

evening, Pearson, again with CowgiU's approval, adorned it with a discerning label: "This filing-cabinet is to be considered secure." As I have already explained, my first orders were to have nothing to do with the Americans. Pearson knew it perfectly well. But that did not prevent him from extending to me persistent and embarrassing offers of hospitality. It was best for me to be well out of his way, high up on the seventh floor of Broadway Buildings.

At the beginning, I was absorbed by bread-and-butter problems: staff, office-space, equipment, etc. The reader may think that this meant starting the wrong way round; that I should have considered the size of my problem first, and then looked for the staff to handle it. But that line of thought disregards Parkinson's Law. I had no doubt that, however big the staff I engaged, I could always stretch the problem wide enough to engulf it. The important thing was to get hold of the good people while they were still available. With peacetime economies already in sight, it would be much easier to discard surplus staff than to find people later to fill in any gaps that might appear.

Currie's Section IX had consisted of four officers: himself, two girls, and a near-mental case (male). One of the girls was a very nice Wren whom I retained. The other was an oddity who had come to us from Censorship. I was relieved when, shortly after my arrival, she toasted an eyeball watching an eclipse of the sun and had to leave. The near-mental case was Steptoe of Shanghai, who had covered the whole Far East for SIS between the wars. How it happened is

Taking charge of Section IX meant moving from Ryder Street to Broadway. The change was welcome for several reasons. Since the previous summer of 1943, when we moved up from St. Albans to London, I had enjoyed easy access to the heart of SIS. Now I was sitting right in the middle of it, in the best position to sniff the breezes of office politics and well placed to discover the personalities behind the faces that passed me in the corridors. I was also removed, by the width of St. James's Park, from the OSS counter-espionage people. When Section V moved into its Ryder Street premises, Pearson and his colleagues had taken office-space, with CowgiU's backing, in the same building. They had wearied us with their politicking, even if they sometimes amused us. Graham Greene has recalled, in a newspaper article, the OSS filing-cabinet that just wouldn't stay shut. For the benefit of conscientious duty officers doing their rounds in the

still a mystery to me: I found it difficult to believe that he could hold any job for a week. Steptoe had been foisted on Currie by Vivian, presumably for old times' sake. But I had few qualms about standing up to Vivian on the issue; Vivian, after all, had served his purpose. Happily, Steptoe had already cooked his own goose. At Vivian's suggestion, he had been sent on a round tour of our stations in the Mediterranean to spread the gospel of Section IX. The journey had been an unqualified disaster, since Steptoe, the old hand, had behaved with such ostentatious secretiveness that some of our field representatives had great difficulty in believing that he really was a secret service officer. A number of odd telegrams and letters reached Broadway, questioning the validity of his credentials. With this ammunition to support my own representations, I had little difficulty in convincing the Chief that his service would lose little if he pensioned Steptoe off. The latter departed with a consolation prize in the shape of one of Vivian's stately letters, lauding his past services and lamenting the untoward manner of his dismissal.

I felt no apprehension in losing two members of Currie's exiguous team. The staff position was becoming easier with every Allied advance in Europe. Officers working in the offensive intelligence sections saw the objects of their offensiveness shrinking rapidly. Counter-espionage specialists working against the Axis secret services realised that they would soon have little to counter. I found myself in an unfamiliar and enviable position. Instead of having to fight for staff, I was being courted by would-be recruits to my section,

sometimes by people I had no intention of employing. In short, as far as labour was concerned, it was a buyer's market.

The field for recruitment was divided into four categories. There were the duds\* on whom I wasted no time. There were many, among them some of the ablest, who wanted nothing better than to get back to their peacetime jobs, and the sooner the better. I tried to talk a few of them into changing their minds and staying on, but, to the best of my recollection, with only one success. Then there was a number of experienced older officers who were anxious to stay at their desks drawing a salary for a few more years pending retirement. Finally, there was a score or so of younger men about my own age, give or take five years, who had acquired a taste for intelligence work during the war and were keen to make it a career for life.

It was the fourth category which attracted me most, and to which I gave the greatest attention. When the section finally took shape, most of the officers were well under forty. But it was clearly bad practice to staff an entire section from the same age-group in view of the problems of promotion and seniority to which such a course would give rise. So I took also a sprinkling of older men who would pass into retirement within a few years and leave gaps to be filled from the next generation. The best known of the older men in the first Section IX was Bob Carew-Hunt, to whom I entrusted the composition of background papers on the subject of communism. He had the great advantage of being literate, if not articulate. In due

course, Bob became an acknowledged authority on the subject, and was in much demand as an adviser and lecturer, both in England and the United States. At a later date, he told me that he had intended dedicating to me his first book on the subject, *The Theory and Practice of Communism*, but that he had decided that such a tribute might embarrass me. Indeed, it would have given me grave embarrassment for a number of good reasons.

I was in the middle of my recruiting campaign when Vivian told me that Jane Archer had become available, suggesting that she would make an excellent addition to Section IX. The suggestion gave me a nasty shock, especially as I could think of no plausible reason for resisting it. After Guy Liddell, Jane was perhaps the ablest professional intelligence officer ever employed by MI5. She had spent a big chunk of a shrewd lifetime studying Communist activity in all its aspects. It was she who had interrogated General Krivitsky, the Red Army intelligence officer who defected to the West in 1937, only to kill himself a few years later in the United States—a disillusioned man. From him, she had elicited a tantalising scrap of information about a young English journalist whom the Soviet intelligence had sent to Spain during the Civil War. And here she was, plunked down in my midst! Fortunately, Jane was a woman after my own heart, tough-minded and rough-tongued. She had been sacked from MI5 for taking the opportunity at a top-level meeting of grievously insulting Brigadier Harker, who for several years had filled the Deputy Directorship of MI5 with handsome grace and very little else.

Within a short time of her joining us, a crisis in Greece called for action on the part of General Plastiras. Jane delighted me with a little jingle in which Master-Ass was pronounced to rhyme with Plaster-arse. It made me feel that we had come together in a big way. Jane would have made a very bad enemy.

To keep Jane busy, I put her in charge of the most solid body of intelligence on Communist activity available to the section at the time. It consisted of a considerable volume of wireless traffic concerning the National Liberation movements in Eastern Europe. It yielded a comprehensive and absorbing picture of the painstaking efficiency and devotion of the Communists and their allies in the struggle against the Axis. The systematic and massive support given them by the Soviet Union gave one much food for thought. Despite the efforts of OSS and SOE to buy political support in the Balkans by the delivery of arms, money, and material, the National Liberation movements refused to compromise. They would doubtless have accepted help from the Devil himself—but without going into league with Him.

Apart from Bob Carew-Hunt and Jane Archer with their specialised duties, the section was split into the conventional regional sub-sections. But in those early days, there was very little secret intelligence to work on. The dearth of current material was not wholly disadvantageous. Very few officers in the service at that time knew anything about communism, and our first task was to go back to school to learn the elements of the subject, while keeping abreast with current events through the study of overt material such as the Com-

munist press and monitored broadcasts from Communist countries.

What little secret intelligence we got was mostly fake. There was a voluminous series of reports from France, which reached us through a lady named Poz who had behaved with prodigious valour during the German occupation. I had the honour of meeting her once, and she turned out to be quite a dish with eyes that dilated miraculously when she made a point. She claimed to have an agent on the Central Committee of the French Communist Party from whom her reports emanated. They purported to show that the French Communists never took a step without direct instructions from the Soviet Embassy in Paris. Such a view was doubtless acceptable to a chic reactionary like Poz; but the language of the reports was that of Action Fran<sup>^</sup>aise, not *Humanite*—or anything like it. It took an awfully long time for the obvious fact of forger\ to sink in, and meanwhile SIS went on paying. The chief beneficiaries of the operation were the SIS officers who, for political reasons, wanted the reports circulated and believed, fake or not.

I have already described how far the unsatisfactory relations between SIS and MIS contributed towards my appointment to Section IX. It was now necessary for me to continue the good work, and place our relations on a new and friendly basis. My opposite number in MI5 was Roger Hollis, the head of its section investigating Soviet and Communist affairs. He was a likeable person, of cautious bent, who had joined MI5 from the improbable quarter of the British-American Tobacco Company, which he had represented in

China. Although he lacked the strain of irresponsibility which I think essential (in moderation) to the rounded human being, we got on well together, and were soon exchanging information without reserve on either side. We both served on the Joint Intelligence Sub-Committee which dealt with Communist affairs, and never failed to work out an agreed approach to present to the less well-informed representatives of the service departments and the Foreign Office.

Although Hollis had achieved little in respect of Soviet activity, he had been successful in obtaining an intimate picture of the British Communist Party by the simple expedient of having microphones installed in its King Street headquarters. The result was a delicious paradox. The evidence of the microphones showed consistently that the Party was throwing its full weight behind the war effort, so that even Herbert Morrison, who was thirsting for Communist blood, could find no legal means of suppressing it.

At the beginning of 1945, when the section was adequately staffed and housed, the time came for me to visit some of our field stations. My object was partly to repair the damage done by Steptoe, partly to discuss with our" station commanders ways and means of getting the information required by Section IX. The first part of my mission was easily achieved, simply by telling all concerned that my first action in taking over the section had been to get Steptoe sacked—a news item that won universal approval. But the second part was much more difficult. Our real target was invisible and inaudible; as far as we were concerned, the Soviet intelligence services might never have existed.

The upshot of our discussions could be little more than a general resolution to keep casting flies over Soviet and East European diplomatic personnel and over members of the local Communist parties. During my period of service, there was no single case of a consciously conceived operation against Soviet intelligence bearing fruit. We progressed only by means of windfalls that literally threw the stuff into our laps. With one or two exceptions, to be noted later, these windfalls took the form of defectors from the Soviet service. They were the ones who "chose freedom," like Kravchenko who, following Krivitsky's example, ended up a disillusioned suicide. But was it freedom they sought, or the flesh-pots? It is remarkable that not one of them volunteered to stay in position, and risk his neck for "freedom." One and all, they cut and ran for safety.

These trips, which covered France, Germany, Italy, and Greece, were to some extent educative, since they gave me insight into various types of SIS organisation in the field. But after each journey, I concluded, without emotion, that it would take years to lay an effective basis for work against the Soviet Union. As a result, it is the trivial incident, rather than any real achievement, that remains brightest in my memories of that summer. There was the wine-glass of chilled Flit which I drained in Berlin; my host had proffered it in the belief that it was Niersteiner. My visit to Rome was marred by an interminable office wrangle over the Passport Control Officer's transport. Was he entitled to an official car or was he not? In Bari, I was instrumental in getting a pet bugbear chosen for air-drop

into Yugoslavia; but instead of breaking his neck, he covered himself with glory. In Larissa, I watched one of the atmospheric marvels with which Greece is so generous: two separate and distinct thunderstorms, one over Ossa, the other over Olympus, while around us the plain of Thessaly rippled quietly under the clearest of blue skies. Meanwhile, back in grimy Broadway, events were in train that were to claim a great deal of my attention.

The accumulating shocks of war had swept away the amateurish service of previous years, although some of its survivals were a long time dying. With victory in Europe, the large wartime service contracted rapidly, and what was left of it had to be reshaped. As the head of a section, I was now regarded as an officer of some seniority—especially as my section was clearly going to be larger, by a long chalk, than any other. The penalty was that I was drawn increasingly into administration and policy-making. Doubtless there are expeditious means of administering organisations and framing policies; but we had not yet found them. I spent a frightening number of mornings and afternoons busily doodling in committee, with only one ear on the proceedings.

As this book is primarily a record of my own experiences, I have so far mentioned the higher levels of the service only occasionally, when their sometimes unaccountable interventions affected my work. Before going on to describe the reorganisation of SIS which took place after the war, it is necessary to take a closer look at my elders and betters, beginning with the Chief, now Major-General Sir Stewart Menzies.

I think that I have already made it clear that I look back on the Chief with enduring affection. He was not, in any sense of the words, a great intelligence officer. His intellectual equipment was unimpressive, and his knowledge of the world, and views about it, were just what one would expect from a fairly cloistered son of the upper levels of the British Establishment. In my own field, counter-espionage, his attitudes were schoolboyish—bars, beards, and blondes. But it was this persistent boyish streak shining through the horrible responsibilities that world war placed on his shoulders, and through the ever-present threat of a summons from Churchill in one of his whimsical midnight moods, that was his charm. His real strength lay in a sensitive perception of the currents of Whitehall politics, in an ability to feel his way through the mazy corridors of power. Capable officers who knew him much better than myself spoke of his almost feminine intuition—by which I do not mean that he was anything but a whole man.

The Chief's skill in this respect first became common knowledge in SIS when he repelled a determined assault launched by the three service Directors of Intelligence, his colleagues on the Joint Intelligence Committee. The burden of their complaint was that secret intelligence obtained from SIS was inadequate and something would have to be done about it. There was surely some substance in their allegations; there never was an intelligence service that could not have done with improvement. But the Chief knew that it would be useless to contest the accusations against him point by point. His basic weakness was that he

had to look over his shoulder so often. Not a few senior officers were after his job; one of these was Admiral Godfrey, a red-faced sea-dog with a foul temper, sometime Director of Naval Intelligence.

The Chief had no intention whatever of turning his office upside down to please the services. But he was astute enough to know that real danger lurked somewhere along the corridors. Characteristically, rather than meet it head on, he resorted to suppleness and manoeuvre. Conceding much of his colleagues' criticisms, he invited each of the service Intelligence Directors to second to his staff a senior officer. These officers would be given the rank of Deputy Directors. They would be given full access to all aspects of the work of SIS bearing on their particular provinces. They would be free to make any sort of recommendations they liked, and their recommendations would be given the most sympathetic consideration. The Chief, or so he said, had no doubt that, with specialist senior officers of the Military, Naval, and Air Intelligence Directorates at his elbow, the requirements of the services would soon be fully covered.

It was a handsome offer, which the services could hardly have refused. It was also a shrewd one. The Chief knew well that no service Intelligence Director in his right mind would part with a senior officer of value to himself—certainly not in conditions of total war. It could be expected with the utmost confidence that the officers seconded to SIS would be expendables, if not outright duds. Once they were bedded down in Broadway Buildings, they could be shunted out of harm's way. I do not suppose that the Chief

for a moment doubted that he could achieve a happy ending; and the event proved him wholly right.

So we got our three service commissars, as they were promptly dubbed. Deputy Director/Army was a certain Brigadier Beddington. To the best of my knowledge, he never made a single recommendation for the improvement of military intelligence. Within a few weeks, he was wholly engrossed in the weighty problem of checking, and where possible depressing, the ranks of Army officers on the strength of SIS. As a civilian, I had no official contact with him, so I cannot say whether any shreds of personal charm lay behind his fleshy face. But I had one small brush with him that suggested that I was lucky to be out of his reach. In those days of clothes rationing, I tried to save the elbows of my two or three civilian suits by wearing in the office the tunic of my war correspondent's uniform. Thus attired, I once entered the office lift with Beddington. We were not on speaking terms—he was that kind of a man—but I noticed a pair of widening eyes wander up my tunic and come to rest on my virgin shoulder-straps. Within half an hour, I received a visit from one of Beddington's underlings, who asked me for details of my military service. I explained how I had come by my tunic and why I was quite entitled to wear it without badges of rank. That was the last I heard from Beddington.

The representative of the Air Ministry, Air Commodore Payne, was, if possible, worse. He was promptly christened Lousy Payne, and the better elements among us banded ourselves together in the Noble Order of Analgesics. We need not have both-

ered ourselves, for the Chief himself moved pretty smartly to get rid of him. An excuse was found for Payne to visit the United States, where his assignment, most satisfactorily prolonged, took him as far west as California—Hollywood, according to some. There was a report that Claude Dansey had drafted a four-word telegram for the Chief to Payne: westwards beauty eastwards duty. The telegram was never sent, of course. The Chief had no reason whatever, professional or social, to want to see Payne's face again.

Deputy Director/Navy, Colonel Cordeaux, was a Marine officer, and the best of the three commissars. He was a footballer of parts, having played in goal for Grimsby Town. With the Chief's encouragement, he soon settled down to conscientious, if somewhat stodgy, direction of SIS operations in and around Scandinavia. It was nice to see at least one of the commissars taking an interest in the work of our service to the extent of actually doing a little himself. From the Chief's point of view, it was satisfactory that Cordeaux, confined to his tight little corner of Northern Europe, was ill-placed to promote revolutions within SIS.

Not long after the Deputy Directors had settled down in their respective spheres of harmless obscurity, there were further changes at the top. I have already shown that Vivian's star was waning rapidly. It became absurd that he should continue under the style of Deputy Chief. He was therefore kicked downwards and sideways into a sinecure created for him, as Adviser on Security Policy. He clung on for years regardless of pride, writing long minutes which nobody

read, hoping against vain hope to retire with a K.<sup>1</sup> His place was taken by Dansey. But, to assuage Vivian's feelings, which were very easily hurt, Dansey became, not Deputy Chief, but Vice-Chief. Dansey's former position, that of Assistant-Chief, was now filled by a new and unaccountable intrusion from outside the service in the diminutive shape of General Marshal-Cornwall. At the time of his induction into the service, he was the senior General in the British Army. If he does not figure more prominently in this narrative, it is because his influence was ineffectual where it was not unfortunate. It was he who, through some inexplicable quirk, sustained the long and vicious vendetta against the Passport Control Officer in Rome on account of his wretched car.

Peace soon brought new faces. Marshal-Cornwall left unregretted, almost unremarked. Dansey retired with a Knighthood, to experience in quick succession the states of marriage and death. It came to me, when I heard that he was dead, that I had really rather liked him. Nefarious as his influence on the service was, it gave me a pang to think that that crusty old spirit was still for ever. Dansey's place as Vice-Chief was filled from outside by the appointment of General Sinclair, formerly Director of Military Intelligence. The Chief, on hearing criticism of the appointment, characteristically remarked: "Why, I have stifled War Office criticism for five years." The vacancy caused by Marshal-Cornwall's departure was filled by another outsider, Air Commodore Easton.

For both these newcomers I soon felt a respect which I had been unable to extend to their predecessors. Sinclair, though not overloaded with mental gifts (he never claimed them), was humane, energetic, and so obviously upright that it was impossible to withhold admiration. Easton was a very different proposition. On first acquaintance, he gave the impression of burbling and bumbling, but it was dangerously deceptive. His strength was a brain of conspicuous clarity, yet capable of deeply subtle twists. Regarding them from time to time in the light of antagonists, I could not help applying to Sinclair and Easton the obvious metaphor of bludgeon and rapier. I was not afraid of the bludgeon; it could be dodged with ease. But the occasional glimpse of Easton's rapier made my stomach flop over. I was fated to have a great deal to do with him.

Before these last appointments were made, a serious attempt had been launched to put the whole organisation on a sound footing. I have indicated that the pre-war service had been a haphazard and dangerously amateur affair. There was no regular system of recruitment, of training, of promotion or of security at the end of a career. The Chief took whom he could when and where he could, and all contracts of service were subject to termination at any time. In such conditions, it was impossible to attract a regular flow of recruits of the requisite standard. No wonder that the personnel of the service was of uneven quality, ranging from good through indifferent to downright bad. The war had been a rude awakening. The service had to be vastly increased in numbers, and many able people

<sup>1</sup> A Knighthood.—*Eds.*



passed through its ranks, dropping ideas as they went. But the strength of the service had been achieved by a succession of improvisations under the day-to-day stress of war. Almost everything that was done could have been done better if there had been time for reflection. Now the time was ripe. The end of the war in Europe had relieved the pressure for immediate results, yet the government was still alive to the value of intelligence. It was essential to use the remaining months of 1945 to hammer out a new structure for the service, before the government sank back into post-war lethargy. The Chief himself had doubtless been thinking along these lines. When it was represented to him that there was considerable support for the idea in the service, he appointed a committee to advise him on the subject. The so-called Committee of SIS Re-organisation began its meetings in September, 1945.

The ringleaders of the movement had been Arnold-Forster and Captain Hastings, R.N., a senior and influential officer of the Government Code & Cypher School. Although not a member of SIS, Hastings had a legitimate interest in its activity, in view of wartime lessons on the need for close liaison between the cryptographers and SIS. His appointment also had the advantage of bringing a fresh mind to the debates in committee. David Footman was brought in to look after the political needs of the service, while Colonel Cordeaux represented the "G" sections. I was also invited to serve, not because of any aptitude for committee work (which I detested), but because, Vivian excepted, I was the senior counter-espionage officer in the service. Our secretary was Alurid Denne,

a careful, not to say punctilious, officer who could be relied on for complete impartiality because he had a comfortable niche awaiting him in the Shell Oil Company.

Most of us wanted Arnold-Forster to occupy the chair. Apart from his willpower, his enthusiasm and his clear mind, he had acquired, as Principal Staff Officer to the Chief, a better knowledge than any of us of the organisation as a whole. But the Chief, leery of Arnold-Forster's brains and wishing to keep any proposals for reform within bounds, had kept a bombshell in reserve for us. To our utter astonishment, he announced that our Chairman would be Maurice Jeffes, the Director of Passport Control. As the official responsible for the issue of visas, Jeffes was in frequent contact with our counter-espionage people; but his general knowledge of the service, of its possibilities and limitations, was nothing to write home about. As for his abilities, I do not suppose that he himself would have claimed to be more- than a capable, if colourless, administrator. But there we were. The Chief had spoken.

In saying that Jeffes was colourless, I must explain that I use the term in a purely metaphorical sense. Some years before the formation of our committee, he had been the victim of a singular accident. A doctor, inoculating him against some disease, had used the wrong serum, with the result that Jeffes's face had turned a strange purplish blue. The process was apparently irreversible, and Jeffes was stuck with his gun-metal face. During a visit to Washington, the honest fellow had been much incensed when the

management of a hotel tried to cancel his booking on the ground that he was coloured. To be quite fair, Jeffes did little to interfere in the course of our debates, and never obtruded his authority as Chairman. It was impossible not to like him, and we soon got used to his spectacular presence at the head of the table.

Much of my time during the following months was taken up by the committee. Our deliberations have now become hopelessly academic, and do not call for detailed notice. But a few comments may perhaps throw light on some of the general problems confronting the organisation of intelligence. Our first task was to clear up untidy survivals from the bad old days. During the war, finance and administration had gone separate ways with inadequate coordination. The "G" sections were generally messy, those concerned with Western Europe working for Dansey, the rest directly for the Chief. Looking at it from the other direction, Dansey was nominally Vice-Chief of the service as a whole; but in fact he was interested only in the production of intelligence in Western Europe. It was clear that the structure of the service as a whole stood in need of drastic streamlining.

But before we could deal with this first problem, a matter of fundamental principle had to be decided. Should the primary division of the service be along vertical lines, with regional organisations responsible for the production, processing, assessment and circulation of information relating to their respective regions? Or should it be along horizontal lines, between the production of information on the one hand, and its processing, assessment and circulation on the other? I

confess that I still do not know the right answer to this question. But at that time my own interest was heavily engaged. If the vertical solution were adopted, work against the Soviet Union and communism generally would be divided regionally. No single person could cover the whole field. I therefore threw my weight behind the horizontal solution, in the hopes of keeping, for the time being at any rate, the whole field of anti-Soviet and anti-Communist work under my own direct supervision.

In favour of the case for a horizontal solution, I had a strong ally in David Footman. In fact, it was he, in his dry and incisive way, who made most of the running, with myself in support where necessary. My argument was, briefly, that counter-espionage was one and indivisible. A case in Canada might throw light on another one in Switzerland—as indeed one did shortly thereafter—an agent working in China one year might turn up in rem the next. It was essential, therefore, to study the subject on a world-wide basis. I also made use of the less valid, though not wholly baseless, point that the production of intelligence should be kept separate from its assessment, on the grounds that production officers naturally tended to regard their geese as swans. There was, of course, much to be said on both sides of the question; but the body of service opinion in favour of the vertical division was weakly represented in committee, and the horizontal solution was finally adopted. I knew at least one colleague who might have turned the tide against us, and had been at some pains to have him excluded from the committee membership.

Once that question of principle was decided, the rest was fairly simple, if arduous, donkeywork. We recommended the creation of five Directorates of equal status: (1) Finance and Administration; (2) Production; (3) Requirements, so-called because in addition to assessing information and circulating it to government departments, it passed back to the Directorate of Production the "requirements" of those departments; (4) Training and Development, the latter concerned with the development of technical devices in support of espionage; (5) War Planning. We drew up a system of ranks within the service, with fixed pay-scales and pensions on retirement. We threw on the Directorate of Finance and Administration the responsibility for systematic recruiting in competition with the regular civil service and industry, with particular attention to graduates from the universities. By the time our final bulky report was ready for presentation to the Chief, we felt that we had produced the design of something like a service, with enough serious inducements to tempt able young men to regard it as a career for life.

The Chief did not accept all our recommendations. There was still a certain amount of dead wood which found no place in our plan but which he could not bring himself to cut out. But, by and large, the pattern sketched above was adopted as the basic pattern of the service. For all its faults, it was a formidable improvement on anything that had gone before. As for myself, I had no cause for dissatisfaction. One of the minor decisions of the committee was the abolition of Section V.