Train treasure hunt starts a rumpus

A POLICEMAN frogman surfaces after diving 12ft to the bottom of a mill pond in a search for booty from the Great Train Robbery. But the frogman — and a party of police who searched a surrounding farm for two hours — found nothing.

After the search yesterday, the owner of the farm, Mr. James Swanston, said: “The police had a warrant, so there was nothing I could do. The place was swarming with them.”

I am getting in touch with my lawyers and may consider some kind of legal action against the police. There’s no money hidden here.”

‘Just a Joke’

Mr. Swanston’s farm, at Cobham, near Slough, Bucks, is two miles from London Airport and about thirty miles from Cheddington, Bucks, where the £2.5 million Great Train Robbery was staged ten days ago.

Fifty-year-old Mr Swanston, son-in-law of financier George Davos, has lived at the farm for about twelve years.

His theory about the search is that a friend contacted the police as a joke.

He said: “I told the police there was a safe in the house. They searched the house thoroughly, but went away without looking in the safe.”

Police are hoping that people throughout Britain will turn out in woods and fields on a massive treasure hunt today in search of the booty hidden by the gang.

Superintendent Malcolm Fewtrell, head of Bucks, C.I.D., said yesterday: “We feel there is booty to be found in all sorts of odd places.”

Out of the pond . . . a police frogman surfaces after the vain search

Embarassing

“We know that we have winkled out these people earlier than they wanted—and that this money is an embarrassment to them. They might unload some of it.”

On Friday, £10,000 was found abandoned in a Surrey wood. This and other finds the police believe they have recovered £55,917 of the Travelling Post Office haul.

What about rewards for people who find treasure today? A police spokesman said:

“Suitable people can be offered £10,000 for each £10,000 they can find.”

LAST NIGHT teams of Flying Squad officers were switched to West London after a tip that the gang’s headquarters were in the Chiswick-Ipswich area.

THE RECTOR GOES ALL SATIRICAL

A COUNTRY rector is writing a harvest festival musical attacking people who, he says, are reaping a harvest of cash.

In his musical play he satirises: the farmer, who, he claims, only come to church once a year at harvest festivals to claim their thanks for all the money they’re making.

The bishops and church hierarchy who are making a fortune while the country clergy are living like paupers.

The rector is the 68-year-old Rev. Lewis Roberta, who has the full-time living of the Hampshire with Sheppwash, Devon.

Mr. Roberta, who once asked clergyman to strike in protest against their low pay, has finished two songs. Both are set to traditional harvest hymn tunes. Part of one runs:

Come, ye thankful farmers, come, from your fruitful fields and home. We've come, we thankful Bishop, we've come, from the Church Commissioners' home. Down at Millbank in London West, where we've done for ourselves the best. Dealing with the Church's dough, deciding where the holy will go; seven thousand smackers each, that's the lot we've managed to reach. Ten times what the parsons get, poor chaps, they're underpaid, you see. But that's the way it has to be—You've got to keep them down, you see . . .

Let the subsidies still run, higher than the noontide sun; It's a lovely life we live, better than the city spike; Come, the sunshine of the rain, either way it's easy pain. Poor old parish he don't count, he's a pauper, don't amount, To a pint of tithe no more, so on him we set no store; All he earns within a year, would but keep us in our beer; And from the other hymn: