starts a

POLICE 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 Colnbrook, near Slough, Bucks, is two miles from London Airport and about thirty miles from Cheddington, Bucks, where the £2½ million Great Train Robbery was staged ten days ago.

Fifty-year-old Mr Swanston, son-in-law of financier George Dawson, 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 CID, said yesterday: "We feel there is booty to be found in all sorts of odd places.

Embarrassing

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 more of it."

On Friday, £100,900 was found abandoned in a Surrey wood. With this and other finds the police believe they have recovered £241,917 of the Travelling Post Office haul.

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

"As the rewards stand at present, a person who finds £100,000 booty could receive £10,000 reward."

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



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

SUNDAY MIRROR REPORTER

COUNTRY rector is writing a harvest festival musical attacking people who, he says, are reaping a harvest | 65-year-old Rev. Lewis Roberts, | Let the subsidies still run, of cash.

In his musical play he satirises: Devon. His farmer-parishioners who, he claims, only come to church once they're making, and

The bishops and church hier- of one runs: archy "who are making a fortune | Come, ye thankful farmers, come, while we country clergy are living like paupers." The rector is the

who has the £15-a-week living of Highampton with Sheepwash, It's a lovely life we live,

Mr. Roberts, who once asked clergymen to strike in protest a year, at harvest festival, to sing against their low pay, has finished Poor old parson he don't count, their thanks for all the money two songs. Both are set to traditional harvest hymn tunes. Part To a cent of tithe no more,

from your fruitful fields and

higher than the noonday sun;

better than the city spiv; Come the sunshine or the rain, either way it's easy gain . . . he's a pauper, don't amount,

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:

We've come, we thankful Bishops, 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 lolly 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,

But that's the way it has to be-You've got to keep them down, you see. . . .

Officialdom may



This calf, after careful trea strong enough to be return



Under the eye of an offici

"Train Treasure Hunt Starts a Rumpus." Sunday Mirror, 18 Aug. 1963, p. 16. Mirror Historical Archive, 1903-2000, link.gale.com/apps/doc/CGCINP652793377/DSLAB?u=webdemo&sid=bookmark-DSLAB. Accessed 19 Sept. 2023.