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LIBERAL GRIMOND AT LLANDUDNO
A power among the prams.

bomb arsenal in hopes of halting the spread of nuclear weapons. In the past, party officials have seriously discussed pooling forces to put up "Lib-Lab" candidates at the next election. However, Liberal Party Leader Jo Grimond last week took full advantage of the Socialists' disastrous disarray on Common Market membership. Pressing home his bluntest attacks yet on Labor, Grimond declared: "The Labor Party is losing its soul—just as the Liberals are gaining their feet."

Wedded to Work. If the Liberals do get back on their feet after more than 40 years in eclipse, it will be almost entirely through Grimond's leadership. A ruggedly handsome man with a wayward lock of grey hair, Grimond, 49, is not so much a policymaker as a popularizer with a flair for making the party's traditional championing of free enterprise and individual liberties seem timely to young citizens of Britain's welfare state. Grimond (pronounced *Grimm-ond*) is a tireless organizer who shuttles up to 80,000 miles a year between London, Liberal outposts and his far-flung constituency of Orkney and Shetland, a storm-battered 20-island chain in the North Atlantic, where he campaigns by motor launch and shanks' mare.

Like Harold Macmillan, Grimond is a Scot who attended Eton and won a scholarship to Oxford's austere Balliol College—and, like the Prime Minister, he is wedded to his work. Grimond's wife Laura is the daughter of Lady Violet Bonham Carter, perennial high priestess of the Liberal Party, and herself the daughter of Lord Asquith, who in 1908 became Prime Minister in the party's last elected government. (Winston Churchill was his famed First Lord of the Admiralty.)

Though the Liberals won 1,640,761 votes at the 1959 general election (out of 27,862,708), under the British electoral system they got only six of 630 seats in the House of Commons. Since then, the party has worked heroically to build up its organization, has elected more than 1,000 candidates to local councils. They already have twice the number of parlia-

mentary candidates (340) that they were able to field in 1959, and a vastly bigger war chest (\$560,000 v. \$64,000). In the next general election, probably in 1964, most experts have assumed that the Liberals will lose much of their new-found strength to the two major parties.

The experts may well be wrong. The confident, well-disciplined party at Llandudno last week suggested that it could at least hold the balance of power in an electorate that is increasingly bored with the Tories and mistrustful of the Socialists. As for the "party of protest" label, Grimond retorts: "What's wrong with that for a start?"

BERLIN

Under the Wall

In their unceasing attempts to escape to freedom, East Berliners have often taken the underground route. But last week the world learned of the biggest, most elaborate tunnel yet built beneath the hated Wall. Through it, a record 59 refugees reached the West. The 413-ft. tunnel was dug in 18 weeks by two dozen German and foreign college students who began the job last May in a cellar in the working-class district of Wedding.

Working in eight- and twelve-hour shifts, the students made a 4-ft. opening in the side of the cellar, rigged up a block and tackle to haul out the damp sandy soil on which most of Berlin is built, and installed a ventilation system made up of lengths of stovepipe. To get the job done, the students had to sacrifice one college semester and raise about \$3,750, which went for such equipment as a Volkswagen bus for removing earth, an electric drill, cables, field telephones, miners' lamps and tools.

Progressive Songs. Sagging earth above the tunnel caused a break in a water line, but West Berlin firemen came to the rescue with a pump to drain the tunnel. A second flooding occurred at the 300-ft.

mark, well inside East Berlin, when a water pipe burst near the tunnel. Fortunately, the East German repairmen who fixed the pipe did not notice the excavation below. As digging was resumed, the molelike students could hear the Communist loudspeakers on the Wall above them blaring out "progressive workers' songs."

By sheer luck, the tunnel came out in an abandoned cellar in East Berlin. Not knowing what to expect, the first student to crawl out carried a submachine gun. The usual manner of contacting prospective escapees was practiced: the student-diggers drew up a list of friends in East Berlin and then someone with a West German or foreign passport went legally through the Wall, looked up the people on the list and verbally gave the necessary instructions.

Frustrated Gropes. Two weeks ago, the first four refugees went through to freedom. Owing to a steady seepage from underground springs, the last of the 59 to cross had to wade through water up to their armpits. When pumps could not cope with the flood, the tunnel was regretfully closed, and East Germans were publicly warned to avoid its use. Lamented one student-worker: "It was the most beautiful tunnel there ever was." Other Western groups are hard at work on four other tunnels in the same general area, but some refugees would not wait: in a single night, eleven East Germans—including two Gropes with their arms and a police dog—crossed over.

The Communist Gropes guarding the Wall last week took out their frustration on a frolicsome dachshund and a sheep dog who strayed through the wire and began sniffing about in the death strip on the East Berlin side of the Wall. Presumably deciding the dogs were Western spies, the Gropes opened fire. Badly wounded, the sheep dog managed to struggle back to West Berlin. The dachshund lay writhing at the foot of the Wall until a Gropo finally beat it to death with a shovel.



TUNNELERS IN WEST BERLIN CELLAR
"The most beautiful tunnel there ever was."