

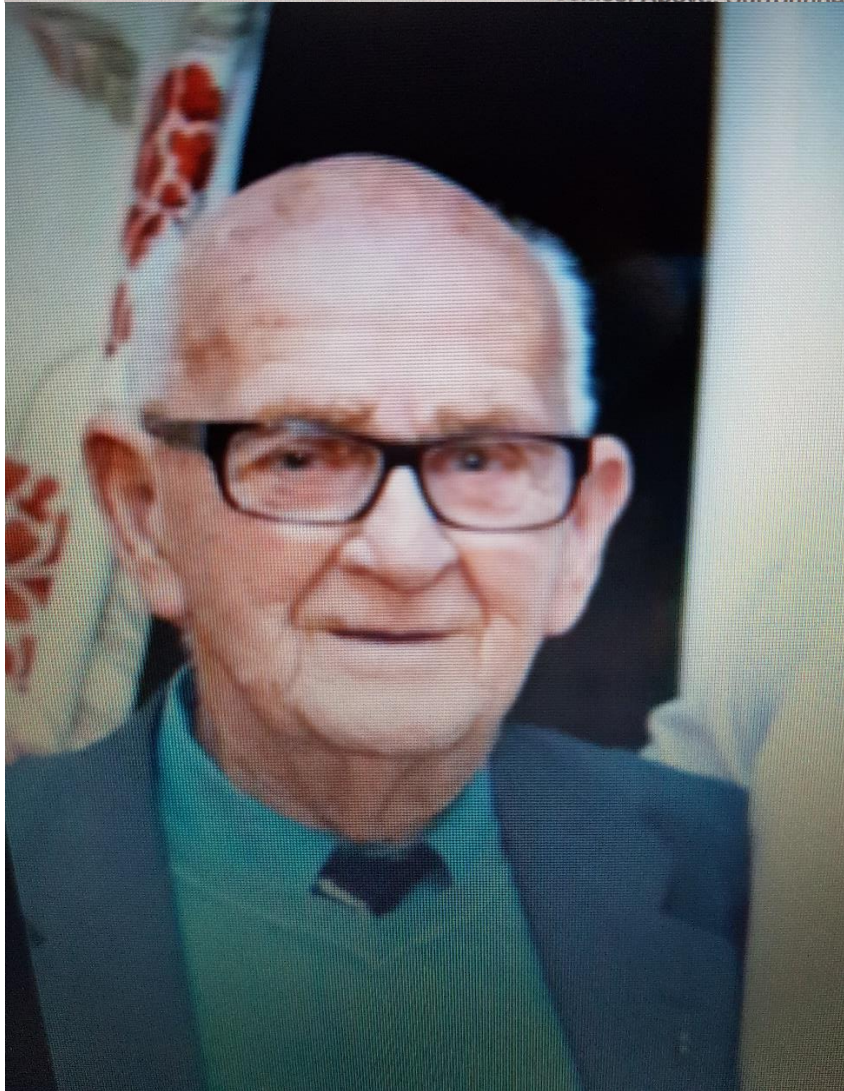
THE NAZIS WHO TOOK MY PARENT'S IDENTITIES.

JOSEF MENGELE and MARTHA MENGELE.



PETER MAPLE and PHYLLIS MAPLE nee WEIR





NB AT THE END OF HIS LIFE HE HAD BROWN EYES, EARLIER PICTURES IN 1970-1986 SHOW HIS DYED GREY EYES, WHICH WERE THE COLOUR I KNEW. HE APPEARS TO HAVE STOPPED DYEING HIS EYE COLOUR BETWEEN 1986 AND 2007. EXCEPT FOR ONE 5 MINUTE ARGUMENT, I WAS OUT OF TOUCH WITH HIM FROM 1986 FOR 35 YEARS, MOST PEOPLE LIKELY TO BETRAY HIM WERE DEAD BY THEN.

1. DID Dr. JOSEF MENGELE TAKE THE IDENTITY OF AN RAF OFFICER CALLED PETER MAPLE?.....a true story.

THIS STORY WAS WRITTEN WITH THE INTENTION OF DR. JOSEF MENGELE BEING BROUGHT TO JUSTICE. UNFORTUNATELY, THE SUSPECT HAS RECENTLY DIED, AS OF 11th JANUARY 2021.

In 1979, a man died in a swimming accident in the sea in Brazil. He was later exhumed, and declared to be Josef Mengele, the notorious Auschwitz Concentration camp Doctor. Today, there is reason to believe that the man who died in the swimming accident in Brazil, was in fact Peter William Maple, born on the 4th of August 1924, an RAF officer from Catford, London, SE6, who was dropped in France during World War Two, caught, and interrogated by the Germans. It would appear, that somehow, Josef Mengele and Peter Maple changed identities, towards or after, the end of World War Two, possibly in a mutual agreement because they appear to have remained in contact with each other right to the end of the 1970's; Perhaps because Josef Mengele spared Peter's life for experimental purposes?; Or possibly as part of a post war interchange of Nazi scientists? although Peter Maple was not a scientist or a Doctor. If Josef Mengele took Peter Maple's identity, then he is still alive, still using the identity of Peter Maple, and is still living in South East London, very old, and infirm, aged 109 years old. I knew both of them, lived in the same house as the one who was a Doctor, witnessed the strange saga that ensued, and I may be one of the very few people who saw the few rare times that Mengele dropped his false identity. He appeared to have some kind of scientific, diplomatic immunity, in Britain, and despite being investigated three times, in 1947, 1960 and 1975, and having strong connections with the Russians, he has never been brought to justice.

In this statement I will call the drowned man 'Peter' who lived in Mengele's identity in Brazil: 'my Father'; The man I grew up with in Brockley, 'Josef,' who lived in Peter Maple's identity: 'my Dad'; My birth Mother, 'Phyllis' who was incarcerated in a mental hospital in Martha Mengele's identity: 'my Mother'; And the woman, 'Martha Mengele', who took my birth Mother's identity: 'my Mum', as that was what I was brought up to call them. Martha Mengele was never any relation to me, and the two children she had after she arrived at our home: Clive and Stella, were neither Dad's or my Father's, and again no relation to me.

2. PETER MAPLE IS DROPPED IN GERMAN OCCUPIED FRANCE.

The story begins in the First World War. My Grandfather, William (then Gravestock–Maple), was a Subaltern Wireless Telegrapher in the Royal Engineers. He became a war hero, who, with his Captain, were awarded Two medals each by King George V, for bravery in saving two of their injured men, under fire. By the Second World War, my Grandfather had married into the Jewish ‘Moss Bros’ family and dropped ‘Gravestock’ from his surname at his marriage, because his wife was born a Cohen and did not like a name with the word ‘Grave’ in it. He and my Grandmother had three children and he ran his own grocer’s business. During the Second World War, he rejoined the British Army as Sergeant ‘Bill Maple’ and taught wireless telegraphy to female recruits at St Albans, with connections to Bletchley Park. He is not yet on the Bletchley Park role of honour, because that honour needs to be applied for: he had already died when the Roll of Honour was created, and no one else has applied for it for him.

His son and eldest child, Peter William Maple, joined the RAF during the Second World War, and after training, was parachuted into France on an espionage mission. In the BBC documentary: ‘Freddie Knoller’s War’, about a Jewish photographer who survives Auschwitz, there is footage of Nazi soldiers sitting at a table outside a café in Paris. One of the soldiers at a table on the left – just a few seconds footage - is clearly Peter Maple in a Nazi uniform. For many years in Catford, it was said that two British airmen were dropped and caught in France. I now believe, as the Maple family did, that Peter Maple, and the other man, were caught and interrogated by the Germans. One made it back to Britain, suffered years of post -traumatic stress and died from cancer before 1966. His name was *possibly* John Eldridge.

When Peter Maple was dropped in France, he and his teenage girlfriend, Phyllis Weir, had not long had twin boys during the war, which, against their wishes were taken from them and adopted because they were unmarried and considered too young to have children. Their family history had twins on all four sides of the family, and an almost unique history of genetic abnormalities- Phyllis’ Grandmother had dwarfism, her Grandfather had giantism, and others had congenital birth defects and haemophilia. Phyllis Weir’s Grandfather had two different sides to his body, with different coloured eyes and a ginger moustache and black hair, and when Phyllis and Peter’s twins were born, one had black hair, and the other had ginger hair, with different coloured eyes from each other. On Peter Maple’s Mothers’ side were Ashkenazi Jews with their inherited genetic history, and a history of hermaphroditic births. Both sides of the family were genuinely psychic and could dream the future and danger.

Peter Maple and Phyllis Weir were also both child killers. As a young boy, Peter had accidentally locked his much younger cousin, Marietta, in a wardrobe during a game of 'hide and seek', where she suffocated. It was recorded as a tragic accident, but my Grandparents could never be sure that he had not done it on purpose because his cousin was a very pretty girl with beautiful hair, and he was jealous of the attention she got. As a child, Phyllis had overfed her baby brother with milk while her mother was busy, and he inhaled it and died from pneumonia. Years later, after her twins were taken from her, she had hypnosis for her grief. Part of the hypnosis was that she must imagine a pram with the babies in it, then imagine taking it to the top of a hill and letting it go. One day, my Grandmother insisted my Mother babysat for a neighbour and she had to take the baby for a walk in the park, which she did not want to do because she wanted her own babies back. She took the pram up to the top of the hill of Mountsfield Park, and let it go. The baby was killed when the pram ran out of control to the bottom of the hill and overturned. There was an inquiry, and my Mother was put into Bexley Mental Hospital for some time.

When Peter Maple was caught and tortured, did he come into contact with Josef Mengele through this medical history of twins and abnormalities? Peter Maple was a 'Mengele lookalike', did the cunning and far-sighted Mengele save Peter's life because he thought he could be personally useful to him in taking his identity? With the British and Russian armies approaching Auschwitz, was it that they came to an arrangement which allowed Josef Mengele to escape in Peter Maple's identity and evade justice for being a Nazi war criminal? Was Peter Maple's life saved because Mengele had a use for his genes in the scientific research he intended to carry on after the war.? Two years after the Second World War, was it Josef Mengele who came to London in Peter Maple's identity? to breed from the family that had such unusual inherited genetic abnormalities and a history of twins? Peter and Josef were certainly lookalikes and they both walked with the same slight limp of the right leg. It is said that the Russians were involved in relocating Nazi scientists at the end of the Second World War, were the Russians involved in the exchange? because when I was a child 'my Dad' had strong Russian connections.

3. A DIFFERENT MAN RETURNS HOME FROM THE SECOND WORLD WAR.

Towards the end of the London blitz, Bill Maple's wife and youngest daughter, Pauline, were evacuated to St Alban's where he was stationed. While the Maple family were at St Albans and the house was empty, 'Peter Maple' came home on leave 'from Egypt' for one week. He asked the neighbours specific questions about where certain factories were and where the biggest local air raid shelter

was. Such talk was not allowed in wartime for security reasons. Within a week of him going 'back to the RAF' after his leave, all those places, every factory he had asked about, and the air raid shelter under Ladywell Park, SE13, were bombed. History books say the pilot missed the hospital next to Ladywell Park and his bomb hit the huge air raid shelter hidden under the grass area in the park. Eye witnesses I have spoken to personally in the past, say that the pilot circled around above the park, as if to locate the shelter, he did not go near the hospital to bomb it, until he dropped his bomb right above the shelter and killed hundreds of people. **No pilot could have missed the huge hospital buildings in a plane that size, and he was flying low.** The pilot aimed for the shelter under the park, and it got a direct hit with horrific loss of life. Gossip went rife in Catford and Lewisham, and people made complaints that it was not Peter Maple who had come back from active service for leave that week and stayed in the empty house, it was a German spy.

After WW2 ended, Peter Maple was not heard of for 2 years. That was unusual. His family got no letters from him, nor were any reasons given by the MOD as to why he was missing etc. When 'Peter Maple' suddenly returned to Catford two years after the war, his parents said he was not their son, and reported him to the Ministry of Defence. The MOD just assured them that he was their son, 'War changes people, he went to war a boy and has come back a man' were their exact words. My Grandfather had a meeting with MOD personnel in a hotel in London and then did not pursue the matter further because he became afraid that something more dangerous than anything he knew about from Bletchley Park was going on, 'even in this country' were his words. My Grandparents just had to tolerate him in their home until he left it to get married.

'Peter' had physical differences to their son. His front teeth had been removed and he had false ones (Peter Maple had straight teeth but Mengele had very distinctive and crooked front teeth), he claimed he had knocked his front teeth out playing rugby in the RAF, but my Grandfather scoffed at the idea of his musical, academic son playing rugby. He shaved the front of his forehead regularly, so his hairline was straight, which changed his appearance from Josef Mengele to Peter Maple, but that part of his skin never caught the sun. He had a number tattooed on his arm and he made out that he had been a concentration camp prisoner for a while, but he had none of the other things about him that the holocaust victims suffered from like thinness, illness, trauma etc, and he stopped saying that when my Grandfather sternly disbelieved him. Peter Maple would have had an RAF number tattooed on his arm before being dropped in France but for some reason Grandad did not accept it was that, and he would have known about that sort of thing from his time in the Army. My Grandparents said that it was as if the man was acting the part of being their son

and getting it very wrong. My Grandfather had an absolute rule that he never kept cash in the house because of burglars coming after the grocer's shop takings, he hid his holey socks in a locked cash box to stop my Grandmother throwing them out because he would not waste money buying new ones, and 'Peter' caused concern when he did not know what was in the cashbox and asked for cash. 'Peter' was musical in that he whistled tunes, and liked radio music but he would no longer play the piano. Their son had previously played the piano well and was so friendly and sociable that he could get a room full of people singing while he played the piano; 'Peter' was cold, miserable and unsociable but it was not due to trauma from the war. Peter had been a Jewish boy who had idolized and respected his Mother, now he treated her like a servant.



Main picture: The Oritz family from the last to die, is on the right. Left attraction, Joseph, surrounded by...



The clothes worn by Peter Maple and Josef Mengele.

My Mother and Dad on Brighton beach in 1954.

Note 'Peter's smart clothes, typical of Mengele and out of character for the Maple family. 'Peter' returned home after WW2 with immaculate dress sense. His Father, William Maple had established his own Grocers business, and not joined the family 'Moss Bros' firm because he was not a smart dresser, and neither was his son, Peter. They worked as grocers, did gardening in their spare time, and dressed for the job. When a suit was required, they looked and felt awkward in it. Josef Mengele was an immaculate dresser and remained so even in a new identity. Note the strip of skin on his forehead where he shaved his hairline and it never caught the sun. Below- the casual clothing Peter and Phyllis had previously worn on a family outing during the second world war. Peter was also affectionate to Phyllis, note his arm round her in the bottom picture. The Maple family were like that with hugging and kissing. I never ever knew my Dad to show affection to anyone except when he wanted to abuse someone for his own gratification.

4. THE MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN OF PETER MAPLE/JOSEF MENGELE AND PHYLLIS WEIR.

‘Dad’ met my Mother, Phyllis Weir, while he was working in Collett’s, the left-wing communist bookshop in the Strand, and she was working nearby in the offices of Selfridges. They were married in 1953, firstly in a Church of England service in St George’s Church, SE6, to please both my Grandfathers, and then in a second ceremony paid for by the wealthy Moss Bross family, when my Mother converted to the Jewish faith, and to please my paternal Grandmother who had not been able to enter a church to see her son married, they were married under a Jewish Chuppah. The service was disastrous because my Mother’s Father became faint due to his diabetes and let go of his corner of the Chuppah causing it to collapse and hurt the Rabbi quite badly.

There was no ‘love’ in the match. My Mother had not seen Peter for many years and did not realize it was not him. Dad convinced my Mother that it was the right thing to do to get married as they had previously been unmarried when they had children together, and that once they were married, they could try to reclaim her twin boys. He groomed her into the marriage by playing on her feelings of guilt at being unmarried when she had her babies, and her grief at the loss of her twin boys who had been taken from her. After they married, they were unsuccessful in trying to reclaim the boys, they had me in 1955, and were expecting a second child in 1957, when an odd situation occurred. ‘Dad’ must have gone away for a short time, and ‘my Father’ walked into our home in his place to stay with my Mother. His voice was the only thing I noticed different from Dad’s. My Father had a deeper, stronger, fearful but braver, more commanding voice, than my Dad. I was nearly three years old but very grown up for my age and I can remember the anxiety in our small flat of rented rooms, at 26 Wallbutton Rd, Brockley, SE4, between him and my Mother, when she could not tell them apart at first, and then her shock when the man convinced her that he was her old boyfriend, Peter Maple. They told me he was my Father and that he worked in a Bakers, but since the only few daily outings I knew of at that age, consisted of the daily walk to buy bread from the local bakery, I just presumed he worked there. Years later, when small parcels of Westvania Pumpnickel, with messages hidden inside, arrived every Christmas from him, I was told my Father worked in a Bakery in Germany behind the Iron Curtain. Dad and my Father must have changed places for a week, my Mother could not tell the difference between them, but my Father told her straight away who he was. I can remember my Mother telling him to stay and call the Police, but at the end of the time he said he had to leave to go back because someone else was being held to ransom for his return and they would be killed if he did not return.

Looking back to a conversation that I did not understand as a child, but remember clearly, it was his sense of moral duty to save another person's life and put his own safety second that convinces me he was the real Peter Maple, he was so like my Grandfather. I think it was right that he was my Father too, because he was like me, I was not like 'Dad'. I can remember anxious discussions about my Dad coming back, and of my Father telling my Mother to leave him, but she said she could not do it because she had a dog, me, and was expecting my Dad's baby. The time when this happened would have been in 1957 when my Mother was expecting another baby and it fits the time when Josef Mengele would have married Martha Mengele, his brother's widow, in Germany. I think the two men changed places for the wedding. Martha was intersex and heavily masculine. She was a problem to the Mengele family with regards to money from her position of inheriting her husband's share of the family business. I now know her to be the double of my Mother and believe my Dad cold bloodedly married my Mother, not only to try to get access to her twins, but to provide 'Martha' with an identity to bring her to England.

5. MARTHA MENGELE ARRIVES.

When my Mother went into labour with the second child she was expecting, in September 1957, the identical woman who I now know to be 'Martha Mengele', arrived at our house when Dad had been out to the telephone box and pretended to phone for a midwife. Dad brought Martha into the kitchen and tormented my Mother that this identical woman had come to take her place. My Mother tried to remain in control and insisted that she was having her baby and that the midwives must be called, but some men who must have been waiting outside came in, and she was forcibly taken from the house screaming for me to go with her, telling me to 'run, run', but I could not go out of doors to get to her because I had no shoes on my feet. It was night, I was in my nightclothes with nothing on my feet, and how many times had she told me off for having nothing on my feet on the cold lino flooring. A toddler cannot tell when what they have been scolded for is suddenly alright and she used to hit me when I did something wrong, so I stood where I was watching what was going on. The neighbours thought she was screaming because of her labour pains, but she was screaming because she was being abducted. She was taken away in an ambulance, which the neighbours later said was like an old, decommissioned ambulance, and apparently, she was taken to a fairground where her child, a girl, was born on 20th September 1957. My Mother had been due to give birth any day, and the neighbours suspicions were aroused when 'Martha's' pregnancy went on for another two months until 'Clive' was born on 30th November 1957. Apart from a few minutes of seeing my 'two Mothers' together in the kitchen, when my Dad was tormenting my Mother, and then being introduced to my 'new Mummy' by Dad when the ambulance had gone, I just thought Martha was my

Mother but in a different dress, I could not tell them apart because they looked exactly the same, and so I just thought of them as one person. In that house anything could happen and to see the same person become two people for a minute did not seem odd. I had seen two daddies, and it was also partly because as a child when I went to sleep, my Mother was beside me by my bed and when I woke up, which felt like a moment later, she could be anywhere else like in the kitchen or hanging the washing out in the garden. I was used to her being in one place and then in another, in what I thought was a moment later because I had been asleep. I saw nothing wrong with her going out of the front door and then a moment later, like when you wake up from sleep, she was in the kitchen. It was night, and that was what happened at night. I was aged two years and seven months.

Sometime after that, my Mother turned up at the front door with the Police claiming that it was her home and Martha had taken her place. Dad and Martha convincingly told the Police that they were astonished that the woman was identical to Martha, but that she was not Dad's wife. Dad said they knew her as a Gypsy, and that went against her as she had come from a fairground when she made her complaint to the Police and some people were prejudiced against gypsies. They insisted the Police were to take her away from the doorstep because she was making a nuisance of herself, and so the Police took her back to the fairground. She was not on good terms with her family, and they had previously refused to have her back home if she left Dad, but no one knows why she did not go to them. Dad got her pram to her at the fairground to put the baby in, and in a cunning move, he and Marion Weir, my Mother's younger sister, stole the baby from its pram in the fairground. He later claimed they were sure it was the right baby by which pram she was in. Marion registered the child as her own, Katherine Margaret Weir, with the help of Dad who claimed at the Registry Office that he had delivered it – possibly through being a Doctor, and when my Mother discovered the empty pram, she went completely mental and had to be sectioned in a mental hospital because the fairground people could not cope with her, even though many of them by then were trying to help her. Katherine and I were brought up as cousins, instead of half-sisters, and Marion and Katherine lived with my Mother's family. Meanwhile, 'Mum' fell out with my Mother's family, they swore she was not their daughter because she could not cook like my Mother had been able to, and she had very different, and bad, table manners. They did not go to the Police, possibly because she knew their secret that they had the body of one of their children buried in their cellar, but they threw us out of their house and had very little to do with us for some years. They also called Dad 'Joe' and then also called Clive 'little Joe' to annoy Dad. Mum also went to the Dentist, presumably using my Mother's name, and the Dentist nearly called the Police, presumably because of the different dental records. For the rest of her life, she never once visited an Opticians or Dentist.

On a number of occasions ‘Mum’ tried to kill me. One time she made me desperately ill by feeding me eggshells crushed in food. Dad immediately diagnosed me as bleeding from my stomach when I vomited blood like coffee grounds, and he told her off. I just recovered on my own. Another time, the neighbours climbed over a fence to rescue me because I was falling asleep in a baby bath of water she had put me in the garden to play in on a cold day. One day she left me outside the house alone in the road, hoping someone would take me when a child abductor was in the area, and was again told off by the neighbours. Another time I was nearly run over by a tram when she told me to walk out into the busy New Cross road by the New Cross Synagogue on my own, aged nearly three. My Mother’s parents tried to get Mum and Dad to let me live with Marion and Katherine, and Mum repeatedly told Dad to let me go, but he said they had to keep me because of my Father’s family. Mum totally neglected me, by contrast, Katherine was brought up with the best of everything. Dad paid for her keep, and she was given toys and other gifts by people because ‘she had no Father’. I had been fed on sugared water as a baby, she was given milk as a baby. I was kept on a low protein diet of bread and vegetable soup, while she had a high protein diet that included eggs, milk and meat. When we were each photographed on our fourth birthdays, we looked like exact doubles, Dad was obsessed with lookalikes. My photograph was taken of me doing the washing up, Katherine had hers taken at the zoo. I was mostly kept in one room indoors, Katherine had outings. All day long I worked with Mum saying ‘Work makes you free’, and sometimes ‘Arbeit macht frei’ to me, and with Dad, life was like being continually observed in a medical experiment. Many years later, during the 1975 inquiries about him, I was told I had been ‘the control’ in his experiment with my half-sister and I.

The likeness of Anne Maple and Katherine Weir



Anne Maple



Katherine Weir

The likeness of Clive Maple to Heinrich Himmler.

Clive was neglected by Mum and abused by Dad, but he was not deprived of toys and activities suitable for his age like I was. Mum and Dad claimed he was Heinrich Himmler's son, and the toy owl he took to bed with him was called 'Hedwig', because Hedwig was Heinrich Himmler's mistress who he took to bed with him.



Above Clive Maple, Compared to Heinrich Himmler, the head of the SS. All the Nazi leaders were supposed to have lived on, in a bottle of their sperm taken by Dr Mengele. If so, then Mengele brought up Himmler's child.



The likeness of Clive Maple to Himmler's Stepson.



As well as Mum and Dad claiming Clive was Himmler's son by sperm donation, and the likeness between them, he also resembles Himmler's stepson, bottom picture far right, but then was Himmler his 'step'-sons Father?



6. AN OUTBREAK OF POLIO AT JOHN STAINER SCHOOL.

Two years after Clive was born, Mum had an affair with a man in Peypes Road, SE4. He paid her for sex, and she had his child, Stella. When she was pregnant, the Welfare authorities said that I had to go to school, a year early, at John Stainer Primary School, SE4, because she had been seen and caught by the Police, taking me with her to meet men in Deptford, and they were afraid for my safety. There were also concerns about my welfare at home. Mum did not look after me. When I started school the teachers openly called our family Gypsies. They seldom saw Dad who was always impeccably dressed and now worked at Moss Bross in the family firm, but Mum was unkempt, with a huge dirty pram, dogs that she got told not to bring into the school playground, and unwashed kids. The teachers thought we lived in a gypsy camp on the railway embankment, until a welfare worker was sent to us and found we were living in rented rooms in a house the other side of the railway. Fairground people came to our home at night and were let in by Dad, but when he was at work a particular Gypsy woman often came to our door and Mum would not let her in. Mum was terrified of her, she always told Mum 'How many women went to their deaths because of you? she also accused Mum of marrying a 'gringo'. We only had rented rooms in the house, but there was something odd about the way the place was impeccable at the front, squalor inside and like a junk yard at the back. My time was spent inside. At home, I worked all the time doing Mum's housework, I never knew what it was to play or have toys, except a money box with pennies in it that Mum said was typical of the Jewish family I came from, and 'Gringotts' that she called their stash of cash, which did not come in our direction, except for the small gifts of money my Grandparents gave me that she soon took away from me and spent on her cigarettes. Mum and Dad were very heavy smokers at that time and one of my jobs was to clean their brass ashtrays. Dad's 'medical examinations' that had started when I was a baby had turned to sexually abusing me, one time I bit and ripped the skin off his scrotum so hard he had to have hospital treatment and the Doctors at Lewisham Hospital informed the school I went to that I was in danger. Both sides of the family repeatedly told Mum off for neglecting her children, but even then, they did not see us for years on end at one point, and when we started seeing them again, they only saw us when we had been cleaned up to go and visit them a couple of times a year. If they had seen our daily life they would have been horrified, our lives were nothing like theirs.

School was boring, I was extremely clever and could already read and write when I started school because my own Mother had taught me at the age of two, and I was cleverer than the other children in my class who were a year older

than I was. In fact, I wandered off out of my classroom one day into a class of much older children and when the teacher saw me wander in from the first class, she asked me for a joke to answer what was on the blackboard and all the children gasped when I answered it correctly. When she was pregnant Mum did not want to walk to take me to school and kept me at home. She claimed I was ill when I was off school, but she got caught out. She got such a telling off from the School Doctor and was told that she must bring me to school. The Doctor's words were that 'she was to send me to school ill, and they would look after me in their sick room if necessary'. At home, Mum was furious and said to Dad that surely, she had not got to walk to take me to school when she was pregnant, when I did not even have to be in school until I was five years old? He came up with an idea to teach the School Doctor a lesson and one night they gave me a piece of iced coffee sponge cake to eat. Where the cake came from, I did not know, because we had never had such lovely food in the house before and there was only the one small piece that they gave to me. On the cake was 'Polio', either from an injection or a culture. When I became ill, Mum took me to school and sent me into the building. During the morning, the teacher had to get the school secretary to take me home in a taxi. At the front door Mum shouted her head off at the woman telling her to tell the school Doctor that was what happened when she sent me to school ill. Polio passed around the school, several children died, and some suffered life changing problems, in particular a boy called Richard who was in a wheelchair for the rest of his life and a girl called Susan Beckett who was left with asthma and other problems. I was dreadfully ill but only Dad treated me, they did not send for our GP, and I recovered, which was another indication that Dad was a Doctor, even though his daytime job was to work in Moss Bross, because he could buy medicines in a chemist that only a Doctor could get if he paid for them. A boy died in Pendrell Road and his heartbroken Mother told the neighbours what the inquest had said. She was indignant that the Coroner's report had said that they lived in 'dirty squalor' because she said she worked hard to keep their home clean. Most houses had no hot water and outside toilets in those days, to us it was normality, to a Coroner it was squalor. A bath in our neighbourhood was usually in a tin bath in front of the fire no more than once a week, and more often, once a month or once a year. Mum stood in the group of women listening to her and heard her say that the Post-Mortem could even tell what she had given him for breakfast. Mum came home seriously alarmed and spoke to Dad about it when he got home. He confirmed how much a Post-Mortem could tell, which was yet another indication that he was a Doctor, and she was shocked that what she did to me could be found out if I died. After that she stopped trying to kill me for some long time in case she went to prison. (Supporting documents: Death certificates of Eileen Wight, Wallbutton Rd, and ----- Carter, Pendrell Rd). Mum and Dad tried to get the School Doctor sacked for allowing an outbreak of

Polio but the London County Council said it was not her fault and praised how she handled it. Toilet rolls in the craft lessons were blamed for spreading polio.

At some point, while I was still in that class, I had a very bad reaction to a whooping cough, Diphtheria and Polio injection. I had not been given milk as a baby and lived on a very low protein diet. I had rarely been given eggs, so when I was injected with something that had possibly been cultivated on eggs, my body fought it. I had also started fighting my Father when he abused me and when our GP tried to stick something sharp in me, I put up such a fight that it took four people to pin me to the floor and give me the injection. When the injection was inside me, I could feel my body carrying on fighting it, like I had fought everyone in the doctor's surgery. I was ill in Lewisham Hospital for some time and would not speak to anyone when I came home. At school, the School Doctor got me to talk about it and I described exactly what it had felt like when the injection went into me and the fight in my body began – like men on horseback with long pointed swords charging round inside my body and hitting each other at the same time. She told me she thought that was a very good way to describe it. After she had heard me talking about it, she wrote a children's book describing what happens when you have an injection, with large drawings of men on horseback invading your body to fight, and she published it in her name using what I had told her. She gave me a copy of the book and signed it for me, but Mum and Dad were furious. She made a lot of money from it, and they said the money should have been mine. She laughed that what she had written in the book, was only what any of the children could have told her, and that I had no way to write or publish a book. They argued that Marion Weir, my Mother's sister, was working for a publisher and they could have got the book published through her. They got nowhere with their complaints to the school about what she had done and that their consent had not been asked for her to use my ideas.

7. ASPINALL RD BRIDGE COLLAPSES AND BBC NEWS VIEWERS CLAIM 'DAD' IS DR. JOSEF MENGELE.

In the autumn of 1960, a bridge collapsed over the railway line in Aspinall Road, Brockley, SE4, a few streets from where we lived. BBC television cameras came to the scene and the story went out on the 6pm news. Dad had gone round to look at the devastation and when the news was televised, he was on television standing right next to a local man who was being interviewed. Across the whole country, as far away as Scotland, people started calling the Police and saying Dad was Josef Mengele, the wanted Nazi war criminal. One woman said she would know him anywhere because she had been tortured by

him. Within the hour, our street was full of Police cars. Dad went to the front of the house with the Police and Mum stayed in the kitchen area at the back of the house with us children. Eventually Dad came back laughing and saying to her “Wrong colour eyes! they had to let me go”, Mum replied “Thank goodness you changed the colour of your eyes”. However, the neighbours saw and heard what was going on and talked to the Police. They told the Police that it was not my Dad who was the wrong person – they had never known the real Peter Maple - it was my Mother who was different. She was not the same person they had got to know when she first moved there, and then got a dog, and then had me. They told the Police something had happened to my Mother in 1957, when she was taken from the house screaming and the next day an identical woman was in the house, in different clothes from anything they had ever seen her in, and no longer well mannered. Not one of them had called the Police at the time.

When I got to school a few days later, I was taken to a room where a lady Child Psychiatrist and two women Police Officers talked to me. We played a game about what was ‘mine’. I had to identify ‘my’ skirt, ‘my’ jumper and ‘my’ peg for my coat in the cloak room, to be sure I could tell what was mine. Then I was questioned about having ‘Two Mummies’ and where ‘MY’ real Mummy was ‘hiding’. “Not Clive’s Mummy, not Stella’s Mummy, but YOUR Mummy”. Looking back, they asked all the wrong questions. They knew I had a different Mother, but I could not tell the two Mummies apart. They should have sat me down with a bag of sweets somewhere quiet and told me to tell them everything that had ever happened to me, even if it had taken every day for a whole week, and I would have told them the whole lot, about my Mother screaming as she was taken from the house, then how I was taken into the kitchen by Dad to meet my new Mummy, and My Mother was still there but in a different dress, and how Dad said “this is your new Mummy”, but I already knew my Mummy and took no notice of what he said. I knew I had two Daddies, if I had told them that, the Police would have understood what I did not understand and could not explain. That did not happen, I obediently answered all their questions, but I could not tell the two mothers apart and the child psychiatrist and women police had no idea that their questions were not covering the bit about what had happened and that I was too young to differentiate between what was normal in our house and what everyone else thought was normal, even though I was very clever. They played a game with me as well and spoke as if they were looking for my Mother ‘hiding in a secret room’ in our house, but like many abused children I did not play games, life was too serious, and I was used to being treated like an adult who had to work. ‘Hiding’ to me meant that when my Father had played hide and seek as a child, his cousin had been murdered in the wardrobe. It was no game. We also rented rooms and there were rooms upstairs in the house that did not belong to us that I had never been into, so that confused the issue about if she was in any of the rooms at home. Martha had been

pregnant when she arrived, but two months behind my Mother, and it was the eleven month pregnancy, that convinced the neighbours that something had happened to 'my Mother', and that a different woman had taken her place. The neighbours had distinctly told the Police that 'she was taken from the house screaming' but when the Police questioned me, they were asking about secret rooms in the house, they never mentioned when my Mummy was screaming. They also took me around the school to see two sets of twins, to see if I could tell the twins apart in each set of twins. Ironically, my Dad had even fathered one set of them, living two streets away from us. At the time the Psychiatrist and Police mentioned to each other that those twins were my brothers, which I did not find out until 2007, so they had considerable information against my Dad. I could tell the twins apart but my 'two Mummies' must have been even more alike than twins, they must have been absolutely identical. In 2019, when just by chance, I finally saw a picture of Martha Mengele, matched it against Phyllis Weir in my parents wedding photograph, and realized that I really did have two Mummies that had looked the same, I still could not tell them apart.

Gossip ran riot around Brockley about my Dad. It went as far as Catford where it reached my Grandparents. My Grandfather could then put a name to who had taken his son's identity - Josef Mengele, but he did not go to the Police, he still got no further with finding out what had happened to his real son and he gave up on him and presumed he was dead. Grandad started turning up at our home without any warning to check that I was alright, and Dad quickly persuaded my Grandparents to move out of London to Hockley in Essex. He insisted that we would follow and move to the countryside as soon as they were settled to make a new start for us all, but it was just a ruse to get them away from us, and when they had gone we stayed in London.

8. THE BOY IN THE CUPBOARD UNDER THE STAIRS.

There were other occasions when Dad was questioned by Police. He worked for Moss Bros and they had stores in many different areas. Wherever he worked, a child got murdered. Mum noticed from the Daily Mail newspaper he brought home each night that the place where the newspaper reported that a child had been murdered, was the same place that Dad had been sent to inspect a Moss Bros store at that time. He was interviewed about the murders by Police on a number of occasions.

One night he brought a boy home from the local park, Telegraph Hill lower Park. He told Mum to put him in my room with me, but she said that I had made such a fuss when Clive was first put in to share the room with me that they

could not risk the fuss I would make as it might alert the neighbours. They made a bed of old clothes up for the boy in the cupboard under the stairs. In the night, the boy came out of the cupboard crying 'I want my Mummy'. Dad rushed out of the bedroom opposite and took him into the kitchen. Mum got up and followed him into the kitchen. I heard her cry out 'What have you done', and I presume, that in that very short time, Dad had killed him. The boy did not make any more sound. The next day, Dad cut him up for meat which Mum cooked. I was given it to eat, the dogs would not touch what was put on their plates and Mum rushed away from the table and was sick when she ate what was on her plate. The landlord who lived upstairs got concerned about what Mum and Dad were cooking because of the smell, he said he knew what 'cooked bodies smelt like' but he did not call the Police, and so they buried the rest of the body under the living room floorboards. I was unaware of any search for the boy at the time but when I was about 11 years old and went to Edmund Waller School, we passed through the park every day. The parents of children who played in the park and the Park Keepers started watching Dad as he was known to go into the men's toilets after young boys. One day a man who went to the park came to our home to beg Dad to tell him where his son was. A Jewish lady called Sylvia and her husband, whose family had escaped the holocaust, ran a refreshment kiosk in the park, they had been packing up for the day when (their son, or their son's friend?) had gone to the men's toilets and not come back. (That was the child Dad had taken, hidden in the cupboard under the stairs, and killed some years before then when I was at John Stainer School). The child was presumed to have been abducted but his family had never given up looking for him. Mum and Dad swore they knew nothing about it. It was the time of the Moors murders and Dad persuaded the man that his son must be one of the children murdered on the Moors. Dad said he was from Manchester, and he swore the Moors murderers had taken children from London, but after the man had gone Dad said to Mum that 'the boy was a Jew, who did not escape' (the holocaust). The man stared at me for a long time while he was in the kitchen and I will never forget his face. Over fifty years later, a man was found dead on the Yorkshire Moors, who was later named as David Lytton. There was a photofit photograph of him in newspapers and on catchup TV. I recognized his face as the man who had stared at me when he came looking for his son who Dad had killed. The dead man in the photofit picture was my age so he could not have been the man who came looking for his son, but perhaps he was his Father if they looked alike. I emailed a Detective, Benjamin Lamkin, of the Metropolitan Police and said that I recognized the face in the picture, he was the wrong age by a generation, but he could be a relative of a man who had come to our home looking for his son. There was a nationwide search to uncover the man's identity, that did not particularly involve London, but when he was identified as David Lytton, and his Mother was traced, her name was Sylvia, the Jewish woman who had run the kiosk in the park, and she was living in a residential

home in Nunhead SE15, only streets away from where we had lived. I think the family believed the boy who Dad abducted was taken by the Moor's murderers as Dad had told his Father. David Lytton was his best friend and when he decided to die, he went to the Yorkshire Moors to die where he thought his best friend had died. I have traced a Jewish woman in her 90s living in Peckham, whose brother was abducted as a child and was never found. Over many years I have told Police about the body under the floorboards but, so far as I know, unless my Father removed any remains between 1983 and 2007 when he was alone in the house and removed all the animal skeletons from the garden and dumped them when he was on holiday in Wales, no one has ever opened the floorboards to look. **Even identifying a fragment of bone to give the child a Jewish funeral, would give that family some closure, and convict my Dad.**

9. Dr. Who?

When Mum was pregnant with Stella, I started to have nightmares about my Mother. I repeatedly dreamed she was a long way off in a road by the local cemetery and I was running to catch up with her but the harder I ran, the further away she got. I became very nervous, and I used to sit in my classroom and cry to be allowed to go home, to make sure Mum was still there and I was not left alone with Dad. By then he had hit me round the back of my head with an adult cricket bat and knocked my jaw out, collapsed three vertebrae in my spine and caused me to pass my entrails from terror. At one point when I went to school with my face badly bruised because Dad had tried to knock my front teeth out with a hammer because he said they 'gave him away' (for looking like Mengele), I was taken away that day to a children's home, Clement Hall in Hockley Essex. I quickly became happy and relaxed there, but that was my downfall because it was decided that there was nothing wrong with me and I was sent home 'so my Father could carry on my treatment at home'. By a million to one chance the children's home was also in the same area that my Grandparents had moved to in Hockley, Essex. It was discovered when staff realized I knew my way around the village from when I had visited them. I was then grounded to the children's home while welfare workers decided where to move me to. I had been taken from my Parents on the agreement that my Grandparents were never to know where I was. Mum hated the way my Grandparents were only interested in me and not Clive and Stella, because they knew they were not their grandchildren and had no interest in them. Mum wanted them to suffer never knowing what had happened to me or where I was. The authorities had allowed 'no contact'. Suddenly I was right where my Father's family could bump into me. I was asked if I wanted to live with them, but I said no because they were old and it was more boring there than at home

and school, so I was returned home to Brockley, to Mum and Dad because there was nowhere else for me to go and nothing wrong with me. I returned home to renewed abuse from my Dad.

I was seen for many sessions in school by the School Doctor and a Child Psychiatrist. Mum got alarmed about what I was telling them and insisted that she must be present at every session and that the sessions were only to be held at the school because she could not get to the medical centre with the other children in tow. Having her there did not inhibit what I said, I was glad to be able to tell adults how I felt, but many times she belted me for 'telling lies about her', when we got outside school. I was asked to describe my Dad and I said that he was like a Doctor. Mum looked horrified and when the School Doctor asked me why he was like a Doctor, I said it was because "he does not look like the Bakers or the Milkman, he dresses like Dr Galvan (our GP) and he talks like a Doctor when he tells Mum what to do. I was asked what his name was, 'Dr Who?' the school Doctor said, but I said I did not know. Mum jumped in, talking to me very simply, telling me that Dad's name was 'Peter Maple' as if she was trying to stop me telling them too much. I just replied 'No, he's Dad'. Looking back, I was asked questions in the sessions that might have led me to say who my Father was and where my Mother was. Instead of saying that I had two Mothers, and two Fathers, I completely blanked out anything to do with my family and said I had a Father in Heaven, and that was where I came from. My Mother must have explained about religion and Heaven to me, told me that babies came from Heaven, and taught me to say my prayers. I described Heaven, Angels and tiny creatures who were as big as human beings and could talk, and I said that we could fly through the stars. There is a psychiatric illness in children where they think they came from Heaven, and I appeared to have it. The School Doctor laughed and said to everyone in the room that I was completely N.U.T.S, which I immediately said 'Nuts' to. I was asked what I was doing on Earth if I had come from Heaven and I said I had to write a book about Time and Space but only after I had learnt about it because I had brought no knowledge with me. The School Doctor said I had brought too much knowledge with me, referring to the way I could understand the words she spelt out. I said I had also got to replant Eden and water Earth. Mum quickly said that I had a watering can, to water the garden with at home but I had not, that was a toy I had when my Mother was at home and it had been given to Katherine. The School Doctor asked me to describe 'that Father in Heaven, and when I said he was much older than Dad, she said he was my Grandfather, but I said he was older than him, but young and strong. We got onto the subject of how I talked to him, as she tried to reason with me that I must not talk to somebody who is not there or hear voices. I said talking to him was like being in a telephone box and talking to Granny, Mum did it, she could not see Granny, but she could hear her, and Granny was real in her house talking to her on another telephone even

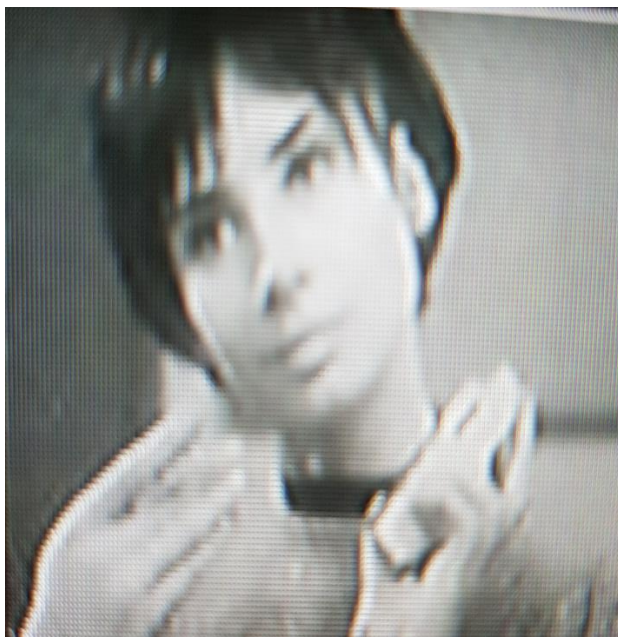
though we could not see her. The School Doctor said that was a good way to describe it, and she laughed and said to everyone in the room that she could feel another book coming on. Straight away Mum jumped in on it. A teacher and the school psychiatrist were there, so there were witnesses. The School Doctor 's face fell, and she stopped laughing, when Mum read her the riot act, said that it was a *very* good idea for another book, and that this time every penny of the money was for me.

The idea did take off. Marion Weir had some involvement, but it was not published as a book, it became a television series: 'Doctor Who'. A lot of negotiations went on, Mum and Dad had to give permission for my story to be used and a character modelled on me, but they were terrified of something being shown on TV again. They would not let go of the money it would bring in, so they gave permission, and said the money could be paid into a trust fund for me, but there was to be complete anonymity about me and my family. A ghost writer saw me at home and in school, and he wrote the book in his name. There was some talk that I was to have a part in the series. The television company paid for a few ballet lessons for me, the wardrobe department made a new dress for me to have my photograph taken in, and they bought me a cardigan, socks, and shoes, which Mum was furious about because she wanted the money to buy something cheaper and keep the change for her cigarettes. Mum would not allow me to take part in the film, and only the character of the girl in the Dr Who series was allowed to be based on me. I was allowed to choose the name 'Susan' for her, as I hated the name Anne. She came from space which was where I said heaven was and where I came from, she travelled in a telephone box with her Grandfather like I went into with Mum to talk to my Grandmother, and she had no brothers or sisters as I could not stand Clive and Stella. The word T.A.R.D.I.S came from the way the School Doctor spelt out words that she did not want children to know but that I could understand and say the proper word. She lived in a Totter's yard where the Police came to, and she insisted on going to school which was part of the story of how Mum did not bring me to school. She was far cleverer than the other children and knew more than the teachers. My Mother had liked ballet and had been in a show at Catford Town Hall when she was younger. She had taught me ballet at home when we were on our own for something to do and it had been a happy time that I had talked about in the psychology sessions. She had shown me how to do the ballet hand gestures and dance to music on the radio, and in the very first TV series Susan does the same ballet hand gestures my Mother taught me as she listens to different pop music on the radio. The Psychiatrist told Mum to do dancing with me again like she had before Clive was born, but she did not know what to do and her feet could not fit into Mum's ballet shoes. The script writers asked me what the most horrible word I could think of was, something I was really frightened of, and I shocked them by saying 'Dad'. I was asked for another

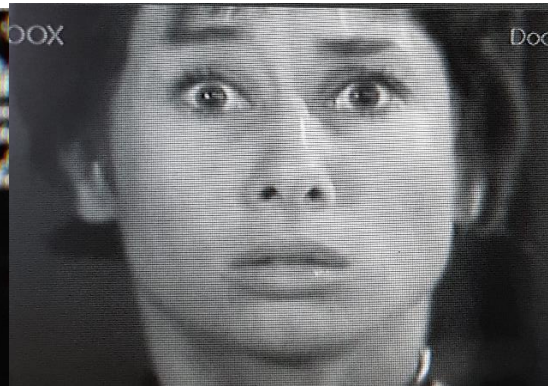
word and I replied 'lick' from Dad's abuse. They told me to put the two words together and I said 'Dad lick' They thought about it, and said 'Dar lick', and the word 'Darlek' was born. They invaded like the men on horses had when I had explained what an injection felt like, but that idea could not be used as the School Doctor had already published it as her idea. Mum had to provide photographs of me to base the character of Susan on, and one of the photos was used to do an exact pose that Susan did. The way she stares into space at times was how I behaved after being abused and suffering a reaction to an injection. One morning, the classroom was cleared of tables and chairs, and a boy in my class and I had to scrabble on the floor like cavemen lighting a fire while we were filmed. Other actors took our parts doing that in one of the first few episodes shown on BBC1 more than a year later, and the first episode was called 'An Unearthly Child' after my claims that I came from Heaven, and that was why the School Doctor called me an unearthly child. Mum and Dad were petrified at every twist and turn that the Police would be called because of the things I kept saying about my Father being a Doctor, but they would not let go of the money. A reception was held for me by the BBC and Dad made Marion take Katherine instead of me, because she was my double and he was terrified that I would 'open my mouth' about him being a Doctor. He caused a row with Mum by saying she was too scruffy and loud mouthed to go anywhere. She was becoming more and more unlike my Mother's family, and very outspoken. Katherine got given flowers and a toy which Mum said were for me, but Marion said that it was Katherine who went to the reception and the story was hers now, and what had been given to her was hers to keep. Mum and Dad realized then that Marion was going to blackmail them for the money in the trust fund, and they paid up for years on end. The trust fund was set up for me in the National Westminster Bank Streatham SW16, by 'Mr Creighton' from the BBC, who later became Lord Creighton, and the money was paid out from it straight away for Katherine to go to St. Augustine's boarding school, at Ascot near Windsor, at the age of four. The school was run by nuns and she had a very good life there. Marion took me there to see Katherine and she tried to get Mum and Dad to send me there, but they would not allow it. I never got a penny of the money and before she died in 1983, Mum said 'Your Father is still living off your money'. There was another problem over the money as well. Other parents knew about the film and the money I was going to get, and Susan Beckett's Father who was an accountant, came after my parents to find out about the money because he said his daughter Susan's name had been used. He later claimed he had wanted a share of the money for all the children. Mum persuaded him that the name 'Susan' was nothing to do with his daughter, but it was. I would have liked her name because she was treated well by the teachers, she wasn't called a Gypsy, she had toys given to her that she brought to school, and she had a good life. Mum said I had a doll that had been called Susan for years and the name was nothing to do with his daughter, but it was just a lie to

try to shut him up, I did not have a doll. She claimed the fund had been set up because I had been ill, and he seized on that and said his daughter had been permanently damaged by the Polio epidemic. Mum lied that I had not had Polio, my illness was from a reaction to an injection, and the trust fund had been set up by our wealthy relatives, but he was after money and would not be put off. Eventually Mum and Dad asked both Susan's parents to a meal at our home one evening. Dad put something in his food so he would get cancer and, so far as I know, that was what he died from.

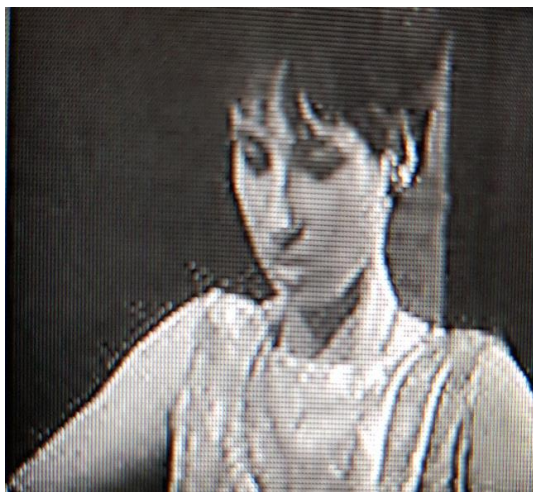
Some of the photographs which were used for the character 'Susan' in the Dr Who series



Phyllis Weir, in a ballet at Catford Town Hall. She is fourth from the left in the line of dancers, and just behind the first pair of dancers on the left coming down the steps. My Mother taught me the ballet hand gestures at the age of two, while listening to music on the radio, which were used in the character of Susan when she does them while listening to the radio.



When Mum and Dad were asked for photographs by the film directors, I hated having my photograph taken because Dad had taken photographs after abusing me. Mum had to take the photographs after numerous attempts to get me to stop being frightened. In the Doctor Who series Susan does an identical 'frightened' pose. Our similar dresses, but made from different patterned materials, were made by the BBC wardrobe department. Susan also looks 'unwashed' like Mum sent me to school.



10. MI5 et al.

After the trouble with the Police, the bridge falling down and Dad being seen on television, and the Doctor Who? issues, it was not only people trying to accuse or blackmail Dad, who came after him, he came into contact with people ready to help him, although I do not know the full circumstances. He seemed to go from one strength to another with his dubious associations.

One Saturday morning, Dad took me by train and then on the underground, to one of the Moss Bross branches for him to do an inspection of the store, but he did no work and was only there for a few minutes. We went back to the tube and he had me with him while he was following a man. The man spoke to a member of the underground staff and got onto a tube train. Dad followed him on to the same train which was not for service, and told me that if anyone said anything I was to say I had insisted I needed to get inside the train because I was cold waiting for a tube on the platform. No other passengers were about on that platform. The tube moved off and stopped in the tunnel between stations, the doors opened and the man got off and went into a lighted tunnel. The train moved on, and Dad was really excited when we passed the tunnel and saw the man walking along inside it. The train went on and stopped in a siding. Luckily the driver walked down the carriages to get off and saw us. He was furious, wanted to know what we were doing on the train, and the train had to be backed into the station to let us off on a platform. Dad was questioned by station staff, then I was questioned as well, and I refused to lie that I had been cold. I just said Dad told me to do that. Dad got let off but when he got home he was excited and told Mum he had found a way into the MI5 building. The date was 20th January 1962. It was the date of the first edition of the 'Look and Learn' Magazine and he bought me a copy at the underground station. I was aged seven. At some point shortly after that Dad got involved in MI5. He might even have just done the same thing as the man, spoke to station staff, got on a tube and walked into the building through the tunnel. Later it was another Nazi working on the London Underground for many years, Anton Scherenski, who lived near us, who was caught in the 1990's and convicted of being a Nazi, who let people like my Dad into the MI5 buildings through the underground tunnels. Other London Underground staff also let people into the paedophile parties in the 1980's in the same way. One was a lift engineer Fred Turner, who lived in Whitstable, worked on the Underground and spoke to me about the parties. Satanic abuse was involved and Satanic dates. I was at their house around the 8/8/1988 when he said a big party was held because they were 'all into dates', the dates were occult dates. I heard the Ministry of Defence described as the

Ministry of Dark Arts. I think it was these parties my Dad referred to in speaking to Mum and a man called Bill Miles, that My Dad said he attended as the Doctor incase any of the boys got hurt, but I heard of a man who claimed he was hurt and then he was also abused by the Doctor. It could have been my Dad.

Dad was already involved with the Russians before he got into MI5 and his codename was 'Fullstaff' after the Shakespeare character. He later joined the Freemasons, and belonged to a neo-nazi occult movement called 'The Ashford Covern'. For one of the organizations they got involved in, Mum and Dad had to give them the most precious thing they had. A man arrived at our home to collect it, and he expected them to give me to him as I was their first born. He promised Mum no one would ever find out that she had given me to him. It reminded me of the Madeleine McCann case where one of the parents says 'They've taken her' as if it was pre arranged. Blond hair and blue eyes, or dark haired and Jewish girls were what they were after. Mum gave him reasons to do with my Father's family as to why they had to keep me. She gave him the negatives of my Parents wedding photographs and he was only convinced that was all they had got when he looked in our cupboards and found we had nothing. Mum had sold all my Mother's jewellery in Deptford pawnbrokers. Working at Moss Bros gave Dad the perfect cover for his other activities. He left home on the clock to go to work at 8.30am every morning and returned on the clock at 6pm. He worked in an office at Moss Bros but he was the founders great nephew and was sent to inspect other branches. He travelled, did a quick inspection and no one knew if he went elsewhere and just arrived home on time. Mum said he could have had another house, wife and family somewhere, he went somewhere but the neighbours were never suspicious, they saw him leave and return home like clockwork every work day. She never knew where all his money went either.

11. Edmund Waller School.

After three awful years at John Stainer Infant School, I moved up to the junior school where they had interesting lessons and an extensive library with daily newspapers that any child was allowed to read, just like my Mother had let me read my Father's daily newspaper when she had taught me to read at the age of two. I loved it and got on well for all of four months until Mum and Dad pulled me out of that school at Christmas and sent me to Edmund Waller School in New Cross. Dad was sinister about the way he did it. I had nothing of my own at that time, except my money box. He offered me a fountain pen but said to me

that he would want me to do something for having given it to me. I agreed, expecting it to be a job in the house as that was what I was occasionally asked to do to earn pennies if I needed money for school. When he was sure I had agreed to do something for him for giving me such a wonderful pen, he made me make a promise, on my soul, saying that I would go to hell if I ever broke the promise, that I would do anything he asked, and when I had absolutely promised, he told me I had to leave my school. I was gutted. At school the next day, the children were very kind and told me the pen was broken, and that my Dad was horrible. They told me their parents gave them good, working things to keep and they were called presents. When I found I had promised to give my happiness at school away for a pen that was broken, I was even more gutted. When I complained to Dad that the pen was broken so the promise did not count, he told me that he had shown me what a beautiful, expensive, pen it was, which it was, he said he had never once said that it was not broken. He was sinister. For the rest of my life, when he offered me anything I always said no, and walked away from him. I rarely spoke to him or Mum. On the last day of term when I had to leave the school, I cried all day. The Headmaster, Mr Fisher, tried to get the education authorities to block me from being moved, but he could not stop it. He promised me he would try to get me into a foster home during the school Christmas holidays so I could stay at the school, but nothing happened, and after a Christmas waiting and hoping to be put in a foster home that did not happen, I was taken to start my new school by my Dad on the first day of term in January 1963. Edmund Waller School had no library, and the curriculum was about two years behind John Stainer School, so I was back to being bored and hating school.

The Headmaster at Edmund Waller School, was a Mr Holman, who had been a 'Commandant' as he described himself, in a Nazi Prison of War Camp. He had definitely been a Nazi in the second world war, and then a prisoner of war under the allies. He had been resettled in Britain after the end of the Second World War, and he talked openly about it. Mr Holman and Dad already knew each other when I started at the school. He appeared to be one of the people who had started helping my Dad after the Bridge collapsed and he had been accused of being Josef Mengele when he was seen on the television. A post war educational research programme was in place at Edmund Waller School. Anyone who came to the school and gave the surname 'Miles', was allowed free access to watch or talk to any of the children. It was like a password for them, but it did not happen often. Not all the children were involved, some just lived locally, but some of the children who had been 'selected' as Mr Holman and my Dad called it, were measured. Dad did not come into the school to see

any children himself, the other parents who met in the park were hostile towards him, but he spoke about being able to get access to children's school medical files to see which children he wanted taken away from their parents and fostered locally so they could come to our school. Our school had the highest number of twins of any school in the country. We had some children with things wrong with them such as one child with achondroplasia, and others who had lung problems from the Polio epidemic. It was an ordinary school, not a special school, and the standard of everything, except the school dinners, was poor. Dad spoke of children, both boys and girls, he had removed from their parents, especially if they were unmarried mothers, and had placed in Church of England homes, who were used for medical drug trials and he saw those children in the homes. I believe these to be the Kendal House girls and others.

The Kendal House girls claim there was another Doctor, WHOSE NAME THEY DID NOT KNOW.

Later in the year that I started Edmund Waller School, on 23rd November 1963, the 'Doctor Who' series went live on television. Mr Holman announced in the school assembly that I had helped write the story of the new television series, but by then I had no connection with it, it was Katherine who our family said the story belonged to now. At home we all sat round the small black and white television and watched the first programmes, but there was no celebration, in fact Mum and Dad were worried about it. When two cavemen scrabbled on the ground and Dad said, 'That's you and your brother making fire', I was totally unimpressed and could see no connection between the programme and my involvement.

At home we had a strange life, the house was bleak, dark, and bitterly cold, and we suffered one awful winter. Today, looking back, I think 'Mum' came from somewhere very cold because she was never cold like me, or saw the necessity for spending money on heating, neither were her children. We never went out anywhere at all except through the park to school and back. My school work varied between extremely getting high marks and extremely low marks, depending on how much the teacher had taught us, if I couldn't work it out myself. I complained bitterly when I got a question wrong about what colours traffic lights were and told the teacher she had not taught us that. At that point the teachers discovered that I never went out anywhere, I only went from home to school and back through a few roads and the park, and since there were no traffic lights in the park, I did not know what colour traffic lights were. When we went to Catford to see my Mother's family about once or twice a year, we

walked all the way through the back streets and two parks, always avoiding the main roads or where there were a lot of people. About six times in ten years, I went to see my Father's parents who had moved from Hockley to Burgess Hill in Sussex, and again it was straight down Jerningham Road to the station, on a few trains and round the corner to their house when I got there, without time to see much except the countryside out of the train window.

When the fair was on Peckham Rye, the fairground people regularly arrived at our home after dark to do witchcraft. It was rife in our area and their activities got into the local paper. We lived in what was known as an 'electric triangle', where the local railway lines crossed in a triangle and it caused some kind of power right in the middle, that could break glass. Our top window at the front of the house was always broken and people said it showed that the house was haunted. Just the same as with 'ley lines' in the countryside, the fairground people searched for the centre of an electric triangle and looked for a house with a broken window when they arrived in a new area. They usually had arrangements with the people living in the right house in the middle of the triangle, and on the night of the full moon or other satanical observances at our house, Mum and Dad expected them and let them in.

Dad belonged to a lot of organizations during the 1960's and early seventies, and he claimed to be involved with the Cambridge spies of which he said there were nearer 66 than 6, and with activists, such as extreme left wing trade unionists. Later, people organizing strikes in Britain came to meetings in our house long before the strike took place, and I overheard the details in meetings about them when I was making the tea for them. Incidents that people came out on strike over were all stage managed. I seldom spoke at home and was treated by Dad as if I was deaf and dumb, so I overheard many conversations the adults did not think I heard or understood. Mum showed me where she had hidden a phone number and money for me to go to the telephone box to call and tell a man what had happened, using the code name 'Falstaff', if Mum and Dad ever got 'taken away', so I presume what they were doing was illegal.

Some of what Dad was involved in during my time at Edmund Waller School was called 'The sixty year plan', which was the long term invasion of Britain by the Russians. They were going to take over every job and establishment in the country in a silent invasion over many years. When it came to the final invasion, people would already be in strategic positions to take over hospitals and government buildings as the Russian army moved in. There was to be a pandemic to cripple the country, far worse than the Polio epidemic Dad had caused. There would be severe weather, like flooding or deep snow, that would

ground people but not affect the Russians who were used to it. The extreme weather and flooding was going to be caused by cutting down all the living green matter to affect the weather cycles and cause extreme weather that the Russians knew how to do. People's front doors would have universal keys so there would not be another 'night of the long knives' as in Germany when doors had to be smashed down and soldiers got hurt by broken glass. People would have already been encouraged to clear out their own homes so other people would not have to do it. Most of all, so far as Dad was concerned, it was agreed with the Russians, who were grateful to him for all the information he gave them from MI5, that was 'written in stone', that the invasion would not happen until everyone who had served in WW1 and WW2 had died, so they did not have to endure a third world war. There would also be violent demonstrations and rioting, as well as a nuclear attack that had already been put in place by burying nuclear waste. During the 1960's in Britain, nuclear waste was buried under new housing estates, so that it would only have to be detonated by removing the 4ft layer of concrete above it, called a 'concrete guard'. When the Kender Estate in New Cross SE14, a new build of 1960's housing in New Cross SE14, was opened, the Father of one of the boys in my class was arrested when he demonstrated and heckled the Mayor of (Cherbourg or Luxembourg?) shouting at him to go and bury his nuclear waste in his own backyard and kill his own children. Dad knew all the MPs involved and laughed about the demonstrators. The boy was stood up in school and ridiculed by Mr Holman, even though it was not his fault that his Father had been arrested. A nuclear bunker was created in a floor lower than the underground garages at the estate, and many years later when I lived on the estate, I witnessed a visit to it by Joan Ruddock, Ken Livingstone, and other MPs from the Labour Party. Nearby to it was a children's playground with paddling pool in the shape of a figure eight. I came back from Switzerland in a British Airways plane some thirty years later, at a time when British tanks were at Heathrow airport for security reasons, and we had to fly low around London for some long time before we were allowed to land. From the air I saw for myself, the numerous parks with children's playgrounds, and each had a paddling pool in the shape of a different number. They were each supposed to mark a government nuclear shelter. Dad was involved in the plan with the Russians. On the ground it was just part of the new build of council estates, but from the air, in a Russian invasion, they showed where key people had taken shelter. At the time they were built very few people went in aeroplanes, so no one saw it, by the time travel was commonplace most people had forgotten the '60 year plan' and did not recognize the numbers for what they were. When the concrete guards were dug up in the redevelopment at the start of this century, the paddling pools in the shape of numbers were

removed from the playgrounds. Since the two metre deep concrete guard over the nuclear waste was dug up for redevelopment in our area, someone in practically every other house, has had, and often died from, cancer, including many pets.

Dad spoke in a very slow, precise, way and was always impeccably dressed. He was an older man but a lot of people thought he was good looking. He could talk his way out of anything with his slow precise way of speaking and looking directly at people and smiling at them. When anyone challenged Mum and Dad about anything, they told lies by saying 'This *is* so,' and emphasizing various words very sternly so people believed them. Mum seemed to be cleverer than Dad and understood what she was saying, but Dad often made mistakes if a word had two meanings, like 'criticize'. At school, every piece of my neatly written work came back with huge red circles round every sentence and arrows removing words to different places in the sentence. For example – 'Today, I am going shopping', came back corrected to 'I am going shopping today'. Looking back, I spoke clear plain English but had picked up the German word order from Mum and Dad. It was Mr Holman who told the teachers to correct it because 'it gave my parents away'. The red pen all over my work was disheartening when the work was actually correct. Mum and Dad had a small bookcase with about three dozen books in it and most of them were German/English - English /German, that Mum and Dad looked thing up in occasionally. There were no other languages.

Mum and Dad seemed very much older than the other children's parents. Other parents had been evacuated as children during the second world war which we talked about in school lessons, but Mum and Dad were older and had served in the War. Even so, somehow, they seemed even older than they were supposed to be. It made us children feel disadvantaged because they were so out of touch because they were older, as well as being out of touch because they never went out anywhere or had any proper friends. One day after a difference of opinion with them about how other parents who were younger treated their children better compared to how they treated us, Mum and Dad showed me on their birth certificates (which must have belonged to my Parents) that they were not much older than the other parents, about four years, but I replied that they behaved much older than them. Mum asked me how much older Dad seemed. I worked it out aloud with them that he did not look or behave quite as old as Grandad but nearly, and he was like other children's uncles if their parents had much older brothers in the large families of the time. Mum kept asking me to guess how much older. In the end I worked it out that it was as if he was fifteen years older than the age he was. Mum shouted out at Dad that I was right, 'you can't hide

things from children' and that if I could guess, then other people could guess. Josef Mengele was born in 1911 and Peter Maple in 1924, which was 13 years difference. When Dad started to get a bald patch on his head like older men, he went hysterical at home, shouting at Mum that he would be caught now because he looked his age. My Father's Father commented about Dad's age when he began to go bald before he did, and he told Dad that he was not his son's (Peter) age.

Around the time of the 1966 World cup, there must have been a football match on television and the Israeli national anthem was played. The music was playing but the singing was distorted. Dad suddenly turned an awful colour and got up and started staggering around the room as if he was having some kind of fit. Clive screamed for Mum and she came rushing in, heard the music, and turned the television off. Dad looked sick and she asked what on earth they were playing that for. The conversation they had was beyond what I understood at the time but today I think, if he was Mengele, and he dropped the canisters of gas into the gas chambers, he must have heard the Jews singing 'The Hope' as they were gassed, and their singing as they died got as erratic as the singing at a football match as the music comes over the microphone but you don't hear the singing properly, unless they have a professional singer. He said something to Mum about something 'haunting' him. He was terrified of dying himself and I have never seen anything like the effect it had on him, his face turned greenish blue, and he staggered around the room as if he did not know what he was doing until she turned the television off and he came to his senses.

Mum started to become more and more strange, she became very fat and masculine looking. She was as strong as a man and when she hit me she could throw me across the room with her punch. She made us all become vegetarian like Hitler had been. She collected stray dogs, saying they were the Jews she was rescuing from the streets, and between 1966 and 1971 we had more than 80 of them in our house. At times there were so many of them in the house that there were even dogs tied to the bath taps by their leads to stop them fighting and I could not get my weekly bath. The story even got into the local paper in 1972. Mum also started going from house to house delivering anti -vivisection leaflets and talking to people about anti-vivisection. She would always begin by showing people horrific pictures and saying to them 'How would you like this to happen to your child'. It was frightening how many women opened up to her and told her that the child they had was not their own, whether they were fostered or adopted, where the child had come from and what was the matter with them. At home Mum made records of where all these children were living, and I think she was working to find out all about the children in the British post

war educational research programme in Edmund Waller School for the Russians. She claimed she was searching for her twins, but they would have been grown up by then. Dad did not seem to have all the information he wanted about the children in Edmund Waller School. Mum took photographs of children in the playground and she and Dad discussed what was wrong with them.

She has a dog's life

PHYLLIS MAPLE never has time to take a holiday. She is too busy looking after her non-paying guests.

For Phyllis takes in dogs. All the strays that get left behind when their owners get tired of them.

In the last seven years Phyllis, who lives in Wall-button Road, Brockley, has found room for 71 stray dogs.

In the summer 45-year-old Phyllis dreads the knock on the door that means another mouth to feed.

Animal lovers and neighbours know about Phyllis' kind heart and bring her any hurt or stray dogs they find.

But finding homes for the dogs can be a bit of a headache.

HOMES

Phyllis said: "At the moment I have two dogs who desperately need good homes. One is a smooth-haired, three-year-old terrier called Fred, whom I have had for over a month, and the other is a nine-month-old puppy called Jock.

"Jock was brought to me two weeks ago. A woman was walking along a road and saw a car slow down. The car door opened and a puppy was thrown out.

"People throw out these live creatures as if they were something material."

In fact Phyllis has not been away from home for a well-deserved holiday for 19 years. She has always had a dog to care for.

At the moment she has two dogs of her own, rabbits and guinea-pigs, as well as Jock and Fred.

She added: "I don't know how people expect me to pay to keep all these strays. But I just can't see a dog go hungry and be without love."



Mrs. Phyllis Maple with one of her "guests"—Jock

Big music day

Musicians from the Royal Artillery Barracks at Woolwich took part in a big display at Wembley stadium on Saturday in aid of the Army Benevolent Fund.

Doctor robbed

Thieves broke into a doctor's residence at Hither Green Hospital on Tuesday and stole a radio, tape recorder and alarm clock together worth £18.

Mum and Dad were particularly interested in a family called the Hunts, in Waller Road. They had been Gypsies but had settled in a house. All the children were blond haired and blue eyed. One of the girls, Jacqueline Hunt, was particularly beautiful. Mum and Dad tried to get all the children taken away from their family so they could have access to her. Mr Hunt went to his MP for help, and he got a BBC documentary done about the family and how they had been Gypsies who had settled in a house. Mr Holman, Mum and Dad were livid. The family got so much good press that they said they would never get the children away from them now. I was really hurt when Mum held a children's party for our school friends. I asked two girls in my class but not Jacqueline, she was a good friend, but something just told me she was not safe in our house, so I did not ask her. Mum was furious with me when she did not arrive at the party and said that she had bought her a present. All the years she had never bought me a present even though I was her daughter, and yet she had bought one for another child, really hurt. She waited for Jacqueline most days in the school playground and gave her sweets. There was just no control over parents like mine getting access to other parents children by just walking into the playground.

Another parent, Mrs Irene Hall, had two blond haired, blue eyed girls and Mum and Dad tried to get the family to come and live with us in the rooms upstairs after Dad bought the house from our Landlord. They planned out how they could let them have the upstairs as a flat, the parents would have an accident, their son could go into a children's home and they could keep the two girls, until I went and told Mrs Hall and they did not move in with us. Her husband, James, had a row with Dad over money he owed him for some work he did on our roof and he shouted at Dad that he had never been in the RAF, he was one of the Nazis living on Telegraph Hill, and Dad soon paid up. There were quite a few Nazis living on Telegraph Hill where our house was, from Anton who worked on the underground, to Elsa who worked in the park and all the boys called her 'Hitler' and gave her a Nazi salute when they charged past her, and later Eva Clark. No one reported them. Despite the blitz that people still talked about and the suffering it had caused, many people were racist against black people and Jews, and I often heard them say that Hitler had the right idea and Britain should have done a deal with him. While Mrs Hall was coming to our home to look at the rooms, she noticed I was made to wear striped pyjamas. It meant nothing to me but she was horrified. Mum bought the material from a material shop in Catford and made them for me. I did not know other children did not have to wear them. Mum told her Dad liked to see me in them. I had no belongings except for my money box either. She must have told welfare

workers and they came to our home. Mum and Dad were told that once a week I had to go out to the local Brownie pack to have some fun so that I did not do housework at home all the time, so Dad bought me a brownie uniform and I became an 'Elf' in the Brownies. When I left school to go to Secondary School the Brownie pack closed and I left. Dad had already bought me a Girl Guide uniform, but I was no longer interested in it and had homework to do in the evenings, so I never wore it. A few years later he became a Scout Master, without any checks made on his character or references, and he gave the uniform to a very small girl guide, who he abused and who had his baby.

One of the parents at Edmund Waller School died from cancer, leaving a husband and several children. Mum gave them a puppy, but it had not had any vaccinations and it died from distemper. The children were heartbroken to lose their Mother and then their puppy. They might have been a Spanish family, and the eldest girl, Charmaine, was very well developed for her age, at 11 she looked 16, and had a huge bust. Dad met up with her and told her to meet him, not to tell anyone and he would have a surprise for her family after losing their Mother and their puppy. He took her to Soho and raped and murdered her, but he got away with it. All the parents turned against our family, numerous parents reported my parent's involvement with the family, and told the Police that they thought my Dad was the murderer, but Dad was never brought to justice. The Police interviewed him, but he convincingly told them that it was all very sad but he believed the girl was working as a prostitute to support her family after the death of the Mother and that was why she was found in Soho. He spoke to them as if he was an expert in the subject and was giving the Police advice. He later told Mum he had deliberately taken her to Soho to rape and murder her, to make it look like she was working as a prostitute there.

There were four years of classes in the junior school. In the third year we went swimming. The school who had lessons before our school went into the baths was John Stainer school, and some of my old school friends called excitedly across the baths to me when they recognized me. They asked me if I was happy in my new school, and I said no. A new teacher I did not recognize came across and they introduced me. Somehow, they told her that I went to a boarding school in the country, and I said no, I went to Edmund Waller School. At home I told Mum and she started panicking. One day, very soon afterwards, when I came out of school, my old teacher, Miss Whitehead, from John Stainer School, was waiting outside the school for me and she walked with me to meet my Mother. They had an 'exchange' of words about where I went to school. The teacher said I was supposed to be at a lovely boarding school paid for by my trust fund, but Mum admitted my cousin Katherine had my place, and said it

was best because I might be homesick if I went away from her. The teacher asked me if that was true and I said no, I had been to see Katherine's school and would love to go there. Apparently, Mum and Dad had sent me to Edmund Waller school and kept me hidden from everyone who might know me from John Stainer School or know about my money, for three years before they were discovered sending Katherine to a boarding school in my place. Miss Whitehead reported my parents, and at school my class was given an essay to write on what our dream wish would be, and I was stood up to read mine out and be questioned about it. The other children wrote that they would like to be film stars for a day or famous people. I wrote that I would like to have a bath, clean clothes, a cheese sandwich to eat, to ride on a horse and see Katherine. I was questioned in front of the class as to why I wanted that. It was utterly humiliating. It was only what I really wanted, I had no interest in a day out or being someone famous, when I lacked the basic necessities of clean clothes and food. Mr Holman, the Headmaster was called to the classroom and I was made to repeat what I had said. He started questioning me about who Katherine was and which school she went to. He telephoned the Nuns at the school and talked to them and Katherine was expelled from the school. Aunt Marion was accused of blackmailing Dad for money from my trust fund and the bank was involved in an inquiry. Dad got away with it by saying the bank should have checked which daughter it was for. He had never told any lies. He said that when he had claimed money from my trust fund for school fees, he had said it was for 'his daughter', and Katherine was his daughter. Marion soon got Katherine into another school and because Dad could no longer take money out of my trust fund for a while, he had to steal from his elderly Uncle Arthur to get the money Marion was blackmailing him for and to pay for school fees and yet another school uniform for Katherine, but she was soon expelled from that school as well and had to go to an ordinary state school in Bromley.

After having to write an essay about what my dream wish was, my teacher said that I was to stay at school at lunchtimes and get free school dinners because I had said I wanted a cheese sandwich. I told her that Dad could not fill the forms in for the free school meals, because Mum and Dad had looked at free school meal forms before and said they could not fill them in. She told me to fill them in for him, but I told her that was not what I meant, I told her that Dad could not fill in any forms about how much money he had got because he had got money hidden all over the place. I had heard that from Mum when she looked in his papers at times. The teacher asked me where he had got money hidden and I just happened to say that he had money hidden in a Burton's account in the Strand for one place. Mr Holman was called to our classroom again to listen to what I

was saying. He asked me why my Dad would pay money into a Burton's account in the Strand when he worked at Moss Bros in the Strand. A boy in the class, Steve Wright, who later became a Radio One DJ and who never talks about his past, spoke up and said that Burtons in the Strand was where his Father worked, and he was the Manager. Mr Holman exploded! It turned out that Steve Wright's father was yet another person blackmailing my Dad for money. Dad regularly paid large amounts of money into a Burtons account by arrangement with Steve Wright's Father, who then took it out. Today, I presume it was because he knew Dad was Josef Mengele. When we moved on to Secondary Schools, Dad was 'the money' behind Steve Wright going to a public school near Hockley in Essex.

At the same time as Dad was being blackmailed, a man became very friendly with Dad and often stayed with us. He was my age but looked like a much older, very fat, grown man. He was called Bill 'Miles', and today I know him as one of the Sidney Cooke murderers, Robert Oliver. He used to sit cross legged on the floor in our house doing women's knitting. He was blackmailing Dad as well, but instead of Dad paying him money which we could not afford, he let him sleep in the same bed as Clive and abuse him. I overheard a conversation between Bill Miles and Mum about how Dad dyed his eyes. Mum was becoming more and more strange, and I just presumed it was part of her strange ideas that Dad dyed his eyes. I never saw Dad dye his eyes, like I saw him shave his forehead before he went bald, but I did notice that his eyes went from blue to green to grey from time to time. My Mother's Mother noticed as well and remarked to him about it. I do not recall any remarks from my Father's family, except about his hair loss, but they seemed to be trying to keep on the good side of him to be able to keep in touch with me.

Clive began to have serious nose bleeds and often got into terrible violent tempers. In school he came up to me and pulled huge handfuls of my hair out one day and was caned for it. Mum stormed into the school, shouted at my teacher that Clive had her permission to chastise me, and he was not to be caned for it. The teacher argued with her that he was not to behave like that, and neither was I to have my hair pulled out in handfuls. Mum exploded at her, in front of a school full of children, shouting that Clive was Himmler's son, the new leader of the Reich, and when he came into school each morning the children should have been taught to give him a Nazi salute. Miss Prentice seemed to know what she was talking about and said that was not the purpose of the project, it was to bring some good out of the war. Presumably, it was why Mr Holman had been resettled as Headmaster doing educational research with children. Other times, when Mum was not happy with Dad going off out to

places she was suspicious about and the things he was involved in that cost us all our money, she would say, 'Your Father IS Hitler', which today, if he was Mengele, I would take to mean that she was saying that he had taken over the Reich in Hitler's place.

Once, after Dad had been stopped from taking money out of my trust fund, Clive, Stella and I went to stay with my Father's sister, Aunt Pauline, who had married, could not have children, and lived in Haywards Heath. We stayed there at a time when a fair was nearby on the local green and when we returned home Mum was furious that we had not been allowed to go out on our own to the fair and so 'the fairground people had not been able to get hold of me'. Aunt Pauline had taken us everywhere when we went out, including to the fair. We were not allowed out on our own. She had said she thought a man was following us. I now realize that Mum and Dad had let us go to stay away from them with Aunt Pauline, and had arranged with the fairground people who they knew, to snatch me, and then they would not have been blamed for my disappearance if it happened when I was with her, but it had not happened. I presume it was because of the money from the Doctor Who series, as it was part of the agreement that the money would go to Clive and Stella and them, if anything happened to me, because another time Mum tried to send me to Australia on an organized scheme for children to go to start a new life, but the school stopped her. I was present when my teacher and the Headmaster told Mum that if I went to Australia, my money would go with me, not to them.

In the last year at the school at least three of the children in our class had one of their legs grow longer than the other. By the time we got to Secondary school, the other leg had grown to catch up with it. That was what all the measuring was for, in our school and in the concentration camps. There is a condition called 'chimeria' in which there are twins within one body. Sometimes, a twin had grown inside its sibling's body and died in utero, sometimes twins are co-joined, but sometimes the difference between two sides of a person's body are such that they are twins completely joined right down the middle of their bodies. Their eyes may be different, one ear higher than the other, one limb different. One test is at puberty, when one side can grow at a different rate from the other. They can produce hermaphrodites when they have children, and can have unusual abilities like extra strength. I had it, another girl called Janet Watkins was the same, and a boy in our class who was an Ashkenazi Jew from the local Synagogue was the third child. I began to be able to bend metal and Dad brought a man to our house from the Ministry of Defence to see me. He shook hands with me, and he told my parents I had the strongest handshake he had ever come across, and said he was used to shaking hands with soldiers. I

was left-handed, and from a young age Dad had stopped me using my left hand, and had made me use my right hand, so that I was using the wrong side of my brain and using parts of that side which were normally dormant. I became ambidextrous and could use both hands which annoyed him. At that age I also began to dream things before they happened and had a kind of sixth sense that other people did not have.



Left to right: Janet Watkins, Anne Maple, Jane Mureph.

A photograph Mum took of us in the school playground. Janet and I had one leg longer than the other and could not stand straight at that time. Mum and Dad discussed and kept records of the medical conditions of the children in the photographs they took of the children in the school playground.

On the last day of our time at Edmund Waller School, Mr Holman came into our classroom and talked to the class. He singled out a number of children and told us what we would be in life. He told one boy, Paul Seaton he would be a famous Seaman, me that I would be a great diarist, one girl that she would die very young, and so on. When I got home I told Mum what Mr Holman had said and she was furious. She told Dad as soon as he came in that we had been told what we would be. Over many years I found out that graves had been opened and DNA taken which we had been injected with. I presumed Mr Holman meant I would be a diarist like Samuel Pepys as I lived opposite the Samuel Pepys boys' school in Wallbutton Rd, but years later Mum and Dad started to comment to each other if anything I did was like Queen Victoria, and when I had a DNA test in the Metropolitan Police many years later, they told me my DNA was an exact match for Queen Victoria. ***Continued in Chapter 12...***