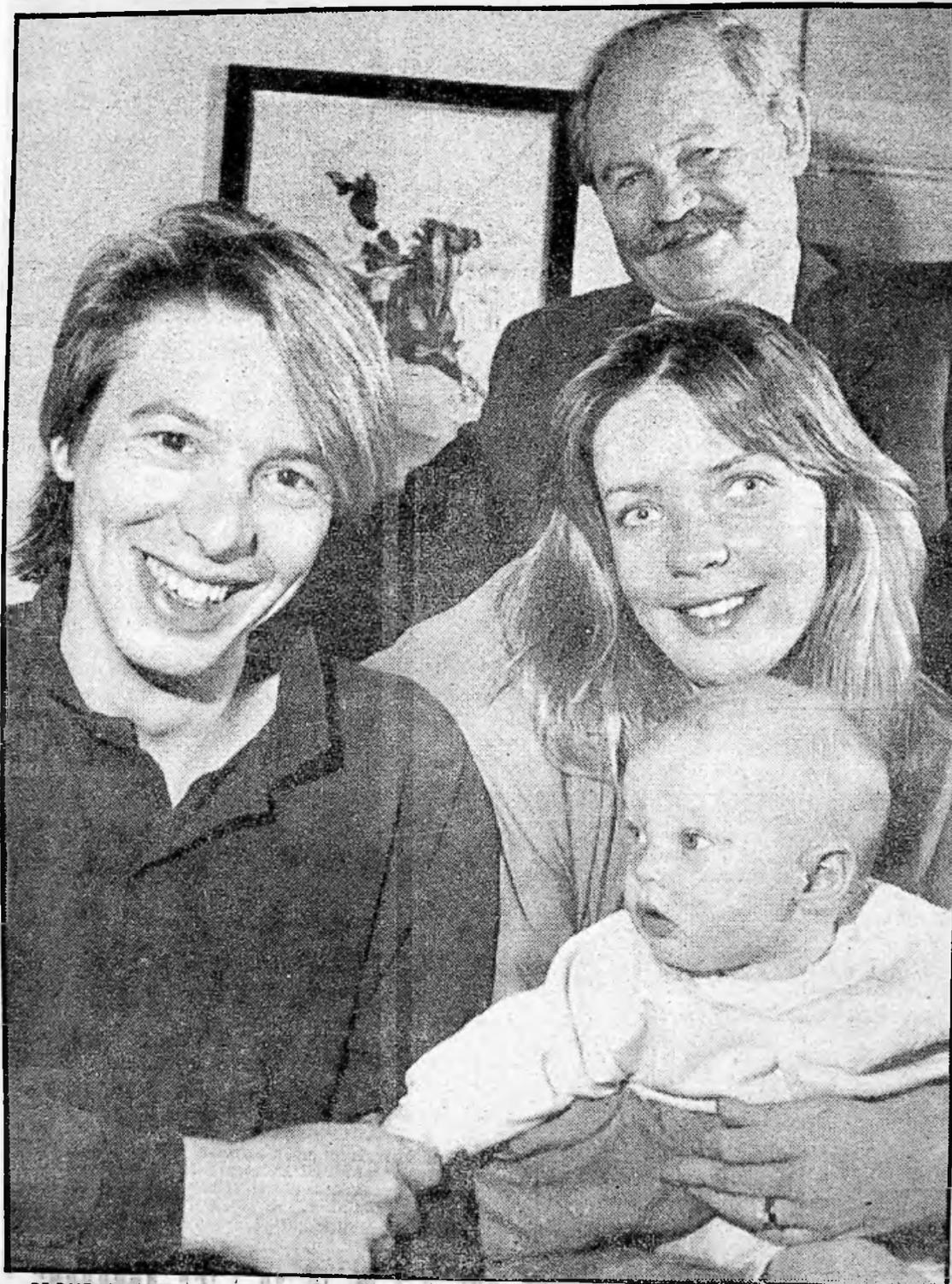
But he did. And when he saw his distraught parents standing alongside his hospital bed, watching as bits of his brain spilled out over the hospital pillow, our hero turned to them and said:

"Daddy, it wasn't worth it."

● Mirror Comment: Page 2



WARRIOR: Robert (left) on the way to war.



**PROUD:** Wife Tina, baby Conrad and father John helped Robert live again. Picture: KEN LENNOX

**The furious hate driving**

**the maimed and forgotten**

**men of the Falklands**

**IMAGES OF WAR: The government likes to concentrate on the triumphs, like the**

**conquest of Mt Tumbledown (left). But soldiering is mostly about hard slogs**

**and sitting around — with occasional intervals of terror, like the Bluff Cove disaster (centre).**

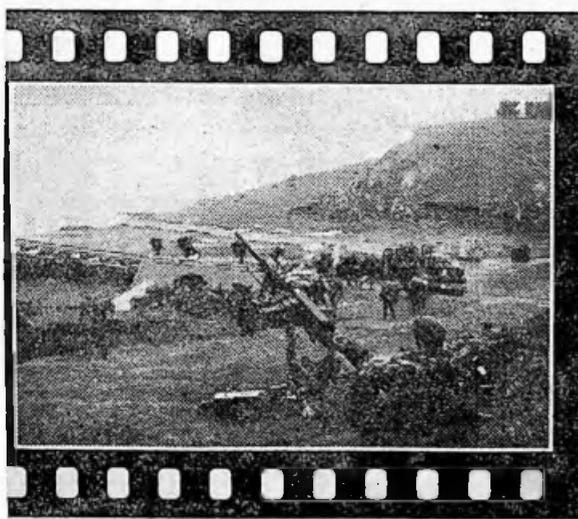
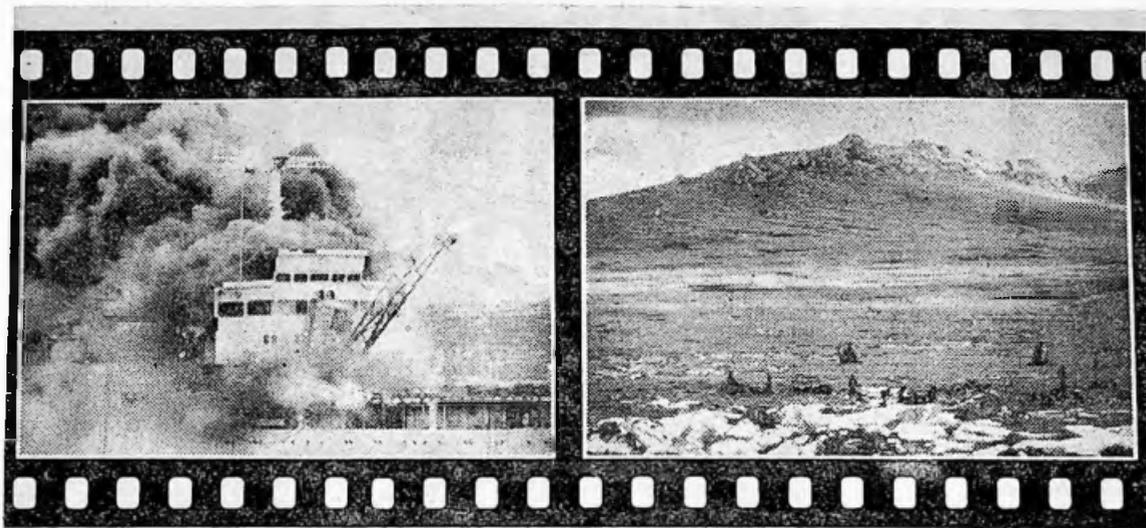


Press Cuttings  
from Broad Street Associates

**DAILY**  
**Mirror**

27 MAY 1988

(7)



# The price of being a hero

**I**F ever there was living proof that war is a bloody and terrible waste, it lies in the harrowing but heroic story of Robert Lawrence.

His tale is dramatised in *Tumbledown* (Tuesday, BBC1, 9.30pm) the story of his life and a drama that has already been drawn into the controversy that surrounds every programme made about the Falklands War.

But *Tumbledown* is not political, more a human tragedy that asks a hundred questions about death, the act of killing, the reasons for war and the problem of living after it.

Robert, a lieutenant in the Scots Guards, was shot in the head as he led his platoon to the summit of Mount Tumbledown, only hours before the end of the conflict.

The high-velocity bullet blew 45 per cent of his brain away. It was a ghastly, gushing, wound which few thought he could survive.

Survive he did because he would not surrender to death and incredibly never lost consciousness. With the same determination he fought his way back to a new life.

He remains, however, totally paralysed down his left-hand side and can walk only with supreme concentration and constant effort.

Then only 22, he narrowly escaped death and was awarded the Military Cross for his bravery. Most of his platoon died in the South Atlantic.

## Complex

Charles Wood's interpretation of the story is deliberately complex like its subject, an intelligent young man, born to be in the army.

The drama relies on flashbacks, beginning with Robert and Hugh, a fellow soldier having lunch with family friends on a sunny English Sunday, three years after the war.

It quickly returns to army days, the urge to go 'down South', the blood and pain of action, the daily confrontation with death.

"They don't just die, you know. You push the thing in and nothing happens," says Robert. "Once my bayonet snapped and I just used the broken end to kill him, stabbing him everywhere. He was talking to me all the time. He even said 'Please.'"

Colin Firth plays Robert with the studied arrogance of a man who has killed and knows what it is to kill, a man who will not allow himself to become a cripple.

Not that Robert is without emotion, the scenes with his parents, brilliantly played by David Calder and Barbara Leigh-Hunt, are incredibly moving.

For Robert's father, John, a retired Wing-Commander, the treatment of his son led him to question his hitherto unshakeable belief in the Army's values.



Colin Firth as Lieutenant Robert Lawrence in Tumbledown

## by Nick Morgan

He found himself constantly on the warpath down administrative corridors when hospitals lost his son's medical cards and seemed not to know who he was.

Robert's hardness remains because he is a man who has lost the one job he loved, his girlfriend Sophie, most of his "boys" and a part of himself in a war some thought should never have been fought.

"It wasn't worth it, Mummy, it just wasn't worth it. I led them into it and they are all dead," he cries from his stretcher when he arrives back in England.

Tumbledown may not be an attack on those who decided war was the only solution, but it does criticise the treatment of returning soldiers.

### Bravery

Robert's "physio-terrorists" do a great job in the gym, but at one rehabilitation centre the authorities don't even know who he is.

Worst of all, perhaps, is the gulf that has been created between soldiers who fought and the rest of us who did not.

"You don't know what to say, do you?" says Robert, taunting his brothers and Sophie in his hospital room.

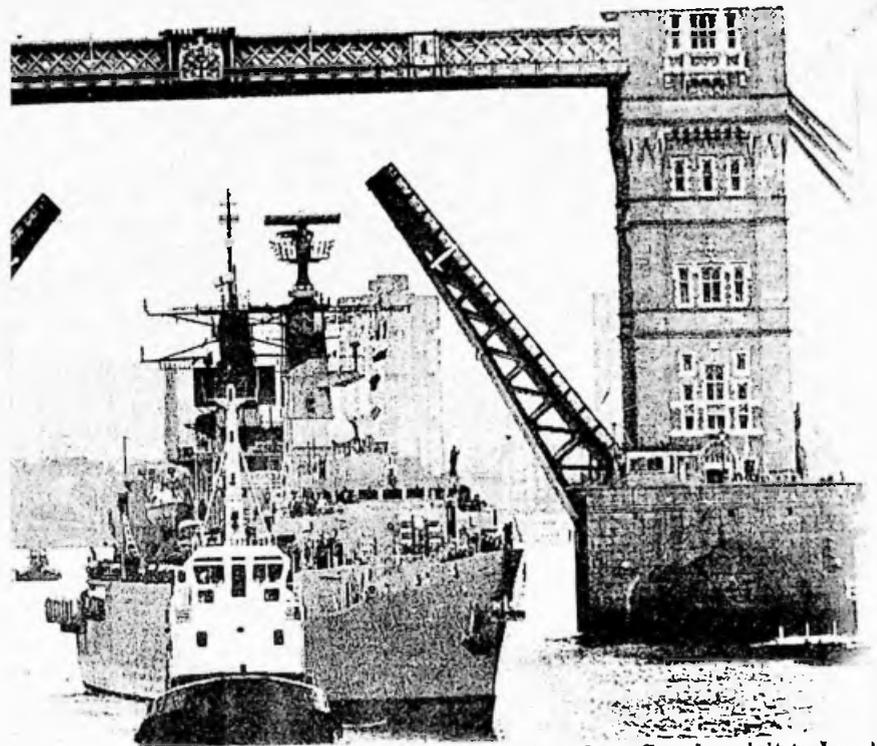
"Bloody visitors, why don't they leave us alone? They don't understand, they weren't there."

After his feats on Tumbledown and the even greater bravery needed to recover from his injuries, it is hard not to agree with Robert when he says: "In a way I am amazed I am still sane."

26 MAY 1988

Press Cuttings  
from Broad Street Associates

 THE INDEPENDENT



Raised in welcome: HMS Sheffield, a new type 22 frigate, sails under Tower Bridge as she arrives for a five-day visit to London. The ship, which moored alongside HMS Belfast, is the replacement for the frigate hit by an Exocet missile in the Falklands.

## On duty, sex row skipper

**THIS** is Navy Commander Peter Harrison who was ordered back to Britain over a sex scandal on his destroyer, HMS Nottingham.

The £28,000-a-year skipper was flown from the Falklands to be quizzed over claims of an indecent assault.

Commander Harrison, 43, of Plymouth, was relieved of his command in a move which the Ministry of Defence admits has never happened in peacetime.



Commander Harrison

SKIPPER FACING PROBE OVER ASSAULT

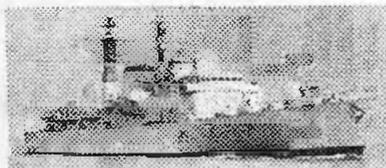
# Warship captain who enjoys playing trains

By PAUL MAURICE  
Defence Correspondent

THIS is the commanding officer flown home amid allegations of indecent assault aboard his ship.

Commander Peter Harrison is being interviewed by the service's investigation squad.

The commander, who keeps a model train set in his cabin to pass away boring



The ship: HMS Nottingham

off-duty hours, has just completed a year with the guided missile destroyer Nottingham.

In that time, he served both in the Gulf and in the seas around the Falklands, from where he was flown home.

Nottingham is 43-year-old Commander Harrison's first major warship command. The bachelor officer was formerly on the staff of the Chief of Naval Staff at the Ministry of Defence. Later he took a command course at the naval staff college at Greenwich in South London.

The train set that dominated the C.O.'s cabin was the butt of good humoured jokes among the crew but many officers import their hobbies into their ships. Some make models, some paint, some even knit.



Commander Harrison: First major sea post

**Tumbledown:**

**The sad truth**

**behind the**

**TV war play**



**'The film seems part of a vehicle of denigration  
against the Army, particularly its medical  
services and the Scots Guards'**

Robert Lawrence is a Falklands  
hero. But his story is wounding  
the people who worked to help him



**by RODNEY  
TYLER**

IT WAS in the early morning light, after the most savage night's fighting of the Falklands War, that they began to chase the Argentinians off the top of Mount Tumbledown, picking them off in ones and twos.

Earlier, a young British lieutenant, Robert Lawrence, had led his men in storming a machine gun post where he had bayoneted an enemy soldier to death.

Now, with a view of Stanley far below, an elated 21-year-old Robert shouted: 'Isn't this fun!'

At that moment a high velocity bullet, travelling at 3,800 feet per second, ripped into the right hand side of his head. It was not so much the bullet as the shock wave from it which removed nearly half his brain.

Today he walks with a limp in his left leg and his left arm is useless. His speech has recovered, but he still has periodic bladder and bowel problems. To those who were with him that day, six years ago, his recovery has been miraculous and they thank God for it.

Robert's undoubted heroism then was rewarded with the Military Cross, one of two won by the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards that night — in which eight of their men died and 42 were injured.

His heroism now continues, matching his bravery on Tumbledown, in his long and desperate struggle to recover.

## Gripped

His story is indeed a remarkable one — a BBC drama, 'based on Robert's experiences' — and the attitudes that arose from them — called Tumbledown has been made and is to be shown next Tuesday night.

It is a brilliant, moving film. Anyone who watches it will be stunned by the battle scenes, gripped by Robert's most understandable rage against his injury and how he turns that anger into a formidable drive to recover.

*But, sadly, it is not the truth.*

It is exactly what it says it is — a drama, based on what happened to Robert. And, wittingly or unwittingly, the programme, its highly-respected makers, and perhaps even Robert himself, now seems to be part of a vehicle of denigration against the Army — particularly its medical services and the Scots Guards.

The truth is that a myth is being created around Robert Lawrence, and it is on a slow march away from reality.

This week the Robert Lawrence

Industry, fosterer of that myth, moves into top gear, with Robert himself interviewed on radio today and on Wogan tomorrow, to talk not only about the film — but also about its companion volume — a book called *When The Fighting Is Over*, published by Bloomsbury Press which has been serialised by the Observer.

The book had been 'ghosted' for Robert and his father John, a retired Wing Commander now an administrator at Lords Cricket Ground. It purports to be the truth — the documentary, so-to-speak, where the film is drama — about Robert's experiences and carries on the story after the point where the film ends.

Any inaccuracies or distortions in the film can, of course, readily be defended on the grounds that it is only a drama and that events have had to be turned slightly, characters heightened and chronology twisted in order to maximise its impact.

Not so the book.

It is a deeply-flawed work, often inaccurate in detail, the message of which is clear — in Robert's own words, his verdict on 'the system': 'They wanted victors, not victims.'

He believes, and those around him believe, that practically from the moment he was shot, the 'system' treated him shabbily. He became the 'victim', first of an impersonal, largely uncaring Forces medical system, then of a regiment which also never cared for him and, once he had left the Army, never bothered to help or even to find out how he was.

There is a catalogue of endless

bureaucratic 'cock-ups' and clashes with official incompetence and lack of understanding.

*All in all he feels he has been 'conned' and, if it is bad for him — an officer of the Household Division — then how much worse must it be for the rest of the 700 wounded, and relatives of the 250 dead?*

I have spoken to a number of the officers and men who served with Robert, shared Mess life with him, fought alongside him, carried him off the field of battle, treated him, comforted him, helped him, supported him and now, sadly, almost despair of him.

Not one of them wishes to diminish his heroism on the field of battle or his bravery since. Not one of them spoke with any bitterness about him personally.

*But they cannot and will not allow the myth to be fostered that somehow the Army — corporately, medically or regimentally — failed to look after the Falklands wounded in general, or him in particular.*

## Casualties

Their portrait of events from the moment Robert was shot is very different to his in both broad brush strokes and fine detail. There is not room enough here to give every point they challenge, but the list is impressive.

Robert says he was one of four casualties who arrived at the field hospital at Fitzroy and he was treated last because it was thought he would die. Not so. He was put at the back of the queue because it was assessed, quite correctly as it turned out, unlikely that he would die.

He was not in shock, he was not bleeding excessively and while the wound was open, there was no pressure. Those in far more immediate danger were treated first — and all three of them lived.

He says that the wounded were not allowed to take part in the Lord Mayor of London's 'Victory Parade' in October, 1982.

Thirty of the wounded, who were able to march, took part. Six of those who were unable to march attended the parade as honoured guests — on behalf of all the disabled — and attended the lunch in the Guildhall afterwards.

'A month or so later,' he says, a 'Thanksgiving Ceremony for the killed and injured was held at St Paul's. 'But although I was invited, I was told that I would not be allowed to wear a uniform . . . This greatly upset me . . . I

saw nothing to be ashamed or embarrassed about.'

He complains he was stuck in a side arm of the cathedral where he could see nothing. In the film, he is shown, right at the back, reduced to watching it on a TV monitor.

There were two Falklands services in St Paul's. The first was before the Lord Mayor's Parade, in July, 1982 — six weeks after the war ended and when Robert was still very ill in the Army hospital in Woolwich.

He was taken by Major Parsons and Drill Sgt Singler — both of the Scots Guards — from Woolwich, first to Chelsea Barracks to meet the rest of the party. Then, dressed in his uniform, he was driven to St Paul's, where there was special police clearance to park, put in a lift and wheeled into the front row of the congregation in the side arm of the cathedral from which he had a clear view of that part of the main aisle in front of him.

## Pension

The second service was three years later in June, 1985 — after he had left the regiment. He went to that with his Falklands company commander, Major Simon Price, sat with him — again in a prominent position — and wore a civilian suit, because he was no longer in the Army.

An exception could have been made for him on the matter of the uniform — had there been such a request. None was made.

He says the South Atlantic Fund sat on the millions collected 'for a year and a half, telling us nothing'. At no stage in the book does he say how much he has received from the Fund — only that its administration is a scandal.

*In the first 15 months after his injury on Tumble-down he received a total of £150,000 in four separate payments out of the Fund: the first £8,500, in November, 1982, the second £10,000 in May 1983, the third £6,050 — to buy a car — and the last £127,450 final settlement in August, 1983. He was on full Army pay until his discharge in November, 1983 — and has had a pension of slightly over £8,000 a year since then.*

More important than these and the many other points of detail which build up a picture of victimisation, are the two main thrusts of the book — his medical and regimental treatment.

He is disparaging of almost all those who sought to aid his recovery — yet, had it not been for their efforts, he might well have ended up a cabbage.

Undoubtedly, mistakes were made and insensitivities perpetrated; but they were not the errors of a malign administration determined to hide or victimise its wounded — they were the inevitable slips of a peace time

system suddenly put under intense pressure.

*There were, after the Falklands, 700 wounded, of whom 400 were, like Robert, serious cases. His self-confessed arrogance, while it may have helped his drive to recovery, cannot have been pleasant for anyone to deal with. Yet he scarcely allows one word of gratitude to slip into his vocabulary.*

But it is the accusation, repeated over and over in the book, that the Scots Guards did not care for him, which has caused most sorrow and upset.

## Hurt

Officer after officer, man after man, has told me about what was done for Robert. How a constant stream of them called on him day in, day out while he was in hospital. How a guardsman and a subaltern were detailed to look after him, and him alone, morning noon and night from the moment he returned to the regiment until he left it.

How the commanding officer, on his return from the Falklands, took personal charge of Robert's file and spent hours sorting out tiny problems. How the courses were there for Robert to prepare himself for life outside the Army.

How contacts in the City and elsewhere were ready to help with fixing jobs. How the other injured were looked after.

How the regimental support system took over the moment he left and how it is available to this day, 24 hours a day, should Robert have need of it — for anything.

*The hurt, felt by them all, is the worse because this is an attack on the very core of the British Army regimental system. It is simply because it is asking young men to do brave and dangerous things that, if something goes wrong, such tremendous efforts are made by the 'family' — the regiment — to look after those in difficulties.*

'It was not us who distanced ourselves from Robert, it was he

who distanced himself from us,' says Brigadier Mike Scott, who, as a lieutenant colonel led the battalion on Tumbledown. 'It is absolutely certain he did an outstanding job that night. We were and are proud of him.'

'I am so sorry to have to say that he has got it wrong. Very wrong. We were not ashamed of him. After he came out of hospital we encouraged him to come here so that everyone could see what a triumph it was for him to have recovered so well from such a wound.'

## Irony

'It was a tremendous example to us all to see this man, whom we had last seen so bloody nearly dead, walking around the barracks — limping yes, but terrific.'

'We did our full "family arms around" job for Robert — and the rest of the injured — and if there was anything else he needed, or needs, he can ask for it.'

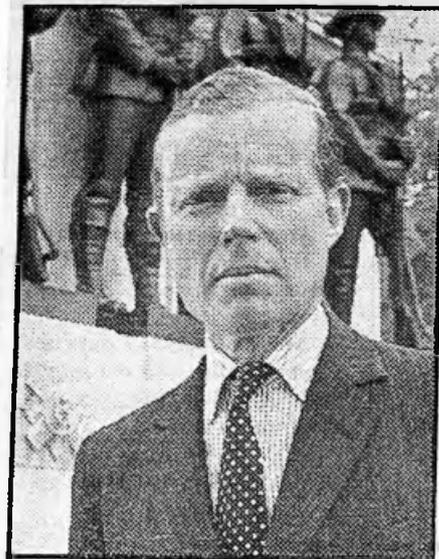
'I kept an eye on his case. I talked to him, to his father. I saw

him at every stage. We all did. He could not say to my face we turned our backs on him — he wouldn't dare. This is very sad.'

The ultimate irony of the whole Robert Lawrence story is that it should have turned into such a sustained campaign against the Army and its lack of care for the 'victims' of the Falklands War.

*For the truth is that, for all but two minutes of the last six years since that night on Tumbledown, Robert has had available to him medical and welfare facilities and a willingness to look after him, which you would find paralleled in few other organisations in the world. And those two minutes were the two it took Corporal Graham Rennie to climb, under fire, up to the spot where Robert fell.*

There he tied his beret over the gaping wound and carried him, still under fire, down the slope to safety.



Saddened: Brigadier Mike Smith

‘I am so  
sorry to  
say he  
has got  
it very  
wrong’

— ROBERT'S  
COLONEL



SCENTING VICTORY: Guardsmen prepare to advance on Port Stanley. But a sniper's bullet robbed Lt Lawrence of his triumph



Disillusioned: Lt Lawrence after the Falklands

# TELLEX

THE BROADCAST REPORTING SERVICE

# REPORT

A BOOM ECONOMY

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**RUSH**

For : BROAD STREET ASSOCIATES ADRIAN KING

Prog: BREAKFAST TIME Service : BBC TV1 Serial: 052092/AP

Date: 26.5.88 Time: 0700 Duration: 3mins50secs

JEREMY PAXMAN:

The Falkland Islands have one of the fastest growing economies in the world, it seems. Figures just out show that the gross domestic product of the islands trebled last year, and the indications are that the Falklands may soon have their first millionaire.

Steve Williams reports.

-FILM-

STEVE WILLIAMS:

The Falklands' unlikely emergence as one of the world's boom economies can be traced to one decision - when the British Government unilaterally declared a fishing limit around the islands of 150 miles. In the previous three mile zone fishing was free. Now fishermen have to pay for licences. In these fish rich waters foreign fleets have been only too happy to pay up, revenues have soared.

The extraordinary transformation has also been helped by the building of a hospital, and other schemes, at a cost of £40 million. The defence spending dwarfs even that; £400 million on a new airport alone. There are 1500 servicemen still there and they need providing for, and that means more money for the local economy. It used to be dominated by sheep farming, now the islands have never known such affluence.

J.P.:

Well, with us now is Peter Pryn, an economist who's just completed a development report for the Falkland Islands' Development Corporation. Mr Pryn, this is really a pretty artificial boom. I mean, anywhere that has only got 2,000 people in it, and had 400 million spent on an airport, and 40 million on other bits and pieces by the Government would be bound to be doing well, wouldn't it?

PETER PRYNN:

Well I suppose so. But when you think of all those capital expenditures, they've mostly been done by British contractors, and the amount of money which is stuck in the Falkland Islands has been very little. In the same way as your film was referring then, to the influence of the military expenditure, it's very little, they buy some very small, limited amount of supplies locally, but it's really almost like an enclave economy.

J.P.:

So the island's economy could survive the withdrawal of 1500 British troops if it was felt that, you know, defence-wise they were not necessary?

P.P.:

Oh, yes. Very much so. I mean, two-thirds of the income of the islands now, perhaps more, comes from fishing.

J.P.:

The key is fishing, isn't it?

P.P.:

Absolutely, yes. The...I think it's true to say that the whole place has been transformed since the fishing zone was declared in...towards the end of 1986.

J.P.:

How does it show itself on the ground, this great prosperity?

P.P.:

Well, it's only 18 months into...into this new period of life, and it takes quite a long time for these things to work their way through. I mean, undoubtedly there are changes on the ground. There's a...there's a restaurant in Stanley, a fairly decent restaurant. When I went down there first of all that, I can assure you, would have been a wonderful luxury! There are many more goods in the shops, people can afford to do things. But when you have this kind of money coming into the economy you

have to spend it, to start off with, on relatively unglamorous things, like improving the water supply, getting the roads up to scratch. I mean, there's a huge accumulated backlog of things of this kind which have to be done.

J.P.:

And a new hotel being built, and a swimming pool and things.

P.P.:

Well, we hope there'll be a new hotel, at the moment the Upland Goose, which I know many of the war correspondents suffered in...

J.P.:

(Interrupting)...A very distinctive hotel!

P.P.:

Yes, well that's really pretty decent now, and during our summer, their winter, it's going to be further up-graded. I was staying there only about a month ago, and I must say, it was a very pleasant place to stay.

J.P.:

You reject the notion then that this is a rather artificial boom, are they ever going to be in a position where they can pay for their own defence?

P.P.:

Oh no, I don't think so. Not at the sort of levels which we're spending at the moment. I don't think any small island, any small community, which is threatened by a major power nearby can ever defend itself in that sense. I would hope that when some of the more urgent development needs have been met they would be able to make some contribution. And hopefully, of course, that some sort of settlement would have been made which means that we don't need that kind of level of defence expenditure.

J.P.:

Peter Prynn, thank you.



**HOUSE OF COMMONS  
OFFICIAL REPORT**

**PARLIAMENTARY  
DEBATES**

**(HANSARD)**

**Thursday 26 May 1988**

# Written Answers to Questions

*Wednesday 25 May 1988*

## DEFENCE

### Falkland Islands

**Dr. Thomas:** To ask the Secretary of State for Defence if he will list the military projects undertaken by the Government in the Falkland Islands and the cost of each to date both in current and 1988 prices.

**Mr. Ian Stewart** [*holding answer 20 May 1988*]: The two major military works projects were the construction of the airfield at Mount Pleasant, and the works undertaken to concentrate the garrison at Mount Pleasant, for which the 1986 costs were about £300 million and £110 million respectively. The costs at September 1987 prices were about £370 million and £130 million respectively.

## Rumours start run on Argentine currency

BY TIM COONE IN BUENOS AIRES

HEAVY speculation and uncertainty over economic policy have led to a battering for the Argentine currency, the austral, this week.

At close of business on Tuesday the austral had slipped to 9.05 against the US dollar in the unregulated sector of the market, and was only saved from further selling pressure yesterday by a bank holiday. When the austral was introduced in 1985 it was fixed at 0.8 to the US dollar.

The austral has fallen by 23 per cent over the past month, driven down by rumours of a unification of exchange rates (the Central Bank fixes one rate for foreign trade transactions and allows an unregulated rate in the financial market) and rumours of shifts in

economic policy. These rumours have been denied by the Central Bank, the Economy Ministry and President Raul Alfonsin.

At a cabinet meeting on Tuesday, President Alfonsin took the extraordinary step of making the currency slide a matter of state security by instructing the head of his security services to investigate the source of the rumours.

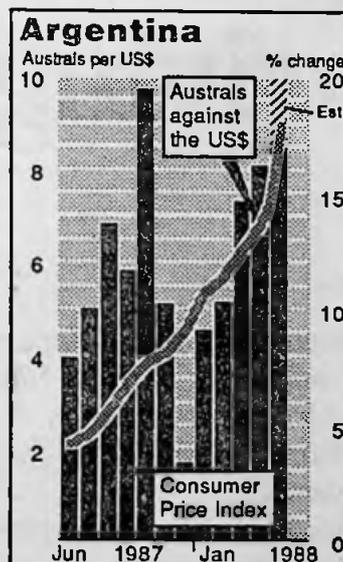
Efforts by the Central Bank to control the run on the austral have been to little avail. The bank's limited foreign currency reserves make sustained intervention impossible. The more usual alternative of supporting the currency by issuing Treasury letters and other high-yielding government securities does not seem to have been pursued with

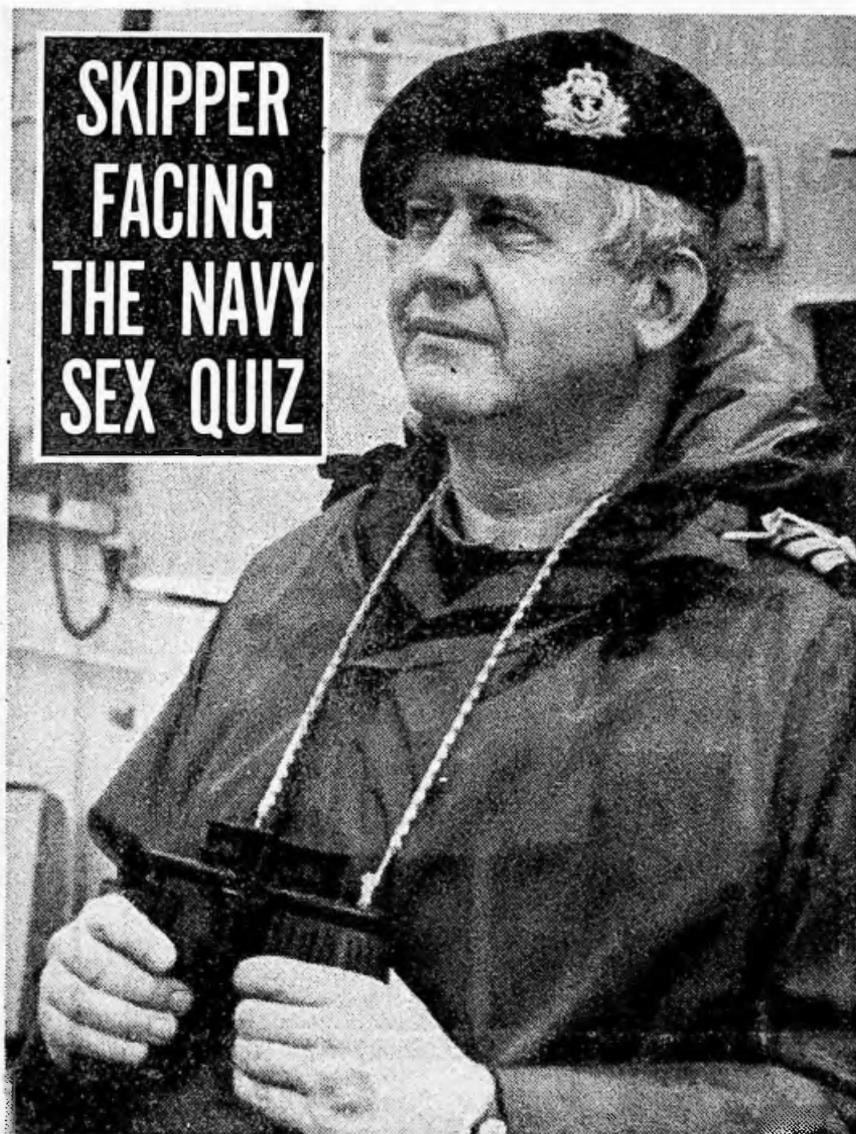
the same energy as in the past.

One reason appears to be the Government's reluctance to push interest rates higher still (call rates are 220-230 per cent at present) for fear of further fuelling inflation.

Interest rates recently became negative in real terms, however, reducing the attraction of fixed-term deposits and government securities, and pushing funds into the marginal markets of foreign currencies and the local stock exchange.

● Argentina's half-million teachers agreed to end their strike yesterday. Union leaders accepted an offer to phase pay increases over two months, which will be financed by recently approved taxes





● **THIS** is Commander Peter Harrison, the warship captain at the centre of a Royal Navy sex probe.

The Falklands-based skipper was braving a different kind of storm yesterday after revelations of a top-level inquiry into claims of indecent assault aboard his destroyer HMS Nottingham.

The 43-year-old bachelor has been flown back to the U.K. to assist a Navy investigation squad





Adml Sir Sandy Woodward, Commander-in-Chief Naval Home Command, on board the Sheffield, the Navy's newest Type-22 frigate, yesterday at the start of the vessel's five-day visit to London. Adml Woodward, who commanded the Falklands task force, has been associated with two other ships of the same name—the cruiser Sheffield in which he served as a midshipman just after the 1939-45 War, and the guided-missile destroyer Sheffield which he commanded in 1976 and which was sunk by an Argentinian Exocet missile during the Falklands campaign

BRITAIN is jeopardising its own defence by running down the fleet while the United States Navy, feeling hampered by Nato bureaucracy, is breaking away from Europe, says the latest edition of Jane's Fighting Ships, published today.

Britain is giving priority to Nato concerns, concentrating resources on the central front in West Germany and cutting naval spending, it says

Manpower is being cut and ships are not being ordered to replace those reaching the end of their useful lives, says Capt Richard Sharpe, the new editor, a former nuclear submarine commander.

"The notion of Britain as an island state seems to be disappearing from defence planning," he said at a press conference yesterday to mark the publication.

## Britain 'sacrifices Navy in defence of Germany'

By Adela Gooch, Defence Staff

Capt Sharpe questioned the feasibility of the Government's commitment to an escort fleet of around 50 destroyers and frigates, at present ordering rates.

Even if the Government ordered the proposed four Type 23 frigates this year, it will put the number ordered in 10 years at 16. Capt Sharpe said the Defence Ministry had no intention of increasing the rate.

"If this is continued for the next 10 years, then to maintain the promise of about 50 frigates and destroyers, each vessel will

have to serve for 31 years, compared with 18 years in the past."

In his foreword he shows how in January out of 46 frigates and destroyers only 28 were fully operational, spread round the world, with 12 left for all other national and Nato commitments.

The 1981 Defence White Paper suggested a review, cancelled because of the Falklands war, but the measures suggested are being implemented by stealth, says Capt Sharpe.

According to Jane's, the American Navy "has a national maritime strategy better defined

and more up-to-date than Nato's, a permanent and efficient shore-based operational control organisation, a set of procedures in daily use at sea... and a balanced fleet in which every aspect of maritime warfare is covered.

"It has always seemed nonsense to me to suppose that such a navy in times of tension is going to subordinate itself to a polyglot talking shop of the Brussels variety," says Capt Sharpe.

Jane's also suggests that the West has mistaken interpretations of Warsaw Pact maritime strategy and has failed "to take out adequate insurance against the colossus which the Soviet Union has constructed in less than three decades."

Capt Sharpe says Nato has failed to co-ordinate operations in the Gulf and to assess the consequences of the proliferation of nuclear submarines planned by India, Canada and Brazil.

Daily Mail  
26 May 1988

## PANIC AS RAF JET BUZZES PALACE

By BOB GRAHAM

AN RAF Tri-Star caused panic when it 'buzzed' Buckingham Palace and Government buildings yesterday.

Office workers, tourists and even police officers threw themselves to the ground fearing it was going to crash.

A policeman guarding No 10 Downing Street said: 'We saw the plane coming from across the river and to be honest we expected a big bang and that it would crash in Hyde Park.'

An officer on duty outside Buckingham Palace — where the Queen was in residence — said: 'It flew just above the trees at about 200 feet. I was near the Royal Mews at the time, and it just skimmed over the roof. The Queen must have heard it. It made a terrible noise.'

### Noise

The Tri-Star had, however, been given special permission to fly low as it practised for a fly-past with the Red Arrows on the Queen's birthday next month.

It was approved by the Ministry of Defence and a circular should have informed all Government offices and staff.

But MOD worker Bill Davies said afterwards: 'The noise was incredibly loud. I ran to the window and saw two policemen throw themselves to the ground. We were all sure it would crash at any second.'

Other eye-witnesses put the height of the plane at 'between 200 and 500 feet.'

However, an MOD spokesman said last night: 'The public is normally very poor at gauging the height of aircraft.' And he insisted that the plane was flying at 'between 1,000 and 1,500 feet.'

Daily Telegraph  
26 May 1988

## Low-flying jet takes London by surprise

By Wendy Holden

AN RAF FLYPAST over central London yesterday — a rehearsal for the Queen's birthday next month — was so low that anxious members of the public inundated the air authorities with calls and even took the Civil Aviation Authority press office by surprise.

An RAF Tristar set off from Wattisham in Suffolk just before 1pm, and was soon directly over the West End and Buckingham Palace before returning to base.

The flypast was part of an annual rehearsal for the Queen's birthday celebrations on June 11, but it was the first time that the RAF had used such a large plane in their display.

An Aviation Authority press officer, whose offices are in Holborn, said: 'We saw it out of the window and thought 'Good God! What on earth was that!' and had to make some calls to find out ourselves.'

The CAA had published details of the rehearsal in its daily notes of all unusual air movements to pilots and stated that the plane was to take off at 12.48 pm and pass over Wattisham, Boxted, Fairlop, Buckingham Palace and Putney Bridge.

Mr Don Higgs, 42, who lives in Teddington, Middx, said he was driving through Richmond when he suddenly saw the large silver jet overhead.

'The plane was at first on what appeared to be a direct route to land at Heathrow, but was flying too fast and turning too steeply for that.'

'It seems odd to me to choose such a crowded air space to practise Mickey Mouse manoeuvres,' he said.

Daily Mirror  
25.5.88

### Wings for war hero

FALKLANDS war hero Simon Weston, severely scarred in a bombing attack, is learning to fly.

Simon, 26, is taking lessons in Liverpool on a sponsorship.

## Navy scandal quiz

By Peter Fogg, Glos.

THEY say that the Royal Navy is in a state of scandal.

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## Naval captain scandal quiz

By PETER HITCHENS  
Defence Correspondent

THE captain of one of Britain's most powerful warships has been flown home from the South Atlantic after claims of indecent assault aboard his ship.

In an unprecedented move, Royal Navy chiefs have removed bachelor Peter Harrison, 43, from command of the destroyer Nottingham which carries 24 officers and 229 ratings.

He was returned to the UK as his replacement, Commander Nick Batho, was flown out to the Falklands from the Nottingham's sister ship Liverpool.

Commander Harrison, a gunnery expert with 24

## Navy scandal quiz

From Page One

years' service, lives in Plymouth.

Last night the Defence Ministry refused to say if the top-level inquiry, conducted by the Navy's special investigation service, was centred on the skipper or the crew.

Investigators are likely to board the Nottingham when it calls at the West Indies on its way home.

The MoD said: "We can confirm that an investigation is underway into allegations of indecent assault involving HMS Nottingham.

"It would not be appropriate to discuss details while the investigation is in progress."

There was no indication that any of the 253 officers and crew, apart from Commander Har-

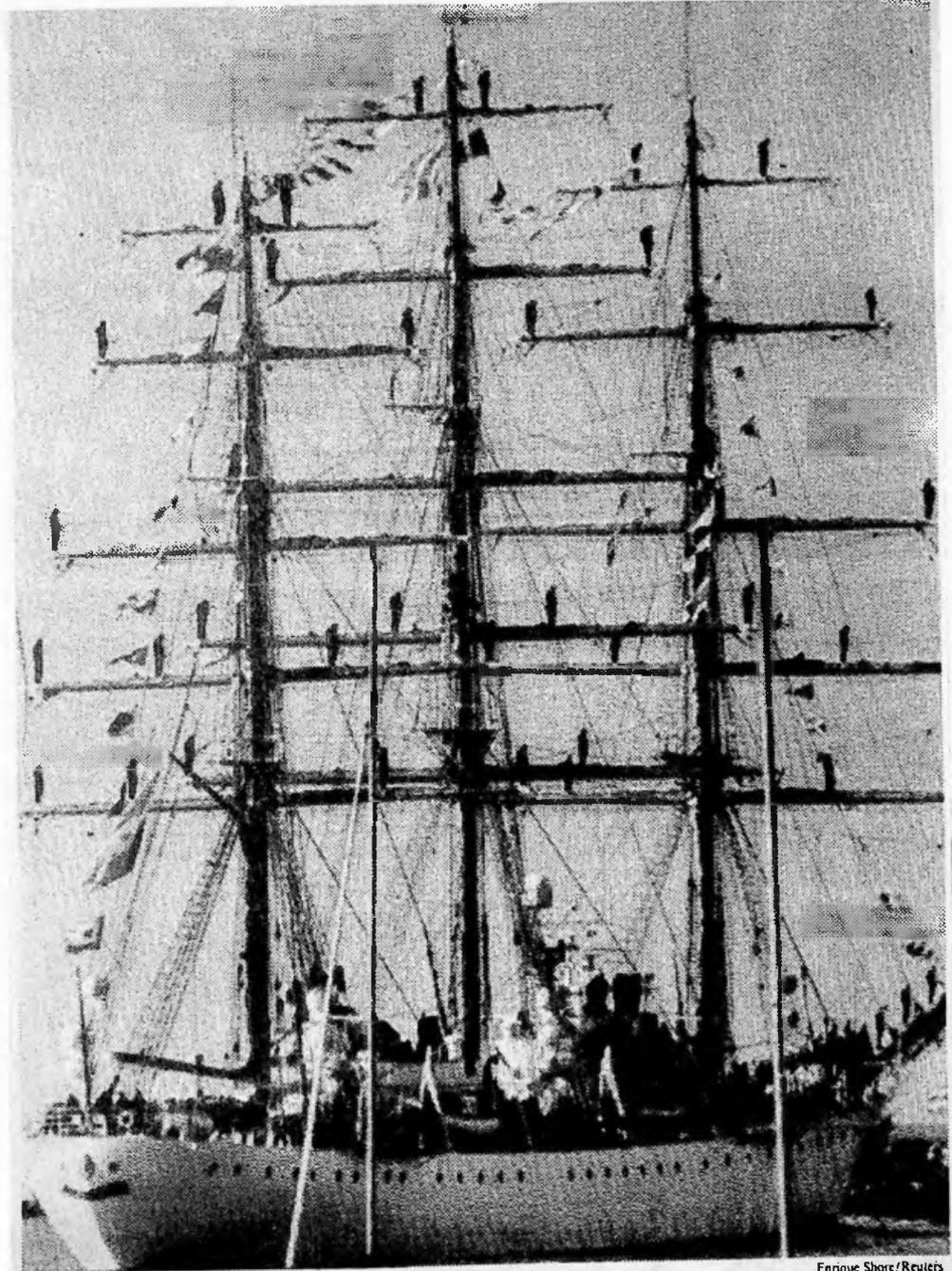
ison, were being ordered home.

The Nottingham was involved in an AIDS scare early last year when its crew were allowed shore-leave in the high-risk African port of Mombasa.

No cases of the disease were subsequently reported as the Nottingham cruised from Africa into the South Atlantic for its spell of duty in the Falklands.

It seems likely the inquiry has been going on for several weeks and the decision to send out a new captain was taken to avoid further damage to morale on board.

Commander Harrison was originally due to bring back his ship to Portsmouth next month. But the appointment of Commander Batho was hastily made yesterday.



Enrique Shore/Reuters

**HIGH ON LIBERTY** — The Argentine navy training vessel *Libertad* leaves harbor in Buenos Aires on Monday, on its 24th training cruise, as crewmen stand aloft on masts ready for action.

25 MAY 1988

Press Cuttings  
from Broad Street Associates **THE GUARDIAN**

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**Uruguay for Argentina**

Uruguay confirmed its support for Argentina's claim to the Falkland Islands in talks with the British Parliamentary under-secretary of state at the Foreign Office, Mr Timothy Eggar on Monday, its Foreign Minister, Mr Louis Barrios Tasano, said. — Reuter.

Press Cuttings

from Broad Street Associates THE  TIMES

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25 MAY 1988

### **Peking denial**

**Peking (Reuter)** — China denied a Western press report that it had made a secret deal with Argentina to supply technology for missiles capable of hitting the Falkland Islands.

**Autolatina in debt  
swap investment**

US-OWNED Banco Chase Manhattan is due to sign an agreement within the next few days to convert \$240m of Brazilian debt into investments in Autolatina, the motor company said, Reuter reports from Sao Paulo.

Autolatina, a holding company for Ford and Volkswagen in Brazil and Argentina, said it would invest \$40m of this in its operations in Argentina.

The rest will be invested in Brazil, with \$100m on the Nevada, a new car. A further \$100m will be invested on the development of other products.

## Press Cuttings

from Broad Street Associates **THE GUARDIAN**

## Falklands set to be squids in

John Ezard

**T**HE FALKLANDS will have their own six-vessel fishing fleet trawling the lucrative waters of the South Atlantic next year, the Falkland Islands Development Corporation announced in two reports yesterday.

So valuable are the potential squid catches that the vessels, bought and refurbished at Hull and Tyneside, are expected to recover their costs within two years.

One trawler already in service, the Lord Shackleton, is capable of processing 40 tonnes a day of squid currently marketable at £640 a tonne.

The ships, crewed by 150 British seamen, will fish all year round but will concentrate on squid. They are half-owned by Stanley Fisheries, a corporation offshoot, with joint venture companies mostly based in Britain. The corporation said their refurbishment had helped "revitalise" the British fishing industry.

Catches from the vessels will represent the first direct yield

from the sea for a territory which traditionally lacked resources or investment for a fishing industry. The venture is part of what the Falklands Government's London representative, Mr Lewis Clifton, described in presenting the reports as "a tale of economic success six years after the conflict, instead of a tale of continued economic dependence on the UK".

It has been made possible by licence fees and joint venture revenue from the hundreds of foreign vessels now fishing within the two-year-old Falklands Interim Conservation and Management Zone.

This enabled the Falklands Financial Secretary, Mr Harold Rowlands, to announce total revenue of £27 million in his budget statement to councillors in Port Stanley yesterday. This was £4 million more than expected.

Mr Rowlands announced new capital spending of £8 million, partly on housing, with modest tax and pension concessions. But he also raised duty on tobacco and alcohol, increasing whisky prices by 20p a bottle.

## Falklands find wealth in sea

LAST year was "pivotal" in the history of the Falklands, with the economy transformed by an unprecedented tripling of total income, the Falkland Islands Development Corporation said in its annual report, published yesterday, John Eisenhammer writes.

Officials said that they confidently expected the £30.7m income to be "significantly exceeded" this year.

The new-found wealth comes from the sea, marking a profound change for a society which until two years ago had revolved almost entirely around agriculture. Following the establishment in 1986 of a 150-mile conservation zone, the sale of licences required for fishing there — which the re-

port says has a potential annual yield of more than £15m — gave a "dramatic boost" to a previously stagnant economy.

What to do with the money, without upsetting the way of life of the 2,000 islanders, is the subject of an independent consultant's report which will be presented to the government towards the end of next month.

In it, the consultant, Peter Pryn, will advise against the temptation to funnel the money into developing the islands' own fishing fleet, favouring rather the options of investing in agriculture and tourism, and improving roads and housing.

With full employment on the islands, this new commercial investment brings with it the pros-

pect not just of an expansion of the expatriate labour force, but of immigration as well.

"Eventually, we would be looking at some 100 to 200 people a year moving to the islands," said Mr Pryn. "At the moment, however, there would be nowhere for them to live."

The money will not go towards the nearly £200m spent by the Government on defending the Falklands. "Given that the British Government is reducing its non-military aid in line with our increased resources," said Lewis Clifton, the Falkland Island's representative in London, "it is now in no position to say that the islanders should contribute to their own defence. The question has not arisen."

## Falklands soldiers sold off rations

TWO soldiers serving in the Catering Corps on the Falklands Islands sold £700 of surplus potato rations, sent out by the Ministry of Defence, to a local chippy, a court martial heard yesterday.

Quartermaster Sgt Bill Walking, of Leeds and acting Sgt John Thompson sold the supplies to a Yorkshireman, Mr David Hawksworth, who emigrated to the islands after the Falklands war.

His own consignment of potatoes from Britain had arrived rotting.

Walking, 37, and Thompson, 29, of Warrington, Cheshire, pleaded guilty at Aldershot, Hampshire, to conspiring to steal. Walking was reduced to the rank of corporal and Thompson was reduced to the ranks.

"The situation with regard to rations in the Falklands is unique in the British Army," said Mr Martin Griffith, defending.

"Regardless of what is actually consumed, some items are sent out in exactly the same quantities, come what may, and potatoes and salad foods are amongst these".

He said Sgt Walking swapped surplus items with a major British company there for items in short supply.

"In this climate, these two men, of previously exemplary conduct, decided to get rid of the mountains of potatoes which were building up in their storeroom rather than throw them away. And when Mr Hawksworth offered them money in return, they took it."

## Falklands soldiers sold Army potatoes

THE MINISTRY of Defence took "chips with everything" too literally when they shipped out food for the Forces in the Falklands, it was stated at an Aldershot court martial yesterday.

For month after month, regardless of what had been eaten, tons of potatoes arrived at Port Stanley.

But a quartermaster and his second-in-command found a way to cash in on the potato mountain by "flogging" them to the local chip shop.

The shop is run by Yorkshireman David Hawksworth, who emigrated to the islands after the Falklands war when he discovered the traditional British fish supper was not available there.

When his consignment of British potatoes arrived rotting in the ship's broken-down refrigerators, Army Catering Corps Sgt Phil Walkling, a fellow Yorkshireman from Leeds, and acting Sgt John Thompson stepped in with their mess rations.

Walkling, 37, and Thompson, 29, of Warrington, pleaded guilty to conspiring to steal.

Thompson was reduced to the ranks and Walkling was demoted to the rank of corporal.

Mr Martin Griffith, defending, said that in the Falklands: "Regardless of what is actually consumed, some items are sent out in exactly the same quantities, come what may."

"Sgt Walkling, an extremely competent quartermaster, was particularly adept in the system of 'swapsies' prevalent on the island, where he would swap items he had a surplus of with the major British construction company there in return for items he didn't have enough of."

"In this climate, these two men decided to get rid of the mountains of potatoes building up in their store room rather than throw them away. And when Mr Hawksworth offered them money they took it."

Findings and sentence are subject to confirmation.

## A dream takes shape as the

## Falklands get rich

By Michael Evans  
Defence Correspondent

For the first time in the history of the Falkland Islands, there is much local speculation over who will become the first millionaire. There is even talk that someone has already made it.

Such was the turn-around in the economy last year, following the creation of a 150-mile fishing zone and the rush for licences, that even islanders who have traditionally preferred farming to fishing have joined the new money-making industry.

Last year the islands' gross national product rose from £9.89 million to £30.7 million, according to the annual report of the Falkland Islands Development Corporation, published yesterday. The dramatic boost to the

economy enabled the islands' tax to be cut by half to 25 per cent.

Mr Peter Pryn, who was commissioned to carry out an economic development study in the Falklands, said yesterday: "There will probably be a millionaire in a year or two."

The new wealth, after years of a backwoods economy based on sheep and seaweed, is now focused on blue whiting, squid, hake and *hoki*, a Japanese fish delicacy. Extra police officers have had to be appointed in Port Stanley to watch over the thousands of fishermen who have flocked to the South Atlantic. Since May last year, breathalyzers have been introduced because of speeding drivers taking advantage of the new 35-mile road out of Port Stanley.

Mr Gordon Jewks, the chairman of

the Falkland Islands Development Corporation, admitted that the transformation of the economy was also causing some concern among the islanders because of the possible "fundamental changes to their pattern of life".

To cope with the new arrivals, house-building has risen from an average of only one unit a year, prior to the Falklands conflict in 1982, to 74 new flats and houses in the last five years. McAdam Design, a firm of chartered architects and engineers in Newtownards, Northern Ireland, have also been asked to design a swimming pool in Stanley and a 20-bedroom hotel. According to the report, Stanley's new — and only — restaurant, "Monty's", is a runaway success.

Tourism is increasingly popular,

with American cruise liners offloading about 1,000 visitors a year. Another successful Falklands native, Mr Tim Miller, is planting trees in housing estates. The Falklands have always lacked trees because of the peat soil.

The developments in the South Atlantic were first dreamed of by Lord Shackleton in his initial report in 1976. Now, six years after the Falklands conflict and with the political impasse with Argentina still unresolved, the Shackleton dream is beginning to take shape.

Mr Lewis Clifton, the Falkland Islands Government representative in London, said discussions were under way for a commercial ferry between the Falklands, Uruguay and Chile. A party of Brazilian businessmen also had a look round recently.

XN41 1700 24/05/88

LINES : T=29 P=19

1700

DESPATCH FROM =LONDON =  
BY =HAROLD BRILEY =

TAPE NO: 156

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=FALKLANDS-SOUTH AMERICA LINK?=  
D. 949

CUE: Plans are going ahead to establish a direct link by ferry between the Falkland Islands and the South American mainland for the first time since the 1982 conflict with Argentina. The plan arises from the transformation of the Falklands' economy by the introduction of the fishing zone which has brought huge sums of money pouring into the islands. The rapid pace of change is highlighted in two progress reports (published today) -- one on fisheries and the other by the Falkland Islands Development Corporation. Our Correspondent Harold Briley reports:

These reports confirm -- six years after Argentina's invasion -- that the Falklands are now embarked upon economic and social development unparalleled in the colony's history. One result of the rapidly expanding fishing industry is the need to re-establish direct regular transport links with the South American mainland. Several of the new fishing companies established in the Falklands have contributed one-and-a-quarter-million pounds to purchase a ferry to run a regular service between Port Stanley and Montevideo in Uruguay and Punta Arenas at the southern tip of Chile to bring in fishing industry supplies and export fish products. It would be the first sea link with the South American mainland since the previous Montevideo ferry service was superseded in 1971 by Argentine air services, themselves suspended since the 1982 invasion. Fourteen fishing companies have set up business -- in partnership between the Falklands and various other countries, including Japan, Taiwan, Korea, Poland, Spain and New Zealand. Six large fishing vessels are now at work -- some of them purchased and refurbished in Britain, helping in what the reports call the "revitalisation" of the British distant water fishing industry, in decline since the so-called Cod War with

02-

XN41 1700 24/05/88

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Iceland. The Governor, Mr Gordon Jewkes, says the benefits of the fishing industry -- and its dramatic boost to the economy -- cannot be underestimated in terms of revenue and jobs, for the first time giving the nineteen-hundred islanders the opportunity for making a genuine choice for future development. But he adds a warning that economic self-determination could result in fundamental changes to the pattern of life in the islands. Tourism has enjoyed one-hundred percent expansion in the past year, mostly from Britain, but tour operators from the United States, West Germany, France and other European countries are now joining in.

NO PAY OFF

ENDS

SW/CORRUNIT

## UN leader in Falkland talks

The secretary general of the United Nations, Mr Javier Perez de Cuellar, discussed the Falklands with Mrs Thatcher yesterday in his continuing effort to resolve the dispute between Britain and Argentina.

A UN spokesman in New York said this was top of the agenda in the 90-minute meeting during the secretary general's one-day visit to London on his way to the Organisation of African Unity summit in Addis Ababa.

The spokesman no details of the outcome. Britain has repeatedly refused to discuss Argentina's claim to sov-

ereignty over the Falklands which brought the two nations to war in 1982.

The UN General Assembly has given Mr Perez de Cuellar a mandate to use his good offices to try to resolve the dispute.

Before he left New York for London, he met Argentina's Foreign Minister, Mr Dante Caputo.

Last night, Mr Caputo denied British newspaper reports that Argentina had made a secret arms deal with China for missiles capable of hitting the Falkland Islands and accused Britain of waging an anti-Argentina press campaign.

**Falklands resignation**

The Falklands' chief executive, Mr Brian Cummings, aged 46, has resigned "for personal reasons", according to a statement issued in Port Stanley.

**CORRECTION**

**Repremar**

In a story on May 10 we reported that Repremar, which owns the Falklands Squid Company and operates out of Port Stanley, is owned by an Argentine company. Repremar is in fact a Uruguayan company.

# Terminal Leave

**A CHRONICLE OF COURAGE:**

**PART TWO**

**ROBERT LAWRENCE**, who was grievously wounded and won the Military Cross in the Falklands War, struggled to rebuild a shattered life on his return to England, but met with callous rejection, and even hostility, from the military hierarchy and some of the public.

**M**

Y first phone call home to my parents was incredible. Very emotional. After I'd spoken to Daddy and my mother came on the extension, we all started crying.

And I had a terrible sense of desolation when I asked them to come and meet me at Brize Norton — a feeling that they might not be able to make it. In some way I had regressed into childhood, and was dreadfully afraid that they wouldn't turn up. But Daddy said something reassuring along the lines of 'You try and stop us, we'll be there.' And then this cold operator's voice suddenly broke in and terminated the call.

I was carried back to my bed in tears, thinking to myself, I wish to God I'd never made that call.

The next big depression and panic occurred a little later when I was told that once I got to Montevideo I would have to go to a neurological hospital for a brain scan. There was a burning sensation in my head and someone stuck a needle into my arm. I began to realise that this was just the beginning. It dawned on me that I would go through months and months of being hurt by people from then on. And I was right.

Having checked my brain scan, the doctors decided that I was fit to fly, and I was taken off to an airport and put on board an RAF VC10 medical air ambulance. It was an enormous plane with stretchers in the sides.

I had a bottom stretcher 'bunk' and, because my left arm was paralysed and totally limp, it kept dropping down out of the bed and on to the floor. The Air Force steward kept stepping on it. Of course, I couldn't feel anything and it became quite a joke really; I used to pull his leg about it.

During the flight I was brought one of those classic aircraft meals, with everything in separate little plastic compartments. I was eating it off the floor, my bad arm across me, when I spotted some black goo-like stuff in one of the plastic containers. What's this? I wondered.

I was about to give it a try, when I realised that the goo had been dripping down on to the tray from my head. It was blood and cerebral fluid, oozing out because of the lack of air pressure, and it

*Extracted from 'When the Fighting is Over,' by John Lawrence and Robert Lawrence, published by Bloomsbury on 31 May at £12.95.*

was doing me quite a lot of damage.

When we finally landed at Brize Norton, after a flight of 17 hours, I just remember feeling thrilled to be back in England — even if it was, as usual, pouring with rain.

An Air Force officer came aboard soon after we'd landed and said to me, 'Your parents are here. But they'll be meeting you later at RAF Wroughton.' This upset me tremendously, and I said, 'Why there? Why not here?'

'Because,' he replied, 'no one's being allowed to stay here.'

I learned later that all family and all the Press were banned from meeting us at Brize Norton because the authorities didn't want the severely injured people, the really badly burned and maimed young men, to be seen. The Press had, however, been allowed to take pictures earlier at Brize Norton of a group of the walking wounded, who had returned home with a scar on the cheek, perhaps, or an arm in a sling or a slight limp or a couple of crutches. These,

apparently, represented the agreeable image of wounded heroes, whereas we were cut off from view before being loaded, under cover as it were, on to the buses.

I was amazed and horrified. I had honestly thought that there would be some sort of reception committee at Brize Norton for us. I'd thought we were going to be treated like heroes. Having been naked on the Herald in my stretcher bed, I'd even gone around desperately trying to find some uniform to wear for the welcome home. All I'd managed in the end were a tatty old pair of combat trousers and a naval rating's shirt. But I'd wanted to come off that plane as a soldier — a heroic soldier what's more, who had just helped win a war.

I was still pretty naïve then, I suppose, and was only just beginning to get an insight into this whole business of the Government's control over the images of the Falklands War — what should be seen and what needed to be contained.

After one night at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital in Woolwich, I was transferred to the Maudsley in Camberwell, south London, for major neuro-surgery. It lasted, I was later told, about six hours. The surgeon initially opened up two of the stitches that had been holding my scalp together, and my head apparently just burst open with rotten matter.

He cut away the dead and obviously infected tissue of the brain and then removed bits of dirt that had been dragged in by the bullet and its subsequent air vacuum. A scan had also revealed that a piece of the beret I'd been wearing was right in the centre of my brain, and had to be removed.

Following this, the surgeon cut open my right thigh to remove a piece of muscle sheath. He used a patch of

this strong material to cover the hole where my skull had been blown away, and then sewed my scalp back together again.

The Maudsley, I thought, was old-fashioned and grim. I hated it. Most people in my ward seemed to be in a coma, and the night staff did not seem to be either well-trained or particularly interested. Since then, the staff have all changed. But while I was there I remember in particular two night nurses who looked as if they were capable of no more than pushing a button if something went wrong.

Once, when they were having a conversation, and I was feeling really lonely, needing to talk to someone, I heard one say she was pregnant. So, trying to be chatty, I asked her when the baby was due. She got quite ratty with me, and told me to mind my own business and not listen to other people's conversations. The insensitivity upset me dramatically at the time.

After a week at the Maudsley, I was sent back to the Queen Elizabeth Hospital. As an officer, I had a room of my own off the main ward. It was nice to have privacy again, and I surrounded myself with home comforts — coffee percolator, television, video, the works. I was then really beginning to worry about a pension and a possible discharge date. From the moment I was put aboard the Uganda, I had realised that I had no future in the Army, so these matters were crucial to my future.

In my heart I think I was waiting then, as I have waited for many years since, for some kind of reassurance. I think all I ever wanted was for the Scots Guards to pat me on the back, give me a hug and be friendly, be the 'family' they had always claimed to be when I first joined the regiment. I wanted them to ask me if I was all right, and to make some obvious effort to try and help. Instead, I think I just became an embarrassment to them.

One weekend, when my parents had gone away to South Africa on holiday, my brothers, Chris and Nick, picked me up and took me home to Barnes. Chris's girl-friend, Charlotte—who is now his wife—had her car broken into while we were staying at my parents' house, so we called the police.

A big fat copper from the local police station arrived to take down details, and Chris made some quip along the lines of, 'Well, we'll have to tell the local Press about this. "Falklands hero's weekend out of hospital smashed by vandals".'

'Who's the hero?' the policeman asked.

And Chris and Nick replied, 'The one in the wheelchair with the shaved head and the bloody great scar.'

After asking what regiment I'd been in, the policeman informed us that he himself had been in one of the parachute regiments—3 Para, I believe.

'The last time I saw them,' I said, 'they were looking pretty cold and miserable at Bluff Cove.' It seemed a fairly harmless thing to say, but the policeman considered I was somehow being derogatory and we got into a heated exchange.

At one point I asked the policeman to stop calling me 'sonny' and start calling me 'sir'. On being asked why, I pointed out that not only did I hold the Queen's Commission, but in uniform he should address all members of the public as such. Removing his cap and placing it on top of Charlotte's car he said to me, 'I'm not in uniform now, sonny, do you

want to go round the corner and talk about it?' And there was I, sitting in a wheelchair.

I ended up getting on to my good leg, supporting myself on the guttering of Charlotte's car, and calling the copper a pretty blunt obscenity.

'Right, that's it,' said the policeman. 'I'm arresting you.'

Nick said, 'Well, I'm not going to help you get him in the back of your van,' and I threatened to drag him through every newspaper he could think of. At which point he stormed off.

It was a shocking and horrendous incident, probably one of the worst that was to happen over the next few years. Time and again I seemed to attract this kind of aggro, and still do. I have tried to work out why it is; whether there is an arrogance in my eyes that people don't like, or whether it is just because I am an easy target.

My parents found it hard to believe some of the things that happened to me—and the reactions from some people—in the years after I was injured. They couldn't believe it until they saw it with their own eyes. My mother, for instance, was crossing Harley Street with me one day when an old man shunted me in the back of the legs with a pram and yelled, 'Get a bloody move on, will you!' She was really shocked.

HEADLEY COURT, near Leatherhead, in Surrey, had a beautiful house in its grounds. But when I arrived there, having been driven by my mother, we were taken to a ward in a semi-prefab out-building instead of the main house. It was quite bleak and full of standard Army hospital beds, and in the middle stood a ghastly Formica-topped table with a couple of plastic sauce bottles on it.

In addition, the administration seemed to know nothing about me. They had not received my medical records from Woolwich and were aware only that a young officer was arriving who had been shot through the head. They didn't know whether I could see, hear, talk or walk.

I could have been a cabbage. For that reason they stuck me in this bleak observation ward instead of in the main building.

The staff's argument was that the wood panelling in the main house represented a fire risk, and, should a fire occur, somebody as ill as I was would not be able to get out in time.

The usual endless tests, the prodding and the sticking in of needles followed. Test after bloody test because they didn't have my records. And I think I became a cause of considerable puzzlement to the military old guard. For a start, I looked pretty bizarre. The hair on the half of my head that had been shaved had grown back standing upright, while the rest grew normally and flat; I appeared to be sporting a light Mohican style. On top of this, I refused to wear military issue tracksuits, preferring my own instead, with a jacket on the top, and a Sony Walkman covered my ears wherever I went. You can imagine the reaction.

'Who,' these old general types would say, 'is the punk rocker hippy over there?'

But then when they found out who I was, I was suddenly excused. They would come over and, to give them their due, be very nice. I, on the other hand, just couldn't stop reacting against the whole Army set-up. I didn't care about the system anymore. I had lost my fear of it. There was nothing anybody could do to me then that could compare with what had already happened, and I wasn't going to be a good boy and do as I was told, as all good young soldiers and officers should.

I knew that if I'd been marched in front of a commanding officer, and he had said something like, 'You've been a very naughty boy, Robert, shouting at your

Continued on page 34

Continued from page 33

physiotherapist, so you are going to be restricted to camp for the next two weeks as punishment,' I'd have told him to sod off. And I got to wondering how on earth I'd ever accepted all the punishments and beatings in my life before.

Arguably, I must have been pretty arrogant and big-headed. But I felt I'd done my job for the system, and if only the system would do its job as well as I had done mine, I might be properly looked after.

I decided then that the only way I was going to get better would be to look ahead to the future. But to do that I needed to know what my financial situation was going to be. Would I receive, for instance, only a minimal Army pension and a minimal donation from the South Atlantic Fund?

Once the war in the Falklands was over, the South Atlantic Fund administrators should have been able to sort out cases for compensation swiftly. They knew how many had been killed and injured, and many disabled men and bereaved families needed to know as soon as possible the sort of financial aid they might get in order to plan their futures. Instead, the Fund sat on their money—which eventually amounted to something in the order of £16 million—for about a year and a half, telling us nothing.

Getting an Army disability pension is also a laborious process. The Army, understandably I suppose, preferred to wait until I had undergone all the medical treatment and recovery time that would allow maximum improvement before they were prepared to assess my

pension and release me.

During my time at Headley Court, I heard that there was going to be a Lord Mayor's Victory Parade for Falklands veterans in the City of London. But the wounded were not going to be allowed to take part. We weren't allowed to be there.

The newspapers later reported that all the Falklands injured who were at Headley Court—about four of us, at the most—had watched the whole thing on television: 'Wounded servicemen,' one cutting I kept says, 'watched the Falklands Victory Parade proudly on Tuesday on television sets in Headley Court, the RAF rehabilitation centre. Therapy work on the patients ended early to ensure no one missed a second of the parade through the City of London.' It was all absolute rubbish.

A month or so later, a thanksgiving ceremony for those killed or injured in the Falklands was held at St Paul's Cathedral. But although I was invited this time, I was told that I would not be allowed to wear uniform. This greatly upset me. I was an injured soldier, wounded in the course of a war, and at that time still officially in the Army. And I saw nothing to be ashamed or embarrassed about in turning up as such.

I arrived at the cathedral an hour early, in order to allow plenty of time to be helped in. I was stuck down one of the transepts, where I could see absolutely nothing, not even the Queen or the Royal Family. After the service, I then had to wait well over an hour, until the procession had cleared the cathedral, before I was allowed to be removed in my

wheelchair. Insult, again, to bloody injury.

Another distressing incident occurred on Battle of Britain Sunday, after I'd returned to Headley Court with my father at the end of a weekend out. It must have been about 11 at night, and I said, 'If we hurry we might get a quick drink in the officers' mess bar.'

There were a lot of RAF officers there in uniform, with girlfriends and wives. My father and I began chatting quite happily to various people, and then suddenly there was this almighty outburst.

An officer commissioned from the ranks laid into me, across the whole of the mess bar, and in front of everyone, for not wearing a tie. Then he went on, 'Just because you're a Guards officer who got shot, you think you can do what the hell you like, don't you? You think you can run the bloody world. Well, you should have been in a proper war, mate. Now, get out of the mess. You're improperly dressed.'

Everyone in the room looked disgusted. Later on, a lot of them tried to comfort me, telling me not to worry, the officer was a real jerk. But the incredible aggression of this man had left me stunned.

I BEGAN to look to a future outside the Army, possibly in the theatre. When I moved back into my flat from Headley Court, I had been given the position of second-in-command of my own com-

pany in the Scots Guards, and would go into Chelsea Barracks a few days a week to see what I could do. But it soon occurred to me that I wasn't cut out for it.

I was spending more and more time travelling to Guildford to be with a girlfriend, Tanya, and her friends, so when I was informed that British Leyland were kindly offering a free Metro car to every soldier injured in the Falklands conflict, I was delighted. I

did, however, explain to British Leyland that while I didn't wish to sound ungrateful, I didn't want a Metro; it didn't suit my injury. No problem, they replied; you can choose a car from the Leyland range that does.

In the end, I opted to pay the difference between the 2-litre Rover and a 2.3-litre model with electric windows and a sun-roof. The salesman seemed quite happy with this, and so was I.

Instructions came from Chelsea Barracks that I was to wear uniform—'service dress with medals', to be precise—to receive the keys of the car. It was ironic that uniform had not been considered suitable for a victory parade but was thought to be perfectly appropriate for publicity stunts over free cars.

My new Rover was eventually delivered to Chelsea Barracks, for which I was very grateful. Until, that is, about a year later, when my donation from the South Atlantic Fund finally arrived. From it had been deducted £11,500 for the car, minus the standard 18 per cent discount for disabled drivers. The free car was no free car after all.

With regret I realised that I, together with all the other Falklands victims in the publicity stunt, had just been used.

IN JULY 1983, out of the blue, I received a letter from the Ministry of Defence. It read:

Sir,

1. I am directed to inform you that your Short Service Commission was due to end on 3 August 1983, but owing to an administrative error you were not informed that your terminal leave should have started on 7 July 1983. It has now been decided that you will be transferred to the Reserve on 19 September 1983.

2. The requisite notification will appear in the London Gazette (Supplement) on or about 20 September 1983.

3. I am to conclude by taking this opportunity of thanking you for your services while on the Active List.

I am, Sir,  
Your obedient Servant

I was absolutely stunned by the letter. For a start, whoever sent it would surely have thought, here is a rarity, a lieutenant with a Military Cross — I wonder what the circumstances are? They obviously did not, but even more crucial was this ludicrous notion of my being placed on the Reserve — recalled to the next war in a wheelchair!

My father hit the roof, and sent off a formal letter to the Adjutant General to get this state of affairs adjusted. Three days later the Adjutant General replied. His letter confirmed the withdrawal of the previous one informing me of my discharge. It also said that a full medical examination would be arranged which would determine, in an indirect way, the level of my pension, if any.

The next letter informed me that my short-service gratuity would be £4,158. It was a printed form with the figures entered in ink and began 'Dear Sir/Madam'. Yet another example of the workings of a thoughtless bureaucratic system.

In October I received another letter which said:

Sir,

1. I am directed to inform you that, as the Medical Board by which you were examined on 12 September 1983 pronounced you as unfit for any form of military service under existing standards your retirement on account of disability will be carried out with effect from 14 November 1983.

2. The requisite notification will appear in the London Gazette (Supplement) on or about 15 November 1983.

3. You will be informed about terminal benefits by the Army Pensions Office in due course. The address of the Army Pensions Office is 103-109 Waterloo Street, Glasgow G2 7BN.

4. I am to inform you that the Secretary of State for Defence has it in command from The Queen to convey to you, on your leaving the Active List of the Army, the thanks of Her Majesty for your valuable services.

I am, Sir,  
Your obedient Servant

I returned to Chelsea Barracks to say goodbye to my old platoon. I went into the company commander's office, and there sat a new company commander whom I didn't know very well.

'Hello, Robert,' he said. 'What are you doing here?'

'Well, I'm being discharged from the Army now,' I replied, 'and I've come to say goodbye to my platoon.'

He looked up briefly. 'You know, I don't think it's very good for morale for the boys to see you limping around the barracks like this. So if I were you, Robert, I'd hurry up and get out of camp.'

I couldn't say anything. I was disgusted and extremely hurt.

Once I'd left the Army, no one ever rang me up to see how I was, or to ask me whether they could help me with my career, as they'd always suggested they would do as 'the family'. They never asked whether I was getting better or whether I was getting worse.

So much for the buddy-buddy, pally-pally regiment, the Army that demands so much from its men in incredibly long hours and great personal sacrifice. Loyalty, as far as the Army was concerned, seemed a pretty one-way street to me.



## From both sides

ROBERT LAWRENCE was encouraged to write this account of his experiences during the Falklands War and its aftermath by his father, John Lawrence, a former Wing Commander in the RAF who is now an Assistant Secretary at the Marylebone Cricket Club. It was John Lawrence's intention to record the emotions he and his wife endured during the long days, weeks and months in which their

son was first reported wounded after Tumbledown, then believed likely to die and finally began on the slow road to partial recovery.

Robert Lawrence became interested in what his father was writing and began his own version. 'When the Fighting is Over' became a joint venture for father and son, with each describing his personal view of the family's tragic experiences.

# Secret Argentina missile deal

by Louise Branson  
Peking

CHINA has made a secret deal with Argentina to supply technology for the production of anti-ship and medium-range missiles capable of hitting the Falkland Islands, according to an informed diplomatic source in Peking.

The deal was made during a state visit to China by president Raul Alfonsin of Argentina last weekend, according to the senior diplomat.

The trip had caused considerable concern in London, where it was thought that the Argentines wished to buy military aircraft as well as heavy water for their advanced nuclear research programme. The source said China turned down the request for heavy water.

Details of the missile technology transfer deal remain

secret, though the agreement is for co-production rather than the sale of actual missiles by China.

The Chinese were told by Britain in advance of the trip that London took a dim view of any arms sales to Argentina because it was still technically a war enemy.

"You can take it that the Chinese government is aware of our concern over the supply of any weaponry [to Argentina] that would threaten the security of the Falklands Islands," a Foreign Office official said. But he added that he had no knowledge of the missile deal.

In return for the technology,

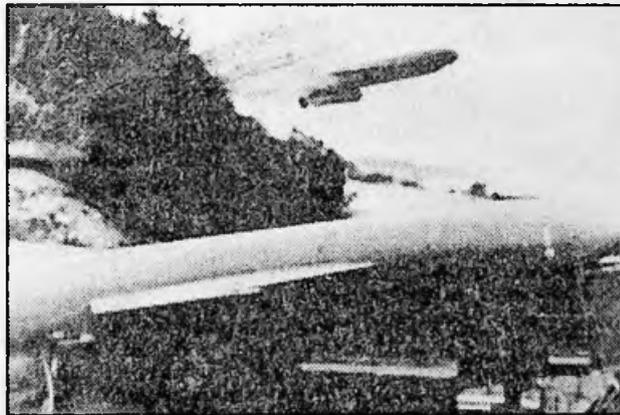
Argentina has reportedly agreed to a long-standing Chinese request for access to Argentine research stations and territory in the Antarctic.

China has in recent years become one of the biggest arms exporters in the world, and has made inroads into the Middle Eastern markets.

Its sale of Silkworm anti-ship missiles to Iran last year soured relations with the United States when these missiles were placed in the Gulf and used against targets inside Kuwait.

There was speculation in Peking that the Chinese-Argentine co-production deal involved old-fashioned CSS-2 liquid-fuel missiles which have a range of about 1,500km, with conventional explosives.

This would bring the Falk-



*China's silkworm: Argentina might be able to hit Falklands* lands, about 800km from Argentina, well within range of missile attacks.

Britain has waged an intensive diplomatic campaign since the 1982 war to prevent advanced weapons getting into Argentine hands.

This has included persuad-

ing the United States to bar the sale of fighter-bombers to Buenos Aires and to use Washington's influence to prevent the Israelis supplying the A4 Skyhawk aircraft.

Britain has also joined with other industrialised countries in trying to stem the spread of missile technology.

21 MAY 1988

# Press Cuttings

from Broad Street Associates



THE INDEPENDENT

**FALKLANDS COST:** The Falklands garrison has cost £1,544m since April 1983, a third of spent on construction, Roger Freeman, Defence Under-Secretary, said. The additional cost in 1988-89 will be an estimated £97m. The islands' population was 1,916 in November 1986.

## LEGACY OF THE FALKLANDS

RECENTLY I asked a large group of 10 and 11-year-olds which South American country Britain battled with over the Falkland Islands. Not one knew. Too recent an event to be taught in school history lessons, and not yet the stuff of many films, TV programmes or parental anecdotes, it is already in the recesses of the national consciousness.

In Argentina the contrast could not be more stark. Apparently the first slogan to greet the visitor at Buenos Aires airport is "Las Malvinas son nuestras" — the Malvinas are ours.

Six years on, one group that cannot forget the traumas of the Falklands conflict is the large number of Anglo-Argentines. There is a British community of 100,000 in Argentina, and contacts between the two countries have always been close.

In Britain, the 1,000-strong Anglo-Argentine Society deliberately kept a low profile for a long time after the Falklands, but is now confident enough to foster cultural and educational meet-

ings, and recently hosted a reception for the Duchess of York.

Its influential chairman, Barney Miller, is better placed than most to review the present relationship between the two countries. Educated in Argentina, he played for the country at cricket and was a businessman in Buenos Aires for many years. He still maintains regular contact with senior officials from British and Argentine governments from his London home.

He recalls the Falklands war as "one of the great tragedies of my life. It's as if one's parents are getting divorced. You can see both points of view. There were three winners in that war, the Falkland Islanders, the British because they stood up for a principle, and the Argentines because they got democracy.

"One day they will build a statue to Margaret Thatcher, but right now they hate her. People here don't realize how much Argentine schoolchildren are brainwashed about the islands."

Mr Miller emphasises how the Argentines have traditionally admired and respected the British, who created much of the country's transport and financial systems, but how the continuing strain in diplomatic relations is eroding that respect.

"The trade figures are horrendous, down from £150m to £10m. When I see people in the government over there, they are very frustrated. It is rather ridiculous that the British say we will not even discuss sovereignty, and I think it is putting democracy in Argentina under threat.

"The army have been very much cut down to size by Alfonsín. He has retired dozens of generals, reduced the number of conscripts and cut their budget. Now some of the junior officers are making trouble, saying, you're not doing much for us on the Falklands front."



Argentine prisoners being searched at Port Stanley before being repatriated: six years on the bitterness lingers.

Although Mr Miller is continually addressing Conservative meetings, urging some progress on the Falklands, he recognizes that few MPs will be willing to pick up what Lord Callaghan described as the poisoned chalice.

"The Falkland Islands lobby over here is a tough, strident body with a lot of money and few are prepared to challenge it. Besides, with Mrs Thatcher it is a very

emotional thing, and it is hard to see much progress being made."

Perhaps, as he implies, part of the difficulty lies in the two national characters. "The Argentines have an inferiority complex and they cover it up with a display of arrogance. The British have a superiority complex and they cover it up with an aura of disdain. Neither is very pleasant."

D.L.



Miller: 'war a great tragedy'

## Argentine tax bill eases squeeze

BY TIM COONE IN BUENOS AIRES

A TAX bill was approved by both houses of the Argentine Congress on Thursday night which will enable the Government temporarily to ease the pressure on its finances.

The bill's passage was blocked last week by the opposition Peronists who objected to a further 8 per cent increase on cigarettes proposed in the bill, and which together with new taxes on fixed-term deposits and transfers of government securities, will increase government revenue by an estimated 180m australs (US\$21m) a month.

The increased revenue is to be shared entirely between 15 of the

country's 22 provincial governments which are facing severe financial difficulties, and which have been compounded by the nationwide teachers' strike. The provinces in greatest difficulty are under Peronist control, and it was dissent from legislators within Peronist ranks that in the end enabled the new bill to be passed.

It is expected that a large part of the revenue will go towards meeting the teachers' demands of unifying pay scales throughout the country with a minimum starting salary of 750 australs a month.

However, teachers' union lead-

ers said yesterday that the strike action renewed this week in the two-month old dispute would continue until wages docked from pay-checks for the prolonged stoppage during March and April were reinstated.

● Argentina is on the point of clinching its first export order for the TAM medium battle tank, which it has spent 15 years developing.

According to an Argentine Ministry of Defence spokesman, negotiations with the Ecuadorean Government are in their "final stages" to supply 58 of the 30-ton tanks, plus spare parts, at a price of \$106m.

east of the Falklands and within the Antarctic belt. There is no 150-mile exclusion zone around that territory.

The article refers to the cold weather of the Falklands being a contributory factor to the penguins' 'sure' death, but climates are quite different between South Georgia and the Falklands. And with the exception of the Galapagos species penguins are all cold-climate, deep-southern ocean birds, and are well adapted to the rigours of that, their natural habitat.

It was also claimed that Taiwanese and Japanese trawlers regularly process penguins for food, oil and skins, but there is no evidence of this although some may have been caught by chance. There is absolutely no evidence of over-fishing.

The Falkland Islands Government has, in fact, made its first significant arrests of trawlers illegally fishing within the Falk-

land Islands Conservation and Management Zone.

**D. L. CLIFTON,**  
Representative,  
Falkland Islands  
Government,  
Tufton Street,  
London.

### Kings' colony

FOLLOWING the Mui article 'Luckiest penguins alive,' it should be stated that the eggs were collected from a colony of King Penguins in South Georgia, some 800 miles

## **SHAME OF FALKLAND VETERAN**

- THE VALET to the captain of HMS Invincible—Prince Andrew's ship during the Falklands war—was jailed for five years yesterday for arson.
- Steward Martin Wilson, 24, of Northampton, was also drummed out of the Navy for setting fire to a cabin at the naval base in Devonport.
- He set fire to two mattresses with matches after drinking spirits and 11 pints of beer, a court martial at Devonport heard.

20 MAY 1988

# Press Cuttings

from Broad Street Associates **THE GUARDIAN**

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## The argument behind the agony of Tumbledown

IT IS interesting to learn from Gordon Mackintosh's article (Guardian, May 19) that the Scots Guards refusal to cooperate over the filming of Tumbledown is my fault.

Among my many villainies, I was unaware of this one until now.

Certainly I have read Tumbledown. It is an exemplary

piece of craftsmanship, and the BBC is right to transmit. Freedom of speech to say such things, however profoundly one disagrees, is part of the freedom we were fighting to defend for the Falkland Islanders, against an invading fascist military dictatorship of a particularly brutal kind.

Failure to stand up to such a

regime makes the world a far more dangerous place.

Mr Wood's play is about the human cost of this.

Mine is about the reason for it.

**Ian Curties.**

The Mill House,  
Coln St Aldwyns,  
Cirencester,  
Gloucestershire.

### Falklands minefields

SIR—Your report by Adela Gooch (May 17) concerning Royal Engineers bomb disposal contains an inaccuracy which, in fairness to the engineers of

the Argentine army, deserves correction.

The Argentines did leave detailed minefield records for the Falklands beaches they mined. I found those records on June 16, 1982 in the building previously occupied by Argentine engineers, and was amazed at how closely they resembled the form we ourselves used. These records I handed immediately to the Sapper officer co-ordinating minefield clearance.

The minefields for which I found no record were those laid in haste, probably by Argentine infantry, inland and to the west of Stanley, when the Argentine commanders realised our troops were ashore at San Carlos.

Major SAM BROWN  
Salisbury, Wilts

**Gordon Mackintosh** asks veteran Robert Lawrence, writer Charles Wood and actor Colin Firth about the making of their Falklands film for BBC television, *Tumbledown*

# Putting a soldier together again

**A**S Robert Lawrence, the soldier who had half his skull shot away and was half paralysed in the Falklands, sat in Charles Wood's kitchen the writer says he could almost smell the blood on him. This young, attractive, frail-looking man had killed people and done dreadful things, but his honesty was shocking. So much so that Wood, himself formerly a soldier, wasn't sure he wanted to make a film about Lawrence. It took long talks before the writer was convinced and *Tumbledown* was made.

Directed by Richard Eyre and produced by Richard Broke, whose *Monocled Mutineer* received great acclaim last year, *Tumbledown* stars Colin Firth as Lieutenant Robert Lawrence, MC.

Lawrence sustained terrible injuries just a few days before his 22nd birthday, when he was hit in the head by a sniper's bullet during the battle for Mount Tumbledown in the Falklands. Few thought he could survive. A metal plate was put in his skull, his hair has grown back and the useless left arm he either places in his pocket or it lies, when he is sitting, crooked in his lap. The effect is wholly insouciant. Now only a light limp, the result of pain and formidable determination, reveals that the left leg is dragging. When distressed, however, or excited, Lawrence levers himself to his feet. He needs to feel movement; to have some form of action, restless and quick.

Seeing Robert together with Colin Firth it is Lawrence, coming from a Service family (his father was in the RAF) a product of Fettes and the Scots Guards, who resembles the image of a starry young actor. And it is Firth, with his comprehensive school background, who seems the Guardsman.

Wood's initial inspiration came from a copy of an article an actor friend, Mark Burns, sent to him. It was headlined *Falklands Victims The Army Tried To Forget*. Burns met Lawrence when both were working at the Theatre of Comedy.

Lawrence doesn't present himself as a victim and takes umbrage at the term. As Wood tells it, "I met Robert at the same time as I saw Branagh's *Henry V* at Stratford. It was extraordinary. In both I saw an apprehensive teenager, but at the same time I knew Robert could also lead. It was Robert that made me write it. I became very interested in Robert, you feel as if he could do anything."

Controversy has dogged the production from its genesis. The Scots Guards had the script as soon as it was written, four years ago. Robert had been involved from the start and showed it to his colleagues. And until the fracas kicked up by Ian Curteis, whose *Falklands Play* was dropped by the BBC, it looked as if they might have cooperation. The *Daily Mail* picked up the story and the next day *Tumbledown* had become "the alternative play" and the stick with which to beat the BBC.

Neither Curteis nor the *Mail* read the script. In the end, it is about people, like the play itself, caught up in a conflict. "No one questions that Richard

III or *Henry V* is not documentary, to the same extent neither is this."

The title also creates offence, Lawrence points out. "The battle for Mount Tumbledown was not fought by Robert Lawrence. It was fought by the second battalion of the Scots Guards, and a lot of people were hurt and injured. Not only me."

Filming affected everyone, including the crew. Robert's presence on the set, working as consultant and assistant director, soon forced everyone to re-examine their beliefs.

Not least Colin Firth, who says, "I discovered that I liked playing war more than I thought. I felt an extraordinary excitement where I was behaving very violently and brutally. I don't want to say this too slightly; I found it very disagreeable. It's not that simplistic. These things aren't that bloody easy. The fact is there isn't an easy answer, but most people won't admit to it."

Firm friendships have resulted: sometimes funny, sometimes distressing. Lawrence recalls: "The first scenes at Brize Norton, when I saw the make-up on Colin for the first time and wasn't ready for it. The Fitzroy scene." He turns away briefly. "Two things happened there. We found this guy and asked him to be an extra but he refused. Then he explained he'd been a medic on the Canberra and had his first soldier die on him. He didn't want to do it; it brought it too vividly back. And when that happens, it brings it screaming home to you."

Firth agrees. "It was an emotional experience of seeing ghosts. But these ghosts were

all psychologically and emotionally visible.

"It was that whole business of discovering things about yourself on that mountain, as to what war's all about . . .

"Throughout, I was ready for it to end. I want to become normal again, I'd say. All this isn't my experience, not my character, it's not me! But towards the end there was the fear of losing it, and in the last few days I didn't want to let go. And this is only a shadow of what real soldiers will go through."

One day Firth recalls lying in a hospital bed, all his hair shaved off, surrounded by IVs, blood and brains, nauseous, sick and utterly distressed. The next, he was outside, shooting the Tower of London scene, and mounting the Guard. And standing in that brilliant uniform with huge bearskin,



Firth as Lawrence

# Press Cuttings

from Broad Street Associates **THE GUARDIAN**

(2)

19 MAY 1988

watching the precision drill to his orders, yes, he felt attractive; people were watching.

Which is why the film is so important to Lawrence. Young men are easily seduced into the services, but are not prepared for what may happen afterwards. Nor does the Army aid in the adjustment; it was, perhaps, he admits, naive of him to think so, but loyalty should be a two-way process. And to date, from the Army there has been no demonstration. As Lawrence says: "I have tried to be honest. I wanted to take part in this war, I wanted to go out there and do my job. But I've acknowledged that my life's been fucked up."

Some events in the past have made him feel bitter. Like being banned from the Victory Parade: "We were specifically told the wounded couldn't take part. I was told I couldn't wear my uniform at the St Paul's service, as if I had no right. The Army's been using manipulation and using people for publicity. The press were banned from meeting the wounded on return. Then they hand-picked a small group to meet them."

"The fact that Robert with his service background, the fact that he feels he's been conned, means it's very important," says Wood. "Things didn't happen the way they should for him and for lots of other people. We dress the whole thing up in political terms, when what we're really saying is — please go down and kill, or be killed. But we're certainly not giving them the things they should have afterwards."

"But remember this," Lawrence emphasises. Once again he is on his feet and the injured hand is held close to his body, in anger and distress. "This business of looking after the wounded, the manipulation of them that happened. If this is happening to me, who is reasonably articulate and intelligent, and who comes from a Service background, think what is happening to the Welsh Guardsmen whose fathers are unemployed, or in the mines. Think what they've been through!"

Lawrence's personal motivation lay in finding a way of sorting out his own future in films. Shortly, he starts work as a production executive on a new film in Holland.

Wood explains: "He finally began to look at a character who was Robert Lawrence. He trusted Richard Eyre and Colin Firth. He managed to make that intellectual leap, and look at a character who was created by Colin and Richard, who was based on a character created by me, who was based on Robert Lawrence. And the end result became very close to him."

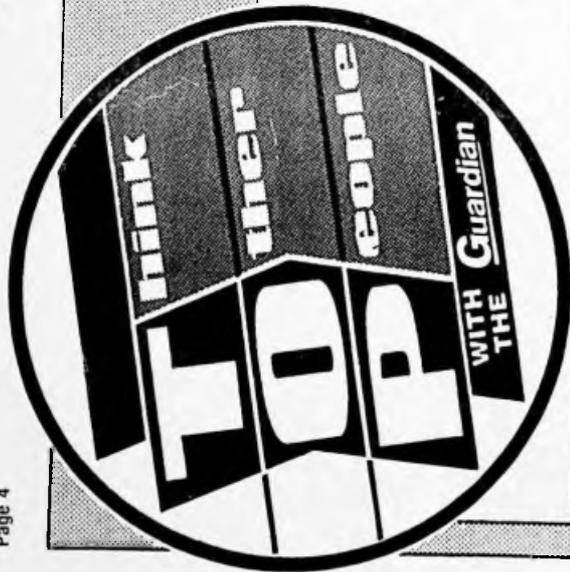
As Lawrence clearly states, "Whereas people quite readily lay into me for looking back at the Falklands, what I do now is look to the future, and use my experiences to enhance it. The whole point is that Charles wanted to do something; I wanted to do something. And together we did it with the assistance of the BBC."

● *Tumbledown* is showing at the NFT on Saturday evening after which Richard Eyre, the director, will answer questions. The film will be broadcast on BBC1 on Tuesday, May 31.

### **Skipper fined**

By Our Port Stanley  
Correspondent

The captain of a Korean trawler has been fined £80,000 in Port Stanley and has had his fishing gear, valued at £100,000, confiscated, for fishing illegally inside the Falklands 150-mile conservation zone. Capt Kim was fined heavily three weeks ago for a similar offence.



# Caring for the Community

By MARGARET STRAYTON

## THAT'S READER POWER!

THANKS a million you've done it! Guardian readers, together with the Wandsworth Pre-School Playgroups Association, have

succeeded in raising the £15,000 necessary to send little Victoria Goodenough to the Peto Clinic in Budapest.

The money was raised in a little over eight weeks for the four-year-old girl who, until 18 months ago, was a happy, carefree toddler.

Then tragedy struck, a series of operations for gangrene of the bowel left her physically and mentally handicapped and her parents heartbroken and despairing for the future.

Now that despair has turned to hope — a hope that a year-long series of treatments at the Peto Clinic will enable Victoria to reach her full potential and allow her to live her life with dignity.

Victoria, so pretty yet so fragile, wrapped herself round the hearts of Guardian readers and the money began to pour in.

Many people, young and old, rich and poor sent donations.

Groups of residents — like those on the Danebury and Alton Estate who raised more than £3,400 — banded together to organise events.

Even the Falkland is-



▲ Victoria and her mother Cathy Goodenough with a special friend from the Falkland Islands.

landers got in on the act and sent money.

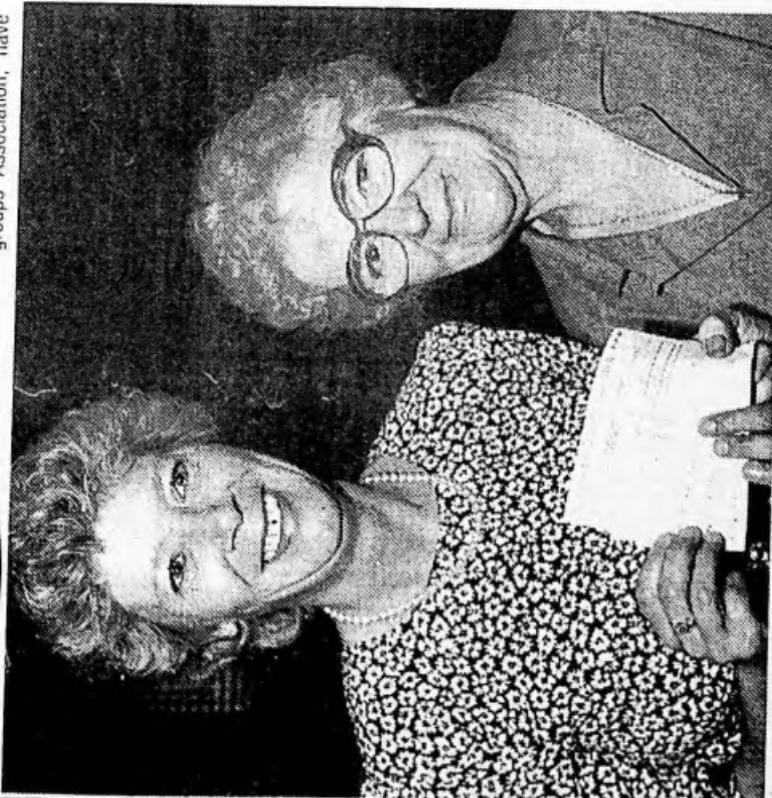
"I am staggered and delighted," said Mrs Megan Robinson of the Wandsworth PPA, trustee of the Victoria Goodenough Appeal.

"Everyone has been so generous and kind, it is marvellous that the money has been raised. I'm thrilled."

However, at the Goodenough home it was tears of joy.

"How can we thank people enough?" asked Cathy Goodenough. "I feel so inadequate not being able to do anything for all those kind people who have helped."

"God bless them all." We shall keep readers up-to-date with Victoria's progress while she is in Budapest!



▲ Mrs Megan Robinson receives a cheque from Mrs Alice Scott on behalf of the Danebury and Alton Residents' Association.

## Argentine teachers strike again after talks fail

BY TIM COONE IN BUENOS AIRES

SCHOOL teachers and university lecturers resumed their nationwide strike in Argentina yesterday, making it the most serious and prolonged labour dispute during the four and half years of President Raul Alfonsin's government. The Government has offered a phased increase over several months on condition that necessary resources could be found by increasing taxes on cigarettes and capital gains from the financial market.

However, the Peronist opposition has opposed increases in cigarette taxes and last week failed to reach a solution to the month old dispute. The teachers' union, CTERA, decided to strike again after the failure of compulsory arbitration talks with the central government and provincial governments a stalemate and further deterioration in government finances.

Schoolchildren have already lost a month of classes in the unified pay scales throughout the current school year, and Mr Jorge Sabato, the Education Secretary, has warned that the inflation has already eroded by 32 per cent since the dispute began in mid-March. Schoolchildren have already lost a month of classes in the current school year, and Mr Jorge Sabato, the Education Secretary, has warned that the entire academic year may be lost if the strike continues much longer.

## **Falklands budgie is grounded**

**PETER** the budgie has been grounded by the RAF.

He was due to fly to the Falklands with 70-year-old owner Jenny Ashworth.

But the RAF told Mrs Ashworth the long flight in a pressurised cabin could kill him.

Now Mrs Ashworth, from Consett, Co. Durham, is paying £25 for Peter to go by sea.

Mrs Ashworth is flying to visit her son Malcolm—Port Stanley's only milkman

### Barter deal

**CHINA and Argentina have concluded a trade deal involving the barter of sugar and coal, traders said.**

**The deal, which also covers other trade arrangements, would provide for an undisclosed tonnage of Argentinian sugar to be shipped in 1988/89 to China in return for coal.**

Many banks have increased their provision for Third World losses. Alexander Nicoll takes stock of the debt problem

# Brazil's change of heart has still to be tested

FOR HOW long will the governments of developing countries be able politically to devote substantial amounts of their export income to paying interest on long-ago contracted, but seemingly perpetual, foreign debt?

This is the question which will loom increasingly over debates about how the handling of the 5½-year-old debt crisis is progressing. It has already prompted the examination with greater urgency of ways to reduce debt - by turning it into something else, such as equity, or by cancelling it.

A year ago, it seemed that the political crunch had already arrived, spelling rapid and huge losses for banks around the world. Brazil, the Third World's largest debtor owing some \$120bn, had stopped paying interest on \$68bn of bank debt and was calling for radical new solutions to the debt problem.

The developed world held out. Governments and banks gave no ground to Brazil's stridency. Brazil, Mexico, Argentina and most other Latin American nations, it was argued, are well capable of servicing their debts with sounder economic management. With better policies, they would be able to grow out of their debt problems, become more creditworthy and attract new financing. Compulsory debt forgiveness was not the way.

As they faced the sudden deterioration of the problem - with Argentina also in dire straits and a rescue package for Mexico having taken an inordinately long time to put together - banks drastically increased their provisions for loan losses. Many US and UK banks consequently reported losses for 1987, taking part of the "hit" five years after the crisis had begun.

Help was at hand, however,

from within Brazil. The country's increasing isolation from the international financial community was no help to its businessmen, with credit for day-to-day trade harder to obtain and more expensive. Moreover, the state of the domestic economy seemed no better.

When Mr Mailson da Nobrega, a civil servant, took office this year as Brazil's finance minister, he spelled out the costs to Brazil of the moratorium and promised that it would end. (Steps towards this had already been taken with an interim financing agreement under which some 1987 interest was paid, though \$3bn remains outstanding.)

Mr Nobrega undertook to begin negotiations with the International Monetary Fund on a new economic programme, and to pursue discussions already in train with commercial banks on new financing arrangements. True, Brazil still wanted to negotiate with the banks before other creditors, but banks quickly saw in Mr Nobrega a more welcome negotiating position.

The about-face was a major propaganda victory for adherents of traditional "muddle-through" debt strategy. It also occurred at about the time that Venezuela returned to the international capital markets with a \$100m Eurobond issue. Though this was

largely placed in Venezuela, it was also a propaganda coup: restored access to the voluntary lending markets is the end-goal of debt strategy.

However, it is still far from clear whether Brazil's change of heart will actually mean anything in real terms. Though the government of President Jose Sarney appears more strongly entrenched and has cracked down on some salary increases, it is not at all certain that it will have the will or the muscle to introduce measures to tackle the budget deficit to the extent that will be expected by the IMF.

At the time of writing, formal negotiations with the IMF had still not begun after months of delay. Other official creditors have said they cannot do anything in the absence of an IMF agreement. And although Mr Nobrega and the Citibank-led bank advisors have made considerable progress in their talks, many important issues still divide them.

Among them is the question of linkage to an IMF agreement. This cannot be arranged in quite the same way as usual because almost all of a \$5.2bn new loan will be disbursed on signature rather than in phased amounts depending on adherence to an IMF programme. Nevertheless, bankers have been insisting that



But will it work? Mr Nobrega (right) meets IMF managing director Michel Camdessus

the IMF managing director should at least have approved a programme before they advance the money.

The history of the past five years suggests that a deal will be struck - though it may still take some considerable time. After that, it is likely that there will be a more orderly period than the traumas of the past year.

That will provide an opportunity for the rapidly growing debt

conversion industry, which now sends large staffs of deal-getters to every international conference. A number of countries have debt/equity swap programmes, though most countries are concerned not only about their inflationary potential but also about subsidising foreign investment.

Most debt conversion ideas are based on persuading bank holders of debt voluntarily to accept something in return for their

exposure, acknowledging a loss in the process. Some of them involve the debtor country sharing in the benefit of the loss.

The most important example has been Mexico's offer in February of bonds in exchange for loans. The principal repayment of the 20-year bonds was collateralised by Mexico's holdings of a special issue of US Treasury zero-coupon bonds. Interest was 1% percentage points above

money market rates, double the margin on bank loans.

Mexico was hoping to cancel as much as a net \$10bn of its foreign debt through the exercise, by issuing \$10bn of bonds in exchange for \$20bn of loans tendered at half their face value. In fact, it managed to sell only \$2.6bn in exchange for \$3.7bn, cancelling a net \$1.1bn. Banks were not prepared to tender large amounts of their loans at well below face value, which would have involved putting far wider discounts on them than the loss provisions they had already taken.

Despite its disappointment, Mexico is planning other schemes. So are other countries. Investment bankers, seeing the opportunity of rich fees, are busy developing countless ideas.

The best hope for an orderly solution of the debt crisis lies in gradual, voluntary reduction of debt through these means. For even if countries do enact policies which produce economic growth and trade surpluses, and even if the world economy shows growth which allows them to do so, governments will still have to devote an enormous amount of their resources to interest payments. Their constituents may not let them do so.

Alexander Nicoll

# The war games that kill

The Forces train servicemen and sometimes injure them. **Hugh Prysor-Jones** finds they can also be economical with the facts

**S**OLDIERS have to take risks. If it's not the IRA or the Argentines, it's the occupational hazards of military training. Guns and bombs kill people whether they're aimed at them or not and big exercises are real killers — what do you expect with everyone cold, tired and hungry, and 60-ton tanks chugging about in the dark?

In the course of investigating just five cases of serious accidents in routine military training, where weapons themselves weren't involved, it became apparent that servicemen had been put at risk, and some killed, because training was badly planned and inadequately supervised. Recruits had not been tested to their limits, but in some cases they had been casually tested to destruction.

Finding out anything other than the basic facts about service accidents is far from easy. Even relatives find dealing with the Ministry of Defence frustrating — it treats enquiries as if they were foreign intelligence probes.

The military may feel that they do not like doing their dirty laundry in public and are being pilloried for the occasional mistake. But because the MoD refuses to provide statistical information, we don't know how often things go wrong in training. What we *do* know is that things come out only when relatives have the presence of mind to overcome their grief and start asking questions

early; or when, by rare chance, civilians are around when accidents occur.

In these unusual circumstances the stories that unfold reveal not a single act of clumsiness, but a litany of inadequacies — radios that don't work, no medical back-up, ignorance of professional techniques, officers absent on other duties. The ripples seem to spread outwards in a most disturbing fashion.

Take the case of Richard Stevens, in the Royal Marines. He fought in the Falklands and died in an accident on Ben Nevis in March 1986. At the fatal accident inquiry which, under Scottish law, Richard's relatives asked for and got, some of the facts emerged.

Richard, who had never been mountaineering before, was one of a party of 26 Marines in the charge of a sergeant specialist, a "Mountain Leader Grade 1". Richard was not given a set of full crampons for this training exercise. The services prefer the small instep crampon, claiming that they are lighter.

But Richard didn't fall because of this. Or even because the Marines were almost certainly lost in the white-out at the summit. Or because the map references used in the preparation of the exercise were wrong. Or because the expedition leaders hadn't read the specialist mountain guidebooks. Or even because, after the accident, the Marines didn't appear to have used their

radios to call up the mountain rescue.

Richard died because he didn't have an ice-axe. The sergeant instructor had tried to get some from stores but was apparently told there weren't any available. Without an ice-axe to dig into the frozen snow, Richard slipped and fell over the thousand foot cliffs of the north face.

The accident was bad enough but its sequel was worse. When Richard's widow, Debbie, was told about the accident, she was informed that her husband had fallen from the tourist path to the summit. This was untrue. The Marines admitted later that they were attempting a particularly dangerous descent route. But she was also told that her husband had been warned about his behaviour on the mountain, and told not to keep jumping down into the bucket steps, the holes in the snow made by the men in front. She was left with the impression that he had been at least partly to blame. In other words he had failed the Marines rather than the Marines failing him.

At the inquiry, the MoD defended itself in the face of outrage from the local mountain rescue team with the thesis that Marines were different, played by different rules and were doing something called "military mountaineering". This, in short, allowed them to make up their own rules and refuse to be answerable. The head of the Lochaber Mountain Rescue acidly

remarked that ice-axes had been in use since the 1880s and that instep crampons had gone out in the 1950s. But military memories are short. At the inquiry, none of the Marines' witnesses could remember the compass bearing that had taken them all to the edge of the precipice. The sheriff was not satisfied.

The most disturbing thing is that the Marines don't appear to think it very serious at all. They held their own internal inquiry and charged two officers and an NCO with "neglect". But this was soon watered down to "errors of judgment", for which no disciplinary action is necessary.

One of the problems with official secrecy is that it makes it impossible for the Forces as a whole to learn lessons from disasters such as this. Units are understandably reluctant to publicise their misfortunes.

Last year Winston Churchill MP got the law changed to allow servicemen to sue the MoD for negligence. It's a great improvement, but it's going to be hard to make it work if only military witnesses are available and if nobody wants to let the regiment down. The Ministry has started to brush off MPs' questions about accidents with the story that the information is all kept at unit level and is disproportionately expensive to collate. That hardly seems to be the best way to encourage the Services to think about safety. Servicemen may have to take risks, but that's not the same as being expendable.

● *Hugh Prysor-Jones was the reporter on last night's BBC2 Brass Tacks programme, Tested To Destruction.*



Stretcher party exercise . . . but the practice can turn to reality

**T** HIS ISN'T FOR THE TIMID – but some wealthy investors are joining banks and multinational corporations as owners of Third World debt. NEW YORK

Bankers estimate that more than \$15 billion of Third World debt will be traded this year, as gutsy buyers – mainly financial institutions – snap up what sellers are glad to unload. Some banks and securities firms currently quote Argentine debt for less than 30% of face value, for instance. Peruvian and Nicaraguan debt sells for about five cents on the dollar.

The risks are at least as large as the discounts. Some debtors may never pay back their loans. Certain nations with deep-discounted debt aren't paying any interest now and haven't done so for years. Specific interest payments are often in doubt. What's more, some debt reschedulings have required debtholders to pony up new loans before they could even hope to get paid off on their initial outlays.

**TO THE EDITOR: Star readers have their say**

# **MY BEEF OVER THE FALKLANDS**

## **£10 LETTER**

**I THOUGHT** the "war" between Britain and Argentina had not officially ended.

So how come the cheapest corned beef in my local supermarket, not only comes from Argentina but also carries a Royal seal of approval?

I can't help thinking about the British servicemen and merchant seamen killed in the Falklands.

**JOHN MARSH,  
Seaforth,  
Liverpool.**

### Falklands submariner wins damages from the Sun

**T**HE FORMER Royal Navy officer, Mr Narendra Sethia, yesterday won "substantial" undisclosed libel damages over an allegation in the Sun that he was suspected of stealing the control room log-book from HMS Conqueror, the submarine which sank the General Belgrano.

Mr Sethia, who now lives in the West Indies, was a lieutenant on the submarine when it sank the Argentine warship in May 1982 during the Falklands conflict.

Last November he was awarded £260,000 libel damages against Associated Newspapers over a Mail on Sunday article about the missing log-book.

In the High Court yester-

day his counsel, Mr Patrick Milmo, QC, told Mr Justice Hazan that there was a furore after it was revealed in 1984 that the Conqueror's control room log had gone missing.

By this time Mr Sethia's diary, about his experiences on the submarine, had been copied, unknown to him, and was circulated among the media.

It was probably because of this that Mr Sethia was rumoured to have been involved in the log-book's disappearance — such rumours being fostered by the mistaken belief that material in the diary had been taken from the log book, counsel said.

Later the Ministry of De-

fence said the log-book had gone astray after October 1982 — several months after Mr Sethia left the navy.

The Sun had made matters worse by seeking to defend the action "not on the grounds that their story was accurate but on the basis that Mr Sethia had committed equivalent improprieties — in relation to his diary".

Those allegations were withdrawn and the Sun story was acknowledged to be completely unjustifiable.

As well as the damages, the newspaper agreed to pay Mr Sethia's costs. Its counsel made an unqualified apology to Mr Sethia and said it was accepted that the allegations against him were "simply untrue."

## **Bomb disposal regiment to be created**

**By Adela Gooch  
Defence Staff**

THE ARMY is to create a new Royal Engineers bomb disposal regiment to help clear a 45-year backlog of explosive ordnance work and provide back-up for a number of projects abroad.

A "rib" of four Territorial Army squadrons will be taken from 33 Engr Regt (EOD) to create the unit which will be known as 101 (London) Engineer Regiment.

The unusual decision to form a new regiment was made because the growing need for bomb disposal experts rendered 33 Engr too unwieldy for a single command. 101 Engr will number about 300 men but is expected to increase its strength rapidly.

It will be commanded by Lt-Col J P Marsh and will include a nucleus of regular sappers.

The Territorial Army has a tradition of involvement in bomb disposal work dating from the 1939-45 War and is trying to counter the image it has among some regular Army units of being an organisation of part-time would-be soldiers.

The Army divides explosive disposal work between the Corps of Royal Engineers and the Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

The sappers are responsible for defusing bombs buried underground in Britain including those left over from the 1939-45 War, for which their earth-moving skills are needed, and for all military disposal work overseas.

They played a significant part in the Falklands War clearing beaches which had been mined by Argentina without any record kept, in contravention of international war regulations.

A number of lives were lost in this work.

The new regiment will be created formally at a parade on June 5 at Rochester Castle near the Corps' Chatham base.

Royal Approval is needed for the creation of a new regiment.

The Queen signs a Royal Warrant which amends the Corps Warrant, the list of Corps and Regiments in the British Army, which are given legal status under the Army Act.

## **Film alleges Falklands deception**

THE Government, Army and administrators of the £15m South Atlantic Fund are likely to be upset by a BBC film, to be shown on 31 May, in which it is claimed a deliberate attempt was made to hide the true face of the Falklands conflict from the public.

A Scots Guards officer, decorated for gallantry in the campaign, says wounded soldiers were treated like pariahs on their return..... **Page 3**

# Film attacks treatment of Falklands casualties

AN OFFICER in the Scots Guards, decorated for gallantry in the Falklands campaign, is the focus of a million-pound BBC film of the conflict which is likely to upset the Government, the Army and administrators of the £15m South Atlantic Fund.

Lt Robert Lawrence, who is now 27, was awarded the Military Cross after being shot in the back of the head just 90 minutes before the Argentinians surrendered. Half his brain was destroyed and left him paralysed on one side.

The completed two-hour film, *Tumbledown*, one of the most expensive made by the BBC, will be shown on 31 May. It contains scenes of graphic savagery.

A 30-second sequence shows Lt Lawrence jabbing his broken bayonet into the body and face of an Argentinian soldier, who pleads for mercy in broken English. But the impact of the film is strongest in scenes showing what Lt Lawrence claims was the deliberate attempt to hide the true face of war from the public.

"They wanted victors, not victims," he said. "I and the other wounded were hidden away from the public view. We were not allowed to wear our uniforms and we were treated as pariahs. No cameras were allowed to record our homecoming, packed on to aircraft, nobody would tell us what our future was to be, and in the end we were just discarded."

"I was an officer in the Guards and well connected so I had help in solving my problems. But that didn't happen for other less favoured soldiers. They were simply hidden away in a corner, to be forgotten, like something you are rather ashamed of."

There is a scene in the film where Lt Lawrence attends the Falklands Memorial Service and is carefully hidden behind a screen, like several other wounded, and kept waiting for two hours so that the departing crowds cannot see his twisted body in a wheelchair.

Yesterday he said: "I still believe the rightness of the cause

By James Dalrymple

and I have no complaints about being wounded. I was a soldier and I accepted the risks.

"The incident of me bayoneting the enemy soldier was exactly how it happened, as are all the other factual scenes.

"I received £135,000 from the South Atlantic Fund and I have no complaints about that sum. I am grateful to the generosity of the British public, although it took well over a year before I got a penny.

"Now, though, I am very disturbed by what is happening to the fund. There is about £3.5m left and I know of many cases, including some soldiers from my own regiment, who are living on £100 a week, have had to mortgage their houses, or are suffering the psychological aftermath of a terrible experience without ongoing help.

"The money was for them, not to provide video films for troops at present on the Falklands. There are tremendous problems for these men going back to the fund for more funds. They find it almost impossible to be reassessed and some have deliberately not gone back for more money because they feel ashamed."

He added that he had tried to be reassessed earlier this year so that he could experience the difficulties of his fellow wounded, but since February "he had not heard anything from the fund".

Commander Ken Steven, who runs the Fund single-handed under a board of trustees, said: "We are very aware of the continuing problems of wounded people, including the psychological after-effects.

"If he [Lt Lawrence] has personal knowledge of soldiers suffering because of their experience in the Falklands he is duty bound to get in touch with his regiment and alert them. They, in turn, will get in touch with us and we will make every attempt to help them. That is what the money is for."

## Falklands life on show



Sir Rex Hunt, former Governor of the Falklands, with a whale's rib from a display of island life, which he opened yesterday. Stamps, arts and crafts and a wildlife film will be on show at Fairfield Halls, Croydon, south London, until Saturday (Photograph: Denzil McNeelance).

# The Battle of Tumble down

**A CHRONICLE OF  
COURAGE: PART ONE**



**ROBERT LAWRENCE MC,**  
a former Scots Guards Lieutenant  
and the subject of a controversial  
BBC drama-documentary to be  
shown later this month, recalls the  
last major battle of the Falklands  
War — a battle that led to his being  
horribly wounded, his discharge  
from the Army and a six-year  
struggle to adjust to life again.



**T**HE QE2 was heavily overcrowded with the whole of 5 Brigade, Scots and Welsh Guards, Gurkhas and a lot of support units, when we left for the Falklands from Southampton on 12 May. There were four to a cabin and every inch of space was used.

Overall, our feelings on the journey were mixed. We swung, at times, from being desperately scared of the realities of going to war to being just as desperately worried that we'd get down there merely to be told we were just garrisoning the

islands — and that the Marines had more or less done all the work.

The QE2 finished its journey about three weeks later, at South Georgia. We were transferred to the Canberra which took us to the Falklands at San Carlos Water, otherwise known as 'bomb alley'.

Landing craft took us ashore in freezing weather; we then trudged up the hillside until we were assigned individual areas and dug ourselves into a defensive position. We had been supplied with quite a bit of information by then, including the fact that our British Post Office number for the Falklands was 666. A lot of people got quite panicked about that — 666 being the mark of the beast.

Early in June, we were taken to Fitzroy in landing craft, and then had a long march to Bluff Cove. It was from there on a hillside that we saw the Sir Galahad hit. The Argentine planes that attacked her came screaming over our heads fast and low — faster than the speed

of sound, so you didn't hear them until they were right upon you. The whole battalion, about 600 men, began firing at them, putting up a solid wall of lead. It was like being at the fairground and in the end we brought down three of them.

The Galahad was a horrific sight. Only later were we to realise the scandal that lay behind her being hit and how a ship full of troops should never have been left unprotected like that, vulnerable to air attack.

Soon after the Galahad incident, we started getting information about the

*Extracted from 'When the Fighting is Over' by John Lawrence and Robert Lawrence, published by Bloomsbury on 31 May at £12.95.*

possibility of an attack on Tumbledown Mountain, and began to prepare for the battle that was to tip the balance in the Falklands War.

The battle for Tumbledown was set for the night of 13/14 June. Helicopters took us initially up to Goat Ridge, and from here a valley sepa-

rated us from the Argentines. Almost as soon as we had begun to dig in, we came under artillery bombardment, which was quite something. The Argentines had no observation posts to see precisely where their shells were landing; they were just hoping to hit British troops at some point. Listening to our casualty reports over the radios would tell them when they hit someone, and indicate where they should concentrate their fire.

A shell landed by the trench occupied by Sergeant McGeorge and Corporal Campbell, who were in my company. Corporal Campbell had taken his webbing off to dig, and it caught fire, sending white phosphorous grenades everywhere, which everyone thought was funny at the time. And then Sergeant McGeorge got a piece of shrapnel up his arse, which everyone thought was even funnier.

During that day, we continued to come under quite heavy shelling, but we also got the chance to crawl up the hill above us, in separate groups, and saw Tumbledown just vaguely in the distance. And through our binoculars we could see the Argentine position that we were going to attack.

We came across some Paras who had been at Goose Green and Darwin earlier. I grabbed one and couldn't resist asking, 'What's it like?'

'Um,' he said, 'it's pretty nasty, but get within 200 metres of them and they'll run away. And if you hit a machine-gun sangar with an anti-tank weapon, it will stop.'

I believed all that, right until we actually got up on to Tumbledown. It was only then that we discovered that the troops the Paras had fought and captured at Goose Green, in the Argentines' outer ring of defence, were mostly teenage conscripts.

The troops we were to face at Tumbledown, however, were extremely well-trained and well-equipped Marines in their mid-twenties, who had had recent fighting experience in the Argentine civil war. They had had years of aggression. They were well

used to it. People like me, on the other hand, only weeks previously, had been doing the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace — not the greatest experience for fighting a war in some god-forsaken little island in the middle of nowhere.

The battalion battle-plan was basically that Tumbledown would be divided into thirds. G Company, one of the rifle companies in the Scots Guards, would take on the first third. Left Flank, another rifle company, would then take the middle third, and Right Flank, which was my company, would take the last third, the end part.

At night, we crossed the start line on Goat Ridge. We shook out into our positions and came under artillery and mortar fire. Shells whistled over our heads and, because it was night, we could see the flash of their explosion before we heard the bang, which meant that everyone ended up ducking at the wrong time.

denly heard snoring and, looking down, saw that there were three Argentine trenches right in front of him. They had walked right up to them.

Unfortunately, at that moment a loud radio signal blasted out over Richard's headset. The first Argentine to wake up opened fire with his FN rifle on automatic and killed Drill Sergeant Danny Wight with a bullet through the forehead — Danny who only weeks earlier had been with me on the Ceremony of the Keys at the Tower of London. The Argentine also put two bullets through Richard's hood and killed the Royal Engineer sergeant who had been on Richard's left. Richard opened up with a large Bren gun, but one Argentine, even while being riddled with bullets, managed to get a grenade out, which put shrapnel up Richard's leg and cut his jacket in half, like a knife.

Richard turned to pick up Danny, who was about six foot eight, and started running out with his other men as more Argentines woke up and began firing at them. They ran into a minefield, where Danny had to be left. And my Guardsman with trench foot got rid of his trench foot by standing on a mine and having his leg blown off.

That was the diversionary attack. It was, in fact, very successful.

The first third of Tumbledown — G Company's — seemed to have no Argentines on it at all. Then Left Flank started doing their central third and were faced with extreme fighting, the worst sort of resistance you can imagine — hand-to-hand fighting, bayonets, the works — and seven of their men were killed. Eventually, they fought their way through their third, commanded by Major John Kiszely, who did an incredible job and subsequently won a Military Cross. This had been out-and-out battle, the fullest possible fighting and constituted the main part of the battle for Tumbledown.

I was somewhere at the back of all this, wondering what the hell was going on.

It was bloody cold, so cold that I thought I was going to die. I remember at one stage not being able to move because of it, not being able to motivate myself to keep moving, and I just sat behind a rock getting colder and colder.

Then my platoon sergeant

came along and started kicking the boys and kicking me to get us going again. I honestly think I would have died if it hadn't been for him.

Left Flank were eventually stopped by a well-placed multiple machine-gun post that was in Right Flank's third of the mountain. A friend of mine, Lieutenant Alastair Mitchell, was machine-gunned through the legs. With so many men injured and a number killed, Left Flank had to stop.

Right Flank were called up to join them. As we were making our way along, we found a dead Scots Guardsman. His body had been marked by a rifle stuck in the ground with a beret placed on top of it. It was harrowing. But it also made us angry, and inspired us to push on all the harder.

Stumbling over the scree, I suddenly came across some Argentine tents which didn't seem to have been cleared by Left Flank — at least, there weren't any holes in them. I decided to check them over myself and I cut open the sides with my bayonet. Inside they stank to high heaven, as if humans had been living in them for months. BO and socks and worse.

As we pushed on, I remember coming across a very young officer from Left Flank who had only recently joined the battalion and had been caught in the back blast of an 84-millimetre anti-tank weapon. He was being looked after behind a rock by two Guardsmen, and was crying his eyes out. His sergeant had died in his arms.

'Don't go on,' he said to me. 'It's too horrific. You'd be better off turning round, and shooting anyone who tried to stop you going back.'

He was suffering from shock, I realised, but at the time I just thought, rather un sympathetically, how unprofessional, and pushed on.

Soon, we met others from Left Flank, and the brilliant Major John Kiszely. There he stood with his silver-white hair all lit up by the dazzling starlight shells. These special illuminating devices were fired up by the Navy, to descend very slowly on parachutes. They gave off an incredible light and, as they fell lower in the sky, produced longer and increasingly bizarre shadows.

In addition to all this, there was a fierce snow blizzard blowing. At that moment, I forgot the cold. I was extremely excited. And I made up my mind then that I would never, later, be saying to myself, 'If only I'd done this or that at the time'. I was really going to go for it. Yes, I told myself, I am really going to go for it now.

I myself, my company commander Simon Price, plus the two other platoon commanders, Mark Mat-

Continued on page 34

The Scots Guards first mounted a diversionary attack towards Mount William, to make the Argentines think that this would be the direction we would be coming from. Major Richard Bethel went off on this with various odds and sods he'd managed to get together, people from battalion headquarters, and one of my Guardsmen who had trench foot.

Richard planned to get his men to a position about two or three hundred yards away from the Argentines, and then to open fire on them like hell, whether he was killing them or not, to cause the diversion. But when he reached his chosen spot and looked through his individual weapon sight (IWS) which enabled him to see at night, he couldn't see any Argentines.

He and his men carried on a bit further, but still couldn't see where the Argentines were. A bit further on, however, he sud-

# Tumbledown

Continued from page 33

thewson and James Dalrymple, were all briefed by Major Kiszely on the Argentine machine-gun post which lay ahead. And we decided on a right-flanking attack.

I led off to a gully to the right with my platoon in front, and Mark's followed behind.

Not far down the gully, I collected a rifle with a night sight on it, saw some Argentines moving position across the back of Tumbledown, and picked off about four of them. I then radioed to James Dalrymple's platoon, who were joining Left Flank to add fire protection, and asked them to put some fire down on the Argentine machine-gun post, so that we could see where it was. I also hoped their fire would keep the Argentines' heads down while we came in on the attack.

The minute we started leading our assault in, however, the machine-gun post saw us coming, and switched its fire on to us. We hit the ground at about the time Mark's platoon was coming up level with us and then tried to return fire. I began crawling forward on my own for about 40 or 50 feet, and remember feeling desperately scared.

There were bullets flying everywhere — from James's platoon on my left, from the Argentines ahead, and from my own guys behind, and the bullets were all ricocheting off the rocks. This is it, I thought. This is the end. And, as I continued to crawl along, I tried to make myself disappear into the ground.

Eventually I got behind a rock and attempted to pull the pin out of a white phosphorous grenade. I had never used such a grenade before, and discovered that they have very heavy-duty pins. I should have ensured that they had been pre-prepared with a pair of pliers so I could get the bloody things out.

Instead, I had to crawl back again, under all this fire, to Corporal Simpson. He held the pin, I held the grenade, and together we got the thing out. Holding the safety lever of the grenade down, I then had to crawl all the way back to my original position, and screamed at my men to reduce their fire. Then I hurled the thing into the air, and the grenade went straight into the machine-gun post and blew up.

I took off, and screamed at my men to follow me. In that instant, my one sudden thought was, are they going to follow me, or will I be left to run on my own? But when I glanced around, there was this unbelievably fantastic sight of every man getting up and running in. I remember thinking at that moment that this was life on a knife edge. Amazing. Fantastic. Nothing would ever bother me again from then on. If I got back to London and found that my flat had burned down, it would be a totally insignificant event in comparison to this experience.

There were numerous Argentines in the machine-gun post. They were wearing American-style uniforms: big green parkas with webbing over the top. I recall searching my first prisoner for a

Colt 45 pistol, because I desperately wanted one as a souvenir to take back to England.

The horrible thing about having your first prisoner is that it's rather like being a man with a snake. Snakes are probably more terrified of humans than humans ever believe they are. The same applies to prisoners. I was terrified that the prisoner might suddenly do something fast and clever and kill me, or that he would do something that meant I would have to kill him. There's an

I felt a blast  
at the back of  
my head, more  
as if I'd been hit  
by a train than  
a bullet.

appalling tension, a feeling that at any minute the horror could all suddenly erupt again.

There were panics when we asked the Argentines to put their hands up and they went on clutching their rifles. In the pandemonium we'd scream, 'Drop your fucking rifle!' But they didn't understand us.

Just as the assault appeared to have come to a grinding halt, and we were dealing with the wounded and the prisoners, we suddenly came under sniper fire from the crags above us. There was a danger we'd all get picked off there and then, so we

moved away. I grabbed two of my Guardsmen, and we set off to go round the Stanley end of Tumbledown. We stepped round a craggy rock — and then the whole bloody world seemed to explode.

Gunfire, grenades, explosions, booby traps maybe, everything erupted on the other side of this rock, so we quickly jumped back again. Guardsman Pengelly, who was with me, started climbing up the rocks to get at one of the sniper positions. He was hit and fell back down again, wounded but not killed.

I felt I had to keep the momentum going. I grabbed two or three people, including Corporal Rennie and Sergeant McDermot, and went round the other end of the rock, and we started skirmishing down — one guy moving on while the other covered him.

By now it was just becoming daylight and, among the grass and rocks, I saw an Argentine lying face down, with his arms back. I just thought to myself, is he dead or alive? But instead of just kicking or prodding him, I stuck my bayonet into the back of his arm, dug it right in because I had run out of ammunition. He spun wildly on the ground, and my bayonet snapped. And as he spun, he tried to pull a Colt 45 out of his holster. So I had to stab him to death. I stabbed him and I stabbed him, again and again, in the mouth, in the face, in the guts, with a snapped bayonet.

It was absolutely horrific. Stabbing a man to death is not a clean way to kill somebody, and what made it doubly horrific was that at one point he started screaming 'Please . . .' in English to me. But had I left him he could have ended up shooting me in the back.



**Walking wounded head for a helicopter on 14 June 1982.**

I still desperately wanted to push on at this stage and get to an Argentine administration and supply area at the very end of Tumbledown. Once we had taken that, we would have taken the whole mountain. It was also in the direction of Stanley — the goal we were all heading for.

I could see the lights of Stanley below us and thought how strange that it hadn't been blacked out. This was supposed to be a war. I turned to Guardsman McEntaggart as we went along and, for some inexplicable reason, suddenly cried out, 'Isn't this fun?'

Seconds later, it happened. I felt a blast in the back of my head, more as if I'd been hit by a train than by a bullet. It was a high-velocity bullet, in fact, travelling at a speed of around 3,800 feet per second, and the air turbulence and shock wave travelling with it was what caused so much damage. I found this out later. At the time, all I knew was that my knees had gone and I collapsed, totally paralysed on to the ground.

The pain in my head was quite indescribable. The wound was so hot and burn-

ing that I wanted to rub it into the mud and snow. But I couldn't move. Only after a little while did any feeling return to my right side. And I thought, 'Oh my God, everybody will believe I'm dead because I'm not moving, and they're not going to come and help me'.

Sergeant McDermot was the first to arrive. He took my beret off — headgear the British wore to distinguish them from the Argentines in their steel helmets — and my head just kept gushing blood.

I was getting really irate and looked up at McDermot, saying, 'Get on your bloody radio and find out where that helicopter is. I'm dying.'

He gazed at me, sort of lost, and said, 'My radio isn't working, sir.'

It was all quite ghastly and incredible, but I knew that there was no point in yelling at him. Then, with the fear and frustration, I suddenly began to cry. Sergeant McDermot said, 'Go on, sir, you have a good cry.'

And I thought, you bastard, I'm *not* going to cry. I had been all for crying up to the minute he said that and then I just thought stuff it, I won't.

Finally, after over two hours, the helicopter arrived.

There wasn't much room in the helicopter, so my head ended up hanging out of the door as we were flying along. The pain continued to be agonising; about 45 per cent of my brain had been blown away. But I wasn't allowed any anaesthetic for fear that it would kill me.

I was tempted, but too frightened, to give in to the pain. I was flown to the field hospital at Fitzroy, which was a converted refrigeration plant. Casualties were divided into three categories: those they could save if they worked quickly; those they could save but who could afford to wait a bit longer; and those who were probably going to die. Unsurprisingly, perhaps, I was put on a drip and stuck at the back of the queue in the last category.

I waited four and a half hours there — this on top of the two and a half hours I'd already spent on the mountain — and still wasn't allowed any anaesthetic. The first thing they did, though, was remove my clothes, to check that I didn't have any injuries underneath that were not visible.

They operated on me a while afterwards, stopping the blood loss and removing obvious dead tissue and bits of dirt. Then they packed the wound full of antiseptic gel, and stretched my scalp back over the hole.

I think the operation lasted about seven hours, and I was conscious through most of it. It did, in fact, seem quite quick, and I was thrilled that someone was finally doing something to help me.

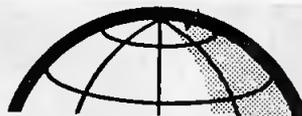
From Fitzroy I was transferred by helicopter to the Red Cross ship the Uganda, which was floating in Falklands Sound and was out of bounds to the war. I remember being staggered by the sight of a bed and clean sheets, after all that time in trenches and dirt. Even more shattering was the sight of priests of every denomination gathered like vultures, waiting for us to die.

At that point I don't think I had any comprehension of how ill I really was. I missed my family, and I was terribly worried about them.

I also felt extremely envious of the people who were still on the Falklands — those who had been there for the surrender. I felt that I had missed out on all the fun. They would be there now, running around with all the Argentine equipment. The victors. It would have been like Christmas, and I really envied them that. I couldn't be one of them any more and couldn't be treated the same.

That's what I felt on the Uganda. I did not realise then that this was merely a foretaste of how things were going to be, again and again, in the years to come.

**NEXT SUNDAY :  
Coming back from  
the dead**



## **NEWS ROUNDUP**

### **Alfonsin state visit**

LONDON: Britain is watching with intense suspicion a state visit this weekend between President Raul Alfonsin of Argentina and the Chinese leadership. Alfonsin has been approached by China with offers of aircraft and missiles. The Argentines claim they are not interested, but British and American sources believe Buenos Aires may be tempted by Chinese-built F-7s, which are modified Soviet Mig-21s.

Despite an arms embargo by the United States, the Argentines have built up their airforce to nearly pre-Falklands war levels. They are known to be shopping for replacements for A4 Skyhawks lost in the 1982 war and would like to expand their airforce further.

Britain has approached China to indicate that Mrs Thatcher would be greatly displeased if it supplied arms to Argentina. Diplomats have pointed out that the two countries are still technically at war. China however, seems bent on improving its arms sales to Western countries and has backed Argentina in its claim to the Falklands.

*(John Witherow)*

## Underside of polar icecap 'like a lunar landscape'

By Adrian Berry  
Science Correspondent

THE UNDERSIDE of the polar icecap looks "like an inverted lunar landscape," with bulges of ice instead of craters, said a British scientist yesterday who was the first person to see it.

"I travelled for more than 2,000 miles under the ice in the nuclear submarine HMS Superb," said Dr Peter Wadhams, of the Scott Polar Research Institute in Cambridge.

"Whenever I looked upwards, it looked as if the ice had a skin disease.

"These downward bulges of ice had an average size of about one yard in diameter. They were there whenever I looked upwards, distributed at random. The monotony was broken only by cracks where the ice had melted and daylight penetrated."

Dr Wadhams, whose report appears in this week's *Nature*, said: "The reason for these bulges is that the ice above was being partly melted by the summer sunshine.

"The weight of newly-created water pushed downwards and created the bulges on the underside.

"It was totally different from what I expected to see. I had no idea that the melted water would be heavy enough to create the extraordinary bulges."

Cruising under the icecap in a submarine can be very dangerous, said Dr Wadhams.

"Surfacing in a place where the ice has melted requires great skill to avoid the sharp, jagged spikes of ice that hang downwards, up to 16 feet in length.

"But if one is content to cruise without surfacing, several hundred feet beneath the ice, there is no danger at all. For this is open ocean, with depths of up to 16,000 feet."

## Sea Lord may stay at post

ADMIRAL Sir William Staveley, the First Sea Lord since August 1985, is expected to remain in office for at least three more years, serving the longest term since the Second World War.

Few post-war incumbents have served much more than four years: however, there is no obvious successor to Sir William, 59, who is understood to have said he hoped to serve for four more years.

The most likely candidates are Admiral Sir John (Sandy) Woodward, the Commander-in-Chief, Naval Home Command, at Portsmouth, and Admiral Sir Julian Oswald, the Commander-in-Chief Fleet.

But Admiral Woodward, 56, has the disadvantage of never having held a senior Nato appointment, and Admiral Oswald, 54, would not be expected to relinquish his post of Allied Commander, Channel and Eastern Atlantic, until the end of 1989 at the earliest.

Sunday Telegraph  
15 May 1988

Simon O'Dwyer-Russell, Defence Correspondent, says Britain's crack secret force is being expected to perform too many tasks that are really the function of the police

# Let the SAS do its proper job

**D**URING a high-speed convoy under police escort, the SAS Regiment's counter-terrorist team was involved in an accident the other day. With the leading police car travelling at well over 100mph, its lights flashing and siren blaring, the rest of six Army Range Rovers, heavily laden with weapons and equipment, skidded and crashed into an oncoming car. The SAS trooper behind the wheel was charged by the police with speeding and driving without due care.

For the Army, this seemingly insignificant incident sums up the problem it faces in providing what is still quaintly referred to as "aid to the civil power". Events in Gibraltar which led to the killing by the SAS of IRA terrorists Mairead Farrell, Danny McCann and Sean Savage in March have again brought Army conduct under intense scrutiny.

That the SAS was justified in opening fire, aware that the three were likely to be armed and able to remotely-detonate a car bomb, seems now beyond reasonable doubt. That the Gibraltar police were simply unable to undertake the operation is also clear.

Despite being entrusted increasingly with life-or-death operations in support of the police, the SAS, being a military unit with no civil powers of arrest or detention, does so without the legal force possessed by the police. The Home Office seems content to rely on the SAS rather than apply pressure for better training of individual police units in anti-terrorist skills.

After a year in which the SAS ambushed and helped to kill eight IRA gunmen at Loughgall, provided security advisers for protection of politicians in the general election, was alleged to have undertaken a siege-busting job at Barlinnie Prison, and reinforced border security forces in Ulster, the question of

whether the regiment is able to train sufficiently for its numerous wartime commitments must be asked.

So, too, must the question of whether it is right for the Government to rely upon a military unit, however specialised and capable, to undertake what in the case of Gibraltar was arguably a police job. With the continuing rise in crimes involving firearms, even rural constabularies are facing pressure to train elite units for armed confrontations.

Yet the system by which Britain's 43 separate police forces operate, without recourse to a Home Office-controlled anti-terrorist force, seems destined to ensure that the police do not become proficient in the use of firearms. In procedural terms it is easier for a Chief Constable to request assistance from the Ministry of Defence and the SAS than it is for him to ask for help from another police force.

While members of the Metropolitan Police PT17 "blue beret" anti-terror force are acknowledged to be, at least individually, well-trained marksmen, they are still, as a force, incapable of undertaking risky armed operations. For small, rural police forces, the time, money and expertise required to train a competent firearms unit are more often than not unavailable.

The Loughgall ambush may provide a lesson for the future. While SAS soldiers are understood to have taken part in the shooting, the operation was planned and led by the RUC's specialist E4A anti-terror unit. Trained by the SAS, E4A is Britain's most capable police firearms unit and could be emulated by mainland forces.

While keen to be seen in terms of a "national asset", ensuring, as such a position does, virtual immunity from cutback, the SAS is faced with a herculean task in maintaining operational preparedness for war. For while the public see

the SAS as hijack-breakers and the force that strikes at the heart of the IRA in carefully prepared ambushes, that is not its prime role.

The SAS makes a large commitment of its resources to so-called "counter-revolutionary warfare". While this task provides an interesting and challenging alternative for the regiment's main roles, it may in the long term threaten to limit the ability of the SAS to prepare fully for war.

In a major European war the SAS would be deployed providing so-called "stay-behind parties" to operate in Warsaw Pact rear areas collecting intelligence and attacking "high value" targets such as enemy headquarters, senior officers and communication systems. In peacetime, SAS troops must train extensively in free-fall parachuting, demolition tasks and subversion.

The political backlash among opposition MPs generated by the IRA killings in Gibraltar is an unfortunate, if inevitable, by-product of using the SAS for the job. For while the SAS has a deservedly formidable international reputation, that reputation can and is used against it.

A Left-wing Labour MP was heard to remark recently that "if the Government had intended to arrest those IRA people in Gibraltar, they would have used the police. Since they wanted to execute them, they used the SAS". While patently unfair, such a remark demonstrates the degree to which the regiment has become, to some, synonymous with ruthless, professional killing.

Indeed, some former officers fear that by being committed to tasks such as the Gibraltar operation, which bring with them political controversy, the SAS may at a future date fall foul of a Labour Administration that feels committed, by its own rhetoric, to disband the regiment when in power.

Former SAS officers remain confident that evidence presented at the Gibraltar inquest set for late June will vindicate their serving comrades by proving beyond doubt that the SAS soldiers challenged Farrell, McCann and Savage before opening fire. That inquest promises to be the media event of the year: and an uncomfortable one for the Government and the SAS.

Whatever the outcome, the Government should accept the need for the SAS to be allowed to concentrate on training for its prime wartime roles. This can best be achieved by pondering the desirability of a police anti-terror unit permitted to cross constabulary borders for use nationwide.

While such a move would require legislative support, it would release the SAS from certain tasks which sit easier with the police. It would also allow the regiment to concentrate on missions more suited to its military nature.

## The £7.5m cog

ANYONE WHO thought that the Budget's change of rules would dry up the supply of weird and wonderful schemes being offered under the Business Expansion Scheme, can take heart. Wessex UK, which is supplementing the £500,000 maximum that can now be raised under the BES with £1.75m in preference shares, is as intriguing as the best of them.

Wessex is the would-be developer of the "Bog-cog", a simple, ingenious device that stops vehicles foundering in mud. The cog is an auxiliary wheel that when attached to the existing wheels of a vehicle increases its traction, directional control and stability. Two similar products, the "Snow-cog" and the "Sand-cog" are at early stages of development.

Wessex reckons that its main sales over the next few years will be to the military. Supply columns running on normal tyres are often unable to keep up with armoured units in tracked vehicles. Bog-cogs were tested by the military in the Falklands in 1983 and field trials are now being conducted by the Ministry of Defence. The cog is ready for manufacture and the company says a number of enquiries have already been received.

So far, so good. However, a quick scan of the fine print may

raise some doubts.

One question mark concerns the sponsor's fee. The sponsor, London & Sussex Securities will receive a fee of £20,000. It will also receive a commission of 8.5 per cent of the total raised. Of that, a 2.3 per cent commission will be paid to professional intermediaries, the balance being paid to CSTC, which owns London & Sussex, as a corporate finance fee.

This fee is certainly on the high side. However, Mr Peter Bark of London & Sussex argues it is justified as his firm has footed a bill of some £100,000 for ensuring that Wessex has full beneficial ownership of the international patents rights and trade marks.

Another point that may disconcert would-be investors is precisely what they are getting for their money. The company is being capitalised at a sizeable £7.5m. What do shareholders get in return for their 30 per cent stake?

True, the proceeds of the issue will be used to acquire a freehold factory. But otherwise the assets of the company are, in effect, just the patent rights. These are valued by the directors - and there is no independent assessment - at £239,998.

Possibly, this is a conservative

valuation. In any case, start-ups of this sort are not renowned for their asset backing. Even so, as a £7.5m company, Wessex may prove rather long on faith and short on assets for some investors' tastes.

**Vanessa Houlder**

**Chinese arms  
for Argentina**

China has offered to sell fighters and missiles to Argentina which is seeking to re-equip its armed forces, a Defence Ministry source said in Buenos Aires. But he denied a local news agency report that Argentine air force pilots were in China testing aircraft.

The fighters are said to be similar to the US-made Phantoms, which the South American country cannot buy from the US because of an arms embargo. — Reuter.

Moscow Daily Telegraph 14 May 1988

Soviet

### Soldier who beat recruits given detention

A 19-year-old soldier who beat up recruits has been sentenced to six months' detention. A court martial at Bulford Army Camp on Salisbury Plain was told yesterday that Pte Tyrone Rose punched, kicked and beat the "sprogs" — Army slang for rookie soldiers.

One new recruit, Pte Darren Dignam, 19, said Rose attacked him within hours of arriving at Tidworth camp, Hants.

Rose, who admitted two charges of causing actual bodily harm, was found guilty of a further nine offences of assault, all between November 1986 and August 1987, at Tidworth and South Armagh and Bessbrook in Northern Ireland. He was found not guilty of 10 other charges of assault and blackmail. His sentence is subject to confirmation.

### quietly alters policy Latin America



Moscow faces an uphill struggle in improving its trade balance with the region, Robert Graham reports

## Soviet Union quietly alters policy towards Latin America

FACED with an abysmal trade imbalance with Latin America, the Soviet Union has been quietly altering its policy towards the region. The changes are occurring with the slowness of a transatlantic liner altering course; but the broad lines are becoming increasingly discernible.

Moscow, however, faces an uphill struggle in improving its trade balance with the region and the quickest solution to the problem might be the rather negative option of cutting back on imports from Latin America.

The Soviet Union's traditional policy, whereby commercial considerations were subordinated to political objectives, has been replaced by a much more pragmatic line, aimed at achieving more balanced trade.

At the same time the Soviet leadership seems anxious to place greater emphasis on improved commercial relations with the main economic powers in the region, at the expense of

economic management. The Soviet Union, which supplies some \$4bn a year in economic and military assistance to Cuba, demanded greater accountability.

From the outset, Mr Gorbachev appeared determined to avoid being bogged down by Cuba and to resist being too heavily drawn into the conflict in Nicaragua in order to adopt a more even-handed attitude to the region as a whole. He was also prepared to be hard-headed over trade.

In 1986, Soviet purchases from Argentina were cut by almost one third in value. This was partly the result of improved Soviet harvests but also because the Soviet leadership could buy cheaper grain from the US and was willing to put up with Argentine cries of foul.

Last year the grain tonnage crept up to just over 3m tonnes but this must be seen against the traditional purchases of 8m-9m tonnes.

More generally, the Soviet

Union has had little to offer the relatively sophisticated middle economies of Latin America, accustomed as they have been to Western technology and standards.

Soviet oil might have been the answer, although the region is relatively self-sufficient (except for Cuba). Even Brazil, which buys some Soviet crude, is moving close to self-sufficiency. In addition, cheap oil is provided to the most needy nations of Central America and the Caribbean by Mexico and Venezuela.

As a result, the Soviet Union has developed substantial trade imbalances, especially through its purchases of commodities such as coffee, cocoa and grains. These imbalances have been tolerated, it seems, out of a mixture of inertia and a fondly-held belief that political capital was being accumulated.

However, the continuing mistrust felt towards the Soviet Union among the "bourgeois"

governments of the region belies this argument.

In Brazil, for example, where the Soviet Union buys seven times more than they sell, Moscow still cannot obtain the necessary permission to expand its consular staff. In Bolivia, the Soviet Union invested heavily, providing plant and machinery to the mining industry in the 1960s and early 1970s, in the hope that the Bolivian miners would be the vanguard of Latin America's proletariat. Now much of that machinery is idle and Bolivia is undergoing the region's most radical experiment in free-market economics.

In the case of Argentina and Brazil, the imbalances have been exceptionally large. Before 1986 Moscow was purchasing an annual average of \$1.5bn-worth of Argentine grains and animal foodstuffs, but was selling goods worth well under \$100m. Furthermore, Moscow was rarely able to avoid payment in hard currency,



Gorbachev: new approach

or offset payments through barter deals, except in Nicaragua and Peru, both of which had bought arms.

The change in Soviet attitudes can be traced to 1986 when Moscow began to take a tougher line with Cuba over aid and eco-

socialist or revolutionary countries.

The changes appear to represent an assessment by the Soviet leadership under Mr Mikhail Gorbachev that its principal interest in future in Latin America is more economic than political.

At another level, the new approach underlines the fact that the Soviet Union can no longer afford the luxury of large trade imbalances. Cuba and Nicaragua are the sole countries with which it enjoys a favourable trade balance; but this does not favour Moscow because of the drain in aid and financial flows.

Putting aside the unique Soviet relationship with the Castro regime in Cuba, Latin America is the one continent where Moscow has not established itself as a significant arms supplier.

Apart from Cuba, the sole arms deals of note since the beginning of the 1970s have been with Nicaragua and Peru. Deprived of significant arms sales, the Soviet

Union has cut back on Latin American goods purchased on a cash basis. At the same time, they have sought to expand trade through joint ventures, counter-trade and barter deals.

So far, Brazil has received the greatest attention: Soviet sales there last year topped \$83m. against imports of \$520m. The aim is to raise bilateral trade to more than \$1bn within the next three years.

One of the most interesting deals just concluded involves the shipping of vodka in bulk to be bottled in Brazil.

But too much of what the Soviet Union has to offer can be produced by the Latin American countries themselves, especially the larger economies - the growing indigenous arms industries are a case in point.

Thus, if Moscow is to improve its trade balance, the quickest means appears to lie in further cutting purchases from the region.

## EC passions may rise over cereal fodder

BY TIM DICKSON IN BRUSSELS

IF PRE-ELECTION preoccupations in France were an explanation for the lack of serious negotiations on prices at last month's EC Farm Council in Luxembourg, post-election uncertainty in Paris is widely expected to ensure that next week's meeting of Agriculture Ministers in Brussels turns into a similar sort of "non-event."

But among the issues most likely to stir passions among member states is the proposal by the European Commission for a new subsidy to encourage use of cereals in the livestock sector.

This so-called "incorporation premium" would be paid to compound feed manufacturers who could demonstrate that they had increased their use of cereals against a reference period yet to be formally set. It would be financed from income from the co-responsibility levy (the controversial production tax on the cereals sector).

The incorporation allowance idea has already generated considerable political heat in Brussels, not least because the French Government insisted against the Commission's better judgment that a commitment to bring forward the proposal should be writ-

THE FIVE major world wheat exporters - the US, the EC, Canada, Australia and Argentina - have spent a lot of money on support programmes with little effect on the overall trade in wheat, according to the International Wheat Council, writes David Blackwell.

An IWC report on the five countries' support policies and export practices concludes that they "have been competing to maintain their shares in a market which has not so far

responded as much as expected to the inducements on offer."

Export measures have had a profound effect on the composition of the wheat trade. But a large proportion of the fluctuation in demand has corresponded to Chinese and Soviet offtake. If these countries imports are excluded, says the IWC, trade rose from 65m tonnes in 1980/81 to almost 70m tonnes in 1984/85, but dropped to only 64m tonnes in 1986/87.

ten into the conclusions of the February Summit. The plan has also raised hackles in the US, where maize gluten feed producers see a direct threat to imports of their cheaper cereal substitutes and are bound to put pressure on Washington for retaliation.

It has also sharply divided opinion within the EC and even within the various farm lobby organisations.

At the last council, the strongest criticism was voiced by the Netherlands, Denmark, the UK and Belgium, while only Spain, West Germany and Luxembourg

were understood to be happy with the Commission position.

Opponents like the National Association of British and Irish Millers argue that the impact of the scheme would be "minimal" and that there would "undoubtedly be a corresponding fall in the price of imported cereals substitutes" to compensate for its effect.

The scheme, adds the association, would require additional revenue and might precipitate an increase in the basic rate of the co-responsibility levy, "thereby enhancing the degree of market distortion."

FISHING NEWS  
13 May 1988

## **Falklands stop third Korean**

A THIRD Korean squid jigger has been fined for illegally fishing in the Falklands conservation zone — the fourth arrest since the zone was established in 1987.

*Khana* was spotted with jiggling arms extended and identified by an air surveillance patrol within the zone on March 29. The vessel had no licence to fish within the zone yet asked for permission to tranship her catch in Berkeley Sound.

The boat was arrested on arrival in the Sound on April 29. The master was charged under section 6 of the Fisheries Ordinance (stowage of gear) and was fined £10,000 after pleading guilty.

The Korean jigger *Se Yang 51* was fined £50,000 on May 2 for fishing within 12 miles of the conservation zone without a licence.

*Cheung Yong 5* was fined £80,000 on April 29 (*Fishing News*, May 6) and her owners fined £20,000.

□ UK Insurance firms are talking about joining forces to sue Iran and Iraq over damage to ships in the Gulf, where attacks on 513 ships have cost underwriters almost \$2bn since 1980. Any action would be brought in the U.S., where a New York court recently held Argentina liable for damage to a Liberian ship bombed during the Falklands War.

## Shackleton goes out in the cold

AT THE ripened age of 76 and cheerfully admitting: "I'm probably too old for this sort of thing," Lord Shackleton set off this week for the Arctic to meet some old friends. "I'm hoping to meet the Eskimos I first met when I explored Ellesmere Island in the far north of Canada in 1934," says Shackleton who will be spending three days on the perma-frosted tundra where even in "summer"



Ernest: Friendly visit

temperatures can drop to as low as minus 15 centigrade. "The only trouble is I've forgotten all my Eskimo language."

Edward is making his journey by RAF Hercules — the farthest north the RAF has ever made a drop. An intrepid adventurer like his father, Antarctic explorer Sir Ernest Shackleton, he has been doing this sort of thing all his life.

"I've had the exploring bug since I was dropped from Eton's cricket team and went to Borneo instead," he explains.

# FANTASTIC FOCUS!

EXERCISE Fire Focus 88, the rapid reinforcement of the Falkland Islands, was hailed "an absolutely tremendous success."

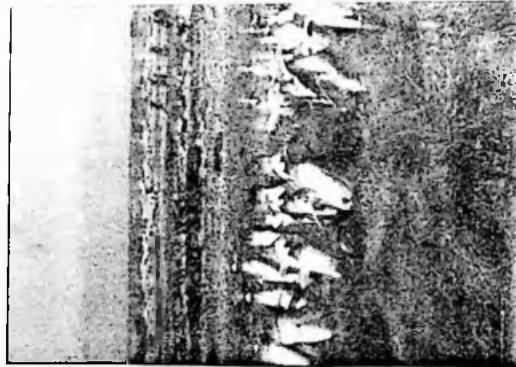
That verdict came from Maj Gen Neil Carlier, Commander British Forces Falkland Islands, as the last troop-carrying TriStar touched down at Mount Pleasant Airport.

It brought the final contingent of a 1,000-strong task force, based on the Third Battalion, The Light Infantry, which increased the normal FI garrison by almost 50 per cent.

The exercise proved the viability of the longest air bridge in military history.

The men of 3 LI, looking remarkably fresh after the 19-hour, 8,000-mile flight from Brize Norton, via Ascension Island, were accompanied by gunners, signalers and sappers, plus extra RAF ground crew and reinforcements for the islands' Rapier sites which are manned by the RAF Regiment.

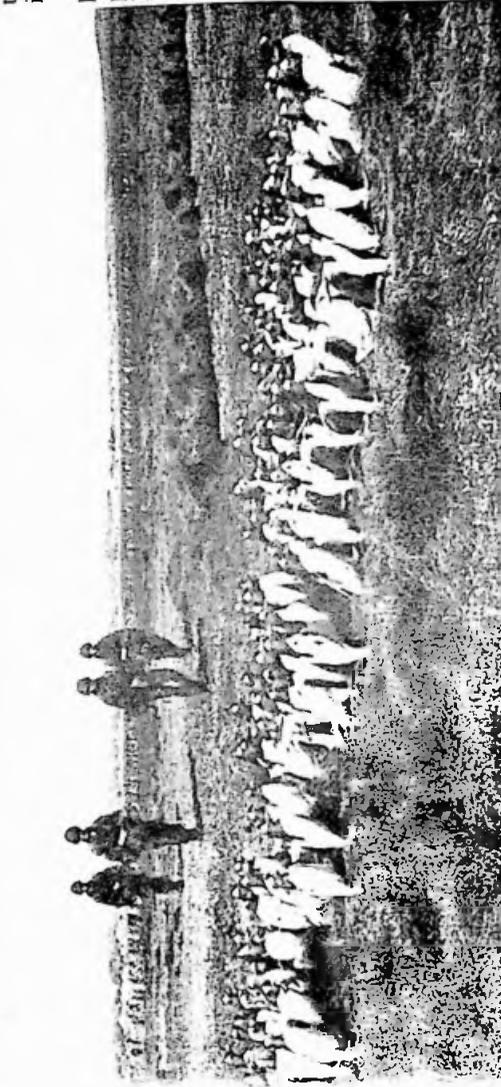
A number of Phantom F-4



fighters, plus Nimrod reconnaissance aircraft and tankers, also took part in the exercise.

The only snag in the entire exercise was a Phantom which developed an engine fault at Ascension and had to be replaced with another Phantom from RAF Leuchars.

Once on the ground, the new arrivals were given a quick



Patrolling among the penguins - men of 3 LI at Bertha's Beach, East Falkland

briefing at MPA and rushed off by Chinook to defensive positions around the islands.

Within hours of its arrival, for instance, 3 LI's C Company was digging in around fuel installations at Mare Harbour, about 40 miles from Port Stanley.

As they sweated in an

unexpected Falklands heatwave of 73 deg F, the OC, Major David Thomas said: "We're all wondering whether we are in the right place - it's more like Cyprus!"

At nearby Bertha's Beach, for the benefit of the world's media, a patrol of 3 LI practised that most delicate of

military skills - looking warlike while not disturbing the penguins.

The exercise enemy was provided by 3 Para and the Falkland Islands Defence Force.

Fire Focus was condemned as provocative by Argentina and criticised by the Organisation

of American States, including the United States. Whitehall insisted it was low-key, purely defensive and planned a year ago - giving the lie to Argentinian claims that it had been timed to cause political embarrassment in Buenos Aires.

Could this demonstration of logistics not have been done as a paper exercise?

"Absolutely not," insisted Gen Carlier. "Some things cannot simply be run through a computer."

"There is nothing like injecting the human factor, actually getting people on the ground in real time and seeing what goes wrong."

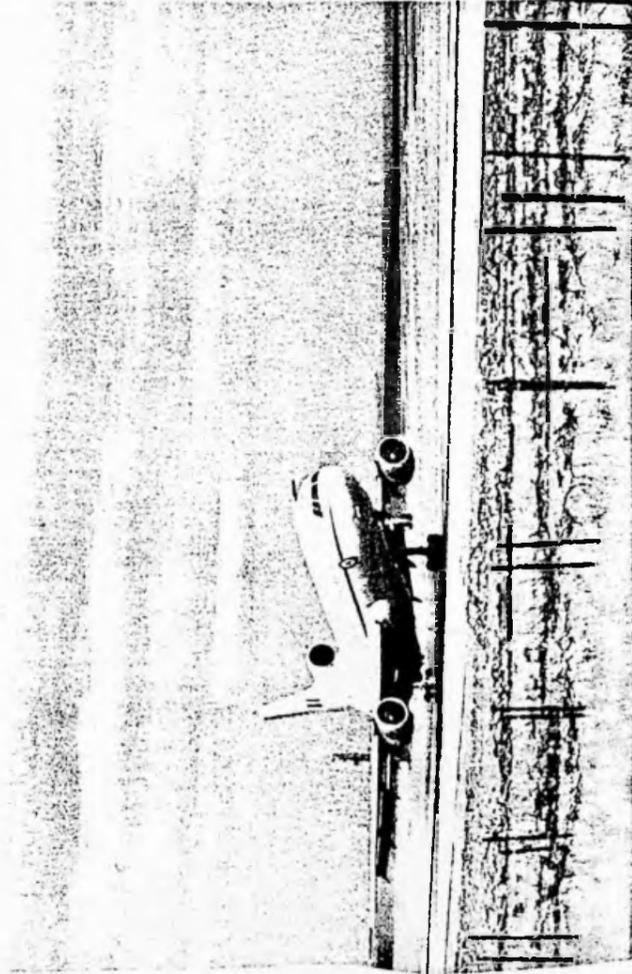
"This exercise has proved a fantastic amount. It shows that, with the technology, the aircraft and this new airport, we can reinforce here in a very short time - it's as simple as that."

**Story and pictures by Maj Peter Rhodes, TAPIO UKLF**

# OPERATION 'FIRE



The old airfield at Stanley seen from a TriStar on its approach to the new base at Mount Pleasant.



A TriStar carrying troops for the re-inforcement of the Falklands Garrison touches down at Mount Pleasant after an 18-hour journey from Brize Norton which included a one-hour refuelling stop at Ascension.

SINCE THE opening of the airport at Mount Pleasant on East Falkland Britain has had the capability of mounting a rapid reinforcement of the Falkland Island Garrison. Indeed this capability has allowed some reductions to be made in the strength of the normal peacetime force stationed in the South Atlantic.

Exercise Fire Focus held for three weeks during March involved the movement of roughly 1,000 troops and significant quantities of equipment. As well as providing TriStar transport aircraft the RAF deployed additional Phantoms in the air defence role. These aircraft slipped crews at Ascension Island and were refuelled several times en route.

Once on the islands the reinforcement troops were able to take advantage of the excellent training facilities there.

For those of us with the advance party 'flying to war' by comfortable airliner seemed rather strange. Not for us weeks aboard a heaving vessel nor indeed was there anyone to wave us good luck as we left Brize Norton for the first leg of our 8,000 mile flight. One cannot help wondering if this exercise had been for real whether we would have had the luxury of two in-flight movies! Certainly the 216 Squadron aircrew made us feel very much at home in their wide bodied jetliner.

On reaching the 200 mile exclusion zone around the islands we were met by two Phantom F4s, fully armed and sporting the red insignia of 23 Squadron on their tail planes. As the fast jets formed on us we were presented with a wonderful opportunity for air to air photography. The

ITN camera team on board our TriStar seven miles above the South Atlantic. Once settled in at Mount Pleasant paid a visit aboard HMS Nottingham. The 280 man crew have comfortable accommodation. Like our TriStar aircraft the engines.

Report and pictures by Squadron accompanied a team of 12 aircraft when they flew out to report in the South Atlantic during

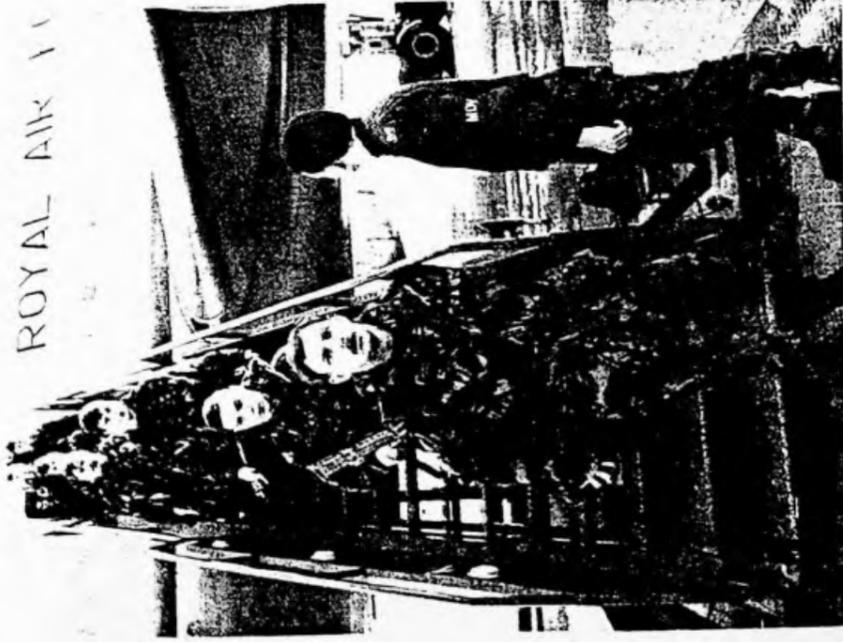
Prior to the Naval visit the visit Artillery calibrating their 105mm typical island gale covered gunner. For the ITN and BBC represent bumpy landrover ride to Stanley via by satellite to the TV studios in photographer Martin Cleaver was Pleasant team photo section, to present them to his London office or indicate As zero hour for the Exercise arm



Penguin patrol as these Falkland Island birds "pick up the step" during Operation Fire Focus.



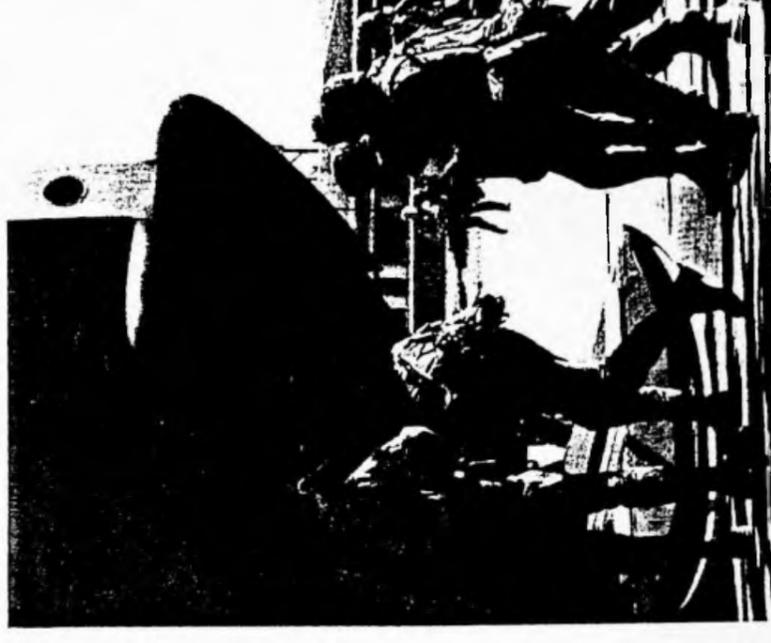
The dust rises and ears are covered as a 105mm field gun opens fire.



Troops of the 3rd Light Infantry arrive by TriStar at Mount Pleasant.



SACW Linda Hughes (19) leaves her typewriter to guard a TriStar at Mount Pleasant.



Troops board a Chinook helicopter at Mount Pleasant. Within 18 hours of leaving the UK these soldiers were being deployed on the Falklands Islands.

# FOCUS

Just no time in obtaining good atlantic waves. Analysts were briefed and then guided missile destroyer, Type 23, was launched from the sea. The new ship is powered by Rolls-Royce

Colin Gower, RAFVR, who led media representatives on a tri-service exercise held in '88.

As corps witnessed the Royal Air Force on a ridge where a number of onlookers in dust. The video film was transmitted to the UK. Veteran Associated Press with the help of the Mount Pleasant still pictures and wire press team were positioned at



Major Neil Carlter, Commander British Forces Falkland Islands.

the new airfield for the arrival of the main body of troops from the UK. Looking remarkably fresh after their 24-hour journey the soldiers were soon transferred to Chinook helicopters and with faces masked by camouflage cream they deployed to defensive positions around the islands.

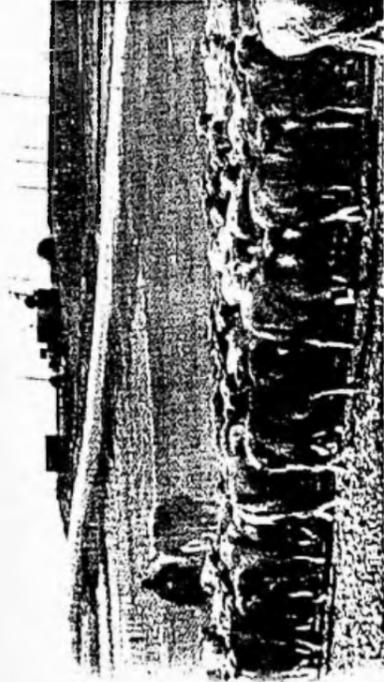
Resident Rapier missile crews of 37 Squadron RAF Regiment were put on alert and as Phantoms flew a mock attack on the airfield the missile men locked onto their targets watched by the British and American press representation. This display was followed by a visit to a Supply and Movements Section where the fully serviced vehicles included motor cycles as well as Bog Vehicles (half track personnel carriers).

Perhaps the best view of the 'battle zone' is from the air and so the journalists were flown by helicopter to the now famous land marks of San Carlos, Darwin and Goose Green. They also noted the bright blue roof of the new hospital at Stanley which replaced the one destroyed by fire. But exercise or no exercise the Falkland Islands mean sheep and wild life. During Fire Focus the islands were enjoying superb sunny weather, indeed an extraordinary Indian summer prevailed throughout the month of March. This fine weather enabled the visitors to see the usually bleak moorlands at their best. Even the most cynical Fleet Street hack was delighted by the sight of hundreds of penguins apparently falling in step with patrolling soldiers of the 3rd Light Infantry Regt.

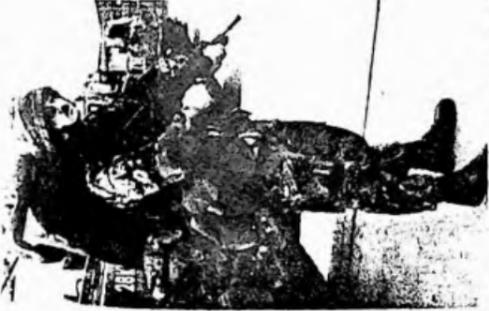
Before flying home the Press Corps met the Governor and were entertained by the Commander British Forces Falkland Islands, Maj-Gen Neil Carlter. In a question and answer session the General said he was very pleased with the efficient way his forces had been reinforced but he noted that the weather had been kind throughout the Exercise. Strong cross winds at Mount Pleasant could be a problem he added



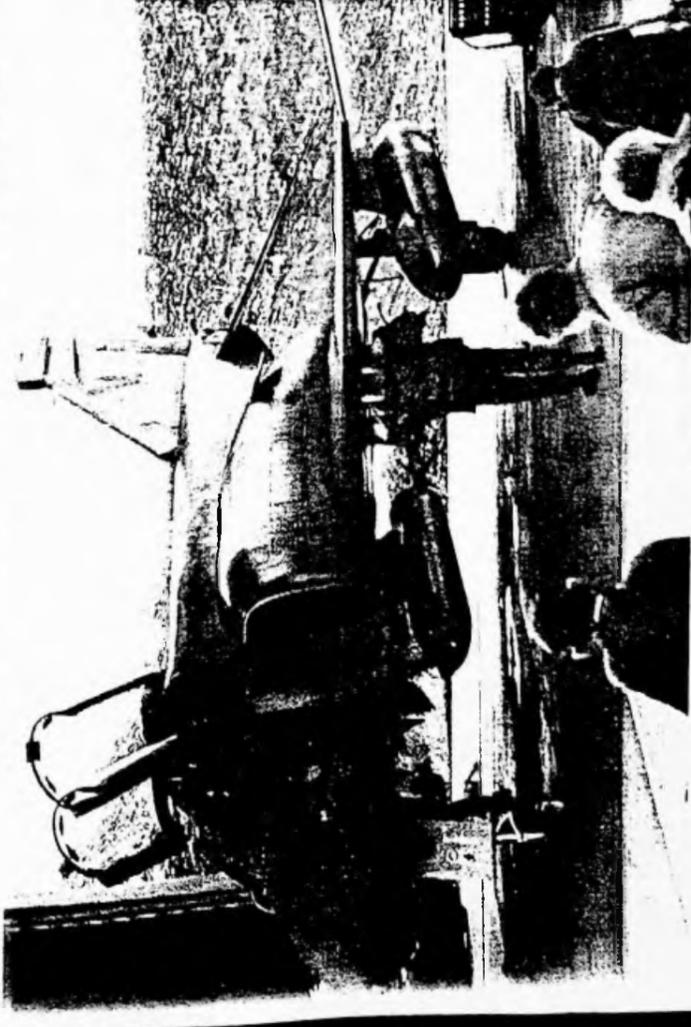
Two infantrymen guard a key installation on East Falkland. Twenty-four hours earlier they were in barracks in Lancashire.



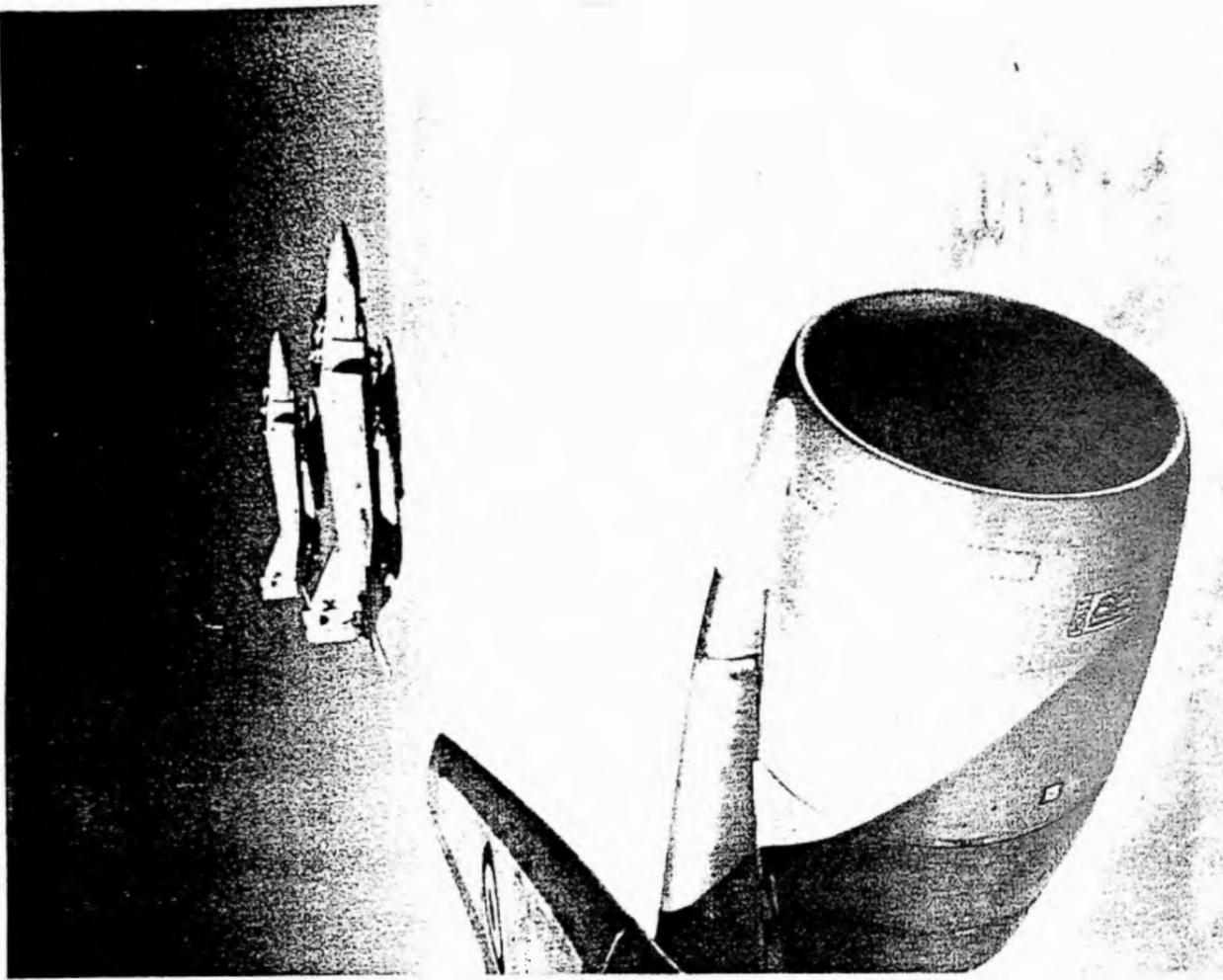
A Phantom as he rounds up his sheep during Operation Fire Focus.



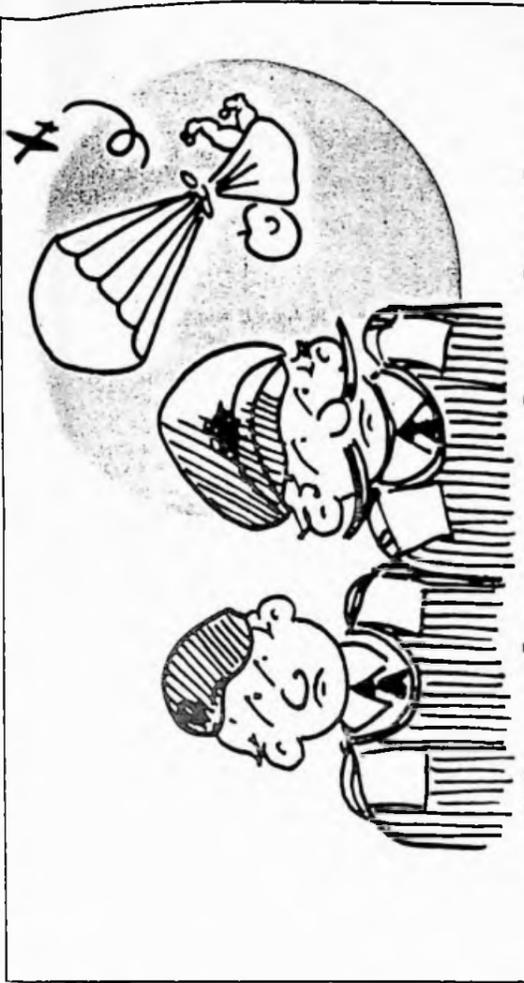
L/Cpl Graham Mundy of the 3rd Light Infantry, fully kitted out for duty in the exercise.



A Phantom of 23 Sqn scrambles during the exercise.



Two fully-armed 23 Sqn Phantoms escort a 216 Sqn TriStar on its approach into Mount Pleasant.



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**PROVIDENT MUTUAL** FREEPOST, Stevenage, Herts, SG1 4YH

Daily Telegraph  
12 May 1988

## Little risk from failed satellite

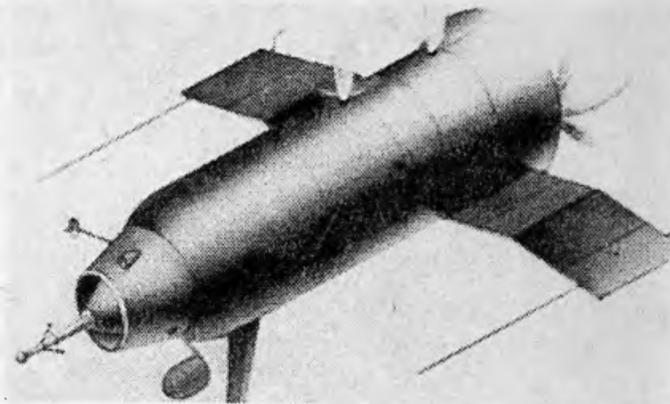
By Adrian Berry  
Science Correspondent

ATTEMPTS by the Russians to boost their rogue spy satellite Cosmos 1900 safely into a higher orbit have failed, and the craft is likely to fall harmlessly to Earth within about four months, say British experts.

The risk to life or property is very small. There is a 70 per cent chance that the craft, 23ft long and 7ft wide, and designed to spy on Western naval fleets, will land harmlessly in water, since that percentage of the Earth's surface is covered by oceans.

And even if it crashes into land, there is little likelihood of it harming anyone, since most of the Earth's land surface is either unpopulated or very sparsely populated.

This was the case with a previous out-of-control Soviet spy craft, Cosmos 954, which crashed into the northern Canadian wilderness in 1978, hurting nobody but causing the Canadians to send a hefty bill to Moscow for cleaning up the radioactive debris.



A Cosmos satellite similar to the rogue one

Only if the satellite landed in a populated area would there be any danger, either from the impact of its collision or from radiation from the debris of its nuclear control motor.

There is also a chance that it may be completely destroyed by heat as it re-enters the atmosphere.

Evidence that the Russians have tried unsuccessfully to boost their satellite into safety since control was lost on April 12 lies in the Ministry of Defence

finding that it is now 160 miles up, three miles higher than its original orbit.

"They have plainly tried to push it higher and failed," said Dr Doreen Walker, a satellite expert at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough.

"At the moment it's in a stable circular orbit, and it's not yet tumbling. But its orbit will soon start to decay as it is slowed by wisps of the Earth's upper atmosphere. Then the decay will proceed faster and faster."

## General Returned To Buenos Aires

*Agence France-Presse*

**BUENOS AIRES** — A former Argentine general facing trial for human rights violations has arrived here after being extradited from the United States.

Carlos Guillermo Suárez Mason, 64, was taken away by security forces after arriving aboard an Argentine airliner from San Francisco, where he had been imprisoned pending the outcome of extradition hearings.

Mr. Suárez Mason is wanted for kidnappings, torture and 39 murders allegedly carried out under his orders when he was commander of the 1st Army Corps in 1976-83.

Telefonica of Spain

# Record profits

MR LUIS SOLANA, the energetic 52-year-old chairman of Telefonica, says that Spain's National Telephone company is facing "two to three years of opportunity." Forging deals in the Soviet Union and Argentina, cementing alliances with US giants and creating new ones in Europe, Mr Solana is certainly acting according to his dictum.

Mr Solana is also obtaining results. Thirty two per cent publicly owned and listed in New York, London and Tokyo as well as Frankfurt, Paris and Madrid, Telefonica posted profits of Ptas 53.2bn (\$480m) last year on a turnover of Ptas 568.8bn (\$5.1bn) and generated a cash flow of Ptas 268.5bn (\$2.4bn).

It was the company's best ever performance until this year. Mr Solana is confident that 1988 will show an even greater improvement and he has set aside Ptas 330bn (\$3bn) for investment in Telefonica's growth.

This year's investment programme is a 32 per cent increase over the 1987 allocation and it is more than, for example, what the Spanish defence and public works ministries will be spending. Every pesseta that Mr Solana has allocated will be needed. The investment programmes recently have been in a constant process of upward revision for Telefonica is battling to keep up with the demand of Spain's booming domestic market.

In the past two years, the level of use of telephones in Spain has been growing by seven per cent against an average increase over the previous 15 years of between 1.2 per cent. At peak business hours the lines between Madrid and Barcelona are currently congested to the point of collapse.

Historically, Telefonica has been installing 500,000 lines a year but the figure will be 1m this year and 1.4m in 1989 when there is likely to be another 30 per cent hike in the investment allocation. With only 36 telephones per 100 Spaniards the domestic market will be good business for the foreseeable future.

Politically, it would be well for Telefonica to stay at home and mind its own shop. It used to take some three months to obtain a telephone in Madrid, but the wait is now at least double that and there have been reports of company employees receiving illegal payments for a faster service.

Mr Solana is, however, determined to take Telefonica abroad and he is certain that if he does not act now, companies from deregulated Britain and the US will have the new markets to themselves. Very soon, he believes, the Germans and the French will be following the same path and the competition will become intense.

The disgruntled Spanish consumer has therefore little option other than to keep waiting while Telefonica embarks on recently approved projects such as overhauling Argentina's telecommunications system and building telephones and creating rural lines in the Soviet Union.

Both initiatives reflect Telefonica's belief that it has an edge on competitors because Spain has a natural empathy with societies in the throes of modernisation, having just experienced that process itself. Spain stands at a good middle level for it has assimilated high tech very quickly and is in a position to translate it now for others.

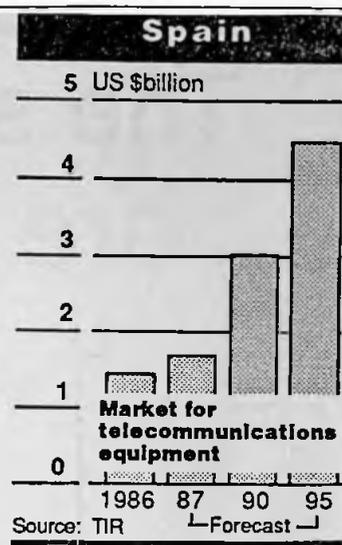
"I can understand the problems of Argentina and the Soviet Union better than say the Germans," says Mr Solana. "Other Europeans don't pay attention to rural telephones but in Spain we have the same number of *pueblos* as the rest of the EC put together."

The Soviet venture involves the manufacture of sets called *tarsis* that have been developed by Telefonica. Initial investment is a modest \$3m for a 49 per cent equity in the joint company, but it is expected to grow sharply.

In Argentina, Telefonica will be heading an international consortium that will take a 40 per cent stake in a new telecommunications company which will replace Entel, the existing public-owned company. The project is provisionally budgeted at \$500-700m and the Spanish company itself will be investing some \$100m for an eventual shareholding of around 15 per cent.

Telefonica's involvement in Argentina is its first executive move into a foreign telecommunications system and Mr Solana stresses that it is a "new concept" which could be applied elsewhere. "We are not going as investors or lenders, but as managers of the investment."

In this sense, the only competition is at present provided by British and U.S. Corporations for



Telefonica is an operating company whereas Siemens, for example, is just a seller. When approaching Latin American markets with a view to revamp and privatise, Mr Solana argues that the Spanish company is "less suspicious."

The managerial strategy of the Argentina deal underpins Mr Solana's belief that it is vital for Telefonica, as for any telecommunications company, to expand its position as a network operator in order to carry weight in the decision making that will shape future telecommunications technology.

The Spanish company is meanwhile fast consolidating its technological base. This year at Microelectronica de Espana, a joint venture with the US giant in which Telefonica has a 20 per cent equity, began producing chips at its semi-conductor plant outside Madrid.

A second venture, with the California-based electronic data systems and named telecommunications data services, aims to design and distribute transmission networks based on Telefonica's own domestically-developed packet switching system, called Tesys.

On the European front, Telefonica's latest initiative has been an exchange of shareholdings with Telettra, the Fiat group's telecommunications subsidiary.

The pooled resources of the ninth ranking telephone company in the world and the eighth-ranked manufacturer of transmissions and radio bridging equipment is the kind of deal that Mr Solana, for one, views as a perfect marriage of convenience. It gives Telefonica an even sounder platform from which to make the most of its opportunities in what remains of the decade.

Tom Burns  
Madrid

# Iran and Iraq may be sued by Outhwaite

A LEADING Lloyd's underwriter is considering suing Iran and Iraq for attacks on neutral merchant ships in the Persian Gulf.

Legal advice given to Richard Outhwaite indicates that action to recover losses against a sovereign state may be possible.

Attacks on 513 merchant vessels since the Iran-Iraq war began in 1980 have cost underwriters over £1 billion (\$1.88bn), with about half of this falling on the Lloyd's market.

Legal action by an underwriter or shipowner against a state for war damage is virtually unknown in modern times, although there were a number of cases in the earliest days of admiralty law.

Outhwaite's marine syndicate 317 is being advised by leading London lawyers Ince & Company on how a claim against the warring states might best be pursued.

Mr Outhwaite also plans to raise the question of possible legal action with the Lloyd's Underwriting Association to

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By Jim Mulrenan,  
Insurance Editor

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see if co-ordinated action could be taken by the whole marine market.

"We feel quite strongly that action ought to be taken if it is possible if only to remind belligerent states that attacks on neutral merchant vessels are unacceptable," Outhwaite claims manager Derek Purssell said yesterday.

Donald O'May, senior partner of Ince and a leading authority on maritime law, said "serious and active consideration" was being given to the possibility of taking action against Iran and Iraq.

Mr O'May said any legal action would be taken in the name of a shipowner although its interest in the outcome would be subrogated to the underwriter.

Opinion that legal action over an attack might be successful had been strengthened by a recent ruling by the New York Court of Appeals on the

220,177 tonnes deadweight tanker *Hercules* that was lost during the Falklands War.

The Liberian flag *Hercules*, owned by the Maritime Overseas Corporation of New York, was time chartered to a US oil company when she was bombed in 1982 by an Argentine aircraft outside the exclusion zones declared by both belligerents.

A claim for \$12 million for hull and bunker fuel on board was attempted before the Argentine courts but was rejected.

An action before the US courts has so far established that a suit can be taken against Argentina although the court of appeal's decision is to be challenged before the US Supreme Court.

English law, along with that of many other European countries, embodies a principle of sovereign immunity which makes it likely that any action against Iran and Iraq would be taken in the US or one of a limited number of other jurisdictions where the immunity defence could be challenged.

## RAF to modify Tornado jets after mid-air crash

By John Shaw

THE RAF is to modify its Tornado jets after two of the £17 million aircraft collided while flying in close formation.

Exterior lighting will be improved and other changes made so pilots can assess distances better, after a Ministry of Defence report decided that the collision was due to crew error.

One of the planes from RAF Marham, Norfolk, skimmed rooftops before crashing in flames in a field near Thorney, Cambs, in December, 1986.

The report said one Tornado ran into the back of the other during night-time close formation flying at 6,500 ft.

The pilot of the leading aircraft had cleared the second to join in the formation, it said. Six seconds later there was a mishap from below right and the leading crew realised their aircraft was careering out of control.

They ejected safely, and the plane crashed on open farmland. The other plane landed safely at RAF Marham.

The report said: "The primary

cause of the accident was that the crew of the second aircraft failed to establish a stable position behind and below their leader before moving into close formation.

"As a result, the second aircraft was still climbing and was closing faster than either aircraft was aware."

A Ministry spokesman said later it was impossible to forecast how much the improvements would cost, or how long they would take. There are 220 Tornados in service, and another 165 are being built.

# Press Cuttings

from Broad Street Associates **THE GUARDIAN**

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10 MAY 1988

SPEAKING at an Argentine naval aviation day ceremony on May 4, the Argentine naval chief of staff, Vice-Admiral Ramon Arosa, said that an eventual Argentine declaration of a de jure cessation of hostilities with the UK over the Falklands "will be the path to reach a solution that will satisfy both parties." He also said that the Argentine navy possessed "better war power" than in 1982.

*Noticias Argentinas, May 4*

## Press Cuttings

from Broad Street Associates



THE INDEPENDENT

**Antarctic antics**

Dear Sir,

I am dismayed at the article (25 April) concerning the Antarctic voyage of M V Greenpeace. I was captain of the ship on that voyage and feel it was very successful and completed with a minimum of fuss. I suspect this left your correspondent on board with insufficient sensational material.

The chief engineer has made beautiful knives as a hobby for many years. To impute a dangerous and sinister intent to them is ludicrous.

The Brazilian base personnel did not hurl themselves upon the female members of the ship's crew and neither was there a riotous party. Such statements demonstrate journalistic licence.

The anchor was not "stuck on the bottom" (awful phrase) with 12 metres of chain out. The idea of hand operating the temporarily broken-down windlass was seized upon, sparkle-eyed, by "Black Bob" and myself, as an excellent chance to involve everyone in some badly needed physical exercise.

Any irritability shown by the crew was due simply to the effects of a long voyage. The Antarctic Syndrome plays no part in summer voyages to that area.

The American explorer "Byrd" suffered carbon monoxide poisoning from a stove, not generator fumes.

It is a shame to see the Greenpeace effort to have a World Park established in Antarctica belittled by trivial journalism.

Yours faithfully,

Captain J. W. COTTIER

Barnet, Hertfordshire

3 May

## Coldest place on earth

The Antarctic is plunging into deep mid-winter. Vostok, close to the South Pole, is living up to its reputation as one of the coldest places on earth, with temperatures around minus 70C.

At the other end of the globe, in an area renowned for its extreme coldness during the northern hemisphere winter, Verkhoyansk in eastern Siberia experienced a rapid transformation from winter to spring as maximum daytime temperatures soaring from minus 4C at the end of April to a sunny 15C on May 3.

Spring is not yet completely established in North America. Late snow is still causing problems in parts of the USA. More than two feet of new snow near Cooke City, Montana, on Saturday caused power failures. In southern states, by contrast, it is the peak time for severe thunderstorms and tornado activity. There have been several reports of damage this week, often from hail larger than the size of tennis balls, and with wind gusts as high as 90mph.

Violent hailstorms have also swept through central and northern China, flattening houses, destroying crops and bringing down power lines. One hailstone was reported to weigh three pounds.



**Windsurfing on a flooded farm in Finland**

At the start of last week, an intense depression became slow-moving close to Spain and Portugal, bringing unseasonable cloud and rain to some holiday areas. Faro in the Algarve had 62mm of rain in 48 hours, compared to the average monthly total of 21mm. Seville recorded a maximum temperature of 17C on the May 5, about 10 degrees below average.

Further east a strong southerly wind (scirocco) was blowing in the central Mediterranean. This brought very hot air

from the Sahara moving across Tunisia.

Warm air feeding northwards across France reached the UK over the weekend, triggering severe thunderstorms in France and eastern England. Over 80mm of rain fell in parts of north London on Sunday, and many districts in the British Isles also reported a deposit of dust which had had been carried by winds from the Sahara.

● *Report compiled by the Meteorological Office. © Crown copyright, 1988.*

## The misery behind a continent's debt

**Bernardo Kucinski and  
Sue Branford**

**A**LMOST six years after the Latin American debt crisis first hit the headlines, people are bored with the saga. It is a tale with no heroes, no clear-cut villains, in which even the victims are nobodies — just ordinary people.

During these five years, an entire continent has become bogged down in economic stagnation. Per capita income has fallen by 10 per cent. Foreign trade has shrunk by more than 20 per cent, to \$150 billion, social services have collapsed and unemployment has soared. Latin Americans used to talk of the 1980s as the "lost decade". Now the question is whether the continent will ever be able to recover, at least within the old model of development.

The impoverishment is so widespread that it has become commonplace. Misery is not news. The media in the industrialised countries have gone back to the old clichés — the exotic Brazilian Carnival, the drug-trafficking, the isolated Indian tribes.

Everyone in Latin America opposes in principle the sacrificing of people's most elementary needs to pay the banks. But no one — not even the most radical political parties — has come up with an effective alternative strategy.

So far, the law of uneven development has worked on the bankers' side. When President Raoul Alfonsín in Argentina was prepared to break out of the vicious financial trap, bankers could rely on Brazil and Mexico to oppose any changes in the rules of the game. When Brazil declared its moratorium in February 1987, sparking off the financial crisis that led eventually to the New York stock market crash, it was the turn of Mexico and Argentina to use the crisis to win for themselves a few minor concessions and to leave Brazil alone.

This lack of unity can be partly explained by Latin America's history of colonial powers adopting divide-and-rule tactics. But it is not only that. Latin American minds have become colonised. Like the colonial servant who would not think of reacting against injustices imposed by his master,

so Latin American elites do not seriously consider debt repudiation.

A recurrent theme among the Latin American bourgeoisie — found even in the relatively radical stance adopted by President Alan García, of Peru — is that the debt must be repaid. "An honourable country must honour its commitments". It is rare for even opposition leaders to ask where was this honour when corrupt dictatorial regimes contracted the debts without consulting the people, or when Paul Volcker, then chairman of the US Fed, increased the Latin American debt burden beyond all reasonable limits by tripling world interest rates.

But the harshness of the debt machine could alter this mentality. This is the case even in Brazil, where the colonised mentality has been strongest, perhaps because its bourgeoisie is reluctant to give up the dream of joining the rich countries' club, of becoming the poorest among the rich, rather than the richest among the poor.

Recent figures for the Brazilian economy are like exhibits in a chamber of horrors. Inflation has reached 20 per cent a month, equivalent to an annual rate of 700 per cent. It is reminiscent of the level in the early days of the Weimer Republic in Germany in the 1920s. Many goods and services are already quoted in an imaginary currency — the OTN, a treasury bill whose value is adapted constantly in line with inflation. This hyperinflation coexists with the most severe recession in Brazilian history and a sharp fall in wages. Brazil's minimum wage is down to only \$50 a month, half its already low historical level.

Far from being the cause of inflation, the public deficit, which has now reached 5 per cent in Brazil, is caused by the debt. Debt-servicing today absorbs the whole of public revenue.

And, paradoxically, the more the country exports to pay the debt, the lower the public revenue, because exports are exempted from most taxes. Expenditure on social services has fallen by 32 per cent in the last five years.

Brazil's exports are reaching new heights, of around \$2.5 billion a month. But the other side of this coin is recession: Brazil's GDP showed negligible growth last year, and is expected to fall by 2 per cent this year. And Brazil needs annual growth of 6 per cent just to absorb the one million youngsters entering the labour market each year. At the same time, investment in fixed assets has fallen to 16 per cent of GDP, compared with 22 per cent in pre-debt years. This means a loss of \$17 billion in new investment each year.

Will it change? It is now clear that the solution has to be political and has to come from Latin America, rather than from outside. In Brazil, the solution could come sooner than foreign observers (particularly bankers) expect. It is no coincidence that so much effort is currently being put into postponing the presidential elections and transforming the economic crisis into a general political crisis that could perhaps bring back the military.

The most feared presidential candidate is Leonel Brizola, former governor of Rio de Janeiro, who, more than 20 years ago, was the first Latin American politician to seize a US company, ITT. Mr Brizola, who is 66 years old, is a Social Democrat. His charisma is so strong that, even with a very weak party and no money, he still heads the opinion polls. Mr Brizola's leadership is marred by his populism, which limits the support he could receive on the left, particularly from the Workers' Party, which has its own candidate, the former metal-workers' leader, Luis Inácio da Silva ("Lula").

But an alliance between Lula and Mr Brizola cannot be discounted. Opinion polls show that together they have a sufficient following to defeat a divided camp. Such an alliance would assume a left-wing nationalist stance and it could break the debt machine.

Their book on the Latin American debt crisis, *The Debt Squads — the US, the Banks and Latin America*, has just been published by Zed Press, London. price £6.95p.

● Citibank chairman, Mr John Reed, who heads a steering committee representing more than 300 banks with loans to Argentina, is due in the country for new debt talks which observers say are not going to be easy, particularly with the announcement that inflation is now running at almost 250 per cent.

## Navy sadness as Barker quits

THERE ARE misgivings within the Royal Navy at the news of the retirement of Capt Nicholas Barker, who commanded the Antarctic ice patrol ship *Endurance* throughout the Falklands conflict.

Many serving officers believe that his departure in a few weeks' time confirms that the mandarins at the Foreign Office and Defence Ministry have not forgotten the embarrassment they were caused when it was later publicly disclosed he had warned of growing Argentine bellicosity four months before the islands were invaded.

Although Barker's warnings were subsequently found fully justified by the Franks Inquiry, they were dismissed in Whitehall at the time as being part of a personal campaign to reverse the 1981 decision by the then Defence Secretary Sir John Nott to pay off the ship without replacement in May 1982.

The success of the virtually unarmed *Endurance* dodging Argentine patrols among the icebergs in the weeks before the arrival of the British task force and the ship's subsequent role in the recapture of South Georgia attracted much praise for Barker, who is, at 54, the Navy's most senior captain.

On one occasion during the conflict he telephoned Fleet headquarters at Northwood by satellite to seek instructions on what he should do if he encountered an Argentine missile destroyer around the next iceberg. "But I was told to phone back after two o'clock as the particular staff officer was at lunch," he says.

When, two years ago, he was given command of the new frigate, HMS *Sheffield*, while she was being built on the Tyne,

many in the Service had believed that his prescience and war record might lead to promotion to flag rank.

This, sadly, is not to be. Shortly after the *Sheffield* is formally commissioned into the Navy next month Barker will step ashore for the last time, having commanded her for only 10 weeks under the White Ensign which he hoisted for the first time at the end of March.

## Hunting bombs into security business

WHEN Britain was fighting the Falklands war the Air Force had to make do with conventional bombs for attacking Port Stanley airfield.

Now Hunting Associated is making a fortune selling the RAF its JP233 runway smasher bomb. But the orders end in 1991 and that will leave a £5m crater in Hunting's results.

Profits last year jumped 53pc to £18.1m on static sales, with JP233 giving most of the increase. And now Arab buyers of the Tornado bomber are queuing up for the weapon. But chairman Clive Hunting is launching an acquisition spree to fill the gap.

Hunting is paying up to £19m for Lynwood Scientific Developments, a private company which makes video monitors and high security computer terminals.



Clive Hunting: Spree

Keith Rushton, who will be running Lynwood, reckons there is a huge market selling fibre-optic linked machines to the City.

'Institutions have miles of cable which isn't secure from eavesdropping whereas fibreoptics are practically impossible to tap,' he says.

The market liked the results and lifted Hunting 30p to 443p. Brokers hope for £21.5m this year as the LAW 80 bazooka comes on stream. The 5p final dividend makes 9p (7.2p) for the year.

10 MAY 1988

## Press Cuttings

from Broad Street Associates



**THE INDEPENDENT**

### All the latest on CFCs

A MAJOR meeting of scientists interested in the adverse effects of chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) on the ozone layer has been called by the United Nations Environment Programme for October in The Netherlands.

CFCs, widely used in refrigeration, aerosols, air conditioning and foam-blowing, are of growing concern to environmentalists worried about depletion of the earth's ozone layer.

Over 40 countries have signed the Montreal Protocol which aims at phasing out the use of CFCs.

The Netherlands meeting will allow scientists to review information gathered during an American-sponsored Antarctic survey at the end of 1987 and discuss studies carried out since the Montreal Protocol was signed.

# All-women police stations put dent in Brazilian crime

By Moyra Ashford in Sao Paulo

IN BRAZIL, a woman's lot is not overall an enviable one. Yet the dynamism of the country sometimes throws up isolated advances that might astonish more traditional societies. One is the all-female police station, run for women by women, from the clerk at the door to the gun-toting detectives.

Sao Paulo, the pioneer, has six of the all-women police stations; most other major cities have one.

Two-and-a-half years after opening the doors of the country's first, Chief Insp Rosemary Correa counts the venture a resounding success.

"Wife-beaters now think twice. The re-incidence rate is very low, less than five per cent. And less than 20 per cent of the women who lodge complaints end up separating from their partners," she said.

"The women who come to us are the ones who don't want to separate; they want us to give him a talking-to so he doesn't do it again."

The only crime in which the stations have yet to make a dent is rape. Of the 5,703 offences registered in Senhora Correa's station last year more than 60 per cent were physical aggression, and 33 per cent were threats.

Rape represented less than one per cent. Not because it does not happen, but because women are still reluctant to report it. "Our great aim was to offer a woman the opportunity to lodge her complaint without constraint," said Senhora Correa.

"Women felt doubly raped, at the moment of the crime and later, by the male police officer. His first question would inevitably be, 'Were you dressed like that?', and the second, 'Where are your injuries?'"

"We understand that a woman who resists rape may be risking murder."

However, the social pressures against reporting rape remain intact. Husbands forbid their wives to do so, and mothers don't want it known their daughters have lost their virginity.

In their short existence the all-female police stations have proved themselves models of police procedure, in contrast to the average male-run station, where corruption, bribery and torture to obtain confessions are everyday occurrences.

Recently, however, a frisson of male prejudice confirmed flashed through the masculine ranks of Sao Paulo police.



Senhora Correa: Success

A man arrested for rape accused Senhora Jacy de Oliveira Pinto, chief officer at a Sao Paulo all-female station, not only of torture, but of having his chest forcibly tattooed with a graphic representation of a male organ.

He lodged a complaint with the court, baring the 10in-high, bright blue evidence to a room full of judges and horrified secretaries.

In the event, it took less than a week for two female detectives to track down the real tattooer. He was a prisoner in the detention centre, applying a new twist to the traditional treatment meted out to rapists and child molesters.

"We know that Insp Jacy didn't do that tattoo," said a female court clerk, "but wouldn't it be an excellent punishment for rapists?"

An anonymous, hand-written poem is pinned up on the waiting room wall at Insp Correa's police station. It is entitled A Woman has the Right, and one couplet goes:

*To be beautiful  
Without being considered  
stupid*

Brazilian women resist the notion that it is necessary to dress like a man in order to succeed in a man's world.

Senhora Correa is a good example. Blonde and pretty, she wafts perfume, wears delicate jewellery and keeps her pistol in her handbag.

Tim Coone on a dispute that threatens  
solidarity over the Falklands

## Uruguay fishing stirs muddy waters

THE WIDE River Plate estuary which divides Uruguay from Argentina is the thick red mud colour of weathered brick. Where it meets the clearer waters of the Atlantic Ocean, the detritus washed out from the continent serves as the base of the food chain which attracts shoals of southern hake every year to migrate north from the South Atlantic and Falkland Islands. Argentine and Uruguayan trawlers lie in wait.

Under a common fishing agreement signed in 1974, the zone stretching out to the 200-mile limit is shared by both countries' trawler fleets. But the boom in the South Atlantic fisheries since 1982 has caused a decline in catches in the River Plate region and the \$100m-a-year Uruguayan fishing industry is about to take a step which could deeply embarrass the Government of President Julio Sanguinetti and throw a new light on the diplomatic battle over the Falkland Islands.

"Either we get a fishing agreement with Argentina to fish in their waters or we will have to ask for fishing licences from Britain in the Falkland Islands," said Mr Americo Deambrosi, president of the Uruguayan Trawlermen's Association.

He explained that Uruguay's trawler fleet and shore-processing capacity is under-utilised by 25-30 per cent. Further expansion has been halted and plans for joint fishing agreements with the USSR have been shelved because the present catches are insufficient to keep Uruguayan trawlers fully employed.

Last year a buoyant Uruguayan economy experienced growth in almost every sector except fishing, which contracted by 1.1 per cent. In Argentina by contrast, fishing is virtually the only sector which is growing - last year at a phenomenal 20 per cent.

Later this month, senior Uruguayan officials are due in Buenos Aires to begin discussions on the possibility of giving Uruguayan trawlers greater access to Argentina's 200-mile exclusive economic zone. It is a move likely to be fiercely resisted by the Argentine fishing lobby, the most technologically-backward of which depends entirely upon the southern hake fisheries.

If the talks fail, Latin American solidarity on the Falkland Islands issue is likely to suffer its first major setback since the 1982 Falklands War.

A senior diplomat at the Uruguayan Foreign Ministry said his government wanted to be able to preserve its foreign policy stance on the Falkland Islands dispute: to support Argentina's position on the basis of peaceful negotiations. "Such an application for fishing licences (in the Falklands) would be an obstacle," he admitted, but added that it would also be difficult, if not impossible, to prevent any private Uruguayan company from making such an application.

However, at least two Uruguayan companies are already involved in the transshipment of squid catches from Asian trawlers to boats in Berkeley Sound, just north of Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands. The same boats call at Montevideo and pick up stores and foodstuffs, not only for the trawlers, but also for the 2,000 inhabitants of the islands.

According to Mr Jorge Fernandez, the president of Christopher- sen Shipping in Montevideo, each month eight or nine ships call at Montevideo and then head for the

Falkland Islands. He estimates that the value of services provided by Montevideo port to the South Atlantic fishing fleet amounts to \$35-40m per year.

Although he officially denies it, his company is one of those involved in squid transshipment in Berkeley Sound through its 10 per cent ownership of Sullivan Shipping Services, 51 per cent of which is owned by the Falkland Islands Development Corporation.

The lucrative contracts have become a source of cutthroat competition with another Uruguayan-owned company, Falklands Squid Company.

Mr Jose Carlos Pena, a former central bank president of Uruguay, is now the president of the Uruguayan shipping agency which owns Falklands Squid (and is itself owned by an Argentine company). He accuses Sullivan of "gross unethical conduct" in trying to monopolise the Falklands transshipment business which he has built up with his son over the past year.



The dispute centres around a ship, the MV Blakeney, which Mr Pena sold to Sullivan earlier this year, on condition that Sullivan would provide launch and transshipment services from Port Stanley to Berkeley Sound.

A subsequent telex from Sullivan to Mr Pena states: "We are the exclusive agents in the Falkland Islands for all vessels with which you are associated and you shall not be at liberty during the concurrency of our arrangement with you to employ or engage any other agent in the Falkland Islands so long as we are willing to provide agency services for the vessels."

Mr Pena is so enraged by the incident that expletives worthy of a paratrooper escape his otherwise controlled language. To win business and goodwill in the islands, his company has been transporting goods free of charge from Montevideo to the Falklands. This goodwill is now threatened, he says, by Sullivan's attempts to be the exclusive agent for the shipping lines which Mr Pena represents out of Montevideo. "It is a simple matter of business competition," said Mr Fernandez of Christophersen.

There are now some 500 deep-sea trawlers operating in the South Atlantic, including the Falkland Islands Conservation Zone, Argentina's 200-mile limit and international waters outside both zones but over the continental shelf. The size of the annual catches, now probably approaching 1m tonnes, is valued at well over \$1bn.

A defiant telex sent last month to Sullivan Shipping by Mr Pena makes the point succinctly: "We are in the Falklands and we intend to stay in the Falklands."

# Press Cuttings

from Broad Street Associates

THE GUARDIAN

9 MAY 1988

### **Prices spiral**

Argentina's inflation rate has hit almost 250 per cent a year as government officials prepare new loan talks with leading creditors.

### Argentine Inflation Surges 17%

BUENOS AIRES—Argentina's cost of living rose 17% in April, the second highest monthly increase since an anti-inflationary plan went into effect in mid-1985, the Economy Ministry said.

The General Confederation of Labor, which represents most of Argentina's unionized workers, immediately issued a statement criticizing government economic policy. It said that with such inflation, "it is impossible to live."

April's inflation, which compared with a 15% rise in March, boosted accumulated inflation for the first four months to 62% and the projected 12-month figure to 248%.

Nevertheless, change is coming. Sophia Karamali, 28, is Greece's first woman commercial pilot. "It was unheard of for a woman to be a pilot," she concedes. But after a year flying small planes to the Greek islands for Olympic Airways, she says she has "no real problems" and aims to graduate to Olympic's big jets.

Letta Dimopoulos, editor of the monthly trade magazine Shipping International, also says "things have definitely gotten better. Male associates fall over themselves to be helpful. They wouldn't have done this maybe 20 years ago."

Young women especially are optimistic. "It's the old mentality that keeps most Greek women out of things," says university student Maria Mourdjinis. "Most of my age group feel differently. We can do anything we want to. Why not?"

Indeed, on Cyprus, Greek women have caused a stir by objecting to being asked whether they are "Miss" or "Mrs." The Greek language has no word like the English-style "Ms." But in the Cyprus newspaper Alithia, grammarian Nicos Hadjioannou held out long-term hope. "A word (such as Ms.) is not created until you feel the need," he said.

Daily Telegraph  
9 May 1988

## 'Dirty war' general is extradited to Argentina

By Frank Taylor  
in Los Angeles

A FORMER general in the Argentine army, Carlos Suarez Mason, 64, was extradited from the United States at the weekend to face trial in Buenos Aires.

He is charged with murder and torture alleged to have been carried out under his supervision during the military junta's "dirty war".

Before being put on a plane at San Francisco airport, he allegedly signed a deposition in which he admitted ordering the arrest in 1977 of Jacobo Timerman, the Argentine newspaper publisher.

Señor Timerman, publisher of the daily newspaper, La Opinion, was one of the first to publish personal experiences of the military's clandestine prisons and torture chambers, in a book entitled "Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number".



Suarez Mason: 'Confessed'

In 1977 he was taken from home by soldiers of the First Army Corps, whose commander was Señor Suarez Mason. He was tortured and kept in jail until September, 1979, when he was deported to Israel. He returned to Argentina after the military relinquished power.

According to Joanne Hooper, an American lawyer, Señor Suarez Mason made a long statement on Saturday in which he confessed for the first time to ordering Señor Timerman's arrest after being told that the publisher was friendly with a banker who was allegedly funding Left-wing subversives.

In his book Señor Timerman wrote that the clandestine prison where he was held, in the Buenos Aires suburb of Martinez, was run by Señor Suarez Mason.

Señor Suarez Mason fled to America on a false passport in 1983. He was arrested in a San Francisco suburb last year at the request of the Argentine government.



Timerman: Secret arrest

During the extradition hearing he was accused by an American federal attorney, acting on behalf of the Argentine authorities, of being responsible for more than 400 crimes of torture, murder and kidnapping.

But Argentine diplomats said he was expected to be tried on only 39 counts.

### S Atlantic 'offer'

● Cristina Bonasegna in Buenos Aires writes: Adml Ramon Arosa, Argentine navy chief, has floated the idea of a new offer of formal cessation of hostilities in the South Atlantic, apparently hoping this will reduce British pressure on America not to sell arms to Argentina.

But the Argentine government immediately qualified this by saying that any ceasefire would depend on Britain opening negotiations not excluding the question of sovereignty.

## **Tumbledown**

I cannot understand why the film *Tumbledown* should have been made. It is true that the young men who fought in the Falklands endured battle and its natural consequences, injury or death for some.

Everyone knows this already without having it rammed down his throat by film-makers so ignorant and emotional that they imagine the Falklands a uniquely horrible war. It had horrible aspects, but nobody is entitled to say that it was more horrible than, say, Korea, Burma or Passchendaele, without first-hand comparison.

In many respects the Falklands was less offensive to modern susceptibilities than these earlier horrors: the conflict was short; the casualties were mercifully light. All war is offensive, but it sometimes has to happen.

P. C. THOMPSON,  
16 Edgar Street,  
Worcester.

HERE YOU HAVE THE ARTICLE ISSUED  
IN 'EL PAIS', THE 8<sup>TH</sup> MAY 88.

REGARDS,



Los Argeminos, en  
 su inversión en 1933,  
 llenaron de minas los  
 campos. Un latro es  
 fugido advierte del  
 peligro. Un golpe supe-  
 rior, importante  
 fuerza, se organiza

# VIAJE DISTINTO

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Una de las fuentes de riqueza son las ovejas. Todos los años se repite la operación de esquila a más de las 750.000 que pueblan las islas. A la derecha, Don Bonner, chófer del gobernador británico.



## MALVINAS

Cuando el Reino Unido cambia a la hora de invierno, Port Stanley (la pequeña capital de las islas Malvinas) cambia a la hora de verano. Esta medida se introdujo para permitir a la gente ir a sacar turba después del trabajo, para almacenarla para la calefacción o la cocina. Pero en el campo (*the camp*, como dicen los *kelpers*, es decir, sus habitantes rurales) se niegan a cambiar de hora. Viven, como se dice allí, a la *hora de Dios*. Durante seis meses, estas remotas islas del Atlántico sur viven, pues, a dos horas distintas. Incluso alguien llegó a proponer —como compromiso entre el campo y la ciudad— que se cambiara sólo media hora en verano.

Esta es la tierra donde "el hombre es hombre y las ovejas son nerviosas", dice Don Bonner. Don Bonner es quizá el personaje más popular de las Malvinas. Trabaja para el gobernador como chófer, criado y otras cosas. Cuando va al comando militar de Mount Pleasant —la base—, todo el mundo le recibe con cariño y verdadera amistad. Don recuerda cómo cambiaron en 1982 —cuando los argentinos invadieron las islas— el sentido de la circulación, pasando de la izquierda británica a la derecha. "¿Pero saben por qué lado de la carretera se circula aquí?", pregunta Don. Respuesta: "Por el mejor".

No le falta razón. La única carretera digna de este nombre, y no por ello excelente, es la que une Mount Pleasant a Port Stanley. El resto son pistas de tierra, y es arriesgado aventurarse por ellas incluso en los coches todo terreno. Un *kelper* ha montado una empresa de transportes con un microbús. Pero no va más allá de Mount Pleasant o del aeropuerto de Port Stanley, ahora reservado para las avionetas. Las calles de la capital están también hechas un desastre, y circular por ellas es como ir campo a través.

Una de las prioridades en las que los habitantes quieren que se inviertan los nuevos ingresos de las licencias de pesca en la zona exclusiva —verdadero maná que ha caído sobre las islas— es justamente las comunicaciones terrestres. La mejor manera de desplazarse de un lugar a otro son las avionetas (en manos de experimentados pilotos que saben/PASA A PÁG 58





## MALVINAS

VIENE DE PAG. 55 (volar con fuertes vientos). Este servicio lo aporta el Gobierno local.

Otra de las prioridades son los teléfonos, que prácticamente sólo conectan a algunas casas de la capital. Para comunicarse entre los asentamientos o pueblos, el medio ampliamente difundido es la radio, presente también en muchos vehículos. Claro, que rompe con la privacidad, pues cualquiera puede escuchar las conversaciones.

Antes sólo llegaba de la metrópoli un barco cada seis semanas. Ahora hay dos vuelos de la

Royal Air Force por semana. "No nos hemos acostumbrado a recibir el correo dos o tres veces por semana. Nos bastaba una vez al mes", comenta John Smith, director del museo en ciernes de Port Stanley. Sin embargo, todo el mundo está pendiente de la llegada del barco, cargado con todos los pedidos, pues en las Malvinas no hay prácticamente nada.

Tampoco hay nada que hacer, según los criterios de cualquier ciudad medianamente grande. Los que trabajan en los barcos —extranjeros— que van a pescar a las aguas de las Malvinas no bajan casi a tierra por falta de atracciones. "La

En la capital, Port Stanley, las edificaciones recuerdan el más puro estilo inglés. Abajo, el pub The Globe, uno de los escasos puntos de encuentro de los isleños.

gente va a beber, a emborracharse", señala Carmen Lazo de 20 años, enfermera que lleva tres años en las Malvinas, pues su madre, uruguaya, se casó con un *kelper*. "Es una pérdida de tiempo estar aquí", añade.

Sin embargo, para algunos que vienen del campo, la vida en Port Stanley —donde vive la dos terceras partes de la población de las islas— es demasiado ajetreada. Y éste es el pueblo sin discotecas —sólo hay una *portátil*, que se alquila en caso de fiestas—; no hay cine ni lugares de reunión para los jóvenes. En tres pubs de mala fama —como *The Globe*— y abiertos sólo unas horas al día se concentra la vida pública social. "Hay un alto consumo de alcohol en la isla", afirma el doctor Murphy, del hospital civil y militar de Port Stanley.

Los habitantes han hecho tras el conflicto, un nuevo descubrimiento: los restaurantes. La gente se arregla para ir a comer a Monty's, un local modesto en Port Stanley, o al restaurante de la aldea de Bluff Cove, a una hora de coche. Ambos abrieron sus puertas recientemente, y en su interior se sirve una comida muy británica, pues la vida en estas islas es muy británica, como los productos que se venden en las tiendas, o incluso la arquitectura de muchos de los edificios. Algunos, de piedra podrían haber salido directamente del Londres victoriano. No domina, sin embargo, la piedra como material de construcción, sino la madera, importada.

El restaurante Monty's, el que se vende también cerveza uruguaya, es propiedad de John y Jenny. Él era un infante de marina destinado a las Malvinas antes del conflicto, cuando se enamoró de la lugareña una historia frecuente en el pasado. Se casaron y se marcharon al Reino Unido, para regresar a la tierra de la mujer, donde —pensaron— podían abrir un local en un pueblo donde sólo había un *fish and chips*.

La verdadera revolución del ocio malvinense, ya que no hay televisión, es el video. En el censo de 1986, en el que figuraban 1.916 personas como habitantes de las Malvinas, arroja 4 aparatos de video en las islas. Gerry Johnson (nacido en las Malvinas) y su mujer Jennil han abierto una tienda en que además de ropa y otros productos alquilan videos. Tienen más de 2.000/PASA A PAG.

## MALVINAS

VIENE DE PAG. 56/títulos. "Los más populares son los de *suspense* y comedia, no de *sexo*", afirma Gerry.

La vida sexual es algo de lo que no se habla. "No conviene preguntar quién está casado o a quién, y quién es el padre de quién", señala un diplomático británico, pues en las Malvinas hay muchos cambios de parejas. Ésta es la tierra con la mayor proporción de nacimientos, matrimonios y divorcios del mundo, se asegura en las Malvinas.

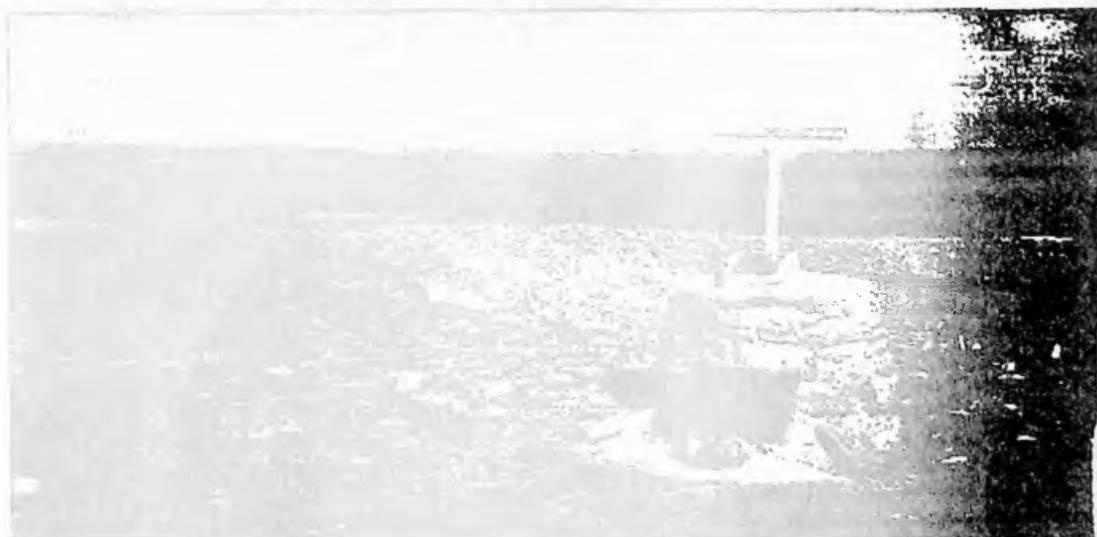
Si no se habla de sexo, sí se habla mucho de la naturaleza. Los *kelpers* están orgullosos de su entorno, y defienden su modo de vida. Incluso algunos temen el desarrollo que podría afectar la nueva prosperidad de la pesca.

Por su paisaje, las Malvinas se parecen a una Irlanda o una Escocia del Atlántico sur. De hecho, las islas están en la misma latitud sur que Londres en el norte. Es una tierra pelada, con pocos árboles —los pocos que están creciendo ahora lo hacen protegidos contra el viento o contra las 750.000 ovapas que andan casi libres—, donde los fuertes vientos que soplan dan la impresión de que el frío es mucho mayor de lo que indican los termómetros. Como en Londres, el tiempo puede cambiar cuatro veces al día en verano. En invierno hay borrascas de nieve. Todo ello no impide que algunos se dediquen a la tabla de la frente a Port Stanley.

La característica curiosa son los llamados *rios de piedras* que descienden de algunos montes, fruto quizá de antiguos movimientos de tierra de épocas remotas. Pero allí están, testigos de la historia. Si a esto se suman los restos de barcos —hay un centenar— que plagan las islas, éstas cobran una dimensión fantasmagórica.

En estos pelados parajes es sorprendente, sin embargo, la riqueza de la fauna. En primavera, los grandes gansos salvajes de estas tierras ponen sus huevos. También anidan las inmensas colonias de pingüinos —de al menos cinco clases—, mezclados con los cormoranes, mientras a lo lejos vuela el albatros.

La isla del León Marino (Sea Lion Island) es sumamente pequeña, una decena de kilómetros de largo por unos seis de ancho. En ella, en un recorrido



de dos o tres horas, pueden observarse los temibles leones marinos que saltan a las rocas o las gigantes focas elefante que vienen a descansar o a copular —el macho rodeado de varias hembras— en sus playas. A veces, dicen del lugar, surge una orca —la ballena asesina— del agua a toda velocidad, atrapa a uno de estos elefantes y se lo lleva a la mar para destruirlo.

En esta isla se inauguró el año pasado un hotelito confortable, si bien con paredes de madera, a través de las cuales se oye cualquier ruido. El edificio, totalmente prefabricado, se trajo desde la metrópoli. Lo dirige, con la esperanza de convertirse un día en su propietario (el hotel es de la Falkland Island Development Corporation), David Gray, que vino del

corazón de Inglaterra, pues ya no soportaba la vida allí.

Claro, que muchos de los que vienen a las Malvinas, aunque sólo sea temporalmente, aguantan con dificultad la vida aquí. Para unos, la vida es dura: no hay peluquería, no hay zapatero, casi no existe un carnicero y el oftalmólogo viene una vez cada tres años. Las mujeres deben hacer su propio pan, incluidas las de los diplomáticos, ya que sólo el gobernador dispone de servicio doméstico. Todo esto fue un choque tremendo para Liz, la mujer de Joe Marsh, director del Standard Chartered Bank, el único banco instalado en Port Stanley.

La bonanza económica en las Malvinas ha provocado una auténtica escasez de mano de obra. No sólo no/PASA A PAG. 60



## MALVINAS

VIENE DE PÁG. 58/ hay poco, sino que la gente tiene dos o tres trabajos. La inflación también ha llegado, y los salarios se disparan. Los obreros empleados por el Gobierno cobraban hace dos años dos libras a la hora. Hoy, tres libras a la hora. Y en la empresa privada, cinco libras a la hora. "Hay que hacer un verdadero esfuerzo para no lograr un empleo", señala Simon Armstrong, director gerente de la FIDC, encargada de fomentar proyectos de desarrollo en las islas. Sin embargo, el hecho

de que los que vienen de fuera con contratos temporales ganan mucho más que los lugareños provoca ciertas tensiones. A los *shepers*, los de fuera los llaman los *hennies*, por el personaje —"un poco tonto", dice Don Bonner— de una popular serie de la televisión británica. Y por del lugar llaman a los de fuera *wheeles*, pues, siempre que se ponen a hablar, cuentan sus experiencias en otros lugares empezando con un "When I was in..." (cuando estabas en...).

Es una vida cerrada. Todos se conocen. Y el domingo, al acabar la misa en la iglesia católica, el sacerdote invita a los

La fauna de las islas está reorientada fundamentalmente por los visitantes de mar y las colonias de pingüinos.

fieles a su casa para tomar el té (por la mañana) o una copa (por la tarde).

"Es un nuevo mundo", dice Peter Henderson, "en el que hay oportunidades". Henderson llegó de Nueva Zelanda para montar una granja en las Malvinas. Finalmente la FIDC le convenció de que montara un jardín hidropónico —el mundo del futuro—, en el que sin tierra, sólo con agua y abonos, ha comenzado a cultivar lechugas, tomates, pimientos, judías verdes, incluso coles chinas, para vender a los pescadores de Corea y Taiwan, cambiando así los hábitos culinarios de unos *shepers* cuya alimentación estaba basada en el cordero, y viejo.

Henderson, que hurtó un camión al Ejército británico, no se siente extranjero, pues cree en la Commonwealth británica, y preferiría que hubiera una dictadura militar en Argentina, porque así estaría seguro de que las Malvinas seguirían siendo siempre británicas.

El peculiar modo de vida obliga también a un singular tipo de educación. Para los niños que están en las aldeas y asentamientos, la enseñanza primaria se hace por radio. El profesor habla directamente con su alumno y le visita con cierta frecuencia. Los jóvenes van a estudiar a Port Stanley, y luego, si pueden, a complementar sus estudios superiores en el Reino Unido.

Las Malvinas quieren potenciar el turismo, pero todavía resulta caro (más de 400.000 pesetas ida y vuelta) el vuelo desde Londres. No obstante, el 4 de noviembre de 1987 llegó un primer avión canadiense desde Brasil con 60 turistas —profesores jubilados de Canadá—, que fueron recibidos con todos los honores.

Los hoteles no son aún buenos. Además, quedan 190 peligrosos campos de minas plantados por los argentinos en las islas, vallados, pero que las fuerzas británicas han renunciado a limpiar después de que 24 soldados resultaran heridos. Ésta es también una de las mayores preocupaciones de los padres de familia.

El turismo se orienta hacia dos tipos de actividades: los aficionados a los campos de batalla —para los que existe una agencia de viajes especializada en Londres— y los amantes de la naturaleza que quieren ver algo diferente. Y, realmente, se puede ver algo diferente. ■

## Richard Ingrams

**T**HE day I left Washington, the *Independent's* newly-promoted correspondent, Peter Pringle, was excitedly tapping out the story of how Nancy Reagan, according to Donald Regan's newly-published memoirs, had sometimes relied on the advice of astrologers for help in making difficult decisions.

Since then we have all had a good laugh about Mr Regan's revelations, which seem again merely to show the American President and his 'emaciated spouse' (as the fictional Denis Thatcher refers to her) in a comic light. However, there may be more to Mrs Reagan than just a rather batty American lady. She may well have grasped an important fact, namely the large part that luck plays in the careers of successful politicians.

Mrs Thatcher is no exception. It is clear, for example, that her position which looked so impregnable after her election victory last year has altered quite dramatically. One reason for this is simply that the public is fed up with her. Any democratic politician in the age of television has to live with the fact that people inevitably get bored seeing the same person on their screens year after year. What applies to Terry Wogan is equally true of Mrs Thatcher.

More interesting to myself and perhaps to astrologers is the way in which it seems her luck has run out. No one has had more of it. Her greatest, most spectacular

success — the victory in the Falklands — was in no small way achieved by luck. For example, it would only have been necessary for one or two more Argentine bombs to have exploded when they were dropped on British warships for the expedition to have been a disaster and a fiasco.

Nowadays, however, things don't seem to go so well for her. The Poll Tax has all gone wrong and the SAS killings in Gibraltar, very much a bold Falklands-type operation likely to appeal to the Prime Minister, have resulted in a series of disasters for her which show no sign of letting up. Tory MPs who followed her blindly when her luck was in are now beginning to voice their doubts. Perhaps Mrs Thatcher will have to take the lead from Nancy and hire a competent astrologer.

## Argentine funds go to Uruguay

BY TIM COONE IN MONTEVIDEO

ECONOMIC policy uncertainties in Argentina have caused an estimated \$100m (£55m) in funds to shift to the Uruguayan financial centre of Montevideo in the past two months, according to the Uruguayan Banking Association.

Mr Alberto Benson, a senior analyst of the association, said that proposals to increase taxes on time deposits and profits from government bonds in Argentina were the most likely cause of the sudden rise in Argentine deposits in Uruguay.

The controversial tax proposals have come from the opposition Peronist Party in Argentina, as the Government has sunk deeper into a financial crisis, facing wage demands from teachers, promises to increase pensions

substantially, and bankruptcy in many provincial governments.

The Argentine Central Bank has adamantly opposed new taxes on deposits and government bonds, but apparently lost the battle yesterday when legislators of the ruling Radical Party agreed to include such taxes as part of a new package to be debated in the Congress in the coming week.

Last September, the Radical Party lost its absolute majority in the Congress and now has to make important concessions to the opposition to get new legislation approved.

The outflow of funds to Uruguay, while still a relatively small percentage of funds deposited in Argentine banks, never-

theless reflects the general growth of Uruguay as an offshore financial centre in South America, where banking secrecy and freedom from exchange controls have made it a convenient centre for channelling funds into and out of the region.

According to the association, deposits in the Uruguayan financial system amounted to \$2.3bn, of which \$750m are foreign deposits. Approximately \$500m of these offshore funds are redeposited or lent offshore.

There are 21 private banks registered in Uruguay, eight of them foreign, although according to the association, most of the 13 local banks are also majority-owned by foreign parents.

# Press Cuttings

from Broad Street Associates **THE GUARDIAN**

7 MAY 1988

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## **General faces trial**

US Supreme Court Justice William Brennan has refused to stop the extradition of retired Argentine general, Carlos Suarez Mason, sought on charges of murdering 39 political prisoners during the military government's "dirty war" in the 1970s. — Reuter.

## Venezuela set to buy British tanks

By Robert Graham

THE Venezuelan Government is at an advanced stage in negotiations to buy 84 British made Scorpion light tanks.

The deal, understood to be worth around £47m, is the largest single military purchase from Britain by a Latin American country since the 1982 Falklands conflict.

Venezuela was among the most vociferous supporters of Argentina during the conflict and for a time cold-shouldered trade links with Britain.

The Scorpion is made by Alvis and any sale is expected to include training. The company itself is declining to comment on the contract.

But the deal has been enthusiastically supported by the British Government and it appears there will be no problem in obtaining Export Credit Guarantee backing.

The purchase forms part of a major upgrading and modernisation of the Venezuelan armed forces.

For more than two years the armed forces have had a shopping list of over £500m for the three services.

### Constraints

However, financial constraints arising from the debt crisis were cast aside after Venezuela came close to a confrontation last August with Colombia over disputed waters in the Gulf of Venezuela.

At the same time, the government of President Jaime Lusinchi has shown increasing concern over security problems posed by the increase in activity by left-wing Colombian guerrillas along the border.

Security considerations have been a factor in holding back exploitation of oil resources in the western llanos (plains) of Venezuela.

Mr Tim Eggar, Minister of State at the Foreign Office with responsibility for Latin America, will visit Venezuela at the end of this month as part of four-nation tour of the region.

In Venezuela, Mr Jose Vincente Rangel, a prominent columnist and former left-wing presidential candidate, has attacked the deal as being over-priced.

**Navy calls for  
Falklands peace**

Admiral Ramon Arosa, the head of the Argentine navy, has come out in favour of declaring a formal cessation of hostilities in the South Atlantic, claiming this would be the way to a solution in the Falklands dispute, *writes Jeremy Morgan in Buenos Aires.*

The Foreign Minister, Mr Dante Caputo, opposes any such declaration unless Britain first agrees to negotiate sovereignty. But Admiral Arosa said only that there would have to be "a similar attitude on the part of the British."

Fishing News  
6 May 1988

Ships for carrying  
troops present

# Falklands arrests

**THREE** vessels have been arrested in the 150 mile Falklands conservation and management zone for illegal fishing and transshipping — the first arrests since the zone was declared in October, 1986.

The Korean squid jigger *Cheung Yong 5* was fined £80,000 for fishing illegally on Monday, April 25. She was 90 miles north of Pebble Island, and when challenged by patrol vessel *Falklands Desire* she weighed anchor extinguished her lights and made off.

She stopped 20 minutes later after a pursuit by *Falklands Desire* and was escorted into Port William.

A second incident involved

the Polish trawler *Granik*, which was seen illegally transshipping to the mother-ship *Gryf Pomorski* in Berkeley Sound without a licence.

She was escorted to Port William and her master was fined £1,000 for what the Falklands Islands government said was "an administrative oversight" (maximum fine £16,000).

"It is believed the master will face a pretty bleak future when he gets back to Poland — £1,000 is a lot of money there, especially in foreign exchange," said the spokesman.

The third incident involved a Korean vessel, which was fined £10,000 for fishing without a licence. It had been seen earlier and was arrested when it came in to tranship.

## **Ships for carrying troops 'present security problem'**

By Air Cdre G S Cooper, Defence Staff

BRITAIN'S INCREASING reliance on hiring foreign-manned ships for troop reinforcement was presenting a security problem, the Commons Defence Committee found yesterday in an inquiry into merchant shipping and civil air transport for defence purposes.

British-registered merchant ships are employing cheaper foreign crews to stay in business, and the size of the fleet has shrunk significantly in the last ten years.

"For defence purposes we no longer confine ourselves to the British register," Mr John Howe, Assistant Under-Secretary Personnel and Logistics, told the committee.

The presence of foreign sailors in ships hired by the Defence Ministry has increased significantly since the Falklands war.

In last November's Exercise Purple Warrior, which involved a Falklands-type landing of 20,000 troops in South West Scotland, nine foreign ships were hired and some of the British vessels used had foreign crews.

The foreign ships came from Denmark and West Germany.

Some security protection could be assumed, in view of their Nato ownership, but Ministry experts were not sure whether any East German crew were aboard.

Polish, Yugoslav and Communist Chinese sailors could have been manning the ships, it was admitted.

Mr Howe assured the committee that the Ministry could order a company to change the crew of a requisitioned ship from foreign to British, though there might be difficulty in finding the right crew in a hurry.

In contrast to serious concern over the supply of merchant ships in a period of tension, civil aircraft and crews would more than meet military requirements, the committee was told.

# Feasting in a thin market

The secondary debt market has come of age following changes in the banks' perceptions of LDC credit risk which prompted last year's round of provisioning, reports Michael Milbourn\*



1982 was the year which saw the birth of the secondary market for LDC debt. 1987 was the year when it came of age. And this was not only because the market experienced what other more mature securities markets had been seeing for some time - team moves (although this new development was in itself symptomatic of more fundamental changes which were taking place).

During 1987 at least three international banks decided to enter the trading market by acquiring existing teams from other institutions. More would have done so if it had not been for a substantial shortage of experienced personnel. A number of others took on individuals and attempted to build efficient units around them. Today there are about 30 investment, merchant and commercial banks with groups dedicated to the trading of LDC debt, not to mention a number of brokers and other intermediaries resident in countries - particularly in Latin America - whose debt is actively traded.

Also in 1987, probably more international banking conferences were dedicated to this market than to any other single subject - to the point that debt conference fatigue was beginning to take over from debt fatigue itself as the major tribulation affecting bankers involved in the rescheduling process.

All of this resulted from a significant increase in activity in the secondary debt

Illustration: Alberto Ricci

\* Michael Milbourn is a director of Standard Chartered Merchant Bank Ltd



# TORMENT OF WAR HERO THEY LEFT FOR DEAD

**ROBERT LAWRENCE** has got everything to live for. He is a handsome young man with a beautiful wife, a healthy three-month-old son and a home of his own.

Yet, Robert, 27, a lieutenant in the Scots Guards, had nearly half his brain blown away in the Falklands war and was left for dead. He was hit in the head by a high-velocity bullet fired by an Argentine sniper in the bitter battle for Tumbledown mountain.

Today he is bravely rebuilding his life—after doctors told him he would never walk again. His left arm and leg are paralysed, he has a metal plate in his head and he finds it hard to cuddle his little boy, Conrad.

Robert has vividly relived his private nightmare in the Falklands six years ago for a controversial £1.2million BBC drama called *Tumbledown*, to be screened at the end of the month.

One of the most horrific scenes will portray him killing an enemy soldier shortly before he was shot himself.

Robert says: "It was a very weird experience. I remember killing the Argentinian—the third person I had killed.

"He was lying face down on the ground pretending to be dead but I knew the dangers of walking past one of the enemy in that situation.

**Argy blew**

**away half**

**Rob's brain**



PRIDE: Robert's  
Military Cross



ON GUARD... Robert in his Scots Guards dress uniform

By JULIE FAIRHEAD

### Stabbed

"I plunged my bayonet into his arm and he reacted. The bayonet broke, so I stabbed him dozens of times with what was left.

"I stuck it in his face, his throat, his body, anywhere. But he wouldn't die. And he kept saying in English, 'please.'

"I stabbed him until he died. People just don't realise how difficult it is to kill someone. I'm not proud of what I did. I was trained to do that."

Robert, one of only two Scots Guards awarded the Military Cross for bravery in wiping out a machine-gun nest, was shot shortly before ceasefire on June 14, 1982.

He says: "I suddenly felt a pain in my head and realised I had been hit.

"The bullet, fired from just 20 yards, took a 4½-inch by 3½-inch section of my skull out"

### Courage

Robert was left untreated for two and a half hours before being bundled into a crowded helicopter and flown to the hospital ship Uganda.

Doctors—amazed that he even survived—told him he would never walk again and would be permanently incontinent.

But today he has founded the medical profession with his courage and determination.

He not only walks again, but he has married a stunning girl, Tina, 25, become a father and bought and renovated a pretty cottage outside Oxford.

And Robert and his retired wing commander father John have also written a book, *When The Fighting Is Over*, to be published when *Tumble-down* is screened.

But even as he recovered, his ordeal continued.

Robert says he was considered too badly wounded to go to the victory parade and to wear a uniform at the St Paul's Cathedral memorial service.

Yet he was ordered to attend in uniform when British Leyland gave cars to the Falklands injured.

He later found out that what he thought was a gift from BL had been deducted from his South Atlantic Fund payment.

And when he was discharged from the Army in 1983 and went to say goodbye to his regiment—motto: *Unity Through Strength*—he claims he was told to keep a low profile because he was "bad for morale."

His only apparent physical disabilities are a paralysed left leg and left arm.

He has a steel plate in his head and he walks

with a limp, but he is determined to live life to the full.

He says: "One thing my injury has taught me is that we are only here once and you may as well get something out of your life."

### Fight

"The only reason I didn't die was that I was too frightened.

"If it happened again, I would be just as frightened and I'd fight as hard to live."

Robert, who joined the Army at 16, is in constant pain but discusses it without bitterness.

He says: "The plate in my head only causes me trouble when I hit it on a beam in the cottage.

"But my paralysed arm is so heavy it pulls ligaments out of their sockets and that hurts.

"And because of my paralysed leg, I walk on the outside rim of my foot which makes it sore.

"My right-hand side suffers because it is over-used and takes all my weight.

"It's very important that people realise I'm like this because I fought for my country."

"I can't bear it when strangers think I was born spastic or that I got my injuries in some stupid car crash."

He married Tina last July and shortly afterwards the couple moved from London after Robert was mugged several times.

He says: "People seem to like attacking cripples. My car was regularly broken into too."

Their new home, a derelict 18th century country cottage bought with money from the sale of their London flat and part of Robert's South Atlantic Fund payment, was so damp that weeds were growing inside and part of the roof had caved in.

### Medal

His battle to make it habitable is yet another example of his desire for a normal life, for although builders did the difficult work, Robert has done much himself.

He put up shelves with one arm and managed to hang pictures as a surprise for Tina when she came out of hospital after giving birth to Conrad.

He says: "Doing the work myself saves money and takes me forever, but if I set my mind on something, I'm very determined. I want to make our home special."

Pride of place on the dining room wall goes to Robert's Falklands medal, hanging next to the bayonet his grandfather used in the battle of the Somme.

The citation says: "His actions were an outstanding example of leadership under fire and courage in the face of the enemy."

### **Refuse**

Before the high velocity bullet ruined his hopes, Robert hoped to join the SAS and then government intelligence.

Now, with the making of Tumbledown, he plans a career in films and will soon be starting work as a production executive on a television thriller.

But he refuses to let his disability interfere and has largely controlled his bladder and bowel problem.

Robert says: "Crapping yourself is traumatic and usually happens if I'm very tense and have something important to do.

"For my own pride, I work very hard to control it and try to keep near a toilet and go regularly."

If he's working away from home he often goes all day without eating.

"It's so much hassle eat-

ing with one hand as I can't feel the left side of my mouth so I don't know if food is dribbling down my chin," he says.

"It's easier not to bother."

He tries not to take his frustrations out on Tina, and says: "I was depressed before I met her. I rely on her happiness."

She, in return, relies on his.

Many women would have thought hard about marrying a man against whom the odds were stacked so massively, but Tina says: "I don't know whether I knew it was right or whether I was too much in love to realise."

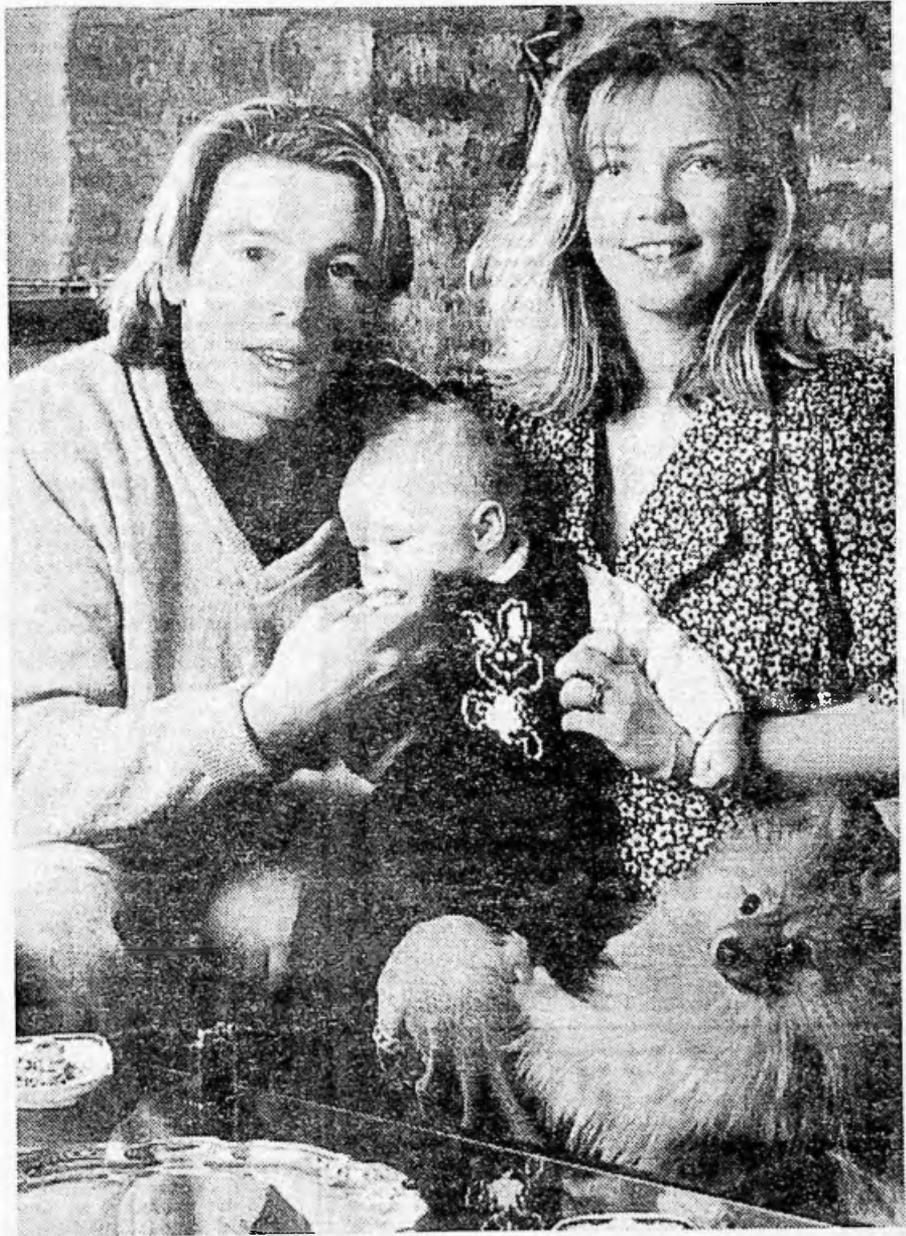
One of the worst moments in their marriage, however, came when she saw the first complete version of Tumbledown.

### **Cried**

She says: "The actor who plays Robert was running. It somehow brought it home to me that I never have and I never will see him run.

"I cried, but then I realised that his mind has taken over what his body can't do and that his mind is always running.

"He cries a lot, which at first I thought was weakness, but now I see it as a strength. I consider him to be a real hero."



**HERO AT HOME . . . Robert, Tina and three-month old Conrad**

## **FUND STILL HELPS**

ROBERT LAWRENCE gets an Army disability pension of £11,000 a year and he received one of the highest pay-outs from the South Atlantic Fund—a lump sum of £135,000.

Robert says he is renegotiating the payment but has to produce further medical evidence before fund trustees will even consider a re-assessment.

The fund raised £15,170,000 and £14,067,000 has been paid out to almost 800 people. Fund secretary Commander Ken Stevens says it still has £3½ million to spend because of "careful accounting" and "wise investment".

Of the 255 men who were killed in

the conflict, 132 were married and their widows received payments ranging from £30,000 to £70,000. Of those wounded, only 10 men got payments of more than £100,000.

The fund paid out £569,000 last year to men and the families of men who have developed new illnesses.

Commander Stevens says: "Men have become mentally ill, some have gone deaf or suffered arthritis. So anyone who suggests that we are simply sitting on this money for the sake of it is talking rubbish.

"Most of the men involved in the fighting were in their early twenties, and it may be years before they show any symptoms of illness."

**UK defence relies  
on a strong navy**

*From Mr John Willman.*

Sir, John Lloyd's analysis of the British shipping industry indicates strong market pressures to cut costs (April 26).

The cost of running Filipino-manned and Indian-officered ships is a third of the cost of ships manned by British seafarers. Given these competitive pressures, British shipping companies are flagging out or seeking to reduce their wage costs to match third world rates. We should not stand idly by while the British merchant navy is reduced by those pressures.

Even the most fanatical standard-bearers of the free market accept that there are cases where the state must intervene when markets produce unacceptable outcomes. Classically, the defence of the realm is one of these cases. Surely on those grounds the Government should intervene to avoid unacceptable results of unfettered competition for the British merchant marine.

The defence of our island relies on a strong navy, supported by a viable merchant marine. We cannot expect Filipino seamen to risk their lives to defend Britain. If we require a strong defence, a British-manned merchant navy is essential.

The Falklands could not have been retaken without the efforts of seafarers in the merchant navy, who are now being treated harshly by their employers and with disdain by the Government. It is not an exaggeration to say that the future of this country may depend on a more equitable solution of this problem.

John Willman,  
*Fabian Society,*  
11 Dartmouth Street, SW1

## Talks on Antarctic mining

THE ANTARCTIC Treaty governments have started a month-long meeting to hammer out rules for commercial mineral exploitation on the continent, AP reports from Wellington. The talks will climax six years of negotiations for a convention covering oil, gas and minerals development in Antarctica.

Environmentalists, such as the Greenpeace movement, oppose any exploitation and warn that the continent's mineral riches

could become the cause of a military conflict as the world's natural resources dwindle. Greenpeace wants the continent declared a "world park".

There are 19 countries with geological programmes in the Antarctic, led by Australia which claims 42 per cent of the land mass. The US estimates there are 48bn barrels of offshore petroleum reserves as well as vast quantities of coal, copper, gold and uranium and other minerals.

## Argentine military trainer jet attracts US interest

BY TIM COONE IN BUENOS AIRES

ARGENTINA'S new military trainer jet, the IA63-Pampa, has attracted keen interest within the US Air Force as a possible replacement for its Cessna T-37, according to diplomatic sources in Buenos Aires.

The US Air Force, which has cancelled its own T-46 programme, is in the market for a trainer and could order up to 600 aircraft. A Pampa deal would be worth about \$2.4bn to Argentina.

Mr Robert Pastorino, US Defence Under-Secretary, recently visited the plant where the Pampa is manufactured. This was seen in Buenos Aires as a follow-up to reports on the aircraft by US test pilots.

The Pampa, a subsonic jet trainer, which first flew in 1985, is going into series production of 68 aircraft for the Argentine Air Force.

The aircraft has been the subject of a big marketing effort by Aérea Material Córdoba, the State company which has designed and built it with assistance from Dornier of West Germany.

AMC has identified 15 potential

foreign buyers, of which the US is the most important. The company claims that the IA63 is competitively priced at \$4m each, and has avionics superior to those of equivalent European models. The closest competitors are the Dassault-Breguet Alpha jet and the Spanish Casa Aviojet.

The US is to provide \$17m-\$18m in spare parts for the UH-1 Huey helicopters and M-113 armoured personnel carriers operated by the Argentine army, as a result of Mr Pastorino's visit and the parallel visit of General José Dante Caridi, the Argentine army chief, to the US.

Finance for the deal has still to be arranged. According to diplomatic sources, no direct US government finance will be involved and so manufacturers' credit is the most probable source.

More extensive deals with the US, involving the sale of new equipment and spare parts for the McDonnell Douglas A4 Skyhawks operated by the Argentine Air Force and Navy, are apparently being made subject to Argentina declaring a formal end to hostilities with the UK over the Falkland Islands.

# Press Cuttings

4 MAY 1988

from Broad Street Associates **THE GUARDIAN**

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**C**ONFUSION all round over the non-appearance of **Adolfo Perez Esquivel**, the Argentine human rights leader and winner of the 1980 Nobel Peace Prize, who had been expected in London for a meeting with peace campaigners tonight. A message from Buenos Aires, received at the Quaker Peace and Service office, Friend's House, suggested that he had been refused a visa — "the authorities had not been helpful" **Marigold Best**, Latin-America Secretary, was told — to visit Britain at the start of a European tour. But the Foreign Office was adamant last night: "Buenos Aires has no record of any application from him at all."

# ITV was wrong to broadcast programme on Gibraltar shootings

SIR—The ITV programme (April 28) on the killing of three IRA terrorists in Gibraltar should have been prevented from being broadcast.

The presentation was biased, witness were led and conclusions were drawn that were inaccurate, or at least questionable. Guilt on the part of the Forces was assumed from the start and the programme was constructed to support this view.

The IRA have themselves admitted that their personnel were "on active service", which is their jargon for being engaged in terrorist activities. This alone puts them in the category of outlaws, or at best enemy soldiers.

As such they are not entitled to the privilege of being challenged or warned before being shot. Until the IRA themselves use the procedure of warning their victims that they are about to be shot, there is no reason why they should be accorded the privilege.

It is the duty of the Forces of the Crown to protect the State and its citizens from attack. It is not the duty of the Forces to submit to attack without the option of defending themselves, though they are forced to submit to this, in the interests of sectarian bias, in Ulster.

For the TV programme to assert that the terrorists were in the act of surrendering when they were shot is to arrogate to themselves the hindsight that is denied to mere mortals. The one that fled was certainly not giving himself up.

Their witnesses could not have understood what they were seeing unless they were watching the IRA persons from before the attack until it was over. To claim 100 per cent recollection is unbelievable.

To state that an Explosive Ordnance Disposal officer could have deduced from the attitude of the car suspension that the vehicle was not loaded with sufficient explosive to form a highly lethal car-bomb is ridiculous.

Simple visual examination of the interior of the car would not have allowed

an experienced officer to give it clearance. It would take a detailed examination to do so, therefore a lethal risk existed.

The suggestion that remote control of a bomb is impossible over the distance and houses of Gibraltar is, again, mere supposition. It is known that IRA bomb-making techniques have improved immeasurably over the last decade and they are in receipt of equipment from abroad that could have permitted remote initiation of a device under those conditions.

The possibility that it might not have been possible is insufficient justification for the assertion made in the programme.

N. AYLIFE-JONES  
Salisbury, Wilts

## Implausible sighting

SIR—Unlike Richard Last (TV review, April 29), I found Carmen Proetta's evidence far from convincing.

It is quite implausible that a casual observer, peering from a window and surveying a distant, busy and noisy street scene, could be so emphatic in her evidence. "They had their hands in the air, at the moment the British troops fired, and the terrorists made no threatening movements. When they saw these men had guns they put their hands up. Putting their hands in the air was not a reflex action but like giving themselves up."

Are we expected to believe that a casual observer is so well trained as to be able to make such expert judgment? It was obvious that she was very well rehearsed in her part.

B. M. HEMBRY  
Canterbury

## Crocodile tears

SIR—Like thousands of other decent people I think that the management of Thames TV and their reporter should not get away with it, and that they should be castigated for giving what



amounts to comfort to the enemies of this country.

The programme was in no way impartial. Nothing was said about the dozens of British soldiers, UDR soldiers and members of the RUG who have been shot in the back without warning in Northern Ireland.

I am disgusted with the people who shed crocodile tears over the deaths of three murderers. When the Security Forces kill them, a fate they richly deserve, these people call it murder, but when one of the Security Forces is murdered by the IRA it is claimed by them that he is a casualty of war.

Sqn Ldr J. R. CASSELS  
Exmouth, Devon

## Bound to influence

SIR—Your editorial on the Gibraltar shootings (April 29) ends with the words "The IBA was right to refuse him" (the Foreign Secretary's request to postpone a programme on the subject).

If we are to sustain the "high moral ground against terrorism" then we must support independent justice. In a sense the IBA broke no law.

But it would be naive in the extreme to believe that it will not be influential to a *sub judice* case. The Gibraltarian authorities may ban it, but video cassettes will ensure that it is seen.

The witnesses should be called and their credentials examined. But this should be in a court of justice and not in a highly inflammatory TV documentary.

For these reasons I totally disagree with the opinion stated in the leader column.

MARJORIE CROCKER  
Harpenden, Herts

## Cockeyed priorities

SIR—Has this country gone absolutely crazy?

If an IRA gang guns down a soldier or policeman without challenge, warning or mercy, the fact is mentioned in six-line reports in newspapers or read after the really important news, like snooker results, in news broadcasts.

If the the British security forces kill three IRA men planning to execute another bomb outrage, the whole world reverberates with expressions of horror. They were not warned! They were not challenged! They could have been taken prisoner!

Isn't this rather like a boxing contest in which one opponent can use knives, bottles, knuckledusters or black-jacks to his heart's content, and the other has to box to Queensberry rules with one arm tied behind his back?

Naturally, wars should be fought to Geneva conventions, assuming that both sides obey the rules. If IRA men wore uniforms, so that they could be recognised, they would be entitled to the benefits of civilised warfare.

But if they wear civilian clothes, if they shoot to kill, if they do not take prisoners, there is no reason why their opponents should do so.

S. SEELEY  
Sale, Cheshire

## Absurd agonising

SIR—We are certainly an extraordinary nation.

Instead of being down on our knees in thankfulness that a hideous atrocity was prevented, here we are beating our breasts and tormenting our consciences over whether the security men acted correctly.

This may be agreeable to some, but if the security men are to face prosecution and perhaps imprisonment for their action in such cases they will no longer volunteer for the job. What then?

They are up against not ordinary criminals like bank robbers, drug traf-

fickers and muggers on the underground but against members of an armed enemy force who are, in their own words "on active service", who are "killed on active service" and who are at war with all of us and who fight it as a war in the most ruthless and pitiless manner.

For us to agonise in the comfort of our TV lounges over whether the action taken for our protection by the security forces in these perilous cases was correct down to the last jot and tittle of legality and democratic procedures is to my mind absurd.

J. C. B. DEAKIN  
Lancing, West Sussex

## Remission for what?

SIR—Following the ITV documentary on the Gibraltar killings, I would also like to know why Mairead Farrell was granted remission. In 1976 she received a 14-year sentence for terrorist crimes.

Whilst in prison she was the women's leader of the "dirty protest", actions not conducive to a successful remission application. Had she served full sentence she would today be alive behind bars and the events of March and April might never have happened.

JOHN LIVINGSTON  
London W6

## Poor image abroad

SIR—While visiting New Zealand recently I was struck by the frequency with which the newspapers included such statements as "the IRA are guerrillas fighting to oust the British from Northern Ireland", as if the British were an occupying force.

Mention to my friends that the inhabitants of Northern Ireland had voted more than once — to be part of Britain was met with polite disbelief. If these attitudes exist in a Dominion which has a population of overwhelmingly British descent, it is hardly surprising that visiting politicians from America to Northern Ireland should know no better.

F. J. KINGSMAN  
Thornton Heath, Surrey

## Plans laid to thwart Antarctic treaty

ENVIRONMENTAL groups say they will campaign to the last to prevent an international agreement being reached that would allow commercial exploitation of the Antarctic.

While delegates from the 37 Antarctic Treaty nations in conference here believe they are close to an agreement, the environmentalists refuse to give up their dream of having the Antarctic declared a world park, safe from developers and pollution. If agreement on development of the world's last wild continent is reached, the environmentalists say privately they plan to launch national campaigns to prevent it being ratified by the parliaments of treaty members.

Diplomats from the treaty nations feel they will be ready to adopt the Antarctic Minerals Regime by the time their meeting ends here on 2 June. The New Zealand Foreign Minister, Russell Marshall, said at the start of the meeting that its aim was not to open up the

From David Barber  
in Wellington

continent to mining, but to fill a gap in the 1959 treaty which declared Antarctica a demilitarised and non-nuclear zone but which did not prohibit prospecting and mining.

The treaty nations say they do not intend to mine in the near future but need strict controls in place to protect the environment and prevent an unregulated scramble if anyone does move to exploit the continent's resources. A total of 19 countries operate geological programmes in the region and finds of oil, gas, copper, iron, platinum, uranium, gold and silver have been made.

Chris Becby of New Zealand, who is chairing the meeting, told *The Independent* that despite continuing differences among the delegations, he expected a convention con-

taining the most rigorous environmental standards in any international treaty to be agreed.

But Roger Wilson, a British member of Greenpeace, says differences were serious enough to prevent an agreement. And if one were reached, it would only encourage prospecting and mining by removing investment instability. The Antarctic environment and ecosystem would inevitably suffer, he said.

After signing, every member country will have to adopt its provisions in domestic legislation and the agreement will then have to be ratified. The Wellington meeting has to decide how many ratifications will be needed to bring the convention into force.

It will be a long process, even without environmentalist lobbying. The United Nations Law of the Sea convention was adopted in 1982, and had 159 signatories, but still has only 35 of the 60 ratifications required to make it binding in terms of international law.

## Alfonsin promises severe government spending cuts

BY TIM COONE IN BUENOS AIRES

A SEVERE reduction in government spending this year has been promised by Argentina's President Raul Alfonsin to halt the country's rising inflation rate.

In his annual speech made to inaugurate the new session of Congress on Sunday, he said that last year's fiscal deficit, which amounted to 7.2 percent of GDP, was incompatible with the consolidation of economic stability.

However hard the measures might appear in order to obtain fiscal balance, they were always better and less prejudicial for public welfare than the effects of accelerating inflation, he added.

Retail prices have risen by an estimated 60 per cent in the first

four months of 1988. The government's political commitment since the beginning of the year to the freeing of price controls and free wage bargaining between employers and unions has meant it now has few options left other than to tackle the fiscal deficit directly.

President Alfonsin said a new tax package approved by the Congress was insufficient, and must be complemented with cuts in public spending.

Since the beginning of the year petrol prices have increased by 126 per cent, gas prices by 92 per cent and telephone charges by 164 per cent.

### Antarctic waste

Dear Sir,

The photo caption published with Richard Houses's article "The syndrome takes its toll in the pack ice" (25 April) does not reflect the British Antarctic Survey's (BAS) positive attitude towards its responsibility to minimise environmental disturbance and pollution in Antarctica or its good relationship with Greenpeace. Any action which adversely effects the environment and its ecosystem jeopardises the research entrusted in us by Government and the paying public.

All nations leave fuel (and food) depots at abandoned stations and strategic landing sites for emergency use. BAS has a policy of checking its depots periodically and replacing ageing supplies. We have thanked Greenpeace by telex for their thoughtful action in transferring fuel oil from leaking drums to new containers.

The alarmist statement on sewage referred to macerated human and kitchen waste disposal at Faraday Station (population 14). Research has shown that such waste is quickly incorporated into the marine food chain and is insignificant compared with the vast amounts excreted by bird and seal populations.

BAS adheres strictly to the waste disposal policy approved by the Antarctic Treaty System. Fuel, batteries, hazardous chemicals, radio-isotopes, plastic etc are transported from Antarctica. Non-hazardous, combustible materials are burnt. Metal objects are flattened and dumped where sea currents carry them into deep water. New policies will ensure all non-biodegradable materials are removed from Antarctica after 1989.

All mankind benefits from Antarctic research eg, into ozone depletion, carbon dioxide warming of the atmosphere, ice-cap stability related to sea-level change, conservation and the rational exploitation of living resources.

Yours faithfully,  
Dr D. J. DREWRY  
Director  
British Antarctic Survey  
Cambridge  
29 April

**News in brief**  
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**£80,000 fishing  
fine in Falklands**

A Korean fishing captain has been fined £80,000 by Falklands magistrates and had his catch, valued at £100,000, seized for fishing inside the islands' 150-mile licence zone. Two other Korean ships are being held pending investigations.

**FALKLANDS FINE**

Falklands magistrates fined the captain and owners of a South Korean fishing vessel £100,000 for fishing without a licence, in the first case to be brought since Britain declared the islands' 150-nautical-mile fishing zone in 1986.

AT HOME WITH



# ROBERT LAWRENCE

**D**own to his shoulders there is nothing unusual about 27-year-old Robert Lawrence. He has a healthy shock of long blond hair, direct brown eyes, a full smile and a firm, straight chin. He speaks articulately and obviously has a trained mind.

It is only when he stands up and reveals a paralysed left arm and leg that you see the devastation caused when 45 per cent of his brain was blown away by a high velocity bullet in the Falklands War.

It happened during the battle for Tumbledown only minutes before the ceasefire. The then 21-year-old lieutenant in the Scots Guards was left untreated in the field in freezing conditions for two and a half hours before being flown – with his head hanging out of the door of an overcrowded helicopter – to the hospital ship *Uganda*.

There he was put at the back of the queue as his injuries were deemed to be so severe that he probably wouldn't make it, while doctors fought for more likely survivors. He waited for a further four and a half hours

during which time he never lost consciousness. If he had he wouldn't have survived.

His weight plummeted by four and a half stone in three weeks. He spent a year and a half in hospital recovering and coming to terms with the resulting paralysis. He was told he'd never walk again and would be permanently incontinent.

The fact that neither the severe shock nor the injury killed him and that he can now walk without a stick is astonishing and makes the humiliations he suffered afterwards in the hands of the authorities seem even more brutal.

His controversial story can be seen in the deeply moving £1.2 million film *Tumbledown* on BBC1 at the end of May.

It has been directed by Richard Eyre, the script is by Charles Wood and Robert is portrayed by Colin Firth. Robert and his father John Lawrence have also written a book *When the Fighting Is Over* to be published at the same time.

In the book Robert describes how he was considered too badly wounded to attend the victory parade and to wear a uniform at the St Paul's Cathedral memorial service. Yet when British Leyland presented cars to the Falklands' injured he was ordered to attend, wearing uniform. He

later discovered that the cost of what he thought was a gift had been deducted from his South Atlantic Fund payment.

When he was discharged from the army in August 1983 and went to say goodbye to his regiment he was told not to wander around as he was 'bad for morale'. Bureaucracy was slow to come up with any money.

He now has an army disability pension of £11,000 a year and had a lump sum of £135,000 from the South Atlantic Fund, which he is renegotiating (£3½ million of the fund is left).

Apart from recovering from the physical and psychological effects of his injury, it has been a time of 'cynical awakening' made more difficult as he comes from an established military family. His father is a retired wing commander and now assistant secretary at the MCC, his mother was in the WRAF, his brother won awards at Sandhurst and he himself couldn't wait to join up at 16½.

Some people say his story is anti-war, anti-army and particularly anti-government, but ▷

◁ Robert insists his motive has been to tell what happened to him, both at the time of the injury and his treatment afterwards.

'I understand the army are meant to defend the realm and are not a welfare office. People ask me when I became anti-establishment but it's not like that.

'Part of me still thinks Mrs Thatcher and her government is the best thing that has happened to this country.' He paused. 'But part of me hates it. The qualities that made me a good officer are now blamed for making me a rebel.' He is not, however, content merely to live in the past. 'One thing my injury has taught me is that we are only here once and you may as well get something out of your life.'

*Tumbledown*, which he started to get off the ground in 1984, was useful not just as a cathartic experience – 'Can you imagine spending over a million on therapy?' – but also as a lead-in to the film industry, which he wants to make his future career. Before the high-velocity bullet wrecked his ambition, his plan was to join the SAS and then government intelligence. He is also determined to lead a full personal life. He married last

July and has a son Conrad, aged three months.

I went down to the small village in Oxfordshire where he has made his new home. He has a certain bolshiness that, despite everything, I initially found rather off-putting. He wanted to run the interview his way and spoke to me like a general describing a battle to a raw private.

**H**eroes – he was awarded the Military Cross – should be palatably packaged or else dead – like they are in the movies. Robert is neither. His left arm flops spastically at right angles to his body and although he can walk it is with a pronounced limp and considerable pain. As for the bolshiness, it is of course what saved him from dying, got the film off the ground and keeps him going.

He moved into the country from London towards the end of last year after several muggings – ‘they seem to like attacking cripples’ – and his car had been regularly vandalised. He loves the peace and particularly the wildlife. ‘Although,’ he said, ‘since my accident, I can’t bear to see even a sparrow injured. Last week I

hit a rabbit while driving. I cried my eyes out.’

The cottage dates from 1705 and was so dilapidated that it had no roof in places and weeds growing inside. He used the proceeds from selling his London flat plus a portion of the money from the South Atlantic Fund to purchase and improve it. They used builders but he also did a lot himself. ‘It saves money, but takes me forever. Can you imagine putting up shelves with one arm? If I set my mind on something I am very determined.’

He managed the shelves over several days as a surprise for Christine when she came home from hospital after having their baby. He also hung every picture himself.

His efforts have been a labour of love and his care over the decor reveals his imagination, flair and sense of style. ‘I wanted to make things special here,’ he says. ‘My star sign is Cancer and I love my home.’ It also reflects his love of the film industry. ‘In some respects I have dressed my home like a film set.’

The kitchen is very large with some real and some polystyrene beams, pine table and large dresser crowned by a pair of antlers Robert found in Scotland. The sitting-room has a colonial feel with stone fireplace complete with Scots Guards regimental sword and scabbard hanging above and art deco lights on pillars beside. There is a blood-red antique wicker sofa and chairs, and a tigerskin doing a handstand up a wall.

Many of the bits and pieces have come from auctions, which he enjoys attending. There are lots of elephants: ‘I love them. I bought one with 100 army Durex when I was in Kenya.’

His Falklands medals hang in the dining-room close to the bayonet his grandfather used in the battle of the Somme.

There is also a colour photograph of Robert, dashing in red uniform and bearskin; he did a stint at Buckingham Palace. Bedrooms are on the next two floors reached via some rather tricky stairs. He is not one to try to make life easy for himself. In describing his choice of decor, and indeed much else, he had used ‘I’ rather than ‘we’. Did Tina always agree with him? ‘In the end I have a controlling say over what happens,’ he said. ‘I have a tendency to be too intense and dictatorial. I can say to Tina “I have thought this through and we are going to do it”. I have to encourage her to think it through as well.’

Tina, still in that post-birth fog of first-time mothers, is, however, no pushover. Her strength continues to fire him with determination. ‘It was his imagination that saw the potential of the place,’ she said. ‘I don’t mind if he wants to make most of the decisions. It is one of the few things he can enjoy.’

Many women might have had second and third thoughts about becoming involved with a man with such physical and psychological injuries but Tina didn’t worry. ‘I don’t know whether I just knew it was right, or whether I was too much in love to realise.’ It has, however, meant a huge adjustment.

‘One of the worst things when I saw the film was seeing the actor who plays Robert running. It somehow brought it home to me that I never have and never will see Robert run. I cried but then I realised that his mind has taken over what his body can’t do and that his mind is always ▷



‘Since my accident I can’t bear to see even a sparrow injured’

Robert’s cottage dates from 1705. He did much of the repair work himself. Below: the wounded are tended during the Falklands fighting. Robert was not expected to survive



< running. He cries a lot which I first thought was weakness but now I see as strength. I consider him to be a real hero.'

Did she mother him? 'If he'd wanted that from me I don't think I'd have taken him on.'

**H**e has felt the loss of attention since the baby arrived and she acknowledged that particularly with builders in the cottage and the tension over the film 'it has all been very difficult. At first Richard couldn't hold the baby at all, but now he's worked out a way of picking him up by his armpit.' She grinned. 'But he has a good excuse for not changing his nappy.'

Robert was quite a dandy in his officer days and used to have his suits made. Now he cannot even bear going into shops and buys his clothes by mail order. 'The Next Directory has been marvellous.' One of his pleasures is sitting in the sitting-room in the evening - 'I really like the way I've lit it' - preferably in front of a blazing fire. 'I'm a television addict and read a lot.' He smiled, 'Spycatcher, T E Lawrence, that sort of thing. I don't often go to bed before 1 or 2am.'

He gets up about 8am. If he rushes it takes him an hour to have a bath and get dressed. 'Getting a suit on is a real hassle' - although getting it off quickly can be even worse. He has largely but not completely conquered both his bladder and bowel incontinence. 'The social effects of crapping yourself are very traumatic and usually occur if I am very tense and have something important to do. For my own pride I work very

hard at it. I try to keep near a toilet and go regularly.'

He is determined not to let it interfere with his career and will soon be starting work as a production executive on a thriller. If he is working away from home he will often not eat all day. 'It's so much hassle eating with one hand. I cannot feel the left side of my mouth and don't know if I'm dribbling food. It's easier not to bother.'

Cigarettes are a perfect substitute. He chain smokes. Wasn't he worried that they'd do to him what the Argentines didn't? 'I've tried to give up, and had hypnosis and acupuncture.' 'And a nagging wife,' added Tina. 'But nothing works. In a way, I understand. He cannot get enjoyment out of physical activity. He has to have something he likes to do.' Robert smiled. 'I will give up sometime. Perhaps when we go to Australia.'

He doesn't intend to stay in the country more than a few years, while gaining experience in the film industry, partly because he has an insatiable restlessness and partly because of the British weather. 'I am in constant pain. I have two fused vertebrae in my neck from the whiplash of the injury and when it's cold and damp everything gets even worse.'

'When they put the four-and-a-half- by three-and-a-half-inch plate into my head it took a year to get used to it but it doesn't cause me any trouble unless I hit it on a beam when it feels really strange. What does hurt is that because my paralysed arm is such a weight it pulls ligaments out of their sockets. Because of my paralysed leg I walk badly on the outside rim of my foot, which makes it very sore. My right-hand side suffers



because it is overused and takes all my weight.'

Did exercise or physiotherapy help? 'I should have a couple of hours of physio every day, but I don't want to turn into a professional patient. I have no incentive to exercise in the cold. I would rather find a lifestyle that is good for me.'

Did the pain make him very irritable? 'Sometimes Tina receives the brunt of the frustration although I was much more depressed before I met her. I rely on her happiness.' How does he react to people meeting him for the first time? 'I cannot bear it if they think I was born spastic or if they think I got the injuries in a stupid car accident. It's important that they perceive it as something out of the ordinary - fighting for my country for something worthwhile.'

Did he still feel that, even after his 'cynical awakening'? 'Although at times I feel I have been dealt a bum deal, I accept that I have been given an unusual lot in life. As yet I just cannot work out why. It's even odd that the hair over the transplanted skin has grown back.'

'The only reason why I didn't die was that I was just too frightened. I didn't have any religious experience. I would be just as frightened again and would automatically fight to stay alive. Can you believe the last thing I said before I was shot and I charged towards Tumbledown? "Isn't this fun?"' **YOU**

# Why the Army shuns a hero's tale

A month before it is shown, a BBC film portraying the brutal reality of the Falklands battle of Mount Tumbledown has already angered the Defence brass. **Simon O'Dwyer-Russell**, Defence Correspondent, reports.

**A** 21-YEAR-OLD Scots Guards Lieutenant, Robert Lawrence, lay on Mount Tumbledown trying to move his hands so that someone would realise he was still alive. It was dawn on June 14, 1982, only hours before the Argentine surrender that ended the Falklands War.

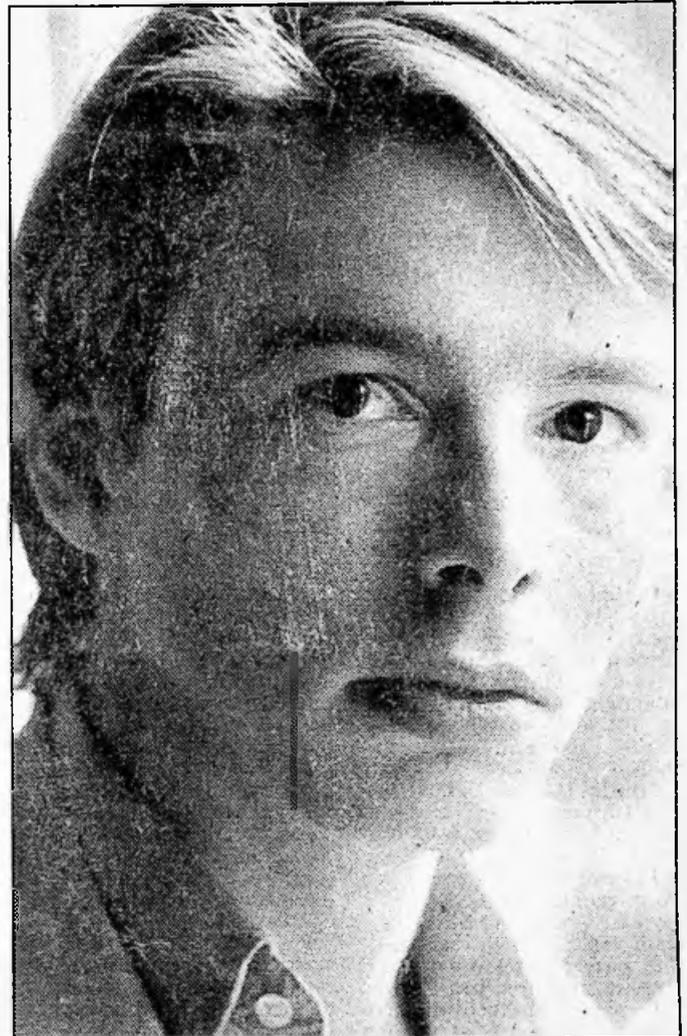
Moments before, an Argentine sniper's high-velocity bullet had torn through his head, removing most of his upper skull and at least 40 per cent of his brain.

He should not have survived the bullet's impact, and the guardsmen in his platoon, after seeing his horrific wound, presumed he hadn't. "The buggers think I'm dead," Robert muttered to himself, frantically trying to move so that he was not left for dead.

The snow, packed around Robert's hideous head-wound by his men, who were amazed to find him alive, probably saved his life by slowing down his metabolic rate. The ex-Scots Guards helicopter pilot who volunteered to fly on to the summit of Tumbledown to evacuate him under Argentine mortar fire undoubtedly did.

These horrific events have spawned the first major television drama about the Falklands War. The BBC's production, *Tumbledown*—written by Charles Wood, a close friend of Lawrence's—to be shown later this month, has already drawn criticism from Defence Secretary George Younger, who claims the play will cause "grave offence" to officers who took part in the attack.

Produced in the past year



Robert Lawrence: "It's not an anti-war viewpoint"

with the active support of Robert Lawrence himself, the £1 million drama pulls few punches as it follows Lawrence's rapid evacuation from the Falklands to a peaceful, and uncomprehending, England in mid-summer.

While undoubtedly controversial, *Tumbledown* has no political axe to grind, nor can it be cast in the role of Left-wing alternative to Ian Curteis's *The Falklands Play*, cancelled by the BBC before last year's general election. While the BBC should think hard about balancing the impact of *Tumbledown* by showing *The Falklands Play* at a future date, Robert Lawrence's story takes BBC drama way beyond the puerile propaganda shown in the recent *Airbase* production.

Six years after the Falklands War, Robert Lawrence is now

married with a young son and making a new career as a production assistant in the film industry. Because of his horrific head wound, the left side of his body is still paralysed. Having struggled to stay alive and regain the use of his shattered body, he views *Tumbledown* as the culmination of four years' work and suffering.

"I'm absolutely thrilled that *Tumbledown* has been made and is to be shown. I reject totally any claim that it is politically biased or presents an anti-war viewpoint. After my personal experience, I have long wanted to illustrate to the British public, and if possible make them understand, what they asked young men to do when they sent us to war in the Falklands."

The Scots Guards' assault on Mount Tumbledown was perhaps the most bitterly fought

battle of the Falklands War. The Guards conquered Tumbledown after a brutal and bloody all-night fight in which bayonets were used as much as rifles against stubborn Argentine Marines occupying well-prepared positions. By dawn, the battle had cost the Scots Guards nine men killed and 41 wounded.

The son of a retired RAF wing commander and with a brother who also served in the Scots Guards, Robert Lawrence is anything but a Left-wing troublemaker. His courage has been officially recognised: he is one of only two Scots Guards officers who were awarded the Military Cross for bravery during the attack on Tumbledown.

Robert Lawrence MC objects to the idea "that all the Argentinian troops fighting on the Falklands were frightened 16-year-old conscripts". "The Marines we fought on Tumbledown were professional, hardened troops who stood their ground and fought like devils," he says. Despite the refusal of the Army to assist in the production of *Tumbledown*, Lawrence is confident that the Scots Guards officers who fought in the Falklands will understand his reasons for helping to make the film.

"I don't feel that I am betraying either my former regiment

or my brother officers. We shared a horrific experience on that mountainside, and six years on we are still a tight-knit group. For the Ministry of Defence, paranoia set in early over *Tumbledown*, even before they saw the script. While this has meant that the Scots Guards have not helped in the drama—and it is drama not a documentary—I have had nothing but help and support from my friends."

The Army refused to discuss the attack on Tumbledown, or to put forward serving officers for interview, or to comment on the play. However, several former Scots Guards officers, all of whom took part in the attack, agreed to talk about their experience and the *Tumbledown* drama. Mindful of the Defence Ministry's objections to the BBC's drama, all asked not to be identified.

Said one former platoon commander, now working in the City: "I fully understand why Robert feels the need to make this drama. For him it is a form of exorcism, perhaps to explain to himself and justify in his own mind what happened to him. I am not at all opposed to the reality of what we did on Mount Tumbledown being brought home to the British public in their drawing rooms. I hope this

is done without smearing the reputations of some officers who are still in the Army."

Another platoon commander during the attack, also now out of the Army, expressed the hope that the "bestial reality of the battle, bad enough if accurately portrayed, is not embellished by the BBC. I also hope that some of the more horrible incidents, less easily explained to a population with no direct experience of war, are not laboured in *Tumbledown*."

All expressed their unqualified support for Robert Lawrence, "a valued friend and a professional officer who did more than was asked of him on Tumbledown". All hoped that the "staff officers" in the Ministry of Defence, with no experience of such a battle, understood Lawrence's motives in assisting with the play.

One of the scenes most likely to upset former officers and Ministers alike is that in which an 18-year-old platoon commander, who had been wounded by the back-blast of an anti-tank weapon and whose platoon sergeant had died in his arms only minutes before, shouts: "Don't go on Robert, it's awful. Don't let them make you. Shoot anyone who tries to make you."

Lawrence, while accepting that the scene is likely to cause huge resentment, insists that it is right to include it. "At the time I felt nothing but contempt for the boy. Now, knowing how brave he had been and that he was wounded at the time, combined with my own experience, I feel nothing but complete understanding for him."

The BBC's producer of *Tumbledown*, Richard Broke, whose past works include *The Monocled Mutineer* and *Churchill: The Wilderness Years*, insists that "there is nothing political in *Tumbledown*. It is a brutally honest examination of what young men went through in the Falklands... Robert is a brave young man with immense drive; we try to reflect this in our production."

In America it took almost 20 years for Hollywood to pluck up the courage to produce films like *Platoon*, *Hamburger Hill* and *Full Metal Jacket*, which honestly covered the horrors of Vietnam. Only six years after the Falklands War the BBC, with *Tumbledown*, has produced a hauntingly honest drama which, though controversial, cannot be criticised as politically biased.

Robertson had been trained by Aurigny in the Channel Islands.

After completing a course in Britain, Norman he had spent several months flying between Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Southampton and other airports, the islands' favourite airline. He was joined by colleagues Mike Goodwin and another pilot, the three pilots who fly for FIGO's Channel Islands Government Air Services, all trained with Aurigny.

They are the first to tell you of the similarities between the postings, with the exception of the aircraft's controls.

In the Channel Islands they landed on hard runways under the direction of some of the world's most sophisticated air traffic control facilities. The airports used are among the busiest in Britain.

In the Falklands they call up the nearest settlement on a short-wave radio set and land on grass strips. Emergency cover is provided on some by a Land-Rover which pulls a fire extinguisher while the only other aircraft seen are military Phantoms, Hercules and Tristar jets. And if anything should go wrong the chances are that stranded passengers would send out messages for help on carrier penguins!

#### Aurigny flight training for the Falklands

Sitting alongside the pilot of a Britain-Norman Islander aircraft as it winged over sandy bays washed with white foam from ice blue breakers you might imagine the view was of Alderney. Well, your guess would be closer than you might think, for although the aircraft was 8,000 miles away in the Falklands, the pilot Paul



Emergency cover is provided on some grass strips by a Land-Rover which pulls a fire extinguisher

**SOUTHERN AFRICAN** owners have now bought two large freezer stern trawlers from France. They are the *Finlande II* and the *Islande IV*, which are sister factory ships. French owners SNPL operated four similar ships mainly off Canada, but the tightening up of fishing opportunities over the other side of the Atlantic has given the company no choice but to sell two of the ships and put the other two on to the market, forcing redundancies.

Harry Oiknine of Barry Rogliano Salles, the Paris-based shipbroker, told me that it sold the *Islande IV* to the Southern African owners last year and, now, the *Finlande III* is to follow later this year.

The next two ships to be sold by SNPL will be the *Commandant Gue* and the *Zelande*, which have also been operating off Canada. Two new ships designed for fishing under Canadian rules are likely to replace them and be registered at St. Pierre et Miquelon.

Harry Oiknine says that the *Finlande* is a freezer stern trawler equipped with Baader machines and she was built in 1974. She is 285 ft (86.87 metres) long and

sold for around £2.7 million (FF27 million).

The Italians built the *Finlande* and *Islande*. The *Finlande*, FNI reported at the time, was delivered with two Nohab Polar engines of 1800 hp at 750 rpm and was a speedy vessel, achieving 17 knots. She worked with a crew of up to 60 and had her own fish meal plant.

One sale that Harry Oiknine will not now be making is that of the *Saint Patrick*, a 178 ft (54.26 metre) long trawler. The Le Goff-owned ship sank off the Orkney Islands in mid-February.

"It's a pity for us," said Harry Oiknine but, luckily, all the crew got off.

Now on the company's books is the *Nordic I*, which was converted from a fresher to a freezer trawler in 1983. She is owned by Nord Pecheries of Lorient.

Starting a new career in Chile after being sold by Barry Rogliano Salles is the *Bonaparte*, the 178 ft (54.25 metre) stern trawler owned by L'Armement Leporc of Fecamp and SCOA. I featured the vessel in the February Ship Sale and Purchase column and her new owners, I'm told, are **Pesquera Aicomar**.

The saga of selling the Italian-built 351 ft (107 metre) long Faroese blue whiting mince ship *Olaf I Gardastouv* continues. After the Hull, England, based **Hughes Food Group** pulled out of a sales deal, I understand that the Koreans are considering buying the former surimi ship, possibly with the aim of putting her on Alaska pollack in the Bering Sea.

Falklands memorial is planned for Plymouth

# Last salute for the Plymouth

HMS PLYMOUTH, the warship which fired the first shells in the battle to regain the Falkland Islands, fired her guns again on April 15 when a 15-gun salute marked the frigate's final visit to her home port of Rosyth before she decommissions. She was wearing a 374-foot paying off pennant.

During the battle for the Falklands the frigate escaped serious damage when directed hits by four Argentinian bombs failed to explode. Later her wardroom was the scene of the signing of the Argentinian surrender.

Now she has just completed a five-month deployment as West Indies guardship, visiting such places as Nassau, New Orleans, Vera Cruz, Grenada, Antigua, St Lucia, Puerto Rico and Savannah.

## Triumphant

After leaving Rosyth, she made a triumphant final visit to her namesake city of Plymouth, where she was greeted with a 15-gun salute. As she sailed in she was met by the new HMS Sheffield before being welcomed by the Lord Mayor.

Many civic and social events followed, there was a march through the city and the ship was open to the public. The commanding officer (Cdr. Tony Dymock) officially opened the renamed HMS Plymouth room in the Council House.

Later, entering Portsmouth harbour for the last time, the Plymouth — last of the Type 12 frigates — fired a 17-gun salute to the Flag of the Commander-in-Chief Naval Home Command, using specially em-

barked saluting guns.

The right to this rarely exercised privilege was granted by Admiral Sir John Woodward to mark the close of the ship's 27-year career. The ceremonial required her to embark a pair of four-pounder Hotchkiss saluting guns. In reply, her commanding officer received a seven-gun salute from HMS Dolphin.

She had the last Wasp helicopter flight embarked on her final entry into Portsmouth.

MOD has been in discussion with Plymouth City Council about the possibility of the Council taking over responsibility for the ship as a floating museum.

# Falklands memorial is planned for Plymouth

A MEMORIAL containing the names of all members of the maritime forces who died during the 1982 Falklands conflict is planned for a garden memorial area at the Western end of Plymouth Hoe.

Six memorials representing various campaigns and battles are being brought together in the garden area which faces the sea at Belvedere. The Falklands memorial, and possibly others, are planned for an adjoining and linked area at slightly higher level.

Much hard work towards establishing a new Falklands memorial has been carried out by the HMS Ardent Association, which commemorates the Type 21 frigate lost in the Falklands conflict.

While the names of those who died in HM ships Ardent and Antelope are recorded in St Nicholas Church in HMS Drake, association members felt strongly that it would be appropriate if, as in the case of Portsmouth, the names of all maritime personnel who died in the Falklands could be viewed by families, friends, and

members of the public in a public location like the famous Hoe.

Of the six memorials being located in the lower-level garden, three have been transferred from other locations — a Falklands memorial plaque (without names listed), and the Burma Star and Polish Naval memorials. With them in the near future will be three new memorials, those of the Normandy, Korean and Dunkirk

Veterans.

The names on the new maritime memorial now planned will include Royal Navy, Royal Marines, RFA, and Merchant Navy personnel who lost their lives in the South Atlantic.

Negotiations with the City Council have, it is understood, been protracted and complex. Final details had not been resolved at the time of writing, but it is hoped that erection of the memorial will go ahead,

subject to architectural approval.

As with the other three new memorials, the City Council is only providing the site.

Costs of the new Falklands maritime memorial are being met entirely from funds raised through the Ardent Association, with the generous help of such groups as senior rates' and wardroom messes, RNA branches, and the China Fleet Club.

With Spirit of St. Paul, Portsmouth for the George's Bay ceremony.



STAINLESS steel fittings and gifts worth more than £50,000 have been donated by Yorkshire firms to HMS Sheffield, the latest Type 22 frigate to be accepted into Royal Navy service.

Many of the gifts, which include a crucifix and a christening stand, are already on board the new "Shiny Shuff" which more expected to arrive before her commissioning in July.

The gifts will maintain the traditional links which began with the first HMS Sheffield back in the thirties.

Like her two predecessors named after the world-famous steel city, the Sheffield has already adopted her nickname

because of the amount of stainless steel fittings that are visible. Even the ship's bell is made from Sheffield stainless, as is all the cutlery aboard.

Within days of her acceptance ceremony in Portsmouth the ship had her first VIP visitor with the arrival of King Olav of Norway.

At 84, Europe's oldest reigning monarch, he was on a four-day State visit to the UK which included a tour of the historic ships in Portsmouth — HMS Warrior, HMS Victory and the Mary Rose — and a visit to the new Sheffield.

## Improved

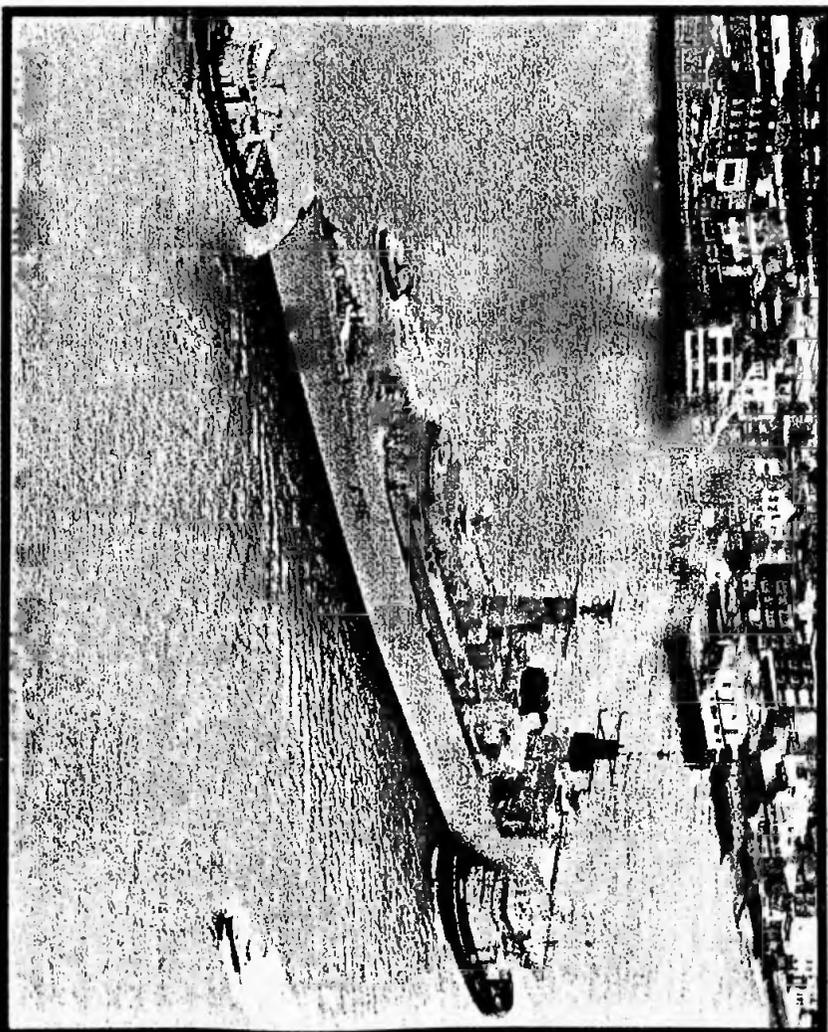
At his request he was shown the ship's torpedo system and saw how special anti-fire curtains could be quickly positioned to reduce the spread of smoke and fumes in a fire — a much-improved system to that on the Type 42 Sheffield which suffered an Exocet missile attack during the Falklands war, with 20 fatalities.

Other new safety devices the King saw included breathing apparatus and smoke hoods which would provide vital extra minutes for escape.

A more personal touch for the King came when he was presented with photographs of himself and his father, King Haakon, on board the cruiser HMS Glasgow in 1940.

The pictures, which were sent to the Sheffield by the HMS Glasgow Association, were taken when the royal pair were escaping from occupied Norway with members of the Norwegian Cabinet.

After a frantic race for the coast, pursued by Nazis, they



HMS Sheffield enters Portsmouth for the acceptance ceremony.

boarded the Glasgow with millions in gold bullion, later transferring to another ship which took them to Portsmouth and safety.

With this visit to the Sheffield 48 years later King Olav has seen the latest in warship design and with it the world's most up-to-date naval technology, all of which is under the command of Capt. Nicholas Barker, who was commanding officer of HMS Endurance during the Falklands campaign.

Capt. Barker is now an author of some note, having had two books published and a third on the stocks.

His first, "A Season of Conflict" tells the story of the Endurance's 1981-82 deployment in the South Atlantic. His second, a novel called "Red Ice", was published a couple of years ago and he is now working on a third, "Murky Water."

A totally different concept to his other commands, the 4,100-ton frigate's main role will be anti-submarine and she will carry a pair of Lynx helicopters armed with anti-submarine torpedoes.

Defence of the ship is provided by a Sea Wolf anti-missile missile system and 40 and 20mm guns, while improved sensors "pick-up" attacking

missiles faster and more accurately than in the past.

And when it comes to packing a punch, the Sheffield can be compared with the best there is with its surface-to-surface Exocet missiles.

This month the Sheffield and her 300 officers and men carry out their first official duty when she sails up the Thames to support an investment project to help unemployed people in Sheffield.

After that she will sail to Hull — the port nearest to Sheffield — for commissioning in July. It is expected she will be in full service by the end of the year.

# Navy bids its last farewells to the Wessex and Wasp

## FLYING FINALE

HELICOPTERS don't get gold watches for long and faithful service, but if there were such awards those two old work horses, the Wessex and the Wasp, would have clicked for a presentation.

For after more than a quarter of a century of service with the Navy they have finally been withdrawn and replaced. The Sea King has taken over from the Wessex, and the Lynx from the Wasp.

The finale for both types came on March 31 when 771 Naval Air Squadron at RNAS Culdrose, said a sad farewell to their famous Wessex Search and Rescue flight and signed on four Sea Kings specially adapted for the role.

Others to follow suit were 772 Naval Air Squadron at HMS Osprey, Portland, and the SAR unit at HMS Daedalus which has more than 1,000 rescues to its credit.

For the Wasp, the last heave across the line into retirement came when 829 Naval Air Squadron at Portland organised a fond farewell event to mark the aircraft's 25 years of front-line service.

### Headlines

But while the Wasp has disappeared completely from RN service, it has stayed in use with other navies. So has the Wessex, which also stays in service with the RAF for a couple of years at least.

Wessex exploits and the daring of SAR crews have hit the headlines countless times since the introduction of the aircraft into the Navy nearly 30 years ago. Records for the Culdrose-based SAR flight alone list 932 people rescued since 1975.

Add that figure to those saved by 772 Naval Air Squadron at HMS Osprey and the thousand-plus by the Lee-on-Solent flight, and the total starts zooming towards thousands of people airlifted to safety.

### Fastnet Race

Famous events are linked to the Wessex: the Torrey Canyon drama when the super-tanker went aground in the Channel and Wessex Vs from 848 Squadron helped the crew of the stricken ship; 771 Squadron's part in the Fastnet Race when boats capsized in rough seas and 73 people were saved; the Falklands War when a Wessex, nicknamed Humphrey and now in the Fleet Air Arm Museum at Yeovilton, Somerset, attacked the Argentine submarine Santa Fe as well as featuring in the rescue of 17 SAS soldiers from South Georgia in a blizzard.

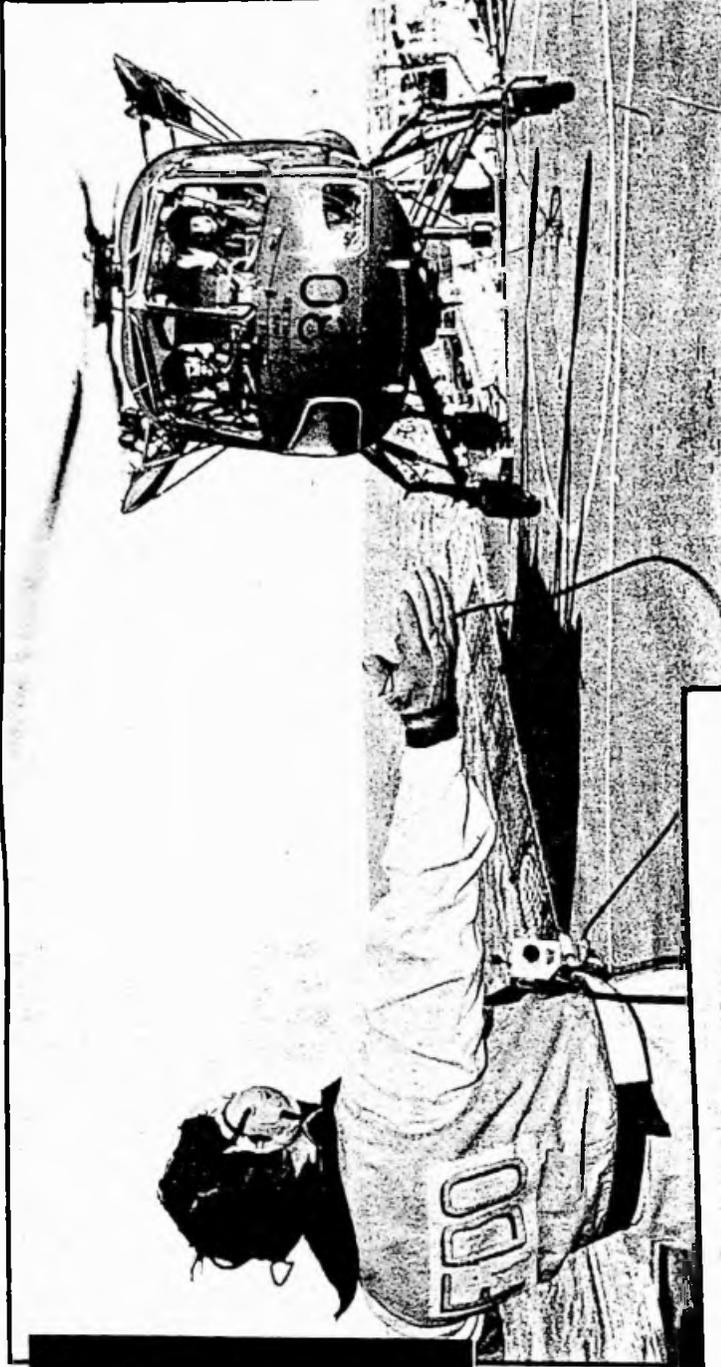
A favourite among pilots, the Wessex has been involved in numerous conflicts over the years from the Far East to Northern Ireland. But today's SAR role demands more than the aircraft's limited capability can provide.

Fine aircraft that it was it could only carry out daytime rescues and the airframes of those still in use were old and expensive to maintain.

Conversely, the Sea King has much more to offer, being bigger, faster, equipped for night rescues and with a greater range.

However, Wessex flights at Culdrose, Portland and Lee-on-Solent did not go out with a whimper — but with displays of farewell fly-pasts.

For the Daedalus SAR service, though, it really was a "sailor's farewell". Not only have the Wessex gone for good from the Hampshire base, but the Navy SAR flight itself has transferred to HMS Osprey, Portland. (See centre pages for feature on HMS Daedalus.)

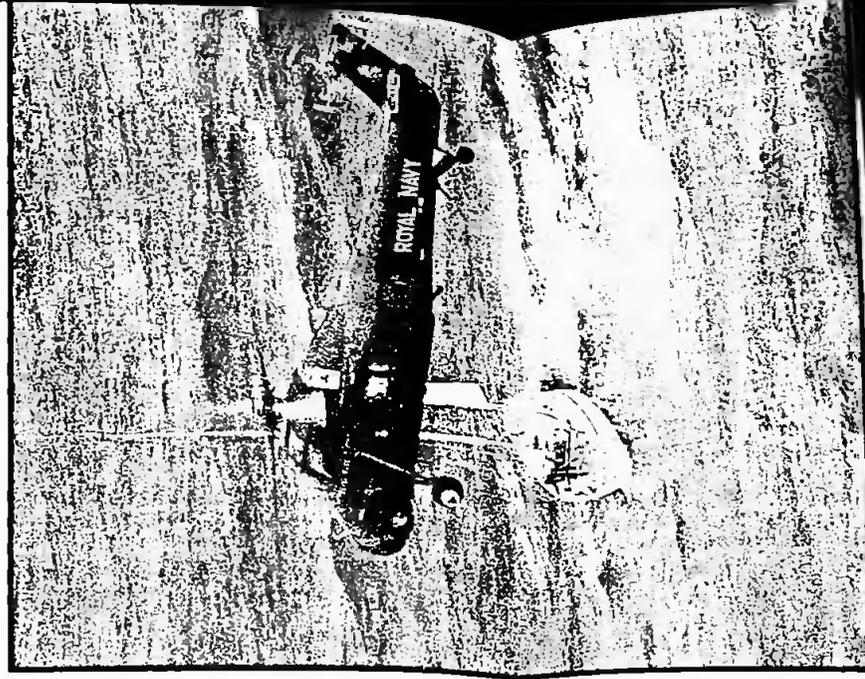


With his arms outstretched — perhaps as much in resignation as in guidance — this flight-deck officer sends away one of the last Wasps on board a Royal Navy frigate. The aircraft took off from HMS Achilles a few days before the type finally bowed out of service at RN air station Portland.



ABOVE — Farewell fly-past by the Wessex's of the Search and Rescue flight at RN air station Culdrose. They will be replaced by Sea Kings.

RIGHT — Flashback to one of the most memorable scenes in the history of the Search and Rescue service: A Wessex from 771 Squadron at Culdrose assists a stricken yacht during the 1979 Fastnet Race.



With the Wessex flying off into history, the record books and possibly a museum or two, the Wasp, too, took a flight into operational oblivion.

March 31 marked the end of 25 years of front-line service from this nippy little aircraft.

Designed specially for use from small warships, the Wasp joined the Navy in 1963 when 829 Squadron — then as now based at Portland — took delivery of the first of 96 ordered.

Now the same squadron has said goodbye to the last with a formal farewell.

With its Royal Navy operational highlights a matter of record — Indonesia, the Cod War, the Falklands and the Gulf — it also has an enhanced reputation through service with the naval air arms of Brazil, Indonesia, the Netherlands, New Zealand and South Africa.

### Achilles

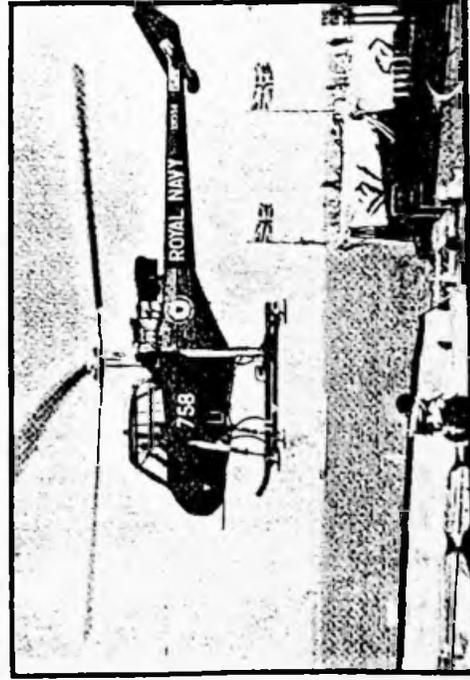
A few days before the Portland send-off, two frigates, HMS Achilles and HMS Ariadne, signalled final flights by their Wasps.

In the Achilles' case the aircraft was older than the ship, being built in 1966 and joining her in 1984.

Honour of the last take-off went to the flight commander, Lieut. David Edward with LACMN Steve Truick in the left-hand seat.

For Lieut. Edward it was something of a red-letter day as it enabled him to log 2,000 flying hours on the type and 1,000 deck landings.

It was a similar story for the Ariadne when Capt. John McAnally, Captain Sixth Frigate Squadron and the most senior commanding officer afloat to have a Wasp flight, watched the most junior (and sole) sub-lieutenant flight commander afloat, Sub-Lieut. Mike Langley, escort his ship into Portsmouth before she began a re-fit in May.



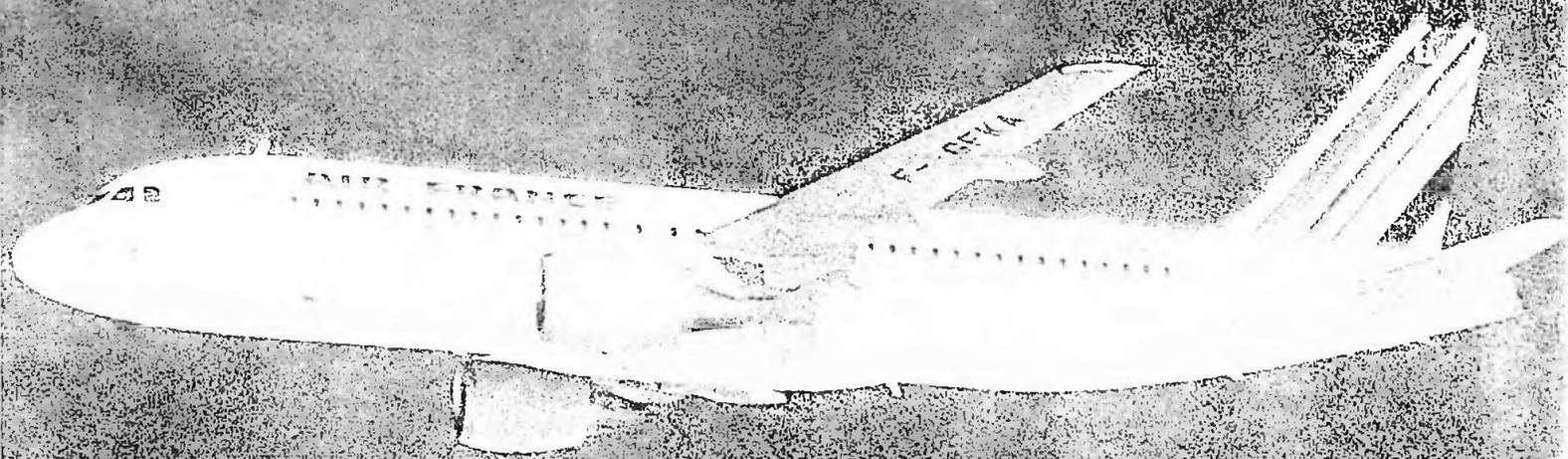
Early days: This Wasp prototype carried out deck landing trials in 1962. The Wasp was the first helicopter designed for operations from frigates.

# AIR

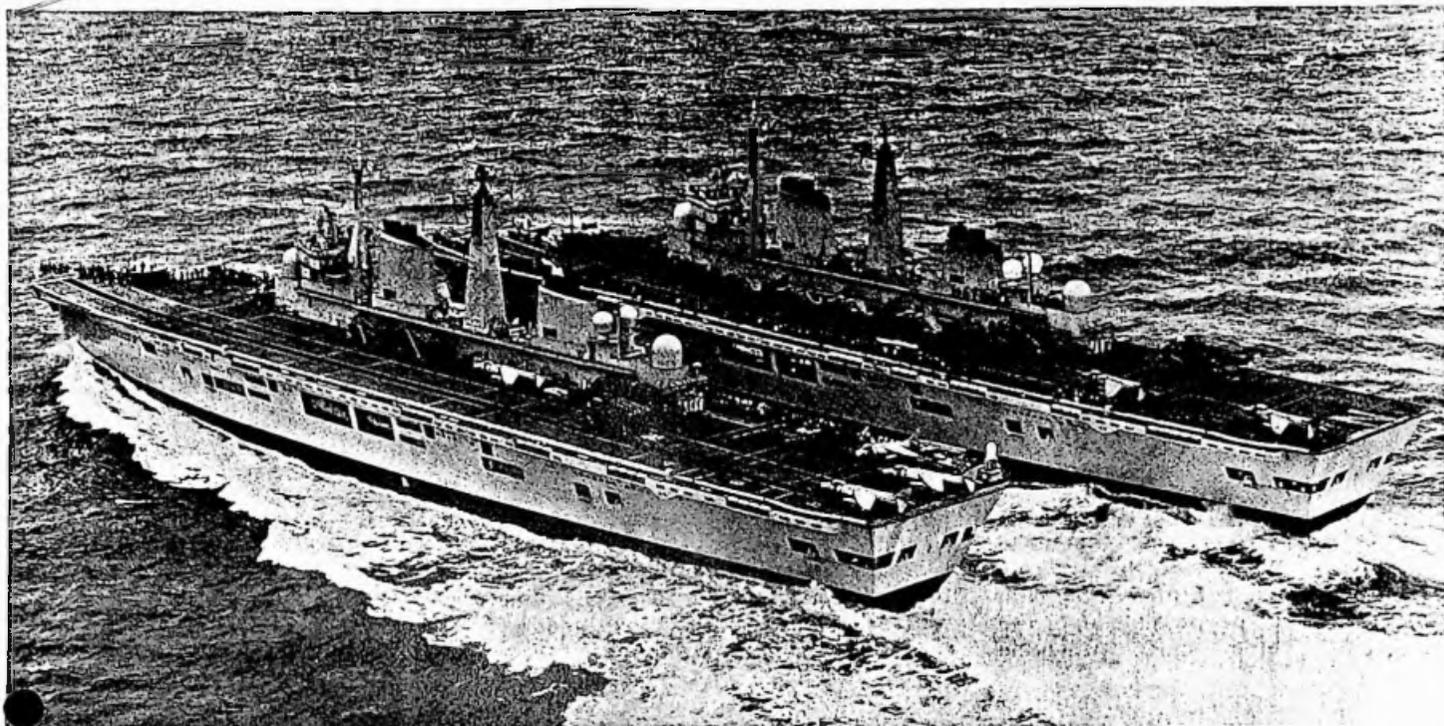
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# FALKLANDS AIR DEFENCE



# FALKLANDS AIR DEFENCE

## A continuing need for vigilance

AT 2359 G.M.T. on 14th June 1982 *General de Brigada* Mario Menendez surrendered all Argentine land, sea and air forces in the Falkland Islands to Major General Jeremy Moore and by doing so restored to the Islands the government desired by its inhabitants. It is significant that the surrender document makes no mention of any formal Argentine peace declaration or renunciation of a claim to the Islands. However, the omission of these two clauses is the main reason for the present uneasy relationship between the United Kingdom and Argentina and the British military presence in the Falklands.

As a military commander concerned

*Top:* Until the R.A.F.'s Phantoms arrived air defence of the Falklands was provided by Royal Navy Sea Harriers, backed by R.A.F. Harrier GR.3s. On 28th August 1982 H.M.S. "Illustrious" (foreground), with No. 809 Squadron Sea Harrier FRS.1s and No. 814 Squadron Sea King HAS.5s visible on deck, relieved H.M.S. "Invincible" and her No. 800 Squadron "SHARs" and No. 826 Squadron Sea Kings (Photo: Royal Navy)

*Right:* The first Phantom FGR.2, XV468 "W" of No. 29 Squadron piloted by the C.O., W/Cdr. Ian Macfadyen, being escorted in to R.A.F. Stanley on 17th October 1982 by two No. 809 Squadron Sea Harriers, ZA194 "251" flown by F/Lt. Pete Collins and ZA176 "250" piloted by No. 809's C.O., Lt.-Cdr. Tim Gedge, who took this picture

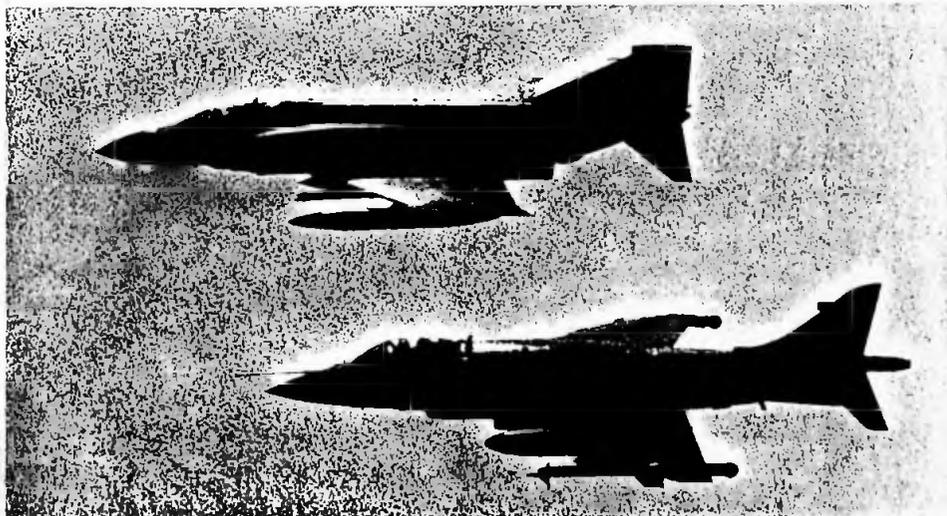
by DOUGLAS A. ROUGH

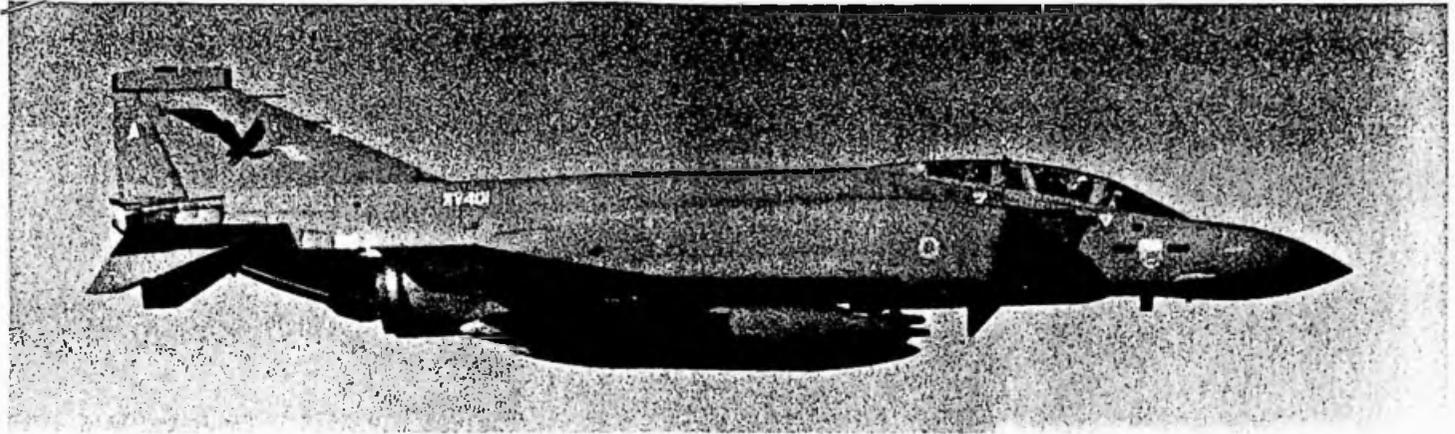
### Part 1

primarily with ending the fighting, Jeremy Moore was astute enough to realise that while Menendez was in a position to order the surrender of all Argentine armed forces on the Islands, he had no authority to make a formal declaration of peace, especially as neither of the combatant nations had ever declared war on each other; in fact, both countries had gone to exceptional lengths to use euphemisms for

that word when referring to their respective military activities. Furthermore, Menendez had no mandate to renounce any Argentine claim to sovereignty. For Moore, or any of his negotiators, to have insisted on the inclusion of these two points would have meant a futile continuation of the fighting and the unnecessary deaths of, or injuries to, servicemen and civilians.

The month following the surrender saw British Falklands-based forces maintaining a very high alert state and predictable political reverberations in Argentina, leading to the demise of the military Junta and the introduction of an embryo democracy under President Alfonsín. Towards the end of June





## Falklands Air Defence . . .

1982 the Argentine interim President, General Bignone, announced that mainland forces would also respect the ceasefire but that no formal declaration of peace would be possible until the "Malvinas" came under Argentine sovereignty.

● Acknowledging the, at best, reluctant Argentine acceptance of the ceasefire, the British Government announced on 12th July 1982 that a "de facto cessation of hostilities" existed. Ten days later Britain withdrew the existing Total Exclusion Zone (TEZ) around and above the Islands but, prudently recognising the need for continued vigilance to protect the Falklands and its population from any future Argentine military adventure, established the still current Falkland Islands Protection Zone; the FIPZ is contained within a 150-nautical mile radius of its centre point in Falkland Sound just south of Port Howard on West Falkland. All unidentified ships and aircraft approaching or entering the Zone are investigated and those belonging to the Argentine military kept away from the Islands.

● The British military presence is often referred to by some elements of the media as "Fortress Falklands", which is a nonsense definition of what has, of necessity, been created in the years since 1982. Considering that prior to

the Argentine invasion the British deterrent consisted of a small detachment of Royal Marines, then any post-war military presence must, by comparison, seem massive. However, when analysed objectively it is now at a level consistent with patrolling the FIPZ, investigating unidentified ships and aircraft and providing adequate defence of essential military and civilian facilities until reinforced by the rapid deployment of additional aircraft, equipment and personnel from the United Kingdom.

All responsible Argentine military commanders and politicians are well aware of British capabilities and of the futility of any further armed aggression against the Falklands. Hopefully this realisation will temper hotheads and provocative incidents (which occasionally still occur at the periphery of the FIPZ) and allow the young Argentine democracy to flourish and cause Argentina to accept that the Falkland Islanders have the desire and the right to live in peace with their South American neighbours and determine their own future without the threat of outside interference.

### Air defence of the Islands

Even before the Argentine capitulation in June 1982, and assuming a British victory, the British Government had decided that a new airfield catering for civil and military requirements would

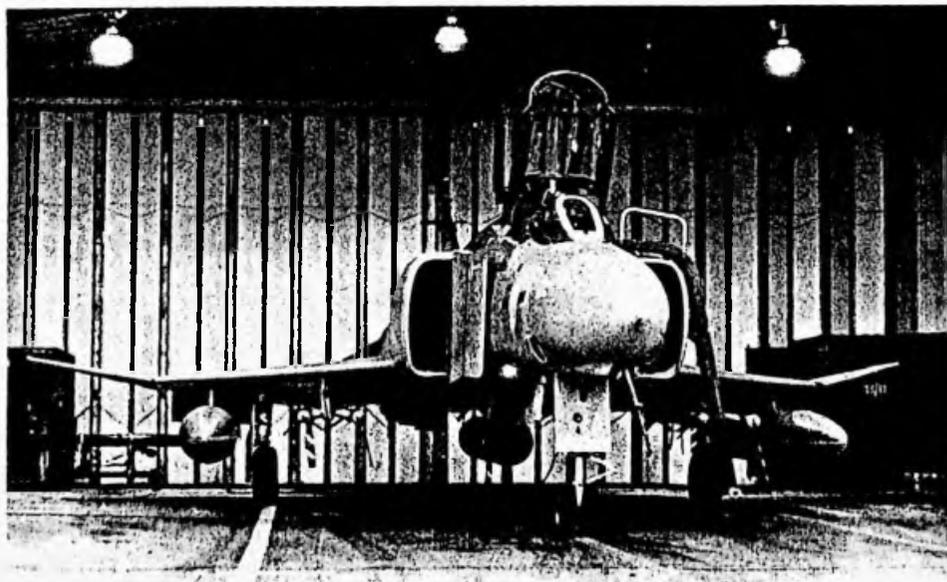
No. 23 Squadron Phantom FGR.2 XV401 "A" on 11th April 1987 when it was escorting No. 216 Squadron TriStar ZE705 across the FIPZ towards R.A.F. Mount Pleasant

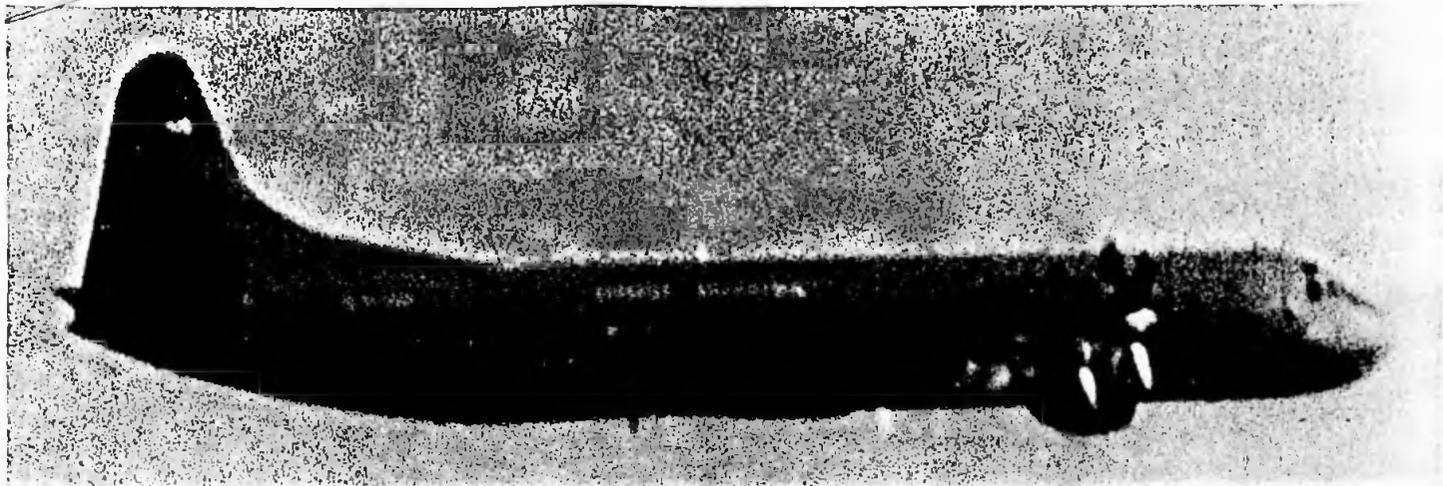
have to be built in the Falklands. The location most favoured was where R.A.F. Mount Pleasant was eventually constructed. However, on the morning of 15th June 1982 when British military commanders inspected Stanley Airport and its environs, they were a long way from having the facilities which now exist at the new air base and elsewhere. The Airport presented a scene of total desolation and it was apparent that for the first few months air defence would have to rely on ship- and land-based missiles and similarly deployed Sidewinder-equipped Sea Harriers and Harriers.

On 18th June the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Invincible* left the TEZ for a period of crew rest and recuperation, plus essential ship and aircraft maintenance. Within the Zone No. 800 Squadron Sea Harrier FRS.1s from H.M.S. *Hermes*, in addition to flying patrols over the Islands, made regular detachments to Stanley Airport and the AM2 matting airstrip built close to Port San Carlos settlement during the conflict. Also aboard *Hermes* were the Harrier GR.3s of No. 1 Squadron, R.A.F., and on 26th June a squadron advance party was transferred to the spartan surroundings of the airport to prepare for the arrival of aircraft and personnel from the carrier at the beginning of July. *Invincible* returned to the area on 1st July and her Sea Harriers of No. 801 Squadron relieved those of No. 800, allowing *Hermes* and her aircraft to set sail for the United Kingdom two days later. However, before *Hermes* finally cleared the northern boundary of the TEZ the R.A.F. Harrier GR.3s disembarked on 4th July to their new base at R.A.F. Stanley (the renamed Stanley Airport) where they were referred to as the Harrier Detachment, or HarDet for short. Over the next two days these GR.3s were supplemented by four more ferried south from Britain in the merchant vessel *Contender Bezant*.

The first few weeks ashore were not without incident, including a tragic one. On 13th July Harrier XW924 "35" suffered an inadvertent Sidewinder release during take-off from the airstrip at R.A.F. Stanley, both AIM-9Gs being

Fully armed Phantom XV401 in its QRA hangar at Mount Pleasant (Author's photo)





Keeping a respectful distance from an investigating Phantom on the other side of the FIPZ boundary on 15th May 1986 was this *Armada Argentina* (Argentine Navy) maritime reconnaissance Lockheed Electra, believed to be "6-P-102" of 1 *Escuadrilla de Reconocimiento*. Of the seven civil Electras purchased in 1982, at least four ("6-P-101" to "6-P-104") are known to have entered service after being equipped with radar and ASM capability for roles such as passive ELINT, maritime recce, and the ability to guide combat aircraft (Photo: R.A.F. Mount Pleasant)

fired simultaneously. The starboard missile did no damage but the port one flew for about 400 yards before disintegrating on hitting the ground and injuring eleven servicemen working alongside the runway. Fifteen days later, on 28th July, Harrier XZ133 "10" was substantially damaged when a portable Rubb hangar collapsed on it during a gale which not only caused minor damage to other GR.3s but overturned and wrecked FIGAS's only potentially flyable Beaver seaplane, VP-FAV. XZ133 was airlifted as an underslung Chinook load to *Invincible* for eventual return to the U.K. for repair.

Slowly but surely R.A.F. Stanley was cleared of war wreckage, rubble and dangerous Argentine ordnance. While this work was going on the Royal Engineers were extending the original 4,100-ft. runway by 2,000 ft. using AM2 aluminium matting which would allow the operation of the Phantom FGR.2s of No. 29 Squadron. The first of the unit's aircraft, XV468 "W", piloted by W/Cdr. Macfadyen (Detachment Commander) with S/Ldr. Simpson as navigator, touched down on the newly extended runway on 17th October 1982 after an 8 hr. 45 min. air-refuelled flight from Ascension Island. The Phantom's arrival, and the delivery of others over the next few days, allowed *Illustrious* (who had relieved *Invincible* on 28th August) and her No. 809 Squadron Sea Harrier FRS.1s (each equipped with four Sidewinder AIM-9Ls) to leave the FIPZ for home waters on 21st October. From then on air defence of the Islands became primarily an R.A.F. responsibility.

For the next few years it consisted of

Phantoms based at Stanley augmented by Harriers which had the added advantage of being able to operate from the Port San Carlos settlement matting airstrip and another one established later at Goose Green (but little used). Temporary land-based air-defence and surveillance radars were supplemented by those on warships (including at one stage that provided by the AEW.2A Sea Kings in *Illustrious*). Their combined coverage was sufficient to monitor the FIPZ airspace while allowing the construction of a formidable land-based radar network and associated communication and data transfer systems. Retention of Harriers with their Forward Operating Base (FOB) capability was considered essential while the new air base was being built because of the inherent vulnerability of a long matting-type runway in an area of the world renowned for high winds (what happened to the Argentine-operated matting airstrip at Hookers Point near Port Stanley in November 1978 was describ-

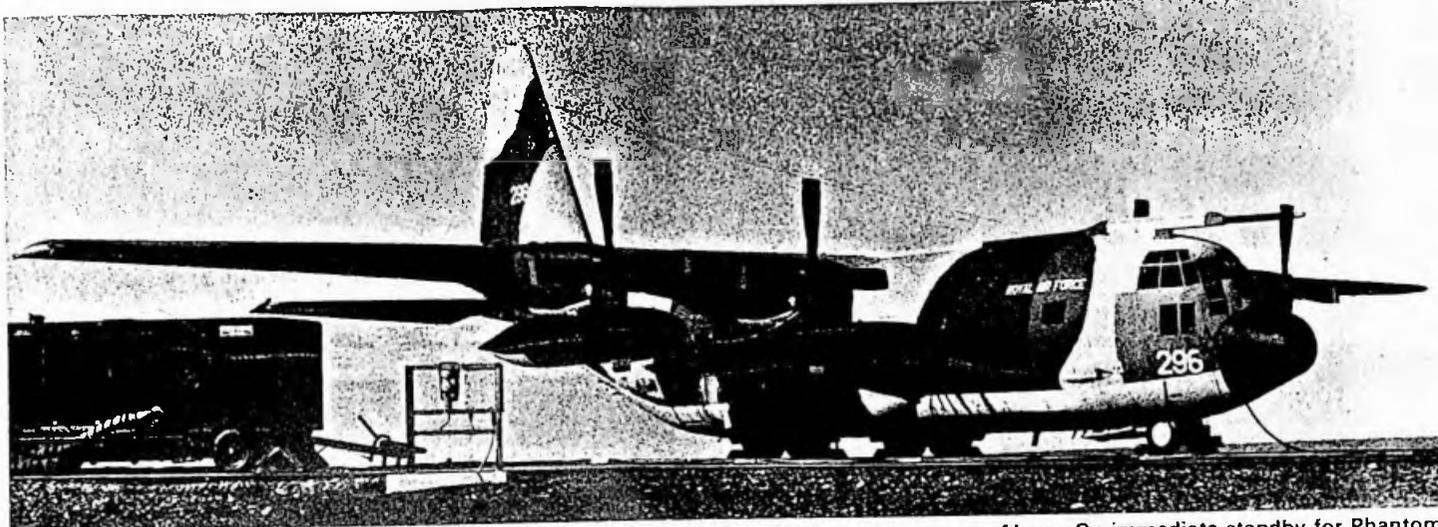
ed in the December 1987 issue). Also, deployable Harriers offered protection to many military sites under construction elsewhere on the Islands. Firing ranges on East and West Falkland allowed the resident fighter aircrews to practise their ground-attack roles on Argentine aircraft hulks from Pebble Island and elsewhere which had been airlifted to the ranges by Chinooks as part of the war debris clearance programme. Rapier and other missile units were also kept at a high state of operational readiness by regular firings against Shorts MATS-B and, later, Skeet D.1 target drone aircraft.

The air defence umbrella of radar, Rapiers, Phantoms and Harriers, backed up by substantial sea and ground forces, enabled the building of the air base (commencing in late 1983) to proceed unhindered by any threat from the still considerable and capable Argentine forces. Those forces were ostensibly under the control of a new but untried democratic government, which was



**Top:** Harrier GR.3 XV782 "O" of No. 1453 Flight on the matting hardstanding outside its Rubb hangar at R.A.F. Stanley, late 1983. The Flight's aircraft used yellow code letters from the acronym "V/STOL" (Photo: R.A.F. Stanley)

**Bottom:** One of the Flight's Harriers blasts off from the matting airstrip at Goose Green FOB (Photo: R. McLeod)



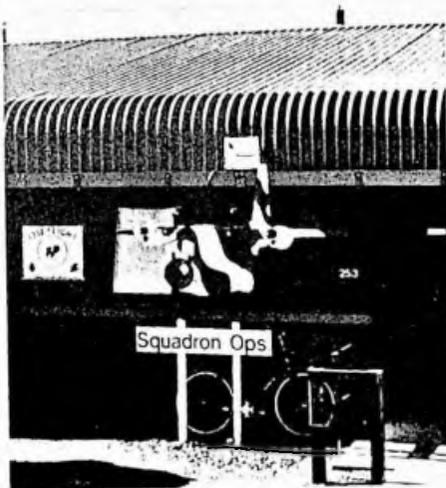
Above: On immediate standby for Phantom refuelling or other essential tasks, Hercules C.1K tanker XV296 of No. 1312 Flight at R.A.F. Mount Pleasant, April 1987  
Left: No. 1312 Flight's Operations Block (Author's photos)

## Falklands Air Defence . . .

wrestling with the aftermath of defeat and many domestic problems, not the least of which was near economic collapse.

On 10th November 1982 No. 1 Squadron handed over responsibility for the HarDet to No. 4 Squadron and subsequently all three R.A.F. Harrier squadrons, and also No. 233 O.C.U., provided personnel on a rotational basis. Unfortunately, just four days before the handover, one of the GR.3s, XW767 "06", crashed into the sea off Cape Pembroke, near R.A.F. Stanley, after engine failure; the pilot, W/Cdr. Squire — a D.F.C. veteran of the Falklands War — ejected safely. The HarDet was officially redesignated No. 1453 Flight on 20th August 1983 and remained in being until disbanded at the end of May 1985 after the new air base was officially opened by H.R.H. Prince Andrew on the 12th of that month. Although by no means complete, R.A.F. Mount Pleasant's runway was available for long-range tanker and transport aircraft movements and Phantom operations, which eased the overcrowding at R.A.F. Stanley and allowed the release of Harriers, their pilots, maintenance personnel and support equipment back to the Northern Hemisphere. No aircraft other than the Harrier breed could have fulfilled the difficult military operational requirements between the end of the war and the establishment of a permanent Falklands air base. Four GR.3s had been lost during that period (see Table in Part 2), but considering their operating conditions it was surprising that the number was so low.

From late April 1985 the Phantom force, although based at R.A.F. Stanley, was also being operated from Mount Pleasant's recently completed main runway by No. 23 Squadron which had replaced No. 29 Squadron on 19th December 1982 as the Falkland Islands air defence unit and inherited its predecessor's aircraft. No. 23 Squadron transferred to Mount Pleasant on 20th/21st April 1986 and R.A.F. Stanley was disbanded on 30th April. The following day R.A.F. Mount Pleasant — with its superb facilities, including an 8,500-ft.



main runway, a subsidiary runway and port facilities at nearby Mare Harbour — became a fully operational, missile-defended air base with long-, medium- and short-range high and low surveillance radar cover. Only then could ground, sea and, to a limited extent, air forces be reduced to a level commensurate with their responsibilities.

When I visited R.A.F. Mount Pleasant in 1987, No. 23 Squadron's Quick Reaction Alert (QRA) Phantom FGR.2s were housed in purpose-built hangar-ettes known as "Q"-sheds. Experienced pilots and navigators drawn from other R.A.F. Phantom squadrons were serving five-week tours with the unit; most other service personnel were on four-month postings. The shorter rotation for aircrew ensures that as many crews as possible are acquainted with the Falklands' environment and the responsibilities associated with flying fully armed aircraft on regular patrol and identification interception duties. Short tours also ensure that they are not too long away from their primary tasks in Europe.

At least one crew is always on QRA standby to man a "Grey Goose" (the Phantom's pseudonym), which is armed with a 20-mm. SUU-23A Vulcan cannon, two Skyflash missiles (four can be carried but with an airframe fatigue life penalty), four AIM-9L Sidewinders and two AN/ALE-40 chaff and flare dispensers. Should a QRA Phantom be scrambled it can, if required, be sup-

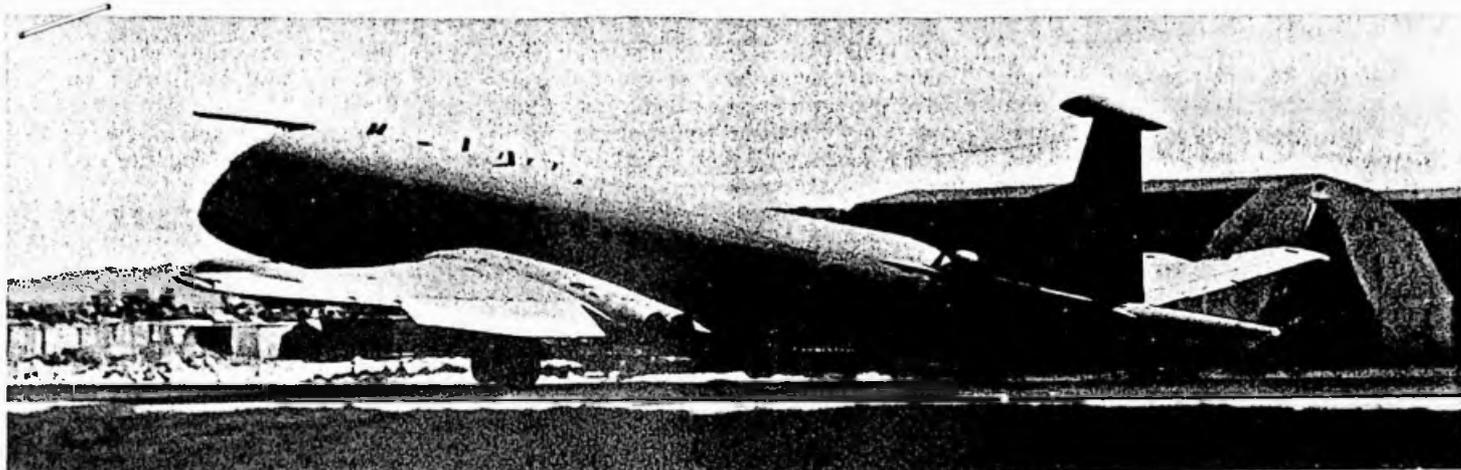
ported by a Hercules tanker of the resident No. 1312 Flight.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, no Argentine aircraft has ever violated or probed the FIPZ, although a number have approached or flown along the perimeter causing a Phantom or Phantoms to be launched. Under international law the Phantoms could operate beyond the FIPZ boundary in international airspace, but as theirs is a defensive and not an aggressive role, they remain within the Zone.

There has been no direct confrontation between British and Argentine forces since the end of the war, but an incident which took place during 1987 shows the need for controlled restraint. Newspaper reports in late September made mention of an Argentine Type 42 destroyer, which was operating at the periphery of the FIPZ, deliberately switching on its Type 909 Sea Dart missile tracking radar and locking on to a Phantom operating within the Zone. The No. 23 Squadron aircraft apparently withdrew but reappeared later when again it was "locked on". If all the details were as stated in the newspapers then it was a very provocative act on the part of the Argentine Navy and probably symptomatic of the pressure President Alfonsín was being subjected to at the time by disaffected elements of the Argentine armed forces. Little wonder that security-state boards at the Falklands air base proclaim the need for "MV" . . . "Military Vigilance".

### Logistic support

As in many parts of the world, including Argentina, the Lockheed Hercules ("Fat Albert" to R.A.F. crews) is proving an invaluable Falklands workhorse. During the war Hercules C.1s fitted with extra fuel tanks in the fuselage undertook many long-range air-drop sorties from Ascension Island to British Task Force shipping in the TEZ and before the end of the conflict a number of aircraft, designated C.1Ps, received in



Seen taking off from R.A.F. Stanley's AM2 matting runway, Nimrod MR.2P XV253 of the Kinloss Wing was the first of its type to visit the airfield, on 13th October 1983. A record-breaking non-stop flight back to the U.K. on 19th November (flown by a No. 120 Squadron crew) was bettered by the same aircraft on 23rd January 1984, when it carried the then Minister of Defence, Michael Heseltine, as a passenger (Photo: R.A.F. Stanley)

flight refuelling probes, while initial trials with a tanker prototype conversion (XV296) known as the C.1K were proving successful. Eventually six Hercules (XV192, XV201, XV203, XV204, XV213 and XV296) were converted to tankers for use in conjunction with C.1Ps.

The first R.A.F. Hercules landed on the hastily patched-up runway at Stanley Airport on 24th June 1982 — the initial movement in what became known as the "Air Bridge" between Ascension and the Falklands. Hercules flights into R.A.F. Stanley ceased on 14th August 1982 to allow runway extension and overlay work to proceed unhindered. From then until 29th August when normal service was resumed (by C.1P XV200), the Hercules resorted to airdrops and an air-snatch system to collect outgoing mail. Some thirty snatches were made in two weeks.

Devised by the Joint Air Transport Establishment (JATE) at R.A.F. Brize Norton, and developed from a concept originated at R.A.E. Farnborough many years previously, the air-snatch system involved trailing a grappling hook on 150 ft. of nylon rope from the rear cargo door of the aircraft to engage a loop of nylon rope suspended between two 22-ft. poles positioned 50 ft. apart on the ground. The aircraft would run

in at 50 ft. to make the snatch and the mail bag (attached to the loop by another 150 ft. of rope) would then be winched up into the Hercules.

Until the advent of the British Airways Boeing 747 service to R.A.F. Mount Pleasant in May 1985, and subsequent No. 216 Squadron TriStar flights, the Hercules C.1P and C.1K combination was the sole aerial lifeline to the Islands for essential military and civil passengers and freight. What was known as the HercDet, manned by crews from the Lyneham Transport Wing, was established at R.A.F. Stanley with a small fleet of C.1Ps and C.1Ks mainly for "Air Bridge" duties and Phantom and Harrier refuelling. Back-up aircraft were also located at Ascension Island. On 20th August 1983 the HercDet was redesignated No. 1312 Flight and moved to Mount Pleasant on 1st May 1986, where it is still resident.

The importance of No. 1312 Flight's aircraft is apparent from the roles required of them in addition to tanking. For the benefit of Phantom aircrew continuation training, the Hercules are used to practise target evasion tactics and simulate low-speed and low-level targets. What look like wing-tip electronics pods fitted to some aircraft (e.g., on C.1K XV201) indicates an ESM

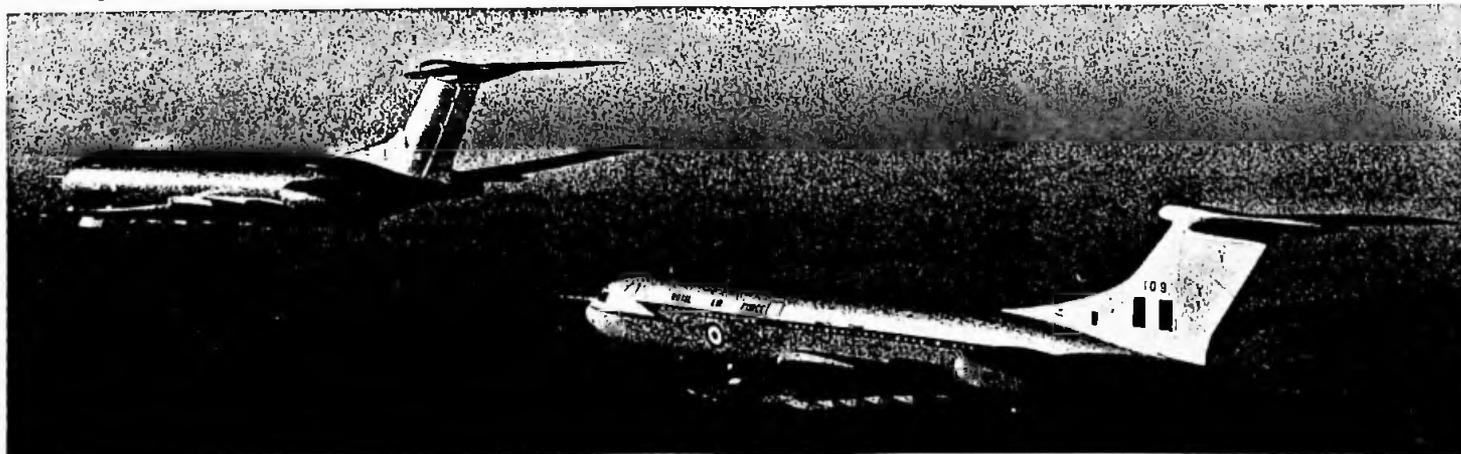
capability. Using their standard radar and navigation equipment, the Hercules also undertake maritime radar reconnaissance of the FIPZ and the Falkland Islands Dependencies of South Georgia (where they make a regular mail drop) and the South Sandwich Islands, both of which were illegally occupied by Argentinians before being ousted by British forces in April and June 1982 respectively.

During daily FIPZ shipping reconnaissance flights the Hercules aircrews work in close co-operation with Royal Navy vessels in the area and the aircraft also carry search and rescue equipment, including inflatable dinghies. From time to time the Flight's aeroplanes are called upon to chart the movement of icebergs which pose a threat to the ever-increasing number of ships in the South Atlantic. At the time of my visit the Hercules personnel were drawn from Nos. 24 and 30 Squadrons and, like everyone else on the base, were kept fully occupied during their four-month South Atlantic posting.

#### Heavy-lift helicopter operations

If the Romans had colonised the Falklands there might today be a decent network of roads but alas, outside Port Stanley, there are only tracks suitable

On 19th December 1987 two VC10s, XR806 and XV109, of No. 10 Squadron left R.A.F. Brize Norton for the Falklands. XV109 (seen practising in-flight refuelling from VC10 K.3 ZA147 "F" of No. 101 Squadron) routed via Ascension Island; but XR806, commanded by G/Capt. Christopher Lumb, flew direct to Mount Pleasant in the record-breaking time of 15 hr. 45 min. 40 sec., being air-refuelled twice en route. XR806 and XV109, the first VC10s to visit the Islands, departed for Brize on the 21st, the latter routing via Ascension. XR806 again flew direct and set up another record, 14 hr. 58 min. 30 sec., beating Nimrod XV253's time (Photo: R.A.F. Brize Norton)



## Falklands Air Defence . . .

for Land Rovers and transport of that ilk. Even the recently constructed road from Port Stanley to R.A.F. Mount Pleasant leaves a lot to be desired, as indeed do most of the paved surfaces within the town! In fairness the cost, until the recent income from the Fisheries Zone, of building and maintaining a reasonable road system has been prohibitive for the Islands' small but increasing population. The lack of surface mobility was the main reason for the once considerable, but now much reduced, number of transport helicopters on the Islands.

Falklands helicopter operations are symbolised by one type, the "Wokka Wokka", or Boeing-Vertol Chinook to be precise, and one machine in particular, "Bravo November", also known as "The Survivor". Saved by fate from extinction aboard *Atlantic Conveyor* during the war, this Chinook (ZA718 "BN") of No. 18 Squadron led a charmed, but crucially important, solitary existence throughout the conflict and survived to be supplemented on the last day of hostilities, and after the Argentine surrender, by others of the type shipped out from Britain. Much that had been learnt under wartime conditions was put to good use in peacetime; the war had seen the first operational use of the pressure refuelling system and triple underslung loads, for example. Without being disparaging to that other jack-of-all-trades, the Sea King, the Chinook could obviously carry far greater loads.

Scarcely a day has passed since 26th May 1982 (when ZA718 arrived in the Falklands) when one or more British "Wokkas" can be seen flying over East and West Falkland transporting such varied items as radar equipment, vehicles, freight containers, air-portable fuel cells, Rapier missiles and launchers, other helicopters, Argentine aircraft hulks, munitions, troops and other service personnel, in addition to achieving what must be world records in Portakabin and ISO container shifting. Without the Chinook it is doubtful if the Mount Pleasant military complex and its associated remote, and otherwise inaccessible, facilities could have been as speedily completed as they have been. If ever a helicopter type warrants future museum preservation, it must be the Chinook, and ZA718 in particular.

On 15th June 1982 No. 18 Squadron's Falklands base was at Port San Carlos settlement and there it remained until the unit, which eventually became unofficially known as the ChinDet, moved on 23rd/24th March 1983 to a new site at Kelly's Garden, close to San Carlos settlement, where a large Rubb hangar was erected to provide the aircraft with some protection during first-line servicing (major services were undertaken by the Helicopter Servicing Flight at R.A.F. Stanley). In an attempt to combat the winter mud, large areas of ground were covered with Pierced Steel Planking (PSP) and wooden walkways. Even in mid-1987 the, by then almost vacated, base with its still churned surface and Portakabin village was clearly visible from the air.

By March 1983 the ChinDet's personnel and equipment included men and machines from Nos. 7 and 18 Squadrons and even a sprinkling of No. 240 O.C.U. crews. Suffering an identity crisis, this heterogeneous collection was designated No. 1310 Flight on 20th August and adopted the penguin as its motif on the rear rotor pylon of each Chinook. Kelly's Garden, being almost at the centre point

of the Islands, enabled Chinooks to fulfil taskings to nearly every military and civil site and settlement on East and West Falkland without en route refuelling, although such facilities were available at important locations on both main islands.

A Kelly's Garden posting was no sinecure. Intensive flying during daylight hours was commonplace, especially from 1984 to 1986 when the majority of permanent and semi-permanent military installations were under construction, including the air base. By early 1986 when the essentials of that work had been completed, a reduced scale of helicopter operations was inevitable, as was the rundown and eventual closure of the Kelly's Garden site, and amalgamation of the Chinook Flight with the Falklands-based Search and Rescue Sea King HAR.3 unit (No. 1564 Flight) to form a new unit based at R.A.F. Mount Pleasant.

On 1st April 1986, when Nos. 1564 and 1310 Flights' Sea Kings and Chinooks moved into the air base, the latter Flight combined that day with the resident Helicopter Servicing Flight to form the Mount Pleasant Helicopter Squadron. Four days later came the demise of No. 1564 Flight when its Sea King HAR.3s and personnel were integrated into the new unit. R.A.F. Mount Pleasant was declared fully operational on 1st May but it was not until the 22nd of that month that the MPA Helicopter Squadron ceased to exist and No. 78 Squadron came into being.

As anticipated, the month prior to 1st May had been a hectic one with Chinooks being used to augment sea and land transport to fly essential and sometimes delicate equipment from R.A.F. Stanley and elsewhere to Mount Pleasant to ensure a smooth transfer of the military command structure from the Port Stanley area to the new base without disrupting the operational readiness of any Falklands military units.

By 1987 the roles of the Chinook element of No. 78 Squadron had been clearly established. They included the resupply of servicemen with food, fuel and other materials (mostly as underslung ISO (International Standards Organisation) container loads prepared for airlifting by the Joint Helicopter Support Unit (J.H.S.U.) based at Mount Pleasant) to the air defence radar sites located on remote parts of the Islands. Should an Argentine threat arise, Chinooks at short notice would be tasked with deploying troops, Rapier missiles and any other equipment deemed necessary, to selected strategic locations throughout the Islands to minimise and contain the threat until reinforcements from Ascension Island and the U.K. could be flown in. The 1982 conflict and post-war FOB operations have shown that the Chinooks, in spite of being very complicated pieces of machinery, can operate effectively in a hostile environment without recourse to sophisticated main-base facilities.

Chinook HC.1 ZA705 "D" of No. 78 Squadron delivers a typical underslung load to a remote military site in the Falklands (Photo: R.A.F. Mount Pleasant)

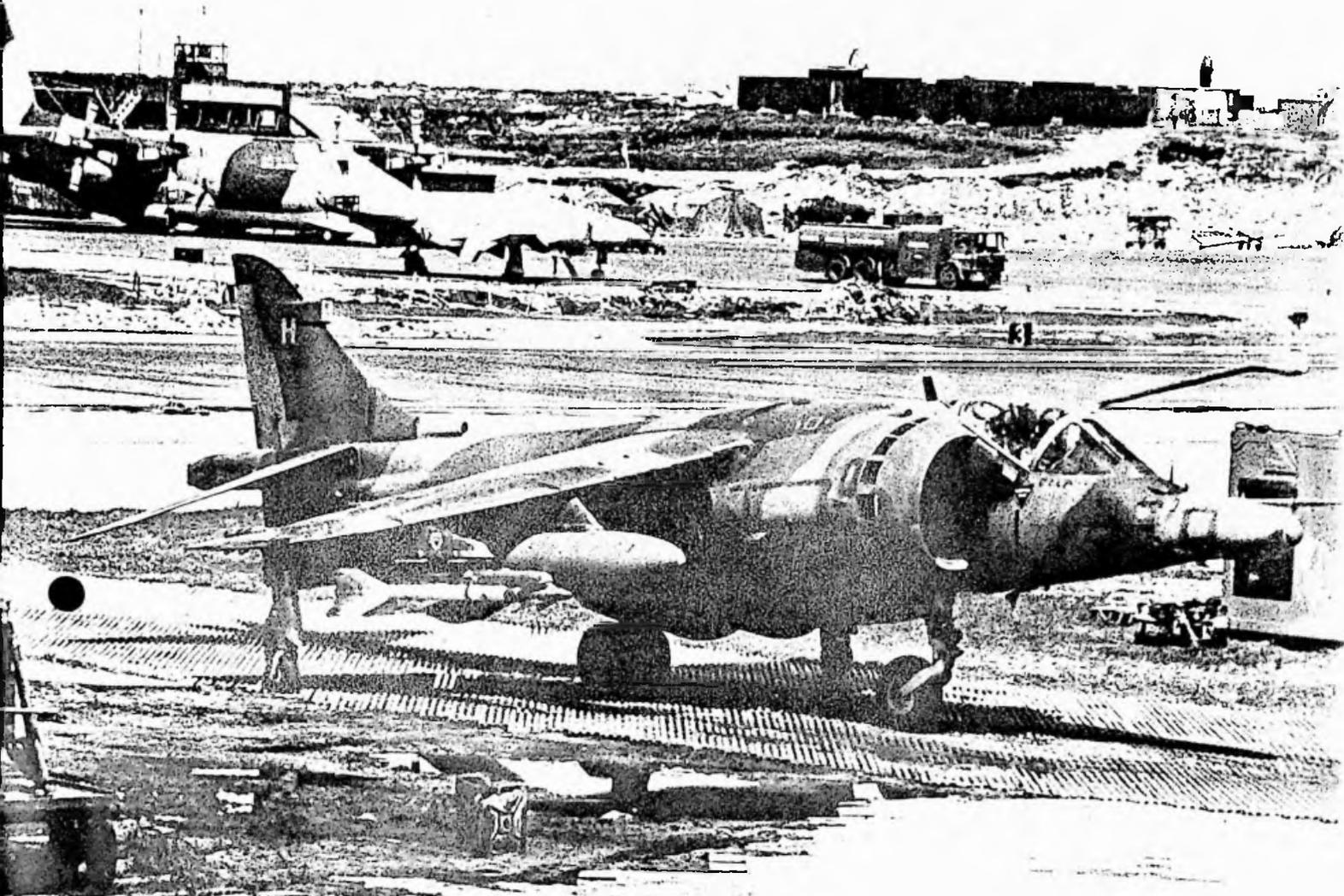


(to be continued)

AIR PICTORIAL - May 1988

A civil visitor to R A F Mount Pleasant, Falkland Islands, last year was Worldways Canada McDonnell Douglas DC-8-63 C-FCPP which arrived from Rio de Janeiro on 4th November carrying 160 passengers on an "Around the World" flight. The aircraft then flew to Chile, Easter Island, Australia, Hong Kong, Singapore, India and Egypt before returning to Toronto on 3rd December





Above: R.A.F. Stanley, December 1982, showing AIM-9G Sidewinder-armed and probe-equipped Harrier GR.3 XV778 "H" of the then resident HarDet (later No. 1453 Flight), partially dismantled Phantom FGR.2 XV468 (which was the first to arrive in the Falklands) awaiting shipment back to the U.K., and Hercules C.1K XV192 of the HercDet (later No. 1312 Flight) (Photo: Andrew Williams)

Below: H.M.S. "Endurance" with her two new Lynx HAS.3s, XZ246 "ED/434" and XZ233 "ED/435", off Gibraltar while on her way to the Falklands in December 1987 (Photo: LA (Phot) North)

