

He arrived uninvited and unannounced on the night of the 10th of May 1941 and has been a prisoner since then. The manner of his coming has been widely and often inaccurately reported, so, as I happened to be there at the time, my version may be of interest.

Between two periods of army service I attached myself to No. 1 Platoon, C Company, 3rd Renfrewshire Battalion, The Home Guard, associated with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and we were privileged to wear the regimental cap badge. The "Dad's Army" image of the Home Guard is an enjoyable caricature of a force that took its job seriously. The officer commanding the platoon had seen service with the Royal Navy and was one of the landing party on the mole of Zeebrugge on St. George's Day 1918. Several of the n.c.o.s wore medal ribbons from the 1914-18 war, including a D.C.M. from the Gordon Highlanders and a D.F.C. of the Royal Air Force. Many were Glasgow business men in positions of authority, who were happy to add Home Guard duties to their already overloaded lives.

A regular duty that fell to us was the manning overnight of a check-point on the B764 road from Eaglesham in Renfrewshire across moorland towards Fenwick in Ayrshire. British Summer Time remained in use throughout the year and on the 11th of May clocks were advanced one hour at 2 a.m., bringing Double Summer Time into effect. On the night of the 10th of May I was one of the detachment of six men, including the lance-corporal in charge, detailed for duty on the moor road. We operated in pairs by rota and my companion on this occasion was Private Alastair Gourlay, a young agricultural student. The night was fine and clear, with some cloud overhead and towards 11 p.m. we heard the sound of an aeroplane approaching from the south-west. It circled the area for several minutes before climbing to cloud level, then it made a steep dive, levelled out at low altitude and crash-landed about a mile from our post beyond a clump of trees. As darkness was coming on we could not identify it beyond establishing that it was of twin-engined fighter type. The time was 23:07 B.S.T.

Lance-Corporal MacIntyre called the Company H.Q. at Busby on the field telephone and was told that Lieutenant Cameron, duty officer for the night, was on his way to our post. He arrived a few minutes later in a car driven by Lieutenant Gibson, a motor agent in Cathcart, who was not in uniform. Neither of them had seen or heard the aircraft but on hearing of the incident they told two of us to accompany them to the scene of the crash. In the gathering darkness the flames were visible and the only difficulty was in negotiating the bends and twists of a narrow road on the perimeter of Bonnyton Moor Golf Course in black-out conditions. We found the blazing aeroplane in a grass field at the junction of the Eaglesham to Mearns Kirk road and it

THE LONELIEST MAN IN THE WORLD



PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF 'THE GLASGOW HERALD'/'EVENING TIMES'

bore the marks of the German Luftwaffe. There was no sign of the pilot.

In another field nearby there was a searchlight station, where the crew had seen a man escape by parachute when the 'plane began its dive. Cameron and Gourlay joined the searchlight party to look for the missing pilot, while Gibson and I remained near the aeroplane to ward off curious people who had arrived from various directions while the fire brigade fought the flames.

Meanwhile, other people were becoming involved. A special constable and his neighbour, Lieutenant Clark of the Home Guard, had turned out on hearing the sound of the aero-engine as it passed over the tiny village of Waterfoot and naturally they headed for the fire, using the constable's small car. On the way they passed Floors Farm, where David McLean, a farm worker, had taken a stroll from the cottage he shared with his elderly mother, and found a man trying to free himself from a parachute in the stack-yard. David

T MAN RLD



went to his assistance and, noticing the man was lame, took him into the cottage and roused his mother, who put the kettle on the fire to make the visitor a cup of tea.

On learning that the pilot had been located, Gibson and I went to the farm and arrived in time to see the pilot being assisted into the special constable's car, watched by some men of the Royal Corps of Signals from Eaglesham House, a requisitioned mansion in the vicinity. With him were Lieutenant Clark and a gunner

from the searchlight detachment. Lieutenant Cameron and Private Gourlay joined us in Gibson's car and we proceeded to the Company H.Q. in Busby. At the gate, an old soldier of the 1914-18 war, Private James Ronald, M.M., challenged us, looking intently at the stranger. Lieutenant Clark pounded on the door and shouted, "Turn out the guard!" There was a scuffling of army boots, the door opened and men with rifles poured out and fell into line as for inspection. The pilot asked calmly, "Do we go inside?"

Private Ronald, who in private life was a commercial representative, went indoors with the others and I was left to guard the gate, so what followed is hearsay but undoubtedly correct. The pilot was surprised to find that his captors were the Home Guard; he evidently thought they were still at the stick and stones stage but there they were, armed and in uniform.

On our way to Busby my companion Gourlay told me that when he and others went into McLean's cottage the pilot was standing by the kitchen fire. His first words were, "British soldiers, are you friends of the Duke of Hamilton? I have an important message for him." At Busby he was found to be unarmed, his only effects being a small camera slung from his neck and a number of paper drinking cups and several packets of pills and powders. He said he had come from Munich in six hours and showed a photograph of his wife and child, whom he had seen that morning. The aeroplane he travelled in was a new Messerschmitt 110 fighter with the makers' grease still in the guns. His name he gave as Captain Horn but his flying suit of fine quality gave no indication of service rank.

Private Ronald, who saw him at the gate, declared that the man reminded him of Hess and this was confirmed when Private Morrison searched through old copies of "Picture Post" and found a full spread photograph of all the Nazi leaders. "That's him," he cried, but this identification was ignored. It took officialdom a week to establish that he really was Rudolf Hess, Hitler's deputy.

After preliminary questioning by the company commander, Major Helme, the captive was taken to the Battalion H.Q. in Giffnock. An Intelligence Officer there challenged him as being Hess, which he denied. His next move was to Maryhill Barracks in Glasgow, where the corporal of the guard charged with his custody was William Ross, who later became M.P. for Kilmarnock and Secretary of State for Scotland and is now Lord Ross of Marnock.

In the small hours of the 11th of May a detachment of soldiers from Maryhill arrived at Busby and were piloted to the scene of the crash by Lieutenants Gibson and Cameron, accompanied by Gourlay and me. They took custody of the wreckage from

the Royal Artillery searchlight detachment, who were most reluctant to renounce their prize. When we arrived back at the Eaglesham check-point we found that the rest of our detachment knew nothing of what had happened after the crash was reported. When we stood down we all returned to Busby via the wreckage, which by that time was surrounded by many of our platoon, picking up souvenirs! One man had the cockpit clock but at a subsequent parade he had to hand it in because every scrap of the aeroplane was needed for investigation and possible reconstruction. The truth is that the wreck was taken by lorry to a dump at Carlisle where it mingled with many other wrecked aircraft of several nationalities so investigation was impossible. As for the clock, it found its way to Glasgow, where it was mounted in a handsome wooden case and presented by the Lord Provost, Sir Patrick Dollan, to a Royal lady who visited the city to inaugurate a War Weapons Week or some such event.

From Maryhill Barracks Hess was taken to Buchanan Castle Military Hospital for treatment to his broken ankle, still pretending to be Captain Horn. From there he was transferred to London and thence to a castle in Wales, where he spent the rest of the war years. With other Nazi leaders he was tried for war crimes and sentenced to life imprisonment. He is now the sole occupant of Spandau prison in Berlin, guarded day and night by soldiers of the four occupying powers, America, Britain, France and Russia, who take it in turn to provide the guard. As the prison is within the Western zone of the city, the system allows Russia to maintain a token force within that zone.

Hess's request to deliver a message to the Duke of Hamilton raised a hornet's nest of questions. The Duke was a serving officer in the Royal Air Force and was summoned by the Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, to explain his involvement in the affair. He had no difficulty in clearing his good name and reputation for his previous contact with Hess was minimal if at all. Hess alleged that they had met at the Berlin Olympic Games before the war and he apparently imagined that the Duke would have great influence within the British establishment and might persuade the Government to make peace with Germany and agree to give that country a free hand to deal with its European neighbours as it pleased, even to the invasion of Russia. He must have had a very mistaken impression of both Churchill and the Duke of Hamilton. The latter acquired a souvenir of the event: the map Hess used to guide himself to Scotland the Duke now hangs in Lennoxlove.

As he reaches his ninety-third birthday and the forty-sixth anniversary of his captivity, Rudolf Hess is a solitary and pitiful figure, the loneliest man in the world.

GORDON STEWART

The second definition in my dictionary is - "A conspicuous object that can be used to identify a locality", and this one would no doubt be understood by any passing dog!

The important thing about this stone however is that like the Bridge or Rest Garden it arouses memories of distant events and in so doing gives pleasure.

Wait a moment, it's done it again. As I typed the last paragraph another recollection came into my mind, one with an element of mystery about it too.

In that same school playing field, at a certain time of the year, we would search for a particular plant which was then dug up using various ready made tools. At the base of that plant were dark brown irregularly shaped tubers which we collected and washed under an outside tap. Beneath the dark skin lay the most delicious, nutty flavoured creamy-white flesh.

The mystery, of course, is the identity of this plant. I think we called them Lucy Arnotts (or Arnuts) Anyone know what they were or are.

There must be many other personal landmarks around the village with stories waiting to be told.

Do you know of one with an interesting tale? If so why not put pen to paper and tell us about it.

John McLaren

THE RUDOLPH HESS MYSTERY

The Summer issue of the Quarterly had as its centrefold feature a first-hand account of the arrival of Hitler's deputy, Rudolf Hess, in Scotland on 10th May 1941. By coincidence, the issue came on sale only two days before Hess's death in Spandau Prison, Berlin, so the subject was highly topical and was taken up by the Stirling Observer, with the editor's permission and the contributor's consent. The Scotsman and the Glasgow Herald newspapers were also busy with articles and letters from many sources and the number of people who claimed some connection with the event ranged from the possible to the improbable and the utterly impossible. Some examples are offered so that readers can judge for themselves.

The identity of the special constable who drove Hess and Lieut. Clark of the Home Guard to Busby is now known. He was Mr. Robert Williamson, director of an engineering company, and a copy of his report has been produced by his daughter, Mrs. C.G. Guthrie. In all essential points it confirms the account given in the previous article and includes the names of the other two special constables who joined Mr. Williamson and assisted with traffic control.

Another person who was not previously mentioned was Mr. Alan Starling, who now lives in New Zealand but happened to be on a visit to relatives in Ayrshire when the news of Hess's death broke. In an interview with the Glasgow Herald, he explained that although he was only fourteen years old and still at school he joined the Home Guard, pretending that he was seventeen and thus acquired a rifle, ammunition and uniform. He went to the scene of the aeroplane crash on his bicycle and was in the farm cottage when the official Home Guard party arrived. Thinking he might be in trouble if he was too deeply involved and found out, he departed smartly for home. This extraordinary story is actually true, as Pte. Gourlay saw him in the cottage and he was overtaken on his bicycle by the two cars carrying Hess and his escort on the road to Busby - a fact which I can personally confirm as I was in the second car and saw him.

Pte. Daniel McBride of the Royal Corps. of Signals, stationed at the communications centre in Eaglesham House, was early on the spot with a comrade, both dressed in shirts and trousers. They cracked jokes with the parachutist about the quality of German beer! In later years Mr. McBride, a Glasgow man, campaigned for the release of the man he had helped to take prisoner.

From West Kilbride Mr. William Strang telephoned to say that he was on duty in the Observer Corps Control Room in Glasgow when the Eaglesham post reported the aero-

plane as an Me. 110 and the pilot's escape by parachute. He questioned the time of the incident, which he thought took place in broad daylight in the afternoon, but another source confirmed the timing of the report to the R.A.F. as 23.09 B.S.T., just two minutes after my own record of the time the aeroplane crashed in flames.

In a letter to the editor of the Glasgow Herald, Mr. Downs Mackenzie said that Major Donald of the Observer Corps. was also in the control room on the night of 10th May and in response to the report from Eaglesham he went by car to Floors Farm, recognised Hess at once, named him and Hess assented. His car was at the farm when Mr. Williamson and the Home Guard party left with Hess in their custody and it seems strange that neither Mr. Williamson nor any of the Home Guard personnel who went into the cottage ever mentioned this identification, although they must have been present.

Mr. W. S. Brownlie, also from West Kilbride, mentioned his friend the late Mr. Walter Gardner, who claimed to be the first person who spoke with Hess in German, though the time and place were not stated. Mr. Gardner was a language teacher in Glasgow University and Paisley.

A distant relative in Duncan, Vancouver Island, B.C., Canada, sent a newspaper cutting quoting a Reuter's report from Melbourne, Australia, in which Mr. Charles Robertson, aged 84 said he was the commander of the Home Guard unit that captured Hess, whom he personally arrested after restraining his men from shooting him on the spot. He even described the uniform and cap that Hess was wearing. These were totally invisible when I saw him, as he was wearing a flying outfit which covered his uniform completely. Mr. Alan Starling has a vivid recollection of his beautiful boots! However, a carried story loses nothing in the telling and this one seems particularly far fetched. The unit in British Army terms is the battalion and the 4th Renfrewshire Bn., the Home Guard unit concerned, was under the command of Colonel Hardie; C Company's commander was Major Helme; No. 1 Platoon was under command of Lieut. Gordon Agnew, his sergeants were Charles M. Hendry, D.C.M. and ex-Scots Guardsman Sandy Kerr of The Glasgow Herald; The Eaglesham detachment was under Lance Corporal Kenneth MacIntyre. Enough said!

There are those who contend that the man who landed at Eaglesham was not Rudolf Hess but an imposter, a "doppelganger" who had been briefed to assume the identity of Hess while the real Hess had been murdered. A British Army doctor who attended Hess in a professional capacity while he was in Spandau could find no sign of the wound he was said to have sustained in World War I, and subsequently wrote a book proving that the prisoner was not Hess.

OVER ►

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Others have produced evidence that Hess left Augsburg in Bavaria in a Messerschmitt II0 but the aero-plane that arrived at Eaglesham was a different version of the Me110, with a different pilot. Despite all the theories and speculation, it appears that the prisoner in Spandau was accepted as Hess by fellow-prisoners Baldur von Schirach and Albert Speer, who were freed in 1966, and by Frau Ilse Hess and their son Wolf-Reudiger Hess. Von Schirach and Speer saw him daily for twenty years but he refused to see his wife and son until 1969. They too accepted him as husband and father, although he had been separated from them for 28 years. Will the whole truth ever be known?

The story about David McLean and his hayfork is pure fiction but the alleged implement is still exhibited in a museum in St. Catharines, Ontario, suitably contorted to make a fearsome weapon! Such a combination of fact, farce and fiction is surely unique in history. If any of us are still around when the last of the official files on the Hess saga are opened for public scrutiny in the year 2017 we may get some glimmering of the truth - or maybe not. Does it really matter?

Gordon Stewart

GARGUNNOCK VILLAGE C.C.-SEASON 1987

Played 27 ; Won 8 ; Lost 17 ; Abandoned 2 .

Players who played at least 5 matches:

Jimmy Vallance	25	Geoff Peart	15	Stuart Anderson	 6
John Peek	21	Tony Marson	13	Chris Sheriff	 6
John Young	19	John Lamond	12	Derek Forbes	 5
Steve Kirkham	17	Doug Smith	 9	Angus Little	 5
John Henderson	17	Doug Jackson	 8	Stuart Laidlaw	 5
Mike Hargreave	15	Rick Kemp	 7	Sam Marson	 5
Richard Scott-Angel	15	David Belsham	 7		

Batting Averages (Av. at least 15)

A. Little	5	innings; 1	not out; 197	runs; 81	highest; Av.=	49.3
J. Henderson	15	1	341	60		24.3
S. Kirkham	16	2	335	49		23.9
D. Belsham	7	0	148	56		21.1
J. Peek	20	2	294	39		16.0
J. Young	19	2	256	45		15.0

Bowling Averages (Av. less than 30)

M. Hargreave	97	overs; 21	maidens; 276	runs; 29	wkts. Av.=	9.5
A. Little	32	7	101	10		10.1
S. Kirkham	118	13	387	25		15.5
J. Young	73	8	328	16		20.5
J. Henderson	54	4	235	9		26.1
R. Scott-Angel	78	7	337	12		28.1

Wicket-Keeping

J. Vallance 12 catches + 8 stumpings = 20 victims

Catching in the Field - records contain too many blank catchers

Club Score Totals -	Runs For	Wkts	Av.	Runs Agst.	Wkts	Av.
=====	2710	206	13.1	3205	160	20.0

"GARGUNNOCK'S GALLOPING COO"

Twas the ninth o' July and just about ten,
When up came the car, wi' the "Dasherhead" men,
The swing gate on the brig, had become now unfixed
And a Dasherhead coo, wi' the Fleuchams got mixed.
The car and the trailer drew into the side,
They thought just a minute, was all they would bide.
Now over the palin' and on to the dyke
For with this quiet coo, they could do as they liked.
The men gathered roond, to single her oot
And Hugh sleeves up, made a grab for the snoot,
But she tossed her tail high up in the air
And left them bewildered, breathless and sair.
Now Johnnie McCallum, a ploughman of fame
He thought of the title, "Cowboy" to his name,
But the coo gave a snort wi' the breath o' her nose
And like a racehorse five furlongs she goes.
The farmer himself, he stood by the burn
He kent the next run, twas him for the turn,
For they all waved their bonnets high up in the air
And turned oot the women, right up to the square.
My thoughts travelled fast, o' whaur is Tam Broon
The coo and bull wallop in, whae drives to the toon.
If Johnnie had phoned him to come wi' his stick
I'm sure he would show the bull wallop in' trick.
Young Ian McCallum, like a dog he did run
And nearly drapped deid wi' the heat o' the sun.
The speed o' his feet, raised up clegs and fleas,
And the gallop in' coo's tail waved like a flag in the breeze
Now Hughie had swore, before he would yield,
That ane or the 'tither wad dee on the field.
He gathered the lot coos, stots, stirks and calves,
Some went in singles, quarters and halves.
Twas ten fifty two and along came the bus
And thirty-two faces, had watched a' the fuss.
Some thought the cattle were off to be slain,
Some thought they were practising the bull Fighting o' Spain.
So now let me tell you how it all did end
The cow slipped on the bank and fell into the burn
And tae her ain field she quietly returned.
James Reid.

A DUMPLIN'

Ma Mither made a dumplin'
She made it in a cloot
Alang wi' milk, suet, raisins, flour,
currants and ither fruit
She mixed them aw up in a bowl,
And pleasant was the smell.
She put the mixture in a cloot
And left it room tae swell.
She put a plate intae a pot
Put dumplin' on the platter
And filled the pot three quarters fu'
Wi' plenty biling water.
And at the end o' four guid 'oors
The dumplin' still was biling.
And I can see ma mither's face
Contented, aye and smilin'.
She ta'en the pot ower tae the sink
Ta'en dumplin' oot on platter,
And placed them baith afore the fire
Tae dry off surplus watter.
And then she ta'en the big breed knife
And cut it up in slices.
How I can see the raisins glint
And I can smell the spices.
When she cam' tae the middle slice
I trembled like a jelly,
And fancy I could see that slice
Roving roon ma belly.
Noo some folk like their dumplin' cauld
Some fry it in a pan,
But me ah just like dumplin'
I liked it boy or man.
Bit noo ma mither has passed on
And if her dochters are about
I hope they ha'e inherited - hoo!?
Tae mak' a dumplin' in a cloot.

Anon. Contributed by Mrs. Strang

DIAMOND WEDDING

The village community sends its congratulations to Mr.&Mrs. James Reid, Burnside on the occasion of their Diamond Wedding celebrated on the 9th December 1987.